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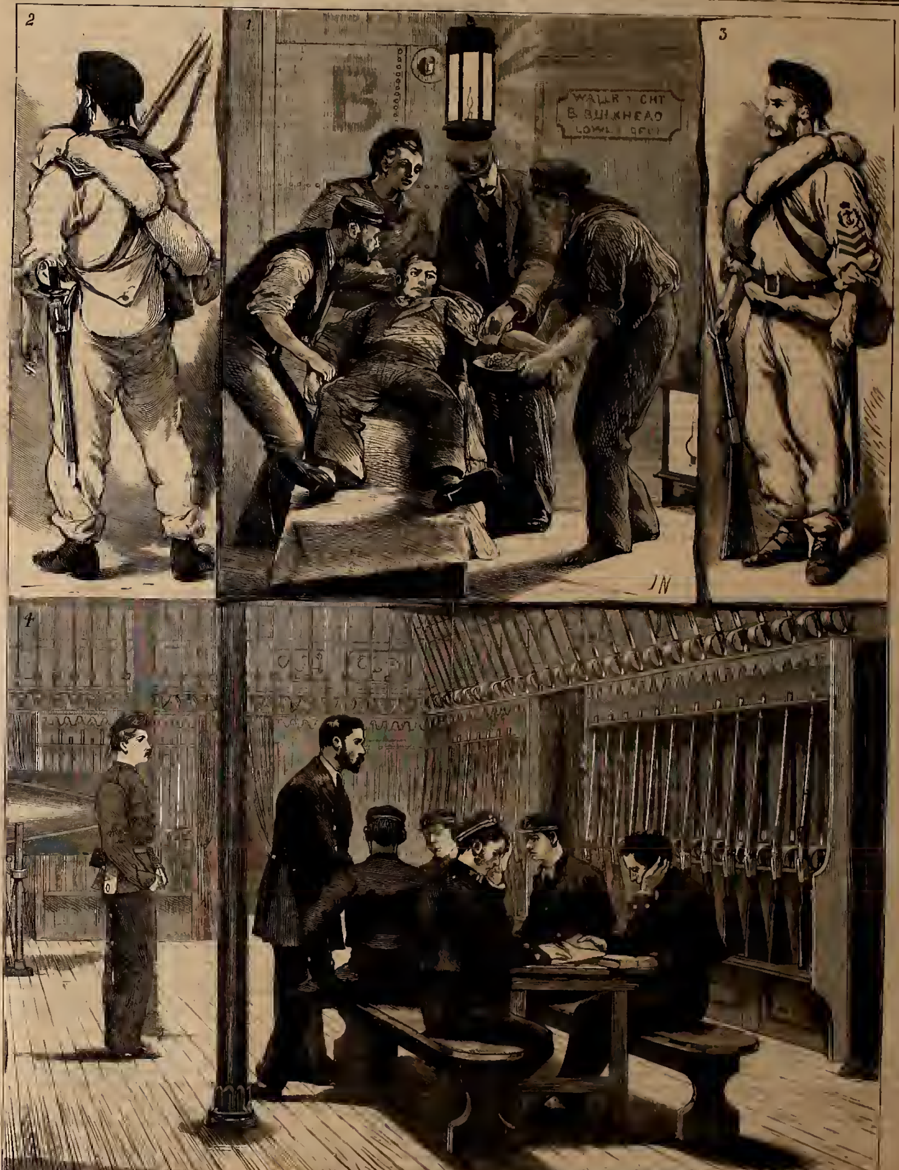

1. The Cock Pit of H.M.S. "Temeraire:" "The First Man Down."—2. Jack Ashore: "March."—3. Jack Ashore: "Halt."—4. A Cessation of Hostilities "Chasing the Wily "*x*" on Board H.M.S. "Temeraire."

THE BRITISH FLEET IN THE SEA OF MARMORA

Topics of the Week

England and the Congress.——A considerable party of Englishmen are very angry with the Government for the concessions it has been making to Russia. These severe critics seem to be of opinion that we should have insisted on the Czar giving up every advantage he gained in the late war. This would undoubtedly have been a "spirited" policy; but whether it is a policy of which the country would have approved is another question. The war made vast changes absolutely inevitable, and, so far as the business of the Congress has proceeded, it seems to us that England has on the whole good reason to be satisfied. It is now generally admitted that the Balkan frontier may be so fortified as to make a further Russian advance virtually impossible; and how great a gain this is for England may be readily understood if we remember what anxiety there was a short time ago with respect to the future of Constantinople and the Straits. The cession of Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria, notwithstanding the resistance of the Turks, will ultimately be recognised as a genuine relief to the Porte. These provinces have been a continual annoyance to it; and they would have been a source of greater danger than ever had they been left open to the intrigues of Russia. Austria will take good care to deliver them from foreign influence, and by her extension to the South-East she will acquire a moral authority over the neighbouring Principalities that will be by no means favourable to a Pan-Slavonic propaganda. It is improbable that Greece will profit directly to any great extent by the decisions of the Congress. The Greek race, however, will be largely benefited, since it will be saved from Slavonic predominance, and all branches of it will obtain a system of just government. The foundations may thus be laid for a really important Hellenic State in the remote future. There is much difference of opinion as to the resolutions which will be formed with respect to Asia Minor. Whether or not the whole country is to be virtually placed under British rule, all classes of Englishmen hope that Batoum will not be yielded to Russia. The inhabitants deserve independence, for they have known how to defend themselves; and every legitimate aspiration of Russia would be gratified by the town being made a free port under the protection of Turkey. England would also be pleased if the Congress so organised Armenia that it would owe only a nominal allegiance to the Sultan, and stand in no danger of falling into the benevolent hands of the Czar.

The Revenue Returns.——For many years past we have been accustomed to such constant progression in population, production, income—in short, in all the items which combine to constitute national prosperity, as that phrase is usually understood, that the least appearance of a backward tendency fills us with apprehension. The Revenue Returns of the first quarter of the present year are undeniably less favourable than they might be, but when we remember that during that period trade abroad has been very dull, that the Lancashire cotton industry was for weeks almost at a standstill, and that the prospect of a great war hung threateningly over our heads, we may feel confident that a revenue which suffers so little diminution from three such potent causes must rest on a pretty secure basis. There is, however, one consideration about our revenue which may justly cause us a certain amount of uneasiness, and that is that, vast as is its annual amount, it is drawn from very few sources. In the old days of indirect taxation, the public exchequer was fed by innumerable rills; now it is replenished by streams of greater magnitude, but numerically far fewer in number. One result of this is that any dulness of trade is instantly felt by the revenue. Working people drink less spirits and beer, and so the Excise returns go down. Morally, this may be a good thing, but it is a bad thing for a Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has been hoping that his fellow countrymen would drink themselves out of a possible deficit. As for retrenchment, the word is in these days rarely uttered, because there is a general conviction that we must have a thoroughly efficient army and navy. Soldiers and sailors, ships and guns, cost far more than they used to do, and there is no other item in the national expenditure in which any saving can be effected worth speaking of. What is to be done then, now that we have abolished (rashly, as it would appear) nearly all the ancient imposts, supposing our revenue continues to go down? Well, we must either have a loan—an objectionable expedient—or, what is most probable, the poor patient middle class will have to bear the brunt of the difficulty by another twopenny or threepenny twist of the Income Tax thumb-screw.

The Pan-Anglican Synod.——The Bishops of the Anglican Church must have found their meeting eleven years ago a very pleasant one, otherwise they would hardly have repeated it after so short an interval. And even to the laymind it is obvious that they must derive considerable benefit from such an assembly. The spectacle of so many prelates from all parts of the world must enable them to realise very clearly the vitality and adaptability of the Anglican form of Church government; and we may suppose that Bishops of narrow tendencies will have their ideas somewhat expanded by coming into contact with men who labour under wholly different conditions. At the same time it will be a pity if the Pan-Anglican Synod dreams of setting itself up as a sort of tribunal, whose business is to lay down the law for the rest of the world. It may, of course, offer suggestions to those who recognise episcopal authority; but even here it cannot effect very much, since it must necessarily tone down its language to suit many diverse sympathies; which means that it must talk commonplaces that will neither harm nor benefit any one. As regards the outer world, we fear the day is long past when the word of a Bishop carried with it more weight than that of any other educated man. It is quite true, as the Archbishop of Canterbury said in opening the proceedings, that scepticism has rarely prevailed to so large an extent as it does now. But a formal utterance is not the weapon with which it must be assailed, whether the utterance comes from an Anglican Synod or from a Roman Council. Sceptics must be met on their own ground; they must be dealt with by experts who have investigated the evidence for religion and know how to present it in a skilful form. A mere *ex cathedrâ* proclamation is apt rather to excite their mirth than to allay their doubts. On the whole, therefore, it is to be hoped that the hundred Bishops now assembled at Lambeth will not take the Synod too seriously, but regard it as a friendly gathering with which they themselves are alone concerned.

Irish Immigration into Great Britain. ——We do not purpose here to refer to the question of the Removal of Irish Paupers, which was fully discussed in the House of Commons on Tuesday evening, except to say that it would do good to many a prejudiced Irishman if he were to read the debate as it is fully reported in our London daily papers. He would perceive that his imagined Saxon oppressors, whether English or Scotch, Tory or Radical, were all equally solicitous that no Irish man, woman, or child who is compelled to seek parish aid should be subjected to any unnecessary inconvenience on that account, although they might not be all agreed as to the best mode of amending the law. We prefer here to say a few words concerning the Irish influx generally. There was an Irish colony in London in the days of Elizabeth, and probably still earlier, but, till recently, except in London and two or three other large towns, most of the Irish were transient visitors, who came for harvest purposes, and then departed. Now, in all the mining and manufacturing districts we have large colonies of Irishmen, and in some places they form such a preponderating element in the population as to be able to turn the scale at elections. In one respect (for which the Irish are in no degree to blame) this immigration has had a bad effect on the English. It has enabled them in many instances (though not to the same extent as in North America) to evade the ordinance which commands that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. They have left the hard, heavy, dirty work to the Irish. "Where would England be without Irish labour?" said Mr. Davies in the House the other night. He meant, of course, that she would be nowhere, but the observation, though true, is hardly complimentary to the English. Some, however, may say that one nationality is best qualified for one sort of labour and another for another. According to the well-known maxim in the building trade, "Scotch masons, Welsh blacksmiths, English bricklayers, Irish labourers." But we cannot think that this modern aversion to hard work is a good sign. No wonder, when so many workmen's sons try to be clerks and shopmen, and so many of their daughters milliners and shopwomen, that we invoke the assistance of the Irish. Perhaps in a generation or two Paddy will fail us. He will have become too refined for hard "grafting." Then we shall have to call in the "Heathen Chinee," and probably he will in time, by sheer force of numbers, swamp the whole Indo-Germanic race.

An English Deputation Abroad.——Everybody knows how the average Briton used to comport himself in foreign countries. He went abroad with a vague impression that England had somehow conquered the world, and that it was necessary to show the frivolous French and the heavy Teutons how very inferior they were to their English masters. So many shots have been fired at this ridiculous tendency that some have taken effect; and there are now many annual visitors to the Continent who display no other trace of their former pretensions than a certain cold reserve. The real nature, however, still seems to show itself in deputations. A number of gentlemen went this week to Paris to have an interview with the Minister of Finance on the subject of the sugar bounties. With the courtesy that was to be expected of him, M. Léon Say at once engaged to meet the deputation on Tuesday at mid-day. The sugar refiners, who would never have dreamt of keeping Sir Stafford Northcote waiting, saw no reason why a French Chancellor of the Exchequer should not wait, and accordingly strolled about the Exhibition till three. It is not easy, however, to exhaust the courtesy of a Frenchman, and M. Léon Say received his strange visitors as politely as if they had appeared at the proper moment. Frenchmen are not usually supposed to be well versed in foreign tongues; but even if it were a general rule for them to speak English, the deputation were bound to see that one of their number knew French, or to provide themselves with an interpreter. Our countrymen, however, were far above any consideration of this kind, and poor M. Léon Say had to do his best to understand them and to talk to them in their own speech. After boring him for a long time, they finished by expressing a wish that their visit should be taken as "a mark of sympathy with the French Republic." We venture to hope that any future body of Englishmen who go to lay a grievance before a French Minister will remember that he has at least a right to expect from them the ordinary courtesies of civilised life.

Foreign Office Pariahs.——Our remarks regarding the tendency of the English to depute their hard work to the Irish is paralleled by the recent Foreign Office scandal. In that and in other Government departments it has been the custom for many years past, on occasions when there was an extraordinary pressure of work, to employ extra clerks who were not attached to the establishment, and who were in some instances supplied by law stationers in the neighbourhood. Some of these gentlemen, however (their services being found very acceptable), though only engaged by the week, remained for years. They were still, however, regarded as "extras," they had no chance of getting on to the permanent staff, and their pay was of very modest dimensions, namely, tenpence an hour, and even less. Many of these men were possessed of considerable accomplishments, and human nature being wont to shift laborious and disagreeable work on to other people's shoulders, it can be easily understood how, by degrees, while their high-caste comrades were spending the sacred hours from ten till four in improving conversation, or in the perusal of newspapers, they were set to do the bulk of the routine copying. We may be wrong in our surmise, but we cannot on any other hypothesis explain how such a document as the Anglo-Russian Agreement, which ought to have been regarded as too sacred for any eyes except those in the head of a Cabinet Minister, came to be entrusted to the hands of a poor tenpenny "writer."

Habitual Drunkards. ——The critics of the measure introduced by Dr. Cameron into the House of Commons on Wednesday did not exaggerate the dangers connected with one part of it. The term dipsomania, or habitual drunkenness, is so vague that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to secure absolute fairness in the administration of the proposed law. Of course, in the vast majority of cases an application by relatives for the confinement of a drunkard would mean that he was really incapable of attending to his affairs; but instances of a very different kind might occur, and we cannot be certain that justices would always be penetrating enough to find out the truth. This difficulty does not apply to those unfortunate men who may actually wish to have their liberty taken from them for a definite time. That there are such men there can be no doubt. Drunkenness may become so imperious a habit that the victim absolutely loses control over his will. In that case his only hope of safety is that the chance of obtaining drink should be taken from him; and there are probably at this moment in England hundreds of persons who would willingly seize the opportunity of so far limiting their freedom if they could. Why should they not be allowed to do so? At present they are a burden to themselves and a curse to all connected with them; it is at any rate possible that after a period of restraint they might recover self-control. The House of Commons felt the force of this argument, and read Dr. Cameron's Bill a second time on condition that its compulsory clauses should be left out in Committee. When the measure becomes law it will be open to any drunkard to sign away his liberty for a year. The system may not give relief in every instance; but if it delivers from a degrading vice even half of those who take advantage of it, its establishment will have been thoroughly justified.

Dust and Water.——An innocent plebeian might imagine that if London scavengering were anywhere done in first-rate style, it would be in such a neighbourhood as Belgrave Square. An indignant inhabitant, however, has shown that this is by no means the case, but that, on the contrary, the scavengering is conducted on thoroughly unphilosophical principles. First come the water-carts at nine A.M. and turn the dust into mud. This, in itself, would be a sensible proceeding if it were done earlier, and if the said mud were at once carted away. Next, however, after considerable delay, come the sweepers, who gather into little heaps this mud, which, as it dries, blows into every open window, and is dispersed abroad by every passing wheel and horse-hoof; while, finally, between three and four P.M., come the tardy carters to carry off the nuisance. Of course, the system should be reversed. The dust should be removed (having first been watered) before people are up, and then the watering should be repeated slowly and thoroughly, and several times a day. It may comfort the Belgravian householder to know that watering is performed with equal inefficiency elsewhere. The chief object of the drivers, as far as we can see, appears to be to get rid of their load of water as quickly as possible. Hence the roadway is always dusty or muddy. For years past we have uttered this annual growl in vain; and we beg once more to ask why we can't have, as in Paris, the hose-and-jet system.

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MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—DOUBLEDAY'S WILL, after which THE PARIS EXHIBITION, by Mr. Corney Grain. Wednesday Next (first time) AN ARTFUL AUTOMATON. Every Evening except Thursday and Saturday at 8; Every Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place.

THE CANTERBURY.—The Sliding Roof is nightly making this place of amusement the coolest in London. Open every evening at 7.30. At 8 o'clock, Overture—8.15, Mr. H. Randall and Miss Emily Randall—8.30, Alexandrini, Equilibrist—8.50, Professor Herriott and Little Louie—9.10, Melrose, Richards and Baker, Negro Delineators—9.30, "The Snowball" Ballet, Mdlles. Ada Broughton and Powell—9.45, Dutch Daly—10, "Plevna"—11, "Peace or War," New Political Musical Sketch, a Sequel to "The Conference"—11.20, Les Frères Leol, the Wonderful Trapesists.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1878.—1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Tourist Tickets, available for two months, will be issued from June 1 to October 31, 1878.
For Particulars see Time Tables and Programmes issued by the Company.
Paddington Terminus. J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

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Admission to all Parts of the Exhibition and Grounds.
Pleasure Trips about Paris—viz., Versailles, St. Cloud, &c.
Departures from London as under:—

	Victoria Station.	London Bridge.	Paris.
8th July . .	dep. 10.40 a.m. .	dep. 10.50 a.m. .	arr. 11.20 p.m.
9th July . .	dep. 11.50 a.m. .	dep. 12 0 noon .	arr. 12 15 mid.
10th July . .	dep. 7 25 a.m. .	dep. 7 35 a.m. .	arr. 9 5 p.m.
11th July . .	dep. 8.45 a.m. .	dep. 8.55 a.m. .	arr. 11.20 a.m.
12th July . .	dep. 9.25 a.m. .	dep. 9.35 a.m. .	arr. 11.45 p.m.
13th July . .	dep. 10.40 a.m. .	dep. 10.50 a.m. .	arr. 12 15 mid.

Fares, 33s. and 24s. First and Second Class Single Tickets.
Return Tickets, available for one Month, 55s., 39s.
Also a Regular Night Service from London,
Leaving Victoria at 7·50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m.
Fares—Single, 33s., 24s., 17s., 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class.
Return Tickets, available for one month, 55s., 39s., 30s.
Also, on every Monday and Saturday evening in June,
A Special Cheap Train from London Bridge at 10.0 p.m.
At fares of 36s., 27s., 21s., 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class.
The Tickets available to return within 14 days
By the Train leaving Paris at 8.0 p.m.

FAMILY and TOURIST TICKETS are now issued, available for one month, from London Bridge, Victoria, &c., to Portsmouth, (for Southsea), Ryde, Cowes, Newport, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor (for Bonchurch and Freshwater), and Hayling Island.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; and at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—Engagement, for Twelve Nights only, commencing Monday, July 1, of Mr. HENRY SINCLAIR, who will appear in his celebrated character of "Badger," in Dion Boucicault's Great Drama of THE STREETS OF LONDON.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route *via* Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Steamers *Columba* or *Iona* daily, at 7 a.m., from Greenock at 9 a.m. See Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free at Messrs. CHATTO and WINDUS, Publishers, 74, Piccadilly, London, or by post, from D. HUTCHESON and CO., 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

Our Illustrations

THE CRISIS IN THE EAST

OUR FLEET IN THE SEA OF MARMORA

THESE four sketches were taken by our special artist at Constantinople during a visit to the British fleet in the Sea of Marmora, and will serve to show that, although in port and at anchor, the officers and crews of our ironclads are in no way idle. Indeed, when we read of the daily routine of the life of both officers and men, it would seem as though there was little time left for the numerous cricket matches and hunting and shooting excursions which are so frequently chronicled in letters from officers of the fleet. The actual drill itself takes up a considerable portion of the time—not only foot and rifle exercise, ashore and afloat, in the heavy marching order depicted in two of our illustrations, but cutlass drill, and practice in repelling boarders or annihilating imaginary torpedo-boats, heavy gun drill, and last, but by no means least, sail drill, in order to give the men confidence when aloft, and to prevent the officers from relying too much upon modern machinery instead upon the old seamanship which won us so many battles in days of yore. Then there is the ship to be kept as burnished and bright as a jeweller's window—no easy task of itself with so much metal-work and an atmosphere of damp salt, the machinery to be kept painted and in repair, not to speak of a thousand and one other tasks which justify a recent writer in speaking of one of these vessels as a floating hive of industry. Even as we see in our sketch, the doctors are not wholly without occupation, for, in addition to fevers and the various diseases to which British residents in a southern clime are subject, it not unfrequently happens that at target or torpedo practice a man is accidentally wounded, whereupon he is immediately conveyed to the cockpit, and his injuries at once attended to with all surgical promptitude. In addition to the active work we have above mentioned, there is, at least for the officers, a good deal of brain work to be gone through. "*Tam Minervâ quam Marte*," as our artist remarks, and, upon a "cessation of hostilities," the younger portion of the community set busily to work "chasing the wily algebraical *x*"—a task which to many young heads is far more irksome than a spirited stern chase of a Russian cruiser or even of an Arab slaver.

THE BERLIN CONGRESS—WATCHING FOR THE DELEGATES

THE outside of the Radziwill Palace shortly before the hour appointed for the meeting of Congress always presents an animated and somewhat amusing aspect. On the days when the members meet, a formidable band of pickelhaubed policemen assemble before the main entrance, and, after a brief preliminary drill, are despatched to their respective posts, some being stationed at the north angle of the Wilhelmsplatz, and others filing out along the pavement of the Wilhelmstrasse, foot-passengers being then prohibited from passing along the road from the portal of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to the statue of Marshal Schwerin. A numerous crowd of people assemble to see the delegates arrive, and to catch a passing glimse of what *The Times* calls the "henceforth historical, if in all cases not very august, physiognomies" of the members of the Congress. Although manifestly interested, the crowd are by no means demonstrative, appearing thoughtful and silent as befitting the serious business on hand.

THE FUNERAL OF MR. McGAHAN

WE have already in a previous number (No. 404, August 25, 1877) published a portrait of Mr. McGahan, the well-known and highly talented correspondent of the *Daily News*, whose graphic description of the Bulgarian atrocities roused such horror throughout Europe in 1876, and in whose letters much of the authentic history of the late war has been told. Mr. Macgahan, after going safely through all the vicissitudes and dangers of the campaign, being continually under fire by the side of General Skobeleff the younger, with whom he was on intimate terms, suddenly succumbed at Constantinople, in the early part of last month, to typhus fever, that dread disease which has carried off so many of our countrymen who have been engaged in journalistic or medical duties during the war. Mr. Macgahan was a universal favourite, both with his colleagues and with the Russian authorities, and his death has been deeply regretted by all, and particularly by General Skobeleff, who attended the funeral as one of the chief mourners. The burial took place on June 24th, in the Catholic Cemetery. The pall was held by the correspondents of the *Daily News*, *Times*, *Telegraph*, *Standard*, and *Graphic*. In addition to General Skobeleff, Colonel Chambers Maynard, of the American Legation; the officers of the United States despatch boats, the British Assistant Judge, and a number of well-known persons of position, attended to show their respect for the deceased.

REVIEW OF INDIAN TROOPS AT MALTA

IT was on Monday, the 17th inst., the day after his arrival at Malta, that the Duke of Cambridge reviewed the whole of the troops upon the island. His Royal Highness wore his Field Marshal's uniform, with plumed helmet, and rode a powerful bay charger, and was accompanied by Sir A. Barton, K.C.B., the new Governor, and a brilliant staff of military officers. The review was held on the Floriana Parade, the flat-roofed houses in the vicinity being converted into grand stands for the occasion, and every inch of vantage ground being occupied by spectators. The Indian troops had the post of honour to the right of the line, and were narrowly inspected by the Duke as he slowly rode past them. After the inspection there was a march past, the Indian regiments of course attracting the greatest share of attention, and being much admired for their smart appearance and steady marching. The Duke appeared greatly pleased, and after all was over he called the colonels of the various regiments around him and complimented them upon the manner in which the evolutions had been performed.—Our engraving represents the 9th Bengal Lancers, the celebrated "Hodson's Horse," passing the Duke at the saluting point.

THE OSTEND FESTIVITIES

THE *fêtes* at Ostend in celebration of the opening of the new Kursaal extended over several days, but the great event was the visit of the King of the Belgians on the 22nd ult. The town was richly decorated, and the proceedings of the day commenced with a review of the Civic Guards and the garrison. His Majesty and suite next went to the new Kursaal, a fine building, fronting the sea, and overlooking landwards the new park. It contains an immense Concert Hall, with a domed roof, besides a number of ball-rooms, banquetting rooms, and other apartments. Here the King listened to an address from the Burgomaster, and delivered a suitable reply, saying that he was happy to show his sympathy with the town of Ostend, and that he would do his utmost to maintain for it the rank which was its due. He next made the tour of the new buildings, inspecting every detail, and after having presented to him a number of distinguished persons, among whom was the Marquis of Londonderry, who was present in his official capacity as Vice-Commodore of the Cinque Ports Yacht Squadron, he ascended into a pavilion above the portico of the Kursaal, when he gave the signal for the commencement of the Regatta, for which he had given the first and second prize cups, and soon afterwards left for Brussels. The Regatta consisted of two races, in which a large number of English yachts took part; the *Formosa*, the *Ada*, and the *Miranda* taking the first, second, and third prizes respectively. The day's festivities concluded with a grand concert in the Kursaal, and on the following day there was a banquet, a ball, and a torchlight procession with bands of music in the streets.—Our sketches need no special description.

"AMONGST ALIENS"

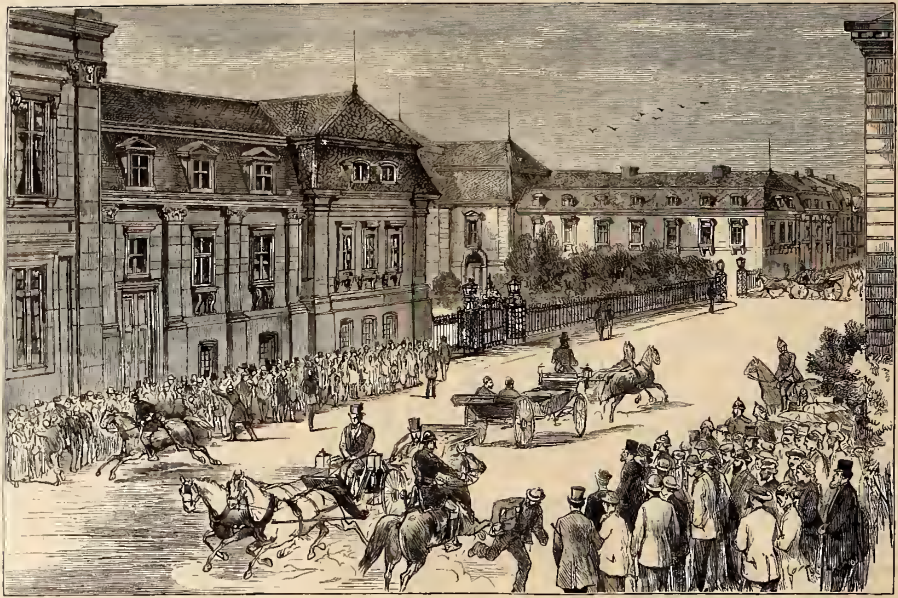
A NOVELETTE by Mrs. T. A. Trollope, is commenced on page 9.

THE ESCAPE OF THE EARL OF FLANDERS

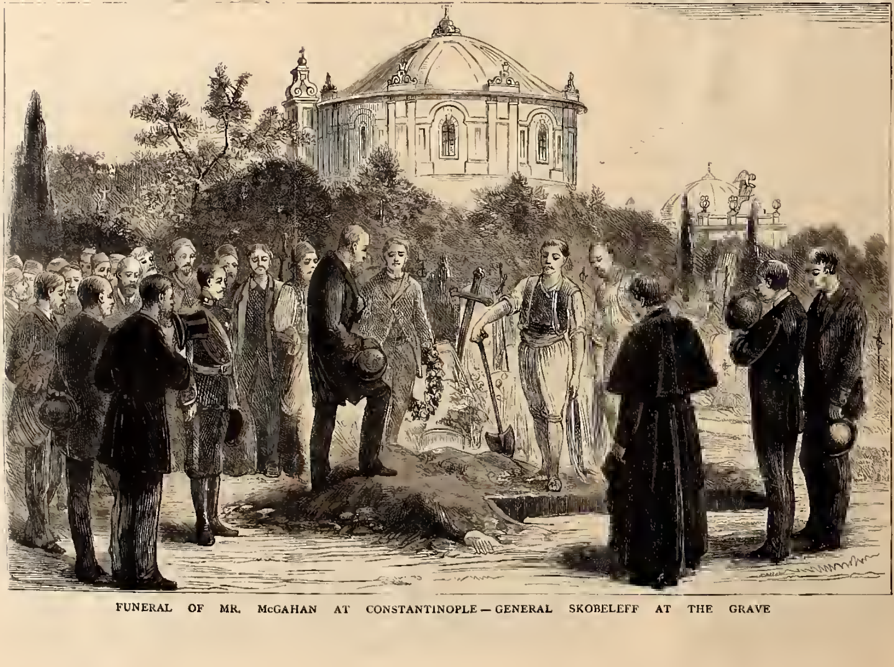
IN the year 1381 Philip van Artevelde (son of Jacob Artevelde, the brewer of Ghent, who was celebrated as a popular leader in the fourteenth century) was leader of the people of Ghent in their civil war against Bruges, and gained a victory over Count Louis. A year after he was defeated and slain in the Battle of Rosbeke. His history has been admirably narrated in Sir Henry Taylor's closet-play, *Philip van Artevelde*. One of the incidents of the struggle is represented in our engraving, and is thus described by M. Henri Martin, the French Academician, in his "History of France:"—"Louis (the Earl of Flanders), fleeing from his pursuers, took refuge in the house of a poor widow. She hid him under her children's bed. The soldiers rushed in, and, seeing the children quietly sleeping, concluded that no one had entered the room, and left to continue their search elsewhere." Froissart tells the story very graphically. "'My lord,' said the woman, mount this ladder, and get under the bed in which my children sleep.' While she employed herself by the fireside, with another child in a cradle, the Earl mounted the ladder as quickly as he could, and, getting between the straw and the coverlid, hid himself, and contracted his body into as little space as possible. Presently some of the mob of Ghent came in, and declared that they had seen a man enter the house. The woman vowed that they were mistaken, whereupon one of them took a candle, mounted the ladder, and, thrusting his head into the place, saw nothing but the wretched bed in which the children were asleep. He looked all about him, above and below, and then said to his companions, 'Come, come, let us go; we only lose our time here. The poor woman speaks truth; there is not a soul but herself and the children.' On hearing this, they left the house and went into another quarter." It will be observed that Froissart speaks of the Earl as getting, not under the bedstead, as the artist represents, but between the coverlid and the straw—a far more effectual place of concealment.

"LIKE GRANDMAMMA"

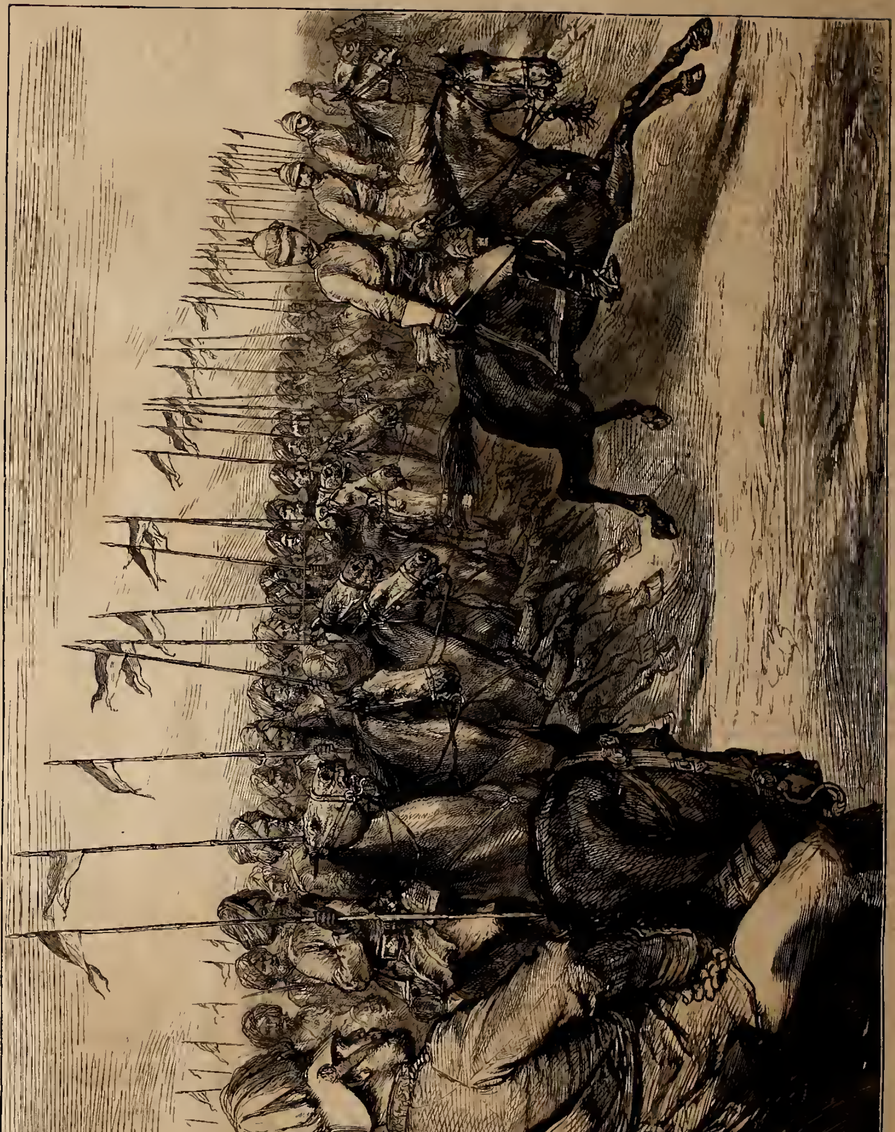
A CERTAIN degree of popularity has always attached to pictures in which the infirmities of age are playfully simulated by youth. Some years ago we remember an engraving, representing a little girl seated in a big arm-chair, with her grandmother's spectacles on her nose, and her grandmother's big Bible in her lap; and at the present time there is a very pretty engraving in some of the shop windows of a sweet little girl arrayed in her mother's hat, and carrying her mother's parasol, the legend beneath being "Now I'm Mamma." In the engraving before us, which is reproduced by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, Rathbone Place, the artist has taken a leaf, if we may so say, out of the same book. Mr. Schlesinger is well known in Germany for the skill with which he depicts fascinating female faces and figures, and here he places before us a comely peasant girl who, with a roguish twinkle in her eye, is leaning on her grandmother's crutch, and making believe to be very decrepit, to the apparent astonishment of the cat, who is sitting bolt upright, as if to afford his young mistress an example of the advantage of an upright figure.



THE CONGRESS AT BERLIN—THE CROWD WAITING OUTSIDE THE RADZIWILL PALACE TO SEE THE PLENIPOTENTIARIES



FUNERAL OF MR. McGAHAN AT CONSTANTINOPLE—GENERAL SKOBELEFF AT THE GRAVE



OUR INDIAN CONTINGENT AT MALTA—THE REVIEW BEFORE THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE: CHARGE OF THE NINTH BENGAL LANCERS

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND PRINCESS MARGARET OF PRUSSIA AT DOVER

ON Tuesday in last week the Duke of Connaught and Princess Louise Margaret, with her father, Prince Frederick Charles, arrived at Dover from Ostend by special steamer, and were received on landing by General Lord A. Russell and staff, and a guard of honour, under Royal salute; Captain Bruce, R.N., the Admiralty Superintendent; Colonel M'Neill, V.C., Equerry to Her Majesty, and Baron von der Brinchen, the German Chargé d'Affaires. The Royal party lunched at the Lord Warden Hotel, and the Princess, who wore a hat and jacket of black silk and a grey costume, was presented by Miss Swainson, the daughter of the proprietor, with a magnificent bouquet of "Marechal Neil" and "Duchess of Edinburgh" roses. This is the incident which forms the subject of our engraving. Their Royal Highnesses left Dover by special train for Windsor, where they were to remain for some time as guests of Her Majesty the Queen.

THE FAMINE IN CHINA

THE Chinese, officially and otherwise, have resorted to many expedients for raising subscriptions in aid of the sufferers by the desolating famine in the Northern Provinces. Among other methods for touching the hearts of their countrymen a book has been widely circulated, consisting of twelve illustrations, accompanied by descriptive letter-press. This book is now in our hands, and we have reproduced eight of the cuts. They may be briefly described as follows:—

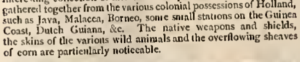
1. Boys and girls being sold by their parents. 2. People committing suicide through the pangs of cold and hunger. 3. Cannibalism. 4. A mother and newly-born baby dead from cold and hunger. 5. Living skeletons walking over the bones of the dead. 6. The filial child and the faithful wife bearing patiently the pangs of hunger. 7. This cut is of an allegorical character. It states that the auspicious snow of the southern region is much preferable to remaining at home—the meaning being that it is better to be in the midst of southern snow than to be indoors enduring all the horrors of want. 8. The magistrate seated with his attendants while the starving crowds are coming forward, with baskets in their hands, clamouring for relief. Three of the four engravings which we have omitted respectively represent the famine-stricken people unroofing their houses (in order to sell the materials); barking trees and cutting grass for food; and wandering about the country in search of sustenance; while the fourth, which is again allegorical, shows that the benevolently disposed ought to open their purses, and that all the gods will unite in restoring happiness.

What with the miseries caused by the Russian invasion of Turkey, by the famine in India, and by local distress in various parts of our own island, the resources of the charitably-disposed among us have of late years been severely tried, and unfortunately the magnitude of the famine in China has deterred many people from offering their gifts, from a mistaken idea that their little drops of aid could be of no avail in such an ocean of misery. On this account, and with these quaint Chinese pictures staring us in the face, we venture this day to appeal to our readers on behalf of the "Chinese Famine Relief Fund," of which Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B., is chairman. Subscriptions will be thankfully received at the Agra Bank, 35, Nicholas Lane, E.C., by the Rev. Arnold Foster, hon. secretary to the fund. We add the following bare facts. The famine, which was caused by long-continued drought, prevails over a region thrice as big as the United Kingdom, containing a population of 120,000,000, of whom 15,000,000 are in a state of starvation, while 5,000,000 have died. There is plenty of food to be got from the south of China, provided money is forthcoming to pay for it; but the resources of the Government and the people are utterly inadequate to attain this end. The China Famine Relief Fund was organised last February. Up to the end of May 18,000*l.* had been received by the London Committee, and a further sum of 7,200*l.*, was sent through various Missionary Societies in this country. The distribution of the money thus raised is entrusted to European and American missionaries, and is carried on under their immediate supervision. Forthcoming harvest prospects are at present encouraging; but, as the seed which has been sown will not ripen until September, the distress must, under the most favourable circumstances, continue for some time to come.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION

TROPHIES are inevitable features in an International Exhibition, and though occasionally they are composed of highly uninteresting black bottles presumably containing wine, or bright tin cans with preserved peas from Southern France, corned beef from Australia, or oysters from North America, they are, as a rule, both picturesque and instructive, being a means of displaying, in a highly attractive form, the manufactures and products of the country they represent. Of the various trophies in the Paris Exhibition, by far the most handsome and comprehensive is certainly that erected by the Dominion of Canada, which has been accorded a prominent position in the centre of one of the two domed extremities of the Palace of the Champ de Mars facing the Trocadéro, and is surrounded by the trophies of the other British colonies—that of Victoria being shown in the background of our sketch—its chief feature being an obelisk, exhibiting the amount of gold produced by the colony. The Canadian trophy is erected in stages and of wood, and stands some hundred feet high; but as for the articles exhibited, we must refer the reader to a list of Canadian products for their number and kind, merely mentioning, as a sample, that agricultural implements and lumber-men's tools take a prominent place in the exhibit, while white and black bears, holding mysterious waste-paper baskets, moose and elk heads, Indian canoes, groupings of fishing nets, spears, paddles, buffalo robes, and Indian work are amongst the most interesting of the innumerable articles displayed round the staging.

The trophy of the Dutch Colonies is another handsome and interesting collection of miscellaneous products which have been gathered together from the various colonial possessions of Holland, such as Java, Malacca, Borneo, some small stations on the Guinea Coast, Dutch Guiana, &c. The native weapons and shields, the skins of the various wild animals and the overflowing sheaves of corn are particularly noticeable.



HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——The progress reported to have been made by the Berlin Conference seems to have given very general satisfaction, and if no hitch occurs the complete settlement (at least for a time) of the Eastern Question may shortly be expected. Mr. H. Richard, M.P., and Professor Leone Levi, have gone to Berlin, as a deputation from the Peace Society to urge the Congress to consider the question of mutual disarmament and international arbitration; and Messrs. E. Sturge and J. Lang, as representatives of the Anti-Slavery Society, are endeavouring to induce the Congress to enforce the abolition of slavery and the slave-trade throughout the Ottoman dominions. The Society of Friends is also represented by a deputation, whose object is to urge the claims of Religious equality.—Lord Carnarvon, speaking last week at a dinner given at the Crystal Palace by a City Company, referred to his retirement from the Ministry, saying he had never had a doubt that he was pursuing the right course. Subsequent events had confirmed his view, and he never had, and never would, regret the step he had taken.—Addressing a Conservative meeting at Bournemouth, on Saturday, Sir H. Drummond Wolff, M.P., said that he believed no persons had ever had so difficult a task as Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury at Berlin. They had been met by an opposition of a most unworthy and plotting character, but were now on the verge of securing a peace which would increase our prosperity and *prestige*.—The Primitive Methodists, however, entertain a very different opinion, for at the final meeting of their Conference at Manchester on Saturday, they passed a resolution declaring that the preservation of this country from the calamity of unnecessary war is chiefly due to the enlightened and patriotic efforts of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Carnarvon, and Lord Derby.—At the annual meeting of the Women's Suffrage Society, Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P., who presided, expressed his conviction that the Society would one day realise its object; Mrs. P. A. Taylor said that England's honour would not have suffered had an intelligent woman been sent to the Congress at Berlin instead of Lord Beaconsfield; and another speaker congratulated the members on the fact that during the last Parliamentary debate on the subject, though there were no new arguments nor even a new joke against the Bill, there were several new speakers in its favour, who made good speeches, which, however, were very badly reported in every paper she had seen.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The tropical weather of last week was followed in London on Sunday by a thunderstorm which, though not so violent as that of the previous Sunday, was sufficiently heavy to prevent any one from sneaking out of church before the sermons were over, and thus avoiding the collections on behalf of Metropolitan Hospital Fund. In many parts of the country the rain and lightning did great damage to buildings, railways, cattle, and crops.—Another unsuccessful attempt has been made to raise the *Eurydice*, the operations having to be suddenly abandoned on Tuesday owing to the snapping of a cable, an accident which resulted from the heavy weather, and which rendered the preliminary labour of some weeks absolutely useless. The wreck has now sunk nine or ten feet in the clayey bottom, and it is more than ever doubtful whether it can ever be raised.—On Wednesday, the Prince and Princess of Wales attended the opening of the Midland Counties Art Museum, which has been established in Nottingham Castle. Their Royal Highnesses, who were the guests of the Duke of St. Albans's at Bestwood, drove thence to the city, where they were received by the Corporation and the Lord Lieutenant of the county, and were conducted in procession through the streets which were gaily decorated, and lined with volunteers, yeomanry, and regular soldiers. About 17,000 Sunday School children, who were assembled at one point on the route, sang "God Bless the Prince of Wales" as the *cortège* went by.—The annual dinner of the General Theatrical Fund was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Tuesday. Mr. Toole, the popular comedian, was in the chair, and the donations to the Fund amounted to over 900*l.*, including 100*l.* from Her Majesty the Queen.—Mr. Lucraft objects to the annual drill inspections of the School Board children, because of the expense and because "they lead to jingoism," and at his suggestion they are to be discontinued.—The *Arethusa* and *Chichester* training ships were on Wednesday inspected by the Earl of Shaftesbury and a large company of ladies and gentlemen; and prizes were presented to the successful boys. Mr. Hubbard, the chairman of the committee, said that they had now some difficulty in getting boys shipped for sea, as shipowners were returning to the old practice of demanding a premium.—The funeral of the late Mr. Charles Mathews, on Saturday last, at Kensal Green Cemetery, attracted a large crowd of sympathising spectators, amongst whom were a great many members of the theatrical profession.—Mrs. Clara L. Balfour, the well-known authoress and temperance lecturer, died on Wednesday at Croydon in her seventieth year.

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BLACK AND WHITE EXHIBITION,
DUDLEY GALLERY

THE sixth Exhibition in Black and White is in some of its branches—etching, in particular—rather above its predecessors; in others, very much on the same level. There is less than usual of the work done for illustrated journalism; and we should not be disposed to regret this, provided better material were forthcoming to fill its place. As it is, illustrated art is chiefly represented by many clever original drawings, made for *Punch* by Tenniel, C. Keene, Du Maurier, Sambourne, and a new contributor, Chantrey Corbould. These drawings have an interest of their own for close observers, as showing how many delicate touches are lost in even the most skilful wood-cutting, when it has to be done against time, and by many hands working on parts of the same block.

By the side of these drawings we should have been glad to see, as we have seen in former years, more of the clever work done for our own columns by such artists as Herkomer, Mrs. Allingham, Gregory, Small, Fildes, Nash, and others, whose real school has been the illustrated journal.

It is remarkable that the highest honours of English painting at the Paris Exhibition have been won by a pupil of this school, who has thus, by the award of a jury of leading painters of all nations, been raised over the heads of Academicians and Associates, of whose honours he has not, at home, been yet deemed worthy. I refer to Mr. Herkomer, whose "Last Muster" has attracted more attention and admiration at Paris, from foreign painters and public alike, than any other picture of the English collection, and has been one of the two honoured with "*grandes medailles*" awarded to English painters, the other going to Mr. Millais. There is but one pair of drawings by Mr. Herkomer in the Black and White Exhibition, companions, with the title, "Storm and Calm," two rather slight figures in sepia with a curious absence of any such contrast of character as is suggested by the names. Besides these, Mr. Herkomer sends a whole series of slight but spirited figures of Bavarian peasantry, executed by Maclure and Macdonald's autographic process, having very much the effect of etchings; and two remarkable examples of bold and effective work in dry point, are (219) on an unusually large scale, of a Country Lass, which I should rank among the most noticeable things in the Exhibition for force of handling, without sacrifice of delicacy or beauty. English artists, for the most part, do so little in the way of finished studies in black and white that the examples in this kind here from Mr. Poynter's preliminary work for his "Atalanta" have an exceptional interest as giving students some insight into the actual preparatory labour of a living artist. One can only regret there is so little of this class of work shown here, or, I fear, done elsewhere.

I do not know if Mr. Powell's charming charcoal drawing of "Loch Fyne Herring-boats" (111), on smooth water, under a soft, grey, misty effect, be a study for a drawing in colour, or a substitute for one. It has for me very much of the delightfulness of one of the painter's best drawings, and, indeed, seems hardly to ask for colour. But if one wants to see how far Black and White, dexterously and judiciously employed, can fill the place of colour in a certain class of subjects, we have only to go to the charcoal drawings of Léon L'Hermitte, far and away the most skilful, strong, truthful, and effective work in this Exhibition. Three of his drawings in particular, "La Visite au Cimetière" (98), Breton peasant women saying their prayers at the graves of their dead on their great festival, the Jour des Morts; "La Chapelle de Pont-Christ," the interior of a chapel in Brittany, with the rude decoration in carved figures and altar furniture, which imparts such a picturesque effect to the country chapels of that country, a pries officiating, and a few absorbed worshippers; and "A Street at Landerneau" (72), seem to me to reach the *ne plus ultra* of excellence in their material. I seem to feel no want of colour in them, dealing as they do chiefly with subjects depending for due effect on black and white and their gradations. When the artist comes to deal with a spring orchard and trees in blossom, I see the limitation of his means, and I understand how important is the choice of subject as an element in the success of a charcoal drawing. A large drawing by Aumonier of a Norfolk broad, with a flight of gulls, is little inferior in effect to L'Hermitte's work. Achille Dien's charcoal landscapes also are among the noticeably good work here. It is evident, indeed, that the French are for the present greater masters of *fusain* than our own artists. For skill in handling his material, and that delightfulness of result which consummate dexterity gives, there is no drawing here so remarkable as a low-tide shore by Allongé (305). But here again, comparison of this most exquisite drawing with (307), "A Fountain in the Vosges," from the same hand, hung close beside it, shows how much success depends on subject. The second drawing hardly tells at all.

There is little work with even the slightest pretension to Academic quality. A large composition of many small figures grouped as in a Roman feast, with the title "The Banquet of Life," by E. J. Ellis, is the most ambitious design in this way, showing clever draughtsmanship, great pains, and carefully studied arrangement. But the smallness of scale and lack of colour together deprive the design, as we see it here, of its decorative effect; while it is practically impossible to decipher the meaning of such a mass of small figures. Thus the conscientious labour evidently put into the work is, it is to be feared, most of it wasted, except as far as the artist himself may have benefited by it.

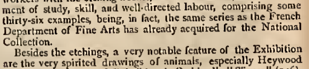
Other work of Academic aim or pretension are the drawing by W. C. Thomas, "Watching Angels" (523); the studies bearing the name of W. Britten, a full-length of a Pompeian lady dressing in a bath (78); and figures for a picture called "The Stranded Raft." But neither in these, nor in Mr. G. M'Culloch's not at first sight intelligible "Sound of the Sea" (312), and his larger composition "The Sirens" (545); nor in Mr. W. Crane's allegorical group, "Peace or War: Britannia's Dream, 1878" can I find anything of a quality to divide my interest with the more naturalistic work of L'Hermitte and those who, like him, are content with the life about them for materials. How readily in a rightly-tuned imagination this may be turned to poetic use, we have here an illustration in Mrs. Allingham's "Harvest Moon" (460).

Joseph Knight's work has a solemnity and breadth that fits it well for rendering in Black and White. Here is a good example, "O'er the Moor" (57).

Another very tenderly felt and impressive charcoal study is A. Severn's "Moonlight on Coniston Water."

There are some few noteworthy heads, among them a refined chalk portrait of Octavia Hill, by Clifford, and a thoughtful head in charcoal of her brother, Dr. Hill (late of Bruce Castle), by Ellen G. Hill; and some severe portrait studies in red chalk, by A. Ward; some interesting drawings for pictures, highly finished, one by H. S. Marks, of his group of Marabout cranes, christened "Convocation," in this year's Academy; a delicate pencil study, by Mrs. Staples, for her pretty and pathetic group—so full of motherly and womanly expression—"Baby's Better;" several sheets of slight but suggestive studies in Indian ink for cattle and hunting subjects, by Frederick Tayler. But in no department of Black and White work is the Exhibition this year so rich as in etchings. Besides excellent examples of most of our English etchers—with the large exception of Seymour Häden—foreign etching is well represented by the able hands of Rajon, Détaille, Buhot, Tissot, Appian, Ballin, Bastien Le Page, Worms, Victor L'Huillier, A. Garnier, Desboutins, Luminais, Casanova, and others; while the credit of our own daily increasing etching school is well sustained by Bradley, Evershed, Slocombe, Rupert, C. S. Watson, Macbeth, Burgess, E. George, and others, and, above all, by a series of the later works of that most honest and enthusiastic of workers with the etching-needle, Edwin Edwards, a rare monument of study, skill, and well-directed labour, comprising some thirty-six examples, being, in fact, the same series as the French Department of Fine Arts has already acquired for the National Collection.

Besides the etchings, a very notable feature of the Exhibition are the very spirited drawings of animals, especially Heywood Hardy's "Lioness and Cubs" (140), Goddard's "Tigers" (346), J. Charlton's "Fighting Dogs—Caught" (92), and "The Stirrup Cup" (452), Van Marcke's studies of cattle, and Rischgitz's compositions of grouse, partridges, and wild fowl, in act of flight, with appropriate landscape accompaniments, most delicately and skilfully worked out in charcoal. TOM TAYLOR



PARLIAMENT

A GREAT deal has been written to the detriment of Irish members, but after a fortnight's experience of the House of Commons with the Irish element almost absolutely eliminated it must be frankly admitted that without Irish members, and in the absence of Mr. Disraeli, the House of Commons becomes almost unendurable. For a fortnight we have heard nothing more exciting than the Cattle Plague Bill, varied by occasional introductions of the Scotch Roads and Bridges Bill, and tempered by exhilarating moments passed in discussion on the Highways Bill. Lord Beaconsfield, when he was yet Mr. Disraeli, once twitted Mr. Gladstone with the necessity of remembering that the Imperial Legislature was something more than a Local Vestry. If

Mr. Gladstone were given to retorts of that kind he might now turn the tables with great success upon his ancient adversary. No one can remember when there was a time during which for so prolonged a period the House of Commons presented the appearance, if not of a Vestry at least of a Highway Board. By common consent the Eastern Question is shelved in both Houses of Parliament. Temporary relief for over-charged feelings is occasionally sought in reference to explosions in Crete and clerkly indiscretions of the Foreign Office. But these are poor dishes for an assembly that has had its appetite satiated with great battles at the foot of the Balkans, and with rumours of dissensions in the Cabinet.

There remains then nothing to do but to sit down steadily before the homely dishes provided by the Home Secretary and the President of the Local Government Board, and to leave the fireworks till Lord Beaconsfield comes home. The abstention of the Irish members at such a juncture is timed with a precision that gives currency to the melancholy joke that they deliberately refrain from catching the Speaker's eye in order that the House of Commons may behold the depths of dulness it will reach when Ireland has its own again, and the Home Rule Parliament is established on College Green. Of course, the real reason of this unwonted and by no means brilliant flash of silence on the part of the Home Rulers is that they have been mollified by the introduction of the Intermediate Education Bill. The effect of this measure has been astounding, and no one is more astonished than Her Majesty's Government. Without dissent the Irish members have approved the Bill, and Mr. Butt is quite enthusiastic in his commendation. The letter of the hon. and learned gentleman published in the Irish papers has naturally created some reaction, and signs of contumacy were shown by Mr. Parnell and his immediate associates, who strongly resent the formal admission that after all some good may come out of Westminster. But this counter demonstration was nipped in the bud by the arrival of Apostolic Letters from Ireland, in which the heads of the Church there warmly commended the Bill, and impressed upon the Irish representatives the necessity of doing nothing to endanger its becoming law. This settled the matter. An Anglo-Hibernian Agreement has been drawn up between Sir Stafford Northcote and the Schouvaloff of the Obstructionists, the practical issue of which will be that the Government will press forward without delay the Intermediate Education Bill, and in the mean time the Obstructionists will retire to seek the rest they have so abundantly earned. But they trust nothing to a Saxon Government, and there is a special stipulation in the Agreement that the votes in Supply relating to Queen's Colleges shall not be brought forward till after the Intermediate Education Bill has passed through the Commons. Thus if things go wrong there will be an opportunity of making things cheerful for the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the last weeks of the Session.

This is something to look forward to. In the meantime there is the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act Amendment Bill, the Scotch Roads and Bridges Bill, and the Highways Bill. The former was read a second time after a Debate which lasted into the small hours of Tuesday morning. About eleven o'clock on Monday night Sir William Harcourt had risen, his interposition being welcomed as appearing to promise a variation of the unspeakable dulness of the evening. But the prevalent spirit was too strong even for the vivacity of Sir William Harcourt. His speech was as dull as other people's, save for one touch, which should be ever gratefully remembered as causing the unwonted sound of laughter to be heard in the House. Like everybody else, Her Majesty's Ministers had fled during the discussion, and Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson, who rather enjoys this sort of debate, had been left in sole charge of the Treasury Bench almost throughout the whole of the sitting. Sir William Harcourt himself had come in only just in time to make his speech, and reproaches for absence during the sitting came with a peculiarly ill grace from him. But he is not a gentleman to be deterred by circumstances from having his joke, and so, commenting on the solitary position of the Secretary to the Treasury, he observed it would seem that the Treasury Bench had been declared an infected place, and that Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson had been isolated within the meaning of the Act.

The temporary elation of spirits occasioned by this joke was damped when Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson rose to reply. It was after midnight when he rose. Everybody was wearied to death of the whole business, and was waiting for the division, so that they might get out to the fresh air. But the occasion was a great one for the Secretary to the Treasury. He was in charge of a most important Bill, and he felt, or thought he felt, the necessity for answering the arguments that had been advanced through the debate that had lasted for three mortal sittings. But the House showed such manifest tokens of weariness, that he was compelled to condense into half an hour the remainder of his observations, which, fully delivered, would have pleasantly wiled the time away till Wednesday morning. On a division, the second reading was agreed to by 319 votes against 162.

On Tuesday, the Roads and Bridges Bill at the morning sitting; on Tuesday night, the question of Poor Law Removal, elucidated by the eloquence of Mr. M'Carthy Downing; and on Wednesday, the Habitual Drunkards Bill, preceded by the Church Rates (Scotland) Bill; the remainder of the week filled up with more Cattle Plague Bill and succeeding Bills—these go to make up the programme of the week's work in Parliament.

SPORTING

THE TURF.——A fair share of patronage was given to the Border meeting at Carlisle, but this is just the time when the aristocratic patrons of the Turf do not care to travel so far from London. The Cumberland Plate, like the Northumberland last week, seems to be going down hill, only six horses coming to the post. There was a rattling finish between Mrs. Pond and Constantine, the former winning by a head, and the latter reversing last week's form, as Jagellon could only get third. Strathcarron, a shapely filly, daughter of Strathconan and Vimeira, made amends for some previous defeats by winning the Carlisle Stakes for two year olds.—Some pleasant sport was brought off at Odiham, the chief handicap falling to The Reeve. In this and in the Manor Plate, Captain Machell's new purchase, Pardon, showed that after the many well-fought contests he has engaged in this year he wants rest. The Ashdown Two Year Old Plate, at the pleasant little gathering at Lambourne, was won by Tares, of the Wild Oats stock, the Lambourne Plate by the highly bred Centenary, and the Cup by Kaleidoscope, who continues to do good service for the Master of Russley.—The Bibury Club provided a fair afternoon's sport at Stockbridge on Wednesday. Shoestring, a not unhappily named daughter of the Knight of the Garter and Bowstring, secured the Maiden Plate for Lord Calthorpe; Elf King upset the odds laid on the Saratoga Colt in the Champagne Stakes; Confessor scored the Handicap Sweepstakes for the veteran John Day; and in the Twentieth Biennial another "odds on" favourite, the Duke of Hamilton's Mellon, could only get third to Mr. Gosden's Scapegrace.—The St. Leger market indicates the very general opinion that the race as yet is remarkably open. Insulaire still heads the list, and Beauclere stands second; but between now and September we shall probably see most of the favourites perform in public.

CRICKET.——Hertfordshire and Essex, which counties seem to be struggling to come to the fore, have played a match at Bishop's Stortford, victory resting with Herts.—Notts has had to put up with a one-innings defeat at the hands of Yorkshire, the 419 score of the Northern county being the highest, we believe, made for many years past in an inter-county match. Of this Ulyett, who is in specially good form this year, made 94, and W. Bates 102.—Yorkshire has also another victory to be recorded, having beaten the Australian team at Bramall Lane, Sheffield, by no less than nine wickets.—Kent still fights on unsuccessfully, Sussex having beaten the home county by 56 runs in a well-contested match at Brighton.—After a series of annual defeats, which have extended through the greater part of the present decade, Winchester has beaten Eton. Of the forty-nine matches played between the two schools, Eton has won thirty-two and Winchester fifteen, one match was a tie, and one left unfinished.—In a drawn match between Edinburgh and Glasgow, Dr. J. M. Cotterill, the famous Sussex bat, made 271 for the former, and the whole eleven 692—the highest total, we believe, ever made in an innings.—Of course the great match of the week has been that between the Universities at Lord's on Monday and Tuesday. The universal opinion was in favour of Cambridge; but in the first innings Oxford made a better fight than was expected, scoring 127 against the 168 of Cambridge. Cambridge then put on 229, Mr. Lucas contributing 74 and the Hon. A. Lyttelton 64; and, even with the large number required to win, there were some partisans of the Dark Blues who hoped against hope. But a more utter collapse of an eleven of picked cricketers has hardly ever been witnessed, the whole going down for the miserable pittance of 32 runs. Mr. A. G. Steel's bowling for Cambridge was superb. In the second innings he bowled fourteen maiden overs out of twenty, and he took five wickets, only 14 runs being made. Mr. C. W. M. Kemp did some smart fielding for Oxford, catching out three of the Cambridge men. The crowd at Lord's showed an increase even over that of last year, about 15,000 spectators being present.

AQUATICS.—News has come that Hanlan, of Toronto, has won the International Sculling Race at Brockville, Ontario, Plaisted, of New York, being second.—The proprietors of the *Sportsman* have offered a Challenge Cup and 200*l.* in money for competition among the professional scullers of England.

LAWN TENNIS.——Votaries of this game will be glad to hear that Messrs. Jaques and Son, of Hatton Garden, have patented a really serviceable lawn tennis marker. A small tank filled with whitening and water is propelled on a couple of wheels driven by a handle, and the "dodge" of the invention is that the stuff only oozes out, making a strong white line, when the machine is in motion, so that there is no splashing or mess. This is managed by the wheel being supplied with whitening from a feeder dipping into the tank.

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LONDON MORTALITY increased considerably last week owing to the exceedingly high temperature, and 1,570 deaths were registered against 1,391 during the previous week, an increase of 179, being 208 above the average, and at the rate of 22·9 per 1,000. Deaths from small-pox numbered 38 (an increase of 19), from diarrhœa 72 (an increase of 49, including 54 infants under one year of age), 24 from measles (an increase of 7), 23 from scarlet fever (an increase of 6), 7 from diphtheria (a decline of 5), 97 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 11), 19 from different forms of fever, and 3 from sunstroke. There were 2,266 births registered against 2,625 during the previous week, being 72 below the average. The mean temperature was 70·7 deg., or 9·6 deg. above the average in the corresponding week of the sixty years, 1814-73. The week was the hottest in London since that ending August 19th, 1876. The duration of sunshine during the week was 73·9 hours, the sun being 115·8 hours above the horizon.

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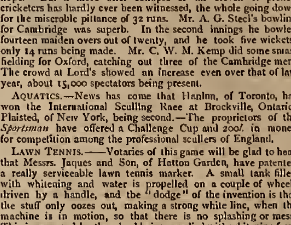
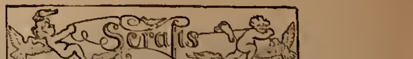
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

JUNE 27TH TO JULY 3RD (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.——The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.——The diagram for the week ending Wednesday, 3rd inst., exhibits some very striking changes of weather. The period opened with light southerly winds and very high temperatures; but towards the latter part of Thursday, 27th ult., the wind shifted to south-east, and although the sky remained clear, the weather soon became perceptibly cooler. On Sunday, 30th ult., a thunderstorm with heavy rain again visited the metropolis, and in the evening of that day the thermometer began to fall still more quickly, while the wind shifted round to north-east. Since that time the winds have remained in a northerly or north-easterly quarter, and the weather having at the same time been generally cloudy, very low temperatures have been registered. The maximum reached on Tuesday, 2nd inst., was 30° lower than that observed on Thursday, 27th ult., and five degrees lower than the *minimum* recorded on the morning of the same day. Some rain has fallen during the past three days, but the amounts measured have not been large. The barometer was highest (30·16 in.) on Thursday, 27th ult.; lowest (29·80 in.) on Saturday, 29th ult.; range, 0·36 in. The temperature was highest (89°) on Thursday, 27th ult.: lowest (51°) on Wednesday 3rd inst.; range, 38°. Rain fell on four days; total amount, 1·16 in.; greatest fall on any one day, 0·98 in., on Sunday, 30th ult.



Scraps

A NEW MINOR PLANET of the twelfth magnitude has been discovered by Professor Peters, at Clinton, New York.

THE WOMEN OF BELGIUM have decided to offer a present to the Queen of the Belgians on the occasion of her silver wedding, the 22nd prox. Subscriptions are limited to 2½*d.*

AN OFFICIAL PAINTING OF A SITTING OF THE CONGRESS has been ordered by the Berlin Municipality, and the commission has been entrusted at a cost of 3,000*l.* to Herr Anton von Werner.

CLESINGER'S STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC, which was unveiled at the Paris Exhibition on Sunday, represents France seated, with the physiognomy of a Roman matron, and with a head-dress a species of compromise between a helmet and a Phrygian cap. The right hand holds a sword, while the left rests on a tablet on which is inscribed, "République Française, Constitution, 25 Fevrier, 1875."

A REMARKABLE PEDESTRIAN FEAT has been undertaken by a Cincinnati diver, who proposes to walk under water along the bottom of the Ohio River, from Cincinnati to Cairo, a distance of about 500 miles, in 25 days, for a wager for 2,000*l.* He stipulates that a boat is to accompany him with an air pump, in order to supply him with air, and moreover that he is to be allowed to come up to the surface as often as he pleases, but that the boat is to be stopped whenever he does so, in order that he shall walk every step of the way.

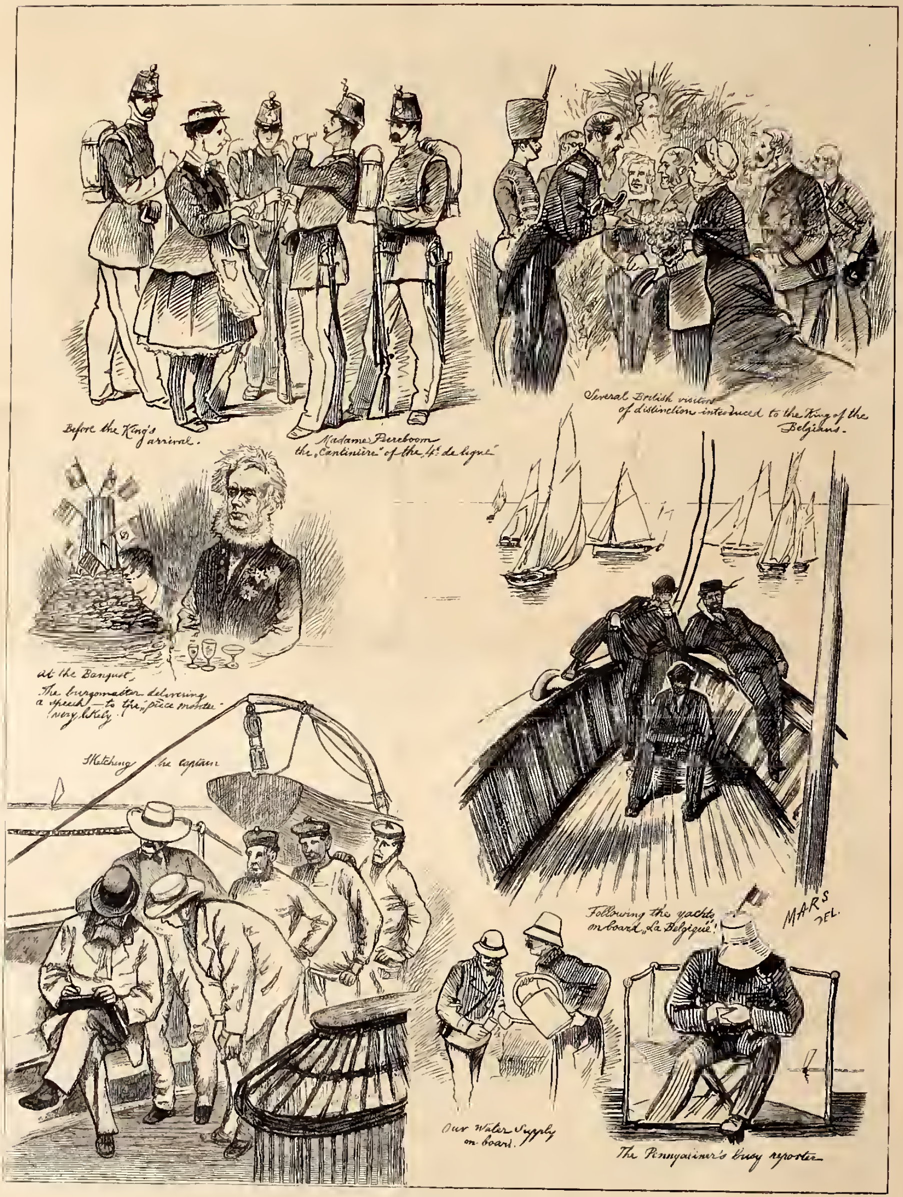
AN UNUSUAL PROPORTION OF BRITISH DOCTORS AND NURSES have fallen victims to their zeal in the cause of humanity, owing to the recent campaign in Turkey. The Stafford House Committee employed 35 doctors, 11 of whom were dangerously ill and 2 died. The Red Crescent employed 45, of whom 14 were dangerously ill, and 7 died. The Red Cross employed 14, of whom 3 were severely ill, and 1 died. The Turkish Compassionate Fund employed 11, of whom 3 were dangerously ill. The Charity Sisters employed 40, of whom 27 were ill and 13 died. Total employed, 145; severely ill, 58; 23 died.

A NEW FLAG, according to the Paris *Figaro*, is about to be used in the French Army. The blue staff of the flag is surmounted by a rectangular scroll resembling that which served as a pedestal to the Roman eagles. On one side of the scroll is the number of regiment, and on the other the letters R.F. (*République Française*). This scroll is surmounted by an upright golden crown of laurel leaves through which passes a spear head. The flag itself is of silk, edged with gold fringe instead of the modest woollen material at present in use. A change is also being made in the uniform of the French troops. The tunic will be replaced by a pelisse or loose jacket similar to that worn at the present time by artillerymen, and which will now be adopted by both infantry and cavalry. Epaulettes are to be replaced by clover-shaped shoulder tabs of coloured wool for non-commissioned officers and privates, and in gold or silver for officers.

SWIMMING FOR GIRLS is strenuously advocated in a letter in *The Times* from Mr. John Macgregor (of the London Schools Swimming Club, School Board for London, Victoria Embankment). He states that hundreds of girls are learning to swim, and affirms that many hundred more would gladly learn if teachers could be had. As a proof of this Mr. Macgregor asserts that last year a class for thirty girls was begun late in the season, yet 25 of these were taught to swim in six lessons, and six of them won prizes. At present only five of the public baths are available for girls and female school teachers, but we sincerely hope that public attention may be drawn to this movement, which promises to be one of great benefit to the community at large, for, apart from all other considerations, it may be said, as Mr. Macgregor concludes, "Mothers and sisters who can swim will not let their boys be unwashed when on land or drowned when in the water."

AN EXHIBITION OF FANS was opened last Tuesday at Drapers' Hall, containing 1,259 specimens, valued at about 15,000*l.* One of the most valuable exhibits is Queen Anne's fan, and also a curious fan, painted by an Italian on chicken skin, with a little watch in the handle. There are also two or three peculiarly small hand-tablets, fashionable under the First Empire, still glistening with the inimitable glaze called *vernis-Martin* after the artist, whose secret died with him. There is one fan in the collection to which a singular legend is attached. The blades are strangely and unusually shaped, like the wooden beaters with which French laundresses sometimes kneaded the clothes they washed. The style is that of Louis XV., when the ladies of the Court, to show their distaste for the vulgar upstart Dubarry, are said to have had their fans so made that, without any open affront, they could remind her of her early life among the soap-suds. There is the jewelled fan presented by the Maharajah Dhuleep Sing to the Princess Alice, which is composed entirely of emeralds, rubies, and pearls, from the collection of Runjeet Singh, of Lahore, and also an old French fan, possibly the gem of the collection, belonging to Lady Musgrave, having been in the Musgrave family for a century, and representing a scene from the *Æneid*. Altogether, the Exhibition is well worth a visit, particularly from our lady readers.

THAT ACTORS have been frequently considered as public property even in their private life is a frequent complaint of the profession, and is not inaptly illustrated by a story told by the *San Francisco Chronicle* of Mr. Jefferson, the well-known *Rip Van Winkle*:—"The other morning, as Mr. Jefferson was coming from rehearsal, he was stopped suddenly by a gentleman, evidently just from Marysville, who was accompanied by his wife and some six or eight children. 'Are you Rip Van Winkle, mister?' Mr. J. J. admitted the fact. 'Well, I'm dern glad to hear it. You see, I was just trying to tell Maria and the children how all-fired elegant you acted last night. I'd take the hull bilin' on 'em this evening, but you see, Johnny's caught the mumps, and we're got to leave on the 4.40.' Not having anything else to say, Mr. Jefferson replied 'Indeed!' 'Yes, I was trying to show 'em how you told that story about your wife getting upset in the river. Couldn't you jest sit down on this fire plug and show Maria how you did it?' 'I think not,' responded the first actor of his day, icily. 'Don't see why you won't show the children. I allurs patronize the theater when I come up to sell hay. By the way, I was trying to catch the step when you dance with the girls in the first act. Come now, just walk into this fruit-store, that's a good fellow, and do it once or twice for me, won't you? It'll tickle the folks down our way most to death.' Jefferson says he intends to go armed after this." Talking of Mr. Jefferson, there is a popular story abroad that he declines to visit the Catskills, because the mountains there are not "set" as he has been accustomed to have them at Booth's, and the people who live near there have not the "common decency to haul them around into shape."


Before the King's arrival.
Madame Pereboom the „Cantinière" of the „4e de ligne"
Several British visitors of distinction introduced to the King of the Belgians.
At the Banquet,
The burgomaster delivering a speech — to the „pièce montée" very likely!
Sketching the captain
Following the yachts on board „La Belgique"!
MARS DEL.
Our Water Supply on board.
The Pennyaliner's busy reporter

THE FÊTES AT OSTEND—CHARACTER SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

She had her head bent down over Don Vittorio's letter, whilst that patrician gentleman stood very near the school table, stroking his youngest sister's hair.

AMONGST ALIENS

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

AUTHOR OF "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

It seemed to have grown dark suddenly. I had had my eyes fixed on the glory of the sunset. The glow of crimson and purple and gold had died away behind the black dome of St. Peter's, and was succeeded by a long streak of orange colour, clear, intense, and solemn. One star glittered steel-bright above it, and the edges of the distant horizon were dim and vaporous. The profoundly pathetic beauty of those winter sunsets from the Pincian always moved me like a poem or a strain of solemn music. Every common street sound seemed to jar importunately with the serenity of the wondrous sky and the mournful stillness of the landscape beneath it. I had a feeling that the world ought to pause in its noisy whirl and be silent before that sunset. The air seemed to be vibrating with memories of the awful past, and that orange streak in the west to be intense with a mysterious meaning.

I had gazed at it until my eyes were dazzled, and when I turned them downward to the earth, I found that it was dark. It had been raining but an hour ago, and the pools of water all along the straight line of the Via Condotti, where the street lamps glittered in two converging rows, reflected, here and there, the lingering lights in the sky, whilst the houses on either hand were in blackest shadow.

"It is late!" I exclaimed to myself, as I drew my shawl closer against the chill evening air. "I must make haste home, or Lucy will be uneasy."

"Home" was not far distant. We lived in a street running steeply uphill from the Via Sistina, in a little lodging on the topmost story. That was all the better in Rome, they said; one was out of the malaria. I did not much concern myself with fears of the malaria (though, indeed, for Lucy's sake, it was well to take what precautions we could; Lucy was not so hardy as I), but the topmost story suited us in various ways. In the first place it suited our purses, which were slender. Then we had, from one window of our sitting-room, a glimpse across the house-tops of the distant Campagna, and nearly an hour more daylight than our neighbours on the lower floors. I climbed quickly up the long steep stairs, and opened our door with my key. Contrary to my expectation there was no light in the room which served us for drawing-room, study, boudoir, and dining-room, all in one. Lucy had not yet come home, then. A few logs smouldered in the open stove, as I had left them, and the lamp stood ready on the table. I struck a light and fastened the shutters, and blew at the smouldering wood until it blazed cheerfully. It made the shabby room look so pleasant and home-like, that I said aloud, although I was quite alone, "How I wish Lucy would come home and enjoy it!"

Then I sat down to finish a little study in black and white that I had been making from a plaster cast. I had my work all ready laid out on the table before me, and began to draw. In those days I never knew how time went when once I had my pencil in my hand; and, indeed, it is much the same with me now. I went on working until I was roused by a violent gust of wind which made the windows rattle. Windows rattle easily in Rome, where the panes of glass are generally loosely fixed into the wooden frames, and where wood-work as a rule is made in a crazy, clumsy fashion. But this was a really strong blast of wind. I heard it howl and moan as it swept round the corner of our street. Some drops of rain, too, struck against the glass. The thought that Lucy was out in such wild weather, whilst I was warm indoors, made me shudder sympathetically. I looked at my watch, and was startled to find that it marked a quarter-past six o'clock. I had been drawing for more than an hour, and Lucy not yet returned! She ought to have been at home long ago. The Palazzo Corleoni, where she went to give lessons in English, was down in the more central part of Rome, near the great church of the Gesù. But that was no distance for a good walker with young, active limbs, like Lucy. Besides, she had never been so late before. I was uneasy. It was in vain that I held my crayon firmly and continued to stare at my plaster model. The lines would not come rightly. My head was anxious and preoccupied, and refused to guide my blundering hand. I threw down the bit of black chalk impatiently.

At that moment the crack-voiced bell began to tinkle, and I ran to open the door, and there stood Lucy with her little gauze veil clinging to her face with moisture, and drops of rain glistening on her cloak. I unclasped the cloak from her shoulders as she stood, and shook it, and then drew her into the sitting-room.

"What a nice fire you have," she said in her fresh, clear voice. "I'm a little late, am I not, Catherine?"

A lump came up into my throat, and I felt angry at the same time. It hurt me to find her so easy and unconcerned, and talking so carelessly of being "a little late," when I had been suffering real pangs of anxiety about her. Yes; I had been frightened; and I only knew how oppressive the vague thronging fears had been, when I saw her standing safe before me.

"A little late," I answered drily; and bade her sit down by the fire and unlace her wet boots at once, whilst I went back to my drawing. But the pencil would not obey me even now. I felt the tremor of one who is suddenly made aware of a horrible danger escaped. What if Lucy had not come home safe! The thought made my heart sick. I conjured up all sorts of catastrophes which might have befallen her, furtively watching her from my place as she sat in the shine of the fire. Her hair had got loose, and fell in wavy curly locks on to one shoulder; and there were raindrops glistening on its clear soft brown. She had very pretty hair: hair of that rare kind which looks picturesque in disorder. Her cheeks and her delicate little nose were pink with the cold, and her pretty small hands were red and numbed, as she sat fumbling with chill fingers at the damp boot-lace. She seemed almost the same little Lucy who used to come to me for help in her struggles with rebellious buttons and complicated strings, in our nursery days. And all at once she lifted up her blue eyes with the very same innocent helpless look I remembered in them when she was three years old, and said, "I'm afraid I can't undo it, Catherine. My fingers are *so* cold."

I knelt down before her and unfastened the damp boots, and drew them off and her stockings too, and rubbed her feet with a dry towel.

"Thank you, Catherine dear," she said; "but it is a shame that you should do that. I can manage now by myself."

Then finding that I went on chafing her cold little feet, without making her any answer, she said timidly, "You ain't vexed with me about anything, are you, Catty dear?"

"I am vexed with myself for having been so foolish as to be frightened," said I, speaking very curtly, and keeping my head bent down.

"Frightened? Why? About me?"

"You are not usually an hour late; and when one is alone one gets nervous and fanciful, I suppose."

"An hour late! Oh, you must be mistaken, Catherine. They did keep me a little, but not so long as that. It's impossible."

I held up my watch, and she looked at it in amazement. "Oh my poor Catherine!" she exclaimed, putting her arms round my neck, and her soft cheek against mine, "how sorry I am! I know how frightened I should be if you did not come home punctually;—only you are always punctual."

I kissed her without letting her find out that there were tears in my eyes. I could not give any good reason to myself for their being there. But I had felt an unusual sense of melancholy and apprehension on me all the evening. The very sunset had seemed more intensely sad than usual; and to me its beauty is always sad. But such waves of emotion, if they cannot be altogether resisted, are best borne in silence. I hold my breath and keep still, and the tide flows over me and passes away.

Lucy brightened up immediately when I kissed her. Her affectionate nature could not endure that there should be a cloud between us. And indeed there had never come a cloud that a word could not dispel.

"And did you work late at the studio?" she asked. "And was old Signor Sandro very cross?"

"Yes; and no."

"No? *I* believe he is always cross! He would frighten me to death. But you have more courage. Oh how beautifully you are finishing this chalk study."

And so she chatted on whilst I filled the little tin tea-kettle with water, and set it on the fire to boil, and got the tea things ready. We allowed ourselves the luxury of tea in an evening. It reminded us of England, and that perhaps was the chief reason why I liked it.

"And now, Lucy," said I, when we were seated at the table, "now that you are thawed you must tell me what made you so late. It must not happen again, my child. I don't like your being out in the streets so late alone."

"I am not afraid, Catherine."

"That is not the whole question."

"And besides, you often are out by yourself later than this. Don't you remember when I had the sore throat, how you went all the way to the chemist's close to the Popolo, and it was nearly ten o'clock, and you said——"

"That's very different, Lucy."

"Why?"

"Because—— a young girl alone in the streets might be molested, or at least annoyed."

"And what are you then, Catty? An old woman? One would think you were eighty to hear you talk! But after all you are only six years older than I am."

"Never mind all that now, Lucy. We will finish that discussion another time. You have not answered my question as to how it came to pass that you are so late."

"Oh, they kept me at Palazzo Corleoni. I mean they asked me to stay a little while."

"I think the Princess ought to know better. I am sure you well earn your poor little pay in an hour. It is too bad to ask for more work out of you, Lucy."

"Oh, it wasn't the Princess. Besides I don't grudge a little extra time, dear."

"Not the Princess? Who was it, then?"

"It was Donna Laura and her brother."

"What had *he* to do with it?"

"Oh, he came in with a copy of a letter that he wanted translated into English, and Donna Laura said would I help her, just to oblige her brother. And I said yes."

"What was the letter about?"

"Merely a business letter, about sending a horse he has bought—Don Vittorio has bought—from England. I didn't mind doing it at all, Catherine dear."

I did not like the proceeding at all; and I said so. They were not above asking a favour, these great people, although their supercilious manner was incessantly reminding us that between the noble and princely House of Corleoni and two obscure English girls who were trying to earn a living, there was a great gulf fixed. Be it so. For my part I felt no yearning to bridge over the gulf, having my own opinion as to which side of it was the preferable one. But I did not approve of these new advances on the part of Donna Laura's brother. I could not help suspecting that he might have managed to get his letter translated without having recourse to his sister's English teacher, had he chosen to do so. I sat thinking, and, I suppose, frowning over my thoughts, for Lucy said, "I am sorry you are displeased, dear. And you look so stern that I am almost afraid to give you Donna Laura's message."

"A message for me? More innovations!"

"She sent you her compliments, and asked if you would be so very kind as to go to the Palazzo with me next Wednesday to look at some drawings of hers. And I—I think she wants you to do some for her."

"I should like to send word back that I only work for love or money, and therefore am obliged to refuse my services to Donna Laura de' Principi Bastiani-Corleoni.'"

"Oh, you wouldn't do that, Catherine?"

"No. But I should enjoy it. However, I cannot afford such luxuries as that. What is it all about? Do you know? If so, give me a full account, Lucy mine."

"Well,—if you won't mind my rambling a little,—because when my head is very full of different things, they never will come out exactly in order——"

"No, no. Ramble away, pussy dear."

Then she told me that there was to be a grand bazaar or fancy fair, in aid of a pious institution in which the ladies of the Roman aristocracy were interested. It was to be a very grand bazaar indeed. The Pope approved it, and had promised a silver vase as his contribution, which was to be raffled for. Cardinals and Monsignori smiled benevolently on the project. All the noble ladies—all those, that is to say, whose families held to the ancient *régime*, and were good *Papalini*, were working for it, and nobody who had even looked at the outside of the Quirinal since the year 1870 was to be allowed to have a hand in it on any pretence whatever. Among the chief promoters of it was the Princess Bastiani-Corleoni. She was to hold a stall with her eldest daughter Donna Laura. Donna Laura had some little reputation as an amateur artist, and her contributions to the stock in trade were to consist of water-colour sketches, painted fans and screens, and objects of that sort. I was wanted to assist in doing some of these things, and should, of course, be paid for my work. The "of course" was Lucy's. I did not feel sure that Donna Laura intended to pay me. But I was firmly resolved that I would make no pencil stroke without payment. I mused a little over the proposition.

"You will come, won't you, Catherine? For my sake. It would be so disagreeable for me to have to tell them that you refused."

"I will tell you what I'll do, Lucy; I will consult Signor Sandro, and if he says 'go,' I will go."

"Signor Sandro is sure to advise you not to go. I know he is."

"Why, pray?"

"Because he's so crabbed and cross. And besides he is a Red Republican, and he was exiled in the '48, and—and—I *know* he won't let you go."

I was a little surprised at Lucy's political information. But I let the subject drop then, and our talk drifted away to other things;—drifted to our childish days, as it so often did: to the pretty home in a suburb of a great English town where we had been born and bred: to the time when my father brought home a second wife, Lucy's mother, a gentle soft creature whom my brother and I were determined to hate before we saw her, and whom we adored and petted and ruled over before she had been a week in the house: to Lucy's self as a tiny blue-eyed baby, with the patientest, most plaintive little face, whom I held in my arms when I was little more than a baby myself. Her mother died when my half-sister was barely a twelvemonth old, and Lucy loved to hear me talk of the sweet dead mother whom she had no remembrance of. And now our father was dead too, and our only brother in South America fighting his way up in the world, and we two,—it seemed strange even after a twelvemonth, as we spoke of it,—were in Rome.

And then we talked of the future: how I was to paint a great picture which should take the world by storm, and be hung on the line at the Academy by unanimous acclamation of all the Hanging Committee the moment it was seen: and how I was to build the most artistic house that ever had been conceived, and fill it with beautiful old furniture and tapestry and china: and how my studio was to be besieged by eager buyers: and how I was never to accept a commission "even for hundreds of pounds," as Lucy said (her ideas of the value of money were very rudimentary in those days; and I believe a hundred pounds stood in her mind as an algebraic x, or symbol of an unknown quantity), unless I thoroughly liked the subject and felt it to be worthy of artistic treatment.

Generally Lucy's part in these prophetic visions was to marry somebody "very nice," and have a charming house near mine,—not too artistic; for Lucy had private objections to certain dull blues, and dingy greens, and tattered hangings which she had heard painters incomprehensibly admire,—and several lovely children whose portraits I was to paint. But to-night—I thought of it after she had gone to bed—she said no word as to her own future.

CHAPTER II.

Signor Sandro did not dissuade me from going to the Palazzo Corleoni. He smiled a little grimly when he heard of the works of art in preparation for the bazaar.

"I suppose you are to do the work, and the Principessina is to take all the praise," said he.

"I care nothing about the praise, master; but I cannot afford to work without pay. I might be studying, doing something to improve myself, instead of daubing banalities on pasteboard screens. And if I give up my time to Donna Laura, I must have some equivalent."

"You don't consider 'the honour' to be an equivalent?" asked Signor Sandro, looking over his maulstick at me with his grey bushy eyebrows drawn together.

"Not in the least. I think I understand pretty well what that honour is worth."

"I think you do, Caterina!" returned my master. And he took a pinch of snuff with a long-drawn sniff of satisfaction.

"I don't much like the Corleonis," said I. "They impose on Lucy. They pay her very poorly, and get more work out of her than is just. She is such a soft-hearted, grateful little creature that a kind word will make her do anything."

Signor Sandro shrugged his shoulders. "If you make yourself a sheep, the wolf will eat you," he answered drily. He was a good man; but he was not quite free from the national tendency to confound soft-heartedness with thick-headedness. He was theoretically intolerant, and contemptuous of people who allowed themselves to be imposed upon. But in practice he was the gentlest of beings; and little children tyrannised over him confidently.

We went on working in silence for a while, and then he said, "No; I see no reason why you should not go and earn a few francs at Palazzo Corleoni. The Princess is not a bad woman;—bigoted and prejudiced, but not a bad woman. I remember her very handsome, too, thirty years ago. They tell me she has taken to devotion in these days, but still,"—with a quaint apologetic inflection of voice, and with perfect seriousness,—"*still* I don't think she's a bad woman."

So I consented to go to the Palazzo Corleoni on the next Wednesday. I had been there once or twice before, to settle Lucy's engagement as English teacher. It is a splendid edifice, with a noble courtyard and staircase, all on the vast scale seen only in Rome. But it is chill and gloomy despite its grandeur. If one had to paint it, one would spread crimson cloth over the marble steps, and populate them with figures in picturesque mediæval costume, to give some idea of warmth and life. The withered old porter at the entrance, in his silver-laced livery and cocked hat, looked misanthropically out on to the street from under the cavernous archway. All the inmates of Palazzo Corleoni looked misanthropic when their eyes were turned towards the street. That was the tone of their party, the proper thing to do. The outer world was changed and abominable since the year 1870, and not to be contemplated without disgust. Even the great tortoiseshell cat, licking her whiskers in the midst of one small patch of sunshine in the courtyard, had a Tartuffian air of victimhood.

The Prince and Princess Bastiani-Corleoni did not occupy the whole of their huge palace, nor half, nor a quarter of it. The first floor was let to a foreign cardinal of great wealth, and the third to a rich American family, who paid highly for the privilege of putting the address of the Palazzo Corleoni on their visiting-cards. The Prince and Princess themselves inhabited a suite of rooms in the second story. This suite of rooms, however, ran along the whole front and one wing of the palace, and had as many cubic feet of space in it as would have furnished forth two or three London mansions. The Corleonis were not very rich in proportion to their rank, but they contrived to keep up a wonderful show of outward grandeur.

Lucy and I toiled up the long marble staircase to the second story; and, in answer to her modest little ring, were admitted into a large and lofty entrance hall, with great swinging leathern doors, such as you see in Continental churches. Gloom, cold, and *ennui* seemed to inhabit that entrance-hall. The marble pavement shot out icy gleams, here and there, in the subdued light. A vast carved settee of time-blackened walnut wood nearly filled one side of the hall, and on the other was an antique marble chimney-piece rising half way to the vaulted roof; but the hearth beneath it was walled up, and a brazier full of wood ashes set in the middle of the floor mocked numbed fingers and chill feet with a miserable pretence of warmth. Beyond the leather door at the further end of this vestibule there was an antechamber, carpeted and curtained, and therefore less inhuman in its aspect than the outer hall, but still bearing the impress of a formal rigidity devoid of all that goes to make up home. After that came a long suite of reception rooms, which the beneficent sun himself had touched with some genial kindness, and whose atmosphere, therefore, a little thawed one's spirits frozen by that terrible north-west passage through the hall and antechamber. But as for "home," these rooms, too, proclaimed their ignorance of that blessed word, in every fold of their stiff velvet draperies, in every glittering ray from their gilded picture-frames, in every line of their satin chairs and couches disposed at right angles with each other, and their ormolu tables unacquainted with books, and adorned chiefly with the tawdry, faded *bonbonnières* levied last New Year's Day by more or less voluntary contribution from the Princess's bachelor acquaintance. A grand pianoforte, left open in one corner of a huge, tasteless, gorgeous saloon, seemed to show its teeth at us. The whole atmosphere of the place depressed and chilled me, and I said as much to Lucy as we marched side by side through the rooms in the wake of the servant who was to announce us.

"O!" said she with a little look of surprise and disappointment, "I always think this suite is so splendid. And it is never very cold here, Catherine, so that must be your fancy. The sun shines on this side of the house all day long."

"Then it is the moral climate that does not agree with me."

"'Sh, dear. Here we are at the schoolroom."

We entered a room somewhat smaller than the others, but still of ample size, looking on to the courtyard. It had a few squares of common drugget disposed here and there on the brick floor, a horrible blue and yellow paper on the walls, and at one end a glazed book case filled with school books. On a large square table in the middle of the room stood a common office inkstand and a pounce-box, whose contents were spilt about over the green baize table-cover. There were also two or three exercise books, a dictionary, and a litter of papers. Such was the "still life" of the picture.

Two little girls,—with long growing limbs like young colts, sallow faces and soft dark eyes,—sat at the table engaged with their lessons. In the embrasure of one of the windows was set an easel, and in front of the easel stood Donna Laura Corleoni, the eldest daughter of the house. She was a handsome girl, with a fine rich tint in her cheeks like the tone of a damask rose, glossy dark hair, white teeth, and a pair of rather small, but very vivacious, black eyes. Her figure was singularly upright, and the carriage of her head in particular so erect, as to give her the air of perpetually looking over an invisible stiff cravat at one, which injured the grace of her appearance in my eyes.

She came forward and greeted us, speaking English with considerable fluency and perfect self-confidence. Her manner was not unpleasant, except for an odd strain in it which I find it difficult to describe, but which I felt distinctly: she spoke to me and looked at me with an undisguised frank air of examination, as who should say, "Now let me see what *you* are like!" but with no more apparent conception that she herself was exposed to an answering examination, than one might feel in contemplating some strange animal.

"These are my drawings, you see," she said. "But there is not time for me to finish all before the bazaar. I have still three screens and a box in *carton* which need to be painted, and these we must have by the end of the month. It is so important that mamma's stall be well filled, you know."

I could not perceive that it was of any importance to me whether the Princess's stall were full or empty; so I merely bowed my head and said nothing. Donna Laura looked at me with her quick black eyes as if she expected me to speak; but finding that I remained silent, she went on: "Well, you see what is to do, Meess Wilson. And for my own sketches, if you have some advice to give——"

This was rather an awkward question. There was ability in the young lady's work: a certain decision and sense of effect. Indeed, there was so much proof of ability, that the temptation passed through my mind to give her the sincerest advice I could, which would have been to throw all these things on the fire, lock up her colour-box for six months, and begin to study drawing seriously. But of course such an utterance on my part was out of the question. I limited myself to that portion of the matter which immediately concerned me, and answered, "I do not know whether you will think it worth while to employ me to paint these screens, Donna Laura. My time is of some value, and perhaps, as it is for a charity, you might prefer to get some friend to assist you who has leisure to do this sort of thing gratis."

Lucy coloured, and looked nervous at this plain speaking; but Donna Laura displayed no such sensitiveness.

She replied, "Oh, we would like that they should be very well done; because mamma's stall will be one of the best. You will talk with mamma by and by about the price. Now tell me, would you line this with red silk or blue silk?"

I drew nearer to the light, and was bending down my head to consider the point when I heard the door open and some one come into the room. Thinking it might be the Princess, I turned round to look, and saw Don Vittorio Corleoni.

I knew him well enough by sight. He was to be seen on the Pincian every afternoon at the fashionable hour in the fashionable season; and once or twice in the spring when I was making a study near the tomb of Cecilia Metella, I had seen him pass by on horseback. He rode well, and I had remarked him and his horse as a handsome pair of animals. He did not look quite so well off his horse as on it, for his legs—pitilessly displayed by the tight-fitting, fashionable trousers that he wore—appeared weak and "weedy," like the limbs of a ricketty child. But his face was undoubtedly very handsome. He had sharply-cut features, a clear pale skin, hair and whiskers arranged after the English fashion, and of that rich blonde hue which one sees in Venetian pictures, and a pair of eyes like sapphires. A very handsome face, in truth, but one which I disliked and mistrusted with an irresistible repulsion. The leading characteristic which stamped it was, I should say, a cruel, thin-lipped sort of sensuality. The forehead was rather weak, but not dull. What those sapphire-blue eyes did see, they saw clearly, microscopically,—accurately perceptive of the animalculæ in a glass of water, hopelessly blind to the stars. Let no one appeal to that face for sympathy with the higher sentiments!—it did not believe in their existence. But still, inasmuch as a sane human creature can scarcely exist without some grain of imagination, I discovered later that even Don Vittorio Corleoni possessed a small modicum of that faculty, and he expended it all on one object: the greatness and prosperity of the princely House of Bastiani-Corleoni. That was his ideal in life. Everything else that he recognised could be touched or tasted.

Donna Laura asked her brother what he wanted, with her brisk, martinet air, which contrasted oddly with his feline quietude of manner and soft drawling voice. What did he want? He wanted a letter deciphered and translated: another letter from the horse dealer in Yorkshire. Could Laura do it? If not, perhaps Meess Lucy would be kind enough?

"Meess Lucy" held out her hand for the letter with alacrity. "Oh I shall be very glad. It is no trouble at all," she murmured shyly. There was a tremulous smile on her lips, and a light in her innocent eyes, which gave me a dull pain at the heart.

"This Meess Lucy's sister, Meess Wilson," said Donna Laura, speaking in Italian, and indicating me to her brother with a wave of the hand.

Don Vittorio drew his heels close together, and made me a grave formal bow. I was conscious that my salutation in return was stiff and awkward. I was altogether ill at ease. After one cool glance of inspection Don Vittorio withdrew his attention from me altogether; that is to say, he withdrew his eyes from me. But I felt that he observed me furtively. From that moment whenever we two met we watched one another mistrustfully.

"You must not interrupt us, Vittorio," said Donna Laura. "We are very busy, Meess Wilson and I. And you know how important it is that mamma's stall should be splendid. I cannot attend to you now. Meess Wilson and I are going to mamma to speak of business. Come, Meess Wilson. Make haste with your letter, Vittorio. You know you waste the children's English hour with all this tiresome affair of your horse. And mamma would not be pleased if she knew it."

Donna Laura walked off, motioning me to follow her. I had no choice but to do so. "I shall come back here before I go away, Lucy," I said quickly. Lucy did not hear me. She had her head bent down over Don Vittorio's letter, whilst that patrician gentleman stood very near the school table, stroking his youngest sister's hair, and gazing admiringly at Lucy's delicate little hand as it lay on the green cloth under his eyes.

(To be continued)

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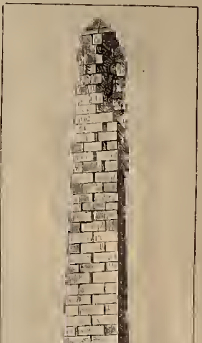
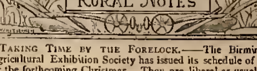
THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL BAIRD RECENTLY STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

THE subject of our illustration is an obelisk which was erected to the memory of General Sir David Baird, of whose martial deeds we read in the history of our campaigns in India, Africa, and Spain. In the latter, at the Battle of Corunna, he lost an arm. The monument stands 434 feet above the sea, on the summit of Tomachaistle, near Crieff, Perthshire, the site of the early Royal Castle of Earn, and was erected by his widow at a cost of 15,000*l.* It is built of blocks of Aberdeen granite of about four tons' weight each. On the 28th May, during the passage of a thunderstorm over the district, the column was struck by the lightning and damaged in the manner shown in our illustration. About twenty stones have been injured, ten courses of the south-west corner being thrown to the ground, smashing the wrought-iron railing at the base, and one of the inscription tablets being severed diagonally and its lower part blown out. The stones forming the ten highest courses are now hanging loose and dangerous, and may come down at any moment, though, curiously enough, the apex is intact. To repair the obelisk, it will be necessary to reset the stones almost from the base, and the cost is estimated at something like 1,250*l.* It is to be hoped that the restoration will be carried out; for, to say nothing of the grand old soldier to whose memory it was erected, it is an eyesore and a danger in its present state. It is interesting to note that the General, when his army was in Egypt, in 1802, with no fighting to do, employed his men in moving Cleopatra's Needle to the banks of the Nile, which they did by means of wooden rollers. They could not overcome the difficulty of the ship, however, and so it remained on the shore at Alexandria till more modern ingenuity found a means of conveying it to England.



Our engraving is from a photograph by Mr. T. F. M'Farlane, Crieff.



RURAL NOTES

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.——The Birmingham Agricultural Exhibition Society has issued its schedule of prizes for the forthcoming Christmas. They are liberal as usual, such as to attract the best cattle "wandering about" after having been well cared for in their stalls at home, and to make the mouths of exhibitors as well as those of consumers water. In all 685*l.* in ordinary prize money is offered for cattle, 253*l.* for sheep, and about 120*l.* for pigs. These sums, however, by no means represent the values that appertain to the winners. There are other prizes in the shape of cups, plate, and money, which swell up the total to nearly 2,000*l.*

BRITISH STOCK FROM THE PARIS EXHIBITION.——In the last "Rural Notes" there was glorification as to the great victories which we insular people had won at Paris, in shorthorns, in polled Aberdeens, in sheep. Alas! now,

> Like Witherington, we needs must wail
> Like one in doleful dumps
> For now our legs are smoten off,
> And we stand not on our stumps.

The quotation is not quite literal, but, unfortunately, too true. The cattle from Paris are down on their knees. Lady Pigot, in a letter to *The Times*, bitterly complains of the stoppage of her cattle at Brown's Wharf, the value of which animals she estimates at 5,000*l.* Lady Pigot was requested to exhibit at Paris "by those who ought to have known what risks I should have run," and it was not until the second day of the show that it was intimated that the animals would be subjected to fourteen days' quarantine on their return to this country. Her ladyship maintains that according to the French inspectors there was no disease in the yard, "neither was there foot-and-mouth disease in all France at that moment." The mere fact, however, is this, that at Brown's Wharf, by no means one of a sanatorial character, several cattle are down with the disease, and that among those which are left in durance vile besides Lady Pigot's are Mr. M'Combie's champion prize animals against the world at Paris, the Marquis of Exeter's grand Telemacina, one of the finest shorthorn heifers in the kingdom, and two of Lord Bective's heifers. It will be remembered that last year his lordship gave 4,500 guineas for one heifer. It is pitiful to see the countenances of the herdsmen at Blackwall, who expected to have had after their jaunt to Paris the usual "merry-go-round" of the Royal of England and other chief shows in the provinces. Now it is likely enough that they will have to sit kicking their heels and biting their nails in the dingy precincts of the wharf for the next six weeks, unless the owners elect to slaughter, as some, including the Prince of Wales, have already done, rather than incur the exorbitant charges at the wharf.

> We gaed a waefu' gait yestreen,
> We hae gaen a gait we'll dearly rue,

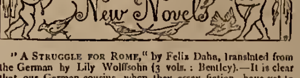
is the "ower word" of the Scotsmen connected with sheep and cattle, who crossed from Boulogne so buoyantly ten days ago. Quarantine may be said to be upon its trial. Unless Government provide better accommodation for quarantine, we should say at once slaughter all animals at the port of debarkation. Better death than the "Black Hole of Calcutta," than which Brown's Wharf is no better, as the herdsmen and shepherds declare.

CATTLE DISEASE.——After a long and wearisome discussion, a kind of thrice told tale business, the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Bill has passed a second time in the House of Commons with unlimited cheers. It is scarcely likely that it will pass through Committee without many Amendments; probably it will never go back again to the Upper House and come down to the Lower in time to be finally passed before grouse-shooting begins, and Parliament ends.

IMPORTATION OF CATTLE.——At the time the debate upon the Duke of Richmond's Bill is going on so hotly, it is curious to note that a supplement to the *London Gazette* directs "that animals brought from a port or place in Her Majesty's possessions in North America or from the United States may be landed at the basin or dock and premises known as the Roath Basin of the Bute Docks, situate at Cardiff." Surely, unless there be some occult reason known to the Privy Council, Liverpool or Glasgow would have been better destinations for animals coming from the Northern States to feed the people of Great Britain.

THE WEATHER.——The past ten days have been favourable for the hay harvest on the whole. Where the grass was cut before the terrible thunder storm of Sunday week much extra work has been necessary in order to get it into condition for stacking, but the hot sun and genial breezes since have facilitated making and in-gathering greatly, and the crop is found to be plentiful. The sunny weather has also had a good effect upon all corn crops, and roots likewise.

MISCELLANEOUS.——In the six months ending June, 5,211 head of cattle, 401 horses, 3,318 sheep, and 838 pigs have been landed at Liverpool by Canadian steamship lines.—Every now and again there is a commotion in the daily newspapers about horseshoes. The discussion generally ends in nothing, except perhaps that a little puff of that or this shoe might benefit for the nonce a particular patentee. Some of the journals advocate the abnegation of shoes altogether. No doubt such unnatural appendages might be dispensed with in colts and fillies, as they are by boys and lasses in some parts of Scotland, but horses of an older growth could not well travel over ill-Macadamised roads without them.—It has been arranged that trotting matches in connection with the Show of Horses at Paris will commence on September 7th. The Minister of Agriculture and Commerce has obtained a vote of 60,000 francs to be distributed in prizes, the object being to improve the French half-bred horses.



New Novels

"A STRUGGLE FOR ROME," by Felix Dahn, translated from the German by Lily Wolffsohn (3 vols.: Bentley).—It is clear that our German cousins, when they essay fiction, have yet to acquire the gift concerning which Sir Arthur Helps discoursed so well and wisely in the last chapter of "Companions of My Solitude," and which he styled "The Art of Knowing When to Leave Off." It needs something like German patience—a patience, we fear, denied to the bulk of the English novel-reading public—to master a book of this kind, a historical romance of the first half of the sixth century of our era, of more than 1,240 pages in length. We cannot but regret that Herr Dahn should have shown so little consideration for the weakness of average human nature, for we have admired portions of his story so much as to make us feel that we should have valued and enjoyed it as a whole had it only been shorter, say, by a third. We could hardly have supposed that we could have been brought to take so lively an interest in so far-away a series of events as the struggle for the possession of Rome and of Italy between the armies of the Byzantine Emperor Justinian, led by Belisarius and Narses, and the chiefs who succeeded the great and wise Theodoric in the Italian Kingdom of the Goths. But, unfamiliar or unknown as the heroes of this struggle are to all but those intimately acquainted with the pages of Gibbon, Herr Dahn has gone a great way to make them seem real and life-like in our eyes, and if his picture of the sixth century is less vivid and powerful than that of the fifth drawn by Mr. Kingsley in "Hypatia," it may at any rate, we should say, lay claim to much greater historical accuracy. Most of the leading characters here introduced, as Amalaswintha, the daughter of Theodoric, Witichis, Totila, and Teja, the three last Gothic kings of Italy, as well as the Greeks, Belisarius and Narses, are historical; but the central figure of the story, the Roman aristocrat, Cethegus Cæsarius, is a creation of the author's imagination, though it is known that a person of that name actually existed. The conception is certainly a fine and striking one. In the *Princeps Senatus* we are made to see a man highly gifted both by nature and fortune, cool, brave, and daring, and utterly unscrupulous as to the means by which he may accomplish his end. And this end, indistinguishably compounded of pure patriotism and selfish ambition, is to free Rome, the Eternal City, from the hateful yoke of the foreigner, whether Greek or Goth, and render her again mistress of the world, with himself, Cethegus, descendant as he believes of the great Julius, as Dictator or Emperor. We can assure those who can give the necessary time, and do not shrink from a little mental exertion, that Herr Dahn's "Struggle for Rome" contains much that will repay their attention; but we can hardly suppose that it is likely to become a general favourite.

"Benedicta," by Mrs. Alfred Phillips (3 vols.: Macmillan).—Mrs. Alfred Phillips's title-page would lead us to infer that she was a novice in fiction, and this impression is borne out by the character of her story. It is one of much more than ordinary merit, and with plenty of promise of higher excellence in the future, but, at the same time, one that shows that its author has yet a great deal to learn. Benedicta Heathcote is a singularly fresh, high-toned, and charming heroine; and in dealing with characters like her and her father the Member, with Mrs. Blake, the serenely selfish widow of large family and slender means, and with the sharp-tongued but generous-hearted Aunt Grimshaw, the author is thoroughly at home and at her ease, and effective and amusing enough. But when she goes beyond her range, and attempts to depict characters and a world of which, we take it, she knows little, except from other people's novels, her sketches are apt to be somewhat far-fetched and disappointing. We can hardly believe that so good and clever a girl as we are intended to believe Olivia Blake could have suffered herself to become so deeply entangled—to quote one of Policeman X's immortal ballads—

> With a gent she met promiscus,
> Walking in the public street.

And the said "gent," who passes under the name of Charles Lufton, is altogether too "stagey" a villain, and the villainy he meditates of too improbable a character. Like Sir Lucius O'Trigger, who declared himself "too poor to afford to do a dirty action," Lufton is too much in need of the good offices of influential people to be able to afford to forfeit them by indulgence in the particular kind of business he is here made to attempt. The tragic catastrophe, too, which is so wantonly and needlessly "sprung upon" us at the very last, without a note of warning to lead us to anticipate it, is an artistic blunder of itself enough to prove that Mrs. Phillips can have paid but little attention to the first principles of construction. There is no fitness or suitability in it, and the reader feels his sensibilities pained and outraged for nothing. Still, the blemishes we have dwelt upon are such as time and practice may do much to cure, and Mrs. Phillips possesses gifts as a novelist that will lead us to look forward to another story from her with pleasure.

"Viva," by Mrs. Forrester, author of "Mignon," &c. (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—Mrs. Forrester tells us towards the conclusion of her story that it "is not written for young people, and, indeed, she would rather they should not read it." Perhaps it would be as well they should not, as they would hardly find it improving or edifying, seeing that it is but another variation on the well-worn theme of a breach of the seventh commandment and its usual results—weariness and satiety on the part of the man, and a too late repentance on that of the lady. Of course Mrs. Forrester's sentiments are throughout as admirable as those of Joseph Surface himself, but the subject is one which we think—as we have often before said—is much better let alone, at any rate by lady novelists; and there is no such pre-eminent artistic excellence in her manner of telling her story as might in some measure atone for its unpleasantness.

"Hands, not Hearts," by Lady Isabella Schuster (Chapman and Hall).—There is a good deal of smart, cynical writing in this story—if, indeed, that can be called a story which is rather a satire upon the vices and follies of the age, set forth in a series of chapters loosely strung together. The tone of the book is bitter and unpleasant in the extreme; and there is not a character in it who excites a spark of interest or sympathy; but it is not dull, and there is at least this much to be said in its favour—that there are less than two hundred pages of it.

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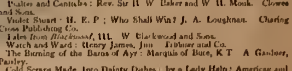
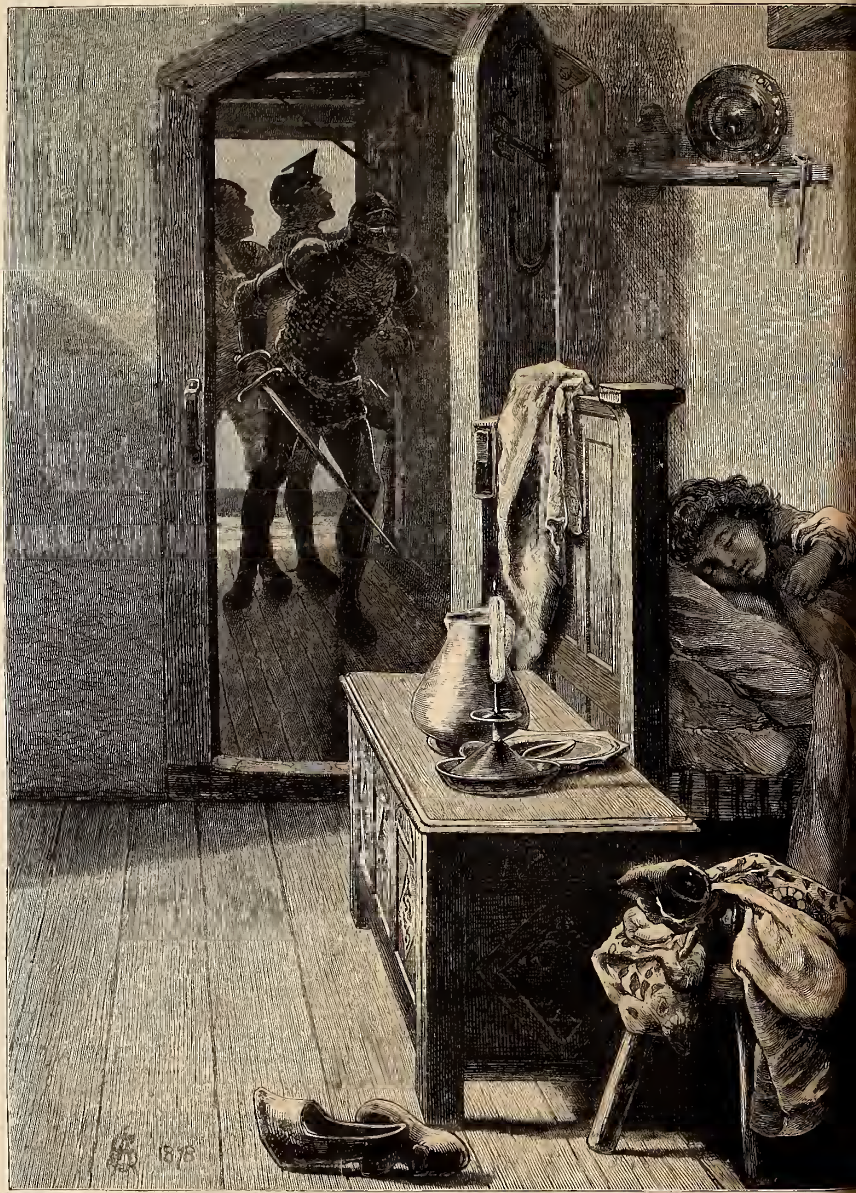
REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY is curiously illustrated by the following announcement of the King of Hanover's death, culled from a French newspaper:—"June 16, M. Georges V. (King of Hanover), 59 years of age; 7, Rue de Presbourg."

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.——The Bell Alley Mission and Ragged Schools ask for funds to give their ragged children and the people attending the Mission a day's holiday, this annual treat being looked forward to as the brightest day in the year. Besides the teachings and institutions customary to such charities, the Mission provides free breakfasts and various other modes of relief. Donations to be sent to Mr. J. Salmon, Superintendent, 6, Bell Alley, Goswell Road, E.C. A similar appeal comes from the London Cottage Mission, who maintain Sunday Schools in the poorest districts of Limehouse and Shadwell. Contributions may be forwarded to the London and South Western Bank, Fenchurch Street, the Hon. Sec., Miss Napton, 304, Burdett Road, Limehouse, E., or Mr. Austin, Hon. Director, London Cottage Mission Office, 14, Finsbury Circus, E.C.



Books Received

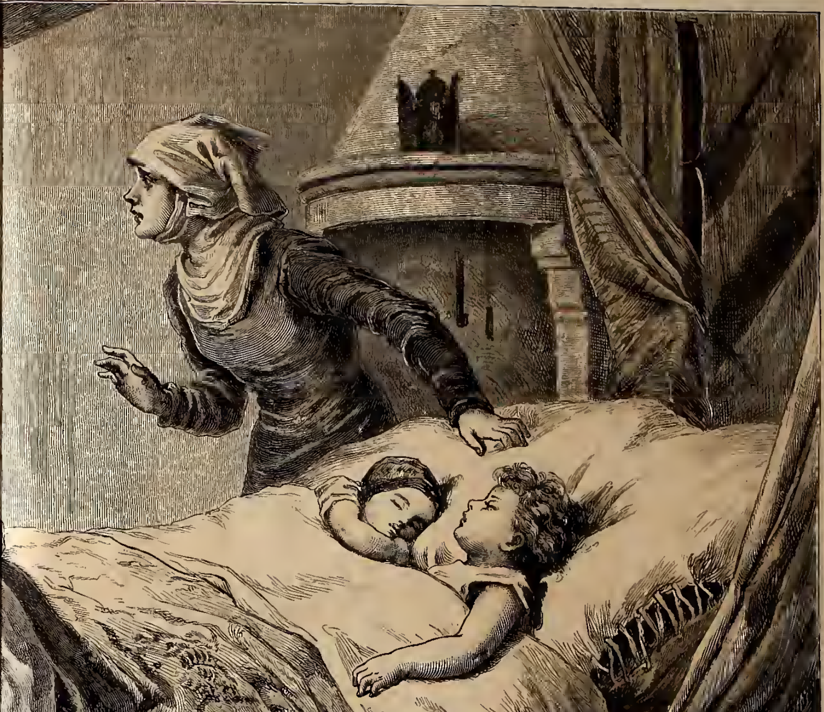
The Lord Hermitage (3 vols.): James Grant. Chatto and Windus.
Psalter and Canticles: Rev. Sir H. W. Baker and W. H. Monk. Clowes and Sons.
Violet Stuart: H. E. P.; Who Shall Win? J. A. Loughnan. Charing Cross Publishing Co.
Tales from *Blackwood*, III. W. Blackwood and Sons.
Watch and Ward: Henry James, Jun. Trübner and Co.
The Burning of the Barns of Ayr: Marquis of Bute, K.T. A. Gardner, Paisley.
Cold Scraps Made into Dainty Dishes: by a Lady Help; American and Other Drinks: Leo Engel. Tinsley Bros.
Seven Days in London. Richardson and Best.
Verney Court (2 vols.): M. Nethercott. Roydenhurst (3 vols.): Hester Hope. Remington.
Julia Ingrand (3 vols.): J. W. Duffy, M.D. Eliot Stock.
Rob Rat—a Story of Barge Life. Wesleyan Conference Office.
English Guide to the Paris Exhibition. Mason and Co.
"Premium Debentures" of Continental Cities.
Descriptive Catalogue, Niemann Gallery—Nottingham Castle. Virtue and Co.
Feuillemorte: Percy Gordon. Longmans, Green, and Co.



' Louis, fleeing from his pursuers, took refuge in the house of a poor widow. She hid him under her children's bed. The soldiers rushed in, and seeing the chi

" LOUIS DE MALE OF FLANDERS HIDING FROM

FROM THE PICTURE BY MRS. SPARKES, E



dren quietly sleeping, concluded that no one had entered the room, and left to continue their search elsewhere."—H. Martin's "Histoire de France."

THE SOLDIERS OF PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE"

HIBITED IN THE DUDLEY GALLERY

FASHIONS

In our variable climate it is prudent to be prepared for sudden changes, and most of us are aware how difficult it is to cure a summer cold or cough; hence, when we start, after sundown, for a moonlight *fête*—by land or water—it is well to eschew all light materials. At one time for a fashion writer to mention velvet in July would have been thought treason, but now we find costumes of this material very much worn at this season, more especially for evening outdoor *fêtes*.

Nothing can be more appropriate for such occasions than a Princess dress of silk velvet, quite plain, buttoned or laced up the back, made with a demi-train, and on the hem a pleated muslin frill, from six to twelve inches deep. For this rigid style of dress an almost faultless figure is required, and still more so for a satin, which outlines closer, hence some drapery is desirable for the thin as well as the stout figure; for the former, an upper dress or polonaise of white Madras muslin, or thin silk of the genus Tussore, Nagpore, Corah, &c., for the latter a more substantial fabric, such as poplin, cashmere, or silk damask.

Our Court festivities have been subdued by mourning attire for the past few weeks, culminating in the death of the young Queen of Spain, for whose premature decease white with trimmings of mauve or violet are the most appropriate mourning emblems beyond the immediate Court circle.

There is no difficulty in arranging what may be called complimentary mourning on a descending scale, from dead black silk to white satin or pearl grey cashmere, all we need say on the subject is that bonnets, gloves, and stockings must correspond in colour, and even shade, with the costume worn.

Three half-mourning ball costumes for a mother and her two daughters were recently made thus: The first of black rich corded silk, Princess shape, the front breadth, from the throat to the hem, embroidered in white and black crystal beads, a wide black net scarf, handsomely embroidered to correspond, and edged with waved fringe, was tied carelessly at the left side; white tulle cap spotted with jet beads; a jet butterfly with outspread wings fastened, three white ostrich feather tips. The elder daughter wore a dress of pearl grey satin, shot with silver, made quite plain, excepting a cascade of rich old Venetian point lace down the front, fastened at intervals with pearl sprays; her hair was dressed *à la Romaine*, fastened with bands of pearl beads, on the left side a pearl butterfly. The younger sister's dress consisted of a white silk petticoat, with three silver gauze scarfs fastened at irregular intervals with water lilies and white frosted leaves; *corsage à la vierge* on the left shoulder a half-blown lily with diamond dewdrops, the same in the hair.

For morning, noon, and night white, of a pearl or cream shade, will be worn—from the inexpensive muslinette to the costly satin and brocade—whilst the warm weather lasts.

Industrious fingers, with the help of a sewing machine, may make up for a comparatively trifling cost some half-dozen morning robes of white cambric, sateen, or muslinette, trimmed with double-faced ribbons, if for mourning, of black and white, grey and black, or mauve and white, &c. If not for mourning, of "Queen Anne linen," a new material, in the style of the period named above—cambric muslin with parti-coloured trimmings—School of Art dresses, elegantly designed, with neutral tint foundations and gorgeous needlework bands of net, embroidered in *filoselle* roses, wild flowers, &c.

A few words, *en parenthèse*, as to fancy bazaars, which are on the *tapis* in town and country at the present moment. Stall-keepers should not wear train skirts, but adopt dresses short, or else fastened up to clear the ground, and also avoid all hanging drapery about the sleeves, as calculated to carry away the numerous fragile trifles from their stalls.

The "*Kermesse de l'Orangerie*"—recently organised for the poor children of Paris—was so great a success, that our English lady philanthropists may take a hint therefrom, especially as regards the dairy stall, *à la Trianon*, where the daintiest of amateur dairy-maids, attired *après Marie Antoinette*, sold iced milk and cream of the purest kind, although somewhat exalted in price.

A Parisian contemporary gives us a graphic description of three elegant costumes worn on this occasion, selected from a large number:—

No. 1, "A short dress of white muslin, most elaborately trimmed with Valenciennes lace, over which was a polonaise of white brocaded silk, trimmed with a simple white fringe, white Leghorn bonnet, with a large white feather.

No. 2, "A long dress, with a Medicis bodice, open very low, but filled up with a lace tucker, the material a species of *crêpe de Chine*, the colour of which it was impossible to describe—between rose, lilac, and pale claret; bonnet of pale gold, with a feather to match the dress.

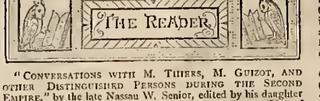
"No. 3 costume was of a mauve shade, with a short skirt of satin, over which was an upper skirt of mauve-coloured striped gauze; a satin paletot, with *revers*, fastened on the shoulder and hip; a mauve gauze *fichu*, with a frill of lace, which veiled this very open corsage, completed a most graceful toilette."

In Paris jackets for out-door wear are quite out of fashion, and in London we but seldom see them, excepting when made loose and sleeveless, to match a morning dress. Shawlettes, mantlettes, and *fichus* of the lightest materials are worn, somewhat elaborately trimmed, with cascades of lace on the back.

Silk and wire grenadine, black, white, or self colour, is cool and endurable for everyday costumes, but a still cooler material is Indian silk, which, being opaque, requires little else but a muslinette petticoat under it, instead of a more substantial fabric. Extremely pretty and inexpensive are some of the morning costumes, for example, the hair-striped calicoes, with groups of narrow lines in three or more colours, made very plainly, with yoke bodices and long loops of double-faced ribbons to match. Costumes of sateen, or glazed linen, which, at first sight, appear to be satin, are made in every imaginable shade: the favourite colours are noisette, fawn, greens of every hue, including the young and mature hazel twig, sulphur, cardinal red, and navy blue.

There is a perfect mania in England for Beefeater hats, which are becoming but to the very few and disfigure the many; for certain this fashion will soon die out. As we suggested some time since natural flowers are now much worn, not only for evening but day wear. In Paris there is more than one floral depôt where fashionable dames send their bonnets daily to be ornamented with real flowers. Those of our readers who have neither the taste nor the inclination to decorate with natural flowers will have no difficulty in procuring exquisite imitations thereof. Wild flowers are more in vogue than their cultivated species; buttercups, daisies, harebells, Canterbury bells, heath, ivy, wild roses, and honeysuckle are not only used for trimming, but often the bonnet is composed of flowers only.—Three charming bonnets were recently made for a bridal *trousseau*. The one of white satin finely gathered and fluted in the front; on one side, towards the left, was a spray of mignonette, on the other a large satin bow, lined with sea-green. The other was composed of blue forget-me-nots and scarlet pimpernel. The third of brown net thickly studded with beads shaded from amber to brown, a bouquet of wild flowers and grass on the left side.

Mittens are much worn now, more especially by the fortunate owners of handsome rings or pretty hands, or both. The Louis XIII. are made of netted black silk with a deep fringe beading—the Louis XV. are also black netted, but embroidered in white on the back, and bands at the wrist and top.



THE READER

"Conversations with M. Thiers, M. Guizot, and other Distinguished Persons during the Second Empire," by the late Nassau W. Senior, edited by his daughter (2 vols.: Hurst and Blackett)—a continuation (1852 to 1860) of the extracts from Mr. Senior's journals, of which the first series appeared some time in '71—must not be ranked among everyday fruit of the current book season. It would be difficult, indeed, to overrate the historic interest—if not the positive historic value—of these conversations, held with the most famous men of Western Europe throughout the earlier and luckier years of Napoleonic rule, when the alliance of the two Western Powers was the keystone of European policy in the present, and the doubt whether it might not one day be broken to promote dynastic ends by a "revenge for Waterloo," the chief disquietude that clouded over the future. Mr. Senior had quite a Boswellian gift of getting great men to talk freely, and even more than Boswellian pertinacity in taking notes of all they said, going, indeed, so far at times as to send his journal to them next day for additions and corrections. What charm of manner secured for him this ascendancy, to which all apparently submitted, and some, notably M. Thiers, with manifest delight, is not sufficiently clear. No process certainly could be better fitted to ensure the fullest and most authentic reports of every conversation he thought worth recording. And Mr. Senior had never to fill up his note-books with conversations that were commonplace or barren. His interlocutors were either the people who make history themselves, or who stand in closest relation to those who do—Thiers, Guizot, the late King Leopold, in the former class; Madame Cornu, Merimée, Evans, the Emperor's dentist, in the latter; Chrzanowski, Leon Faucher, Montalembert, &c., among those who come midway between the two. Yet the interest which these conversations deservedly excite is greater, we are inclined to think, than their actual historic value, whether as elucidating certain passages in the past, or as pregnant with hints for the better understanding of the present. Not unfrequently, indeed, we meet with something of direct application to the politics of the hour—Vefyk Pasha's good-humoured but pointed description of the essential difference between the East and the West; Chrzanowski's shrewd remarks on the weakness of the Balkans as a line of defence, &c. On the whole, however, the impression left is of the talk of men versatile, talented, and well-informed, but floating on the surface of a sea whose real depths they have not, with all their wit, the power to plumb, dissatisfied and puzzled by "*Celui-ci*," as they familiarly name the Emperor, looking forward to a catastrophe, they know not what, regretting, in a half-hearted sort of way, the thirst for annexation which had been excited by the easy acquisition of Savoy and which was now beginning to be directed towards Belgium and the Rhine, but with little idea seemingly of the real strength of the Italian passion for unity, or the still deeper, if less demonstrative, thirst for national union that was gathering strength beyond the Rhine—the men, in fact, whatever their politics, on whom the movements of the next ten years—the present conversations end in 1860—were to come one after another as a series of surprises. Still, this only makes the volumes truer pictures of a period when, if ever, blind chance and undecided purpose were powerful among the rulers of mankind.

Of two new books called into being by the Arctic Expedition of 1875-6, the palm for excellence as well as splendour must unhesitatingly be awarded to the noble volume, "Shores of the Polar Seas," by Edward L. Moss, M.D., illustrated by sixteen chromo-lithographs and numerous engravings made on the spot by the author (Marcus Ward and Co.). We grieve to say it: the story of our late Polar Expedition is too commonly a little wearisome. Even the able "official narrative" of Sir G. Nares has attractions mainly for the scientific reader—the ardent naturalist or geographer. Dr. Moss has succeeded in giving us a volume which is thoroughly entertaining at the same time that it is reasonably scientific. The sketches of scenes which "few can ever see for themselves" put before us better than any word-painting could do the grim masses of stratified salt-ice amidst which the *Alert* found winter quarters, the outlook over the ever-frozen sea, the solitude where the lonely cross denotes the grave of the dead sailor, the "effects" of winter or of the returning dawn; the letter-press—judiciously compressed, and passing lightly over incidents of which too much has been already said—enables us all the more thoroughly to realise the fantastic dangers of the highest latitude reached by living man, the toils of the sledge journeys, the dreariness of perpetual night, the scanty chances of escape if serious accident befell the ship. As a volume for the drawing-room, "Shores of the Polar Sea" have scarcely a competitor in the entire mass of arctic literature.

Our commendations of Dr. Moss will suggest, we fear, comparisons unfavourable to the second of our Arctic volumes, "The Great Frozen Sea," by Captain Markham (Daldy, Isbister, and Co.), a popular narrative by the late second in command of the *Alert*, of the events already described by his chief from a more strictly scientific point of view. Nor can we aver that in Captain Markham's book will be found much that is absolutely novel. But it is a sailorly, straightforward tale, with more than one exciting chapter—"Egerton and Rawson's Sledge Journey" and the "Return of the Northern Division" among the best—and more than one hint of value for the future—*e.g.*, on the best precautions against the damp—the result of excessive condensation—which, strange to say, is the chief discomfort of an Arctic winter, and (with the perpetual darkness) its chiefest peril and the great pre-disposing cause to scurvy. One chapter only could we have wished curtailed—the account of Arctic "High Jinks" and "Theatricals." We may be very old-fashioned, but we cannot help thinking this feature of the late Expedition has already received quite unnecessary prominence.

What shall be said of the "O'Connell Centenary Record, 1875, Published by Authority of the O'Connell Centenary Committee" (Dublin: J. Dollard, Dame Street), but that it is a handsome and a ponderous volume got up with judgment and good taste, and every way worthy of a celebration which, despite certain *contretemps* that need not now be recapitulated, was honourable alike to the Irish people and to the dead. It is a volume, perhaps, rather for show than use. We can hardly fancy even the most ardent Nationalist delighting to re-peruse the extraordinary speech of General Butler, the courteous commonplaces of the foreign Bishops, or the broadsheet printed and distributed *en marche* by the Dublin compositors, though a second reading might be bestowed on the oration Lord O'Hagan did *not* deliver, and the eloquent Centenary Ode of Mr. D. F. M'Carthy. Still, there is a good deal in it besides the mere record of all that did or should have taken place in August, 1875—a memoir of the Liberator, a neat sketch of early Irish history, later historical retrospects suggested by memorable sites near the line of march of the procession through the city, reminiscences of the Famine, and of the battle for Catholic education—very much in a word, to interest the youthful Celt, though hardly equally acceptable to the Saxon who, poor man, is scarcely prepared to find himself at every turn held guilty of seven centuries of wrongdoing.

In his "Gaddings with a Primitive People" (Remington and Co.), Mr. Baillie Grohman transports his readers, nothing loath, to his favourite ground for anecdote and adventure, the secluded valleys of "Land Tirol." The little volumes, though thinner in substance, and more careless in style than their predecessor, "Tyrol and the Tyrolese," are only a little less amusing in their easy pictures of village scenes and manners which in another generation will have almost ceased to be. One quite agrees with the rustic landlord that it would be worth while to come all the way from Paris for the Christmas Paradise Play—a much more primitive and enjoyable affair than the famous Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau—so well described in Chapter I., and devoutly wishes that the day may be far distant when fashion, extravagance, and "Herren-Leut" destroy so curious a survival of old times as the peasant watering-place at S. Where, again, can we find a prettier idyll—not certainly of too straight-laced a type—than the story of Kati, the Alp-girl, and her lover, or a more sensational village hero than "ferocious Jokel, the Wild-Dieb? Or, if the reader looks for greater names, here is the story—a true one, it is said—of Bismarck's early love and his rejection by the Catholic father of a Tyrolese peasant maid, and the accident which, had the Heavens so willed it, might have turned the future Hermit of Varzin into a quiet mountain farmer. For an hour or two of pleasant reading we know few books of the present year we can commend more warmly.

Young people at Christmas time are liable to be overwhelmed by an avalanche of story books, but the Christmas supply is reckoned to last the year, and fresh literature for the summer holidays is rarely provided. A pleasant collection of juvenile books, however, comes from Messrs. Griffith and Farran. Foremost for interest stands "Rosamond Fane," by M. and C. Lee, which is founded on the escape of the Duke of York, Charles I.'s second son, afterwards James II., from his captivity in London, and is far above the average of historical fictions. Rosamond herself, sorely divided between devotion to the Royal cause and loyalty to her Roundhead uncle, is remarkably well drawn, nor are the characters of the gloomy Duke of York and his meek sister, Elizabeth, much inferior.—Equally founded on fact is Mr. W. H. Kingston's "Peter the Whaler," although the veracious adventures therein detailed are stirring enough to match the most ingenious fictitious creations. This fresh edition of an attractive tale of Arctic experiences will delight schoolboys, and teach them some moral lessons to boot.—Mr. H. Severne's "Chums" is also intended for boyish perusal, but differs little from previous recitals of school life.—It is discouraging to would-be imitators that good children in books generally die or become invalids, and surely the hero of "Clement's Trial and Victory," by "M. E. B.," might have been reformed by some less severe visitation than that of blindness, a tragedy which mars an otherwise praiseworthy story. The same authoress furnishes a simple tale of peasant life in "Little Lisette, the Orphan of Alsace."—"Granny's Storebox" is well worth opening, as it is filled with strikingly original fairy legends, well borne out by the illustrations. A few of the imaginary beings are, however, rather horrible, and might give nervous little ones the nightmare.—Lastly comes our old familiar friend, Mrs. Trimmer's "History of the Robins," charmingly illustrated by Harrison Weir.—All play and no work being as hurtful as the reverse maxim, a capital geography book for children, "At Home and Abroad," by J. K. Laughton (Rivingtons), may be warmly commended for lesson-time. Here are no dry bones of geography, but plain and attractive accounts of the countries of the world.—Rhymes for the little ones are provided in "Poetry for Children," edited by J. E. Clarke (Warne); while "The Parent's Manual" (W. Wells Gardner) furnishes simple prayers and instructions for teaching the first elements of our faith.

FEMALE CONVICT PRISONS

II.

Woking within recent years has become quite a familiar word, and, though twenty-five miles from town, is in some respects like a suburb of the metropolis. The prison consists of a magnificent mass of buildings, in extensive grounds, with a large number of residences for officials, constituting altogether quite a little town. All travellers on the South-Western are familiar with the neighbourhood, the wide extent of breezy common, and the fragrant fir plantations. It is a walk of three miles through a pretty unsophisticated country from the railway station to the convict prison. I was directed to cross a wooden bridge, and go by the "Woking River" as the nearest way. The so-called Woking River turned out a canal, apparently disused; there were a few pleasure-boats, but no barges, and the canal is assuming a wild river-like appearance. I should like to turn out a national school to pasture on the never-ending succession of blackberry bushes. I returned by the pleasant high road, with its green margin wider than the road itself, and bordering on some of the finest nursery grounds in England. The air was both soft and bracing, and the site of the prison is admirably chosen on a commanding eminence. It is one of our largest prisons. The number of convicts is hardly ever less than fifteen hundred. Of these slightly the larger half consist of women; the men are all invalids. The excellent climate has made Woking a sanatorium. Broadmoor is for those mentally afflicted, and there is a large number of invalids at Prince's Town, Dartmoor; but the male prisoners at Woking are entirely invalids. The result is that the entire arrangements partake much more of the character of a hospital than of a prison. The men employed outdoors looked hearty enough, but a warder truly said that this was no sign. There might be internal disease. "A fellow seems all right," said a warder, "and the next thing we hear of him is that he is dead." I was shown a room called a Jury Room. There is an inquest on every convict who dies in prison, and at Woking the inquests occur on an average of once a week. If the authorities are satisfied that liberation from prison is essential for a prisoner's life he would most probably be released, but it is hardly likely that a sick convict can procure the same comfort and attention out of doors as he obtains within the prison walls.

The Female Convict Prison at Woking is, however, not an invalid prison. It contains the great mass of female convict prisoners in England, and they appear generally in a high state of health. The different classes of prisoners are distinguishable by their dress. In summer the first class wear lilac, the second dark blue, the third light blue. In winter the three classes wear respectively blue, green, and brown serge. The condition of labourers in the country and of the crowded poor in London streets and alleys is not to be compared with that of the Woking criminals. But at the same time the criminals would gladly exchange their lot for the very poorest in town or country. There are vast enclosed green spaces for exercise, and all around rises a corridor which gives shelter in wet weather. In the exercise hour the prisoners moved about in leisurely groups like schoolgirls. It was very interesting to watch the prisoners in the "silence" hour and in the "association" hour. In the "silent" hour each woman sits on a stool placed at the door of her cell. There is a dead stillness. In the "association" hour they sit by twos and threes together, and all around was a cheerful hubbub of voices. Each cell has its supply of religious and secular publications, novels and newspapers being excluded. Then I inspected the food department, and, as far as I could judge by the eye, bread and meat, soup and porridge, were all excellent. In this department was Dixblanc, the Belgian, who murdered her mistress in Park Lane under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. She has a good prison character, and is in the first class. Indeed the worst criminals often make the best prisoners. It seems as if they concentrated into a single act all the fierce wickedness of their lives. They are more easy to manage, and on the whole seem a better class than habitual criminals. In the different workshops there was one of peculiar interest, and only found in Woking. This is the mosaic department. Under able, kindly tuition, the women do a good deal of remunerative work for contracts for mosaic in churches and public buildings. They have done a good deal of mosaic work for St. Paul's Cathedral, for the Leicester Municipal Buildings, and for the South Kensington Museum. Some of them—not many, however—evince a considerable taste for form and colour, and an art education would not be thrown away upon them.

The first aspect of things is of a very favourable kind, and the general aspect may be taken as the true one. We must combine with our survey trustworthy information which may be attainable. Some years ago a couple of works were published by a writer who called herself a "Prison Matron," and is supposed to have received a considerable amount of literary assistance. Her books are entirely authentic, although a certain amount of change has taken place since they first appeared, and it is only fair to say, to some extent, happened through their appearance. Warders, matrons, and prisoners are able to give the most vivid details of prison life, although they are somewhat at a loss when they come to discuss the principles of criminal law. Her volumes display the inner life of female prisons, although in a way in which it is not revealed to prison visitants, though armed with every Government facility. We should also say that Mr. Horace Mayhew, the most diligent investigator of all forms of London life, has collected some information on the subject. The very first thing which happens to a female convict is that which grieves her most, the cutting of her hair. The convict girls have wept and raved when their hair has been shorn. After a time they fall pretty much into the prison routine, except some few fierce and forlorn natures, which are liable to "break out." One of the most extraordinary practices of female prisoners is conveyed by this expression. Nothing is known in the convict prisons of France and Germany of such breakings out as are by no means unusual in English prisons. On these occasions the prisoners will destroy everything within reach; some poor women will even go to the authorities and declare that they know that they are on the point of breaking out, and in such a case they will be promptly secured before any mischief is done. At the risk of being maimed, a prisoner will dash her hand through glass, or seek to destroy the iron bed and utensils. Sometimes the refractory prisoner will become little better than a dangerous wild beast; she will assault the matron, and bring her within fear of her life. In this rabid state they have been known to set fire to their cells, or to hang themselves. Many of these cases are little known, as they are dealt with summarily by the Directors. The painful suspicion arises whether a monotonous, prolonged imprisonment has not a tendency to drive women out of their senses. There is a frightful proportion of cases of insanity and imbecility among them.

For every kind of impudence the authorities are of course prepared. To quote one amusing instance, a convict said that the Doctor, the Chaplain, and the Directors were "sets of men hired to wait upon us—that's all they were;" and added the general opinion that they were "a set of bad 'uns." It is quite a common amusement to contrive to blow the matron's candle out as she promenades the corridors. These female convicts often resemble "the seven mighty daughters of the plough" in their muscular strength and endurance. Unfortunately, the prisoners can often make the matron's position a bed of thorns. One curious thing about the airing-ground is, that the women acquire a peculiar gait in walking,—a gait so general and peculiar, that a prison matron can often tell in the London streets a person who has been in a Government prison. In the airing-ground and the association yard the lady prisoners are speedily identified. These persons generally suffer deplorably, and are ill able to do the prison work. Their case is speedily diagnosed by the other prisoners. If they are young, it is assumed to be a case of child-murder; if older, it is murder, or attempted murder, through jealousy; a middle-aged woman is put down as a fancy thief; one who is older and sterner looking, as a forger or receiver of stolen goods. It is surprising how often the surmise is correct. But the women are not content until they manage to know all about the case of the last arrival. They manage to tell each other the whole of their respective histories; and at times they combine the tales of the past with plans for the future. Unfortunately, in the association wards the intimacy often tends to the degradation of weaker natures, and the plotting and planning of future mischief. The female official who has published her experience fills a great many of her own pages with the stories of different criminals. Some of these belong to various *causes célèbres*, and many would suit the school of the romance of crime. Articles travel about a prison in a most extraordinary way. They often pass from hand to hand. Wine will go from the infirmary to some far-off destination. Honour among thieves is an established institution, and female thieves are the worst of thieves. The poor creatures have often never had a chance; have been regularly trained in the "Guilt Gardens" of which "S. G. O." used to write. The prisoners somehow contrive to obtain some degree of variation from the stereotyped sameness of the prison. They can always, on stated occasions, see the Superintendent or the Director, frequently on very frivolous grounds, and generally for the sake of some little break in the ordinary course of things. In a similar way the doctor is liable to be interviewed. Even in prison there is space for female vanity; they are coquettish in their caps, and manage to get hairpins and combs. One great event in the lives of the prisoners is "letter day," when once in a month they are permitted to receive letters which have passed scrutiny. They are often sadly agitated and distressed before and after the "letter day." Many similar scenes occur on the same visiting days, scenes that are often of the most pathetic kind. Of course, very stringent rules are made respecting visits and letters, but larger powers of discretion might be left with the authorities.

F. ARNOLD

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A BANKER'S NOTES

V.

IT may not be out of place, in concluding these Notes, to turn briefly from the incidental and whimsical side of a banker's business, to which in these papers attention has mainly been called, to glance at that which constitutes the staple of his every-day duties. The chief source of a bank's profits may generally be stated as arising from the mode in which the aggregate of sums entrusted to its care on deposit is invested or placed, so as to be readily available in case of need or emergency. It follows that within certain limits it is the endeavour of every bank to increase its deposits to the greatest possible extent in every legitimate way. Depositors may roughly be divided into three classes. First, the large class, really the back-bone of any banking system, who, too timid to trust its capital to investments in railways, foreign bonds, or such like fluctuating securities, deposits its money in its chosen bank, receiving in return interest at the rate of one per cent. under the Bank of England rate of discount. This important class for the last year or two, during which bank rates have been excessively low, has seriously suffered in cases where income is dependent on the interest of money so deposited. Were it not for the fate that has overtaken those who put their trust in certain foreign stocks, doubtless larger amounts would have been diverted from the home banks for investment in similar unstable securities. As a matter of fact a very large aggregate amount hitherto deposited "at call" has been withdrawn during the past year or two from our home banks, and deposited in the more thriving of our Colonial banks at fixed rates for fixed periods. It may be an open question whether the rates offered as inducements to the public by some of the Colonial banks are not higher than can legitimately be afforded; but there is a certain satisfaction in any case to the patriotic mind that if our "widows and clergymen" (the proverbial prey of Stock Exchange vultures) are to invest their savings outside the old country, their doing so will tend to the development and prosperity of our colonies.

The second important class of customers on which to a large extent the prosperity of a bank depends consists of merchants, and others, who for the sake of the convenience of their business leave in their banker's hands an average creditor balance, paying in and drawing from the account as the daily calls of business require, the banker being compensated for his trouble by allowing no interest on such accounts. Large permanent balances of this kind, yielding no interest, are not, as may be imagined, the rule, a customer alive to his own good naturally exercising the option given him of transferring any amount he may not immediately require from his current operative account to the interest-bearing "deposit receipt."

The third, and perhaps most numerous class (if the provincial banks are included) is made up of the host of men in a small way of business, shopkeepers, master-mechanics, farmers, or professional men who live up to their income, to whom it is not only a convenience but almost a necessity to have their earnings or capital placed in safe custody, and in such a way as to be at once attainable. It has not been the policy of the large London banks to encourage accounts of this sort. Instead of allowing interest for the small sums that remain in their hands this way, a commission, varying from one to ten guineas, is charged. Many an industrious though struggling man in business, through whose hands considerable sums pass in the course of the year, is deterred from opening a bank-account because he cannot afford to pay such a tax. It may be worth pointing out that a great deal of the success of the Scotch system of banking has arisen (allowing for other causes which cannot here be entered upon) from encouraging every class to bring its earnings, for however short a time, to be deposited at interest, irrespective of the amount deposited. The aggregate amount left in the hands of the banks from this class (though individually trifling) represents no mean proportion of the total deposits of the country. In Scotland, as I pointed out in a previous paper, whenever there is a kirk there is almost certain to be a branch-bank at hand, gleaning in the floating capital of the locality, and there commissions for accounts, operative or inoperative, are unknown; the humblest shepherd, as has been remarked, expects his "siller to breed siller," and this policy results in the fact that the total deposits of the eleven prosperous Scotch banks exceeds the respectable aggregate of eighty millions sterling. There may not be the same motive for such banks south of the Tweed as have not the privilege of note-issue (possessed by all the Scotch banks *in Scotland*) to encourage small operative accounts, yet there can be little doubt that in the long run the more generous policy would tend to the banks' as well as the public profit. Although it may be justifiable to allow no interest on accounts that fall under a stated balance it seems hard, taking into account the benefit that well-managed banks derive from the accumulated deposits of small accounts, to tax struggling industrious people with commissions more or less heavy for a privilege which (apart from the trouble) contributes to the prosperity of such institutions.

A word may in conclusion be permitted in reference to a very old grievance under which the *employés* of the London banks have long groaned, one of the few real grievances now left in the remedying of which (for it is surely capable of remedy) some reformer may earn grateful laurels—I refer to the Saturday half-holiday movement. It does seem somewhat strange that while workmen throw aside their tools at twelve o'clock, and merchants, and merchants' clerks, are hurrying from the City to catch two o'clock trains for suburban fields and lanes, that bank-clerks should have to toil over their ledgers and cash-books till four o'clock (although the banks close at three o'clock to the public, an hour's work remains to be done by the majority of *employés*) and frequently later. This in winter means reaching home tired and jaded every working day of the week after dark. Is it wonderful that there are rounded shoulders and pale faces behind the desks scowling at late customers on Saturday afternoons? Why is it that in the provinces, in cities, towns, and country villages, the banks can close on Saturdays at hours varying from twelve to two o'clock, while the London banks find it imperative to remain open till three o'clock? Allowing for the obvious reason of the vastness of the business transacted in the City as compared with the largest provincial towns, it is a fact that the same efforts to attain the end in view are not employed either by the public, or by the banks in London, as has grown to be the habit in Liverpool and Glasgow. In the provincial towns, *e.g.* it has become very much the custom, good for the labouring community as well as the banks, to withdraw the amounts required for payments and workmen's wages on Friday instead of Saturday. This lightens the bustle of work which at any rate falls on Saturday, from the circumstance that all bills falling due on Sunday are legally due on Saturday. If this were to become the custom in London an important step would be taken towards the end in view. Rather than that the half-holiday should not be given it might not be altogether out of the pale of possibilities for Sir John Lubbock, who has already conferred such boons not only on bank *employés* but on mercantile society generally, to consider the feasibility of introducing a bill before Parliament proposing to make bills falling due on Sunday payable on Monday instead of, as at present, Saturday. Such a movement, although much may be argued against it, would in reality be as great a benefit to the mercantile community as it would be to the over-worked and under-paid staff of the London banks. The recent movement in the direction of shortening the hours of labour seemed to turn upon the question as to whether it would be better to open the banks for business at ten instead of nine o'clock daily, or let the existing morning arrangements remain, and instead close earlier on Saturdays. Because the representatives of the different banks could not agree as to which was most feasible the matter has been, for the time, dropped. It is to be hoped that ere long it will be seen that by management and tact both boons may be granted without unduly interfering with the public convenience, or detracting from the business of the various banks acting unanimously. The Colonial, Foreign and Scotch banks in London begin business at ten o'clock, and in cases of colonial and foreign banks close on Saturdays at two o'clock, an example that cannot too soon be followed by the older and larger establishments. It should form an early part of the programme of the new Bankers' Institute that has within the last week or two sprung into existence in London to take this matter up earnestly and enthusiastically now that we are fairly into summer, on public as well as private grounds, and in carrying the measure successfully through the Institute will at once popularise itself among the class to whom it appeals, and for whose benefit it has ostensibly came into existence.

J. S.

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RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

IT is open to question whether the immense popularity which Mr. Swinburne's poetry at one time enjoyed with a certain class of readers has not waned during the last few years; this may be owing partly to the number of inferior writers who, without possessing his talent, have found it easy to copy his tricks of style, and so brought the measures which were at first so taking rather into disrepute, but it cannot be denied that there is an almost invariable sameness in his themes, and an apparent want of virility in their treatment. This, of course, applies only to his minor lyrics, such as constitute the bulk of "Poems and Ballads" (Second Series), by Algernon Charles Swinburne (Chatto and Windus); his more serious works, such as "Bothwell" or "Erectheus," stand entirely apart. There is much that is pleasant in the book, a little that is distinctly the reverse, a good deal that is simply dull, but nothing that can be called new. Really the best of the poems are "Four Songs of Four Seasons," one of which, "Winter in Northumberland," appeared years ago in a magazine under a different name. "In the Bay" has fine passages of the declamatory sort, and "A Vision of Spring in Winter" is very sweet and pictorial, whilst of the "tender grace" of "A Birth Song," the following stanza may be taken as a sample:—

Now, ere thy sense forget
The heaven that fills it yet,
   Now, sleeping or awake,
If thou couldst tell, or we
Ask and be heard of thee,
   For love's undying sake,
From thy dumb lips divine and bright mute speech,
Such news might touch our ear
That then would burn to hear
Too high a message now for man's to reach.

Here the poet is seen at his best, but when he is addressing the French authors who have taken so strong a hold of his imagination he will find comparatively few sympathisers. The classical verses and translations are clever, but have the same drawback, and, all things considered, the collection will hardly add to his reputation.

It is always a pleasant task to record distinct progress in the work of a new author, and this, we think, may be fairly recognised in "Berthold," and other poems, by Meta Orred (Smith, Elder and Co.).—The author seems to have gained in dignity of expression, as exemplified in "Lohengrin," which, although it would in all probability never have been written had the "Idylls of the King" not been, is an unusually favourable specimen of the school founded upon Mr. Tennyson. The knight's address to the swan and Elsa's remorse are both really fine passages. Then there is increased facility in the management of the lyric measures, and some of the shorter pieces—especially those of a religious tendency—are excellent; we may select for particular praise "Thou shalt be satisfied," "The Moon and the Brook," and "Forgiveness," which is the best of the three. For the principal poem we confess we have no great admiration; it is a gruesome story, and its manner is not attractive; the author is at her best in her less ambitious efforts.

Although in his prefatory letter Mr. Symonds disclaims the title of poet, it may safely be averred that he has a better right to it than many more pretentious writers. In "Many Moods," a volume of verse, by John Addington Symonds (Smith, Elder, and Co.), will be found not only the scholarship and delicacy of intuition for which the author's known works would have prepared us, but an unusual command of the various metres employed—if we except the blank verse, which is not good—deep thought, and the fullest perception of the beauties of Nature, coupled with a vivid power of reproduction. The four principal themes selected for exposition are Love, Friendship, Death, and Sleep, and all are admirably treated. As instance of the poet's varying moods, we may cite first of all the best piece in the book, "I Felici;" next, "In the Mentone Graveyard;" and, after these, "The Lotos-wreath of Antinous" and "At Castellamare," which would not have disgraced the best of those singers who have hymned the spring. Mr. Symonds elsewhere shows that he can rise to great heights; the address of Aristodemus to Callicrates, beginning "Hadst thou come branded with a thousand stripes," could hardly be finer as a sample of passion and pathos combined. He is, if not a poet in the highest sense, at least a writer of unusually good verse, which, unlike most, will bear re-reading.

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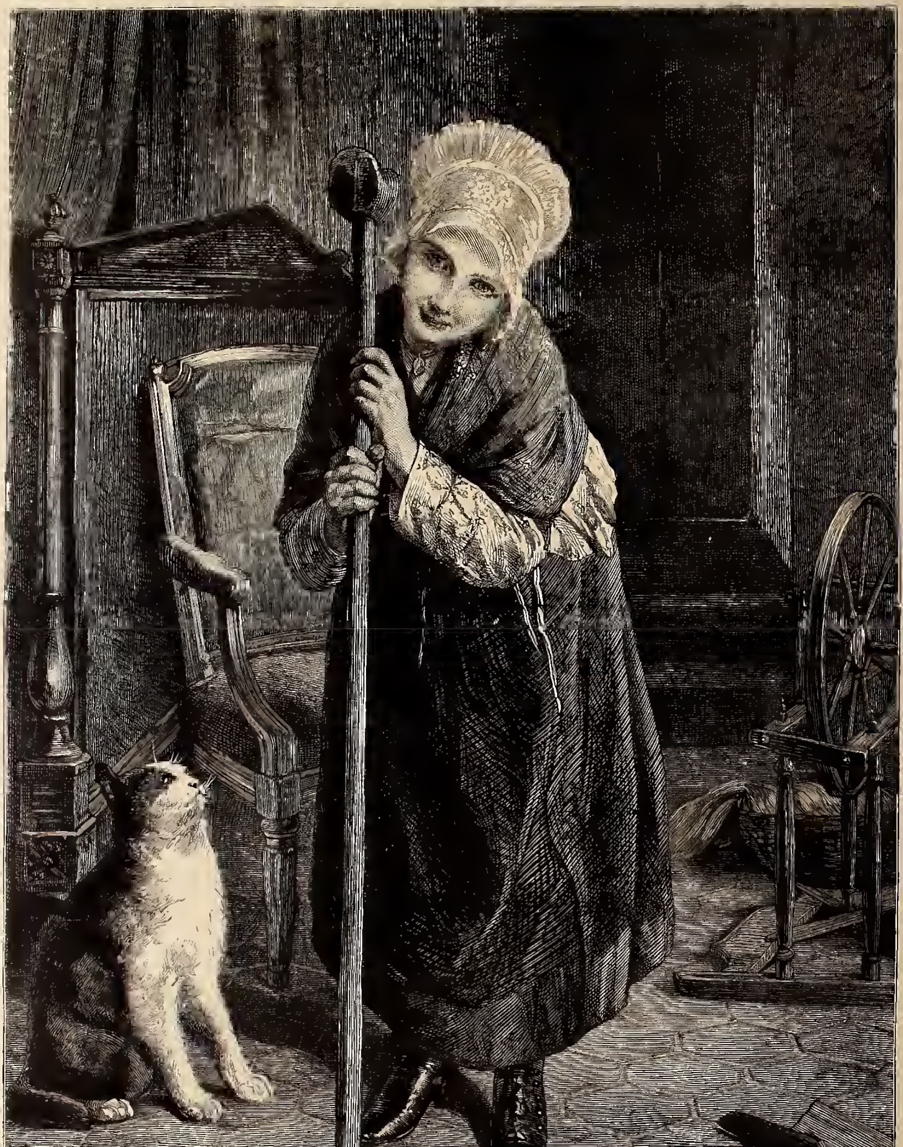
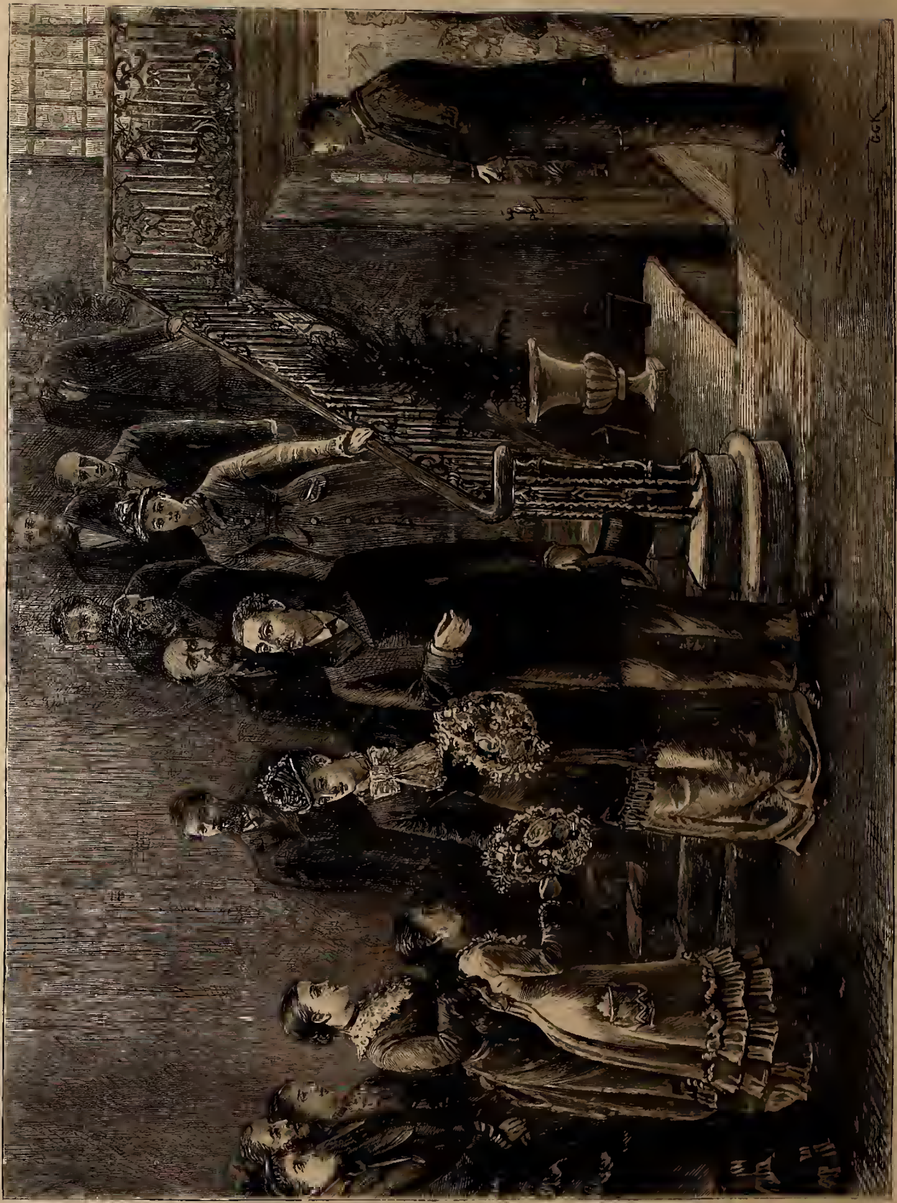
COUNTERFEIT COIN is unusually prevalent in the United States this year, and over two million bad dollars (400,000*l.*) are now in circulation.



"LIKE GRANDMAMMA"
FROM THE PICTURE BY A. SCHLESINGER



THE BETROTHAL OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT—ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE AND THE PRINCESS MARGARET AT DOVER

FOREIGN

THE EASTERN QUESTION.——The Berlin Congress has been working with a will this week, and up to the present time all the deliberations have passed off most smoothly, and all the questions which have been brought forward have been settled in the fewest possible words. Prince Bismarck allows no time to be wasted, and it is even thought that the sittings may terminate on Monday next, and the outline of the settlement between the various nations having been sketched out, the details will be filled in more leisurely and by diplomatists with more time at their disposal than the Prime Ministers of Germany, Great Britain, Russia, and Austria. To take up the thread of the proceedings where we left them last week, it appears that in the sitting on the 26th ult. Prince Gortchakoff, who had not been present for some days, came down and frightened everybody by declaring that his colleagues had made far greater concessions than Russia had ever intended. It was thought that this foreshadowed their withdrawal, but the Russian Premier speedily reassured the meeting by pointing out the unselfishness of his country, which, having made sacrifices for a war in the "cause of Christianity and civilisation," was also capable of making sacrifices for "the great work of pacification." These words of the veteran Chancellor were at once courteously acknowledged by Lord Beaconsfield in one of his grave and characteristic speeches. On the 28th was celebrated what has been not inaptly termed the morganatic marriage of Count Andrassy with Bosnia and Herzegovina—the custody of those provinces being there and then handed over to Austro-Hungarian keeping. Count Andrassy read over a memorial desiring Congress to come to some resolution for tranquilising the provinces in question, pointing out that Austria had 150,000 refugees on her hands who refused to return to their homes while the provinces remained under Turkish rule, and that hitherto the Turks had proved completely unequal to the task of maintaining peace and order. The Marquis of Salisbury then suggested that Austria should be at once charged to occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina, and to undertake the administration. He was seconded by M. Waddington, and after a brief remonstrance from the Turkish Plenipotentiary, which brought forth a somewhat amusing expression of "astonishment" from Prince Bismarck that the Turkish Plenipotentiaries should "hesitate to yield to the unanimous opinion of the Congress," the proposal was adopted by all but the Turkish Plenipotentiaries, and duly accepted by Count Andrassy. The next question was the independence of Servia, which was proclaimed—with the condition that civil and religious liberty must exist without distinction of creed—a measure especially intended to emancipate the Jews, who suffer under great disadvantages in the Eastern Christian provinces of Europe.

The Greek delegates, MM. Delyannis and Rhangabe, were at last admitted to the Congress on Saturday, when they read a long *memoire*, setting forth and justifying the "legitimate" aspirations of Greece, and, while making no specific demands, broadly suggesting that Greek authority should in some form be established over the territories which possess a large Hellenic population—Epirus, Thessaly, and the island of Crete—and which, being in a chronic state of insurrection, engender much trouble and disturbance on the frontiers of King George's domains. Having read the memorial, the delegates retired, and the discussion was adjourned until the Plenipotentiaries had had time to consult together in those private sittings which have thus far done so much to secure the unanimity and tranquillity of the deliberations. It is thought that, while Greece will not obtain Crete, she will be awarded the protectorate of Thessaly and Epirus, after the same fashion that Bosnia and Herzegovina have been allotted to Austria, the annexed or "occupied" territory thus ranging from the Gulf of Volo to the Gulf of Arta, across Thessaly and Epirus, following the line of the Kuba river and the Pindapigadia Hills. On Monday came the Roumanian delegates, MM. Cogalniceano and Bratiano, who also read long *memoires* recounting the well-known history of the Roumanian Question, and protesting against the annexation of Bessarabia by Russia. After their withdrawal the Congress at once plunged into a full discussion of the matter, the British, French, and Italian Plenipotentiaries speaking in favour of granting an efficient frontier to the little State. Finally it was settled that that portion of Bessarabia which had been taken from Russia by the Treaty of 1856 should be restored to her—namely, that bounded on the east by the Pruth, and on the north by the Kilia Valley, including of course the Danube mouth of that name. The St. George's and Sulina mouths still remain in the possession of Roumania, which moreover is compensated for her loss of Bessarabia by the acquirement of the Dobrudscha, extending to the Gulf of Mangalin, and including Silistria. Her independence has also been proclaimed, subject to the same condition—of perfect equality of all creeds and races—as had been imposed upon Servia. Kustendjie, however, although nominally belonging to Roumania, has been declared a free port.

The Montenegrin question was also practically settled at the same sitting, Montenegro receiving the long-wished-for port of Antivari, and an accession of territory on the north and north-east—about half the quantity allotted by the Treaty of San Stefano—a curtailment due to the instance of Austria, which has also insisted upon Antivari being declared a neutral port, although open to Austrian war vessels. The exact delimitation of both Montenegrin and Servian territories has, however, been entrusted to a Commission appointed by the Congress. The chief alteration in the concession to Servia will be the widening of the military zone between the principality and Montenegro. On Tuesday, the Congress returned to matters more directly affecting the Great Powers, and the question of the free navigation of the Danube, and its mouths in particular, was discussed and settled on the basis of the existing regulations; increased powers, however, on the proposition of England, being granted to the International Commission. The vexed question of the war indemnity was also discussed, but no definitive result was reached beyond that Count Schouvaloff renewed his assurances that Russia had no idea of compounding with Turkey by obtaining a further cession of territory in lieu of the money. The matter, which so eminently affects the interest of Turkish bondholders all over Europe, will probably be handed over to a Commission.

Such is a brief *resumé* of the proceedings of the past week, by which it will be seen that some very important results have been achieved, the only important point as yet untouched being that of Batoum, which it is thought will after all be made a free port, as England is unwilling to see so important a naval station handed over to Russia, while Turkey declares her inability to compel the inhabitants to submit to be handed over to Russian rule. Turkey, also, is still protesting strongly against the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and although reminded by Prince Bismarck that Congress has restored to her a rich province, and that if she accepts part she is bound to accept the whole of the decisions of the Congress, the Plenipotentiaries of the Porte still continue obstinately to refuse their consent to the measure. It is not thought likely, however, that the Turks will offer any forcible resistance, but it is probably felt in Constantinople that some show of opposition must be made in order to keep the fanatical portion of the community from rising against the Sultan. Nor are the other countries in the East very much better satisfied with the Congress award. In Roumania the Government organ denounces the action of the Berlin Congress with regard to Bessarabia as "the greatest iniquity of the nineteenth century"—the persistence of the Congress in enfranchising the Jews being regarded as insult added to injury. In Montenegro, also, there is some irritation at the comparatively small amount of territory awarded, while Servia is by no means satisfied at not obtaining a further increase upon the terms of San Stefano. In the mean time Austria is busily preparing for her occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and is making every preparation in the event of her encountering any serious resistance.

In CONSTANTINOPLE all at present is quiet, and the chief event is the death from typhus of Mr. Masters, the well-known Commissioner of the Turkish Compassionate Fund, whose portrait we published in our issue of No. 432, March 9th, 1878.

FRANCE.——The great national *fête* of Sunday last has formed almost the sole topic of the week. The day was fortunately fine, the proceedings passed off without any untoward incident, and may be pronounced to have been an unqualified success. The streets were everywhere profusely decorated from end to end of the capital—the Faubourg St. Germain perhaps excepted—the poorer and artisan quarters showing an especial enthusiasm by completely draping the houses in the humbler streets. Almost every *arrondissement* also had organised a special fair, with booths, pole climbing, and races, while the public programme was inaugurated by the firing of cannon in the early morning, and by the unveiling of Clesinger's statue on the Champ de Mars by MM. Teisserenc de Bort and De Marcère at nine o'clock. The latter Minister took the occasion to make a thoroughly Republican speech—stating that "the Republican party had at last become the nation . . . . that France had resumed her place amongst nations; and, without setting up for a model, she could with some pride show the world the state of her civilisation." Throughout the day the streets were thronged by a perfectly good-humoured crowd in the best of holiday-making tempers, most people wearing tri-coloured ribbons, or bouquets, or little flags—the omnibuses and cabs being profusely decked with the national colours. In the afternoon there was a grand concert in the Tuileries, at which the chief pieces were a new composition by M. Gounod, entitled "Vive la France," and an excerpt from Victor Hugo's "Chants du Crépuscule," entitled "Gloire à la France," and beginning in the following not very lively strain:—

> Ceux qui pieusement sont morts pour la Patrie,
> Ont droit qu' à leur cercueil la foule vienne et prie.

The great features of the *fête*, however, were the general illumination, and the illuminated regatta of some two hundred small boats on the lakes of the Bois de Boulogne, which was itself a blaze of light with electrical lamps and Bengal fires, while the long avenue of the Champs Elysées, from the Tuileries to the Arc de Triomphe, was illuminated *a giorno*, the Place de la Concorde being especially brilliant. Various displays of fireworks took place, and the *fête* ended with a grand *retraite aux flambeaux*, consisting of four bands, 100 drummers, 150 trumpeters, 100 Cuirassiers, and 300 infantry soldiers, bearing lanterns or torches. It is impossible in our confined space to give a detailed description of the events of the day, but we may mention that it is said to have eclipsed all former *fêtes* which have been held even in Paris, and that the poor were not forgotten, a Government distribution of alms taking place in the morning, while twelve hundred and sixty-nine Communists received remission of their sentences.

Politically speaking there is little or nothing to chronicle. People profess themselves disappointed with the results of the Congress, and with England's action in particular, the *Débats* reproaches Lord Beaconsfield with deserting the colours to which he declared so firm an adherence, and the *Temps* declaring that "Congress has destroyed with one hand what it has built up with the other." The only home political item has been the reception by M. Léon Say of an English deputation protesting against the French system of granting bounties to sugar refiners. M. Léon Say, in a very courteous reply, told the deputation that they were mistaken in representing that a million sterling was paid to the refiners as a drawback, but that both he and his colleagues were opposed to the system of bonuses for exportation, and that the French Government is carefully examining the question, and is even preparing a Bill, and it is hoped that in the autumn they would be able to do something to remove all causes of complaint.—To turn to the Exhibition, the admission on Sunday was reduced for that day to twenty-five centimes, and next day four waggons had to be sent from the Ministry of Finance to fetch away the bronze money paid on the occasion, 130,000 people having been estimated to have visited the Champs de Mars.—The International Dog Show was opened on Sunday, the main exhibitors being French and English. The Prince of Wales carries off a gold medal for a setter, two silver medals for a mastiff and a bloodhound, and a bronze medal for a spaniel. Twenty out of the fifty-eight medals are taken by English fanciers.—The Literary Congress has come to a close after, in its final sitting, recommending the formation of a society of authors in each country, with an International Society in Paris.—Various other congresses are being held in the Trocadéro Palace, and at the close of last week there was a meeting of the French Geographical Society in the Amphitheatre of the Sorbonne to present the gold medal of the Society to Mr. H. M. Stanley, the well-known African explorer.—Another Parisian lion, the Shah, left for Vienna on Tuesday, the Marshal seeing him off at the station.

There have been some riotous proceedings at Marseilles, owing to the proposed removal of a statue of Bishop Belzunce from its present site, as also from the prohibition by the Mayor of the religious processions in connection with the Fête Dieu.

GERMANY.——The Emperor continues to grow better, and, Congress matters apart, public attention is absorbed in the forthcoming election and by a letter which the Crown Prince has written to Pope Leo XIII. It appears that in March the Emperor acknowledged the intimation of the Papal election by a courteous letter to the Pope, to which the latter replied that "he hoped that the good understanding which formerly existed between the Vatican and the Berlin Governments would be restored by a change in the laws and Charter of Prussia." To this the Crown Prince returned a firm though respectful refusal to modify the "Charter and laws of Prussia in accordance with the exigencies of the statutes of your Church." The Prince, however, concludes with a hope that, "although principles may clash, the conciliatory sentiments of both parties will open to Prussia a road to peace—a road which has never been closed against other States." The publication of this letter is thought to signify that all negotiations are at an end, and the manly language of the Crown Prince has excited general approval, although the Government can now hardly count upon Ultramontane support during the forthcoming election.—All strangers arriving at Berlin are required to be provided with passports or papers of identification.

SPAIN.——The greatest grief continues to be manifested in Madrid for the loss of Queen Mercedes, who has been temporarily buried in the Escurial, and the grief is deepened by the rumours already abroad of intrigues amongst the various parties whom the King's marriage had apparently cemented together. The King has decided to build a church near the Palace to contain a splendid mausoleum in memory of the late Queen.

MISCELLANEOUS.——From ITALY the only news is a demonstration at Venice against the Austrian Consul, who was thought to have prevented an excursion which had been organised by the young men of Trieste.—SWITZERLAND has been celebrating the much-discussed Rousseau Centenary with great fervour at Geneva.—In EGYPT great relief has been experienced by the beginning of the annual rising of the Nile.—In INDIA the weather is the great anxiety, but the meteorological reports are now more favourable, and moderate rain has fallen in Bombay and the Central Provinces. In Madras, however, the number on the relief works have risen to 135,935, an increase of 10,130. The Parsees who wished to form a volunteer corps have now been authorised to join any European volunteer corps already organised.—The Indian war in the UNITED STATES continues, and a success of the troops is reported from Curry Creek, Oregon, where the Indians were surprised and pursued to Stein's Mountain, where 2,000 warriors are believed to be assembled.—There has been more fighting in SOUTH AFRICA, where the Kaffirs have been still further defeated and Sandilli has been killed. The House of Assembly has approved of Sir Bartle Frere's policy by 37 votes against 22.

THE COURT

THE Queen and Princess Beatrice will remain at Windsor until the end of next week, when they will again leave for Balmoral. On Saturday Her Majesty drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia, and afterwards held a Council. In the evening the Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia, the Duchess of Roxburghe, the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Henniker, and Lieutenant-General H. Ponsonby dined with the Queen. On Sunday Her Majesty attended Divine Service in the private chapel, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia, and the Duke of Connaught, the Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, Vicar of St. James's, Holloway, preached. On Monday and Tuesday the Queen took her usual drives with Princess Beatrice, and on Wednesday Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia arrived at the Castle.

On Saturday the Prince and Princess of Wales visited the ex-Empress Eugénie and Prince Louis Napoleon at Chislehurst, and in the afternoon the Prince, attended by his suite, took a trip on the Thames in a steam launch to Maidenhead Bridge. On Monday the Princess Christian, Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia, and the Duke of Connaught lunched at Marlborough House. The Duke of Cambridge and Prince Louis Napoleon also visited the Prince and Princess. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess of Wales were present at a garden party given by the Earl and Countess of Listowel, at Knightsbridge, and in the evening dined with the Earl and Countess of Wilton in Grosvenor Square. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess went to Bestwood Hall, Nottingham, the seat of the Duke of St. Alban's, and on Wednesday opened the Nottingham Castle Museum. As we shall probably publish some illustrations of the proceedings, we reserve any detailed account. On Thursday the Prince and Princess left Nottingham, for Peterborough, on a visit to the Marquis of Huntly and Earl Fitzwilliam, and were present at the Hound Show and Agricultural Exhibition. The Prince and Princess are expected to be present at the Maidenhead Regatta at Great Marlow to-day (Saturday), when they will probably join the steam launch at Maidenhead Bridge, and proceed down the river to Temple House, the seat of Colonel Williams. The Prince and Princess are unable to be present at the approaching Norwich Festival.

The Princess Louise last week visited the Exhibition of Paintings on China at Messrs. Howell and James's Art Galleries, and consented to become a patroness of the Exhibition. The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne are staying at Cumberland Lodge on a visit to the Prince and Princess Christian. Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia and suite went to the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, on Saturday, and on Monday, accompanied by Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, inspected the fleet assembled in the Portland Roads, and witnessed some torpedo practice.—The Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse Darmstadt left for England on Wednesday.—The Duke of Cambridge arrived at Gloucester House from Malta on Sunday morning.—The report of a projected marriage between the Princess Thyra of Denmark and Prince Louis Napoleon is gaining ground.—In consequence of the death of the Queen of Spain, the Court will go into mourning until the 19th inst., half mourning being worn after the 12th inst.—The betrothal of Prince Eugène, Duke of Leuchtenberg, to Mdlle. Skobeleff, sister of the well-known Russian General, is reported from St. Petersburg.—The death of the Emperor of Morocco is announced.

CHURCH NEWS

THE PAN-ANGLICAN SYNOD.——The long-talked-of gathering of the Bishops of the Anglican Communion was commenced at Lambeth Palace on Tuesday, when nearly one hundred prelates received the Sacrament from the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury. They assembled in the Guard Room, and walked thence, in procession, to the Chapel, where the Communion Service was performed, and a sermon was preached by the Archbishop of York. After the service they were photographed in their robes, in front of the Palace, and in the afternoon the opening meeting of the Synod was held in the Library, the inaugural address being delivered by the Primate as President, who urged the importance of letting the great question of promoting Gospel truth, in the face of prevalent infidelity and ignorance, stand foremost, rather than the comparatively small questions of Church government and details of organisation and order, which must of necessity vary in different lands. The first subject discussed, "The best mode of maintaining union among the various Churches of the Anglican Communion," was introduced by the Bishop of Winchester. On Wednesday the Synod reassembled, the subjects discussed being, "Voluntary Boards of Arbitration for Churches to which such an Arrangement may be applicable," and "The Relation to each other of Missionary Bishops and of Missionaries in various Branches of the Anglican Communion acting in the same country." On Thursday the subjects were, "The Position of Anglican Chaplains and Chaplaincies on the Continent of Europe and Elsewhere," and "Modern Forms of Infidelity, and the best Means of Dealing with them;" and on Friday (yesterday), "The Condition, Progress, and Needs of the various Churches of the Anglican Communion." After this the Conference adjourns till Tuesday, July 23rd, when it will sit until Friday to receive and discuss the reports of the various Committees; the entire proceedings being brought to an end on Saturday, July 27th, with a special service in St. Paul's. *The Times* says, "It would be as impertinent to assume that the foreign members of the Synod have much to learn of us, as it would be unjust to the Primate of All England to suppose that he countenances, even tacitly, the suggestion that he should be recognised as 'Metropolitan of the Anglican Church.' The Church of England may learn, however, something from its guests, whatever they may learn from it. It may learn at least how an Episcopal clergy can maintain order and keep the reverence of its flock without the aid of the State, the resources of a State endowment, or the support and patronage of a great aristocracy." On Wednesday evening about eighty of the bishops dined at the Mansion House with the Lord Mayor. The Archbishop of York, responding to the toast of the evening said that though the Conference sat with closed doors there was no great mystery after all, for the first thing that brought them together was complete sympathy. They were not about to promulgate a fresh body of canons, and to force them on the world, or on that part of it which was English-spoken, but they were meeting together in council. The conflict with the powers of evil was a hard and difficult conflict. They wished to see their brethren, to see in them the power of the Lord Jesus Christ that they might be emulous of them.

VARIOUS.——The first anniversary meeting of the Reformed Episcopal Church was held on Wednesday, in Mr. Newman Hall's Chapel, lent for the occasion. There was a plain Church of England service, and an address by Bishop Gregg, who said that the Church of England was like a ship which, having started for a Protestant port, had changed its course, and was now sailing direct for Rome. He denounced the various superstitious tendencies, and the evils of sacerdotalism; and said that he considered the present Prayer-book was greatly the cause of many of the existing evils. The Reformed Episcopal Church had therefore entirely revised it, freed it from all sacerdotalism, had thoroughly uprooted all its dangerous dogmas, and the revised edition now in the press would shortly be issued.—The Mackonochie case was argued before the Queen's Bench Division during two days last week, but judgment was reserved. The Lord Chief Justice, after consultation with Justices Mellor and Lush, remarked that they had no doubt on the point that Mr. Mackonochie's offence was within the jurisdiction of the Spiritual Courts; but that it was a matter for serious consideration whether, under the statute, Letters of Request from the Bishop should not have been addressed to the authorities before the suit was instituted. It was quite clear that there were no Letters of Request putting the Court of Arches in motion; and, that being so, they had to consider whether the disobedience of the monition constituted such contumacy as to give the Judge of the Arches Court sufficient authority to inflict the particular form of punishment which had been applied.—The Revised Prayer Book of the Church of Ireland came into force on the 1st inst., and the first effect of it has been the formal renunciation of Church membership by Lord James Butler, the leading champion of revision in the General Synod. He says that there is less to offend the eye and mind in the halls for public entertainment and exhibition, than in the chambers of imagery which are rising or have been reopened as cathedrals in the leading towns of Ireland. These are all under the "Church of Ireland," and with its cognisance and sanction. For all that is true in that system he has the same love that he ever had; but it is overlaid with corruptions, which he thinks are increasing day by day.—Last Sunday being Hospital Sunday, special sermons were preached at most of the churches and chapels in the metropolis. At St. Paul's there were three services, the preachers being Bishop Claughton, the Bishop of Hereford, and the Rev. Dr. Barry. At Westminster Abbey Dean Stanley preached, and at both places the congregations were large, as they were also at the Chapels Royal Savoy, Whitehall, and St. James's. Mr. Spurgeon preached at the Tabernacle, Dr. Parker at the City Temple, and the Chief Rabbi at the Great Synagogue, St. James's Place. The *Globe* says that at the door of a West End church handbills were distributed suggesting that contributions should be withheld "till the crime of torturing live creatures be made penal by law." The amount of the collections received at the Mansion House up to Wednesday was 9,000*l*.—The 117th anniversary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was celebrated last week by the holding of a Missionary Conference at St. James's Hall, the Primate presiding.—The Rev. S. D. Headlam, whom the Bishop of London recently dismissed from the curacy of Bethnal Green for having lectured in favour of theatres and music halls, has just been presented with 100*l*. and an address of sympathy, amongst the subscribers to which are Miss Helen Taylor and Mr. P. A. Taylor, M.P.—Mr. Cross has declined to receive a deputation from the Sunday Society respecting the "New Criminal Code Bill." He remarks that no change in the law is contemplated by the Code, and recommends them to apply to the Attorney-General if in their opinion the existing law is not expressed in the Code.—The Bishop of Lichfield has become a Vice-President of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, the annual sermon of which will be preached to-morrow (Sunday) morning by the Bishop of Manchester at St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, when the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs will attend in State.—The Vicar-General's Office, with authority from the Primate for granting marriage licences for London and the whole Province of Canterbury, has been moved, after fifty years, from Bell Yard to the first floor of 5, Dean's Court, Doctors' Commons, immediately opposite the Deanery House of St. Paul's.

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RELICS OF MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY are now amongst the most precious possessions across the Atlantic. After some recent revival meetings at Newhaven in Connecticut, the tabernacle erected for the assemblies was sold by auction, and every scrap of furniture and fittings found eager purchasers. Chairs and benches went at large prices, and there was a lively competition for the mouth-pieces of speaking-tubes.

MUSIC

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.——The revival of Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, after an interval of nine years, has been found attractive more on account of the varied beauties of the music and the gorgeous splendour of the *mise en scène* than of anything very remarkable in the cast of the *dramatis personæ*. Fides is a character beyond the intellectual scope of that clever contralto, Madame Scalchi, who, when removed from her legitimate sphere, tries to make up for the absence of other qualities by giving forced emphasis to those with which she is naturally endowed. Such was the impression created upon many amateurs by her impersonation of Leonora in *La Favorita*, which otherwise merited praise; but in her Fides we are still more convincingly reminded of the limits within which Madame Scalchi's talent can be exhibited to advantage. After having said this much, more will hardly be expected; and, indeed, it would be unkind to Madame Scalchi herself, who, with her fine voice, and in her sphere, has always met with due appreciation, but who, notwithstanding her fine voice (which, by the way, she is beginning unnecessarily to force), is out of that sphere wherever high mental capacity is essential. Signor Gayarre's John of Leyden, to those who remember Mario, and after Mario, Tamberlik, in the part, must seem tame in proportion, whether regarded from a dramatic or a vocal standpoint. It has, however, unquestionable merit, and as times go, it would in all probability be no easy matter to obtain a more generally acceptable representative of the impostor king. The orchestra, under the direction of Signor Vianesi, played the noble Coronation March superbly; while the picturesque and animated skating scene, as lively and bustling as ever, was rendered all the more interesting by the admirably expert, and at the same time graceful dancing of Mdlle. Zucchi—a valuable addition to Mr. Gye's ballet company. The success of the Spanish *prima donna*, Mdlle. Cepeda, has been fully confirmed by her performance as Valentine, in the *Huguenots*. Valentine, as the opera is presented in London, has but two scenes in which a singer and actress, no matter how gifted, can find any chance of distinction; these being the interview with Marcel in the Prè aux Clercs, and that with Raoul, after the "Benediction of the Swords," in the house of Nevers, each comprising a duet which which alone would immortalise its composer. In both scenes Mdlle. Cepeda not only showed that the character of Valentine was just as much in her line as that of Lucrezia, but that Meyerbeer's music was no less familiar to her than Donizetti's. A little more physical force is all that is wanting. In the upper tones, which Meyerbeer seldom reckons upon for his culminating effects, the voice of Mdlle. Cepeda is somewhat forced, and therefore comparatively weak. This, in some degree, robs her most earnest efforts of their intended effect. In other respects the new *prima donna* is all that could be desired, both in feeling and execution; and her second essay before a London public may be pronounced in every way as successful as her first. She has true passion, joined to the power of manifesting it without descending to exaggerated emphasis or over-wrought demeanour. The Urbain (or "Urbano") of Mdlle. Anna di Belocca deserves a strong word of praise. This young and prepossessing artist is exactly fitted to the part, which she looks and acts in perfection. Nor could we wish to hear the tuneful air, "Nobil Signor," delivered with more charm of voice or unaffected elegance of style. The other performances during the present week have been simply repetitions. To-night the opera is to be *Dinorah*; and for Tuesday we are promised Flotow's last work, *Alma l'Incantatrice*. It will be welcome, if only because it is a novelty.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.——Since our last the event at this theatre has been the appearance of Madame Pappenheim as the devoted heroine of *Fidelio*. We may say at once that, though the ordeal here was far more perilous than that incurred by the heroine of the *Huguenots*, the German-American *prima donna* passed through it with equal, if not, indeed, with greater success. Madame Pappenheim is, in fact, a genuine artist, and it need scarcely be suggested that none but a genuine artist could have any chance of winning approval in such a character as Beethoven's Leonora. She must be actress and singer together, or the attempt is hopeless. Madame Pappenheim showed herself both, and that in a manner to admit of no denial. Indisposed at the beginning she was not completely mistress of her resources till the great *scena* which Leonora declaims in soliloquy, after having overheard (unseen) the dialogue in which Rocco, the gaoler, is incited by Pizarro, governor of the State prison, to the murder of his at once hated and dreaded enemy, Florestan. Here, showing that her temporary indisposition had passed away, she sang with no less vigour than sentiment, creating a marked impression by her thoughtful and touching rendering of the exquisitely beautiful apostrophe of "Hope." The absolute Leonora, the unmistakable Fidelio, was now before us; and from that moment the illusion was kept up to the very end. It must suffice to add that a more earnest and moving revelation of Leonora's suppressed emotion while engaged by Rocco in digging the grave where Florestan is to be inhumed after his intended assassination by Pizarro, could not easily be imagined. Then, the interposition of Leonora between her husband and his arch-enemy, the incident of the pistol, and from that to the triumph of Leonora, and the final duet between the heroic wife and the husband whom she has rescued from impending fate, were worthy the powerful and affecting situation, and rouse the audience from a quasi-lethargy to irrepressible demonstrations of approval. No more need be added to convince our readers that Madame Pappenheim's Fidelio was a success as honourably won as it was undisputed. The general performance of Beethoven's master-work had many points to commend. The Florestan of Signor Bettini and the Rocco of Herr Behrens were both comparatively feeble; but, on the other hand, the Jacquino of Signor Rinaldini was more than acceptable, the Pizarro of Signor Galassi was in all respects excellent, and the Marcellina of Mdlle. Bauermeister beyond praise. The chorus—especially in the scene where the State prisoners are temporarily allowed to see the light of day and breathe the fresh air (so eloquently expressed in Beethoven's music) left something to desire; but the orchestra, under Sir Michael Costa, who is never seemingly happier than when conducting *Fidelio*, was from end to end irreproachable. The great overture to *Leonora*, played between the first and second acts—the accepted "No. 3"—was magnificently executed, and unanimously encored, which prolonged the performance nearly three-quarters of an hour. No one, however, complained. One cannot have too much of *Fidelio*; and, as we all know, its performances are few and far between. Repetitions of the *Trovatore*, *Lucia*, the *Sonnambula*, and *Carmen* (to which we shall have again to refer) make up the history of the week. To-night we are promised Balfe's *Talismano*, with Madame Etelka Gerster and Mdlle. Caroline Salla in the leading characters. Again welcome!

WAIFS.——Madame Christine Nilsson left London for Paris, *en route* to Mont d'Or, where she will make a month's sojourn for the benefit of her health. She returns to England in the autumn, for a provincial tour, under the direction of that spirited *entrepreneur*, Mr. Hyatt.—Mdlle. Zaré Thalberg leaves London to-day for Barcelona. We are glad to know that this charming young artist will return to us next season. In her way she is a *rara avis*, and rare birds in these days are not to be lightly disregarded.—The health of M. Victor Massé, composer of *Paul et Virginie*, has much improved by his brief sojourn in the South of France. He is now at Montpelier, where it is his intention to remain for a considerable period.—The first two parts of Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen* brought, in twenty-two evenings, no less than 14,000 marks (about 7,000*l*.) to the treasury of the Leipsic Opera House. The remaining two parts are in preparation.—Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's "Biblical Idyll," *Rebecca*, has been performed, with great success, under the direction of its eminent composer, by the Association for Classical Sacred Music at Stuttgart. Why do we never hear any of Hiller's sacred compositions in this country? What Mendelssohn thought of his contemporary and intimate friend is known to all who have perused the very interesting correspondence of that veritable "last of the Romans."—The Grand Opera in Paris is to be opened gratuitously every Sunday during the International Exhibition, for the convenience of foreigners and so-styled "provincials," who will thus be able to inspect what Parisians look upon with admiring eyes, as a world's wonder, but which inquiring strangers are apt to regard as a wanton expenditure, of invaluable space, for the sake of a show, meaning absolutely nothing. The old "foyer" in the Rue Lepelletier, where people congregated and exchanged opinions between the acts of a new opera, answered every purpose.—Both *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Il Barbière di Siviglia* have been reset by adventurous young Italian musicians. On Rossini being invited to compose new music for *Don Giovanni* his answer was, "Vous vous moquez de moi. Mozart n'est pas Paesiello." That Rossini reset the *Barbière* of Paesiello is notorious, but that he was too clever to enter the lists with Mozart is equally well known.

THEATRES

At the **STRAND**, Mr. W. S. Gilbert's half-farcical, half-satirical incongruity *Engaged* has taken the place of *Our Club*, the performance of which, in consequence of the company's previous provincial engagements has been suspended. Mr. George Honey created roars of laughter in his original character of Cheviot Hill, and Miss Julia Stewart's representation of the "gude girl" Maggie, was admirable. Mr. E. Bruce as Belvawny, Mr. Cecil Murray as Macalaster, Miss Louise Hibbert as Belinda, and Miss L. Telbin as Minnie, were tolerably good in their respective parts.

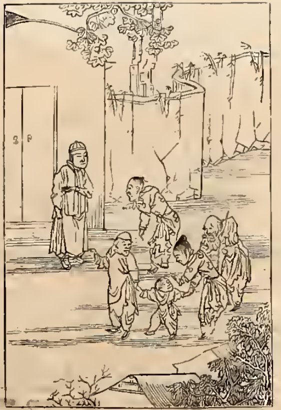
ASTLEY'S.——*Mazeppa* has again been revived at this house, the chief attraction being Miss Lisa Weber and her trained horse, the latter wearing almost as much clothing as the former. Mr. Augustus Glover is the implacable Tartar chief, and the Cruvelli troupe of dancers appear in two grand incidental ballets. The drama is only intended to run for a few weeks, while the manageress, Miss Virginia Blackwood, takes rest, prior to the production of *Land Ahead*, a new "Irish National Drama," by George Manville Fenn; and a new sensational drama of London life, by W. Muskerry.

At the **CANTERBURY** Hall, the spectacular entertainment of *Plevna*, which by the way seems to be as popular as ever with all classes of sightseers, even the Maharajah of Johore being one of the audience last Monday, has been supplemented with a so-called political-musical sketch entitled *Peace or War—A Sequel to the Conference*, in which Messrs. Charles Otley and Russell Grover enact the chief members of the Berlin Conference. The portrayal of Prince Gortchakoff is the best done, but the remainder are far too bombastic and noisy to bear the slightest possible resemblance—even that of a caricature—to the originals. Moreover the nature of the dialogue, in which England is glorified at the expense of every other country, can hardly be termed good taste—even when viewed from the most ultra-patriotic point of view.

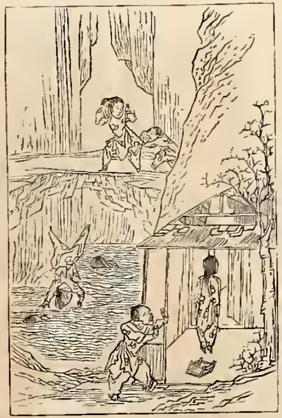
LEGAL

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN AGREEMENT.——A Treasury prosecution has been commenced against a Foreign Office writer, who is charged with "having committed a breach of trust in copying and appropriating and wilfully stealing a secret document, purporting to be a communication between the Governments of Russia and England;" an offence which Mr. Poland contends is "larceny," and, as such, punishable with three years' penal servitude, or two years' imprisonment with or without hard labour. The case has been adjourned until the return of Mr. Currie from Berlin, as his evidence is required; and meanwhile the offender has been admitted to bail, one of his sureties being the proprietor of *The Globe*, to which paper he is suspected of having sold the information for the small sum of 42*l*. We doubt if a conviction can be secured, as Marvin, who received a miserable salary of 10*d*. per hour, appears to have been employed in copying the document, and unless it can be proved that he carried off the despatch itself, or a copy of it upon Government paper, the offence will scarcely amount to larceny, whilst "breach of trust" seems to be excluded by the admission made by Mr. March, the Superintendent of the Treaty Department, in his evidence, that although Marvin had no authority to make use, outside the office, of knowledge acquired during business hours, there was no actual prohibition, or positive agreement not to do so.

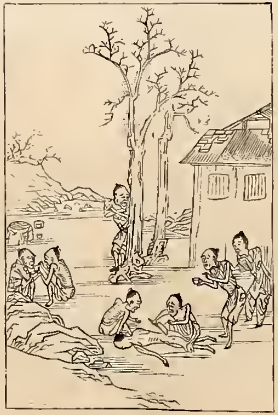
MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——Two cases which have recently been decided by the Court of Appeal are worth noting as instances of the subtlety of the law. The first is that of a gamekeeper who had been convicted of stealing a bag containing twenty rabbits, which he had in his possession when given into custody. The Court, however, quashed the conviction on the ground that at common law wild animals could not be made the subject of larceny. The other instance was even more remarkable: a shop-boy, being detected in the act of stealing a cigar, made a statement concerning a man named Baker, which induced his master to instruct him to hand the cigar with some others to Baker, who after accepting them was charged as a



PARENTS SELLING THEIR CHILDREN



STARVING PEOPLE COMMITTING SUICIDE



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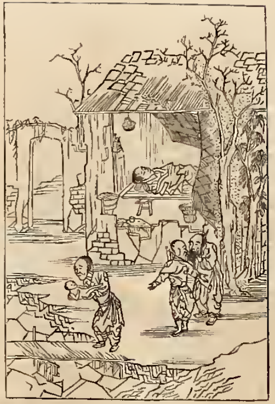
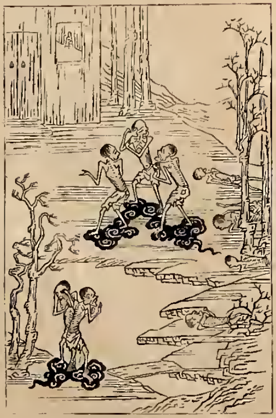
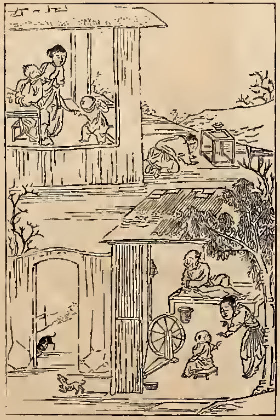


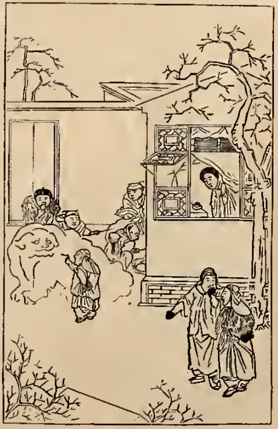
MOTHER AND CHILD DEAD FROM HUNGER



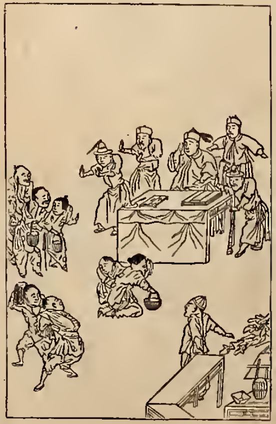
LIVING SKELETONS



THE FILIAL CHILD AND THE FAITHFUL WIFE

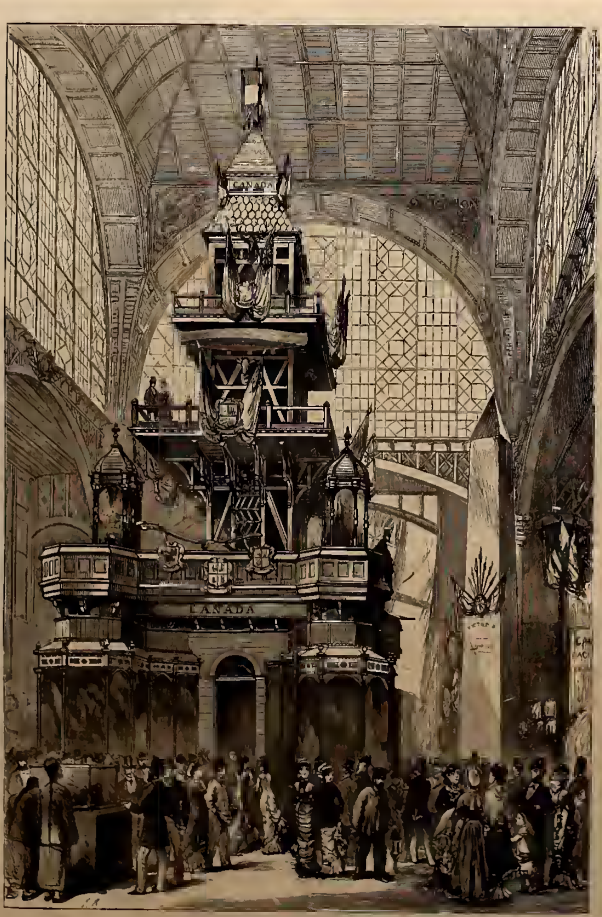


THE AUSPICIOUS SNOW OF THE SOUTHERN REGIONS

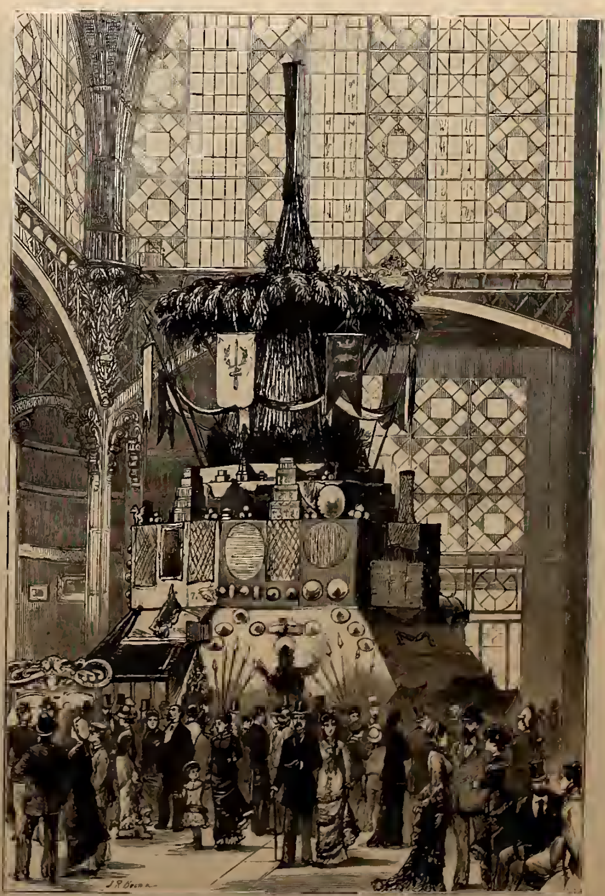


A MAGISTRATE DOLING OUT RELIEF

THE FAMINE IN CHINA—DRAWINGS BY A NATIVE ARTIST



THE CANADIAN TROPHY



THE TROPHY IN THE COURT OF THE DUTCH INDIES

THE PARIS EXHIBITION

(Continued from page 19.)

"receiver," and convicted by a jury. An appeal was however made on the ground that the stolen cigar, after being taken away from the boy, ceased to be of the nature of stolen property, and the Court of Appeal holding this to be good law quashed this conviction also. Verily in legal matters "we must speak (and act) by the card, or equivocation will undo us."—The Sligo Steamship Company have just been fined 173*l.* for carrying 1,098 passengers on a steamer which was only licensed for 350. They pleaded that the people forced themselves on board, and that only 327 of them paid their fares, but surely the captain of the boat could have refused to leave the pier until those who had not paid returned ashore. What if the vessel had been wrecked with such a disproportionate freight of human beings?—The cost of the military and extra policemen at Accrington during the late strike amounts to nearly 400*l.* Forty of the 5th Dragoons were there five weeks, thirty infantry three weeks, and extra policemen seven weeks. The innkeepers charged 3*s.* 9*d.* per day for the keep of each horse. The Town Council will have to pay the money, and then get it back from the Hundred.—At Wednesbury, a barber has been fined one halfpenny for "following his worldly calling on Sundays." The magistrate said that he hoped no more such cases would be brought before him.—John Edward Irving, the swindler and thief who passed himself off as a relation of Canon Duckworth, and whose past career is well-known to the police, has been convicted, and sentenced to eight years' penal servitude, and seven years' police supervision.—Another impostor, who by his "conversance with Gospel Truth" obtained a number of suppers and shillings from a benevolent gentleman whom he robbed on the first opportunity, has been allotted five months' hard labour.—Messrs. Brooks and Sons, who have so often appeared as plaintiffs in actions respecting Fine Art Copyright, were last week defendants in a suit brought by Mr. Hughes, the painter of a picture called "Fighting for the Standard," the design of which they had unlawfully appropriated; an injunction was granted.—There was a disgraceful scene at the Clerkenwell mortuary the other day. While an inquest was being held, a drunken woman forced herself into the courtyard, shrieking that her child was being cut up. She was ejected; but in the confusion a man tried to steal some butter belonging to the keeper of the mortuary, whose wife he knocked down. The would-be thief, who bears the singularly *àpropos* name of Churchyard, has been sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour.

DEATHS.

On the 25th ult., at Savignystrasse, Frankfort-on-Maine, of scarlet fever, aged 11 years, FRIEDR. HERMANN KEYL, and a few hours after him, of the same illness, PAUL ALBERT KEYL, aged 15 years, the two beloved sons of ALBERT KEYL and LOUISE KEYL, née HOFFMANN, of 23, Rue Borie, Bordeaux. Friends please accept this only intimation.

On the 21st ult., at 24, Rue du Frère Philippe, Faubourg St. Germain, Paris, the VICONTESSE d'HERAIL DE BARSIS, aged 58.

On the 30th ult., at 4, Charles Street, Old Kent Road, S.E., Mr. JAMES GARNHAM, aged 39.

On the 28th ult., at 36, Dunlace Road, Lower Clapton, Mrs. LUCY ROBINSON, aged 66.

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BALDNESS IS CURABLE. By the use of "EAU MALLERON" a cure is guaranteed in from three to six months. Monsieur LODOIS respectfully solicits all those who are bald, but desire to renew the natural covering to the head, to consult him any day between eleven and five o'clock, at the rooms of the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W. M. Lodois is so certain of success that he will enter into a contract on the principle of "No Cure, no Pay." Pamphlets forwarded, post free, on application.—The FRENCH HYGIENIC SOCIETY, 40, Haymarket, London, S.W.

TAMAR-INDIEN, a laxative, re- freshing, and medicated Fruit Lozenge—the effectual Cure of Constipation, Headache, Bile, Hæmorrhoids, &c. Tamar (unlike pills and the usual purgatives) is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation. 2s. 6d. per box; post free, 2s. 8d.—E. GRILLON, Wool Exchange, E.C., and of all Chemists.

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FIRST GRAND SALE of the New Firm of CHARLES GASK and CO. (Limited).

CHARLES GASK & CO. (Limited) have pleasure in announcing their FIRST GREAT SEASON'S SALE, which will be continued during the present month under the management of the New Firm at
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

SILKS.	All Silk Goods cheaper than they have ever been offered. Rich French Gros Grain and Poult de Soie Silks, 2s. 4d. to 7s. 9d. per yard, extra rich. Broché and Damassé Silks and Satins to match the fashionable Fabrics for the Season, 2s. 6d., 3s. 9d., 6s. 6d. Rich Grisaille Stripe Silks, for Young Ladies' wear, 1s. 11½d. and 2s. 4d. yd. Black Lyons Silks and Satins, 1s. 11d. to 6s. 9d. per yard. 200 Pieces of Ecru Washing Silks, 21s. 6d. per piece. A Large Quantity of Odd Dress Lengths and Remnants of Plain and Fancy Silks exceedingly cheap.
COSTUMES.	The whole of the Large and Important Stock of Paris Model Costumes, made of the Richest Silk, Silken Fabrics, Cashmeras, &c., at less than half-price. Silk Costumes of Ponson's Rich Silk, 4 to 8 guineas, complete. Silk and Cashmere Costumes, 2 to 4 gs. Washing Costumes in Lawn and Embroidery and various other New Fabrics, 8s. 11d. to 37s. 6d. each. Fête and Ball Costumes, from 15s. 6d. each. Silk Costume Train Skirts, Black and Coloured, at 10s. 6d. each, full size.
DRESS FABRICS.	An Immense Variety of New Materials, by the Yard, all at Greatly Reduced Prices. French Cashmeres, all Shades, 1s. 8d. per yard, Double Width. French Moss Beiges, and Various other New Fabrics, 10d. to 1s. 9d. yd. French Percales, Satines, Cambrics, Lawns, Piques, Tanjere Cloths, and other Washing Materials, from 4½d. to 1s. per yard.
HOUSEHOLD LINENS.	Napkins, Table Cloths, D'Oyleys, Sheetings, Towels, Dusters, Glass Cloths, Sheets, all ready hemmed for immediate use, very cheap.
CURTAINS, QUILTS, &c.	The Very Large Stock of French, Swiss, Nottingham Lace, and Leno Curtains will be offered exceedingly cheap, from 6s. 6d. per pair, 4 yds. long.
MANTLES & SHAWLS.	Several Hundreds French Cashmere and Silk Visites and Mantles at the low price of One Guinea. About 30 Paris Model Mantles, this Season's Extra Rich Quality, trimmed Passementerie, 3½ guineas each, regular price 7 to 10 guineas. Rich Cachemire de l'Inde Novelties, marked at from 2 to 5 gs. each, equally cheap. A quantity of Handsome Summer Shawls, 2s. 11d. full size, quite new. About 100 Very Handsome Russian Sealskin Paletots, 36 inches long, French Cut, last new shape, 9½ gs. Silk Dolmas, Fur-lined Mantles, 29s. 6d. to 6 guineas each. 100 Embroidered Grenadine Mantles, Black, White, and Colours, 4s. 11d. each.
FLOWERS.	Feathers, Plumes, Wreaths, Sprays of all kinds, Bouquets, Flower Designs for Dresses, &c., all marked at nominal prices.
GLOVES.	A Large Lot of Paris Kid Gloves, 1s. per pair. Ditto, 2 Buttons, 1s. 9d. A Large Lot of Brussels Kid Gloves, 2s. 6d. per pair. Gants de Suede. Heavy Taffeta Silk Gloves, 4 buttons, 1s. 9d. per pair. Many Fashionable Gloves, from 4 to 12 buttons, equally cheap.
SUN SHADES, UMBRELLAS.	30 Dozen Silk Tussore Sunshades, Lined Silk, at 3s. 3d. each. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Silk Umbrellas, with Elaborately Carved French Sticks, 7s. 6d. each. A Special Lot of Fine Silk Umbrellas, with Elaborately Carved French Sticks, 7s. 6d. each.
RIBBONS, TIES, SCARFS,	All the Richly Embroidered Ties and Scarves, for Ladies and Gentlemen's Wear, in Crêpe de Chine, Rich Silk, and Satin, will be cleared out very cheap. Several Thousand Yards French Fancy Ribbons, 4d. to 8d. per yard.
MILLINERY.	The whole of the Summer Bonnets, Hats, Head Dresses, will be sold at really Nominal Prices so as to ensure Immediate Sale.
OUTFITTING.	Ladies' White Petticoats, Chemises, Drawers, Corsets, Dress Jackets, Morning Wrappers, Dressing Gowns.
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, &c.	Children's Underclothing, Infants' Millinery, Pelisses, &c. Children's Costumes, Dresses, Paletots, Hats, &c., and all articles in this Department will be sold at extremely low prices.
MOURNING DEPARTMENT.	The Whole of the Made-up and Fancy Portion of the Stock—Costumes, Paris Model Costumes and Mantles, Skirts, and all Piece Goods by the yard—very greatly reduced in price. About Three Hundred Black Grenadine and Black French Cambric Costumes, all at 21s. each. Mourning Costumes in Grey and Black and White, thin textures, 21s. each.

Experienced Dressmakers sent to any part of Town or Country, free of charge, to take orders; the greatest care and punctuality may be relied on.
Patterns of all Goods free.

CHARLES GASK & CO. (Limited), 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, & 63, OXFORD STREET; and 1, 2, 3, 4, & 5, WELLS STREET, LONDON, W.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S WIGS and SCALPS, from 35s. 47, FENCHURCH STREET.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S Hair Department for Ladies comprises a large collection of Long Hair Head Dresses, Crop and Frizzy ditto, Chignons, Plaits, Coils, Coronets, Cachepeignes, and covered Stems in all shades of colour. Also Bands, Fronts, and Curls.—47, Fenchurch Street.

PROFESSOR BROWNE has the largest stock of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Ornamental Hair in the World always on view at his Establishment, 47, Fenchurch Street, London.

HAY FEVER. — ANTHOXAN- THUM, administered as spray, allays all the symptoms of this distressing affection. 3s. 6d. per bottle, free by post for 33 stamps; spray producer, 5s., free by post for 63 stamps.—JAMES EPPS and CO., Homœopathic Chemists, 170, Piccadilly, and 48, Threadneedle Street.

MOURNING ORDERS SENT at ONCE upon RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM.
A large Staff of very competent Dressmakers and ASSISTANTS are kept purposely to TRAVEL to all parts of the country—no matter the distance—(free of any extra charge whatever to the Customer) with a full assortment of Made-up Goods of the most fashionable and suitable description.

FOR A FAMILY MOURNING, and also Mourning for Servants.

Orders, however large, can be completed at a very short notice by Dressmakers of the greatest proficiency (either French, German, or English).

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COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, 256 to 262, Regent Street, London.

One of the most Important Houses of its kind in England. Established Thirty Years.

At PETER ROBINSON'S of
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BLACK DRESS SATINS (all pure Silk), at 5s. 9d., 6s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 9d., and 10s. 9d., made by Messrs. Bonnet.

THE DUCHESSE SATIN, at 12s. 9d. (26 inches wide). A magnificent quality. For richness and durability cannot be surpassed.

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BLACK SILKS—specially cheap.
Manufactured by Messrs. Bonnet and Cie, at 5s. 6d.
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Also BLACK SILKS in very serviceable qualities, at 2s. 6d., 2s. 11½d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 4s. 9d.

CHINA WASHING SILK, 21s. the piece of 20 yards.

PETER ROBINSON is a Wholesale as well as a Retail Dealer in Black Silk, as he buys direct from the manufacturer, all intermediate profits are saved.
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COSTUMES IN BLACK SATIN, the purest and richest qualities, at 10½ guineas.

COSTUMES FOR YOUNG LADIES, in pretty fancy Grisaille Silks, at 5½ guineas.

COSTUMES FOR DINNER & EVENING DRESS in Grenadine, trimmed Satin and Silk, a large variety, from 3½ to 7½ guineas.

COSTUMES in Black Brussels Net, at 29s. 6d.

COSTUMES in Black Grenadine, at 2 guineas.

COSTUMES in White Muslin for Garden Parties, at 25s. 6d. to 3½ guineas, with material for Bodice.

COSTUMES in White Cambric for Morning Dress, at 15s. 6d. to 27s. 6d.

COSTUMES in Black Material (new Summer fabrics), at 2 guineas and up to 7 guineas.

Observe—the ONLY address for the above is

PETER ROBINSON of
REGENT STREET,
THE COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.

NOTICE.—In reference to the above advertisements, it is important that letters should be clearly addressed to 256 to 262, REGENT STREET.

REGENT HOUSE, 238, 240, and 242, REGENT STREET.
J. ALLISON and CO.
During July we shall be prepared to OFFER the WHOLE of our large and well-assorted STOCK at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
At the close of the London Season we contemplate making Additions and Alterations to our Premises, and, as accumulations of dust, &c., must necessarily arise therefrom, we shall on the occasion of the present Summer Sale make strenuous exertions to CLEAR OFF as much of our present STOCK as possible.
Nos. 238, 240, and 242, REGENT STREET, W.

MESSRS. JAY
RESPECTFULLY request the honour of a visit from Ladies and Gentlemen visiting the British metropolis to inspect a variety of ELEGANT COSTUMES, Parisian Mantles, Artistic Millinery, Hats, and every variety in dress, specially selected by a very experienced modiste in Paris, and representing the correct fashions of the season.

The following extract from an American paper is a pleasing testimony to the system of business adopted at this house:—
"We visited during our sojourn in London last year the warehouse of Messrs. Jay, the most noted establishment of the kind in the world. In looking through its numerous departments we were able to appreciate the true cause of the distinguished success which has attended the establishment for many years.
"Messrs. Jay receive large supplies of costumes and millinery direct from the first houses in Paris, and they are sold at much more moderate prices than ladies can procure them on the Continent. We take pleasure in directing the attention of our fair readers to this time-honoured establishment, where we are sure they will be honestly and loyally dealt with."
JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Regent Street, W.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL (SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 192, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, 11 till 1 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 15, Welbeck Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
GREAT SUMMER SALE OF CHEAP GOODS.
SILKS, SATINS, VELVETS, and VELVETEENS.
About 3,000 yards Black Silk, at 2s. 10d.; late 3s. 6½d.
5,000 yards at 3s. 10d.; late 4s. 9d. And 2,000 yards, 4s. 8d.; late 5s. 9d.
Black Lyons Silks, 31 in. wide, 5s. 11d.; original price, 7s. 6d.
Black Silks by Tappisier, Fils, et Cie: C. J. Bonnets, and other good firms, at reduced prices.
Rich Coloured Gros Grain Silks, 2s. 10½d.; usual price, 3s. 6½d.
Rich Coloured Gros Grain Silks, 3s. 10d., 4s. 8d., and 6s. 8d. a yard.
20 pieces Black Satin will be sold at 10½d. a yard.
Rich Black Satins, 1s. 5d., 1s. 8d., 1s. 10d., 2s. 5d., 2s. 10d., 4s. 9d., and 6s. 9d.; all reduced in price.
Coloured Satins, the newest tints, 1s. 10½d., 2s. 5d., and 2s. 10d.
Bronze and Sage Green Satins, 11½d.; worth 1s. 11½d.
2,000 yards White Satins, at 9¾d.; original price 1s. 6½d.
Yokohama Silks, 36in. wide, at 6½d. a yard.
700 yards Broché Tussore Silk, 10½d.; reduced from 1s. 11½d.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
GREAT SUMMER SALE OF CHEAP GOODS.
Blue Silk Reps, 8½d.; former price 2s. 11½d.
700 yards coloured Alpaca, 3½d.; usual price, 7½d.
Twill Beiges, Neutral Tints, 4¼d.
Armure All Wool Beige, 5½d.; former price, 1s. 4½d.
30,000 yards Cashmere Twills, 5¾d.; usual price, 9¾d.
All-Wool Beiges, 6½d. and 9¾d.; and 46 in. wide, 1s. 6½d.
Steel Alpaca, 32 in. wide, 5¾d.; usual price, 1s. 0½d.
52,000 yards Black Striped Grenadines, at 4¾d.; usual price, 8¾d.
A Cheap Lot of Black Persian Cords, at 5½d., 8½d., 11½d., and 1s. 3½d.
1,000 yards Black Floral Lustre, 8½d. yard.
Washing Fabrics—Galatea Cambrics, 4¾d.; Oriental Matting, 1s. 5½d.; Open Work Seraphine Stripes, 4¾d., 6¾d., and 8¾d.
Scroll Satteens, 4¾d. and 5¾d. Patterns free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
GREAT SUMMER SALE OF CHEAP GOODS.
Remnants of which we have an entire room full, consisting of Black and Coloured Dress Goods, Coloured French Cashmeres, Velvets, Velveteens, Black Silks, Coloured Silks, Japanese Silks, odd Curtains, Linens, Sheetings, Calicos, Washing Dress Fabrics, odd Quilts, Curtains, Counterpanes, Flannels, Shirtings. The whole are marked at about half price. In lengths from 2 to 20 yards, but cannot be cut or patterns given.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
GREAT SUMMER SALE OF CHEAP GOODS.
UNDERCLOTHING and OUTFITTING.
A Cheap Parcel of Ladies' Underclothing, containing Chemise, Night-Dress, Drawers, Camisole, and Longcloth Skirt, for 6s. 8d. the set; the same number of articles, 9s. 8d. the set; and a better quality, trimmed, 17s. 4d.
Handsomely Trimmed Chemise, 1s. 11½d., or three for 5s. 9d.
Sets of Underclothing, trimmed with fashionable Madeira work, containing Chemise, Night-Dress, and Drawers, for 15s. 9d. the set.
Trimmed White Longcloth Skirts, 2s. 6½d., 2s. 11½d., and 3s. 11½d.; Handsomely Trimmed, 4s. 11d., 6s. 11d., 8s. 11d., and 10s. 9d. each.
Fashionable Swanbill Corsets, 4s. 11d., 6s. 11d.
Children's Cambric Princessea, 1s. 6½d.; or three for 4s. 6d.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

HENRY GLAVE'S
GREAT SUMMER SALE OF CHEAP GOODS.
Ladies' Washing Costumes for Seaside, Promenade, and Fêtes, are all marked very cheap; cannot be made to measure.
200 Princess Wrappers, 5s. 11d.; usual price, 7s. 11d.
200 Princess Wrappers, 6s. 11d.; usual price, 9s. 11d.
100 Seaside Holland Costumes, various, 7s. 11d.
100 Holland Costumes, piped, fast colours, 9s. 11d.
Handsomely Embroidered, 18s. 9d. and 21s. 6d.
Cambric Costumes in Navy, Brown, and Black, 12s. 9d. to 16s. 9d.
Galatea Costumes, various styles, 12s. 9d. to 21s. 6d.
500 Black and Coloured Fabric Costumes, various patterns, all greatly reduced in price, 16s. 9d. to 3½ gs.
Several Hundred Striped Galatea and Alpaca Skirts, reduced to half-price.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

SWAN and EDGAR'S

SUMMER CLEARANCE SALE.

SWAN and EDGAR'S SUMMER CLEARANCE SALE of SURPLUS GOODS will commence on MONDAY, July 8, 1878, and will be continued during the Month.
This sale of Cheap Goods will comprise an unusually large assortment of SILKS, MANTLES, Costumes, Travelling and Seaside Dresses, Sealskins, Fur-lined Cloaks, Washing Fabrics, Millinery, Lace Capes and Fichus, Juvenile Costumes, Ladies' and Children's Outfitting and Fancy Hosiery, including some splendid varieties, duplicates of which are now in the Paris Exhibition. Also the entire Stock in Trade of Mr. G. M. Dent, Glover and Hosier, late of 15, Holborn Viaduct, purchased at a very large discount.
Ladies and Gents' Gloves and Hosiery of superior quality.
PICCADILLY and REGENT STREET.

SHIRTS.—The New Patterns of French printed cambric Shirtings and the matted Oxfords for making FORD'S Improved Eureka Shirt, now ready for inspection, or sent free by post for two stamps.—41, POULTRY, LONDON.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.— "The most perfect fitting made."—*Observer.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka, 30s., 40s., 45s. per half-dozen. Illustrations and self-measure post free.—41, POULTRY, LONDON.

LADIES ABOUT TO TRAVEL should see the "OSBORNE" Dress Case, very light and handsome, with collapsible bonnet compartments, price 10s. 6d.—HAMMON, Manufacturer, 261, High Holborn, five doors west from Inns of Court Hotel. Illustrated list free.

PHOTOGRAPHS and VIG- NETTES beautifully coloured 10s. 6d.
Mrs. RUSSELL, 30, Seafield, West Brighton.

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVIII.—No. 450
Printed on Thin Paper for Foreign Post

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1878

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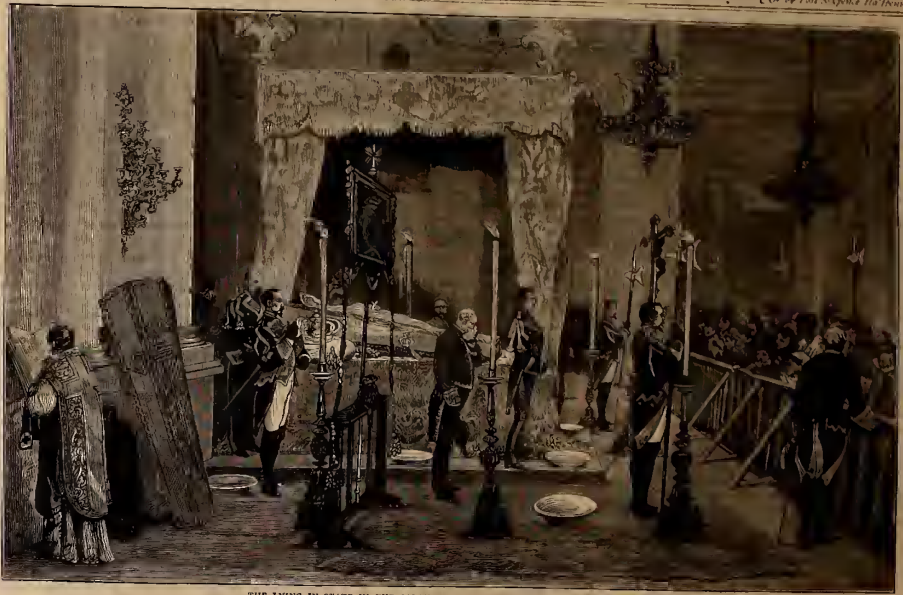

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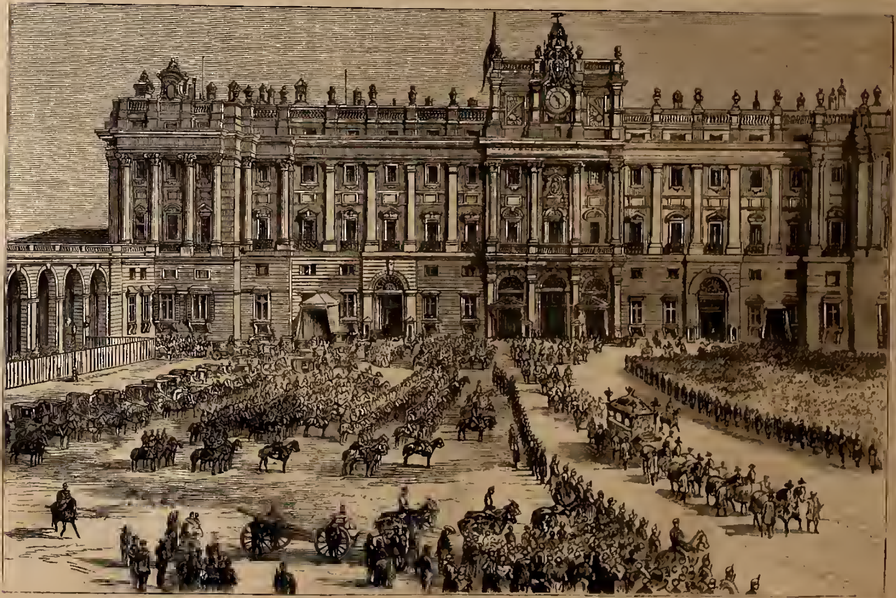

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION LEAVING THE PALACE

THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

Topics of the Week

THE ANGLO-TURKISH TREATY.——It was well known in English society that some such arrangement as that which has just been concluded between England and Turkey was contemplated; yet the publication of the Treaty took England as well as the rest of the world by surprise. The scheme is so vast, and may be followed by consequences of such enormous importance, that people could hardly for a day or two realise that it was anything more than a mere vague proposal. We are convinced that the more it is studied the more heartily it will be approved by the nation. Whatever the ultimate intentions of Russia may have been, there can be no doubt, as Lord Salisbury has pointed out, that her seizure of Turkish territory in Asia, if followed by no action on our part, would have thoroughly undermined the respect of the various populations for the authority of the Porte. Thus a process would have begun which must inevitably have resulted in a period of utter disorder, followed by the complete triumph of Russia over the whole of Asia Minor. Of course, were the destiny of these regions of no more importance to us than to the Germans or the French, we should have had no just reason to interfere. But, whether rightly or wrongly, the highest authorities in England are unanimous in their opinion that if we are to retain India it is absolutely necessary that an end should be put to Russian conquests in this quarter. That being so, the Government had simply no alternative but to act as it has done. An outcry has been raised with respect to the enormous responsibility we undertake; and it must be admitted that it would hardly be possible to overrate the difficulty of our new duties. The question for the country, however, is whether the price we pay is too high for the advantages we gain; and we do not think that on that point there will be much difference of opinion when the first excitement has passed off. After all, a nation which rules India without feeling the strain very severely need not shrink from fresh obligations; and it must not be forgotten that, while we shall be securing our own interests, we shall effectually promote some of the highest interests of humanity. These Asiatic races have for centuries been languishing under the rule of Turkey. Protected by England, they will by-and-by take courage; they will learn to believe in themselves, and come under the influence of Western ideas and aspirations. As to the manner in which the treaty has been concluded, we may expect that serious charges will be made against the Ministry. Englishmen who do not implicitly obey the dictates of party leaders will, however, listen with indifference to these accusations. They will understand that it would have been simply impossible for the Cabinet to raise the question in Parliament, and that it had ample reason to believe that its policy was in substantial harmony with the convictions and wishes of the English people.

THE NEW BULGARIA.——While the Congress have been sitting in friendly conclave at Berlin, and distributing to various claimants slices of the Turkish Empire, horrible scenes have been enacted in the region of the Rhodope Mountains, if we are to accept the testimony, corroborated by Consul Fawcett, of Mr. Bartlett, the Special Commissioner of the Turkish Compassionate Fund. The notorious "Bulgarian atrocities" of 1876, which aroused such an anti-Turkish sentiment in this country, and thereby gave the Russians their cherished opportunity of carrying fire and sword into Turkey without opposition on the part of England, were abominable and indefensible, no doubt, but still they were in the nature of reprisals. They were the outcome of an abortive Bulgarian revolt, accompanied by massacre. Terror begets cruelty, and the Mussulman minority, whose friends and relatives had been slaughtered by the Bulgarians, were not unwilling that the Bulgarians should be slaughtered in their turn. But the present atrocities, as described by Mr. Bartlett, are of a far less excusable character. The Russian troops are in military possession of the province, and they surely ought to be able to preserve order; instead of which, they are charged with actually aiding and abetting the Bulgarians in a systematic course of rapine, lust, and murder. If this is a fair sample of Russian occupation, it is plain that the less their territorial gain from the decisions of the Congress the better for the human race in general; but it is to be hoped that the frightful condition of this unfortunate province arises from purely exceptional causes. At all events, here is an opportunity for Mr. Gladstone. Let him investigate these facts closely, and if he finds they are substantiated, let him denounce them as eloquently and energetically as he denounced the atrocities of 1876. We shall then be able to believe that in the agitation of two years since he was actuated by genuine patriotism rather than by motives of faction.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.——Many compliments have been paid to University College this week in connection with the celebration of its fiftieth anniversary, and it is generally admitted that they have been well deserved. It is difficult to realise that at the time of its establishment an Englishman who did not belong to the Church of England could obtain a University education only by attending a Scotch or a foreign University. Such, however was the case; and many religious people were horrified when it was proposed to set up an institution at which persons of any creed or none might receive an intellectual training of the highest kind. The experiment was tried, and it has been justified by complete success. Churchmen, Dissenters, Jews, and even Mahomedans have met at University College on common ground, and multitudes of them have acquired instruction there which has equipped them for useful and distinguished careers. The College, however, has been of service not only by educating youths of every religious type, but by practically proving that the methods of Oxford and Cambridge are not the only methods by which lofty culture may be communicated. No one who knows the great English universities would condemn offhand their system of teaching. It is well adapted for the class of men who attend them; but the tendency of those connected with them has been to look down with contempt upon Universities and colleges which move upon any other lines than theirs. University College has approached more closely to the Scottish and the German types; and the results it achieves are acknowledged to be thoroughly sound. The fact is of great importance, since it has encouraged the growth of similar colleges elsewhere, and may be hoped to be still more influential in the same way in future. The authorities of the college are about to make a new experiment by admitting women to its classes. They are to be congratulated on their courage; and we have very little doubt that long before another half century has passed they will have proved that they led the way in a reform of immense significance for the best interests of the nation.

CYPRUS.——A week ago most of our countrymen knew no more of Cyprus than that it was a large island somewhere in the Mediterranean Sea, and even persons with a taste for geography would have been puzzled—unless they were fresh from school—to decide offhand whether Crete or Cyprus lay most to the eastward. The promulgation of the Anglo-Turkish Treaty has in a moment raised the island from obscurity to celebrity. Able editors have been busily hunting up their gazetteers and all other available sources of information, and so it comes to pass that at the present time the majority of what may be styled "the well-informed classes" know rather more about Cyprus than they know about Bedfordshire. What the Germans call "earth-hunger" is a characteristic of all enterprising nations, but whereas Continental nations covet wide stretches of hill and dale, mountain and plain, the appetite of England, as befits a naval Power, has, within European limits, been chiefly satisfied with islands and maritime points. Such tit-bits of territory are more easy of retention than larger conquests. France in 1815 lost nearly all the territorial fruits of Napoleon's victories, whereas England is still mistress of Malta, Gibraltar, and Heligoland. To a country which rules so many dependencies, the acquisition of Cyprus would be in itself but a trifling matter; as, however, we occupy the island, not for its own sake, but avowedly as a barrier against further Russian encroachments, the annexation brings with it most serious responsibilities. The only really effectual way to keep Russia within her present limits will be for us to make Asiatic Turkey so prosperous and contented that there shall be no excuse for disaffection within her borders. This is a gigantic task, but it may be accomplished by the nation which has brought India to its present condition, and which will be able to take warning by the many mistakes which from time to time have been made in our Indian policy. If England and Russia both resolve to administer their respective territories in this spirit, there need be no jealous enmity between them, but, on the contrary, merely a generous rivalry. As for Cyprus itself, British occupation is pretty sure to be beneficial. Marshes will be drained, harbours will be improved, trade will be freed from shackles, and before many years one of its now almost deserted ports may become a Levantine Barrow-in-Furness.

ITALY AND THE PRINCIPALITIES.——The small States which surround Turkey are evidently intensely dissatisfied with the decisions of the Congress. Each of them hoped that it was about to receive considerable extension, and the hopes of all alike have been miserably disappointed. Austria, by obtaining Bosnia and Herzegovina, has acquired an influence over the whole of South-Eastern Europe that is sure to go on increasing. The Servians, Montenegrins, and Roumanians understand this perfectly, and begin to fear that they may one day find themselves subjects of the Austrian Emperor. It is said that in these circumstances they are looking to Italy for help. Russia they have every reason to distrust; if she were to defend them against Austria she would do so only to secure them for herself. But Italy, it is thought, would be more disinterested; at all events, any benefits she might hope to obtain would not be of a kind to hamper Slavonic aspirations. Unfortunately the Italians seem to be giving some ground for these foolish notions. Their newspapers are calling Count Corti severely to account for having sanctioned the concessions which have been made to Austria and England, and proclaim that the mission of Italy ought to be to encourage rising nationalities. It is to be hoped that the Italian Government will give no heed to wild talk of this sort. Italy has quite enough to do in looking after her own welfare. She has still to put down brigandage within her borders; and she has many hard problems to solve in relation to the Church before she can claim to be regarded as a thoroughly united nation. Moreover, the objects for which her sympathy is invited are in no sense worthy of it. Greece, indeed, may have before her an important future, and it may hereafter be the business of England, as well as of Italy, to aid Hellenic development. But the petty Slavonic States are far behind Greece, and there probably is not one of them which is capable of undertaking larger responsibilities than those which already devolve upon it. They so bitterly dislike each other that the best thing which could happen to them would be to obtain a guarantee of virtual independence under Austrian protection.

PARLIAMENTARY REPORTING.——Those members of the House of Commons who wish for *verbatim* reports of their speeches should make use of the phonograph, which wonderful instrument will, we presume, reproduce every hum, and ha!, and gasp, and stammer, and needless repetition, and grammatical tangle. A specimen of such a speech, printed *verbatim et literatim*, would for once in a way be worth looking at, but we strongly object to its being done continuously at the expense of the country. It may, however, be suspected, that what the honourable gentlemen who cry out for more accurate reporting really want is not an exact reproduction of their oratory with all its faults and imperfections, but a reproduction with the roughnesses and awkwardnesses polished up into sense and grammar. This is exactly what the skilful newspaper reporters do at present; but then, unfortunately, they do not give everybody equal measure. If Mr. Bright speaks for half-an-hour, he gets half-an-hour's worth of print, whereas some lesser light speaks twice as long, and finds to his disgust that he is compressed into a dozen lines. Is there any remedy for this grievance? We do not believe in official reports, which would cost a great deal of money, would be very little read, and would, if subject to the subsequent corrections of the speakers, be scarcely trustworthy reports of what they really did say. But we think the arrangements of the House might be altered so as to give more accommodation to provincial reporters than now exists. A very few extra seats would suffice if it were arranged that those seats should be occupied by the reporters of those newspapers whose local affairs were under debate. For instance, if a Mining Bill were under discussion, the Staffordshire and Durham, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and South Wales reporters would be to the fore. As for those members who speak on subjects of general interest, but who nevertheless find their oratory mercilessly curtailed by the reporters, they may, although lacking Mr. Bright's oratorical gifts, borrow some useful hints from his method of procedure. If they will settle beforehand in their own minds exactly what they want to say, and then say it in the fewest and simplest words possible, they will not only be more fully reported, but will catch the Speaker's eye oftener than they now do.

ENGLISHMEN AND FOREIGN POLITICS.——It used to be a common saying that no people in the world were more ignorant of other nations than the English. And the saying was probably quite true, for Englishmen had too high a sense of their own importance to trouble themselves about other countries. At present they are in a very different mood. Events have absolutely compelled them to look abroad; and within the last two years they have read more about the leading nations of the Continent than at any time since the fall of the First Napoleon. It is to be hoped that they will not relapse into their old insular ways when peace has been finally secured. Nothing would tend so much to enlarge English conceptions and sympathies as some appreciation of our great rivals; and it would add new zest to the life of many excellent people if they took a genuine interest in important foreign movements. Above all, we should save ourselves from innumerable blunders by learning the exact facts respecting the States with which we are forced into contact. Who does not see that the mistakes committed by Englishmen at the beginning of these Eastern troubles were chiefly due to ignorance? Everybody now knows the objects of Russian ambition. Two years ago they were by no means generally understood; hence the mischievous agitations which encouraged Russia to serve humanity by slaughtering half a million Mahomedans.

A little more knowledge would have prevented politicians from making a spectacle of themselves by giving way to momentary impulses. Fortunately the country soon recovered itself; and it has not on this occasion had to pay dearly for being blind to circumstances which were obvious to the rest of the world. Unless we take warning by recent experience, we cannot be sure that we shall always be equally lucky.

THE NATURAL HISTORY COLLECTIONS.——Are we for or against removing these collections from the British Museum to South Kensington? Well, that depends on the view we take of the object of these collections. If they are intended for the entertainment of the public, we should say, keep them where they are, because Bloomsbury is within walking distance for most Londoners, whereas South Kensington involves a railway journey, which is a serious consideration to a humble *paterfamilias* blessed with several children. But if these collections are mainly intended for the benefit of scientific students, by all means remove them to the West, where they will have plenty of elbow-room, instead of being, as at present, jammed so closely together that it is often difficult to get a fair view of the various specimens. Why not, however, make a compromise? Why should not the bulk of the collections be sent to South Kensington, and a selection be still kept at the British Museum? The humbler order of sightseers, the young folks especially, are mightily fond of looking at birds, beasts, and fishes, whether alive or stuffed—they don't want an exhaustive collection—a few well-selected and artistically stuffed typical specimens would fully meet their demands. Otherwise, we fear the time-honoured old British Museum will become a dreary and unattractive place, for the average Briton cares very little for Assyrian and Egyptian, or even Greek and Roman sculptures. In order to feel a genuine interest in these antique works of art, some previous education is needed, whereas anybody can appreciate a stuffed giraffe. As for the Library, it is increasing at such a rate that it will speedily swamp all the other collections, unless the Museum authorities are empowered to use their option in accepting books. About the year 2000 the nuisance will probably have reached such a pitch that our descendants will celebrate the new century by making on Primrose Hill a big bonfire of the bulk of the nineteenth century novels, and magazines, and newspapers, and railway guides which their silly ancestors stored up so carefully.

HOMES FOR WORKING GIRLS.——We are glad to see that at the meeting held to celebrate the opening of the St. John Street Home it was decided to avoid big barrack-like buildings, and to keep these institutions within manageable dimensions. This decision was sensible in every way,—it avoids that outlay in bricks and mortar whereby so much good charitable money has been wasted, and it causes the so-called Home to be really more like a genuine home, and not like a union workhouse. Out of the thousands of young girls who are employed in flower, and box, and cartridge making, in millinery and clothing establishments, and all the other work of that kind for which girls are fit, and which they foolishly seem to like so much better than domestic service, there are many, of course, who have decent homes to go to, and these are comparatively fortunate, for no charitable supervision equals parental affection. Many, however, do not possess this advantage, they are orphans, or their parents are persons of such behaviour that they are better away from them. For such girls the Homes are a real godsend, and the fact that there they will be visited by ladies who will take a kindly interest in them will have a humanising and refining effect on them. As a rule, factory girls know nothing of women of higher rank than themselves, and hence they are far inferior in manners and deportment to the majority of maidservants, a point which does not escape the notice of respectable men of their own condition who are contemplating marriage.

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NOTICE.——*With this Number is presented as an* EXTRA SUPPLEMENT *a* PORTRAIT *of* FREDERICK LEIGHTON, R.A., *drawn from Life by Leslie Ward, and forming the* FRONTISPIECE *to* VOL. XVII.—*The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 36 and 45.—Next week* THE GRAPHIC *will consist of* TWO WHOLE SHEETS, *one of which will be devoted to an* ILLUSTRATED HISTORY *of* BRISTOL.

AMUSEMENTS

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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

INTENSE sympathy has been aroused throughout Spain by the death of the youthful Queen, and when, on Friday, the 28th ult., the day following the Queen's death, her body lay in state in the Salon de las Columnas, in the Royal Palace at Madrid, some seventy thousand persons were admitted to take a last look at their Queen, in the very hall where, but a few months ago, she had held her bridal festivities. The body was exposed in a *chapelle ardente*, upon a richly decorated bed, guarded by halberdiers, knights, and lords-in-waiting. On the next day a Mass was said in the hall, at which the Ministers, Grandees, and the various Foreign Plenipotentiaries were present, and then a procession was formed to convey the body to the railway station, whence it was to be taken by train to the Escurial for temporary interment. After the Mass, therefore, the coffin was carried by eight grandees of Spain to a magnificent hearse, which was drawn by eight white horses decked with golden plumes, led by footmen in the full livery of the Palace, but without any sign of mourning. "They were," the correspondent of *The Times* writes, "the same horses which conducted the Queen as a bride from the Church of the Atocha to the Palace." Behind the hearse came the clergy, and then some of the Ministers and the chief of the Queen's household, the cortège being escorted by detachments of infantry and artillery. At the station the coffin was transferred to the train, and, on its arrival at the Escurial, was taken to the chapel, where it awaits the official funeral which was to take place Thursday. The Queen's remains will eventually rest in a monument especially erected for her by the King; for, as she has died without issue, she is not entitled to interment in the Panteon de los Reyes, and the Tomb of the Kings in the Escurial.

THE NOTTINGHAM MUSEUM
AND
MDLLE. MINNIE HAUK

See page 36.

THE SERVIAN AND MONTENEGRIN DELEGATES AT THE BERLIN CONFERENCE

M. RISTICS, who has been to Berlin in order to keep a careful watch over Servian interests, and to take care that his country secures a full share of the division of Turkish spoil which has been taking place under the supervision of the Congress, is the Premier and Foreign Minister of Servia, and has been the constant and truthful adviser of Prince Milan Obrenovitch throughout the whole of the present crisis in the East. He was at the head of affairs when, in August, 1876, Servia suddenly and somewhat unexpectedly declared war against Turkey, and, notwithstanding all the reverses of the Servian troops, remained almost to the last the leader of the "War-to-Death party." Notwithstanding the pacific tendencies of the Prince, he persuaded him to break off the negotiations for a truce which, at the instance of England, were being carried on in September, 1876, but joined the Prince in repudiating General Tchernaieff's action in proclaiming Prince Milan King of Servia, considering the step—as, under the circumstances, it certainly was—eminently impolitic and premature. After the disasters of Djunis and Alexinatz, however, M. Ristics was obliged to adopt a more pacific tone, and, after the Constantinople Conference had failed to induce the Porte to come to a satisfactory settlement, he concluded peace with Turkey by direct negotiations. Last December, however, war was once more declared against Turkey, and now M. Ristics is patiently awaiting the decision of the Congress which is to reward him for all the labours of the past years, and restore to him some of the popularity which at one time, in the height of Servia's misfortunes, had completely deserted him in his own country, where he was looked upon as the prime cause of all her sufferings. The rectification of frontiers, however, which are now being deliberated, and in which Servia will largely share, will speedily restore him to popular favour, and he will be deservedly ranked amongst one of the most patriotic, hard-working, and far-seeing Ministers whom the little State has yet had at the head of affairs. Our portrait is from a photograph by M. Walery, 9*bis*, Rue de Londres, Paris.

M. BOGIDAR PETROVICH is a young man of thirty-three, and is the person next in importance to the Prince, as head of the junior branch of the reigning family, the senior consisting at present only of his second cousin, Nicholas I., and his son, a little boy of seven. He is President of the Senate, the Supreme Court, and the Privy Council, and has been educated at Paris, at the College Louis-le-Grand, and the École de Droit. He has held his official position ever since his return, at the age of twenty-two; and has, besides, fulfilled many important missions abroad, and commanded armies in the field. In the campaign of 1876 he had command of the Southern Army, and inflicted great losses on the Turks at Fundina, Medum, and Rogani, though terribly overmatched. After the armistice he went to Constantinople to negotiate, and returned in May, 1877, to resume his former command. During Suleiman Pasha's dangerous operations, he was left with a mere handful of men to hold in check Ali Saib's formidable force, and contrived, by his cool daring, activity, and vigilance, to head back with great slaughter every attempt of an enemy ten times as strong. He has now been sent to Berlin to attend the Congress as consultative delegate for Montenegro.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Herr Adele of Vienna.

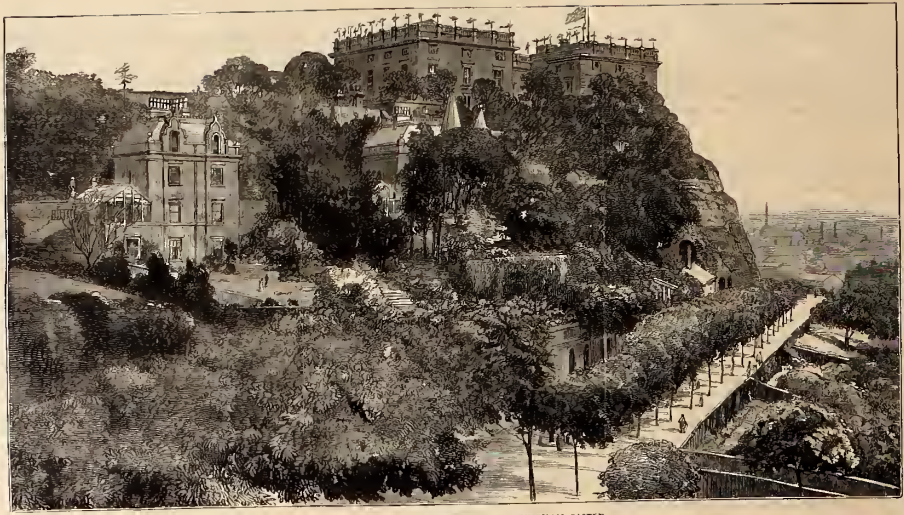
THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN BALL

THE annual fancy dress ball, under the patronage of the Queen, for the benefit of the Royal Caledonian Asylum and the Royal Scottish Hospital, took place at Willis's Rooms on Friday night, the 28th ult., under the patronage of a long array of ladies connected with the leading Scottish families. Owing to the Court mourning, the Prince and Princess were unable to attend, and the same cause kept many others away.

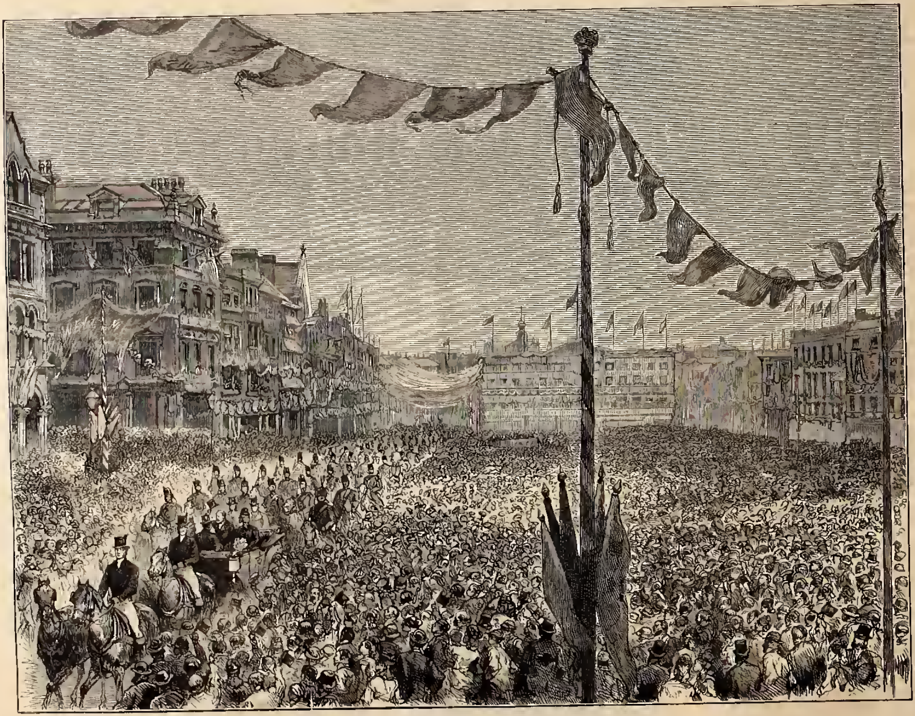
The regulation that "no gentleman can be admitted to the ball unless in the Highland garb, full Court dress, fancy dress, or uniform," was strictly observed. The Scotch gentlemen present generally wore the Highland dress, and the military and naval uniforms were numerous. The fancy dresses outnumbered those of last year, and were often very becoming.

At ten o'clock the boys and girls of the Caledonian Asylum, 110 in number, arrived, and presently, headed by the Prince of Wales's Piper, formerly a boy in the school, marched round the ball-room.

The company numbered about 600, including two distinguished foreigners, the Prince Imperial and the King of Bonny. If the

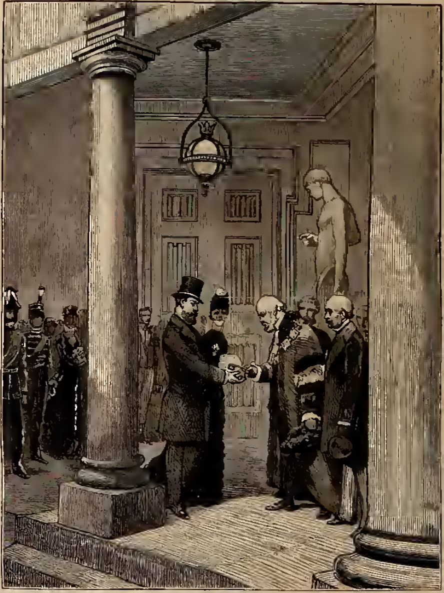


THE MIDLAND COUNTIES ART MUSEUM—NOTTINGHAM CASTLE

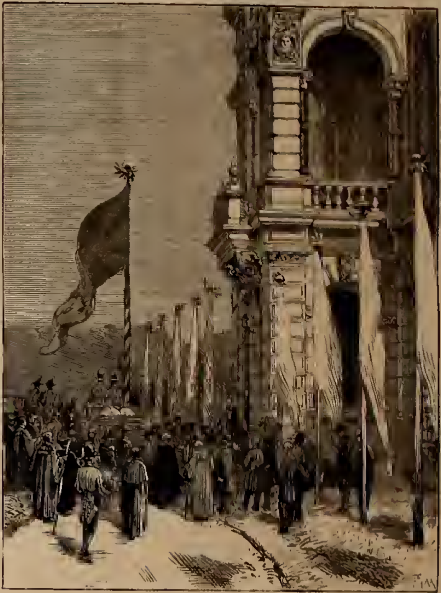


THE PROCESSION IN THE MARKET PLACE

THE ROYAL VISIT TO NOTTINGHAM

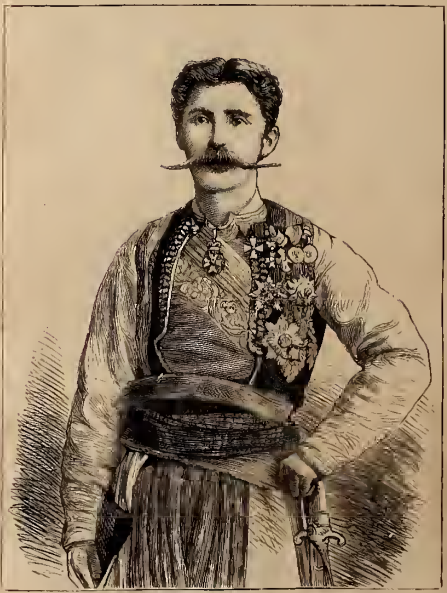


THE MAYOR OF NOTTINGHAM PRESENTING THE KEY OF THE MIDLAND COUNTIES ART MUSEUM TO THE PRINCE OF WALES

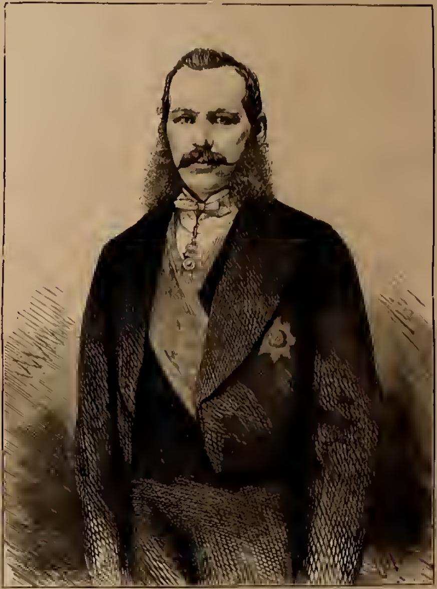


THE CORPORATION LEAVING THE SCHOOL OF ART ON THEIR WAY TO MEET THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES

THE ROYAL VISIT TO NOTTINGHAM



M. BOGIDAR PETROVICH
Montenegrin Delegate to the Berlin Congress



M. RISTICS
Servian Delegate to the Berlin Congress

band in the course of the evening chanced to play "Cam' ye by Athol," his West African Majesty may easily have taken the *refrain* "Bonnie Prince Charlie," as a personal compliment. The chief terpsichorean attractions of the ball were the Highland Quadrille and another fancy quadrille.

"To me," says our artist, "the feature of the evening was the spirit thrown into the dancing, the result no doubt of the Scotch reels that were danced and the schottisches which followed. The reels, together with some quadrilles, were danced by prearranged sets, and my picture represents one of these, the ladies in which wore all a similar dress, as I have represented. All the men in these dances were, of course, in kilts, and they generally were piped to by the bagpipes, not appearing to relish the band so well as the pipes. In one reel there is a particular feature where the men turn their partners as I have shown, and this I selected to draw. These usually unemotional people became quite carried away by the *esprit* of their national dance, and the ladies danced as one seldom sees ladies do in a ball-room, and the men shrieked the peculiar noise that generally accompanies the dancing of the reel, till I thought hydrophobia was setting in."

"AMONGST ALIENS"

A NOVELETTE by Mrs. T. A. Trollope, is commenced on page 37.

CAT *v.* DOG

THE aim of the artist in this picture, or rather series of pictures, is to show that the dog is a much nicer animal than the cat, and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer ought to reverse his present fiscal arrangements, and lay a tax on cats, allowing dogs to go scot free. He contrasts the good deeds of caninity with the evil deeds of felinity. In the centre a Newfoundland dog is saving from drowning a child who has tumbled into the water while trying to get his boat; while all around are depicted the misdeeds of Pussy, such as the nocturnal symphony, poaching, breaking china, stealing cream, wrecking flower-beds, and preying on goldfish and canaries.

This picture, we suspect, will cause some considerable indignation among the Pussophils, who will stigmatise it as very unfair and one-sided. Let us, then, take a brief on their behalf, and defend the cat against his detractors. Even the good deed depicted in the centre can only be justly attributed to one or two breeds of dogs; the majority of dogs are as unlikely to save a child from drowning as a cat, being equally destitute of the physical strength, or the aptitude for swimming. Then, as for Pussy's misdeeds, can they not all be matched by the canine tribe? When a dog makes night hideous by baying the moon it is quite as disagreeable to an uneasy sleeper as when a tom cat serenades one or more of his sweethearts on the house-top. Do dogs never worry sheep, catch hares and rabbits, or chase fowls and ducks about? As for cream-stealing, a prudent dairymaid is quite as careful to keep a dog out of her domain as a cat. Judging from our own experience, dogs do quite as much harm in gardens digging holes as cats; and, as for mischief, a puppy is quite as troublesome and far more clumsy than a kitten. We admit that dogs do not meddle with singing birds and goldfish and that cats occasionally do, but may we not place against this the vast services rendered by cats in keeping down the pest of rats and mice? Some dogs will *kill* rats readily enough, but they will not be at the trouble of lying in wait for them as cats will. When we add to this that you cannot approach many houses without being saluted by a snarling, yelping brute of a dog, and that some of these pets give out a very offensive odour (a fact of which their owners never seem aware), and that that frightful malady, *rabies*, is originally developed in dogs not in cats, we think we, who, personally, are lovers of both dogs and cats, have said enough to prove that, if cats can be a nuisance, dogs are sometimes a still greater nuisance.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION—THE VICTORIAN COURT

THE Australian Colonies, as a whole, are especially well represented at the Paris Exhibition, where each political division of the great island-continent possesses a small section to itself, in which it can display its own particular manufactures and products to the best advantage. Amongst the foremost of the groups comes the Victorian Court, a view of which is depicted in our illustration, and which contains a very fair collection of the exhibits of that colony. One of the chief features of the Court is a yellow obelisk, showing the amount of gold taken from each mine; while in the centre of the section is a grand trophy, around which stand figures of diggers, of stock-drivers, and of natives. There are minor trophies of cloth, bottles of wine, and biscuits; while wool, preserved meats, furs, models of the fruits grown in the colony, native-raised silk, and even chemicals, metal castors, carriages, and billiard-tables, form a prominent part of the display. One of the prettiest exhibits is a case of emus' eggs, handsomely and tastefully set in silver. The mineral exhibit is exceedingly good, as might have been expected, the cases of auriferous quartz and "wash-dirt" being especially interesting. Altogether the whole Court, and the careful and thoughtful manner in which the exhibits have been arranged, reflect great credit upon the gentlemen in charge.

FREDERICK LEIGHTON, R.A.

MR. LEIGHTON was born at Scarborough, December 3rd, 1830, and early evinced a passion for painting. He began his studies in Rome at the age of eleven, and diligently prosecuted them for many years both in that city, at Berlin, Frankfort, and Paris, profiting also by the counsel and aid of Hiram Powers, Robert Fleury, and Ary Scheffer. His large picture of "Cimabue," representing the triumphant procession through the streets of Florence of that painter's picture of the "Madonna," was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1855. Coming from a native artist, till then unknown in England, it made a great impression on the public, and was at once purchased by the Queen. We need not here give a list of the numerous pictures which Mr. Leighton has since painted, and which have completely fulfilled the distinguished promise which his earlier works indicated, but we may add that he has also executed many drawings for book illustrations, among which may be specially mentioned his designs for George Eliot's Florentine tale of "Romola." "Whatever diversity of opinion," says a judicious critic, "may exist respecting some characteristics of Mr. Leighton's art, it is universally admitted that no English painter's works are distinguished in greater, or perhaps equal degree, by the attribute of style; that is to say, as preserved on the Continent by long and uninterrupted adherence to the examples and traditions of the schools, especially that of Venice."—Our engraving, which forms the frontispiece to Vol. XVII., is from a drawing from life, by Mr. Leslie Ward.

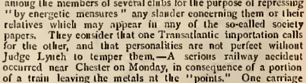
THE FÊTES AT OSTEND.—II.

THERE is nothing to add to the account which we gave last week of these festivities. Watering-places, especially French watering-places, are always gay and lively in the season; and the scene which our artist has depicted may be witnessed every day. The "Baigneurs" and "Baigneuses" are "common objects" by the sea shore, and very amusing it is to watch them giving a "young duchess" her matutinal dip, or to listen to their chatter and gossip after the tide has gone out and the labours of the day are over. When tired of listening to them, we can stroll through the crowd of loiterers on the "Plage," past innocent youth in the persons of little Mary and Jane paddling knee-deep in the water, and comfortable old age in that of Herr Doctor, who is enjoying a cigar and a glass after his morning's dip; and so onward towards the pier, where we can hire a fishing-net or line, or if too languid for even that pastime, climb up to the grassy downs, and there indulge in a *siesta*, like "Mossoo," who thinks it so jolly to dream away one's hours.

HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——The chief news of the week has been the announcement of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, signed so long ago as the 4th ult., by which the island of Cyprus is to be assigned to and occupied by England, who undertakes to assist Turkey against any future invasion of her Asiatic territory by Russia. Opinions naturally differ very widely, both as regards the policy of this transaction, and the secrecy with which it has been carried out. *The Times* says that the great moral justification of the measure is, that it will be in every way to the advantage, not merely of the Sultan, but of the populations of the East. The *Morning Post* thinks that the only drawback to the feeling which it must excite is the deep regret that this simple, natural, and distinctive exercise of British power and British statesmanship has been delayed so long. The *Standard* contends that it would be difficult to conceive a more important step, or one better calculated to reconcile the English nation to occurrences they were naturally disposed to deplore. The *Daily Telegraph* is certain that public opinion throughout the country will hail the Convention as a stroke of most masterly and far-seeing policy, which in an instant reverses and remedies all the evil effects of the recent war upon British interests, at the same time exhibiting British power to the Eastern world in the best possible light, free on one side from the shadow of fear, and on the other from the taint of selfishness. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has reason to believe that the agreement was officially known to almost all the Powers represented at the Congress, and remarks that the Government ask no more and undertake no more than is absolutely needed for the purpose in view, and that the moderate and unpretentious character of the Treaty will do much to reconcile a grudging opposition to the scheme. On the other hand, the *Daily News* considers that we have had thrust upon us a task involving limitless cost, unceasing stress, strain, and danger, a sort of task which, we may fairly say, has never in history been satisfactorily performed, or ended in anything but failure, and that this has been put upon England without her consent, without her knowledge, and in disregard of the settled practices of her constitutional system. The *Guardian* says that cautious Englishmen will feel that Lord Beaconsfield, by committing the country, so far as with him lies, to deal a blow in a certain contingency, has really made it more vulnerable. We have an immediate sensation like that of an electric shock, and an uncomfortable assurance that a coming earthquake is possible. The *Nonconformist* thinks that fearful responsibilities have been brought upon the British people by the development of Lord Beaconsfield's fantastic Oriental policy. It means a larger army and fleet and a yearly increase of expenditure which would pay for the fee simple of the island of Cyprus ten times over. We have taken upon ourselves to make a nation out of the most varied, fanatical, and heterogeneous materials. The prospect is truly appalling. Modern history does not record an instance in which so stupendous a task has been undertaken on such slight pretences.—The National Federation of Liberal Associations have issued a circular declaring that the conclusion of such an alliance between the Government of the Queen and that of the Sultan at the request of the former and without the knowledge of Parliament is inimical to the interests of the nation and dangerous to the liberties of the people.—The Metropolitan Conservative Association have resolved to give Lord Beaconsfield a grand reception on his return from Berlin. A congratulatory address is to be presented to him on his arrival at Charing Cross, and the members of the deputation will line the road from the railway terminus to Whitehall.—Sir Stafford Northcote met with a slight accident on Saturday last, striking his head against the framework of a partially opened window. The result was that he could not attend the meeting of the Conservative party which was held at the Foreign Office on Monday to consider the state of public business in the House of Commons, and Mr. Cross presided in his stead.—Speaking at a civic banquet on Friday last, Mr. Butt expressed a hope that Parliament would long continue to represent the intellect, life, and power of the nation. He believed that the Rules of the House were strong enough now to preserve its dignity and grandeur as they had done in past times of trouble and adversity.—Presiding at the annual meeting of the Cobden Club on Saturday, Mr. T. B. Potter, M.P. spoke of the satisfactory nature of the report, which showed that good work had been done throughout the year. Mr. Rylands, M.P., expressed his conviction that the club would find its work very difficult while the country was under the influence of the present Prime Minister. There was not a single principle lying at the root of Cobden's teaching which obtained the slightest sympathy from Lord Beaconsfield.—Mr. Bright, M.P., writing to a member of the United Kingdom Alliance, says that though he is in favour of legislating to promote temperance, he cannot vote for Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Bill, and he does not expect temperance legislation to make progress until the Permissive Bill is abandoned, and a more practicable and reasonable measure is offered in its stead.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The nineteenth annual meeting of the National Rifle Association commenced on Saturday with every prospect of success. Some modifications have been made in the arrangements of the Camp, and the telephone is to be put to a practical test for communication between the firing points and the butts. The prize list is almost identical with that of last year, the only difference being the addition of a Challenge Cup and goblets, value 150*l.*, given by Messrs. Mappin Brothers, the conditions for which are similar to those of the Loyd-Lindsay competition, each man being required to run three-quarters of a mile, taking two flights of hurdles *en route*, and fire seven shots each at 500 and 600 yards. The Queen's Prize and the St. George's Challenge Vase are the principle "events," the entries for the former being 2,500 as against 2,232 last year. Lord and Lady Wharncliffe took up their residence at the "Cottage" on Saturday, and the earliest regiments to arrive were the 29th and 37th Middlesex, and the London Scottish. On Sunday there was a church parade in the camp of the 1st Surrey, where Dr. Maclear, headmaster of King's College, preached the sermon. On Monday, the band of the Victorias played in the Umbrella Tent, and afterwards at the Cottage. On Tuesday there was a theatrical entertainment in the Civil Service Camp, and on Wednesday a concert. The weather hitherto has been favourable, and the shooting good.—On Tuesday, the foundation stone of an extension of the buildings of University College, Gower Street, was laid by Earl Granville, the occasion being the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the institution. Mr. Goschen, M.P., Treasurer of the College, read an address, giving an historical narrative of its origin and progress.—The Royal Agricultural Society's Show was opened at Bristol on Tuesday. We reserve our account of the proceedings until next week, when we shall publish a number of illustrations in connection with the event.—On Thursday, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London paid a State visit to Blackpool for the purpose of opening the new Winter Gardens there, the festivities in connection with which were to be continued yesterday (Friday) and to-day.—The new life-boat, *Albert Edward*, which the Freemasons of England have endowed as a thank-offering for the safe return of the Prince of Wales from India, was launched on Wednesday at Clacton-on-Sea.—On Tuesday, the Duke of Connaught presided at the annual festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, which was held at the Alexandra Palace. Lord Suffield, in proposing his health, congratulated His Royal Highness on his approaching marriage, and the Duke in responding said that it would touch her Royal Highness very much when he informed her of the kind reception which the first public reference to her name had met with in England. It was announced that the subscriptions from the various lodges amounted to 10,100*l.*, and that there were twenty lists yet to come in.—A party of working-men, consisting of one currier, two tanners, and one leatherdresser, have been sent from Leeds to the Paris Exhibition by their employers to report on the nature and class of work, the rate of wages, and the hours of labour prevalent in their trade in France.—The *Examiner* mentions a rumour that a Vigilance Committee has been formed among the members of several clubs for the purpose of repressing "by energetic measures" any slander concerning them or their relatives which may appear in any of the so-called society papers. They consider that one Transatlantic importation calls for the other, and that personalities are not perfect without Judge Lynch to temper them.—A serious railway accident occurred near Chester on Monday, in consequence of a portion of a train leaving the metals at the "points." One carriage was overturned, and several of its occupants were badly injured, one so much so that he died soon afterwards.—On Sunday, there was a fatal fire at Manchester, which resulted in the deaths of three children, and very serious injuries were sustained by a number of other persons.—The New Pallas district, County Limerick, which has so often been the scene of faction fights, was on Sunday night disturbed by an affray of a very serious character, in which the rival factions known as the Three-Year-Olds and the Four-Year-Olds, to the number of about 200, took part. Pitchforks, spades, reaping hooks, and every description of weapon was used with murderous effect, and many severe wounds were inflicted. One man, who was stabbed with a pitchfork, has since died, and his assailant has been arrested. The quarrel originated in a dispute about a stray cow which was alleged to have trespassed.



PARLIAMENT

THE monotony of events in Parliament was brilliantly varied on Monday by one of those surprises which Lord Beaconsfield apparently keeps in stock. The appearance of the House of Commons at half-past four indicated expectation. During the previous week the House has been rarely more than half full, and the members present consisted of the hard-working and steady-going class, who think that membership has its duties as well as its privileges. But on Monday the gathering was largely leavened by the presence of that still larger class of hon. members who look upon the House as a pleasant place of resort, where there is always something going on, and where occasionally (as at the opera) there is a special attraction.

The attraction in the present instance was curiosity to know whether a statement which had appeared in one of the papers was true, and whether Cyprus was once more under the domination of an English sovereign—a domination first achieved by Richard Cœur de Lion. One familiar figure was absent from the crowded benches. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, still suffering from an accident which, oddly enough, has not been attributed to Russian duplicity or to the secret action of Prince Bismarck, was absent, and in his place sat Mr. Cross, nervously gnawing at the place where, previous to his becoming a Cabinet Minister, finger-nails used to grow. There were numerous preliminary questions, most of them dealing with the Cattle Plague Bill, with which, it was understood, a private meeting of the Conservative party, held earlier in the day, had been chiefly occupied. When these were disposed of, the Marquis of Hartington rose and put the question which was on everybody's lips. The noble lord spoke in a light, almost scoffing manner, as if anticipating an immediate denial of the rumour to which he alluded. If this expectation was held out, it was doomed to disappointment. Mr. Cross, promptly rising, and easily assuming the position of leader of the House, read a reply which confirmed in its fullest details the rumour of the day. England had entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with the Porte, and virtually assumed the protectorate of Turkey in Asia, and, in order the better to perform her new duties, had had the island of Cyprus assigned to her. A governor had even been fixed upon for the post, and Sir Garnet Wolseley would, at long interval, succeed Othello in the governorship of Cyprus.

Mr. Cross read out this statement in a formal manner, and with close attention to the manuscript held before him. When he came to the portion of the statement which alluded to undertakings to be given by the Sultan for the better government of his subjects, a shout of laughter, amid which the tones of Mr. Mundella were distinctly recognisable, burst forth from the Liberal benches. The Conservatives answered by an angry cheer, and a pause was thus afforded sufficiently long for Mr. Cross to take breath in his hurried reading. When the noise had subsided, he went on as before, and sat down amid loud Ministerial cheers. The Marquis of Hartington, rising again, asked whether the Powers in Congress had been made acquainted with this momentous step. But Mr. Cross, sheltering himself behind a Parliamentary form, asked that notice might be given; and, upon a further question from Mr. Gladstone, referred the right hon. gentleman to the papers which were to be immediately forthcoming.

The Marquis of Hartington, apparently overcome by the new departure taken by the Government, was not in his place on Tuesday, and in his absence Mr. Forster pursued the inquiry as to whether the Congress had been made informed of the Convention. Ministers, however, were not inclined or prepared to answer the question, awkwardly fencing with it by stating that they had "no official information of the formal communication" of the fact. The same answer was given in both Houses of Parliament. The Commons having a morning sitting, it came on there first, and Mr. Forster seriously frightened Mr. Bourke by the emphatic manner in which he deprecated this quibble, and sternly repeated his question. In a state of almost ludicrous alarm Mr. Bourke held on to the manuscript of his answer, and timidly repeated its terms, though, in deference to the great and somewhat truculent authority opposite him, he endeavoured to vary its phraseology. The Duke of Richmond had the advantage of Mr. Bourke's misfortune, and when in the House of Lords the noble Duke, having made the same answer to a similar question from Earl Granville, was in identical manner pressed to be more explicit, he answered in an airy manner that would not have disgraced the Premier, that he "really could not charge his memory" with the fact. With this dual answer both Lords and Commons had to be content, and there the matter slept to come up later in the week, and promising to occupy with absorbing interest the remaining few weeks of the Session.

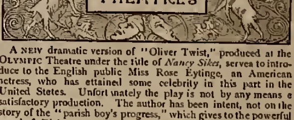
For the rest the business of the week has not differed in dulness from immediately preceding records. The whole of Monday night was occupied in saying over again all that could be said about the Cattle Plague Bill. A slight variation was made by the fact that the Government, possibly alarmed by the opposition of the boroughs, had agreed to a concession, whereby live cattle imported from Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, may, at the discretion of the Privy Council, be admitted into the country. Everybody knew that to make further speeches about the Bill after this would be a sheer waste of time. The concession, although not fully equalling the desires of the Opposition, marked the full length the Government were inclined to go at the present stage of the Bill. A great deal might happen in Committee; but of course the essential preliminary was that the House should go into Committee. This it did *pro formâ* at midnight, Mr. Torrens, who seven hours earlier had moved an amendment, being satisfied with the opportunity furnished to himself and his friends to make speeches. On Tuesday progress was made with the Highways Bill; and Wednesday was given up to the cheerful topic of Primogeniture, Conservatives and Liberals being for once widely and distinctly divided on Mr. Potter's Bill, cunningly but unavailingly designed to "put down primogeniture."

SPORTING

THE TURF.——The July meeting at Newmarket this week, was favoured with weather which few could mend if they had the ordering of it; and the presence of the Prince of Wales added a zest to the *réunion*. Though but few "foreign" horses from other English training quarters joined in the fray, the home contingent was sufficiently powerful to make up good fields, and supply most interesting contests. A "foreigner," however, scored first, in the shape of Lord Zetland's Hadrada, who won the opening event, beating the favourite, Ambergris, who could only get third. Julius Cæsar settled his opponents easily enough, in the Hundred Sov. Plate; and then came the race of the meeting, the July Stakes for two-year-olds. For this eight runners came to the post, and of course after recent running Ruperra, the newly-named son of Adventurer and Lady Morgan, was made favourite at 11 to 8 on. The race was really reduced to a match, and though Gunnersbury, who will still see a better day, made a strong bid for it, the favourite won without much difficulty by a length, Count Lagrange's Rayon d'Or being a bad third. Thus if there were anything like the speculation on the Derby which was the fashion years ago, we should have a strong favourite for the Blue Ribbon of next year. The talent were right again in the Two-Year-Old Stakes in spotting Massena as the winner, against whom they got the fair odds of 4 to 1. For the Cheveley Stakes there were only three starters, and 7 to 4 was laid on Trappist, but the erratic Chevron, who can go like the wind when he cares to do so, did the whole of the running, and won in a canter by two lengths from Camembert. On the second day, however, Trappist made amends for his defeat by winning the July Cup, and reversing recent running with Ecossais and Lollypop, who ran second and third, while Julius Cæsar could only manage to secure the fourth place. A field of fourteen contested a Selling Plate of 100 sovs., for which Captain Machell supplied the favourite in Vril, his recent purchase, who won easily by two lengths, and was bought in for 205 gs. Ambergris was again doomed to defeat in the Beaufort Stakes, Lord Zetland again scoring with Spiegelschiff. Though only three started in the Midsummer Stakes, the race was an interesting one, as Thurio, the Grand Prix winner, tried to give Jannette 8lbs. This he failed to do, Lord Falmouth's filly beating him by two lengths, and thus advancing herself to the post of next favourite after Insulaire for the St. Leger.—The sale of Mr. Blenkiron's Middle Park yearlings on Saturday last did not show as good an average as that of the Cobham youngsters, a little over 214 guineas being the average obtained. Only two animals reached figures, Lord Rosebery buying a son of Rosicrucian and Anderida for 1,100 guineas, and Mr. Oldaker giving 100 more for a bay colt by Maccaroni from Lady Sophia.

CRICKET.——Since our last notes two great matches have been played in London between the Gentlemen and Players. The first was at Kennington Oval, and was credited to the Gentlemen by 55 runs. For some time it seemed as if the professionals would be victorious, as the Gentlemen only made 76 in their first innings. The Players, however, could only put together 122, and then the Gentlemen followed with 202, leaving their adversaries 157 to get to win, a task they failed to perform. Mr. W. G. Grace showed us his best form, scoring 40 in his first and 63 in his second innings. The best scores made by the Players were Shrewsbury, 34 and 27. In the second match, played at Lord's, the professionals fared much worse than in the first, the Gentlemen winning by no less than 206 runs. Mr. W. G. Grace again made the highest score, marking 90 in his first innings. Selby, for the Players, made the next best, 88 being his figures. There will not be a third match this year at Prince's as last season; and it may be added that the Gentlemen in the recent contests have shown that they still are more than a match for the Players, as they have been for some years past.—It is agreed on all hands that two of the most enjoyable days of the London season were Monday and Tuesday last, at the cricket ground of the Orleans Club at Twickenham, where an eleven captained by Mr. C. T. Thornton, of hard-hitting memory, played the Australian team, who were the guests of the Club. A brilliant assemblage of rank and beauty was present, and some brilliant cricket was shown on both sides. Eventually the game had to be drawn, rather in favour of Mr. Thornton's eleven.—The Australians have also shown excellent play in Wales and at Stockport against odds.—Kent has been defeated again, Sussex winning the inter-county match by 57 runs.

AQUATICS.——For once Henley Regatta was celebrated without rain. The Thames R.C. beat Jesus, Cambridge, in the final heat for the Grand Challenge Cup; Columbia College, New York, won the Visitors' Challenge Cup for four oars; and the London R.C., for the ninth time, we believe, in succession, took the Stewards' Fours, the Sho-wae-cae-me-te Club, Munro, America, failing at last to keep the lead they held for a great part of the distance, when rowing about 46 to 48 strokes per minute. The Thames Challenge Cup for Eights was also won by the London R.C. The Eton boys made a good fight with Jesus College for the Ladies' Challenge Plate, but lost by two lengths. The pairs fell an easy prey to Ellison and Edwardes-Moss, of Oxford, the latter also winning the Diamond Sculls.



THEATRES

A NEW dramatic version of "Oliver Twist," produced at the OLYMPIC Theatre under the title of *Nancy Sikes*, serves to introduce to the English public Miss Rose Eytinge, an American actress, who has attained some celebrity in this part in the United States. Unfortunately the play is not by any means a satisfactory production. The author has been intent, not on the story of the "parish boy's progress," which gives to the powerful novel of Dickens an interest running through it like a silver thread, but only on Sikes, Nancy, and their dissolute and criminal associates. The idea, in brief, is to make Nancy, not Oliver, the central figure of the tale, and unquestionably the lights and shades of that subtly-drawn character might afford to a great actress fine opportunities for the display of her powers. The playwright, however, has forgotten that a heroine can only interest us in relation to a story which awakens sympathy. Nancy, in "Oliver Twist," has her allotted part in a great moral drama wherein the sombre tints are relieved by a predominating element of moral beauty. The plan of the American dramatist almost of necessity deprives the tale of this refining and ennobling element; and it must be confessed that he has taken no pains to furnish his work with any compensating feature. From first to last we are in the presence of hardened ruffians and mean pilferers, whose vile attributes are rendered more repulsive still by the grotesque exaggerations of some of the performers. A notion that the criminal atmosphere of the play might be rendered less oppressive by occasional scenes of a boisterous, farcical character seems to have taken possession of the dramatist's mind. Hence the scene changes now and then, during the five acts to which it is extended, from Fagin's lodgings to a street or a police court, where some curious proceedings take place, reminding the spectators of a riotous pantomime rather than of a tragic drama. To speak plainly, the vulgarity of these displays aggravates the offence, and renders doubly revolting the final scene in which Nancy is deliberately murdered by her paramour, and is seen slowly dying with a gash upon the forehead. Under conditions of this kind Miss Eytinge is not seen to advantage; but she gives some evidence of power, and now and then approaches the true note of pathos. The character is, however, not the Nancy of Dickens's creation, but altogether a more commonplace and inconsistent person. An actor named Searle—also, we believe, from America—plays the part of Sikes with a degree of quiet self-possession, and a suggestion of dogged obstinacy, and relentless determination of a highly artistic kind.

At the same theatre, on the occasion of the benefit of Mr. George Coleman on Saturday last, a new comedy was produced, entitled *Viviane*. The piece is founded on a story in the *Cornhill Magazine*, by the clever writer who assumes the pseudonym of "The Member for Paris;" and hence probably it is that his name appears in the playbill as joint-author with Mr. George Canninge. The story, called in the bills *The Romance of a French Marriage*, is that of a young lady who, blinded by love, persists in attributing good qualities to a worthless man until, satisfied of her delusion, she finally bestows her hand upon a truer and more worthy admirer who has heroically sacrificed himself, and generously protected her against her own follies. The story is too slight to afford matter for the three acts in which it is set forth; and the attempt to give it substance by the introduction of scenes of gossip, and incidents of a trivial and feebly humorous kind, were rather wearying to the audience. The comedy, however, supported by the talents of Miss Pateman, Mr. Vezin, Miss Brennan, Mr. W. H. Stephens, and Miss Massey (a pleasing young actress new to the London stage), was patiently received.

The GAIETY stage—by far the hardest-worked stage in London—is shortly to have a week or two's rest. Since the opening of this popular house, under the management of Mr. Hollingshead, nearly ten years ago, its doors can scarcely be said to have been closed. A new flooring to the stage has now become absolutely needful, and advantage is to be taken of the brief holiday for repairs and redecorations throughout the house.

The ADELPHI Theatre has passed out of the hands of Mr. Chatterton; but the change of management involves no change in the programme, *Proof* being still the chief attraction.

Mr. Irving took his annual benefit at the LYCEUM on Monday, when he re-appeared as Jingle in *Pickwick* and Mathias in *The Bells*. The success of these revivals has suggested the withdrawal of *Vanderdecken*, and they will continue to be played to the close of the season.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.——The new second part at St. George's Hall is of home manufacture, being the offspring of the imagination of Mr. Arthur Law. It is called *An Artful Automaton*, the "machine" being none other than a Mr. Crawley Slide, a scandalising journalist in a sea-side town, whose greatest delight is to pry into the concerns of every new visitor to the place. In pursuit of this objectionable hobby he gets into the drawing-room of Miss Prunella Fosselle, a lady of scientific tastes and occupations, where he hears a great deal to his disadvantage, and gets slightly punished for his impudence. Miss F. Holland was very good as Miss Fosselle, as was Mr. A. Reed as Crawley Slide; but the fun is rather forced, and falls somewhat flat after *Doubleday's Will* and Mr. Corney Grain's *Paris Exhibition*.

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A NEW WEEKLY JOURNAL, entitled *The Britannic*, to be devoted to the interests of British subjects in the United States, will shortly appear in New York. At present there is no English newspaper throughout the United States.

Scraps

VICTOR HUGO, who overworked himself at the Paris Literary Congress, is now better, and has gone to Guernsey.

QUEEN ISABELLA'S JEWELS have been sold in Paris. The amount of the first three days' sale reached nearly 40,000*l*.

A MUSEUM OF DECORATIVE ART in Paris is being organised. Sir R. Wallace has subscribed 400*l*. towards it, and upwards of of 42,000*l*. has already been collected from other sources.

MR. EDWARD SAMUELSON, the energetic Chairman of the Art Committee of the Liverpool Corporation, under whose auspices the Autumn Exhibition of Pictures has been so successful since its institution seven years since has, we understand, retired from the Committee.

THE FINE ART JURY OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION have awarded medals of honour to Mr. Millais and Mr. Hubert Herkomer for their pictures exhibited. The other foreign medallists are M. Wauters of Belgium, Herr Mackart of Austria, and Herr Munkacsy of Hungary. The Frenchmen thus honoured are MM. Cabanel, Gérome, Meissonnier, Français, and Bouguereau.

THE GLASGOW FINE ART LOAN EXHIBITION appears to be a great success, the attendance up to last week being 45,000, and the amount to the credit in the bank being 3,000*l*. The Committee have now decided to keep the Exhibition open in August in order to afford English and other tourists when passing through Glasgow to the Highlands an opportunity of seeing the art treasures of Glasgow.

A SCIENTIFIC, LITERARY, AND ARTISTIC EXPEDITION is about to be undertaken under the direction of Professors Pauchich and Valtrovich of Belgrade, through the newly-acquired districts of Old Servia, for the purpose of examining the old churches and monasteries there, taking sketches of the historical remains and collecting MSS., and whatever other literary curiosities are to be found.

THE "NEW YORK HERALD" ARCTIC EXPEDITION for the discovery of the North Pole is in active course of preparation, and the well-known Arctic yacht, the *Pandora*, which has been bought for the expedition by Mr. Bennett, has been rechristened by him at Havre the *Jeannette*. She will fit out at San Francisco, whence she will start on her mission next June, taking the Behring Straits route. It is said that this little trip is estimated to cost its energetic promoter 40,000*l*.

COLOUR BLINDNESS OR "DALTONISM" is not uncommon in France. M. Favre's studies at the Académie des Sciences prove that no fewer than 3,000,000 persons across the Channel are afflicted with inability to distinguish colours. Women are far more predisposed to this affection than men, the proportion of the latter being only 10 per cent. Nine cases out of ten may be cured in young patients, the best mode of treatment consisting of methodical exercises upon coloured objects.

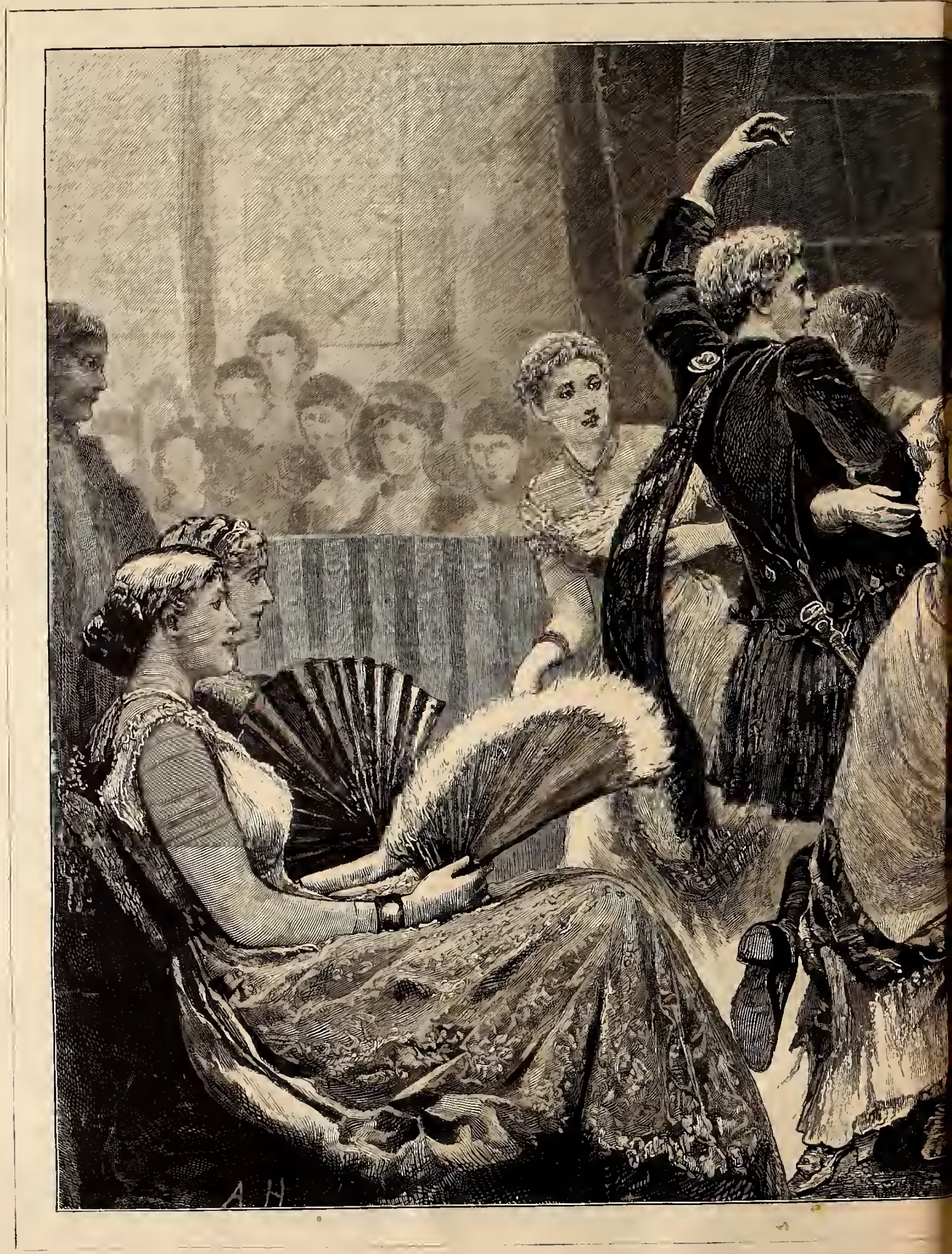
THE BURNING OF AN ICE-SHIP is reported from India. The vessel in question was struck by lightning, and the electric fluid passing through the deck and the foremast pierced a hole some ten feet in diameter through the ice, melting about thirty tons, and setting fire to and slightly burning some of the beams of the ship in its passage. This incident may account for the disappearance of many a vessel reported "missing," as lightning conductors are not as generally used on shipboard as they should be, from a mistaken idea which prevails that they afford an additional attraction to the electricity, and so endanger the safety of the vessel.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY IS TO BE OPEN FREE on three Sundays during the present season, namely, July 14th, 21st, and August 3rd. On July 14th it will be available only to the subscribers and members of the Sunday Society, but on the two following Sundays the public will be admitted by tickets issued by the Sunday Society, and which will be forwarded by post on the receipt of a stamped envelope. All applications must be by letter to the Honorary Secretary, 19, Charing Cross. In order that these visits may be as instructive and interesting as possible the Society has published a special catalogue, price 3*d*., which must be obtained before the visiting day.

SPIRITUAL DESTITUTION IN PARIS.——The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London "strongly recommend the effort" now being made by the Rev. J. Aberigh Mackay, Chaplain of the Marbeuf in Paris, to collect money for the rebuilding of his dilapidated church. The circular, containing the letters of the Prelates, says:—"For thousands of the English-speaking population there is no church accommodation whatever." There is a scattered multitude of "British mechanics, coachmen, cabmen, grooms, butlers, valets, couriers, guides, and their families, few of whom ever enter a church (partly because they have no church to go to) until they are brought, one by one, in their coffins, for burial. It is proposed to build a church, with 1,500 sittings, of which 1,000 shall be for ever free." The Chaplain is now in London. Address, 15, Harrington Square, N.W.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,511 deaths were registered, against 1,570 during the previous seven days, a decline of 59, being 96 above the average, and at the rate of 22·0 per 1,000. There were 108 deaths from whooping-cough (an increase of 11, and exceeding the average by 65), 145 from diarrhœa (an increase of 73, being 11 above the average, including 109 infants under one year of age), 19 from small-pox (a decline of 19), 31 from measles (an increase of 7), 19 from scarlet fever (a decline of 4), 11 from diphtheria (an increase of 4), and 17 from different forms of fever (a decline of 2). There were 2,520 births registered (an increase of 260), exceeding the average by 228. The mean temperature was 60·1 deg., and 1·2 deg. below the average of the sixty years, 1814-73. The duration of sunshine during the week was 21·6 hours, the sun being 115·1 hours above the horizon.

A SINGULAR VENGEANCE UPON AN EXTORTIONATE LANDLORD was recently wreaked by an Englishman who, when travelling in Switzerland, had been charged by an innkeeper ten francs for a basin of *bouillon*. A few days after the landlord received an unpaid letter from another country, simply containing these words: "Dear Sir,—Your *bouillon* was good, but somewhat dear." In about a month came a hamper, with every appearance of being filled with unlimited *patés*, but in reality only containing a similar letter, the carriage of course not being defrayed. Then ensued a box, which arrived from the West Indies, labelled "Best Coffee." The landlord, delighted, pays the carriage, but only finds the inevitable epistle. Finally the joke became known, and was repeated at length in the journals, until the unfortunate landlord was compelled to sell up the hotel and to leave, to practise his wiles "in fields and pastures new." It is needless to say that the purchaser at once changed the name of the unfortunate inn.



THE CALEDONIAN BALL—DA

CING THE REEL O' TULLOCH

FOREIGN

THE EASTERN QUESTION.——Though the Berlin Congress has not brought its labours to a close so soon as had been hoped, the members have been working hard, and the sittings have been more frequent and far more prolonged than during the two first weeks, the Batoum Question being somewhat more difficult of settlement than was expected. Frontier delimitations, also, and other minor details, have all contributed to the delay; while Lord Beaconsfield's *coup de théâtre* of the Anglo-Turkish Treaty and the occupation of Cyprus has not tended to precipitate the close of the Congress. Still, all things considered, matters have gone on very smoothly; and, although there have been some brisk discussions between the British and the Russian delegates, Lord Beaconsfield and Prince Gortschakoff are apparently the best friends in the world, and, if we are to believe a most gushing telegram from Baron Reuter, so far from being annoyed at the Anglo-Turkish Treaty (it is true that Count Schouvaloff knew of its existence three weeks ago), the Russian Premier declared that "he saw no difference between England's occupation of Cyprus and her occupation of Malta, and that he should always be pleased with everything that served to strengthen the English road to India, as calculated to promote the prosperity of the whole world" (!) After this we are told that a feeling of sincere confidence was established between the two statesmen, who shook hands "as a pledge of the new sentiments and relations which have arisen between the two Powers." To return to the Congress deliberations, the chief questions settled at the close of last week were the establishment of complete freedom of the Danube to all flags as far as the Iron Gates, which are handed over to Austrian keeping; and the settlement of the Greek demands, to which, on the proposition of the French Plenipotentiaries, the Congress replied by "inviting" the Sublime Porte to come to an understanding with the Greek Government for the rectification of frontiers, expressing an opinion that the line should be drawn from the Valley of Salambria, on the Ægean, to the mouth of the Kalamas, on the west coast. Should any difficulty arise, however, the Powers offer to act as mediators. As may be imagined, this has given little satisfaction to the Greeks and their partisans, who declare themselves bitterly disappointed at not obtaining a definitive cession of territory.

The question of Batoum came on for consideration on Monday, when Prince Gortschakoff at once declared that the Czar was willing to make the town a free port, and Lord Beaconsfield immediately announced that "England could not but be satisfied with the equitable and reassuring resolution of the Czar." Lord Salisbury, however, then rose and spoke at length respecting the unfortunate Lazis who are so stoutly rebelling against any idea of a Russian occupation. The Russians, however, although they have consented to the abandonment of the district of Bayazid, were not prepared to exclude the territory occupied by this people (ironically termed by Prince Bismarck "*un tribu interessant*") from their scheme of annexation, and consequently this question, together with that of the demolition and non-erection of fortifications at Batoum became the subject of active private deliberations which were not ended until Tuesday night. The Congress sat on that day, but was chiefly occupied with frontier delimitations and with receiving the Persian delegate, Malcolm Khan, and communicating to him the cession by Turkey to Persia of Khotour. On Wednesday the Batoum question was finally settled, the town being handed over to the Russians on condition that the harbour is "essentially" devoted to commercial purposes, but a large portion of the surrounding Mussulman population remains under the sovereignty of the Porte. The exact frontier line, however, is to be settled by a Military Commission. On the same day the "reading over" of the first portion of the Treaty of Peace took place—nearly fifty articles being thus definitively passed. On the proposition of the Russian delegates also Congress discussed the means of enforcing the terms of the Treaty, but at the suggestion of Prince Bismarck, decided to leave each nation to look after the clauses affecting its own interests. Lord Beaconsfield, being unwell with an attack of gout, was not present at the sitting.

The great outside topic of the week, however, has not been the Congress, but the Anglo-Turkish Convention, which was signed by Lord Salisbury and Safvet Pasha on June 4th. In a long prelude to the document Lord Salisbury states as the *raison d'être* of the Treaty in question that as Russia appears unwilling to recede from her determination to annex Batoum and the fortresses north of the Araxes, the British Government thinks that the various populations of "Syria, Asia-Minor, and Mesopotamia," seeing that Turkey has no guarantee for its own existence except its own strength, would calculate upon the speedy fall of the Ottoman Government, and would turn their eyes towards its successor—namely, Russia, who would thus exercise a powerful influence in disintegrating the Asiatic dominion of the Porte. As the British Government could not accept such a state of things in "regions whose political condition deeply concerns the Oriental interests of Great Britain," and as it does not wish to enter in any way upon hostilities, it considers that the best guarantee for the stability of the Ottoman rule in Asiatic Turkey would be "an engagement on the part of a Power strong enough to fulfil it that any further encroachments by Russia upon Turkish territory in Asia will be prevented by force of arms." This engagement England has undertaken upon two conditions, namely, that the Porte should give a formal assurance that the "necessary reforms will be introduced into the Government of the Christian and other subjects of the Porte in those regions," and that—in order that the British Government may efficiently execute their part of the convention—a British force should be enabled to occupy a position near the coast of Asia Minor and Syria—for instance, Cyprus. Accordingly, on the one side England engages—in the case of the Russian retention of Batoum, Ardahan, and Kars—that if Russia at any future time should attempt to seize any further portion of Asiatic territory, she will join the Sultan in resisting the aggression by force of arms, and on the other the Sultan agrees to execute certain reforms, and to assign the island of Cyprus to be "occupied and administered by England"—the island to be restored to Turkey if Russia at any time give up Kars, Batoum, and Ardahan.

The chief effect produced upon Europe by this Treaty has been one of astonishment, and there is a division of opinion in every country as to whether or no the step is likely to prove beneficial to peace. Considerable admiration has been expressed at the statesmanship of Lord Beaconsfield, and the step is universally designated as a masterstroke of diplomacy, but there are no lack of sarcastic remarks about the "unselfish policy of England," who has been so careful to secure her own share of the plunder, while France and Italy are by no means pleased at the Mediterranean being an English lake. From one point of view, the acquisition of Cyprus is certainly most valuable, as, being situated immediately opposite the mouth of the Suez Canal it will constitute a most convenient naval station. The Government is losing no time in taking possession of their new acquisition, as Mr. Baring is already on his way from Constantinople with the necessary firman, while orders have been given to the 42nd, 71st, and 101st regiments at Malta to embark for Cyprus without delay. Sir Garnet Wolseley will be the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, and his name is a guarantee that the island will be at least strongly fortified.

To return once more to the Congress affairs TURKEY has signified her consent to the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina on condition that AUSTRIA should negotiate directly with the Porte, and 120,000 Austrian troops have now been assembled, under the command of Feldzeugmeister Baron Joseph Philippovitch, and are ready to march into the provinces. Opinion, however, is much divided respecting the advisability of the occupation, and in Hungary especially much opposition has been manifested. In RUSSIA great indignation has been expressed at the result of the Conference, and the "men of the pen" are declared to have undone what "brave soldiers had accomplished," as they do nothing but make concessions, and "are ready to accept any humiliation in order to obtain the approbation of Europe." GREECE is particularly indignant at having received no direct concession, and Athens and the Athenians are in a highly excited state, and are even urging the King to put himself at the head of his army, and declare war. ROUMANIA, however, is now accepting the inevitable, and is considering how her new territory and its ports can best be utilised.

FRANCE.——Yet another electoral victory for the Republicans who, at Sunday's elections, carried off fourteen fresh seats, in addition to two death vacancies, beating Bonapartist candidates at St. Girons and Cambrai, and a prominent Legitimist at Uzes. The Bonapartists, however, are triumphant in having carried three of the candidates whose elections had been annulled by the Assembly. Out of sixty elections which have been held since the meeting of the Assembly the Republicans have won fifty-one, and are now some 380 strong, having surpassed the magic figures of 373, and promising speedily to reach the 400 predicted by M. Gambetta before the last general election. There is little or no other political news, people being completely absorbed in the Anglo-Turkish Convention, with which the *République Française*, M. Gambetta's organ, is very angry, taunting England with assuming chivalric airs as the champion of Treaties and the Balance of Power, and then firing "a diplomatic pistol," which will not raise her reputation. The *Temps* is far more moderate; while the *Débats*, though acknowledging the advantage of the step to English interests, discovers that the whole scheme is given in "Tancred," where the whole world is to be regenerated by the co-operation of the Saxon and Semitic races. Most journals agree with the *Moniteur* that England has "taken her share of the cake," but the *France* in sarcastically remarking that "every national crow is carrying off a bit of Turkey," declares that France, by appropriating nothing, recovers what she had formerly lost—the respectful regard of her neighbours. "She has won something for the Greeks and emancipated the Jews." This, however, is no consolation to the majority of the anti-Republican papers, who seize the occasion to bountifully abuse the French plenipotentiaries, who, the Bonapartist *Pays* declares, have sanctioned a "host of iniquities." On the whole, however, the acquisition of Cyprus is regarded as a good stroke of policy on the part of England, who, to quote the *Gazette de France*, thus virtually "gets possession of Egypt and secures her route to India."

There is little social news even from the Exhibition, where the juries are busy at work, and where the international concerts in the Hall of the Trocadéro appear to be prospering. The last pavilion in the grounds has now been opened, as also the Pavillon de la Presse, and all Paris is looking forward to the inauguration of the gigantic captive balloon which is now nearly ready to begin its ascents. The innumerable Congresses of Civil Engineers, Psychological Doctors, Alpine Climbers, Hygienists, Demographists, Discharged Prisoners' Friends, and a host of other miscellaneous bodies, are being successively held, though they excite little attention beyond the immediate circles to which they belong; while the chess tournament continues, and promises to end in a victory for the Russian representative, M. Winaver. From Paris itself we hear of an "octave" repetition of the National Fête in some quarters, last Sunday, and of preparations for the *fête* to-morrow, in honour of Jean Jacques Rousseau, at which M. Louis Blanc, M. Marcou, and M. Ernest Hamel will speak, and of a proposed commemoration, with great pomp, of the first anniversary of the death of M. Thiers, M. Emile de Girardin, M. Thiers' electoral successor, being the prime mover of the proposition. In theatrical circles the chief event has been the successful production of an opera bouffe at the Théâtre Lyrique, by M. Emile Pessard, *Le Capitaine Fracasse*, the libretto being founded on Theophile Gautier's novel of that name, and written by M. Catulle Mendès. *La Reine Indigo* has been revived at the Bouffes; and a three-act comedy, *Petite Correspondance* (in allusion to the advertisement correspondence of the *Figaro*), by MM. Emile de Narjac and Alfred Hennequin, has been produced at the Gymnase, and is said to be fairly amusing.

To turn to the provinces. Marseilles is growing calmer, and even the Republican prints are blaming the Radical municipality for wishing to pull down the statue of good Bishop Belzunce, to whose heroic conduct during the great visitation of the plague in 1720 even Voltaire bears witness. At Boulogne the first stone of the new harbour is to be laid by M. de Freycinet, the Minister of Public Works, on September 2.

GERMANY.——The Emperor's wounds are now stated to have healed, he has been able to wear his uniform, and his strength continues gradually to increase. The would-be assassin, Dr. Nobiling, is also better, and being now able to speak, declares that he planned and carried out his crime alone, but that he communicated his intention to some of his acquaintances, whose names, however, he declines to divulge. No trace of any conspiracy has been discovered by the police, notwithstanding the most searching inquiries, but, according to the *National Gazette* of Berlin, the Austrian police have found ramifications connecting Nobiling's attempt with the Russian sect of Nihilists. Hödel, the journeyman tinsmith, who made the first attempt to assassinate the Emperor on the 11th of May, was tried before the High Court of State on Wednesday. He was found guilty, and was sentenced to be beheaded. He behaved with great levity throughout the proceedings and smiled when the sentence was pronounced.

SPAIN.—The funeral of the late Queen of Spain at the Escurial was to take place on Thursday. Representatives of all the Foreign Courts were to attend.—The express train from Tarragona to Barcelona was stopped last week by brigands, and the passengers, including an Englishman, Mr. J. Thompson, were robbed of all they possessed, even to their railway tickets.

INDIA.——Madras is threatened with another water famine, owing to the lightness of the monsoon, and prices are rising heavily. There is much fear of increased distress, and the Duke of Buckingham has recommended the institution of several large and important works, a recommendation which the Government has since adopted. In Bombay the rainfall has been very plentiful, more than forty inches falling in a fortnight—the heaviest rainfall on record. The relief of indebted agriculturalists from the money-lending harpies who prey upon the unfortunate peasant landholders, has been seriously discussed by the Indian Council. The extent of the evil may be imagined when we read that a peasant proprietor who had borrowed 10 rupees (1*l.*), at the end of ten years had paid on the same loan 110 rupees, and was still owing 220 rupees, having in this period accumulated thirty-three times the amount of the original. Another borrowed 17 rupees twenty years ago, and has since paid 567 rupees, and executed many bonds, two for 375 rupees still outstanding. A Bill is to be introduced for the purpose of remedying this disgraceful state of things.

UNITED STATES.——The Indian war continues and the troops are forcing the Indians gradually northward in Oregon to the Columbia River, which a strong force is endeavouring to cross. The Indians are said to be swarming over the entire mountain region, and skirmishes are very frequent, while great alarm exists throughout Washington Territory, and arms, ammunition, and volunteers are being sent to the front. On Saturday a band of fifty volunteers, under Captain Sperzy, fell into an ambuscade at Willow Springs, and all with the exception of seven were killed or wounded.—Independence Day was celebrated with all due enthusiasm, the elements themselves taking part in the proceedings at Pittsburg, where a tornado caused much damage, the lightning destroying the Vesta Oil Works and consuming 80,000 barrels of petroleum.

MISCELLANEOUS.——BELGIUM is preparing great *fêtes* to honour the silver wedding of the King and Queen, which will be celebrated on August 22.—In ITALY there has been an ineffectual attempt to launch the *Dandolo*, a vessel designed to carry two 100-ton guns, at Spezzia, in the presence of the King and Queen. The vessel slid half down the slip and then stuck fast, notwithstanding the efforts of two frigates to tow her off.—In CANADA there was much apprehension of disturbances at Montreal on the occasion of the projected Orange celebration yesterday (Friday); a proclamation had been issued by the Mayor prohibiting the assembling of crowds, and military preparations had been made for the preservation of order, some 2,000 troops being encamped in the Dominion Square.—From NEW ZEALAND it is reported that Sir George Grey has had a most satisfactory interview at Waitura with the Maori chief, Rewl, who gives his entire adherence to the Government. Another meeting will take place, in which the native King will also take part, in September, to arrange for the completion of the Government system of railroads through the North Island.—In SOUTH AFRICA a *Times* telegram of the 18th ult. states that the Kaffir rebellion has come to an end with the deaths of the chiefs Sandilli, Seyolo, and Anto, and the surrender of Obimba.

THE COURT

THE Queen and the Princess Beatrice were to leave Windsor for Osborne yesterday (Friday). On Saturday last Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, came up to London and visited the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James's Palace, where Her Majesty also met the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duchess of Teck. The Queen subsequently returned to Windsor, and the Lord Chancellor and Mr. H. and Lady Florence Chaplin dined at the Royal table in the evening. On Sunday the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold, attended divine service in the private chapel of the Castle, when the Rev. Capel Cure, rector of St. George's, Hanover Square, preached. On Monday the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz lunched with Her Majesty. The Queen also drove out with the Princess Beatrice, and afterwards received Mr. Theodore Martin, who dined with Her Majesty in the evening. On Tuesday the Princess Beatrice came up to town, and, together with the Duke of Connaught, went to see *Aïda* at the Royal Italian Opera.

The Prince and Princess of Wales returned to London last week from Peterborough. The Prince and Princess were visited on Friday by the Duke of Connaught and the Grand Duke of Hesse, the former of whom remained to lunch. The Prince was expected at Bristol yesterday (Friday), to visit the Royal Agricultural Show, where the most elaborate preparations have been made for his reception. To-day (Saturday) the Prince and Princess are to have a garden party at Marlborough House, the invitations stating "to meet the Queen." The Prince will lay the foundation stone of the new parish church at Southampton on August 13th, but wishes that no public reception will be accorded him.

The Duke of Connaught presided at the 80th annual festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for boys at the Alexandra Palace on Monday.—The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse are at Eastbourne, where the children of the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia are staying.—The Duke of Cambridge visited Aldershot on Monday, and witnessed a sham fight on the Fox Hills.—The ex-Empress Eugénie is at Ems, living in a villa, called "Petite Elysée."—Prince Louis Napoléon is now in Sweden, after staying four days at Copenhagen, where he was the constant guest of the King or Crown Prince of Denmark. The report that a marriage was arranged between Prince Louis Napoléon and the Princess Thyra has now been contradicted. —The marriage of Prince Henry of the Netherlands with Princess Mary of Prussia will be celebrated at Potsdam on the 27th of August.—The death of the Emperor of Morocco is not confirmed.—A son of the Khedive, by special permission of the Queen, is about to enter the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, as a cadet.

CHURCH NEWS

RITUALISM IN THE CHURCH.——The *Guardian*, commenting on Mr. Jenkins's motion on "Ritualism," says that it "had very little meaning in itself, and could derive very little authority from the position or the knowledge of the mover. In itself it was probably nothing but a move on the part of the Liberation Society: for it is difficult to believe that the issue of a Royal

Commission could be seriously desired, or supposed to be of any possible use. The object, of course, was to give Mr. Jenkins opportunity for a speech, and perhaps to initiate a discussion out of which something could be made. This having been done, the motion was at once withdrawn, with a promise of re-introduction at some future time. Had anything serious been intended, the question could hardly have been left in the hands of Mr. Jenkins—not only a Nonconformist and Liberationist of an extreme type, but a man of little Parliamentary influence, and curiously ignorant of the whole history of the institution which he is so good as to desire to take in hand. Certainly, if the existence of a defect or evil is sufficient to justify the issue of a Royal Commission to examine into it, the ignorance of Mr. Jenkins and his friends is quite dense enough to make out a case for immediate official inquiry and information as to the actual history of the Church of England and its relation to the State."

Various.——No fewer than forty prelates preached in London on Sunday. Of that number thirty-one were foreign and Colonial Bishops, the entire number of home Bishops being nine—viz., the Bishops of Manchester, Ely, Hereford, and Carlisle, Edinburgh and Aberdeen, Derry and Ossory, and St. David's. The American Bishops numbered nineteen. The greater portion of the sermons were on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The Bishop of Hayti, who was to have preached at St. Augustine's, Kilburn, was prevented by a sudden and severe indisposition.—On Thursday Dr. Maclagan was enthroned in Lichfield Cathedral, and delivered an address. There was a public luncheon afterwards, when the Mayor and Corporation presented an address of welcome to the new Bishop. Several of the American and Colonial Bishops attended, and the afternoon sermon was preached by the Bishop of Nebraska.—The *Ecclesiastical Art Review* says that it is the intention of a few young men of good family to purchase a site in Armenia, in the neighbourhood of Erzeroum, to found a monastery in connection with the Church of England. It will occupy a similar position to the establishments of Fathers Ignatius and Nugee.—By the will of Miss Robertson, of Elgin, the sum of 30,000*l.* is bequeathed to religious and charitable purposes. Mr. Spurgeon's College and Orphanage, each receive 4,000*l.*; Schemes of the Free Church of Scotland, 2,000*l.*; the London Missionary Society, the London City Mission, and the Baptist Missionary Society, each 2,000*l.*; and the Bible Society, 3,000*l.*; Mr. Spurgeon is one of the trustees.—On Wednesday the funeral of the late Rev. Samuel Martin, who was for many years pastor of Westminster Chapel, which belongs to the Congregational body, was attended by a large number of representatives of the Church of England, as well as of Nonconformist communities. The Benediction was pronounced by the Dean of Westminster, who also officiated at the subsequent burial service in Abney Park Cemetery.—A requiem mass for the repose of the soul of the late Queen Mercédes was performed at the Spanish Chapel, Manchester Square, on Wednesday, and was attended by a large congregation, including several ambassadors.—The Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund had on Wednesday last increased to 19,000*l.*

Music

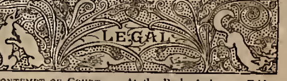
Royal Italian Opera.——The only "novelty" produced at this theatre since our last is an opera entitled *Alma l'Incantatrice*, by Flotow, the composer of *Martha*. To say more than a word or two about this work would be simply wasting time and space to little purpose. If Herr Flotow's *Ombre* was poor, *Alma* is still poorer—the shadow of an *Ombre* in fact, supposing that a shade can cast a shadow. Independently of this it is really no novelty at all. It first came forth at Paris, as a one-act opera, entitled *L'Esclave de Camoëns*, in 1843, ten years later at Berlin, as a three-act opera, called *Indra*, and a quarter of a century after that, in Paris, under its third name of *Alma L'Enchanteresse*. More than half of the music belonging to *Indra* is incorporated in this last version; but it remains almost as feeble as at its early birth. The libretto is built upon the old story of the "Lusiad," and the slave who supports him at Lisbon, after his escape from the Portuguese settlement of Goa, until he receives pardon from the King (Sebastian). To write another sentence about the book would be superfluous; although it deserved better music than Flotow has invented for it. The only claim to consideration that could be preferred on behalf of *Alma* is its admirable performance at Covent Garden. No pains have been spared to render it acceptable. Signor Vianesi has judiciously compressed the last two acts into one, besides writing some spirited ballet music for a kind of Carnival scene. He has well rehearsed the opera too, for both chorus and orchestra go well. The leading characters could not be more ably impersonated. Mdlle. Albani is an ideal Alma—a real "Enchantress," in fact, of whom not only a king and a poet, but any number of kings and poets, might feel desperately enamoured. Mdlle. Anna di Belocca is a clever and prepossessing representative of the sprightly coquette, Zingaretta, the torment of her husband and the delight of his customers; the Camoëns of M. Capoul is as poetical as melancholy sentiment can make him; and Signor Cotogni, if he occasionally moderated his enthusiasm, would be a more than acceptable Don Sebastian. Credit is due to Signor Tagliafico, acting manager, for the effective manner in which he has helped to place the opera upon the stage; but to assert that *Alma* is, or is every likely to be, a success, would be at least somewhat rash. The other performances at the Royal Italian Opera were repetitions. Madame Adelina Patti, having happily recovered from the indisposition which deprived the public of her invaluable services last week, appeared again in the *Trovatore* on Monday; and, for the first time in this country, played the Babylonian Queen in Rossini's gorgeous *Semiramide*, about which more in our next. *Lohengrin* was to be given last night, and the second performance of *Alma* is announced for this evening—the last of the season.

Her Majesty's Theatre.——The success of *Carmen* has gone on increasing, and Minnie Hauk's impersonation is now deservedly ranked as one of the most striking and original of modern operatic achievements. The *Traviata* (with Madame Gerster), and *Fidelio* (with Madame Pappenheim) have both been repeated. *La Nozze di Figaro* was announced for Thursday. The revival of Balfe's "posthumous" opera, *Il Talismano*, on Saturday last, created more than ordinary interest. About this work, both with reference to Mr. Arthur Matthison's excellent libretto, and the bright, spirited, genial music of our regretted composer, who, though a "merus Hibernicus" (as Captain Rock would say), like Sterndale Bennett in another way, contrived to find acceptance for English operatic music in all parts of the Continent, we have spoken on more than one occasion. To dwell again upon its merits in detail is unnecessary. To state, however, that it improves on more familiar acquaintance, and has every claim to rank among the best efforts of its composer, is by no means superfluous. The cast differs in one or two essential respects from that we remember when, through the influence of Madame Christine Nilsson, the opera was originally produced at Her Majesty's Opera, then directed by Mr. Mapleson, at Drury Lane. Instead of Christine Nilsson herself, as Edith Plantagenet, we have Madame Etelka Gerster; and, without drawing needless comparisons, an excellent Edith she makes. Instead of Marie Rôze as Queen Berengaria (a part subsequently assumed by Thérèse Tietjens) we have in Mdlle. Caroline Salla as prepossessing a Queen as Cœur de Lion himself could have desired; instead of Signor Rota, as King Richard, we have Signor Galassi; and instead of Signor Catalini, as the deformed and envious Nectabanus, Signor Puente. Despite all these changes the cast is a very strong one, and the performance generally, under the conductorship of Sir Michael Costa, so efficient that the opera may be said to have achieved a new success. It was applauded throughout by an evidently enthusiastic audience, to whom it was agreeable once more to hear the spontaneous melodies of one of the most melodious of our own composers. *Il Talismano* was to be repeated last night, Signor Fancelli, in lieu of Signor Campanini, the excellent original at Drury Lane, taking the part of Richard—as he is to take that of Don José to-night, in *Carmen*, a performance which brings the "regular" season to an end. When the "irregular" season is to begin will speedily be made known.

English Music at the French Exhibition.——Dr. Arthur Sullivan, who has made arrangements with Mr. Henry Leslie and his deservedly celebrated body of singers to represent English choral music in the Trocadéro, at the Paris International Exhibition, has also secured the co-operation of Madame Arabella Goddard, to represent the English school of pianoforte playing. The work selected by Dr. Sullivan for Madame Goddard is Sterndale Bennett's fourth concerto (in F minor). As no English orchestra is going to Paris, it may be presumed that the task of accompanying the lady will devolve upon French musicians. That they will take every pains to do justice to the work can hardly be doubted; and that their first acquaintance with the music of Bennett—not a note of which has hitherto been publicly heard in the French capital—may create a desire among them to hear more of it is by no means unlikely.

The late M. Bazin.——The sudden death, by apoplexy, of François Bazin, the well-known operatic composer, and Professor at the Conservatoire of Paris, has caused general regret. Though by no means a genius, Bazin was a hard and conscientious worker, and made the very best of the gifts with which nature had endowed him. His best known operas—or at least those which obtained most success—were *La Trompette de Monsieur le Prince*, and *Maître Pathelin*, neither of them masterpieces, though both possessing unquestionable claims to consideration. Born at Marseilles in September, 1816, Bazin was in his sixty-second year at his death. His obsequies were celebrated on the 7th inst. in the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette. He was buried in the Cemetery of Père la Chaise, and the customary funeral oration was pronounced over the bier by M. Ambroise Thomas, composer of *Mignon* and *Hamlet*, Principal of the Conservatoire, and, like Bazin, himself a member of the "Institute."

Waifs.——Richard Wagner has completed the music for his latest projected "stage-play," *Parsifal*, upon which he was busily engaged in 1876, during the memorable series of performances at Bayreuth.—Anton Rubinstein's long forthcoming opera, *Nero*, is to be produced next autumn both in Paris and Vienna; at least so it is reported, though, so far as we can judge, there is small chance of its being heard in the French capital till a much later period.—The Philharmonic Society of Florence has been dissolved, for reasons not at present stated.—The orchestra from Milan, under the direction of Signor Faccio, conductor at the Scala, has proved a genuine success at the Trocadéro, though we are informed by some well-known Parisian connoisseurs that the music selected for performance reflected but little credit on the modern Italian school. If the *Trovatore* may be credited, however, before returning to Milan Signor Faccio intends giving some concerts in London. It is to be hoped he may receive more liberal support than was awarded to M. Pasdeloup.—Mr. Arthur Sullivan is only to direct the "classical" performances at the Promenade Concerts which the Messrs. Gatti intend giving at Covent Garden Theatre, in August and September. M. Olivier Métra, from Paris, will take charge of all the rest.—The subsidy of 25,000 francs to the various "Popular Concerts" in Paris has been reduced by the French Government to 20,000.—The centenary of the Scala in Milan is about to be celebrated by a series of representations, at which the most successful operas and ballets brought out at that theatre during the period of its existence will be revived in a wholly exceptional manner.



LEGAL

Contempt of Court.——At the Bucks Assizes, on Friday last, two unfortunate jurymen incurred the displeasure of Mr. Justice Hawkins, and were fined for contempt of Court. The offence of the one was that when a verdict was delivered, and being at the time merely a listener in the gallery of the Court, he gave "a bit of a clap" in token of his approval. This conduct the judge characterised as gross contempt of Court, than which nothing could be more indecent. The delinquent was not, however, detained in custody, but was told that unless the fine (10*l.*) was paid a distress warrant would be issued. The other case was that of a man who had been summoned on the jury and had sent a telegram saying that he was too ill to attend. His lordship fined him 20*l.*, remarking that he ought to have sent a medical certificate, and some one to represent him. We hope it is not contempt of Court to say that we feel some sympathy for the poor fellow who was so carried away by his feelings as to applaud what he heard in Court; and still more for the other offender, who probably did what he thought to be his duty under the circumstances, and at all events was condemned unheard.

Miscellaneous.——The Bill for the Codification of the Criminal Law is not to be pressed forward this Session, but will be referred to a Royal Commission, consisting of Lord Blackburn, Mr. Justice Lush, and Sir James Stephen, the author and draughtsman of the measure, who will thoroughly revise it during the winter.—Mr. Charles Marvin, the Foreign Office writer, who is charged with stealing a copy of the Anglo-Russian Agreement, was again before the Bow Street magistrate on Tuesday, when a further remand was ordered, the bail being reduced to one surety of 50*l.* It was shown that Marvin had been a regular contributor to the *Globe* for some time, and the suggestion of the prosecuting counsel that any "conspiracy" had been entered into with him, or that he had been paid at an extra rate for the communication in question, were positively denied. The *Globe*, in a leading article on Wednesday, after premising that "continued reticence is no longer possible without danger of misconstruction," says that as the evidence showed "the information we published in an extra special edition, late at night, was absolutely written on the premises from memory; in the second, the full text of the Agreement reached us in MS. like other contributions. It is also in evidence that the Memorandum of Agreement was published by us so late at night in the belief that it would appear in our contemporaries next morning. As for the publication of the full text, our justification in that matter is fortunately complete. Lord Salisbury had taken upon himself to assert that the Memorandum to which we gave publicity was 'unauthentic' or 'unauthenticated,' and 'unworthy of confidence.' This statement directly charged us with the publication of false news, and the character of a respectable journal like *The Globe* being a matter of just as much importance to the conductors as the reputation of a Minister is to himself we took the earliest opportunity of vindicating ourselves from so grave a charge. Under similar circumstances we should follow the same course again, in the face of the risk of being charged with conspiracy, and we do not believe that a single respectable journal in these isles would remain silent under such aspersions."—Three Oxford Undergraduates have been fined 5*l.* and 10*l.* each for disorderly conduct during Commemoration week. They, and others who have not been detected, had seized the fire escape and ran away with it, dragging the attendant with it, and one of them had also assaulted a policeman. The Vice Chancellor, who heard the charge, said that if members of the University indulged in such conduct, it would be for the authorities to consider if it were right to permit them to stay up after term, or encourage festivities which terminated in such a manner.—Sir Capel Fitzgerald, Bart., has been committed for trial on a charge of stealing 400*l.* worth of jewellery, the property of a lady with whom he recently paid a visit to Paris.—A poor woman, resident at Haggerstone, has met her death in a singular and very shocking way. Being awakened on Tuesday night by an alarm of thieves, she got up and ran into the back-yard, and attempted to catch a man who was making off over a wall. Just at that moment her son, a lad of seventeen, who is a Volunteer, discharged his rifle at the thief, but the charge entered his mother's body, and she died shortly after. Perhaps some day it will be made penal for a Volunteer to load his rifle except at the command of his superior officer or when practising at the butts.—The Matrimonial Causes Act does not appear to have such a wide application as was at first supposed. The Hammersmith magistrate had before him the other day a case in which the wife, a steady hardworking woman, had been pulled out of bed and twice kicked by her idle drunken husband, whose presence in her little shop had the effect of driving away her customers. Mr. Paget, however, decided that it was not an "aggravated assault," and therefore sentenced the man to one month's hard labour only, and declined to grant a separation.—Another wife-beater at Sheffield has been sentenced to twelve months' hard labour, having been found guilty of "dragging his wife along the floor, emptying a bucket of water over her, jumping upon her, and kicking her in the face with his heavy clogs." He had arrived home late, and had been kept waiting at the door, and so the jury recommended him to mercy on the ground of "provocation."—The coroner's inquiry with regard to the poisonous violet powder case, about which there has been so much sensation, has resulted in a verdict of manslaughter against Mr. King, the wholesale chemist who supplied the powder to the various vendors.—A woman is in custody at Preston on suspicion of having poisoned her husband and three children for the sake of burial fees from an Assurance Company.

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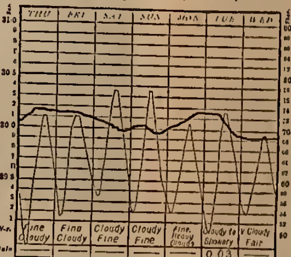
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

JULY 4TH TO JULY 10TH (INCLUSIVE)



Explanation.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.——The changes in the weather during this period have been slight and unimportant. The barometer rose briskly for a few hours on Thursday morning, the 4th instant; but fell very gradually during the next three days. On Sunday night, the 7th instant, however, a slow rise set in, and continued until eight o'clock on Tuesday, the 9th instant, at which time the mercury began to fall steadily. The fall did not last long, however, and pressure remained almost stationary during Wednesday, the 10th instant. The winds have been light from west or north-west during the whole week, and temperature has not varied much. The weather has been on the whole rather cool for the time of year: but on Saturday and Sunday, the 6th and 7th, the thermometer rose to 77°. The sky has been generally cloudy; but has cleared occasionally, especially towards the close of the day. On Tuesday, the 9th instant, some slight showers fell. The barometer was highest (30·16 inches) on Thursday, the 4th instant; lowest (29·92 inches) on Wednesday, the 10th instant: range, 0·24 inches. Temperature was highest (77°) on Saturday and Sunday, the 6th and 7th: lowest (48°) on Thursday morning, the 4th instant; range, 29°. Rain has fallen on one day only; amount, 0·03 inches.

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The Assyrian Explorer, M. Hormuzd Rassam, the successor of the late Mr. George Smith, is on his way home from Nineveh with relics which he has secured for the British Museum. The British Museum has also received for inspection a fossil lobster-like crustacean from the Wenlock shale. The oldest fossil of this type previously known was from the carboniferous strata found at Mons.

MDLLE. MINNIE HAUK

THIS young lady, whose impersonation of Carmen in the opera of that name at Her Majesty's Theatre, is now one of the chief topics of conversation in musical circles, is a native of New York, and was born in November, 1853. At the age of eight her singing in the Cathedral Service attracted much attention; and some five years later, her talents having been in the meantime carefully cultivated, she made her first public appearance at a National benefit concert, given in the Opera House, New Orleans. On that occasion she sang "Casta diva" and a selection from Auber's *Crown Diamonds*, and her success was so great, that when her family returned to New York, she was placed under Signor Errani to complete her musical education. Her progress was rapid and remarkable, and after making several operatic essays at a private theatre belonging to Mr. Louis Jerome, of New York, she was engaged to appear in Italian opera at the Academy of Music, New York, where she made her *début*, in 1868, as Amina in *La Sonnambula*. She at once became a popular favourite; and when in the following year she appeared in that and other characters in London she was quite as successful, many of the musical critics prophesying for her a brilliant career. She was equally triumphant on the Continent, being enthusiastically received at Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and Moscow. She returned to England in May last, appearing at Her Majesty's Opera as Violetta in *La Traviata* with great and genuine success; and subsequently as Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Margherita in Gounod's *Faust*, and Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*.

Of the manner in which she sustains the title *rôle* in Bizet's *Carmen* we spoke at some length in our "music" column for June 29th, immediately after the production of the opera. She not only possesses a fine and highly-trained voice, but dramatic talent of a high order, a combination which cannot fail to place her in the foremost rank of operatic performers.

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THE NOTTINGHAM MUSEUM

THE Midland Counties Art Museum at Nottingham Castle, which was last week opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales, owed its origin in a great measure to the generosity and public spirit of the late Mr. William Geo. Ward, Mayor of Nottingham, who died only a few weeks ago from injuries he sustained in consequence of a fall from his horse.

So long ago as 1872 the success achieved by the students of the Nottingham School of Art induced the authorities of the Science and Art Department at South Kensington to suggest to the Town Council the establishment of an Exhibition of pictures and other art-work. The idea was at once adopted, a Committee was formed, an annual grant of money voted, and an Art Exhibition was soon opened in the Exchange Rooms. This became so popular, that the late Mayor and Town Council resolved on establishing a permanent Museum of Art, and the Castle was at once suggested as an appropriate site for it. Mr. Gladstone and Lord de Tabley, as trustees of the Duke of Newcastle, to whom the Castle belongs, were applied to for a lease, and they granted one for five hundred years; the Town Council undertaking to spend 20,000*l*. upon the "restoration" or rather alteration of the building, and to "use and maintain it as a public Museum and Art Gallery." Great interest has been taken in the work during its progress by Mr. Gladstone, the Bishop of Lincoln, the Duke of St. Alban's, the High Sheriff of the town and county and the town of Nottingham, Lord Belper (Lord Lieutenant of the county), Lord Manvers, Lord Carnarvon, Mr. Samuel Morley, Mr. Mundella, and many other gentlemen connected with the county. The Castle stands on an eminence close to the town, and is surrounded by extensive grounds which have been very tastefully laid out. The building which has just been restored is of course not the old Norman structure of history. That was dismantled during the Civil War, and was subsequently bought by William Cavendish, first Duke of Newcastle, who planned and commenced the present Castle, which, it will be recollected, was sacked and burnt by a mob during the riots which preceded the Reform Bill of 1832; the Duke of Newcastle of that day having made himself unpopular by saying that he "would do what he liked with his own." For many years the Castle Rock remained a scene of desolation, save at Easter and Whitsuntide, when the magnificent site was utilised for galas, and latterly the building has been the head-quarters of the Robin Hood Rifles until the work of adapting it for its new purpose began. The Museum, as it now stands, consists of two storeys, the lower one containing seven spacious rooms, whilst in the upper, which is reached by two staircases of stone, there are six magnificent galleries. The outer walls are of enormous thickness, and the internal arrangements are of special fire-proof construction. The Director and Curator is Mr. G. H. Wallis, lately of South Kensington Museum; and it is the intention of the Council to carry out the system of administration and custody of objects of art lent to the Museum which has been so successful at South Kensington. The contents of the Exhibition are of course of a very varied character. Paintings, both old and modern, by British and foreign artists, in oil and water colours. Lace, old and new, hand-made (this is the staple industry of the town of Nottingham). Tapestry, needlework, embroideries, pottery, porcelain and glass; armour and ironwork; specimens of carving in wood, ivory, and other materials; architectural and archæological relics, sculpture, bronzes, and jewellery.

One room is entirely devoted to pictures painted by Mr. Henry Dawson, who was himself present at the opening, and who, though not a native of Nottingham, was taken thither when quite an infant, and in his early life worked as a "twist hand" in one of the lace factories.

The weather on the opening day was brilliantly fine, although rain fell copiously enough during the early morning. The Prince and Princess of Wales, who had arrived at Bestwood, the Duke of St. Alban's seat, on the previous day, drove thence in an open carriage, and were met at the entrance of the town by the Mayor and Corporation and a number of other notabilities who were interested in the ceremony, and who came in procession from the Nottingham School of Art. The whole town of course made holiday, and turned out to enjoy the show. The streets through which the procession passed were draped with many-coloured flags, and lined on either side with Venetian masts. One street was transformed into a continuous triumphal arch by being covered in with a species of curved basket-work; and in many places a novel and dazzling effect was produced by the lavish use of beautiful lace hangings. In the market-place the scene was most imposing. The market-place is one of the most spacious in the kingdom, covering an area of nearly six acres, and its appearance is rendered quaint and picturesque by the colonnade which, formed by the projecting fronts of the upper storeys of the houses, surrounds it. The houses on all sides were hung with scarlet cloth and festoons of flowers, trophies of flags being fixed between the upper windows. The square was surrounded by Venetian masts, and from top to top of these masts were suspended strings of countless small banners. Every window, and even the tops of the houses, were thronged with spectators, and in the market-place itself there was an immense crowd. It was here that the procession halted while the Sunday-school children sang a verse of "God Bless the Prince of Wales." The line of route was kept by the 80th Regiment from Sheffield, and squadrons both of Lancers and the North Notts Yeomanry, whilst on the "Castle Green" were posted the "Robin Hoods," a famous rifle corps, which numbers nearly 1,000 strong. As the *cortège* passed through the grounds the band of the Royal Artillery performed a selection of music composed for the occasion by Mr. J. Farmer to words written by Mr. Bailey (the author of "Festus" both of whom are natives of Nottingham.

At the entrance to the Castle the Mayor, Mr. James Oldknow, received from the architect, Mr. T. C. Hine, a handsomely-chased key, which he immediately presented to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who, amid loud cheers, proceeded to open the door of the Museum. Then came the inspection of the building and its contents; after which the Royal party partook of luncheon and then returned to the lawn, where, under a pavilion, the Prince received an address from the Corporation, and made a suitable reply, in which he alluded in feeling terms to the sad accident which had caused the death of the late Mayor. The Prince having declared the Museum and grounds open, the Royal party returned to Bestwood, taking a different route through the town, and being enthusiastically cheered, as they had been on their way to the Castle.

The Mayor and members of the Corporation lunched together at the Exchange in celebration of the event; and in the evening many parts of the town were illuminated, and there was a display of fireworks in the Forest.

MDLLE. MINNIE HAUK, OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, IN THE CHARACTER OF "CARMEN"

Donna Laum, after having kissed his Eminence's hand, proceeded to display her screens and fans and cardboard boxes.

AMONGST ALIENS

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

AUTHOR OF "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

The Princess drove a hard bargain. I think we should not have come to terms at all, but for my desire to frequent that uninviting schoolroom in the Palazzo Corleoni and see for myself how things went there. But when the Princess said it was one of the conditions of the arrangement that I should come and work in her house, and not carry away any of the objects which were to be painted, the temptation was too strong for me, and I accepted very miserable pay rather than give the thing up. I could think of no better course of conduct to pursue than quietly and carefully to watch over Lucy, and endeavour to judge of her feeling towards Don Vittorio, without yielding to any rash impulse of anger or suspicion.

For suspicion, in truth, I had no tangible grounds; nothing that I could have told to a third person without the risk of my words either being disregarded, or having an exaggerated importance attached to them. And this latter was a result which I should most earnestly endeavour to avoid. The only person in whom I could confide any trouble or perplexity which assailed me,—the only friend, indeed, I had in Rome,—was my master, Alessandro Santi; and I would have trusted his judgment on most subjects, as fully as I trusted the goodness of his intentions towards my sister and myself. But on this subject,—no! I knew enough of Italian modes of thought to be sure that Signor Sandro would put but one interpretation on Don Vittorio's visits to the schoolroom; but this was not all: Signor Sandro would infallibly assume that those visits implied to Lucy's mind all,—or nearly all,—that they implied to his own. My shrewd old master much approved of the superior freedom granted to English girls, as compared with the restraints placed upon Italian girls, although his notions about it were very imperfect; but he drew several erroneous inferences from that which he did know. One of these inferences was that an English girl, accustomed to mingle freely in society instead of being shut up in a convent, and brought out thence to be married, must necessarily have a copious knowledge of the world;—a phrase which I have generally found to be a euphemism for "knowledge of the evil things in the world." The mixture of simplicity, fearlessness, and romance in a character like Lucy's was beyond his comprehension. He could have conceived a nun-taught Roman school-girl falling an innocent victim to Don Vittorio's fascinations; but not a bright, capable, English girl who trotted about the streets of Rome unattended, and read the newspapers; whereas the convent-bred imagination would in all probability have taken the alarm first. To it, men in general were wolves, and young girls only to be saved from them by implicit obedience to their experienced pastors, spiritual and temporal. How could a mind so taught weave a web of romantic fancies about such a one as Don Vittorio Alfoaso de Principi Corleoni?—a gossamer, fairy-like, moonlit tissue of girlish dreams and vague tenderness, no more like conscious passion than the cool glitter of Hesperus is like the fires of Etna!

Yet some such dream it was that I feared for Lucy. Or rather I feared the awakening from it that must come. The worship of "some bright particular star" is often a not unsweet prelude in a young girl's heart to the deeper music of real love. But suddenly to find that your star is but a coarse flame fed by foul tallow, to feel the wings of your spirit scorched and withered in its glare and stench,—that is a hideous experience which I was resolved to spare my Lucy at almost any cost, and by almost any effort.

But then, after all, it might be that I was mistaken and over-anxious. I kept this alternative before my mind as a possibility, and for a while all my observations seemed to tend towards raising it to a probability.

I went daily to the Palazzo Corleoni to work for Donna Laura and to help her in her work. I found that we were not to paint in the schoolroom, but in a small cabinet near to the Princess's boudoir, so that she could easily come in and inspect our progress, which she did very often. But although I was thus not constantly with Lucy, I was within reach of her, and frequently had an opportunity of going into the schoolroom; for the two younger girls had undertaken, as their contribution to the bazaar, to colour and gild some initial letters on cardboard, copied from an old illuminated missal, and this performance I was asked to superintend. This had not been in the bond when the Princess engaged me, but I was only too willing to make frequent visits to the schoolroom where the little girls were at work, so long as Lucy was there also. My presence there was never unwelcome, because, as Donna Laura candidly observed, the children improved in talking English at the same time that they worked at their illuminations, both Lucy and I being strictly enjoined never to converse with them but in our own language.

During all this time I never once found Don Vittorio in the schoolroom. But I saw him occasionally, nevertheless. He would lounge in of a morning to look at our drawings, and to criticise his sister's with fraternal severity. About mine he said nothing, and appeared scarcely to see them. Only once, in an access, as it seemed, of ill temper, he remarked to Donna Laura that she was a fool to allow her performances to be exhibited in juxtaposition with mine. Donna Laura answered very good humouredly that she had no pretensions to be an artist like Meess Wilson, who was a favourite pupil of Professor Santi.

The Princess chanced to overhear these two speeches as she was coming into the painting-room. She chanced to overhear a great many of the speeches made in her house; and I was often struck by the familiar knowledge she displayed of things said and done out of her presence. On this occasion she gave Don Vittorio a little lecture; saying that Laum had no need to be ashamed of her work, no matter how poor it might be in an artistic point of view, for that her pious motive in doing it rendered it worth something in the eyes of all good persons; and that, moreover, since the Holy Father himself expressly approved the object of the bazaar, she thought it would be becoming in everybody to avoid all spirit of levity in thinking or speaking of it.

The Princess's manner was very smooth, but I thought I detected a steely hardness underneath the velvet. The expression of her haughty features and dark stern eyes was not in harmony with the pious humility of her words. In short, she seemed to me to be like an able actress determined on playing a part for which Nature had not fitted her. In observing her, Signor Sandro's words recurred to me: "They tell me she has *taken to devotion* in these days." Her devotion, however, did not interfere with her mundane affairs. She governed her household with a strict rule and the most minute knowledge of details. I do not believe that her cook or her steward could have succeeded in cheating her out of a farthing. If they did peculate, after the manner of their kind, she knew it, and knew the precise extent of their peculations. But if it suited her to appear blind to them, she would shut her eyes at the proper moment without the smallest scruple; and with as little compunction would she accuse and expose the culprit the moment his misdeeds went beyond the limit she had mentally assigned to them as tolerable. I think she carried out this method in dealing with her children. For example, Don Vittorio (who was her favourite) had a great deal of apparent freedom and independence; but I was persuaded from the first that the Princess kept a certain power in her own hands, and that however long her son's tether might be, still he was tethered. As to the Prince Bastiani-Corleoni, he was, for me, as invisible a potentate as the Mikado of Japan. I heard from others that he was a mild-mannered gentleman of handsome presence and orthodox principles, whose chief occupation in life was to audit and pass the accounts prepared for him by his wife in her vigilant management of their estate, and whose chief pastime was shooting over a domain he possessed in a distant part of the Maremma, where the wild birds throve, and the peasants languished in the malaria.

After the little reproof to Don Vittorio which I have mentioned, the Princess turned to me and said, "Ah, you are a pupil of Sandro Santi?" (She had known this fact perfectly, long ago.) "He is a very clever painter, and, I am told, even a better master."

"He is a rabid 'Red,'" observed Don Vittorio in a tone of cold contempt. "When we had a government he was banished as dangerous. I suppose now he is considered a shining light; or at least no worse than the rest."

I took no more heed of this speech than if I had been stone deaf, but went on painting steadily, conscious all the time that the Princess was watching me as steadily. She made a pause before speaking as though she thought it possible that I might take up the glove thus openly thrown down by her son; but when she finally spoke she did so in the tone of one answering on an instant impulse. "Oh, my son," she said, "do not let us forget Christian charity in our judgment even of those who are misguided enough to rebel against their sovereign and father. What you speak of happened long ago. Perhaps years have brought better counsel to Santi. He is getting old now, and very likely repents the errors of his youth. Let us hope so."

I had an instinctive feeling that she expected this speech to call forth some reply from me. But I took no more heed of it than of Don Vittorio's; painting on steadily, with the Princess watching me steadily, as before.

For the first week she did not talk much to me during her visits to the painting-room. I think she was observing me, and trying to read my character. After a while she began to converse with me, always putting direct questions, and not betraying any annoyance (although I think she felt some) at the laconic brevity of my answers. In this fashion, and by a methodically regular process, she catechised me about my history, and learned the little there was to know: as, for instance, that I had studied drawing in England before my father's death; that my father had been an architect; that I had a small yearly income between me and destitution; that Lucy inherited a sum of two thousand pounds from her mother; that I hoped to follow the profession of a painter, and had come to Rome with the view of qualifying myself to do so; and that I had had an introduction to Santi from my old Italian teacher who knew him years ago. I was amused to find afterwards that she had previously cross-questioned Lucy in precisely the same manner, and had evidently examined me with the intention of comparing and sifting our statements.

The effect produced on Lucy by this sort of catechism was very different from that which it made on me. She accepted the Princess's questioning as a proof of kindly interest in us. And it was true that that haughty dame treated Lucy with much more sweetness of manner than she thought it worth while to bestow on me. She had managed to soothe Lucy's natural timidity, and to conquer her shyness; and that once done, it was not difficult to win some affection from her. There never was a nature which responded more immediately to the least show of kindness than my sister's. And the facility with which she fell under the influence of those around her was a weakness in her character which I was sure the Princess Corleoni had not failed to perceive. And then the query presented itself to my mind, What motive could the Princess have for influencing and attracting Lucy?

I puzzled over this riddle, turning and twisting it this way and that, and never coming to a satisfactory solution. A year or two ago I should simply have accepted the Princess's kind, caressing manner to my sister as the most natural thing in the world, which needed no explanation. Lucy was used to be petted and spoken softly to from a little child. But my year's residence in Rome had made me suspicious of such behaviour on the part of such a woman as the haughty Princess Olympia. Sometimes, however, I went back to my old simple way of looking at things. Why should not the Princess be kind to Lucy solely because she liked the girl's soft ways and sweet looks? Then again I rejected this idea, and told myself that a thousand minute circumstances tended to show that the Princess was carrying out a line of conduct dictated by calculation rather than feeling. Once or twice the wild notion darted into my mind that the Princess perceived Don Vittorio's admiration for Lucy, and was inclined to yield to her son's wishes in the matter; she harped a good deal on Lucy's little fortune, and one day used the phrase, "a nice *dot*," or dowry, in speaking of it. But of course such a notion *was* wild, and not to be entertained in sober seriousness. Poor Lucy's money could not possibly offer any temptations to such people as the Corleonis; the interest of it would not pay Don Vittorio's tailor for half a year. Besides, she was a girl of no family, giving lessons for pay, a foreigner, and—worse than all—a heretic! No, no; the thing was too outrageously absurd and improbable, and could only have flitted into a brain weary and perplexed with unavailing ponderings on one subject.

Before the day of the great bazaar arrived, however, I had got hold of a clue to the enigma.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN I look back on that period of my employment in the Palazzo Corleoni, it seems to have extended over a long time; and yet the dates in a little diary or memorandum-book which I kept then show that barely three weeks elapsed from the first day to the last of my engagement. But the time seemed long to me then, and seems long in the restrospect, because several incidents of great interest in my life were crowded into it.

I did not neglect the object which had chiefly induced me at first to go to the Palazzo Corleoni; namely, to see for myself what terms Don Vittorio was on with my sister, whether he visited the school-room daily, and to watch his behaviour towards Lucy with jealous scrutiny. But it was not possible, of course, that I should devote myself wholly to that object. Having undertaken to make certain drawings, I was bound to execute them to the best of my ability, and honestly to fulfil my part of the bargain by helping and counselling Donna Laura. And besides, as I have said, I was not free to be in my sister's company whensoever it pleased me to seek it. Still I flattered myself that my opportunities for observation were sufficient to assure me that Don Vittorio took no special pains to see Lucy. And I began to think that I had altogether over-estimated the danger to her peace of mind from the attention bestowed on her by those handsome, inscrutable, sapphire-tinted eyes. I had refrained from hinting my fears and surmises to Lucy. If she were fancy free it was not for me to trouble the innocent serenity of her mind. If she were indulging in any girlish romance, open interference and opposition might put her into an attitude of antagonism towards me, which would weaken my influence over her, and diminish my means of standing between her and sorrow.

She talked to me freely enough, when we were at home of an evening, about the Corleonis; about the Princess especially, whose virtues and piety she descanted on at length. And sometimes she would use a phraseology in speaking of them which instantly struck on my ear as being foreign to Lucy's usual way of talking, and which I was convinced she had caught and unconsciously imitated from somebody. Possibly it was from the Princess herself, I thought, who habitually used a certain pietistic jargon peculiar to her Church. Every Church has its own, I suppose. At least I knew that such was the case with more than one Dissenting sect in my native town, and now I found that the orthodox and strictly Catholic Romans had plenty of sentences and turns of speech ready cut and dried for use in discoursing on religious matters. Some of these were almost as purely technical as Signor Sandro's studio talk, and always suggested to my mind something unpleasantly mechanical and prosaic. Lucy, however, did not feel them to be so. She was less critical—perhaps less hard—than I. Then, too, the Princess's partiality flattered her,—simple-hearted child that she was! And certainly that partiality seemed to increase daily. Lucy was frequently invited to sit with the Princess in her boudoir whilst Donna Laura and I were painting, and she generally was bidden to remain there even during the visits of certain exalted personages who were amongst the Princess Olympia's most intimate and valued guests. Such a degree of favour was never extended to me—to my inward thankfulness! And why,—*why*, I wondered more and more day by day, was it bestowed on Lucy?

One afternoon the Princess entered the painting-room, where her daughter and I were at work, and said with an impressive air, "Laura, his Eminence would like to see some of your drawings. He is very much interested and pleased to hear that you are working so well for our bazaar. Bring them in to the boudoir. Madame de Clavigny is there, too."

Donna Laura prepared to obey, and began to divest herself of the holland blouse which she wore whilst painting. The Princess turned back to me as if struck by an afterthought, and said, "Would you like to bring some of your drawings also, Meess Wilson?"

"If you will excuse me, madam, I would rather go on with my work. The daylight hours are few and precious."

I thought the Princess looked by no means displeased at my refusal. "As you please, as you please," she said, with a gracious bend of the head. But Donna Laura, with a good honest impulse, insisted that I should come, too, and display a pair of hand screens of my painting, which she thought particularly well-executed. "You know," said she, "Madame de Clavigny is very rich and very fond of buying pretty things, and who knows but she may give you an order for a picture? You always say you want to earn money. Don't throw away a chance. I shall tell her that you have done the best things, and helped me with mine."

With all her bluntness and absence of suavity, I had long ago discovered that Donna Laura had some kindness of heart; and her character impressed me as being incomparably more loveable than that of any other member of the family with whom I was acquainted.

"It is kind of you to consider my interests, Donna Laura," said I, hesitatingly. At that moment I caught a look of annoyance on the Princess's face which determined my decision. I am ashamed to own that a sentiment of rebellion against the Princess's velvet-gloved iron will was a stronger motive for displaying my work in the boudoir than any hope of selling a picture to Madame de Clavigny! It was childish, perhaps, but I could not help saying to myself, "You *shan't* have your own way this time! I'll take you at your word." So I finished my answer to Donna Laura thus: "And as you say, it would be foolish to throw away a chance. I will work an extra half-hour for you to-morrow, if I lose a little daylight now."

I think that if Donna Laura had been looking at her lady mother's face at that moment she would have repented her rash insistance; for a cloud on that dark brow was a formidable sight to all who lived under the rule of Olympia Corleoni. But the girl was happily unconscious of the cloud on this occasion, and in an instant it had passed away, and the Princess looked her usual composed, and slightly sanctimonious, self.

In the boudoir—an eye-afflicting apartment hung with damask of the colour of the yolk of an egg, on which about a dozen vilely-executed copies of well-known pictures by old masters glared from out massive gilt frames,—the distinguished company was seated after the fashion of distinguished companies in thoroughly Italian houses. That is to say, the chairs were all ranged in a formal semi-circle, as if some one were presently expected to "address the meeting." The company on this occasion was very distinguished,—all but one member of it. The undistinguished member was my little Lucy. I caught sight of her curly head directly I went in, just visible behind and above the black velvet and sables which covered the portly person of Madame de Clavigny. This lady was the wife of a diplomat accredited to the Vatican, and was a leading personage in the orthodox and aristocratic circles of Roman society. Next to her, enthroned in the most comfortable armchair in the room, sat a tall, thin, hatchet-faced old gentleman in black ecclesiastical garb. His lean old hands, partly encasen in knitted woollen mittens, were crossed on his knee, and his lean old legs in scarlet stockings were crossed over one another, and his watery blue eyes looked very mild, and not a little stupid. And this was his Eminence the Cardinal Zampini, Archbishop of Borgofosco, and a reverend pillar of the Church. Near to him, just the least trifle behind him, and within easy reach of his Eminence's ear, sat one who looked neither mild nor stupid, a certain Monsignor Chiappaforti, well known in more than one social sphere of the Eternal City. Monsignore was at present in attendance on the Cardinal,—told off, as it were, to be *aide-de-camp* to that aged major-general of the Church Militant during the latter's stay in Rome; for his Eminence did not reside in the capital, but had temporarily deprived his flock at Borgofosco of the light of his countenance, having some business to transact at the Vatican. Chiappaforti's round, smooth-shaven, good-humoured face was very attractive at first sight to many persons. The quality I have most frequently heard attributed to him was *bonhomie*. "Monsignor Chiappaforti's manners have such a delightful *bonhomie* about them!" And he was undoubtedly quick-witted, and well-educated. He laughed a great deal,—a low, musical, seemingly spontaneous laugh. I say "seemingly spontaneous," because I am persuaded that he was a great deal too clever and sarcastic to be really ingenuously amused and delighted by half the things he laughed at with that air of almost infantine heartiness.

The conversation was being carried on in French in honour of Madame de Clavigny, who could speak nothing else. His Eminence did not shine particularly in the linguistic line, albeit we were told that he had passed many years in Belgium. But Monsignore spoke French very fluently, and English, and—I was told—German also; and he helped out the old Cardinal whenever he boggled for a word. In fact he helped out every one who showed any tendency to boggle, and altogether drove his heterogeneous team into whatsoever conversational highways or bye-ways it pleased him to follow, with the ease and skill of an accomplished whip. It must have been a hard-mouthed brute, indeed, that he could not manage, or at least one very resolutely and earnestly bent on going in a direction opposite to that in which Monsignore would fain guide him!

On the present occasion every one was willing to talk about the same topic: the forthcoming bazaar, namely. I, as a mere supernumerary figure in the scene, was able to observe it all at my ease. Donna Laura, after having kissed his Eminence's hand—an action which, from a girl of her age to a white-haired pastor of her Church, seemed to me graceful and pretty—proceeded to display her screens and fans and cardboard boxes before his reverend countenance whilst he sat still in his chair. Poor old gentleman, he did his best to seem pleased, but a more lack-lustre eye than that with which he contemplated the various objects held up before him one after the other it never was my lot to see. "Very pretty, very pretty. Ah! you are very clever; yes, yes. Very clever, indeed!" These phrases he repeated over and over again in his mild, quavering old voice. And on the whole I don't know that he could have said anything better. But Monsignore was a different sort of critic. His *bravas* were also profuse, but not so absolutely indiscriminating as those of his Eminence, and he interspersed them with neat little appreciative remarks on the various subjects portrayed, which somehow half-persuaded even me that he took a lively interest in the whole affair.

After a while it came to the turn of my drawings to be exhibited. True to her word, Donna Laura specially called Madame de Clavigny's attention to them, and ungrudgingly gave me full credit for all I had done to help her. My pictures had also the honour to be submitted to the gaze of the Cardinal. I was sorry for him, so evidently was he bored and bewildered by this second tax on his complaisance and patience. But here again Monsignore came nobly to the rescue. He was pleased to praise my drawings in the most flattering terms. And after one very flowery eulogium he surprised me greatly by saying, "I am all the more delighted that this good work should have been done by the sister of our dear Signorina Lucia." And at the same time Lucy gave him a look of the most beaming gratitude. Nothing delighted her more than to hear me praised. It was a sure way to her favour. Her pleased look, therefore, was not surprising, but it was to me both surprising and puzzling to find her accepting the epithet of "our dear Signorina Lucia" from Monsignor Chiappaforti, as a natural and accustomed form of speech. So absorbed was she in gazing on Monsignore with her trusting, innocent, grateful blue eyes, that she did not observe my astonishment. Monsignore, however, observed it. And he at once repeated the words, "our dear Signorina Lucia," looking amiably across at me. Then he bent a little closer to the Cardinal's ear, and whispered a few sentences into it; of which sentences the sibilant words, "Sandro Santi" were all that I caught. Monsignore's eyes were inscrutably cast down whilst he whispered, but his Eminence instantly honoured me with an attentive, and not particularly benevolent, stare.

When Lucy and I were at home that evening, I said to her that I had been surprised to hear Monsignor Chiappaforti speak of her and to her in so familiar and affectionate a strain; to which she answered that he was the most kind and amiable of beings, and treated her rather as if she were a daughter of the house of Corleoni than as a poor teacher who worked there for pay; and that in all his ways and words he presented an edifying and touching example of Christian charity. And the Cardinal—was he not a dear venerable old man? Would I not admit that he was? I replied that as to the Cardinal I did not know enough of him to say whether he were "dear" or "venerable," but that for the moment I was not concerned to discuss that Prince of the Church. Lucy, however, still harped on his Eminence's venerable looks. "And I noticed," said she, "that you curtsied to him very reverently when you left the room, Catherine. I was so glad to see it!"

"To have done otherwise would have been gross ill-manners, Lucy mine; but I assure you that my curtsey was not intended as a tribute to Cardinal Zampini's moral worth—about which I know absolutely nothing. I should have treated a Mandarin with just the same respect, if I had been presented to him in a Pekin drawing-room by a Princess of the Celestial Empire!"

"Oh, Catherine!"

"Oh, Lucy!"

"I wish you wouldn't talk so, Catty dear."

"How is it that you have scarcely ever mentioned Monsignor Chiappaforti's name to me, and yet have become quite a dear friend of his, as it seems?"

"I fancied—it seemed to me as if you—you disliked all the Princess's friends, whenever I did mention them. And I think,—I do think you are prejudiced against the Catholic clergy, Catherine. Perhaps, Signor Santi puts it into your head. He *is* a Republican, I know; and I am afraid he has no religion."

This speech made me very grave. It was something new that Lucy should purposely avoid any topic to me. We differed by temperament, and the very constitution of our minds, on a hundred subjects; but we had hitherto discussed together whatever came into our heads with the freest confidence. For some time past I had felt the presence of a kind of veil between my young sister's mind and my own, although she was as gentle and affectionate towards me as ever. And a few days later, I had another proof of it. I chanced to see in Lucy's bedroom—we occupied two tiny sleeping chambers, little more than closets, one on each side of the sitting-room—a large photograph of one of the well-known Madonnas of Giovanni Bellini. It was placed upright on the chest of drawers, and caught my eye at once. "That is a charming picture," said I. "Where did you get it, Lucy?"

"The Princess gave it to me."

"The Princess Corleoni? You *must* be in favour! I never heard of her giving anything to anybody. Why didn't you show it to me?"

Lucy coloured and hesitated, but she answered at length plainly enough that she was afraid I might say something sarcastic, or might turn her picture into ridicule.

"*I* turn Giovanni Bellini into ridicule——!"

"No; not Giovanni Bellini, Catherine, but the Madonna."

All at once a light flashed in on me at those words, which made everything clear in a moment. They were trying to convert her! But why?—*why?*"

Signor Sandro found an instant solution to this question when I hinted to him my suspicion (it was, indeed, far more than a suspicion), and told him how unhappy it made me. "Ah, *già!*" he said, very quietly. "Lucia has fifty thousand *lire* of her own. A very nice little dowry to enter a religious house with."

I lay awake for hours that night with an aching heart.

(To be continued)

BOOKS RECEIVED

Catalogue Spécial du Grand Duché de Finlande (Exptn. Universale).

The Baron of Eppenfeld: John F. Hayden; Christiern the Wicked: Henry Tagson; The Gregors: Jane H. Spettique; Lady's Holm (3 vols.): Annie L. Walker; Frozen Hearts (3 vols.): G. Wappleton. Tinsley and Co.

French Pictures in English Chalk (Second Series). Smith, Elder, and Co.

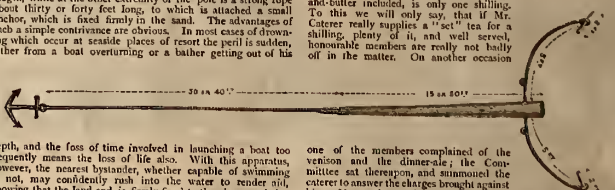
Subject Index of the Exhibits, Paris Universal Exhibition. Offices of the Royal Commission.

Paris Originals: A. Egmont Hake. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Gleanings from the Inside History of the Bonanzas.

A NOVEL LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS

THE accompanying engraving is from a sketch sent to us hy the Rev. Bernard East, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who recently saw the apparatus in use at Scheveningen in Holland. It consists of a long spar about fifteen to twenty feet in length, and five inches in diameter at one end and three at the other; a hole about an inch in diameter is bored through the thick end and a stout rope ten feet in length passed through, knotted on both sides of the spar, to prevent it slipping through. At each end of this rope is fastened a strong handle two feet in length, while at the other extremity of the pole is a strong rope about thirty or forty feet long, to which is attached a small anchor, which is fixed firmly in the sand. The advantages of such a simple contrivance are obvious. In most cases of drowning which occur at seaside places of resort the peril is sudden, either from a boat overturning or a bather getting out of his depth, and the loss of time involved in launching a boat too frequently means the loss of life also. With this apparatus, however, the nearest bystander, whether capable of swimming or not, may confidently rush into the water to render aid, knowing that the land end is firmly fixed to the shore, and that should he become exhausted he can quickly be hauled back into safety. Having carried the spar out as far as the rope will permit, he thrusts the pole forward to the drowning persons, who can either grasp the pole itself or one of the ropes or handles attached to its end, and their rescue is then a matter of certainty. Such an appliance has everything in its favour. It would be always close at hand, and, being very light, could easily be moved to the exact spot required; it could be used by a landsman quite as efficiently as by a sailor or boatman, and its cost would be so small as compared to that of a boat, that we should imagine it will ere long be very widely adopted at most of the watering-places on our coasts.



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THE COMMONS AT COMMONS

CURIOUS are the by-ways and minor organisations of the House of Commons—such as the arrangements for supplying honourable and right honourable gentlemen, at reasonable prices, with refreshments to support exhausted nature during legislative labours. When a "count-out" occurs on an evening expected to be marked by a full assemblage and a lengthened sitting, the caterer is perplexed in a way little imagined by the general public. Few of us can see what connection there is between the Palace of Parliament and a restaurant, between second readings and roast joints, between Select Committees and mulligatawny, between divisions or majorities and chops or steaks; and yet there *is* a connection.

It arose thus. When the fashion for late dinners had established itself, the dining hour was long after the meeting hour of the Commons, four o'clock; members could dine if they liked at any time (say) from six till nine, but only by interrupting their Parliamentary attendances. Under these circumstances Mr. Bellamy, a wine merchant in the neighbourhood, was permitted to open a refreshment room within the legislative precincts. Cold meat and salad, hot chops and steaks, such were the viands—not set dinners; and the number of partakers was always small.

When the old Houses of Parliament were destroyed by fire, Sir Charles Barry included a regular dining-room as part of the new structure. But then arose a difficulty—who was to manage it, and how? Mr. Bellamy died, and it was found that pastry-cooks and tavern-keepers showed no great inclination to succeed him; a few made the attempt, but lost money by it. At length a Select Committee, aided by the officials of the House, elaborated a plan. The lessee or caterer was to be provided by the House with plate, linen, glass, crockery, gas and candles, dish-covers, wine-coolers, pots and kettles, pans and saucepans, carpeting, matting, brooms, brushes, rubbers, dusters, meat-stands, dripping-stands, knife-cleaners, towel-rollers, &c.; he was to provide, cook, and serve all the creature-comforts; his charges were to be regulated according to a tariff approved by the House; and he was to receive from the House an annual payment to assist in defraying the wages of servants and waiters. One lessee after another tried his fortune, and one after another came (figuratively speaking) with tears in his eyes to assure the honourable House that he could realise no profit out of his contract.

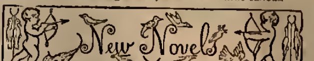
The difficulty was such as an hotel-keeper would feel keenly. At eight o'clock (say) on a particular evening there may be four hundred, two hundred, one hundred members present in the House; an expected stormy debate may suddenly subside, or an adjournment may empty the House at once. What is the result? The unhappy caterer can neither foresee nor control such exigencies, which may very likely upset his entire plans for that day. If he has calculated on a full night and a rush of members into the dining-room at eight o'clock or so, he prepares his resources accordingly; so many joints, so much poultry, so many of the prime pieces which yield chops and steaks, so much vegetables and pastry. If the members come, and he has not enough for them, he is voted a nuisance; if they do *not* come when he is provided, a serious loss presses on him—as any cook or housewife will easily understand. Some sessions ago it was found on examination that only twenty dinners had been partaken of by honourable members in the dining-room of the House in one week; whereas in another, the fullest week of the Session, the number was five hundred and sixty—more than a hundred per day for five days in the week (Saturday being a *dies non*). But woe betide the successor to Bellamy if he expects *equal* numbers on the five days of such a week; there may be two hundred on one day and only fifty the next. How is he to know beforehand; and how to prevent grumbling on the one hand or loss on the other?

Some of the moanings of the successive caterers have been almost amusing—except to those who moan. There is a sort of Permanent Committee on the Kitchen and Refreshment Room, the members of which are the more immediate masters of the caterer, and annually present a report to the House on these culinary and gustatory matters. On one occasion the caterer stated to the Committee that in a certain number of months he had expended 3,608*l.* and received 3,268*l.*—a bad bargain surely! On other occasions, and by this or that caterer, grievances have been brought forward:—that by the rule adjourning the House from seven to nine on Tuesdays and Thursdays, honourable members are tempted to go and dine at home or at their clubs, instead of dining with him; that he wanted gas plate-warmers to be added to the fireplaces in the dining-room during the summer months; that on one occasion he provided a good dinner for a hundred and fifty, but that (owing to a "count out") less than twenty partook of it; and that, unless members notify beforehand that they certainly will dine with him at a certain hour, they may perchance all come rushing down to the dining-room at once (say at the conclusion of a brilliant ~~speech by Mr. Gladstone~~ or a masculine speech by Mr. Bright), driving the *chef* and his servants to their wits' end.

On the other hand, honourable members sometimes complain of the caterer for this or that instance of shortcoming. On one occasion a member complained that he had been charged fifteen pence for tea; whereas the proper charge, cream with bread-and-butter included, is only one shilling. To this we will only say, that if Mr. Caterer really supplies a "set" tea for a shilling, plenty of it, and well served, honourable members are really not badly off in the matter. On another occasion one of the members complained of the venison and the dinner-ale; the Committee sat thereupon, and summoned the caterer to answer the charges brought against him. Not unfrequently it happens that, when some improvement is requested, either by Mr. Caterer or by one of his guests, a whimsical amount of circumlocution presents itself, owing to the way in which authority is divided. The Committee had one year to report to Parliament that the Sergeant-at-Arms had been requested by them to send a requisition to the Board of Works for some new addition to the pots and pans in the kitchen. In other words, the successor to Bellamy asked the Committee to ask the Sergeant-at-Arms to ask the Board of Works to send in the required supply; and we sincerely hope he got it.

The caterer, for his own immediate interest, must make himself acquainted with any alteration in the hours of meeting. What are called "morning sittings," from twelve till four, are held whenever the House decides on so doing; members who have been present during that sitting are less inclined to be there again in the evening, *e.g.*, they will not dine with Mr. Caterer. Again, the House sometimes meets at two and sits till seven, reassembles at nine and sits till any number of small hours next morning. This is another variation which greatly disturbs all calculations as to the number of diners at any one hour or any one day. The Committee, during a Session a few years ago, discussed whether the dining-room might be made to exhibit, in some conspicuous place, the name of the member who is addressing the House at any particular moment; if he is a star, the diners will bolt their dinners and rush off to hear him; if he is a bore or a nobody, they may finish their meal in quietude. A little consideration will render clear the interest Mr. Caterer has in all such rules. The latest report issued by the Gustatory or Culinary Committee (if we may venture to use such a term) gravely informs the House that "Your Committee desire to call attention to the inefficient state of the ventilation of the large Dining Room, which they believe could be remedied by a ventilating shaft over the Serving Room, so as to carry off the hot air and smells from the kitchen, which have no other exit save through the Dining Room."

As one of the side-lights of the world-renowned British House of Commons, this dining-room system is not a little curious.



"THE HAZARD OF THE DIE, by Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt, author of "Thornicroft's Model," &c. (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—Criticism of the title of a novel is never a very profitable task, and, just at present, is almost unfair besides, as the selection of a title not already appropriated must be a work needing pretty well as much pains and ingenuity as the composition of the story itself. Nevertheless, we cannot help remarking of the name Mrs. Hunt has chosen for her book, that it refers to only one episode in it, and that that episode—the abduction of the heroine by her far away cousin, with the object of half-coaxing, half-forcing her into matrimony with him,—though it is by far the most stirring portion of the whole tale, occupies only about a hundred pages, and has hardly any effect on the general issue. "The Hazard of the Die" is a story of which the period is the opening years of the present century; and the scene, for the most part, the village of Ainderby, in the extreme north of Yorkshire, on the borders of Durham, or "the Bishopric," or "Bishopsrigg," as we are told that county was then styled. Its author being who she is, it is hardly necessary to say that it stands much above the average run of novels, though we cannot regard it as a whole as equal to such former efforts of hers as "Thornicroft's Model," or "Under Seal of Confession." The chapters which form what we may call the prologue are far too much spun out; and even when we are fairly launched into the action there is, save in such episodes as the one we have already mentioned, and that of Lady Lethbridge's clandestine visit to London, with its fatal consequences, a tendency to "drag," which is continually making itself visible. It seems to us that Mrs. Hunt's novel has suffered somewhat from her determination to fill the orthodox three volumes—a determination which has suggested expansion wherever possible rather than the compression which so greatly adds to force, and has led her to crowd her pages with "bits" from the rural life of the time—some of them, indeed, excellent, but others too obviously excrescences, and of faint interest. As for the story, there is so little of it that we might almost state it in a couple of dozen words; but such a brief outline would give an imperfect and misleading idea of it, and we had therefore better leave readers who may be so minded to learn it for themselves. Likeable and winning as the heroine, Alice Lethbridge, otherwise "our Ailie," is, she can hardly be called an original conception; but the position in which we find her is original, and Mrs. Hunt has made skilful use of the opportunities it afforded her. Well contrasted, too, with Alice is her foster-sister, Cordy, the genuine peasant girl who makes so effective a foil to the lady whose lowly lot is but the result of accident. "The Hazard of the Die" is worthy of attention, though we cannot say that we can consider its author as showing herself throughout it in her accustomed "form."

"At the Altar," translated from the German of E. Werner, by Mrs. Parker (2 vols.: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.); and "Sacred Views," by E. Werner, translated by Bertha Ness (3 vols.: Remington and Co.).—Both these works are translations of Werner's "Am Altar," and in a prefatory note Messrs. Remington and Co. seem to make it a cause of complaint that after they had announced that they had a translation in the press, Messrs. Low and Marston should have brought out their version. With this matter, however, we have nothing to do. As far as the translations are concerned the renderings of Werner's story accomplished by Mrs. Parker and Miss Ness seem to stand on much the same level. Neither is perfect, and neither conspicuously faulty, and the palm rests sometimes with the one, sometimes with the other, though, perhaps, on the whole, as far as we have compared the two together, that of Miss Ness has slightly the advantage. As for the story itself internal evidence would point decidedly to its having been an early composition of its author's; and though it is in parts strong and interesting, as hardly any work of his could fail to be, we should feel not a little hesitation in pronouncing it worth translation. We can hardly regard the theme on which the interest mainly turns as altogether an agreeable one. Father Benedict, a young Benedictine monk of much zeal and promise, falls in love at first sight with a beautiful Protestant maiden, and the feelings thus roused in him lead him to look upon the vows of celibacy he has taken upon himself, first as hateful and unbearable, and then as an unreal and unnatural burden. And, of course, as Herr Werner intends us to sympathise with his hero, the cloister and its inmates have to be presented in the most odious light, and we get a view of monasticism which might delight the soul of Mr. Whalley. The book is, in fact, open to the many objections we always feel to the controversial novel, though the element of religious controversy is conspicuous by its absence; as it is simply as a man, and not at all as a theologian, that young Benedict, or Bruno, comes to regard the yoke of his vows and of his creed as one that he cannot and ought not to bear. The tale is told with ability, and contains some powerfully-drawn characters.

"Salthurst," by Mrs. Arthur Lewis, author of "The Master of Riverswood" (3 vols.: Samuel Tinsley).—This is an unequal book, but it is, in the main, remarkably well written, and we come across many scenes of real power. The account of the heroine's childhood is charming, and we can only regret that the author should have been in such a hurry to make her grow up, as with mature years she somewhat loses her hold on our regard. The shipwreck, again, in the third volume, is a very vivid scene, and all the more effective from the skill with which it is worked in and led up to. "Salthurst" may not be distinctly a book of mark, but it is well worth reading, and very much better fare than the novel-reader ordinarily gets set before him.

"Bonnie Lesley," by Mrs. Herbert Martin, author of "Cast Adrift," &c. (Griffith and Farran).—We should imagine this was a tale written principally for young ladies, and a very fascinating one of its kind it is. "Bonnie Lesley" is a delightfully fresh, tender, and sparkling heroine, with just enough spice in the way of petulance and self-will to give her a zest, and save her from "goody-goodiness;" and the history of the love that springs up between her and the blind *savant*—he is a handsome man still on the right side of fifty, be it understood—whose amanuensis and reader she becomes, is very pleasantly and naturally told. The tale is, indeed, one to be enjoyed a great deal more thoroughly than many with far higher pretensions.

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TRIOLETS FOR TRAVELLERS

I.—AT BAVENO

YOU remember the day,
At the Isola Bella!
When we dreamed in the bay,
How the time sped away!
And pray what did *you* say,
'Neath the snowy umbrella?
You remember the day,
At the Isola Bella!

II.—PASSING BACHARACH

When the Rhine they were on,
They had only one *Murray*.
'Twasn't Lindley, but John,
They so doted upon;
How his red book they'd con!
And ne'er deem it a worry—
When the Rhine they were on,
They had only one *Murray*.

III.—ON THE WAY TO THE MONTANVERT

When I last saw sweet Nell,
At the spring by the mountain!
Her small hand—I must tell—
Like a pretty pink shell,
As a cup did so well,
I drank deep from the fountain.
When I last saw sweet Nell,
At the spring by the mountain!

IV.—ON FILEY SANDS

Down by the summer sea,
Amid the sand and shingle;
Small foot-prints (Is it she?)—
I follow them with glee,
But large ones—woe is me!—
With little ones commingle.
Down by the summer sea,
Amid the sand and shingle!

J. ASHBY-STERRY

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REFORM IN THE GORGEOUS DRESS OF EASTERN MONARCHS is being introduced by the King of Burmah, who, finding his treasury low, has taken to wearing paper hats, as less expensive than ordinary headgear.

A CLUB TO PROMOTE THE KNOWLEDGE OF ENGLISH AMONG GERMANS has been formed in Frankfort, according to the *Frankfurter Presse*. Most of the members are gentlemen who have lived in England, Australia, and America, who meet to keep up their acquaintance with the English language and introduce it among their friends, while English newspapers and periodicals are freely circulated, and weekly meetings are held at which lectures and readings are given in English.

AN ATTEMPT TO MODERATE EXCESSIVE DRINKING across the Atlantic has been made in Virginia, where, in the various city bars and saloons, a small tax—to be paid by the consumer—is levied on each separate "drink" served out. The number of drinks is registered by means of a bell-punch—a combination of the gas-meter and a gong struck by a spring with a hammer attached—and a revenue commissioner comes at certain intervals to take the state of the register. The experiment has not worked very well hitherto, as the bar-keepers dislike the exciseman's visit, and the customers find it cheaper to drink at home.

WHICH IS OUR BEST FRIEND, THE

AXED DOG OR THE UNTAXED CAT?

Magazines

I.

We have in the *Nineteenth Century* for July a very noticeable fragment from Mr. W. J. Thoms, concerning the alleged Will of Peter the Great, a document containing the famous injunction from that monarch to his successors, "Approach as near as possible to Constantinople and towards the Indies. He who reigns at Constantinople will be the real sovereign of the world." This Will, it is well known, has been very generally believed to be apocryphal, and the theory more or less accepted that it was an invention of Napoleon the First, and first published in a book compiled at his order by one Lesur in 1812, when it was his interest to represent Russian greed of territory as insatiable. But though Mr. Thoms admits that Lesur's book was inspired by Napoleon, and thinks it probable that the *editio princeps* of the so-called Will first appeared in this book, it does not follow, he reminds us, that the Will was a forgery, and he proceeds to set forth many weighty reasons for supposing that such a legacy was actually left by the great Czar to his successors. His case, as he states it, is undoubtedly a strong one; on the other hand there is the fact that the existence of such a document has been absolutely denied both by the Emperor Alexander I., and by the present Emperor, of whose denial Mr. Thoms says that there cannot be the slightest doubt that his Majesty only said what he conscientiously believed to be the truth. Could, then, such a document exist without the knowledge of the Czars? Mr. Thoms thinks this hypothesis admissible; to us, we own, it seems beset with difficulties.—The "Modern Symposium" on the question, "Is the Popular Judgment in Politics more just than that of the Higher Orders?" is continued and concluded by Mr. W. R. Greg, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord A. Russell. By far the most racy utterance on the subject is that which we have from Mr. Lowe. The question, he says, really amounts to this, Which will be likely to give you a right answer on a point of politics, "the man who has had some kind of education, or the man who has not passed beyond a very moderate acquaintance with reading and writing, probably somewhat the worse for wear?" "Was ever paradox so strange as to maintain that a man with all the causes of error incident to the wisest, and several more peculiarly his own, is less liable to error than they?" The Member for London University, it is clear, feels towards Lord Arthur Russell and his unfortunate question much as Dr. Johnson did towards the young gentleman who inquired of him whether eels were to be considered viviparous or oviparous animals. "Sir," said the Doctor, "you should read the common books of natural history, and not come to a man of a certain age and some attainments with such a question as whether the cat lays eggs."—Mr. George Howell furnishes an instructive paper on the History of the International Association, an association which, he says, never was in any sense a secret society; on the contrary, one of the standing complaints of its Council used to be that the Press ignored them, and they could not obtain sufficient publicity. The vague ideas afloat as to the powers and organisation of this dreaded society Mr. Howell asserts to be mere dreams.—We have a very excellent article—to be followed apparently by others—on "Music and Musical Criticism," by Mr. Edmund Gurney, the drift of which is to urge "the independent and isolated position of the emotions caused by music." It is too much the practice, Mr. Gurney says in effect, with a certain school to express, so to say, music in terms of poetry, and talk about the "poetical conceptions" to be found, for instance, in a sonata of Beethoven's. Fancies have even run so wild in this direction that the writer tells us he has heard of a dispute between a master and pupil as to whether a particular modulation in a sonata of Mozart's meant "but" or "if." But it is not the *meaning* of the modulation or the melody, but the modulation or melody itself that was in the thoughts of the composer, and gives the true artistic musical pleasure to the hearers. —Dr. Vance Smith's argument against sacerdotalism in all its varieties—that as the Apostles and first generation of Christians lived in almost daily expectation of the Second Advent of the Lord and the end of the world, it is inconceivable that they should have consciously sought to lay the foundations of a vast ecclesiastical fabric to stand for centuries after their time, and that therefore "the Church" must be regarded as having come about as an *afterthought*, and as being of essentially human, not Divine construction,—is powerfully urged, but it will probably be objected by those disinclined to acquiesce in his conclusions that he looks on Christianity altogether as too merely human an institution.—Among the other contents of the number Colonel Brackenbury's paper, the object of which is to show that field artillery could easily and with the greatest advantage be protected from the infantry fire and shrapnel of the enemy by the employment of moveable iron shields, deserves special mention.

In the *Contemporary Review*, under the heading of "Contemporary Life and Thought in Germany," we have from Professor von Schulte a singularly able outline of the conflict which has now been going on for at least six years between the German Government and Catholicism. The Professor is no friend to Ultramontanism or the Infallibility dogma; but he thinks the German Government went on an entirely wrong tack in meeting the danger by the enactment of the Falk Laws,—laws just sufficiently vexatious and oppressive to be felt as persecution, without being of a severity likely really to overawe and compel submission. That any action on the part of the Government could have hindered German Catholics from accepting the decree of the Vatican Council we must, however, take the liberty of doubting. As was pointed out long ago, the necessary materials for a schism were altogether wanting. —We have a curious paper on "Æonian Metempsychosis," by Mr. Francis Peek, who suggests, *àpropos* of a recent discussion in the *Review*, that possibly the "intermediary state" may have an earthly location, and that "those who have failed in past lives" may, "not in another sphere, not as spirits only, but by re-incarnation in this very world, again and again, if need be, return to undergo æonian punishment on earth till the Gospel reaches their hearts and sets them free for ever." We cannot say that such a theory strikes us as having much in its favour; but it is perhaps a little odd that Mr. Peek should seemingly be quite unaware that what he is advocating is the favourite dogma of the Spiritualists, or "Spiritists," as they like to be called. —We cannot at all agree with the view put forward by Mr. W. Cyples in a paper, entitled "Johnson without Boswell," that Johnson would stand higher in popular estimation, if it were not for the picture we have of him in Boswell's "Life," and if we only knew him by his writings. "In Dr. Johnson's works," says Mr. Cyples, "looking at them in the bulk, there is no oddity, nothing unsound." But, "between Johnson's own personal grotesqueness, his odd social eccentricities, and its being made nearly impossible for anybody now ever to think of him except in conjunction with a simpleton, his effect upon us is considerably trivialised." Mr. Cyples, we think, is tilting against windmills, but his paper is worth reading; as is also that by Dr. James Donaldson on "The Position and Influence of Women in Ancient Greece;" and that by the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Freemantle on "The Future of Judaism."

Macmillan takes high rank amongst the magazines of this month on the strength of "A College Breakfast Party," a blank-verse poem, by George Eliot, which often rises to a very high pitch of poetical fire and beauty, though we must say, at the same time, that there are lines in it here and there which almost rival the darkest places of Mr. Browning for obscurity. The piece has been admirably characterised in the *Spectator* as "a striking picture of the profound intellectual chaos of the time." On the youthful interlocutors in this poetical symposium George Eliot has bestowed the names of Hamlet's circle at Wittenberg. We have Hamlet himself and Horatio, Osric and Laertes, "discursive Rosencranz" and "grave Guildenstern;" and it is easy, if we please, to fancy that these stand for well-known leaders of thought and opinion among us. The debate turns on the questions whether there is any absolute supreme good for man, and any rule of life and conduct absolutely binding upon him, and we may note that all the disputants assume, though neither of them asserts, the non-existence of any guiding and controlling Power above and outside of the natural and human order. Of course, it is impossible for us to attempt here any outline of the arguments brought forward, but we confess that Rosencranz and Osric, who answer the above stated questions in the negative, seem to us to have logically very much the better of "grave Guildenstern," who, perhaps, most nearly expresses George Eliot's own convictions, and who would find a supreme good and a binding rule in some "Outward" rather vaguely described as

> the tide
> Of needs reciprocal, toil, trust, and love—
> The surging multitude of human claims
> Which make "a presence not to be put by"
> Above the horizon of the general soul.

We have besides in the magazine, under the title of "Cheap Literature for Village Children," a very vigorous protest against the tame and silly, and often mawkish and absolutely unwholesome trash which squires and parsons and their ladies are apt to think good enough for the entertainment and instruction of village children, though they would never dream of setting such sorry fare before their own offspring.—Mr. J. C. Morison's review of M. Taine's "La Révolution" is also very well worth attention.

"The Memoir of a Wicked Nobleman" in *Temple Bar* gives us some account of the career of Lawrence, fourth Earl Ferrers, "a truculent personage," as he is well described, of the last century, who in 1760 murdered his steward, and was subsequently hanged for the murder at Tyburn.—The gem of the number is Mr. Frederick Wedmore's brief essay on "Some Tendencies in Recent Painting," containing a singularly just and delicate critical estimate of Mr. Burne Jones's artistic achievements and tendencies, which we heartily recommend to the notice both of that gentleman's over ardent admirers and too unsympathetic detractors. Mr. Wedmore preaches from the text of Mr. Burne Jones's pictures now to be seen in the Grosvenor Gallery, and it seems to us that he has said the absolutely right and fitting words about them.—We have besides in the paper devoted to Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi another of those sketches of departed celebrities or *quasi*-celebrities which seem becoming a speciality of the magazine.

London Society is, as usual, brim-full of stories, long and short, and contains further instalments of "The Adventures of a Field Cricket," and "Switzerland, by Pen and Pencil," papers of which we have more than once already spoken in terms of praise.—We have also some "Shooting Notes at Wimbledon," which are, at any rate, well-timed, and contain one very tolerably good story; and an account of a fortnight recently spent in Paris in paying a visit to the Exhibition, with a description of a descent made by the writer into the Paris catacombs, so that, on the whole, the number may be considered one of at least average merit.

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FEMALE CONVICT PRISONS

III.

Prison work tells dreadfully upon the matrons. Many break down before the ten years of service which entitle them to a pension. The anxiety instead of becoming lighter through custom seems to intensify. "Prison on the brain," may be described as the state of the authorities. The nervous watchfulness seems to prey upon the mind. "The Deputy-Superintendents *wear out first*, for their holidays are fewer, their responsibility almost as great, and their hours of duty approximate more to the matron's than the principal's." The average amount of holidays is, we believe, eleven days, which is not enough for such peculiarly wearing and anxious work. It is a gratifying circumstance that no such complaints have been made against the matrons of convict prisons as unhappily have been common enough against the warders of the male prisons. Another obvious improvement would be that there should be a greater number of superintendents, and that these superintendents should be entrusted to hold a larger amount of friendly intercourse with such convicts as have come to be regarded as "exemplary" prisoners. The late Mary Carpenter strongly advocated that the system which had worked so well in Ireland under the supervision of Sir Walter Crofton should be applied to England. Ladies of approved position and character were permitted to visit the prisons, each lady confining her ministrations to members of the same religious body to which she herself belonged. Of the religious agencies in the female prisons we have a very gratifying account. The chaplain's mission is felt by these poor women to be a sincere and beneficent one. "He'd do us good if he could," one was heard to say, "and he believes what he says, but it's all nonsense." "I never can understand him," says another, "I never heard anything like it afore." Of course there are an immense number of spasmodic emotional women whose repentance is worthless, but while there continue to be, as is happily the case, many authentic instances of moral reformation, these efforts will not be relaxed. The Scripture-readers do a great deal of good, and the worst women will treat a good woman with respect. They will probably receive a greater degree of confidence than the chaplain. They are of some practical use in advising women how they may find a home and get into honest work after their discharge from prison. The "Prison Matron" thinks that the Scripture-readers rather "over-do" their religious duties. She thinks that if instead of so much religious instruction employment was made less sedentary, something done in the way of lectures, readings, and class singing, and more cheerfulness and fibre imparted to their existence, the result would be happier. "Prisoners object," says the matron, "to constant lecturing and to being prayed for constantly; they are rather afraid of the ladies, and will very frequently do their best to evade them." Letters have often been received from poor women who have happily been enabled to escape the meshes of the net in which they have been entangled, and have written gratefully to the prison authorities to avow how much they owe them. Their first lessons in goodness have been learned in the rough teachings of a Convict Prison. No instrumentality has been more useful this way than the various Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies, whose work has a larger claim than is acknowledged on public benevolence, and a good claim also to be supplemented by the assistance of the State.

The question is, How will they be able to build up the moral stamina which will enable them to resist temptation? Sometimes women struggle on bravely for years, and then succumb to their temptations and trials, and sink once more into the abysmal ocean of crime. But, as a rule, they are full of good intentions when they leave prison. They are quite sure that they will never come there again. When they go away the Government treats them with more consideration than is the case with the male prisoners. If they go to London a matron accompanies them home, and leaves them there with words of kindness and encouragement. In one of Mr. Gilbert's clever works, "Them Boots," we have the account of the resolute attempt of some poor woman to reform. Sometimes these prisoners have sent useful presents to be given to old friends on their discharge, with best love. Sometimes they form passionate attachments towards fellow prisoners, or even the officials. No effort that is helpful in softening and humanising woman's nature can really be thrown away upon them. It is to be hoped that the long discipline of years is not thrown away, and that both the direct and indirect training they receive are for good. The documentary evidence laid by Government before Parliament is certainly all this way. The schoolmistresses praise the women. The chaplains praise them still more. They say that for Bible reading and attention to religious duties they are quite up to the average parish, and even beyond it. This may be seen by reference to the annual reports presented to Parliament by the Directors of Prisons. The Governors and Lady Superintendents are perhaps a shade less amiable and sympathetic in their reports than the clergy. The chief difficulty in dealing with female prisoners arises from ill-temper. It is indeed bad temper often that originally drove them into crime, and lunacy doctors have said that some forms of insanity are simply exaggerated bad temper. Every year there is a small number of attempts at suicide, but these attempts are almost invariably feigned, just as there are cases of simulated sickness. It is another unfavourable circumstance that a considerable number of prisoners after their release find their way back again to prison. But, after all deductions, no one can examine the reports, and verify them by careful inspection, without perceiving that a really good work is achieved with results that would at one time have seemed impossible.

F. Arnold

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STYLE IN LITERATURE

"Style," said Wordsworth, "is in poetry of incalculable importance," and he might have said also that it was of infinite value in prose. We use words, no doubt, for the sake of expressing thought, and as a soul is more precious than the body which forms its temporary home, so are a man's thoughts more valuable than the dress in which he sees fit to clothe them. But just as beautiful thoughts are tenfold more welcome when uttered from lovely lips, and the soul expresses its emotion and meaning most readily through lovely eyes, so do all noble ideas depend for their vitality and for the sympathy they call forth upon the style in which they are brought before the world. It is style quite as much as wealth of imagination or of intellect which has preserved the masterpieces of Greece and Rome, and it is style on which many of the great works of modern literature depend for their chance of immortality.

Style, be it remarked, is something more than the exact and exquisite arrangement of words. The man who thinks clearly can generally express himself clearly; clumsiness of expression arises but too often from looseness and incoherence of thought. An ill-educated person, in relating the simplest incidents, will repeat himself or contradict himself; he will dwell upon what is trivial and lose sight of what is important. He has a dim perception of what he wishes to say, but does not know how to say it. On the other hand, the master of style is he who possesses the sense of proportion, who sees in all its bearings the subject upon which he writes, and who has an ear for the rhythmical harmony of words. And it must be a delicate ear. There is a rhetorical flashiness of style which is mistaken for eloquence, a bumptiousness of style which is mistaken for power, an insipidity of style which is mistaken for simplicity. How, then, is the reader to know the false from the true, how best shall he separate pinchbeck from pure metal? Rules of composition, and illustrations of careless grammar and false imagery, though of little service, are not wholly without value; but the one sure method of gauging accurately the value of literary style is by the study of the best masters. A great English writer is not, indeed, always remarkable for a fine style. Milton's Latinised form of sentences, his foul speaking, his coarse invective, are faults to be shunned, not beauties to be imitated; but Milton at his best, whether in prose or verse, is a king among men, and there is that in his words which, to quote his own expression, men "will not willingly let die." Burns's style as a poet, when he sings in his native Doric, is excellent; but his prose—take, for instance, the letters to Clarinda—is inflated and affected. Cowper, again, in the series of poems which preceded "The Task," writes often in a slovenly and careless fashion; but in the finest portions of "The Task" itself, words and thoughts attain a noble harmony, and the graceful charm of his "Letters" is, we think, unequalled by any English letter-writer. There is nothing remarkable in the style of Fanny Burney's delightful story, "Evelina,"—nothing remarkable, but something perfectly satisfactory, for there is no effort or pretension; no display of the egregiously fine writing which ruined some of her later works. It sometimes happens that an author is great, in spite of an utterly loose and slipshod style—Samuel Richardson, for example. Read his men's letters, and you will see that he writes twaddle; the language of his novels, too, is without sinewy strength, without sweetness, without any appreciation of point or of poetical beauty. It is the sort of style that would be adopted by an old maid devoted to tea and scandal, and yet no critic worth his salt would deny that "Clarissa Harlowe," despite its prolixity, and a thousand faults besides, is one of the greatest works of fiction our literature has produced. Clarissa Harlowe and Sir Charles Grandison are great, in spite of Richardson's inability to use his mother tongue; but it is due chiefly to this defect that they are now so seldom read. On the other hand, how much does Goldmith's exquisite story, "The Vicar of Wakefield," owe to the inimitable language in which it is told, so that after upwards of a century it remains a model of pure and graceful English? So do many of Addison's Essays. Dr. Johnson's praise of Addison's style as "familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious," is by no means unmerited. What it lacks is force and fire; Addison's words never stir the blood; they do but charm the fancy and fall gratefully on the ear. Not one of the Queen Anne men, if we remember rightly, wrote in a rich, melodious style; for that we must look to an earlier age, and also to a later—to the best of the Elizabethan authors, and to such authors in our own century as Charles Lamb and De Quincey, Walter Savage Landor and Mr. Ruskin. Some comparatively early English remains unsurpassed to this day—witness our Bible and our Book of Common Prayer. A literature possessing such models is not likely to degenerate utterly; but, unfortunately, several of the most popular of modern authors are deserving of little praise as masters of style, while some who, years ago, might have been pointed out as models have degenerated in their later works. In George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life," in her "Adam Bede," and "Silas Marner," for example, the flexibility, the purity, the simplicity of the English tongue are exhibited in every page; but who will venture to say the same of "Daniel Deronda"? Mr. Carlyle, again, who has probably done more for literature than any man of the last half century, has a way of expressing himself which, although we can tolerate, and we may even say enjoy it, in a writer of such genius, affords a bad example to ordinary men. It may lead them to mistake peculiarity of expression for richness and suggestiveness of thought. Truly has it been said by Warton, that "after a certain period, in every country and in every language, men grow weary of the natural and search after the singular."

The student of style, it is evident, must not imagine that a great writer's language is always pure and idiomatic, but it is, perhaps, always worthy of study, and it is by large comparison, by wide reading, that he will learn which style to prefer. The man of catholic tastes will confine himself to no narrow groove. He will appreciate the majestic strength of Hooker, the exuberant fancy of Jeremy Taylor, the familiar ease of Swift, the ornate and sonorous periods of Gibbon, the glowing invective of Junius, the carefully exact and yet generous eloquence of Robert Hall. He will learn even to prefer the faults of a splendid mannerist like Lord Macaulay to the colourless accuracy of some of his critics; and if he cannot accept the subtle arguments of Dr. Newman, he will listen with delight to the persuasive music of sweet words in which his thoughts are clothed.

After all, the chief masters of style are the poets, and the best orators and prose writers have been always loving students of poetry. Spenser, Shakespeare, Shelley, and Tennyson show us better than the grammarians can how to use words, and they show us also how unfathomable are the depths, how inaccessible the heights of our noble English tongue to all save inspired singers. J. D.

SOME PIECES OF CHINA

MANY of the customs of the Chinese are exactly the opposite of our own, while others appear almost revolting to us. Something may be said in favour of having soup at the conclusion of a dinner, instead of at the commencement, because that is a convenient way of filling up the interstices, though the practice of taking sweetmeats first is more doubtful, inasmuch as they are quite as likely to clog the stomach as to create an appetite. The custom of shaking one's own hands instead of those of our friend has its advantages in a country where skin diseases abound, and there can be no question as to the logicality and practicality of beginning the address of a letter with the country to which it is sent, and so working downwards through the province and town and family name of the intended recipient to his Christian, or rather, so far as China is concerned, to his individual, name. There are other differences between the Chinese and ourselves which may be said to be matters of indifference. It is difficult to say that there is any more reason in speaking of "East-north" than of "North-east," because though in the latter case we start from the pole of our hemisphere, the Chinese may claim the convenience of taking the rising of the sun as their starting-point. Neither can we say, without descending into a most vulgar Oriental reason which has no application among civilised races, that there is any cause for placing an honoured guest on our right hand rather than on our left, as the Celestials do; nor is there anything in the eternal fitness of things why shoes should be blackened rather than whitened.

There are, however, customs in the Flowery Land which must be condemned on principles applicable to all climes. Such is the practice of compressing the feet of the women of the better classes, which is decidedly "a rum 'un," and must have given rise to a prodigious aggregate of feminine inconvenience and misery. We may say also that when gastronomy comes down to the canine and feline species it ceases to be a reputable art. We are entitled to object to—

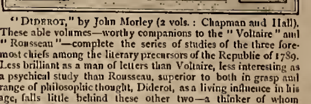
> Mandarins in yellow buttons, handing us conserves of snails;
> Smart young men about Canton, in Nanking tights and peacock's tails;
> With many rare and dreadful dainties, kitten cutlets, puppy pies;
> Bird's-nest soup which (so convenient), every bush around supplies.

As a matter of fact, gelatinous birds'-nests suitable for making soup are not so easily attainable, and are not to be found on the bushes of China; snails have been long recommended in this country as a diet for consumption; and a single peacock's feather in the hat of a mandarin is surely somewhat less ridiculous than a heavy load of horse's hair on the head of an English judge. It is no wonder that the Chinese Minister to England remarked in one of his recent speeches that, much as he had found to admire in England, he was not sure, when he came to know that foreign country well, that it was so much more rational than his own. Still, when we come to kitten cutlets and puppy pies, we fail to admire the Celestial wisdom of arrangements—always, of course, excepting the admirable hams of Shan-tung, made from the hind-quarters of dogs fed upon grain, of which we have partaken with zest. We have hitherto lain under the impression that there was a good deal of exaggeration in regard to the fondness of the natives of the Flowery Land for dogs, cats, rats, and similar delicacies, having failed to meet with them after a very extended acquaintance with Chinese cookery in the interior of the country, where no other cookery is to be had, but in so large and populous a country it is very unsafe to conclude from one's own necessarily limited experience as to what it is not. The Most Venerable Archdeacon Gray, in his recently published work on China, offers evidence on this point, and states that in Canton and some other cities there is a rather low class of restaurant to be found called "Kow-Yuk Poo," in which visitors are served with dog's and cat's flesh, and he even gives us the following interesting translation of one of their bills of fare:—

"Cat's flesh, one basin	10 cents.
Black cat's flesh, one small basin . .	5 "
Wine, one bottle	3 "
Wine, one small bottle	1½ "
Black dog's grease, one tael . . .	4 "
Black cat's eyes, one pair	4 "

"All guests dining at this restaurant are requested to be punctual in their payments."

Dr. Gray states incidentally that he has seen people dining at these restaurants; and so we must accept his authority as conclusive, though it is to be regretted that he has not been more explicit as to how far he writes from his personal experience. The Chinese have a singular pleasure in administering to the appetite of a *gobemouche*, even when the joke may turn against themselves. Dr. Gray himself refers to a notable incident of this kind, that in which Sir John Barrow was introduced by the Imperial Commissioner to some singing girls as the wives of the Governor-General, the Governor, and the Treasurer of the province of Kwang-tung. There are not many foreigners who get behind the impassive yellow mask of a Chinaman's face, and perceive the sometimes malignant, but as often amused, air with which they are being keenly watched. We should like to be quite sure as to where Dr. Gray got his bill of fare, and as to the precise meaning, in Canton Chinese, of such phrases as "black cat's eyes." A Chinese philosopher might comment unfavourably on our curious fondness for "Welsh rabbits," though the rabbits of Wales are no better than other rabbits; and he might expatiate feelingly on the loathsomeness of such a dish as "toad in the hole," made from creatures which even the poorest Celestials would refuse to eat. Even in French and German cookery he would not fail to find dishes of a surprising and revolting character, if he judged from the literal meaning of tha names affixed to them. We do not say that such misunderstanding affords a clue to the actual meaning of the venerable Archdeacon's bill of fare—probably it does not; but it at least illustrates the advisability of writers on China, as well as on other countries, clearly stating stating how much of the information they give is actually drawn from their own experience. In China, misunderstandings are peculiarly liable to arise from the sources of information, which are often the only sources available at the moment. For instance, we know of a case in which the lieutenant commanding a gun-boat observed three junks, in a bay on the coast, firing furiously, apparently at one another, and asked his Chinese servants what sort of vessels these were. The "boy," with no doubt a regard to possible loot, but with a twinkle in his eye which betrayed some sense of humour, gravely scanned the junks, and promptly replied, "He belong Pilong;" on which the lieutenant commanding immediately ordered his long gun to be run out and prepared his formidable vessel for action; and was only prevented from "prompt measures" by the suggestion of a more experienced Englishman, to whom he was giving a passage, that as the day was sacred to the Queen of Heaven, it was not impossible, as turned out to be the case, that the junks were firing cannon and exploding crackers, not at each other, but in her honour. A. W.



THE READER

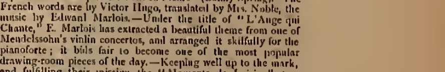
"DIDEROT," by John Morley (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall). These able volumes—worthy companions to the "Voltaire" and "Rousseau"—complete the series of studies of the three foremost chiefs among the literary precursors of the Republic of 1789. Less brilliant as a man of letters than Voltaire, less interesting as a psychical study than Rousseau, superior to both in grasp and range of philosophic thought, Diderot, as a living influence in his age, falls little behind these other two—a thinker of whom Danton is the direct heir, as Robespierre is of Rousseau. Yet of the thousands who know the story of Rousseau, or have dipped at least into the writings of Voltaire, few only have heard much besides the name of the once famous son of the worthy cutler of Langres, the informing spirit of the "Encyclopædia." The fault, it is true, is in some respects his own. Laborious, versatile, energetic in the extreme, Diderot was sadly careless of his fame. He wrote not to bequeath a monument to all time, but to supply the necessities of the hour or influence the movements of his age. The light of the new revolt against the dogmatic teachings of the Church, against the hardness and the cruelties of the secular power, broke on him to be refracted in a thousand rays, and so spent. Some of his most interesting work, from a literary point of view—the "Neveu de Rameau," the Letters to Madame Voland—only found its way into print years after his death, and, as it seemed, by merest accident. His business life was in great measure a continued battle with the booksellers and the authorities—with trickery, attempted oppression, and *espionage*. Yet there are few careers of similar struggle for the light with which one is less tempted to associate the martyr's aureole, nor many—even though we must incur the censure of Goethe on "the Philistines who hold Diderot cheaply"—that yield fewer pleasant spots on which to linger. Neither in truth in Diderot's works nor in Diderot's every-day life is there much, we think, that is alluring to nineteenth century taste. The philosophy that charmed men then seems crude, declamatory, unsatisfactory now; the life itself untidy, unattractive, a veritable life of moral *deshabille*, of a period when sensibility was equivalent to virtue and the aspirations of the *belle âme* a perfectly satisfactory substitute for goodness. It is in truth in the effect and purpose of the philosophic teachings of those days rather than their immediate and definite conclusions, in the new lines to which they have shifted once and for ever the battle against absolutism in government and doctrine that their real interest now lies. And their merits in this respect are well brought out by Mr. Morley in his admirable chapters on the "New Philosophy," on "the Encyclopædia," and on those kindred works which breathe throughout of Diderot's spirit, Helvetius's "L'Esprit," and Holbach's yet more famous "System of Nature." More pleasing possibly to unphilosophic readers will be the sketches of the critical writings, to which Lessing and through Lessing all German criticism has been indebted, whether on the drama or in the form of those earliest and liveliest of journalistic art critiques, the reviews of the Salons. From every side, however, the story of the life, the purports and importance of the literary work are traced with equal sympathy and insight. We may add that in the appendix will be found a masterly translation—the very thing Carlyle longed for years ago—of the "Neveu de Rameau," that strange and characteristic "farce tragedy," the story of whose re-discovery is among the most curious literary anecdotes of our own, or indeed of any age.

Is it ingratitude to think we breathe a purer air—forgetful that we owe the more bracing atmosphere to men like Diderot—when we turn to latter-day France in its best dress in "Modern Frenchmen: Five Biographies" (Seeley and Co), by P. G. Hamerton? Not very famous, perhaps, any of these five, if fame be measured by the length of Encyclopædic notices; three, indeed, men of whom nine readers out of ten will probably have never heard before; but all of them men whose lives are good to read not simply for the edifying of the very many whose ideas of Frenchmen wander vaguely between the common *commis-voyageur* type and the slang heroes of the Parisian romances, but better still as instances of a certain noble "intensity of life"—peculiarly French, we think, in its best aspects—as free in every way from coarseness as it is from all that borders on dulness or on languor. All are specimens of the professional classes—Victor Jacquemont of the traveller and the man of science, Perreyve of the priest, Jean Jacques Ampère of the scholar, Rude and Henri Regnault of the sculptor and the painter. They are men of all beliefs, from the submissive Catholicism of Perreyve (dead before his submissiveness could be tested by the decisions of the Vatican Council), to the Voltairian indifferentism of Rude. To analyse their histories, or even to give extracts within our limits would be impossible. To the lives of Victor Jacquemont, the Indian traveller, and of François Rude, the sculptor, the curious reader will probably turn first. Over the story of the latter—a man who might have sat to MM. Erckmann-Chatrian for the model of a simple hero of the Revolutionary epoch—he will not improbably linger last. But every one of the sketches is pleasant, and, better still, thoroughly healthy reading.

The new Series of "English Men of Letters" (Macmillan and Co.) for "those who have to run as they read" could not have opened more happily than with Mr. Leslie Stephen's almost perfect monograph, "Samuel Johnson." Alike as biography and as criticism, the volume is a model of sound taste and easy condensation—a volume indeed that, despite its colder French gray tint, might even compare not disadvantageously with Macaulay's gorgeous Essay. At least, Mr. Stephen is more generous, and we think more correct, than Lord Macaulay in his appreciation of Boswell's real power and genuine Shakespearian gift of telling just enough to indicate character or delineate a situation, yet without ever a superfluous touch. The volume covers fairly every phase in Johnson's life, from his early struggles at Oxford and at Lichfield to the autumn of his days as literary dictator, the first without a second (hardly even excepting Burke) in those club and tavern contests of wit and argument in which, and not in closet studies, as Mr. Stephen well points out, his genius, relieved by company and excitement from its habitual gloom, was able to put out its utmost strength. A few slight omissions excepted—readers, for instance, who "run as they read," would be none the worse for being told in what sense Johnson's father was "sheriff of a county," or in what *Edinburgh Review* Adam Smith noticed the "Dictionary"—we should be puzzled to name a more delightful volume among the books that address themselves to the million.

More qualified, we fear, must be our praises of "Fashion Then and Now" (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall), a new series of gossippy reminiscences by Lord W. Lennox *apropos* of dress and dinner in his young days and now, of modern *battues* and old-fashioned day's-shootings, of wagers, duels, and elections, and, above all, theatrical performances by amateurs and professionals. There is less too, we think, than usual in the present series of personal anecdote, and more of the sort of matter that can be fished up at will from ancient newspapers and magazines. Still, there is much in the two volumes to amuse an easy-going reader, not their worst chapter being a tolerably complete record of feats of activity and endurance in the last century—a record that might startle at times the contemporaries of Weston were they but sure of the perfect accuracy of ancient measurements of space and time.

"Camp Life and Sport in South Africa; or, Experiences of Kaffir Warfare with the Cape Mounted Rifles," by T. J. Lucas (Chapman and Hall), takes us back, as the title shows, to a somewhat distant day, when Kaffir Wars were more formidable affairs than now, and when the lion and the antelope might easily be found in regions from which, we fancy, they have long since withdrawn. A slight, unpretending, little volume, very neatly got up, with some pretty illustrations, it must mainly rest its claims to notice on a few camp anecdotes rather above the average, and some fair descriptions of the native tribes, Bushmen, Hottentot, Fingo, and Kaffir. Still, it will wile away an hour not unpleasantly, and probably does not aspire to do more.



NEW MUSIC

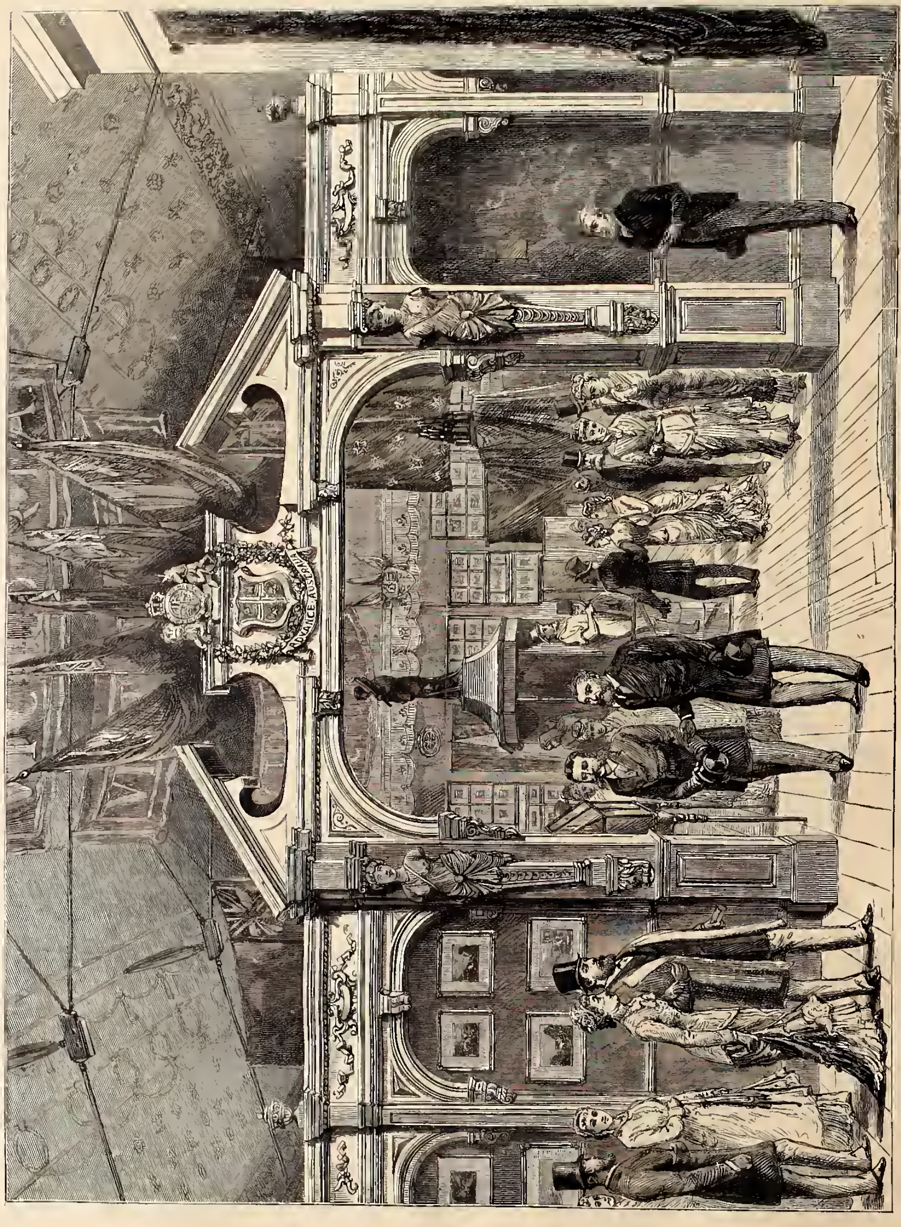
W. CZERNY.——A pleasing drawing-room song for a mezzo-soprano is "Puis que Mai Tout en Fleurs" (Balmy Spring). The French words are by Victor Hugo, translated by Mrs. Noble, the music by Edward Marlois.—Under the title of "L'Ange qui Chante," E. Marlois has extracted a beautiful theme from one of Mendelssohn's violin concertos, and arranged it skilfully for the pianoforte; it bids fair to become one of the most popular drawing-room pieces of the day.—Keeping well up to the mark, and fulfilling their mission, the "Moments de Loisirs," *pour piano et violin*, have arrived at Nos. 25 to 31; some grave, others gay, but all more or less classical. First we have a simple "Mélodie" by Ergmann, followed by "Florival," a composition of Wekerlin's ably transcribed by W. Czerny. No. 28 is a well-known Mazurka in G minor by Chopin. No. 29, a "Mélodie Celeste," by Mariani. No. 30, a merry "Sailor's Dance," by Handel, very much out of his usual track. No. 31 is a sentimental *morceau* entitled "Under the Lime Trees," by Volkmann.—Two neatly written pianoforte pieces of a very ordinary type are "Mignonette," by Max Schröter, and "A Dream of Fairyland," by J. Hart Gordon.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.——Part III. of "A Dictionary of Music and Musicians" carries us from "Bolero" to "Concert Pitch," and contains a fund of interesting information, including a clever article on the use of the bow, by Paul David. Another upon Carillons is by the editor, together with the lives of many eminent singers, players, and composers, ancient and modern. This work is unique in its way, and is of incalculable value to all musicians.

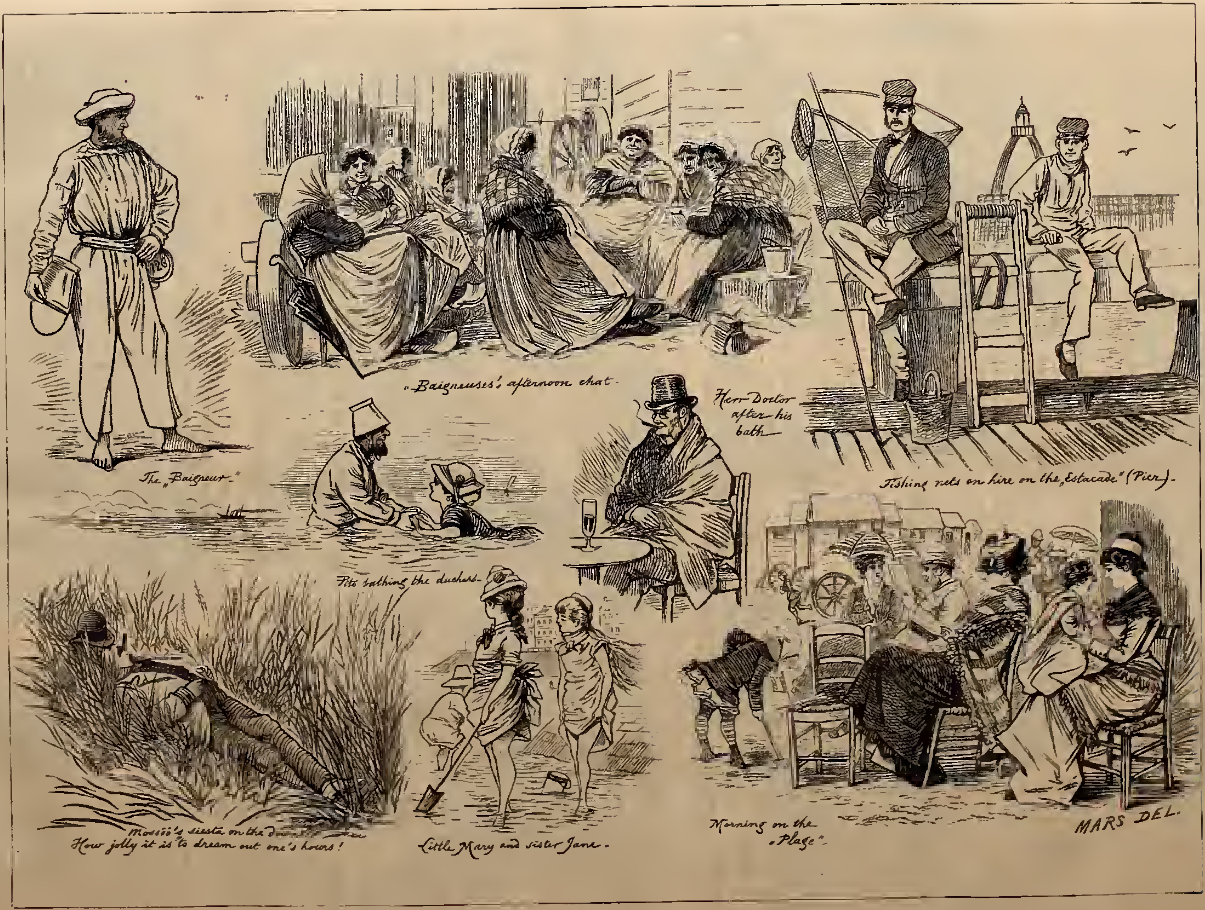
MESSRS. WOOD AND CO.——Quaint and original are both words and music of a Scottish narrative song by Ellen E. Guthrie, entitled "On the Banks o' the Quair," the only fault to be found with it is seven four-lined verses, without a change of melody, six of which are printed on the back leaf, an old-fashioned and irksome arrangement for those who have bad memories.—The laughable frontispiece, by Concanen, of "The Gulliver Quadrilles" will attract attention to them, but the music, by A. W. Nicholson, and the vocal part *ad lib.* by Robert Reece, are of a very mediocre description.

MISCELLANEOUS.——"A Faded Flower," the touching poetry of which is by Shelley, and "Reverie," a tender love poem by Burns, have failed to inspire Mr. John Gledhill beyond dull and grammatical compositions; he has been more successful with two poems translated from the German, "The Pain of Separation" and "Serenade."—A graceful example of old-fashioned poetry by Herrick, "Go, Happy Rose," deserves better treatment than it has met with from the musical pen of H. B. Briggs (Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber and Co.).—By far the best of the many patriotic songs which have appeared of late is "At the Queen's Command." The words, by F. E. Weatherley, are vigorous and inspiriting, the music, by the Countess of Charlemont, is exactly fitted for the

(Continued on page 46)



THE PARIS EXHIBITION—THE VICTORIAN COURT


The „Baigneur"
„Baigneuses' afternoon chat.
Herr Doctor after his bath
Fishing nets on hire on the „Estacade" (Pier).
Pito bathing the duchess.
Mossöö's siesta on the d
How jolly it is to dream out one's hours!
Little Mary and sister Jane.
Morning on the „Plage".
MARS DEL.

THE FÊTES AT OSTEND—CHARACTER SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, II.

(*Continued from page 43*)

poetry, a bold, tuneful melody, which no doubt will soon be made popular by street organs, brass bands, &c., no mean test of popularity (Messrs. Ashbee and Holloway).—The same cannot be said of "Up with the Flag," written and composed by C. A. Latrobe and C. Dubois; neither words nor music are striking or original (Messrs. Witt and Co.).—There is more merit in the words, by the Rev. Dr. Parker, of "The Weather," than in the music by E. Minshull, neither one nor the other soars above mediocrity (Messrs. Simpson and Co.).—Simple to feebleness are the words of "A Shepherd Sits Within a Dell," translated indifferently from the German of Rückert, and the music, by David H. Wilson, M.A., corresponds therewith (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—A "Scherzo" for the pianoforte, by J. Gledhill, is carefully written; but will add little or nothing to its composer's reputation (Lamborn Cock).—"Souvenir d'Italie," a *caprice brillant* for the pianoforte by Carlo Tiessel, is showy and effective (Messrs. Wood and Co).—Two good songs for the home circle on Sunday are "Evening," a sacred song, words by Longfellow, music by G. Oolman, and "Agnus Dei," from a mass by the same composer (Messrs. Simpson and Co.).—"Rêve d'Amour," a piece for the pianoforte, by Annie Bushby, is fairly well written, but lacks originality (Messrs. R. Mills and Sons).—The Rev. Dr. Newman's beautiful sacred poem, "Lead, Kindly Light," has been set to music with true devotional feeling by Alfred Allen (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—Pompous and blatant is "England's Clarion," war song, words and music by C. A. Ward; we have had more than enough of bombastic war songs; the subject has been written to death, and great must be the merit of a composition of this type to make it palatable (Messrs. Hopwood and Crewe).—"By Jingo," an "anti-war song," written and composed by John M'Ardle and D. Gribben, has sufficient racy wit in it to make condone a strong flavour of vulgarity which permeates through the second verse is really cleverly put together (W. J. Pillow, Liverpoo —The "Torpedo Mazurka," by F. E. S., is one of the best we ha heard for some time past, the time is so well marked (Messrs. Re Brothers).—We may say the same of "Marguerite," a waltz, by Caroli Lowthian (J. Scrutton).—An excellent series of "Exercises and So feggios," for contralto or bass, by Alfeo Gilardoni, are so well ar progressively arranged that an ordinarily painstaking student will bene much by steadily practising them (Messrs. Duff and Stewart).—Tw graceful trifles for the pianoforte, which should be learnt by hear are "Lullaby," the prettier of the two, and "Gondoliera;" both a by Max Schroter (J. Scrutton).

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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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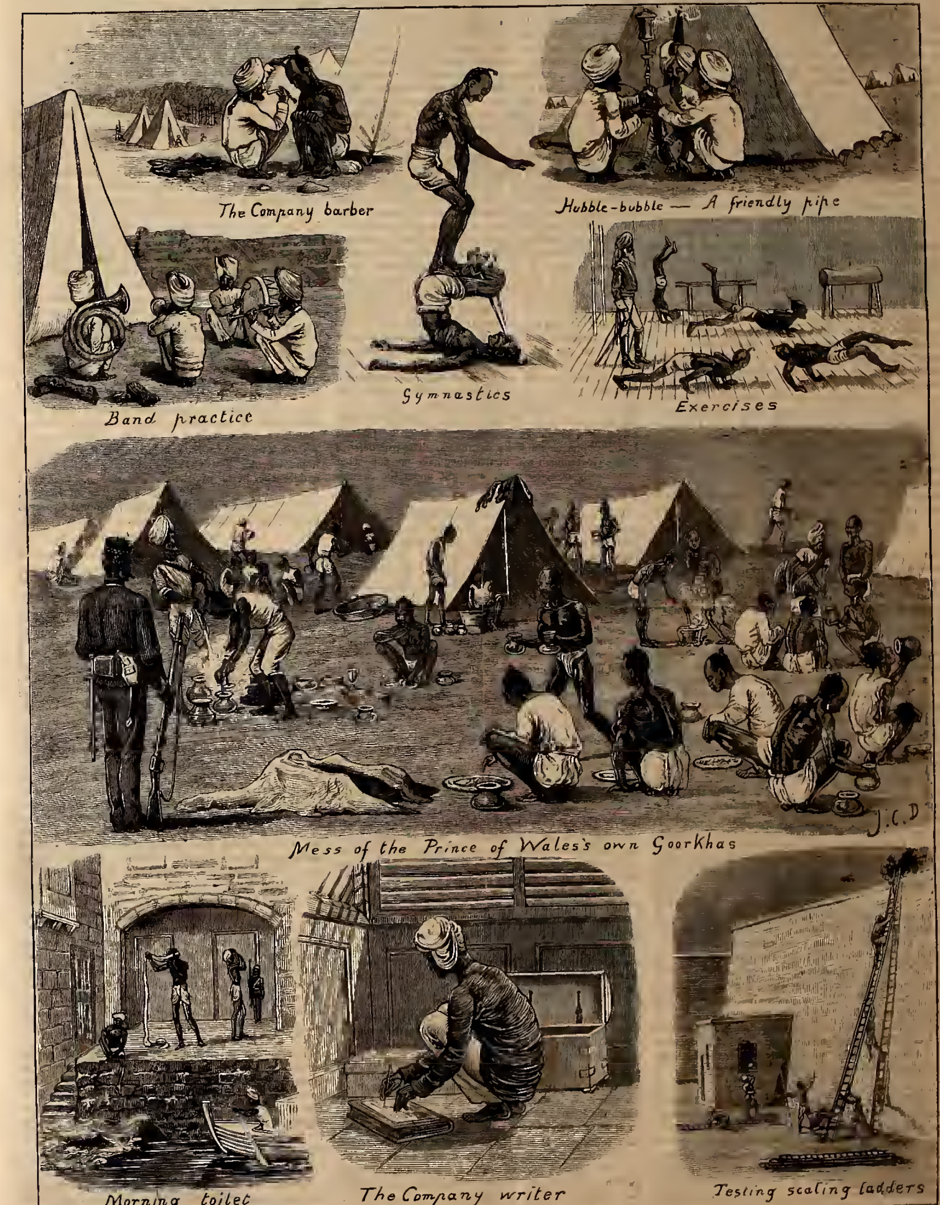

OUR INDIAN CONTINGENT AT MALTA

Topics of the Week

The Chances of a Dissolution.——There seems to be a general expectation that Parliament is about to be dissolved, and if the expectation is realised it will be impossible to blame the Government. The changes which have been effected, whether we like them or not, are at any rate of vast importance; and it would be perfectly natural that the Ministry should ask the nation openly to sanction their policy. There can be no doubt that the Tories have at present a much better chance of success than they would have a year or two hence. In the first place, the Premier is personally one of the most popular Ministers who have wielded power in this country for a century. We do not enter into the question whether his popularity is deserved; but that it is a reality is beyond dispute. Then, although the country is at present content with the arrangements which have been made, the probability is that as time goes on they will seem rather less satisfactory than they do now. The gains of Russia will appear greater, and we shall all realise more perfectly the weight of the fresh load which has been laid on "the weary Titan." Another consideration is that our new duties in the East could hardly be handed over to a Government representing a party which altogether disapproves of them. For a time, at least, the Cabinet may fairly plead, the task should be undertaken by those with whom it originated, and who must be supposed to have the clearest apprehension of its conditions. What the Tories are less likely to see, but what is not less certain, is, that England will by and by become irritated by their expensive methods of government. The outlay of the nation is rising year after year at a rather alarming rate; and although this attracts little attention in these exciting times, it will not always escape notice. Nor will John Bull, when the day of reckoning comes, enter very closely into the question whether the increased expenditure has been justified. He will restrict himself to the fact, and demand that by some means or other it shall be changed. All this must be perfectly clear to Lord Beaconsfield; and, as it must be plain to Lord Hartington too, the latter is probably anxious to avoid a division in regard to the Eastern Question. If there were no division, there would hardly be so good a pretext for an appeal to the constituencies.

Back from the Congress.——Lord Beaconsfield showed a consideration which was no more than just in desiring that Lord Salisbury should be included with himself in the hearty welcome accorded to him on his return to England, for Lord Salisbury was not only the Premier's colleague at Berlin, but his vigorous Circular of April 1st did much to clear the diplomatic atmosphere by showing Europe exactly what this country wanted. At the same time there can be no doubt that the lion's share of the popular ovation was intended for Lord Beaconsfield. This is partly because, being a man of a peculiar and original stamp, his career has been for many years watched with keen attention both by friends and foes, so that everybody was interested to see him on Tuesday at the top, as it were, of the tree up which he has been climbing so patiently for many years past. We say advisedly the top of the tree, for no additional titular honours can raise him to a substantially higher position than he now occupies. But, independent of the admiration, or (in the case of political opponents) the wonderment, caused by the elevation of this unique personality to such a height, does not Lord Beaconsfield, we may fairly ask, deserve the cheers of Tuesday last for other and more solid reasons? We think he does. The popular instinct is generally right, and the crowds who welcomed him welcomed not merely a brilliant adventurer who had won his way to the foremost place in the Queen's service, but a statesman who had maintained the honour of his country, and yet had saved it from a desolating war. From the very beginning of the troubles in Turkey Lord Beaconsfield saw what his opponents failed to see, that there was a point where Russian ambition would become dangerous to the interests of this country, and he has held firmly and consistently to this view, even when deserted by some of his own colleagues. The voice of posterity may decide that Lord Beaconsfield was wrong, and that those who opposed him were right, but at present there can be little doubt that the mass of the nation takes his side.

England and the Treaties.——The two Treaties which have just been concluded are still the absorbing subject of speculation, and now that the Parliamentary discussion is about to begin we may expect that for some time to come hardly any other public question will receive serious attention. There can be no doubt, notwithstanding the sanguine tone of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, that there is a good deal of genuine discontent with the results which have been achieved. As a matter of course, the party which has opposed the Government from the beginning complains that we have not done nearly enough in helping to break up the Ottoman Empire. It is not critics of this stamp, however, whom the Ministry have reason to fear. The mass of the British people never desired to see the Porte abolished, and would have been intensely dissatisfied had their Plenipotentiaries gone a step further in this direction. The most serious opposition, although it may be carried on rather in the Press than in Parliament, will come from those who are of opinion that far too much has been conceded to Russia. It must be admitted, even by the Cabinet itself, that the concessions of England have been very great. Notwithstanding all our protests, Bessarabia and Batoum are now both under the Czar; and he has acquired enormously increased power in South Eastern Europe. Still, the gains of this country, if we count them up impartially, are far more considerable than the violent enemies of Russia will allow. A glance at the map laid before Parliament suffices to prove this. The Treaty of San Stefano would have made Russia supreme in Turkey; her influence cannot now extend beyond the Balkans, and even to the north of that range she will henceforth have to consider Austria a direct rival. Good government will be secured in provinces hitherto oppressed, while, by the exercise of a little caution, we may prevent ourselves from being again taken by surprise by Russian encroachments. In Asia we have undertaken an enormous responsibility; but it is a responsibility by which we may secure our own safety and add to the welfare of a considerable section of the human race. It is true that if England had been allowed to settle the Eastern Question in her own way this is not the solution she would have adopted; but, unpleasant as the fact may be, we must recollect that the demands of other nations had to be considered as well as ours. We could have carried out our programme to the full only at the risk of a long and exhausting war, and the country was extremely unwilling to pay so heavy a price as that even for the greatest and most undoubted benefits. It may be said that we have still a conflict with Russia before us; but that is not certain, and surely in the mean time it was better to abate our claims to some extent than to plunge into a struggle which might have brought upon us immense calamities. The true defence of the Government will be that they have not done what was ideally best, but what was best under the circumstances.

Parliament as a Law-Making Machine.——Year after year towards the end of July the same venerable jokes are fired off about "the massacre of the innocents" preceding the massacre of the grouse. It would be thought a sign of clumsy management on the part of the directors of any ordinary institution if they were annually to undertake a great deal more business than they could possibly get through. Parliament, however (the House of Commons especially) is not like any ordinary institution, and when we recollect that many of the members have crotchets of their own, that others have crotchets forced upon their attention by their constituents, and that others regard it as a proof of patriotism to hinder all public business whatsoever, the wonder is that there is any legislation accomplished deserving the name. As for the "innocents"—a term usually employed to designate private members' Bills—their fate is often not deserving of much regret. Sometimes under a plausible outside they conceal revolutionary and destructive doctrines, and often, when unobjectionable in subject matter, they are so drawn as to be practically unworkable. It is otherwise with Government Bills, which usually represent legislation of which the country really stands in need, yet which year after year are flung aside for want of time. This want of time is chiefly due to the waste caused by the pranks of individual members, over whom the existing rules of the House exercise no efficient control. We are inclined to think that in these matters the Government ought to be armed with greater powers, and should not be so much as it now is at the mercy of any member or knot of members. As a debating club for discussing the topics of the day, the House of Commons has a dangerous rival in the newspapers; all the more reason, therefore, for making it more efficient as a legislative machine.

The Government and Irish Education.——The Government have scored a real triumph by the measure they have introduced in regard to middle-class education in Ireland. They have actually secured the approval of men of all parties in that strange country; a victory which has not been won by any other Government of our time. It is easy to understand the cordial way in which the Roman Catholic prelates have received the bill, for it will give an important stimulus to the schools under their influence. It will, however, be not less favourable to Protestant Schools, since the money which is to be expended will be granted without the least reference to the religious principles of successful candidates. All that the measure requires is that those who carry off the prizes and exhibitions shall have reached a certain standard of intellectual excellence, no matter by what machinery their knowledge may have been obtained. The only important difficulty which has hitherto arisen is that Roman Catholics object to a conscience clause being imposed upon schools whose pupils are successful. To get rid of this it has been proposed that no part of the money should be given to the masters; and it is argued that no real hardship would thus be caused, as any arrangement which induces boys to compete must in the end tell in favour of their instructors. It seems to us, however, that a teacher who sends forth successful pupils deserves special encouragement; and the Irish themselves being favourable to the plan, it is wise to assume that they know best. They must, however, reconcile themselves to the conscience clause. No English Government could venture to give money to a school at which religious instruction is compulsory, and Roman Catholics ought by this time to have learned so obvious a fact. The conscience clause will not subject them to the slightest inconvenience; but the want of it might in hundreds of cases altogether prevent Protestant youths from obtaining secondary education.

The Climate of Cyprus.——In spite of the sinister reports which have been circulated, it is not very likely that Cyprus is unhealthy in the sense in which certain spots on the West Coast of Africa are unhealthy, that is to say, absolutely poisonous to the constitutions of Northern Europeans. No doubt the wasteful destruction of the forests, as in Greece and Italy, has wrought much sanitary mischief. It is well known that, especially in sub-tropical regions, when the hills are clothed with wood, the rains fall frequently and moderately, the air is kept cool, and the land is fertilised. But when the forests are cut down, there are long intervals of drought followed by torrents of rain, which wash the vegetable mould off the slopes into the valleys, thus leaving, on the one hand bare rocks, and, on the other, miasma-breeding marshes. This appears to be the case in some parts of Cyprus; but it does not follow, because some districts are sickly, that no available place for settlement can be found in an island as big as half-a-dozen English counties. Besides, draining and tree-planting (especially of the *Eucalyptus globulus*) will soon work wonders in the way of sanitary improvement. To our soldiers, who are accustomed to endure the heats of the Indian plains, Malta and Gibraltar appear as health-stations by way of contrast, and it is most probable that in point of climate Cyprus is not very unlike Malta and Gibraltar.

The Cabinet and the Press.——The case against the Foreign Office clerk, which collapsed so ignominiously last Tuesday, has done good service by calling attention to the relations of the Government to the Press. It was brought out in the course of the evidence that the Government had some intention of communicating to the journals the very document about which so much fuss has been made, and the probability is that had it not found its way to the *Globe*, it would have appeared next morning in some more favoured paper. There is good reason to believe that during the last two years the Ministry have surpassed all Governments of recent years in the number of "tips" they have given to journals which have supported them. There are a great many ways of helping a paper besides that of handing to it important documents. Hints may be dropped in the course of conversation, or a private secretary may be sent with a message to the editor, or information may be given with just sufficient clearness to enable the "leader writers" to assume the airs of omniscience. It is deeply to be regretted that such relations as these should exist in this country. The Press is more and more taking its place as the guide of public opinion on political questions. How can it be trusted for honest and independent discussion if it is liable to be bribed in so shameful a way? Even this does not exhaust the evil results of the custom, for unfortunately there may be mean people connected with newspapers, and some of them would not hesitate to make a dishonest penny at the Stock Exchange out of information obtained in high quarters. Rumours are, in fact, going about to the effect that large sums have recently been made by these means. We hope the reports will prove to be untrue, but whether they are true or not, it is in the highest degree unpleasant that such things should be even talked of in connection with the action of British Ministers. There are journals whose managers would scorn to become subservient at any price. and the English people would like to feel that a similar spirit was dominant in every great newspaper office. But whatever may be the spirit of the newspapers, there ought to be no doubt as to that of the Cabinet. It would act with infinitely more dignity, if it allowed the Press to go its own way, seeking for no other support than such as is commanded by the wisdom of its actions.

Raising the "Eurydice."——All through the spring and early summer the weather was stormy and boisterous, and this, added to the strong tide which races up and down the channel where the *Eurydice* was lying, rendered the efforts of the Admiralty authorities useless, and failure after failure was recorded. At last, however, valuable experience having been gained during these unsuccessful experiments, a spell of really fine weather set in, and then, another effort being made, the shipwrecked vessel was dragged from her tomb of sand, and was even towed some distance out of the hole in which she had lain so long. Before long we may hope to see her in harbour and afloat, once more fit for service. Seeing the gallant ship thus, as it were, brought to life, one cannot help thinking of the crew, who were hurried into the depths of the sea with such awful suddenness that fatal Sunday afternoon. The ship being raised, one feels a natural longing to raise her crew also, and man her yards with her own brave fellows. That is a feat which must be left for a Higher Power. Meanwhile we can but lament their absence, and, for the future, take all care to avoid similar disasters.

"WHO'S WHO?" AND "WHAT'S WHAT?" AT WIMBLEDON CAMP.——The arrangements of the National Rifle Association for the annual competition at Wimbledon are in most respects so complete and satisfactory that it may seem somewhat ill-natured to find any fault. Yet we think that some means might be adopted to enable the general public to understand the nature of the contests which are going on before their eyes. At present the ordinary visitor, unless escorted by a guide who has been initiated into the mysteries, knows no more who is shooting, or what prize is being shot for, than a man a thousand miles away. The riflemen at work before him may be the crack shots of the meeting, struggling for a big thing, or the veriest *dilettanti*, merely amusing themselves at Pool. This uncertainty completely prevents him from watching the shooting with intelligent interest; and, after wandering hopelessly about from one group of competitors to another, he comes away in disgust. If the authorities wish to preserve the popularity of the Wimbledon meeting, they will do well to see that this state of things shall no longer continue.

NOTICE.——*The number this week consists of* TWO WHOLE SHEETS, *one of which is devoted to an* ILLUSTRATED HISTORY *of* BRISTOL. *The second sheet, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding in the order indicated by the pagination.—Next week's number will contain a* LIFE *of the* RIGHT HON. *the* EARL OF BEACONSFIELD (*Illustrated*), *together with a* PORTRAIT *as a* SUPPLEMENT.

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THE GRAPHIC

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AMUSEMENTS

LYCEUM THEATRE.—MR. IRVING Every Evening in BELLS and a New Comedy by Mr. James Albery, entitled JINGLE.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—Every Evening (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, LASTING LOVE. Messrs. Reynolds, J. B. Howe, Drayton, Reeve, Towers, &c.; Mdlles. Bellair, Pettifer, and Mrs. Newham. MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. Mr. J. Plumpton, Miss Carlotta Verte, Messrs. Bell, Juba, and Hearn. Concluding with THE BORDERER'S SON. Messrs. Newbound, Bigwood, Rhoyds; Mdlles. Adams, Brewer, Summers, Rayner. Wednesday, Mr. E. Newbound's Benefit.

GROSVENOR GALLERY.—SUMMER EXHIBITION Open Daily, from 9 a.m. until 6 p.m. Admission 1s.

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ELIJAH WALTON.—Exhibition of ISLE of WIGHT and other Water-Colour Drawings, chiefly ALPINE and EASTERN, NOW OPEN at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191, Piccadilly. Ten till Six. Admission including Catalogue, 1s.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The NINETIETH EXHIBITION will CLOSE on SATURDAY, July 27. From Nine till Six. Admission, 1s.
5, Pall Mall East. ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—Will CLOSE on SATURDAY NEXT, their FORTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION. Open from Nine till Dusk. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
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THE CANTERBURY.—The SLIDING ROOF is removed nightly. LAST NIGHTS of PLEVNA. SNOW BALL Ballet and Variety Entertainment Every Evening. NOTICE.—Miss NELLY POWER, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, and Mdlle. Bartoletti, of Her Majesty's Opera, will shortly appear. "A very remarkable entertainment."—*Daily Telegraph.* "Everybody is going to see 'Plevna' at the Canterbury."—*World.* "'Plevna,' as performed at the Canterbury, has no equal in London."—*Globe.* "This excellent work of scenic art."—*Morning Post.* "The Canterbury has been honoured by the presence of Royalty."—*Observer.*

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—DOUBLEDAY'S WILL; THE PARIS EXHIBITION; and AN ARTFUL AUTOMATON. Every Evening except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; Every Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place.

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24th July . .	dep. 11.30 a.m. .	dep. 11.40 a.m. .	arr. 11.45 p.m.
25th July . .	dep. 6.45 a.m. .	dep. 7.0 a.m. .	arr. 8.25 a.m.
26th July . .	dep. 7.25 a.m. .	dep. 7.35 a.m. .	arr. 11.20 p.m.
27th July . .	dep. 8.45 a.m. .	dep. 8.55 a.m. .	arr. 11.5 mid.

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The service has been organised by arrangements between the Great Western Railway and the Western of France Railway, and will afford a convenient, attractive, and economical New Route to Normandy, the West and South of France, Paris, and Spain.
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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

OUR INDIAN CONTINGENT

"THE PRINCE OF WALES' OWN GOORKHAS," writes our artist, "are, with the exception of the Bombay and Madras Sappers, the best practical-looking war material. They are small, but well-proportioned little men, and have none of that slimness of limb which characterises the rest of the Indian Contingent. There is just the shade of the Tartar type in their faces, and the majority are almost as black in colour as the Negro. They wear a black serge costume, relieved a little by a meagre facing of narrow red braid round the collar and cuff; a dark woollen cap, in shape between a Scotch bonnet and a handleless saucepan, constitutes the head-gear. Still, the costume is not unbecoming, and, as regards skirmishing, very serviceable. In camp this uniform is altogether discarded for their native costume—a fold of linen round their loins. In visiting their camp, one catches a good glimpse of Indian native life. Their tents are pitched on the Lazaretto ground opposite Sliema. On a series of terraces stepping to the sea they have built their kitchens, which are pieces of level ground, portioned off by rows of stones. In the centre a cavity is scooped out, wherein is placed the fire; on each side, stones, or a low earthen wall, supports the kettles or pans. Around the fireplace the ground is kept well swept and clean. Each Goorkha has a brass pot and pan, which he keeps so highly burnished that they sparkle like gems in the noon-day sun. Water is supplied by a Mussuk, who comes round at intervals. After their mess of rice and curry is cooked, and their unleavened bread baked, they squat round and commence eating in truly Oriental fashion. When the meal is finished, they each clean their eating utensils with soil and water. Then one will light a pipe, or hookha, which is handed round in true calumet fashion.

"The men like Malta very much, and, whether it is the air or extra rations, they grow sturdier and merrier daily. They have great respect and affection for their officers, who in their turn are highly satisfied with the men they command."

"THE INDIAN CAVALRY AND THE FALDETTE.——The first horsemen in Malta have created a great sensation, especially with the fairer sex. I believe one of our crack regiments, now in garrison, and which was once smiled on, is now quite in the shade of the Faldette, or native hood of the Maltese ladies, who now only peep out of their silken scuttles at the dusky cavaliers who gracefully saunter on Government Square, and, although strangers in the land, seem to be no strangers to the situation by the irresistible twist they give their turbans.

"A THIRSTY GHOORKA.——The Mussuk is more in request than any other Bheestie or camp-follower on the field, for the dry-throated warrior can quench his thirst at his mussuk of water. The soldier will stoop a little, holding out his head and opening his mouth. The water-carrier turns on a stream of the indispensable fluid, which he so nicely aims, that on its way not a drop is spilt. A nod or twinkle of the eye from the once thirsty one is a sufficient notice for the Bheestie to turn off the supply."

"AMONGST ALIENS"

A NOVELETTE by Mrs. T. A. Trollope, is continued on page 75.

"THE WANING HONEYMOON"

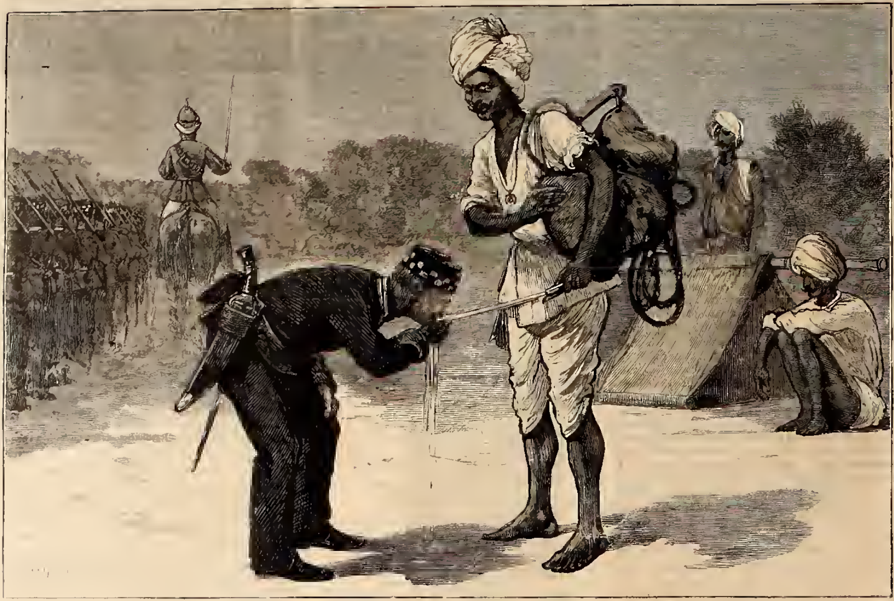
THE honeymoon is always rather a time of trial. Two persons, who have hitherto, as a rule, only seen each other by fits and starts, are brought constantly into each other's company, and the result is sometimes apt to be a certain degree of weariness and satiety. It must be remembered, too, that each of these persons is temporarily cut off from his or her usual occupations—the man from his business, the woman from her domestic duties and pleasures; their tempers are often ruffled by the fatigues and annoyances of travel, and it is therefore scarcely surprising that sometimes, although only the other day they exchanged vows of undying affection, they fall into the condition depicted in Mr. Boughton's picture, which is thus cleverly described by the critic of the *Daily Telegraph*:—"The lady has drifted into the listlessly-yawning stage; and the gentleman into a whistling, lip-biting, gravel-crunching frame of mind. He reads a book; she makes idle lunges at the turf at her feet with the ferule of her parasol. They occupy opposite angles of a rustic seat. Pouting on the one side is proximate; and, on the other, sulks have already set in."

A PICTURESQUE ENEMY

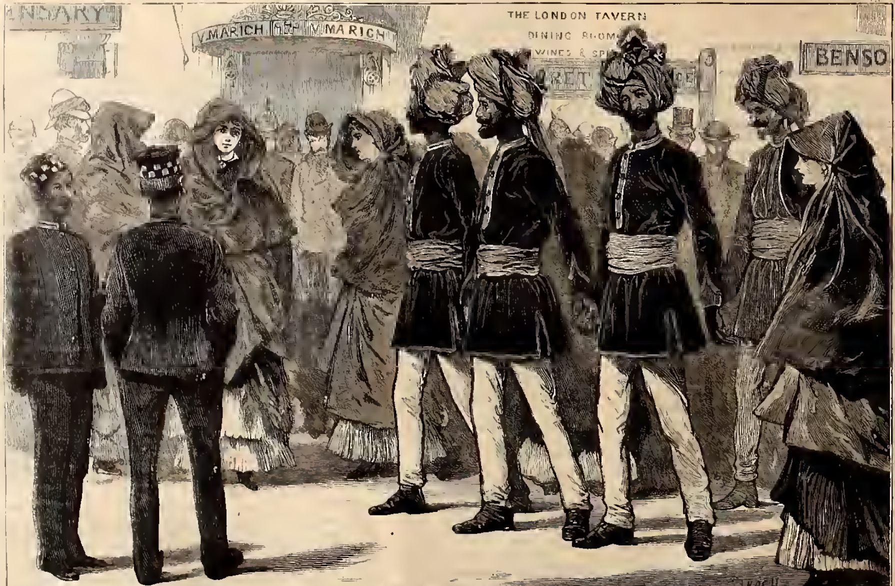
THIS is a sketch by our special artist in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, and needs but a brief explanation. Now that hostilities are over, Turks and Russians appear to fraternise very cordially, and even the dread Bashi Bazouk consents (of course for a consideration) to act as a peaceful model for the pencils of Russian officers, whose throats he would have cut with the greatest possible enthusiasm a few months ago. "Many of the officers," writes our artist, "in the Czar's service indulge their leisure in camp by sketching the surrounding scenery. One of the most industrious in the art is General Arnoldi. During the advance on the Lom in the first days of the invasion, on arriving at a new position, with the Turks steadily retreating, the general would spend the time between the slight skirmishes which then took place, by sketching the quaint Bulgarian houses and types of their inhabitants, or may be he would make a study of some picturesque Bashi-Bazouk prisoner brought into camp. During the Congress the warrior artist has greatly added to his album, and will take back with him, now peace is concluded, a sketch-book full of great artistic merit and of intense interest to the Russian people."

LAUNCH OF A LIFEBOAT AT CLACTON-ON-SEA

As a thanksgiving for the safe return from India of their Grand Master the Prince of Wales, the Freemasons of England have presented to the National Lifeboat Institution two large lifeboats. The first of them is stationed on the Devonshire coast, and the second was launched at Clacton-on-Sea on Wednesday week, in presence of Lord Skelmersdale, the Deputy Grand Master, and a numerous assemblage of visitors. The little town was gaily decorated for the occasion, and the proceedings were inaugurated by certain Masonic business at the Public Hall, where a procession was subsequently formed, which, headed by the band of the 11th Hussars, comprised a number of municipal dignitaries, including the Mayors and Corporations of Maldon, Harwich, Ipswich, and Colchester. As soon as the boathouse was reached, Lord Skelmersdale, attended by other members of the Order, wearing the full craft clothing, laid the memorial stone, upon which were inscribed the occasion and object of the building.



A THIRSTY GHOORKA



"OFF GUARD"—CAVALRY SOLDIERS AND THE FALDETTE

OUR INDIAN CONTINGENT AT MALTA

My firmness was put to the test instantly, for Signor Sandro scouted the idea of this course of action, and opposed it vehemently. "You're a fool, Caterina," said he, shaking his brush at me indignantly; "a blundering fool!"

AMONGST ALIENS

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

AUTHOR OF "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

SIGNOR SANDRO's advice was to watch and wait; to lay secret trains for the discovery and exposure of the plot against Lucy's little patrimony (he refused to consider the matter in any other light), and then to spring a mine and blow up the plotters with a theatrical virtue-protected-and-villainy-discovered kind of *dénouement*. He grew brisk and eager, was full of schemes, talked of renewing half-forgotten relations with this person and that person who might prove useful, and in a word the old conspirator in him was thoroughly re-awakened. He had passed the prime of his early manhood in conspiracy,—always from patriotic motives which approved themselves to *his* conscience, at least,—and had grown to think conspiracy the proper method of fighting evil things, whether in high places or low places. He could not understand my point of view when I told him that what chiefly pained me was to find that Lucy had begun to withdraw her full confidence from me. As to her becoming a Catholic, that alone did not seem to me so great a misfortune.

"Pshaw, Caterina," said Signor Sandro, "you don't know what you are talking about. They'll never rest till they get her money; and the only way to secure it is to make her enter this pet sisterhood of theirs. Don't you know what their grand bazaar is really for? To get funds to buy a house and grounds for their nuns. It's illegal, you say? Oh there are ways of evading the law, never fear. They have plenty of clever heads among them."

"It may be, master, that poor Lucy's little fortune has nothing to do with the zeal of the Princess and her friends. I have no right to say that they are conscienceless in the matter. They may be sincerely anxious to secure Lucy's eternal welfare."

"Why are they not anxious to secure *your* eternal welfare? A soul is a soul, eh? And yet they have not made the slightest effort at converting you!"

This was an argument which certainly had some weight. For to answer that I was not so sweet and interesting a person as Lucy would scarcely have been a good reason for the indifference of devout persons as to my conversion from error!

I was silent, and Signor Sandro went on triumphantly, "Ay, ay; you get somebody to leave you fifty thousand lire, and you'll find Monsignor Chiappaforti's interest in the state of your soul will spring up like a mushroom." Then he proceeded to enter into a variety of stratagems for unmasking the real purposes of Monsignor Chiappaforti, and exhibiting him before Lucy's eyes in his true colours. Signor Sandro especially hated Monsignore, and considered him to be the originator of the scheme for Lucy's conversion. The Princess he spoke of far less harshly. She was not a bad woman: a bigot, of course, and under the influence of the priests; but not a hard-hearted woman. I wondered, as I listened to him, whether any remembrance of the Princess Olympia's youthful beauty, thirty years ago, availed to soften my old master's judgment of her. If it were so, I am sure he did not know it. But I had my suspicions that the Princess's splendid eyes, and rich black tresses, and Juno-like figure,—"the true Roman type!" Signor Sandro would exclaim enthusiastically, "the true Roman type!"—were somehow accounted to her for righteousness.

After my first talk with my old friend on the subject, I lay awake for hours, as I have said, revolving painful thoughts. But the night brought counsel, and when I went to the studio early next morning I was resolved how to act. I would speak out plainly and straightforwardly to Lucy, and to the Princess, and to Monsignore himself, if I had the chance. Plots and counterplots should be thrown to the winds; and if there was to be war, I at least would not carry it on in ambuscade.

My firmness was put to the test instantly, for Signor Sandro scouted the idea of this course of action, and opposed it vehemently. "You are a fool, Caterina," said he, shaking his brush at me indignantly, "a blundering fool!"

"Thanks, master."

"Thanks, master," he exclaimed, trying to mimic my quiet tone in one of lively irritation. "I say that if you go on as you say, you'll lose your sister altogether. You don't know these people,—I do."

"But I know my sister."

"Ta, ta, ta! A little white mouse! What do you think she can do against such a wily old fox as Giacomo Chiappaforti? I tell you, you must match cunning with cunning."

"I can't do it, master."

"You? No. You're as blunt as a barbarian. But let me do it for you."

"No, master, I must do what I think right."

"You think? Isn't it enough to raise the bile of a stone to hear her talk?" cried Signor Sandro. And he gradually worked himself up into such a violent passion that he fairly danced about the studio, inveighing against my obstinacy and stupidity, and knocking over the mannikin on which I had carefully arranged some crimson drapery the day before. I let him work off his fiery temper a little in these performances, and then I said: "Listen, master, I know you are full of kind interest in me, and Lucy. I am not ungrateful——"

"Oh no! Ungrateful? What an idea! Only you are as obstinate as a mule, and intend to take your own way—gratefully."

"Please to hear me. I have heard you. I don't believe in lies; be the intention what it may, good or bad, wise or foolish, I have no faith in the power of lies to help any one. Your own proverb says, 'A lie hath short legs.'"

Signor Sandro sat down at his easel with his back to me and pretended to be absorbed in painting a bit of background. I went on, nothing daunted:

"Now if I pretend not to see what is going on with Lucy and these people at the Palazzo Corleoni, I shall be lying to all intents and purposes. I have lied in that way already by holding my tongue about ——"

I paused, and I saw Signor Sandro's head turn a very little in a listening attitude. "Well," said I, "I cannot explain to you what the matter was, but I had a suspicion, and I smothered it up, and waited and watched, on your plan, and no good has come of it. I dare say a frank word would have set all right. Any way I have thought about the matter to the best of my ability, and I have made up my mind to be absolutely sincere. We despise wiles and tricks and crooked ways, don't let us follow them! I never heard of but one way to shame the devil, and that is to tell the truth."

The background on which Signor Sandro was at work was assuming a very extraordinary appearance. I knew that his attention was wholly given to my words, although he still feigned to be painting in a rapt absorption. I went close up to him and laid my hand on his shoulder. "Come, master," said I, "forgive my plain speaking. I'm a blunt barbarian, as you say, but don't hate me for that."

For an instant he remained still, stiff, and mute. Then all on a sudden he put up one hand to touch mine which lay on his shoulder, and took a noisy pinch of snuff with the other. "Hate you, Caterina?" he said, with a little break in his voice. "No. You *are* a fool,—remember I said so;—but I don't hate you for it. I don't know,—I don't know but I almost like you the better for it; but that's because I'm a fool too."

Dear, kind, noble-hearted, irascible old master! All the prejudices of early education, and the unfortunate influences of a youth embittered by secret struggles against injustice, could not stifle the natural loyalty and affection of his character.

That afternoon I spoke to Lucy plainly. I told her that I fancied she was inclined to be attracted by the Roman Catholic religion, and that on that subject I should not then argue with her; but that it hurt me to think she should conceal her mind from me. And I begged her to return to her old frank confidence, promising on my side to be equally unreserved with her. She looked greatly startled at first,—almost scared. And then with a gush of tears she threw her arms round my neck, exclaiming, "Oh, Catherine, I am so glad to be able to speak to you. I wanted to tell you long ago."

"And why," said I quickly, "did you not?"

(Continued on page 75)

The procession then re-formed, and, joined by the boat on its carriage, drawn by four horses, and filled with the crew, dressed in blue jackets and red caps, and wearing cork belts, approached the shore under the pier, where the ceremony of consecration, and other solemn forms, were performed. After a discourse from the Grand Chaplain, Miss Wool, of Colchester, broke a bottle of wine over the boat's bows, and christened her the *Albert Edward*, the boat being then launched amid loud cheers. A banquet, presided over by Lord Skelmersdale, concluded the proceedings.

THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

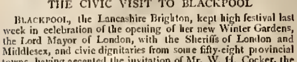
See page 61.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BRISTOL

The visit of the Prince of Wales to the Royal Agricultural Show, on Friday, was of course taken advantage of by the inhabitants of Bristol as an opportunity for loyal display and rejoicing. The streets were decorated with bunting and flowers, and crowded with sightseers, and the inevitable corporation address was delivered and responded to at the Railway Station. The Prince, with whom was Lord Skelmersdale, Colonel Kingscote, and the Mayor of Bristol, drove in an open carriage, and followed by one or two other carriages, with an escort of Lancers, to the Show Yard, a detour being made through the streets which made the route quite three miles in length, the whole distance being thronged with enthusiastic spectators. On reaching the Show Yard the Prince had introduced to him the Members of the Council, and afterwards lunched in a splendidly furnished marquee. His Royal Highness subsequently walked round the various departments of the Show, and on leaving the ground for the Railway Station, instead of going again through the city, was driven across the Downs and the Suspension Bridge, thus causing some disappointment to those who were waiting for him in the streets.—We have been assisted in the production of some of our engravings of Bristol by photographs taken by Mr. Cyrus Voss Bark, Clifton.

THE CIVIC VISIT TO BLACKPOOL

Blackpool, the Lancashire Brighton, kept high festival last week in celebration of the opening of her new Winter Gardens, the Lord Mayor of London, with the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, and civic dignitaries from some fifty-eight provincial towns, having accepted the invitation of Mr. W. H. Cocker, the first and thrice-elected Mayor of Blackburn, to take part in the rejoicings. Although the weather was not of the most favourable character, about 60,000 spectators turned out to see the procession, which included the State chariots of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and no fewer than 600 ordinary carriages. The building, which the Lord Mayor declared open, and which has cost 100,000*l.*, is a very fine one, with a fine dome of glass and iron. It was designed by Mr. T. Mitchell, F.R.I.B.A., of St. Ann's Square, Manchester. A grand banquet succeeded the ceremony, and in the evening there was a concert, a pyrotechnic display, and a grotesque torchlight procession through the streets. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs remained the guests of the Corporation until Monday, when they returned to London.



HOME.

Political Affairs.——Lord Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury met with a most triumphant reception on their return from Berlin. On landing at Dover an address of welcome and congratulation was presented by the Mayor to the Premier, who, in returning thanks, expressed the hope that he had brought back peace, honour, and prosperity. The interior of the railway station at Charing Cross was decorated with bunting and flowers, and along the short route from thence to Whitehall there was a dense mass of spectators. The Earl left the station in an open carriage, which no sooner turned out of the yard than it became the target for myriads of bouquets, which descended as thick as hail from the windows of the houses on either side. The shouting and handkerchief-waving as the carriage passed along were most enthusiastic, and were continued outside the Foreign Office after his lordship had arrived, until both the Premier and Lord Salisbury had appeared at a window and addressed a few words to the crowd below. Lord Beaconsfield has accepted an invitation to a dinner at the Carlton Club, and has also promised to attend a Ministerial banquet to be given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House on August 3rd.—On Tuesday a despatch from Lord Salisbury was issued explaining the objects of the Berlin Treaty, in which he maintains that the policy which has received the sanction of Congress generally coincides with that sustained by the Government since the Treaty of San Stefano was published; and remarks that "whether use will be made of this—probably the last—opportunity which has been thus obtained for Turkey by the interposition of the Powers of Europe and of England in particular, or whether it is to be thrown away, will depend upon the sincerity with which Turkish statesmen now address themselves to the duties of good government and the task of reform." Both the Premier and Lord Salisbury attended a Cabinet Council on Wednesday, and Lord Salisbury afterwards went to Windsor, and had audience of the Queen.—Several Conservative Associations have already sent addresses of congratulation to Lord Beaconsfield; but, on the other hand, the Liberals are declaring their discontent, both with regard to the policy of the Treaty and the secret manner in which the negotiations between this country and Russia and Turkey have been conducted.—On the 10th prox. Mr. Bright will have been the Parliamentary representative of Birmingham for twenty-one years. His constituents intend celebrating the occasion by holding a demonstration and erecting a statue of their favourite.—Mr. Gladstone has received an address of gratitude from a number of Bulgarians. In his reply, he says that it is alike his duty and his pleasure to contribute in any humble measure to the defeat of oppression and the advance of freedom. He reminds them that it is bad that Christians should be oppressed by Mussulmans, but worse that Mussulmans should be oppressed by Christians, and conjures them to use all their influence to denounce and put down every tendency to use their recovered liberties in the exercise of outrage and oppression. "Be assured," he concludes, "that those who either commit or countenance any act in derogation of such principles are a disgrace to the Christian name, and are likewise the deadliest enemies of Bulgarian and Roumelian freedom."

Miscellaneous.——The Volunteers have been hard at work during the week at Wimbledon. The weather has been hot, on Wednesday the thermometer stood at 144 deg. in the sun. The winner of the Queen's Prize is a Scotchman, Private Rae, of the 11th Stirling Volunteers, who put together 78 points; in the Lords and Commons Match the former were victorious; and Cambridge beat Oxford in the Inter-University competition for the Chancellor's Challenge Plate. *The Graphic* prize was won by Captain T. Johnston, of the 105th Lanark Volunteers, "The Glasgow Highlanders." The meeting closes to day with some athletic sports in lieu of a review, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught having undertaken to distribute the prizes.—The efforts to raise the *Eurydice* have been at last successful. On Tuesday she was lifted, and moved a distance of 150 feet, and on Wednesday some 300 yards nearer the shore, where she rested on solid ground, with her bulwarks level with the water. H.M.S. *Thunderer*, the hulks *Rinaldo* and *Pearl*, and a number of steam-tugs were engaged in the operations, which will have to be several times repeated ere the wreck can be got ashore. The strain on the towing hawsers was so great that the *Thunderer's* capstan was carried bodily away. Two more bodies have been recovered.—On Monday a review and sham fight took place at Aldershot in the presence of the Prince of Wales.—The July Orange celebrations in Ireland and at Liverpool have passed off without very serious rioting, though in some instances the processionists were interfered with, and the police had great difficulty in preserving order.—Last Saturday the annual Board School *fête* was held at the Crystal Palace, and 4,000 Bibles, presented by Mr. F. Peek and the Religious Tract Society, were distributed to Board School scholars for proficiency in Biblical knowledge.—On Tuesday, at the same place, the Band of Hope Union celebrated its annual festival. Concerts were given by two gigantic choirs of youthful performers, the majority of whom had never tasted intoxicating liquors.—The Prince's Theatre at Bradford, which was built about two years ago at a cost of 26,000*l.*, was on Tuesday night completely destroyed by fire.

PARLIAMENT

With the beginning of the week, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has found the necessity for indicating the possible fate of some of the Bills that have cumbered the Order Book during the Session. Being a gentleman constitutionally disinclined to give pain, Sir Stafford was careful not to allude to the ceremony as a "Massacre of the Innocents." Sir Stafford Northcote would not even give a Parliamentary Bill the pain of openly alluding to it as not of sufficient importance to be proceeded with. But phrases apart, it came to the same thing, and we have now a pretty clear idea of what yet remains to be done before the Prorogation. The two Bills on which the Government are chiefly bent are the Irish Education Bill and the Cattle Plague Bill. They also expect to be able to pass through the Scotch Education Bill, the Scotch Endowed Schools and Hospitals Bill, and the Highways Bill. There are some smaller Bills, such as the Bishoprics Bill, the Territorial Waters Bill, the Admiralty and War Office Bill, and the Enclosure Bill, which the sanguine Chancellor of the Exchequer also hopes to see passed into law. But with respect to two of these his hope is not likely to be fulfilled. The Bishoprics Bill is opposed by a body of members who, though small in number, are the sort of men who will take care that nothing so important as a Bishop is made within the limited space now at the disposal of Parliament.

The Admiralty and War Office Bill is one which Melancholy and the Obstructives have marked for their own. Bought over by the magnificent bait of a million sterling which the Government propose to give Ireland by the Education Bill, Mr. Parnell and his friends have been deprived of the comfort and consolation of obstruction in Committee of Supply, and on the larger Ministerial measures. Under these circumstances the Admiralty and War Office Bill is a safety valve. The Bill is brought on at odd corners of the night, in the altogether illusory belief that possibly Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar may be caught napping. But, as happened on Tuesday night, they sit out the whole of the evening quiet and wakeful, and then, as soon as the main business is disposed of, and the large body of members have gone home, the Admiralty and War Office Bill is timidly brought forward, and with brightened aspect and cheerful voice Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar fling themselves into the fray. The Minister for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty are in joint charge of the Bill, but they are a sort of nine-pins in the practised hand of Mr. Parnell. They rise up with explanations only to be knocked down by objections, and thus hour by hour slips by. But the Government have at least learnt by experience that obstruction is not a force to be dallied with. It must be steadily faced and persistently pursued, and the mechanical force of the majority must be turned on whenever the division bell rings. Thus it was on Tuesday night. Mr. Biggar having with much lucidity and considerable iteration delivered his views on the dead-meat trade during the early portion of the evening, passed the game on to the hands of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Meldon. But these gentlemen were not supported by their compatriots, and as there must be an end to all things, their speeches came to a conclusion about two o'clock in the morning, when the Bill passed through Committee.

The Irish members were represented in quite a new aspect on Monday, when the Intermediate Education Bill came on. Mr. Meldon could not take quite kindly to this new attitude towards the Government, and delivered a speech in which he was able, or thought he was able, to point out some incompleteness about the measure. But this proved an exception to the general rule. Member after member for Irish constituencies rose and expressed unqualified assent and approval of the measure. This support from the Opposition naturally suggested criticism from the Ministerialists, and this was forthcoming on the part of Mr. Charles Lewis, who moved the rejection of the Bill on the ground that it really provided for concurrent endowment, and paved the way for State support of a Catholic University. These reasons were quite sufficient for Mr. Newdegate, who in his solemnest tones and most prophetic manner warned the Government of the dizzy precipice whither their desire to please all men was leading. But Mr. Lewis, though he is not averse from reminding the House and the Government of his existence, shares the general tendency amongst the most independent Ministerialists to stop short of the division lobby to which Sir William Dyke does *not* lead the way. Accordingly, after many speeches had been delivered, amongst others Mr. Gladstone speaking, Mr. Lewis rose, and in the blandest manner announced that he did not intend to divide the House, having fulfilled his philanthropic purpose of raising a debate. Thus the second reading was passed in the first half of a single sitting, an incident unprecedented in recent Parliamentary history when a measure affecting Ireland, whether great or small, has been introduced.

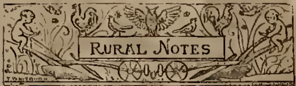
The Cattle Plague Bill has proved a beast of quite a different colour. In dealing with it, the Opposition have shown a long unwonted unity, and a power of which they have not been suspected, and of which they possibly did not suspect themselves. Possibly the fact that the measure is not a party one has endowed the Opposition with this increased influence. The fight, as has previously been explained, has lain between the boroughs and the counties. But it happens that one or two blunders in the Bill have given a hold to the Opposition which, taken in conjunction with some dejection on the Ministerial benches, has resulted in a distinct and decisive victory. The principal objection, raised at a late hour on Tuesday night, was to a clause in the Bill which, by establishing distinctions between foreign countries in respect of the import of cattle, violates what is known as "the most favoured nation clause" of the Commercial Treaties. From nine o'clock till one in the morning the debate on this question was pursued, the Government declining to give way, and the Opposition quietly, but effectively, pressing their objections. On Wednesday the subject came up again, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, beginning by scolding the Opposition for what he called their obstruction, ended by a capitulation, in which Mr. Pell was the ambassador. It being arranged that this dangerous distinction shall be avoided in the schedule of the Bill, the debate proceeded on the clauses, and occupied the House throughout the whole of the afternoon.

THE READER

Under the title of "Tent Work in Palestine" (2 vols.: Bentley and Son) Lieut. Conder presents a picturesque and popularly written narrative of one of the most important geographical undertakings of recent times, the Trigonometrical Survey of Western Palestine. In this survey we need hardly say Mr. Conder took the foremost part. His predecessor in the task was invalided home when as yet only a few preliminary *reconnaissances* had been made. His successor, after the interruption of the work for a year in consequence of the attack on the surveying party at Saphed, found only 1,300 out of 6,000 square miles left him to examine, in order to complete what may not improperly be called an Ordnance Map of Palestine from the Jordan to the sea. Of the general results of the work it is scarcely necessary to speak. In mere new discovery it has effected as much as all previous travellers put together; but more than this, it has for the first time tried all discoveries, early or recent, by a really scientific test. Nor must it be supposed that this was an easy task; even setting on one side for a moment the difficulties and dangers all around—the daily toil under a burning sun and in a fever-haunted land, the frequent hostility, in spite of all precaution, of fanatic villagers and insolent Moslem Sheikhs. The explorer in Palestine must make his way through a maze of data, chronicle, and legend—obscure passages from Josephus and the Talmudists, valuable but uncritical notes of early Christian Fathers, legends of later Jew and Saracen, hasty guesses of pilgrims and Crusaders, traces of ancient names and builders' work, comparisons of distances and positions—all which he must then sift and put together, too happy if at times a general *consensus* of Jewish, Christian, and Mahometan tradition enable him without further trouble to set down a reputed site as beyond reasonable doubt. Lieutenant Conder's present volumes are meant to serve as a popular introduction to the official memoir and great map of the Survey, now rapidly approaching completion under the auspices of the Palestine Exploration Fund Committee. They will be found of scarcely more interest for the light they throw on scenes and passages in Holy Writ than for their bright and life-like pictures of the country and its inhabitants at the present day. There are few descriptions in any volume on the Holy Land better than those of Palestine, as it lies before the spectator on the top of Hermon, or of the gigantic ruins of earthquake-stricken Baalbek—few chapters that will have more attraction for the patient student of Biblical topography than that in which the true boundaries of the Jewish Temple are marked out from a minute examination of measurements and levels, or in which Mr. Conder modestly yet forcibly sets forth his own independent theory of the true position of Calvary and the Sepulchre. Yet no less interesting even than these are the accounts of Palestine as it is to-day, by one who has made himself at home in the black tents of the Bedawin and in the streets of wicked, fanatical Damascus, who has pitched his camp among the savages of the Desert of Judah and the wild hill villagers of the Galilæan range, has watched the pilgrims at the Feast of the Holy Fire, and been permitted by the high-priest of the little remnant of the Samaritans to behold the famous Roll of Abishuah, the Book of the Law, which purports to have been written out by the third in descent from Aaron. Vastly perplexing to the natives generally were the proceedings of the surveyors—proceedings dimly believed to be preliminary in some way to the conquest of the country—and very frequently was the wish expressed, whether in earnest or in flattery, that the English would really come and build the land up again from its ruins; nor does Mr. Conder fail to show how easy would be the work of restoration under a strong, wise Government, like that of some great European Power. But the whole work should be studied thoroughly by all who would gain with little trouble a clear idea of Palestine as it was and as it is.

"Central America, the West Indies, and South America" (E. Stanford), edited by W. H. Bates, or the second volume of "Stanford's Compendium of Geography and Travel," fairly maintains the high standard that was set up by the first volume of the series, Mr. Keith Johnston's "Africa." True the number of independent States necessitates a greater sub-division and an arrangement more nearly approaching the Gazetteer. But the notices in all cases are thoroughly readable, well brought up to the date of the most recent travels, *e.g.*, of Mr. Squier in Peru and Mr. Boddam-Whetham in Guatemala, and more especially rich in descriptions of the curious *fauna* and *flora* which in tropical and sub-tropical America fairly divide the traveller's attention with native man. We should add that the volume is provided with excellent maps and a more than usual number of pretty illustrations, while the scientifically disposed will find in the appendix a most learned account, by Mr. A. H. Keane, of the Aboriginal races of America and their languages.

It is long since we have read so freshly-written a book of travel in the United States, or one whose author has so happy a knack of finding something new to say even about old familiar scenes, as that in which Mr. Wallis Nash introduces "Oregon" (Macmillan and Co.) to an expectant public. One of the youngest, as it is one of the most remote, of all the fedemcy of the Stars and Stripes, Oregon stands a little out beyond the high tide-mark of emigration—only, indeed, accessible by steamer from San Francisco, or by land-stage, if strangers have no objection to conveyances which, at the time of Mr. Nash's visit, had been stopped by highwaymen five times in eighteen months. But once within the happy valley, and all is peaceful, orderly, and law-abiding. A calm that fairly startles one by contrast with the high-pressure pace of Californian life, reposes upon everything around, but it is the calm of a tranquilly complacent well-doing that can abide its time and wait for railways to come further up, or ports be opened on the Pacific coast, and will not be disquieted if half its fine peaches must be given to the pigs, or if that orchard must really be ploughed up, the apples are so many that the fruit is simply wasted. And very pleasant are the stories, which Mr. Nash picks up and verifies *en route*—of the world-worn Presbyterian minister who took heart of grace and came to Oregon, and meditates his sermons now amidst his own corn-fields, not preaching a whit the worse because well backed up by the mammon of unrighteousness; of the Italian sailor who came inland for a spell and dwells now in a house of cedar amidst the hum of bees; or of the entire townships that go off every summer to the mountains for a picnic, returning only when the yellow harvest insists on their coming down to reap and carry it. Nor does Mr. Nash stop short after telling us all this. He gives, too, most useful information about the law-courts and the land-laws of the State, and the gentle Oregonian welcome to settlers of every race and country. Shall we add, to complete our praises of the book, that Mr. Nash actually passes through San Francisco, going out, and by Niagara, coming home, without describing the regular tourist rounds—nay, even giving a few particulars which, to our ears, seemed slightly novel? Altogether a pleasant book on a very pleasant subject. Yet not to make the home reader too envious, we would hint that there is one bitter drop in the Oregonian's cup of bliss. It is thought—only thought as yet, it is true—that they are using up their salmon.



RURAL NOTES

The Prize Paris Stock.——Still at Blackwall lie most of the fine shorthorns and the Aberdeens that came across from Paris. Zvesda, the fine cow that 2,000 guineas was offered for ere she left for the Trocadéro, is dead, and carried with her to the grave a fine calf that would have realised about a thousand guineas to Lady Pigot. At the shed there, called Brown's Wharf, there were this week forty cattle, and about a like number of sheep. All of the animals, we are told at the door (of course, all but attendants are Pariahs in this condemned place), are "down" with the foot-and-mouth complaint, and this being the case now, it is likely that the quarantine will be over in a fortnight, the average time which, it is presumed by veterinarians, murrain runs its course through stock for better or worse. It would have been much better we think had all the cattle taken the foot-and-mouth disease on their first arrival, for then all might have been sufficiently well rid of it a fortnight ago. It surely was a mistake on the part of the veterinary authorities not to have had the first ailing beast separated from the healthy ones. Isolation is what our present Orders in Council decree; yet, at Blackwall, we have had the good mingling with the bad so long, that there is not the toss of a doit which gets out first. The incarceration has been a sad loss, not only to the breeders, but to the consumers who most depend upon good and cheap beef to the produce of such animals as now are enthralled.

Weather and Crops.——Much as farmers might have had cause to grumble at three weeks ago, they have none now as to the prospect of all crops. The hay is being carted to the farm-yard in splendid condition, and in some districts we have passed through within the fortnight, east, west, north, and south, the haycocks seem to indicate that farmers would need, as in the old Jewish times, to pull down their barns and build greater. The hay crop is quite over an average, and when the fields are clear a nice aftermath is to be beholden—a good second crop, with clover abundantly interspersed. Wheat has improved much during the past fortnight; barley looks fairly; oats so well, that Scotchmen are not likely to be deprived of the horses' meat in England, which is the bone and sinew of many "a braw chiel" north of the Tweed—Dr. Johnson notwithstanding; and peas for the later market look well: mangolds and Swedes promising, the latter apparently quite free from the "fly." Little disease is noticeable in potatoes, and the crop will be a weighty one if the half-mythical Colorado beetle does not present itself on the scene.

The Royal Agricultural Society at Bristol.——The Royal was blessed with excellent weather which, in the case of agricultural shows, is half the battle of financial success. The Prince of Wales contributed in no ordinary degree to "gorge the till" by his presence. He was enthusiastically received, and admired and criticised with keen yet fond eyes the whole of the stock. His Royal Highness himself was an exhibitor and a prize taker in sheep. Never have we seen a town better decorated in honour of His Royal Highness. The Bristol meeting was a much better business one than the Oxford, but that is to be accounted for by the absence of wet.

Miscellaneous.——American live cattle are coming into the London market in great force. On Monday there were about a thousand, and some of them so mountainous that they might be made fit subjects for a decent itinerant show.—Goats are good and useful animals for cottagers. They not only supply beautiful milk for weakly children, but when the children are becoming convalescent, they can easily pull them about in a little "goat chay." Mr. Stephen Holmes strongly recommends more attention being paid to them in the country than hitherto there has been; in the same strain follows Lady Pigot, and we coincide with both. Without saying whether or not they are more profitable than pigs, they are certainly a capital adjunct to the cottager's little plot.

THEATRES

Miss Glyn's Readings.——On Friday Miss Glyn gave the third of a series of dramatic readings at 13, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, the selection on this occasion being from *Macbeth*. Miss Glyn evinces considerable imagination, and delineates the different characters with an artistic force sufficient to mark the distinctive attributes of each, but not approaching that dramatic intensity associated with a stage performance. At the same time some of the scenes were rendered with an effective, if reserved power, notably the witches' scene in Act III. and the first scene of Act V.

Madame Tussaud's.——A very effective representation of a meeting of the Berlin Congress has been added to this popular Exhibition. The room in which it is exhibited has been decorated and arranged presumably after one of the *salons* of the Radziwill Palace. The most prominent of the portrait-models represent Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury, Prince Gortschakoff, Counts Schouvaloff and Corti, Count Andrassy, M. Waddington, Mehemet Ali Pasha, and the "man of blood and iron," Prince Bismarck. We must not omit to make mention of a handsome transparency which is exhibited on the facia of the Baker Street Walhalla.

Royal Albert Hall.——Mr. Brandram is to be congratulated on the success of his Dramatic Recital given at the Albert Hall on Wednesday evening. Although the immense hall was by no means thronged, the audience was large and attentive. His selection included readings from *As You Like It*, and "Brutus and Marc Antony in the Forum," and Mr. Tennyson's ballad of the fleet, "The *Revenge*." These were given with Mr. Brandram's well-known vigour and striking versatility of power. His rendering of Jacques' monologue, "All the world's a stage" and of Marc Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar were especially powerful, and were much applauded. Doubtless much of the effect of declamatory passages and shading of pathos were marred by the echo inevitable in such a vast hall. The evening's entertainment was much enhanced by the admirable services of the London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr. Fred Walker, and by the charming rendering by Miss Anna Williams of some of the well-known Shakespeare songs.

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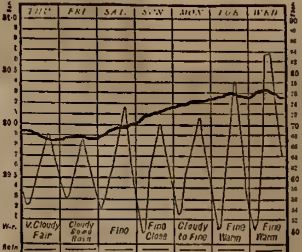
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

July 11th to July 17th (inclusive)



Explanation.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.——The weekly period just ended has witnessed a gradual but steady improvement in the weather, and at its close there were no signs of any immediate change. At the commencement of the week the sky was cloudy, and the weather rather gloomy; but on Saturday, the 13th instant, the clouds passed away, and since then the sky has been almost clear. The barometer has risen steadily all the time, and light westerly winds have prevailed. Temperature remained rather low until Tuesday, the 16th instant, when it rose quickly, and on the following day it was still higher. No rain has fallen with the exception of a very slight shower on Friday, the 12th instant. The barometer was highest (30·31 inches) on Wednesday, the 17th instant; lowest (29·86 inches) on Thursday, the 11th instant; range, 0·45 inches. Temperature was highest (83°) on Wednesday, the 17th instant; lowest (50°) on the mornings of Sunday, the 14th, Tuesday, the 16th, and Wednesday, the 17th; range, 33°. With the exception of Friday, the 12th instant, when a slight shower fell, there has been been no rain worth recording.

SCRAPS

A Man aged 148 years has just died at the little village of Kirchbracht, Germany. At least, so says the *Berlin Post*.

An Electrical Bracelet, connected with a battery and an alarm clock, is the latest method of awakening heavy sleepers across the Atlantic.

The *Levant Herald*, which was recently suppressed by the Turkish Government, has been replaced by a journal called the *Constantinople Messenger*.

A New Book of Beauty, an album containing the portraits of the handsomest women in Europe, is to be one of the chief features of the International Anthropological Congress, which is to be held in Paris next month.

A Long Bicycle Tour throughout Italy is being undertaken by a Frenchman named Payet. He has already arrived at Florence from Naples, and intends visiting Venice, Modane, and Turin, before returning to his native town of Lyons.

A Good Example has been set by the London and Brighton Railway authorities, who have arranged with the refreshment contractors at certain stations that during the hot weather iced water should be carried along the platform on the arrival of each train, and sold to thirsty passengers at 1*d.* a glass.

The Hotel at Fontainebleau, where the Shah of Persia is said to have rebelled against the "little bill," is now every morning inscribed by some would be wag with the sentence, *Au Shah Ecorché*—the "Skinned Shah"—doubtless a suggestion to mine host to change his sign in commemoration of the Persian sovereign's visit.

The following Handbill has been circulated by a European bootmaker at Mussoorie. He informs the ladies and gentlemen of Dehra Doon, Mussoorie, and Landour, "that he has commenced his business as bootmaker, and begs to solicit their kind patronage, which will be made of Cawnpore material, but on the English style, with good English hemp and wax."

Among the British Indian Troops now quartered at Malta, the *Jewish World* states that there are some black Jews, members of a community existing on the coast of Malabar. They claim to be descended from the Jews sent by King Solomon to India to collect ivory and precious stones. They differ from other Jews in many of their religious services, and only observe the Sabbath and the Passover.

The Grosvenor Gallery has been generously thrown open to the public by Sir Coutts Lindsay this (Saturday) afternoon, and will be open free after three on the afternoons of Saturday, July 27, and Saturday, August 3rd. As the galleries will only accommodate a limited number, some system of admission is indispensable, and it has therefore been decided to issue tickets, which can be obtained gratis on Friday next and on the following Friday by application either personally or by letter containing addressed envelope to the Secretary, 132, New Bond Street.

The Bank of France has alarmed Parisians by announcing that it will not receive certain cleverly forged notes for 50 and 100 francs, which have been in circulation for some time past. At the same time minute directions are given how to detect these spurious notes, which are more shiny and bear traces of rougher work than the real bank issues. Still it would need close observation, even on the part of experts, to detect the forgeries, and we would therefore recommend all inexperienced British visitors to insist upon receiving gold for their change at hotels and shops.

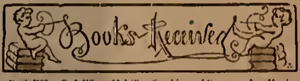
A curious Lottery Superstition is related by a correspondent of the *Daily News*. It appears that in Venice it is believed that, in the event of a stranger dying in one of the hotels, the numbers of his rooms will be the lucky cyphers at the next drawing. An illustration of this occurred recently on the death of the late Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell at one of the best known hotels, when, immediately on his decease, the *employés* subscribed to take shares in the numbers of the two rooms occupied by the late Member for Perthshire, both of which numbers, strangely enough, were afterwards drawn prizes. In talking over the matter with the writer, a person connected with the hotel bitterly lamented that he had been prevented by sudden illness from taking the whole of the lucky numbers, and thus realising a handsome fortune at one stroke.

An Eccentric Colonel, if we are to believe the Paris *Figaro*, is striving to impress the importance of thrift and saving upon the mind of the Paris *gamin*. He may be observed going from one point to another of the Boulevard Magenta, and receiving pennies from children to whom he at once presents twopence. It appears that the Colonel is very fond of children, and takes a delight in giving them coppers for toys or lollipops, but at the same time is anxious that they should learn order, economy, and honesty. Thus, when for the first time he gives a child a present, he tells him to meet him at a certain hour at a stated point on the Boulevard, and to bring a penny with him. If the child fulfils his promise, he at once receives double the money which he produces. According to the Colonel, these children will grow up to be "excellent soldiers or good little housekeepers."

London Mortality increased last week and 1,589 deaths were registered against 1,511 during the previous seven days, an increase of 78, being 93 above the average, and at the rate of 23·2 per 1,000. There were 85 deaths from whooping-cough (a decline of 23, but exceeding the average by 38), 249 from diarrhœa (an increase of 104, exceeding the average by 53), including 195 infants under one year of age, 11 from small-pox (a decline of 8, and 13 below the average), 16 from measles (a decrease of 15), 20 from scarlet fever, 8 from diphtheria (a decline of 3), and 19 from different forms of fever. There were 2,394 births registered against 2,520 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 65. The mean temperature of the air was 61·9 deg., or 0·3 deg. below the average in the corresponding week of the sixty years 1814–73. The duration of registered sunshine was 33·3 hours, the sun being 113·8 hours above the horizon.

A Day in the Country.——The manager of the Hackney Juvenile Mission earnestly pleads for funds to take 300 children for a day's outing in the fields and fresh air. Contributions may be sent to Mr. John Newman, hon. manager, 117, Cheapside, E.C.; Mr. H. M. Heath, 4, St. Thomas's Road, South Hackney; or to Mr. A. A. Knight, 71, King Edward Road, South Hackney. A similar appeal is made by the Committee of St. Thomas's Sunday Schools, E., to take 300 children for a day's holiday in the country. Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Vicar, the Rev. A. W. Cribb, the Vicarage, Arbour Street, East Stepney; by Mr. W. F. Cannon, High Street, Shadwell, E.; or by A. G. Stoddart, Hon. Superintendent, 85, Eleanor Road, Hackney, E. The Hon. Secretary of Gray's Yard Sunday Ragged Schools also appeals for a similar purpose. Donations will be thankfully received by Mr. Alister G. Fraser, 4, Inverness Terrace, Bayswater, W.

The well-known Actor, Joseph Jefferson, forms the subject of yet another anecdote in the *San Francisco Newsletter*, which states that while he was playing *Rip Van Winkle* at Chicago last spring, he went to the theatre very much exhausted by a long day's fishing on the lake. When the curtain rose on the third act it disclosed the white-haired "Rip" still immersed in his twenty years' nap. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed, and still he did not waken. The audience began to get impatient and the prompter uneasy. The great actor doubtless knew what he was about, but this was carrying the "realistic" sort of thing entirely too far. The fact was that all the time Jefferson was really sleeping the sleep of the just, or rather of the fisherman who has sat eight hours in the sun without getting a single bite. Finally the gallery began to be uproarious, and one of the "gods" wanted to know if there "was going to be nineteen years more of this snooze business." Here Jefferson began to snore. This decided the prompter, who opened a small trap beneath the stage, and began to prod "Rip" from behind. The much-travelled comedian began to fumble in his pocket for an imaginary ticket, and muttered, drowsily: "Going clear through, 'ductor." The audience were transfixed with amazement at this entirely new reading, when suddenly Jefferson sat up with a loud shriek. The exasperated prompter had "jabbed" him with a pin. The play went on then—with a rush.



BOOKS RECEIVED

Roy's Wife: G. J. Whyte-Melville; Sunshine and Snow, 3 vols.: Hawley Smart. Chapman and Hall.

Tales from the Old Dramatists. M. E. Browne. Remington.

Wood Anemone, 3 vols.: Mrs. Randolph. Hurst and Blackett.

The New Paul and Virginia: W. H. Mallock. Chatto and Windus.

The Revolution, Vol. I.; Henri Taine. Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

Animals and their Social Powers: M. T. Andrewes. Griffith and Farran.

Reply of "Verax" to the *Quarterly Review*.

Tally-ho!: F. F. Whitehurst; The Fair Maid of Taunton: E. M. Alford; Ups and Downs: A. S. Swan; Loved and Unloved; Sir Aubyn's Household; Unto Which She was Not Born; Life and Adventures of an Unfortunate Author; English Party Leaders, 2 vols.: W. H. D. Adams. Tinsley Brothers.

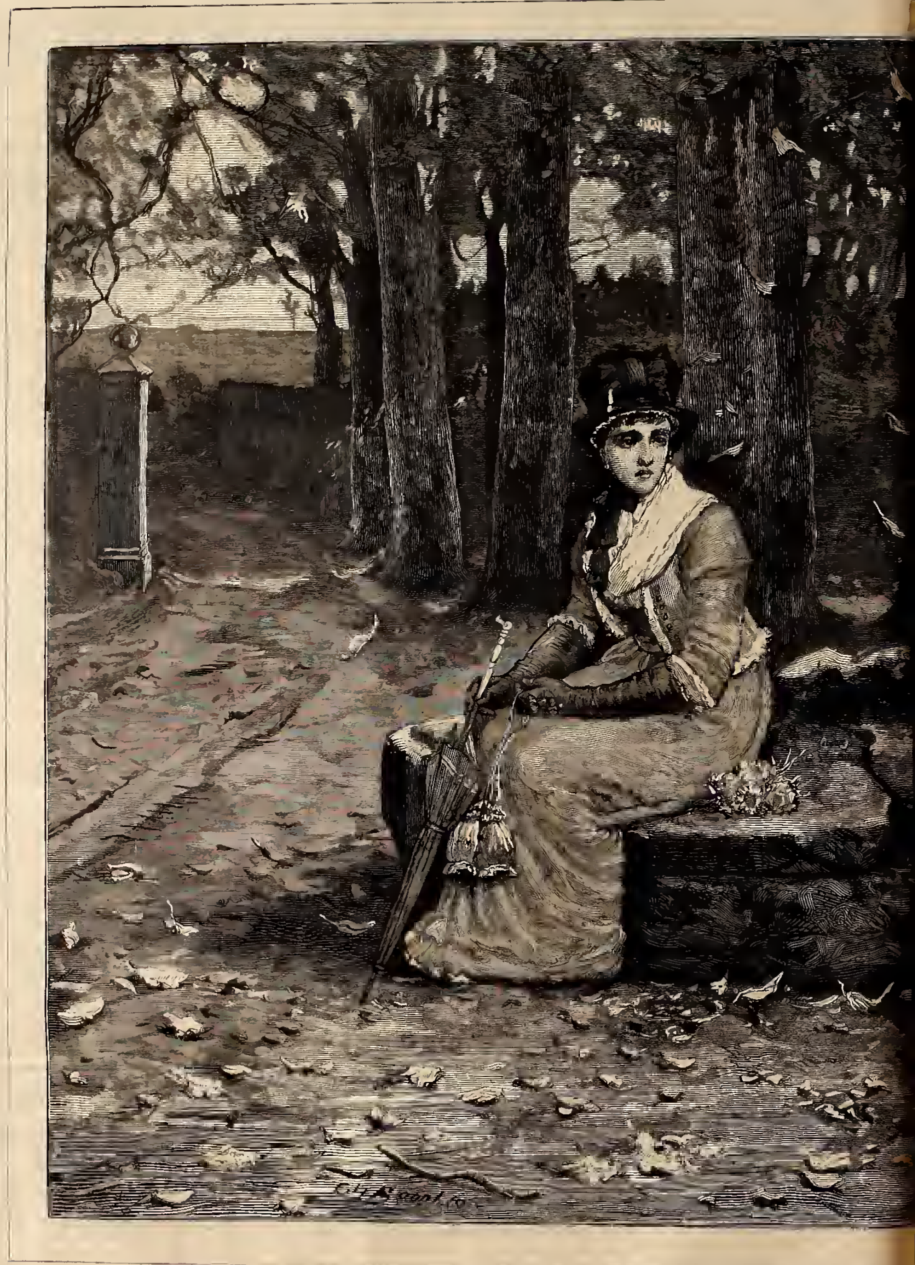
The Hill Country of Alabama. E. and F. N. Spon.

Selected Poems of Matthew Arnold; Virgin Soil: Tourgenieff. Macmillan.

New Zealand and the South Sea Islanders: Sir J. Vogel; Davos Platz. E. Stanford.

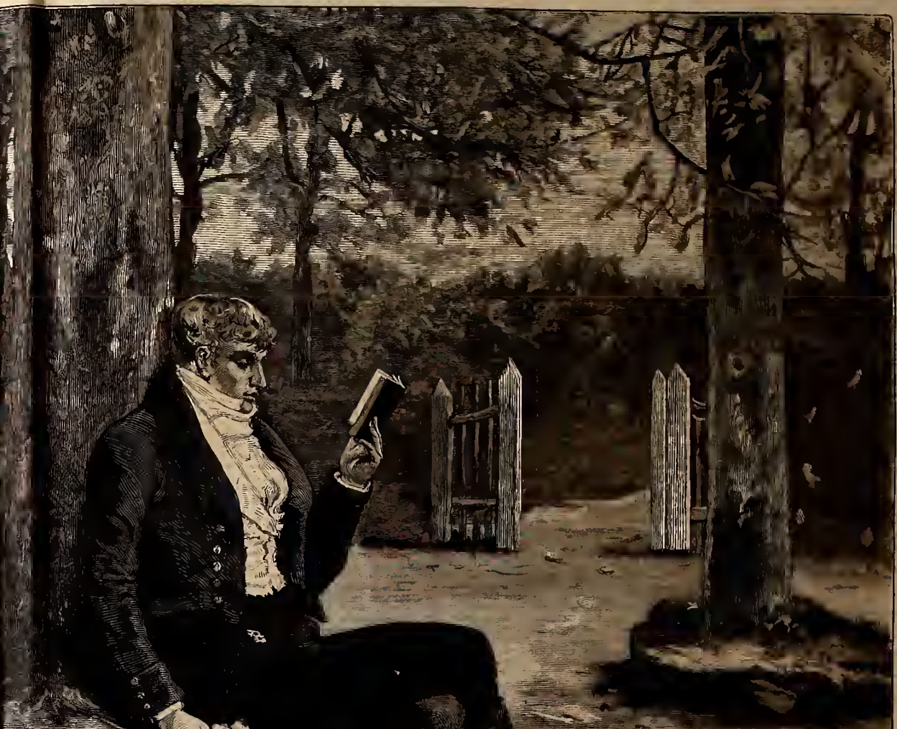
Johnson and His Friends and Critics: G. B. Hill. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Englishman's Guide to America. Longmans.



"THE WANING OF

FROM THE PICTURE BY G. H. BOUGHT



THE HONEYMOON"

IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION

FOREIGN

THE EASTERN QUESTION.——The Congress duly completed its work on Saturday, when the Treaty of Berlin was sealed and signed by the Plenipotentiaries in full uniform, the Turks showing some hesitation at the last moment, but being finally brought to reason by Count Andrassy. Prince Bismarck delivered a closing speech, in which he said that the "Congress had deserved well of Europe, and that History would do justice to its intentions and its work." Count Andrassy then, in the name of the Plenipotentiaries, thanked Prince Bismarck for his Presidential services, and also expressed their gratitude to the Emperor and the Royal family for their kindness and hospitality. A brief reply from Prince Bismarck then closed the twentieth and final sitting of the Berlin Congress. In the evening a farewell banquet was given at the Royal Palace by the Crown Prince, who drank in the Emperor's name the health of "those Sovereigns and Governments who had that day signed the Treaty of Berlin." As for the Treaty itself it is—without the protocols—a lengthy document, and consists of sixty-four articles, which may be roughly summarised under ten heads. First and foremost is the constitution of Bulgaria as "an autonomous and tributary Principality," to be governed by a "freely elected" Prince, who is to be chosen in nine months' time, until when an Imperial Commissioner is to take charge of matters. Secondly, comes the formation of a province to the south of the Balkans, to be entitled Eastern Roumelia, which is to remain under the direct military and political authority of the Sultan, but which is to possess "administrative autonomy," and will have a Christian Governor-General, appointed by the Porte with the consent of the Powers. The Russians on their part engage to vacate both Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia within nine months. Thirdly comes a provision for the "occupation and administration" of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria-Hungary. Fourthly, the Independence of Montenegro is declared, and the territory ceded to her defined on condition of religious liberty being fully accorded to all Montenegrin subjects, and that she shall take her share of the Turkish public debt in proportion to the new territory acquired. The same stipulations are made with Servia, who comes under the next head with a declaration of her independence and an increase of territory; and, sixthly, comes the turn of Roumania, whose independence is recognised on condition of religious equality being established, and of her ceding to Russia "that portion of territory in Bessarabia detached from Russia by the Treaty of Paris of 1856." In return she is awarded a large portion of territory in the Dobrudscha, for which—as it is an exchange, not an acquisition—she will bear no part of the Turkish debt. The seventh head lays down the complete freedom of the navigation of the Danube, all fortifications on the banks from the mouth to the Iron Gates are to be razed, and no vessels of war permitted higher up the river than Galatz. Under the eighth head we come to Greek affairs, and Protocol 13, providing for negotiations for a rectification of frontiers between Greece and the Porte is duly noticed, while the Porte engages to carry out the long planned reforms in the Island of Crete. Ninthly, the Porte solemnly promises to maintain the principle of religious liberty in its widest possible sphere throughout the Ottoman dominions; and tenthly, we come to Asia and the cession to Russia of Batoum, Kars, and Ardahan, and the retrocession by the Czar of the district of Bayazid. A final clause takes note that the Treaty of Paris of 1856, and the Treaty of London of 1871, are maintained, as far as their stipulations are not abrogated and modified by the Treaty of Berlin.

Foreign opinion on the Treaty, as a whole, is mainly favourable, although in Italy and France the Anglo-Turkish Convention has, in a great measure, detracted from the plaudits with which the end of the crisis would otherwise have been hailed. ITALY in particular is highly discontented, and a witticism that the Treaty has been signed by feathers taken from four vultures, one pigeon, and two geese (Italy and France), has been universally quoted as the general opinion. The Italian Government also and their organ, the *Diritto*, in order to draw away the public attention from the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, are holding up the "ambition" of England to popular reprobation, and are hinting that England must not be allowed to monopolise the Mediterranean unopposed. AUSTRIA, although much divided in opinion, is very fairly contented, and is now very anxious to conclude the final arrangements with the Porte for the occupation of the provinces allotted to her, and it is thought that General Philipovich will cross the frontier next week. RUSSIA, also, despite the paring down of her Treaty, appears to be satisfied with the result of the Congress, and the *Agence Russe* sums up the various objects which have been attained by the negotiations, foremost amongst which is the way which has been opened to "a reconciliation between England and Russia." TURKEY and GREECE are by no means content with the Treaty, the latter is most deeply annoyed at obtaining no definite cession of territory, while the Porte is by no means willing to consent to the proposed rectification of frontier, and will oppose the Greek claims with all the means which lie in its power, having already begun by sending an ironclad squadron to Volo. The news of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, however, has been hailed with delight. In CONSTANTINOPLE the Ambassadors are discussing the Rhodope Question, and the delegates appointed by them were to leave on Thursday.—The Russians have fired on a British man-of-war boat which had come within the Russian range to inquire about some British sailors who had been taken prisoners by the Russians.

CYPRUS has been now formally handed over to the English Government. On the 11th inst., Mr. Baring, who had brought the firman from Constantinople, took possession of the island in the name of the Queen, and on Saturday morning Admiral Sir John Hay arrived at the capital, Nicosia, and, in the presence of Samih Pasha and the various notables of the island, completed the ceremonial by superintending the official hoisting of the British flag. Until the arrival of Sir Garnet Wolseley Sir John Hay acts as Governor. The greatest delight has been expressed throughout the island at the British occupation, and the price of land, both in the island and on the Syrian coast, has risen enormously, while steps are already being taken to procure a concession for a railway from Beyrout to Erzeroum. As an equivalent of the taxes and dues paid by the inhabitants, the British Government undertakes to pay the Porte a yearly tribute of 150,000*l*. for the island, 30,000*l*. in excess of the present revenue.

FRANCE.——The Anglo-Turkish Convention and the British occupation of Cyprus still continue to be the foremost topic of the French Press, but the angry tone with which the news was first received is greatly modified, and the views of the *Temps* and the *Débats* that England has only done what in self-defence she has been compelled to do by Russia, and that no danger is to be feared from a non-conquering and unaggressive Power like England, are beginning to prevail. Still people are discontented that M. Waddington is coming back without bringing back any advantages whatever for France, and there are various rumours abroad that he has brought something in his pocket in the form of a guarantee from England that she will take no independent action respecting either Syria or Egypt. To turn to home political matters, the only item of interest has been a further election of two Republicans to the Chamber, making the Republican majority 380 in all.

There has been no lack of party *fêtes* and meetings this week, and on Thursday the much-talked-of Rousseau Commemoration took place at Myers' Circus, where numerous speeches in honour of the author of the "Contrat Social" were made, M. Louis Blanc being the chief orator. On the same day the Advanced Radicals gave a dinner in commemoration of the taking of the Bastille, during which, however, no "incident" occurred; while non-politicians thoroughly enjoyed a monster orpheonist concert in the Tuileries Gardens, in which some 18,000 persons took part. The editor of the *Lanterne* has been fined 20*l*. for displaying a flag with a Phrygian cap on the day of the National Fête; the *Siècle* has been fined 80*l*., at the instance of the Prince Imperial, for libelling his father, Napoleon III.; and the only other item of news is a Legitimist celebration of the *fête* of St. Henry in honour of the Comte de Chambord on Monday, and the holding of another review on September 15th. There is no Exhibition gossip beyond the inflation of the monster balloon, and the English concerts at the Trocadéro, which the Prince of Wales has gone over to attend, and the first of which took place on Wednesday under the leadership of Messrs. Arthur Sullivan and Henry Leslie; and the only theatrical novelty is a two-act comic opera, *Pepita*, of which the music is by M. Delahaye, sen., and the libretto by his son. It was produced at the Opera Comique, and although somewhat more of the nature of operetta that is usual at this house, the opera was fairly well received.

INDIA.——The harvest reports were more satisfactory last week, and there has been a heavy rainfall throughout the North-west Provinces; while rain is reported from Madras, where also the cotton trade is said to be markedly reviving. The famine, however, has been succeeded by a plague of locusts in some districts. —An important question of constitutional law as to the right of the Crown to cede territory without the consent of Parliament has been argued before the High Court of the North-west Provinces, the point being the cession of certain provinces to the Nabob of Rampore for services during the Mutiny. The Court has reserved its judgment.

THE UNITED STATES.——The Indian war in Oregon is being vigorously continued on both sides. On Saturday a band of hostile Indians attacked the friendly Umatillas, but after two hours' time Colonel Miles appeared with a force of regulars, and ultimately drove back the Indians to the mountains, the Indians not being able to withstand the howitzer fire. Reinforcements are hastening to the assistance of the troops, 700 of whom are now encamped at Wallula—a force, it is thought, sufficient to cope with the Indians.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The Emperor of GERMANY continues to improve in health, although not so rapidly as might be wished. His wounds have healed, and he is now able to walk down a few steps of stairs, but his power of walking is of small duration, while his arm and hand are still incapable of performing the numerous actions required of them, and he is unable to feed himself without assistance. The Emperor has presented a portrait of himself by Winterhalter to Prince Bismarck, whose substitute, by the way, has just been appointed under the new law,—Count von Stollberg, Vice-President of the Ministry of State.—The solemn obsequies of the Queen of SPAIN took place on Wednesday at the Church of San Francisco, Madrid.—The little village of Leuk in SWITZERLAND, renowned for its sulphur baths, has been almost entirely destroyed by fire. The expected riots in Montreal, CANADA, were fortunately prevented by the firmness of the Mayor, who took every precaution to prevent a disturbance of the peace, forcibly prevented the Orangemen from parading on the 12th inst., and at the same time protected them from the violence of the crowd which frantically attempted to attack them. The Orangemen then returned to their Hall, and announced their intention of parading on Tuesday, on the occasion of the unveiling of Hackett's monument. This, however, they did not do, and complete quiet has now been restored in the city.—The Sultan of MOROCCO, although he has been dangerously ill, is not dead, and has now completely recovered.—There has been a native rising in the French penal settlement of NEW CALEDONIA, and eighty-nine persons have been massacred. The French Government has ordered reinforcements to the island, but the Governor telegraphs that he is "master of the situation."

THE COURT

THE Queen and the Princess Beatrice were to leave Windsor for Osborne yesterday (Friday). On Saturday, the Queen came to London, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and was present at a garden party given by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House. Her Majesty returned to Windsor in the evening. The Queen and the Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service in the private chapel at Windsor on Sunday, the Rev. Arthur Barry, D.D., Principal of King's College, London, and Canon of Worcester, preached. On Monday Princess Christian visited Her Majesty, and remained to lunch, and Colonel the Right Hon. F. Stanley, Secretary of State for War, dined with the Queen. Her Majesty drove out on Tuesday, accompanied by Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Beatrice, and in the evening Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, the Duchess of Roxburghe, Colonel Hon. Sir C. Lindsay, and Col. G. A. Maude, C.B., dined with Her Majesty. The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne left Windsor Castle on Wednesday. The Grand Duchess of Hesse and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, and the Princesses Victoria, Ella, Irene, Alix, and Marie of Hesse, lunched with the Queen, and returned to London in the evening.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were present last week at the State Ball given by command of Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, and on Saturday the Prince and Princess gave a garden party at Marlborough House, at which Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Connaught, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse, with the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck, were present. On Monday, the Prince and Princess of Wales went to the review held at Aldershot by General Sir Thomas Steel. The Prince and Princess afterwards returned to town, and were visited by the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, who remained to lunch. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess went to a garden party given by Lady Holland, at Holland House, and, with the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse, were present in the evening at the performance of *Semiramide*, at the Royal Italian Opera. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess attended the marriage of Lord Carington with the Hon. Cecilia Margaret Harbord. The Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Leopold, Prince and Princess Christian, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck were also present. The Prince of Wales left London in the evening for Paris, where he arrived on Wednesday morning, and subsequently was present at the first of the English Courts at the Trocadéro Palace. The Princess will accompany the Prince on his visit to Southampton next August, when he will lay the foundation stone of the Memorial Church of St. Mary's. —According to the *World*, the Duke of Connaught's marriage will take place next February.

CHURCH NEWS

VARIOUS.——Next Sunday, the 28th inst., is to be observed in the all the churches of the Established Church of Scotland as a day of Thanksgiving for "the peace secured at Berlin by Lord Beaconsfield, and for the escape that this country has had from the horrors of war."—The sittings of the Pan-Anglican Conference at Lambeth Palace, will be resumed on Monday next. —The enthronisation of the new Bishop of Lichfield was reported in our columns last week. In the course of the sermon which he delivered immediately after the ceremony, Dr. Maclagan said that there were some who feared that men desired to lead us back to the Roman system, and it was natural that those who valued the Reformed faith should be unwilling to adopt ancient or unusual customs. It was almost impossible to believe that any sober-minded man who knew anything of Church history could desire to bring back the state of things which existed in the time of the Roman usurpation, or to see the spiritual state of England reduced to that of Italy, Austria, or Spain in the present time, where men had rosaries in their hands and scepticism in their hearts, and worshipped alike the material and the mechanical. Our lot was cast in an age impatient of the supernatural and hostile to dogmatic truth—an age which would rob Christianity of its splendour and beauty by treating the Bible as a common book and regarding our Saviour as a common man. We should not, however, join in petulant denunciation of a sceptical spirit; but rather hope that the hostile criticisms we encountered were misguided longings after the truth.—The anniversary service of the London Free and Open Church Association took place on Monday evening at St. Paul's. There was a very large congregation, the service was rendered by the choir of the Lay Helpers' Association, and the sermon by the Bishop of Albany, who urged that churches should not merely be free and open once a week, but should be used daily for public and private prayer.—The latest American "notion" is "illustrated sermons." The preacher is accompanied in the pulpit by an artist, who illustrates his discourse by sketches in chalk on a large black board. A "chalk sermon," as it is termed, was delivered to an immense congregation in Brooklyn a few weeks since with marked effect, the picture-captions, as they are termed, meeting with considerable approbation. Another divine, however, quite threw the chalk into eclipse, by delivering a sermon on Hell, which was vividly illustrated by oil paintings.

MUSIC

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.——*Le Nozze di Figaro*, cast as are the leading parts at this house, could hardly fail of success. Mozart's inimitable opera—a ceaseless flow of tune, no less than a model of construction—is always welcome, even with a fairly balanced performance; and this was more. With Mdlle. Caroline Salla as the Countess, and Mdlle. Trebelli as Cherubino, the one pensive and lady-like, the other brisk, mercurial, and saucy (too saucy on occasions, perhaps), there was little or nothing to complain of. Mdlle. Salla gave both her airs with artistic feeling, more particularly "Dove sono;" and Madame Trebelli won the usual *encore* for "Voi che sapete," which she might easily sing in Mozart's original key. As Susanna, Miss Hélène Crosmond justified the hopes entertained of her from the first, showing decided progress, and earning well-merited applause in the expressive "Deh vieni non tarda." Signor Galassi understands the character and gives the music of Mozart's Figaro so well that we should like to see him in another and a livelier Figaro—the Figaro of Rossini, although the part may be a trifle too high for his voice. His "Non più andrai" was excellent. The Count of Signor Del Puente is also a strong feature in a cast made complete by the able manner in which the less important characters are sustained—by Madame Lablache (a perfect Marcellina), M. Thierrey (Bartolo), Signor Rinaldini (Basilio), &c. These, it must be borne in mind—even to Don Curzio (Signor Grassi) and Antonio, the drunken gardener (Signor Franceschi)—while in one sense subordinate, are indispensable to the well-going of the concerted pieces. Thus the magnificent finales of the first and second acts had every chance of realising the desired effect. The overture, and the richly-coloured orchestral accompaniments in which the score abounds, were played as might have been expected from such an orchestra as that so admirably directed by Sir Michael Costa. Nothing was wanting, indeed, to a thoroughly satisfactory *ensemble*; and to amateurs of high-class music, the evening was one of the most agreeable of the series. The sixth performance of *Carmen* on Saturday night brought the regular season to a close. Despite inconveniences, owing to the departure of Signor Campanini, and the non-appearance of Mdlle. Valleria, the impression created by the opera of Georges Bizet was as lively as before. Signor Runcio took the part of Don José, in many respects acquitting himself so well as to obtain unanimous applause. The music of Michaela was omitted, except her share of the finale to Act III., which was undertaken at an hour's notice by the versatile Madame Bauermeister (the Mercedes of the story). Miss Minnie Hauk may be truly said to have surpassed herself on this occasion, and henceforth Carmen must be inseparably associated with her name. The "Farewell Performances" (at reduced prices) began on Monday night with *Il Flauto Magico*. About these, which are to extend over another week, we shall have something to say in our next.

Royal Italian Opera.——The revival of *Semiramide*, for the sake of affording Madame Adelina Patti an opportunity of appearing before the London public in the character of the Babylonian Queen, brought an immense audience, and was an indisputable success. Rossini's imposing opera, the last he wrote for his native country, has lost none of its brilliancy and charm. Its melodies sound as fresh and spontaneous as ever, and the splendid instrumentation produces all its old effect. It would be a pity that such a work should be allowed to die away because dramatic music of so different a kind has been allowed, temporarily, to put it in the background. Now, however, there is a new cause to be pleased at its revival, and a new chance of its obtaining a fresh lease of its popularity. It need hardly be said that we refer to Madame Adelina Patti's assumption of the chief character—an assumption in every sense remarkable. Better executed the Maid of Semiramide has never been—for years past, indeed, never so well. How the *aria*, "Bell raggio," was sung (with embellishments invented by Rossini himself, expressly for Madame Patti, be it understood), and how the famous duets with Assur and Arsace, those familiar with Madame Patti's consummate art as a vocalist need hardly be told. But what astonished most people was the dramatic side of the impersonation—its admirable force and subtlety. Enough for the present that the new Semiramide has won a new and legitimate triumph. Madame Scalchi, as well-endowed an Arsace as could in these times easily be found, was a companion of whom any Semiramide might be proud; and so the duets both went to perfection—the exquisitely melodious *cantilena*, "Giorno d'orrore," in the last and finest of the two, being enthusiastically applauded and encored. What M. Maurel may prove, in the end, as Assur, we cannot guess, his voice being just now sadly out of order. He looks the character well, however, and represents it with unquestionable intelligence. Nevertheless, after three French Assurs (Agnesi, Faure, and Maurel) we confess a longing once more to hear Rossini's florid music from the mouth of a genuine Italian vocalist, versed in the genuine Italian method. The performance generally of *Semiramide*, under the direction of Signor Bevignani, is in most respects to be unreservedly commended. This week, the last of Mr. Gye's season, began on Monday with a second representation of *Semiramide*, followed, on Tuesday, by the *Hamlet* of Ambroise Thomas, with Mdlle. Albani as Ophelia. But, as we shall have some few recapitulatory observations to make, we reserve further comment.

Italian Music at the French Exhibition.——The successes of the orchestra from the Scala, under Signor Faccio, have been rivalled, if not surpassed, at the Trocadéro, by those of another Italian orchestra, from Turin (114 in number), under the direction of Signor Pedrotti (composer of the well-known opera, *Tutti in Maschera*); but in the last instance, as in the first, the programmes did not redound greatly to the credit of modern Italian composition. The Turin orchestra gave three concerts, at not one of which was there anything very remarkable to speak of, except some incidental music—overture, march, and *andante*—written by Signor Mancinelli, conductor of the Teatro Apollo at Rome, for Pietro Cossa's tragedy, *Cleopatra*. For the performance of these Signor Pedrotti gracefully resigned the *bâton* to his Roman colleague, the non-appearance of whose orchestra at the Exhibition has already been explained. The proposed concert in which the orchestras from Milan and Turin were to be heard together being, at the eleventh hour, abandoned, a supplementary concert was given by the Turin orchestra alone.

Waifs.——Count Beust, an earnest amateur of music, has composed a Marriage Waltz for the King and Queen of Saxony, in honour of the occasion of their silver wedding.—Instead of joining the autumn Scandinavian tour, as was expected, it is probable that Signor Foli may become one of the Mapleson Operatic Company in the United States.—Wagner's *Siegfried* (Part 3 of the great Tetralogy) is in rapid preparation at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna.—The well-remembered Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, most "*bohemienne*" of Bohemian vocalists, has been singing with great success at Cincinnati. No one can have forgotten Ilma di Murska, at Her Majesty's Theatre, as Lucia and Dinorah, in both of which characters her individuality, as original as it was charming, made a striking impression.—Madame Adelina Patti leaves London on Monday, for North Wales, where she intends taking a short holiday. She is engaged for two concerts at Dublin, in the autumn.—Madame Christine Nilsson is at Mont d'Or, where she will remain until compelled to return for the series of concerts she has undertaken in the English provinces.—Among the candidates for the chair left vacant by the death of François Bazin at the French Academy are MM. Massenet and Camille Saint-Saens.—The monument for the tomb of the late Félicien David, composer of the Ode-Symphony called *Le Désert*, and so many other works, is being erected at Pecqsous Saint Germain, in which *commune* he died, some two years since.—In honour of the Silver Wedding of the King and Queen of the Belgians, and as part of the festivities got up to celebrate that festive occasian, there will be two "extraordinary" operatic performance at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, the one a "gala," the other open gratuitously to the public. The opera selected for both is Verdi's *Aïda*.—A statue of Auber is about to be erected at Caen, the birthplace of the celebrated composer. Better late than never.

SPORTING

The Turf.——It must be confessed that the Liverpool July Meeting has been little short of a failure, most meagre fields of horses contesting for several events, and the company being very slack. The great handicap event, the July Cup, though it had a good entry, only saw seven runners at the post. One would have thought that "the talent" could have placed them pretty accurately; but they made a poor hand of it, Advance, Plaisante, Footstep, and Snail being the most fancied. Of these only Advance got a place, and this was third, Strathmore and Constantine finishing first and second. There was some excuse, however, for the learned ones, as the winner all through the season has shown himself apparently but second-rate, and a cue into the bargain.—The Winchester Meeting, as usual, was a fairly good one, Cæsarion taking the Hampton Cup, and following up his victory by securing the Hampton Stakes on the second day. Another double-event victor was the Duke of Montrose's Eminence, who scored the Welter Handicap and Crawley Plate.—It is rumoured that the redoubtable Robert Peck, of Russley, will for the future only train for the Duke of Westminster and Lord Rosebery.

Cricket.——In glorious cricket weather, the ball has been kept merrily rolling since our last Notes. The counties have been putting on the steam as the season progresses. Surrey, for whom the energetic secretary, Mr. Alcock, arranges abundance of matches, has been down to Trent Bridge to sustain a ten wickets' defeat from Nottinghamshire. The Home county only scored 54 and 84, and no wonder considering the Captain, Mr. Strachan, and other crack amateurs were absent. The time really seems to have come when those interested in Surrey cricket should take serious cognizance of the state of affairs. The rule now seems to be that if the captain cannot or will not play, four or five other amateurs follow suit, and a more absurd rule it is hardly possible to conceive.—Lancashire has given Yorkshire a good drubbing, winning in a single innings by 26 runs. For the Western county, Mr. Hornby and Barlow contributed 78 and 60 respectively.—It can hardly be said that Yorkshire was recompensed for this crushing overthrow by beating poor Surrey at Bramall Lane in one innings, and with 104 runs to spare; among the big Northern scores 67 being scored for Ulyett, 61 for Greenwood, and 71 for Armitage.—The Tunbridge Wells week seems to aspire to rank with the Canterbury week, but still *longo intervallo*. In accordance with the fitness of things the "native" Eleven had its revenge for the recent defeat at Brighton, as on this occasion Kent worsted Sussex in one innings by 36 runs, though several of her best men were absent. For the home county the 76 of Lord Harris is to be noted.—From a certain point of view the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's takes precedence of all other cricket as a great carnival of the "Upper Ten." It was unusually exciting this year in consequence of the result being thoroughly open till the very end. Harrow went in first, and marked 119, which was responded to by Eton with 117. Harrow's next effort was 224, the last two bats making nearly 100 between them. Undismayed the Light Blues went to the wickets, and from the first the scoring was rapid, and 206 were eventually made. Thus Eton only lost by 20 runs. It requires the pen of a very special correspondent to describe the cheering and counter-cheering of the "boys" and their friends on the second day of the match, hardly a ball passing without loud cries of "bowled," "hit," "stopped," or "fielded," being ejaculated from thousands of partisan throats. Taking it as a whole, the play on both sides was good, and in the long annals of public school cricket a better contested game has hardly ever been witnessed.

Aquatics.——As only Mr. Payne, of the Moulsey Boat Club, has challenged the holder, Mr. Playford, for the Wingfield Sculls, this amateur championship will be rowed in one heat on Monday next. Where is Mr. Edwardes-Moss, the Diamonds man at Henley?

Swimming.——Captain Webb, preparatory to his thirty-six hours' flotation attempt, has done a "gentle breather" from Gravesend to Woolwich and back, being in the water ten hours all but three minutes. The distance swam was about forty miles, the longest ever accomplished in fresh water.

Quoits.——This fine old classical game, not fast enough for the majority of athletes in the present day, is not yet defunct, nor likely to be we are glad to add. Witness the fourth annual match played on the Everton Ground between twenty-five gentlemen representing the counties of Lancashire and Cheshire. Result—Cheshire 671, Lancashire 668.

LEGAL

The Anglo-Russian Treaty.——The prosecution of Mr Marvin, the Foreign Office writer, has fallen through, as we anticipated it would do. The third hearing took place at Bow treet on Tuesday, when Mr. Vaughan dismissed the case, remarking that he would not trouble defendant's counsel, as there was no evidence of a larceny having been committed. It was perfectly clear that the first communication, which appeared in the *Globe* on May 30th, was the result of an effort of memory. He had at first been very much struck with the great breach of trust that the defendant had committed, but it now appeared that there was reason to believe that the information would be published the following morning in the papers, and it would not appear very extraordinary that he should seek to anticipate the publication. The charge stood on a different footing with regard to the exact copy published on the 14th of June. It must have been copied, and he must have had access to it at some time subsequent to the 30th of May and before the 13th of June; but there was no evidence as to when it was copied, nor under what circumstances the defendant could possibly have had access to it.—The *Globe*, in a leading article on Wednesday, says:—"The prosecution appears to have started with two fixed ideas—the one to secure the condemnation of the accused by almost any means; the second, to injure the journal which had audaciously dared to publish what was probably intended for some more favoured and subservient newspaper."

Miscellaneous Items.——At the Lancaster Assizes last week, before Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, seven men and one woman were convicted of having taken part in the riots, and in the burning of Colonel Jackson's house during the recent cotton strike. The woman was sentenced to seven years', two of the men to fifteen, one to twelve, two to ten, and one to seven years' penal servitude, and one to eighteen months' hard labour.—We should all feel obliged to Lord Dorchester for endeavouring to prevent English travellers from being "fleeced" by Parisian tradesmen, but we can hardly agree with the method of procedure chosen by his lordship. So long ago as October, 1874, Lady Dorchester ordered some Chantilly veils and handkerchiefs of a mercer in the Rue de la Paix. They were duly forwarded to London with the invoice, and no complaint as to the price was made until December, 1875, when payment was first demanded, and his lordship's offer to pay if 10 per cent. were taken off, was declined. The mercer appears to have waited patiently for some time longer, but ultimately an action was brought in the Queen's Bench Division, and a jury having decided that the charges were reasonable, Mr. Justice Mellor has given judgment for the full amount claimed.—A curious application, arising out of a breach of promise action, has just been heard before Vice-Chancellor Malins. A young woman having obtained a verdict for ninety pounds damages against a Herefordshire farmer, the mother of the defendant immediately sought probate of her husband's will, which had remained unproved for twenty-eight years, with a view to show that the farm occupied by the defendant belonged to her. It was contended that this was a scheme to avoid paying the damages, and an inquiry before a Judge in Chambers was accordingly directed.—Dr. Berson, a Polish Jew, is in custody on a charge of having in 1873 robbed his employer, a merchant of Tiefenbach in Austria. It was urged, on his behalf, that the alleged offence was committed before the passing of the Extradition Treaty, but this objection was overruled, and a remand granted that evidence might be produced as to his identity, which was also disputed.—A number of robberies have recently been committed at the Civil Service Stores in Bedford Street, Strand, and the other day a thief was detected in the act of walking off with a miscellaneous collection of goods for which he had not paid. He had a musical box and a railway-bag under his arm, and in his pockets where found an eye-glass and a pipe; another musical box and an umbrella, also stolen from the stores, had been placed by him in a cab, and subsequently taken to the police station by the driver, who had become tired of waiting for him.—On Monday at the Salisbury Assizes a man was tried for wilfully drowning a little boy aged seven, whom he had pushed into the river, having first tempted him to the river side by a promise of some halfpence. He was acquitted on the ground of insanity, it being shown that he had a mania for pushing naked boys into the water.—At Edinburgh a man, while in a somnambulistic condition, has killed his child by dashing it against the walls of his room. The jury returned a verdict that he was not responsible for his actions, and he was discharged, the Judge advising him to take precautions for the future.—Another curious case of supposed somnambulism occurred on Monday in Coram Street, London, where a young servant girl set fire to her bedroom in three places, and was found in an adjoining apartment with her own clothing on fire. The fire was discovered by a policeman, who aroused the inmates.—A dreadful murder has been committed at Farnham, in Surrey, by an army pensioner, who was employed at a lime kiln. On Saturday his dinner was taken to him by his daughter, a child aged twelve, and because the child declined to fetch him more beer, he beat her about the head with a heavy hammer, and, leaving her for dead, went and gave himself up to the police. The child lingered until Monday morning, when she died.—Baron Dowse, at the Armagh Assizes on Saturday, before sentencing a prisoner, asked the governor of the gaol whether the new rules which require a prisoner to lie on a plank for the first month were in force, and whether that meant the prisoner should sleep in his clothes for a month. Both questions having been answered in the affirmative, Baron Dowse said that judges were not mere automatons, but had their feelings like other men. He should give a much shorter sentence, for he considered the new rule nothing more nor less than torture.—A Roxburghshire farmer who is stated to be an "elder" of the United Presbyterian Church, has been ordered to pay 500*l.* damages in respect of a breach of promise action.—At Hereford a girl of thirteen has been committed for trial for attempting to poison her mistress, by mixing with her medicine some bi-chlorida of mercury, which was kept in the house for the purpose of dressing sheep.—A country schoolmaster has had to pay 10*l.* damages for having injured a girl's thumb by striking it accidentally with a cane with which he was rapping a desk as a signal for order amongst the scholars.—A foolish fellow at Bristol was given into custody on the day previous to the Prince of Wales's visit, for having threatened to shoot the Prince. When taken before the magistrate, he fell upon his knees in the dock and made an abject apology, and was set at liberty on entering into recognisances to keep the peace.—A wonderful story of prison-breaking has been going the round of the papers. The modern Jack Sheppard was one Robert Ray, who, being in custody for horse-stealing, managed on Saturday night to break through a nine-inch wall of his cell into the corridor, pull up the grating of a heating apparatus, and then crawl fifty or sixty feet along the flue, only about a foot square. At the end of the flue he forced up two large paving stones forming the floor of a cellar, picked the lock of the cellar-door, and then, finding himself in the garden, scaled a twenty-feet wall. After all this trouble he was retaken early the next morning.—At Llaughby, near Newport, South Wales, a family of five persons were on Tuesday night murdered by some unknown assailants, who also ransacked the house, and set fire to the furniture.

Seamens' Hospital Society, Greenwich.——At the quarterly General Court of the Governors of the Seamen's Hospital Society (late *Dreadnought*) it was announced that 368 seamen have been admitted to the hospital as in-patients, during the past quarter, from British and foreign ships. In addition to the British seamen, 113 sailors of different nationalities were benefited, including 28 from Sweden and Norway, 22 from Germany, 18 from the colonies, 13 from the United States, 10 from Russia, and representatives from Austria, Italy, Spain, France, Holland, Mexico, India, and Denmark. We regret to record that the accounts presented a deficiency of 458*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.*, a fact which eloquently proves how inadequate is the public support extended to this universal charity.

The late William Cullen Bryant, states the *Echo*, attributed his marvellous health and agility to his prudent mode of living. He rose about five o'clock in the morning, and worked with dumb-bells, a horizontal bar, and a pole, for a full hour, occasionally diversifying his exercise by swinging a light chair round his head. He then bathed and had a light breakfast of oatmeal-cakes, milk, and fruit. After breakfast he occupied himself for a while with his studies, and then walked to his newspaper office, a distance of three miles, transacted his business, and walked back again, whatever the weather might be. He worked upon his farm or in his garden in the afternoon, dined early, eating meat only once a day, and living principally upon fruit and vegetables. He seldom drank any wine, never smoked tobacco, avoided in the evening every kind of literary occupation which tasked his faculties, such as composition, even to the writing of letters, and retired to rest at ten o'clock, or sometimes earlier.

An interesting Account of that once all-important arm—the bayonet—is given by *Engineering*, which states that it is an arm peculiarly French. It was invented, it is said, at Bayonne, in 1641, and employed in 1670 in the regiment of the King's Fusiliers. It sensibly modified the military art in Europe, as it made cavalry less terrible to infantry, and caused the fires of lines of battle to be regarded as the principal means of action. According to a local tradition, it was in a small hamlet near Bayonne that this arm was invented. What led to its invention was that, in a fierce combat between some Basque peasants and some Spanish smugglers, the former, having exhausted their ammunition, fastened their long knives to their muskets, and by means of the weapon so formed put their enemies to flight. The arm rapidly came into general use in Europe. In 1678, at the time of the peace of Nimeguen, all the French grenadiers had the bayonet, but the socket, which makes the use of it so easy, was not invented until a later period. Bayonets at that time were a sort of dagger, of which the handle was placed in the muzzle of the musket, and, of course, prevented the musket from being fired. The first battle at which the bayonet was seriously employed was that of Turin, in 1682; but it was not until the battle of Spires, 1703, that the first charge of the bayonet was executed. After this epoch, up to 1792, the bayonet was often employed in combat, but the real value of it was not revealed until the wars of National Independence. Then the bayonet became really a French arm.

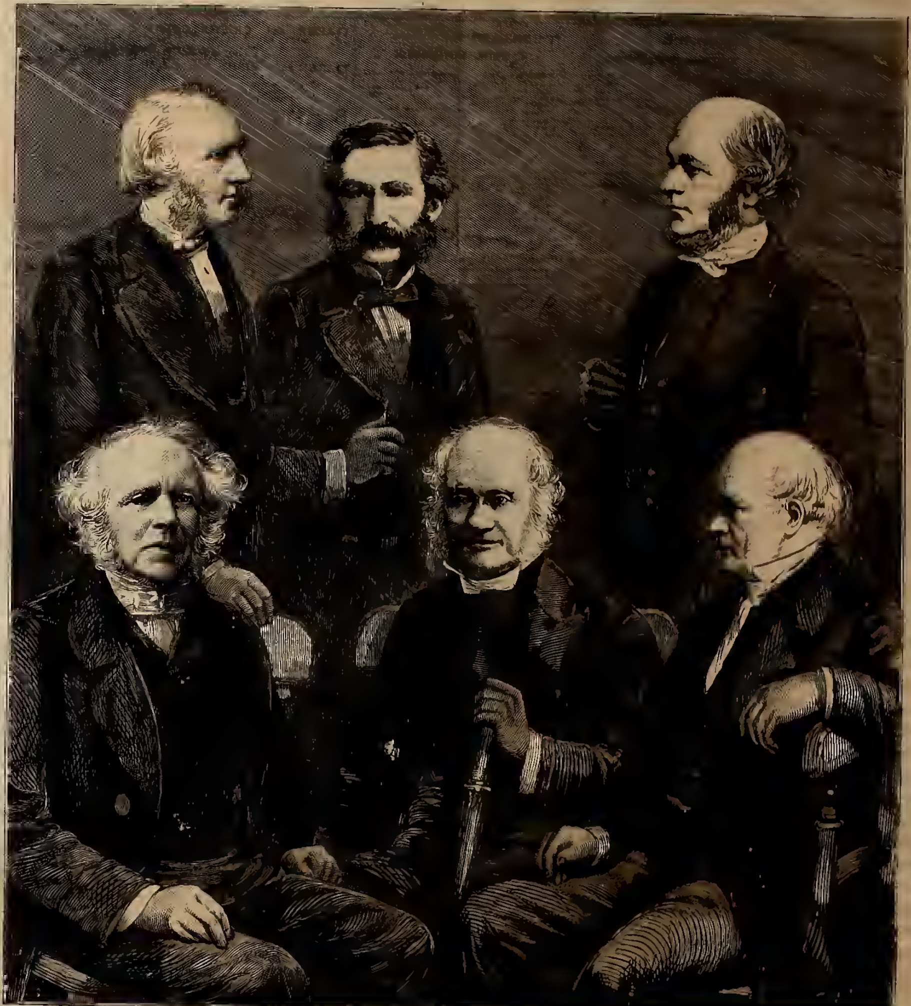
ART DURING THE CONGRESS—A PICTURESQUE ENEMY

LAUNCH OF THE FREEMASONS' LIFE-BOAT "ALBERT EDWARD" AT CLACTON-ON-SEA

PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

THE annual General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, which was held a few weeks ago in the New Public Hall recently erected in Glasgow, created a special interest, as no meeting of the Assembly had been held there since the year 1638. During the Diet, which lasted eleven days, the Great Hall was constantly crowded, especially when the charge of heresy against Professor Smith of Aberdeen was under discussion. The number of members was 728, the clergy and laity being represented in equal proportions, and some of the delegates coming from India and Africa, as well as the continent of Europe. Our portrait group includes the Moderator, the Rev. Dr. Andrew A. Bonar; his immediate predecessor in the chair, the Rev. Dr. Goold; the Senior and Junior Principal Clerks of Assembly, the Rev. Dr. Sir H. W. Moncrieff, Bart., and the Rev. Dr. William Wilson; and the Rev. Dr. Rainy, Principal of the "New College," Edinburgh, instituted in the year of the Disruption.

The Rev. **ALEXANDER BONAR**, D.D., was born in 1810, is a native of Edinburgh, and was educated at its University. He was licensed to preach in 1835, and, after some time spent in mission work in Jedburgh and Edinburgh, was ordained to the Ministry in Collace, Perthshire, in 1838. In the following year, accompanied, among others, by the Rev. R. M. M'Cheyne, he was sent on a mission to the Jews. He formed an intimate friendship with M'Cheyne, and became in 1844 the writer of his biography, the work by which Dr. Bonar is best known, and which has attained a circulation of over 120,000 copies. In 1856 Dr. Bonar removed to Glasgow to engage in home mission



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Principal of the New College, Edinburgh

REV. A. A. BONAR, D.D.
Moderator

R. R. SIMPSON, W.S., EDINBURGH
Depute Clerk

REV. SIR H. WELLWOOD MONCRIEFF, BART., D.D.
Senior Principal Clerk

REV. W. H. GOOLD
Ex-Moderator

REV. W. WILSON
Junior Principal Clerk

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND — SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS

work, and became minister of the territorial charge known as Finnieston Free Church. He is ardently attached to the cause of Evangelical truth, and, like his brother, the Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar, the distinguished hymn writer and author of several religious prose works, is a believer in the pre-millennial advent of Christ. His degree of D.D. was received a few years ago from Edinburgh University.

The Rev. **WILLIAM HENRY GOOLD**, D.D.——The Martyrs' Free Church, Edinburgh, of which Dr. Goold is minister, was, previous to the union of the Free and Reformed Presbyterian denominations, connected with the latter body. Dr. Goold was born in Edinburgh in 1815, and after leaving the University there, where he distinguished himself as a classical scholar and linguist, he was in 1840 ordained as colleague and successor to his father, the Rev. William Goold, who died in 1844. Father and son have successively been ministers of the same church for about seventy-four years. In the Reformed Presbyterian College Dr. Goold held for a quarter of a century the Chair of Exegesis and Church History. He is noted for his ability as an expounder of Scripture, and among other literary efforts which have won for him a high place in the theological world, is his edition of Owen, the great Puritan. He likewise edited the works of Mr. M'Laren, the well-known Scotch preacher of the last century, and, for publication in this country, those of Dr. Hodge of America. He was Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly last year.

THE REV. SIR HENRY WELLWOOD MONCRIEFF, BART., D.D.——The name of Moncrieff is one of which Scotland is justly proud, which has conferred honour on the Church, the Bench, and the Bar. Sir Henry, whose brother is Lord Justice Clerk Moncrieff, is son of the ninth Baronet of that name, and is a Lord of the Session. He was born in 1809, and holds the degrees of B.A. Oxon. and D.D. Edinburgh. He was Minister of Baldernock in 1836-7, of East Kilbride Established Church from 1837 till 1843, and of East Kilbride Free Church from 1843 till 1852, when he was translated to St. Cuthbert's Free Church, Edinburgh, where he still labours. He was elected Moderator of the Assembly in 1869. As Senior Principal Clerk of the Assembly he occupies a conspicuous position in the House, is firmly attached to orthodox views, is a man of considerable presence, of robust frame and intellectual vigour, and possesses a telling voice, with clear and massive elocution.

Rev. William Wilson, D.D.——The colleague clerk of Sir Henry Moncrieff, Dr. Wilson, has long been acknowledged as a man of honesty and firmness of purpose, shrewd and trustworthy. He was ordained in 1837, and was many years minister of the Free Church of St. Paul's, Dundee. He now resides in Edinburgh, having, though still nominally retaining his connection with that charge as senior minister, virtually retired from the pastorate. He is secretary of the Sustentation Committee, and joint convener of that Committee with Principal Rainy. He was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1866, a fitting recognition of his merits and usefulness.

Rev. Robert Rainy, D.D.——Principal Rainy is a son of the late Dr. Harry Rainy, one of the Medical Professors of Glasgow University. He was ordained in 1850, and in 1862 was appointed Professor of Theology and Church History in the New College, Edinburgh. On the death of Dr. Candlish, he succeeded to the Principalship of the College. His skill and readiness in debate early marked him out as a leader in the Church Courts, in which, more especially since the death in recent years of some of the more renowned veterans, he has, by universal consent, been assigned a first place. He is author of "Delivery and Development of Christian Doctrine," being the fifth series of the Cunningham Lectures; "Lectures on the Church of Scotland," "Life of Principal Cunningham," a lecture on "Church and State from Constantine," and "The Bible and Criticism."

Our portraits are from photographs: Dr. Bonar by Stuart, 120, Buchanan St., Glasgow; Dr. Goold by Tunny, 13, Maitland St., Edinburgh; Sir H. W. Moncrieff by R. Brown, Inverurie; Dr. Wilson by J. Valentine, Dundee; Dr. Rainy by J. Moffat, 125, Princes St., Edinburgh; and Mr. R. R. Simpson (who is Writer to the Signet and Clerk to the Assembly) by A. Lewis, Douglas, Isle of Man.

BIRTH.

On the 12th inst., at 78, Packington Street, N., the wife of Mr. W. Williams, of a son.

On the 11th May, at Valparaiso, Chili, Mrs. John Edmondson, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On the 21st ult., at the parish church of S. Caron, Tregaron, Cardiganshire, Miss Elizabeth Morgan, of the Lion Hotel, Tregaron, to Mr. John Rees, National Schoolmaster.

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BRISTOL

VIRTUTE ET INDUSTRIA

BRISTOL ILLUSTRATED—THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY REDCLIFF

THE physical situation of Bristol, a bottom enclosed by hills, and even now subject in parts at high spring-tides to overflowings of the Avon, was probably found by the Romans at the time they occupied the adjacent heights of Clifton to be an uninhabitable swamp. St. Philip's Marsh, Marsh Street, Canon's Marsh, and Frogmere Street, commemorate by their names the former condition of large portions of the level within the present city boundaries, and suggest a period when Nature ruled unrestrained, and when, instead of the voices of men and hum of traffic, a solitude prevailed which was broken only by the scream of wild fowl and the cries of ravenous beasts, that found their appropriate haunts amid dank reeds and rushes, tall ferns, and gigantic trees. By degrees the woody morass became a hermitage, a village, an abbey, and a city of churches. Previously to these issues the Briton had settled on the high rocks of the Avon, and the remains of defensive earthworks commanding that river are the earliest positive traces that we find of human settlement.

Of the first foundation of Bristol there is no historical record. That the Danes and Saxons together or successively held the place there are, in addition to other evidences, numerous coins of Bristol mintage of Canute, Harold, and Edward the Confessor to show. The earliest mention of a castle here is in connection with Godfrey Mowbray, Bishop of Contance, nephew to the famous Tancred, the hero of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered."

BRISTOL ILLUSTRATED—CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE

We find him at Bristol in company with Robert the "Peace-breaker," his nephew, a huge, dark, proud, and melancholy man, who rarely smiled. These had combined with Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, against William Rufus, in favour of Robert, Earl of Normandy, and having sacked Bristol they brought their booty into the castle. The rebellion was unsuccessful, and the belligerent prelate, with the "Peace-breaker," was driven out of the kingdom. William Rufus then granted the Royalty or Honour of Gloucester to his cousin, Robert Fitzhamon, whose daughter and heiress Mabel, marrying Robert, Earl of Gloucester, natural son of Henry I., that powerful noble came into possession of her opulent dower, which included Bristol. The castle there, which had been hitherto very inferior in strength and magnitude, was so improved (A.D. 1138) by Earl Robert as to become one of the strongest fortresses in the kingdom. It stood outside the eastern wall of the town, and spread over six acres. The Donjon Tower or Keep, according to William Wyrcestre, who quotes as his informant, the porter of the castle, was twenty-five feet in thickness at the base, and was hardly inferior in magnitude to the famous Julius Cæsar or White Tower of London, which it resembled.

Could we recall the past to sight, there would sweep before us in association with the fabric of this once redoubtable stronghold a succession of the most illustrious persons of English history: persons whose biography might almost or altogether be called the history of England. We should see John, with his mailed barons on their clanking war steeds, trooping towards the barbican, which stood at the entrance to the present Castle Street. The portcullis must on many occasions have been raised on the approach of that shameless king, for he no less than nineteen times visited Bristol; and, doubtless, Kingswood Forest often resounded with the cry of his hunt. Henry III., immediately upon the death of John, came to Bristol Castle for security; when he permitted (A.D. 1216) the town to choose a Mayor, after the manner of London, and with him were chosen two "grave, sad, and worshipful men," who were called Prepositors. The Princess Eleanor, the Beauty of Brittany, sister of the ill-fated Arthur, endured half her forty years' captivity within the same fortress. The greatest of the Plantagenets (Edward I.) twice celebrated high Christmas festival at Bristol Castle, and within its walls was held the marriage feast of Eleanor, his eldest daughter. Edward the Second, in his days of darkness, was also at the Castle, within the towers of which met the Council of Prelates and Barons in the presence of the Queen, that appointed the Duke of Aquitaine, the King's son, to be Regent of the kingdom. Among the company was the Bishop of Hereford, who wrote the equivocal letter to the keepers of Edward II. at Berkeley Castle, "Edwardum Regem occidere nolite timere bonum est." Richard II., with his voluptuous company, here held his Court (A.D. 1387), having with him, says Froissart, "full 200 lances, knights, and squires, and 10,000 archers," in addition to the Queen and all the ladies and damsels of her retinue. Proud Bolingbroke, on his hot and fiery steed, was soon after beneath the battlements of the Castle with an embodied force of 60,000 men. Shakespeare has made us familiar with his demand to bring forth Bushey and Green, whom he charged with having been the cause of his eating the bitter bread of banishment, and with corrupting the King by their servile and wicked arts, and then ordered them to execution in the market place, before the High Cross.

MEDIÆVAL BRISTOL

Towards the close of the fifteenth century the Saxon area of the town had increased fourfold. Bristol was then characteristically a city of towers, as many as eighty being enumerated to have crowned the embrasured walls, monasteries, and churches. As the town was clasped within its strong arms of stone, and was itself a huge castle whose warders at the gates challenged all strange comers; so within the town the numerous guilds or brotherhoods of trades formed each a separate federation as compact against intruders as the squares of an army on a battle day. Each parish, likewise, was virtually itself a guild, and close watch was kept that none moved from one parish into another without security that such persons should not become a burden to the parish they had intruded into. Among the papers of St. Mary-le-Port vestry is a bond dated A.D. 1627, written in Latin, with an explanation in English appended, which states that Thomas Smith has lately come to reside in that parish, and having "a wife and family upon his charge," he binds himself under a penalty of 40*l.* (equal to 200*l.* at the present day) for which John Norton and another friend are securities, not to become chargeable upon the parishioners." Also at a vestry held at Christ Church, 25th November, 1664, one John Culleymore "is authorised from henceforth to observe and take notice of all strangers that come to inhabit in this parish, and immediately on discovery thereof to inform the churchwardens, that so security may be taken to discharge the parish against such far comers and their family."

Upon the fall of the monasteries outside and inside of the church-crowned walls of the city, Bristol might be said to have been ecclesiastical rather than commercial in its proper character, or at most it was a commercial centre with an ecclesiastical cincture. Chatterton likens Religion's self to a Grey Friar, who with sad visage and slow pace approaches the town of Bristow, and seeing the city full of soldiers and merchantmen, with few saints among them, is about to retire in despair. But the heavenly visitant is met by Fitzharding, who promises to raise a tall minster for prayer and praise, where he himself would become a cowled monk, and Religion should find solace and repose. The numerous convents that rose up before and after the mitred Abbey of St. Augustine, the church of which is now the cathedral, owed their existence to the powerful Earls of Gloucester, to the Barons of Berkeley and of Beverston Castle, and to the Lords de la Warr, rather than to merchant princes like the Canynges, the Framptons, and the Shipwards, who some three centuries later built the glorious churches of which Redcliff and St. Stephen are the chief. Franciscans, Carmelites, Benedictines, Dominicans, and Austin Canons, with the devotional guilds, hospitals, hermitages, churches, and chauntries, made the air thick with clouds of incense, and Fitzharding's promise that Religion should be the principal thing seemed fulfilled. It might have been thought that when the "cowls were sent adrift," and inaction exchanged for secular pursuits, there would have been an almost sudden expansion of commercial enterprise. It is strange to notice, however, that in the time of Elizabeth (A.D. 1572), when a general registration was made of the shipping of the kingdom, the commerce of the second seaport of the realm had gone backward. In that year the number of merchant ships attached to the port of Bristol was 53, of which the largest was of 140 tons; the aggregate tonnage being 1,993. This was less than the tonnage of Canynge's vessels alone in the previous century. Bristol, however, in 1635 paid 25,000*l.* for customs, and gave 2,163*l.* towards fitting out a fleet against France and Holland, notwithstanding that about the same time 6,500*l.* was charged on the city for ship money.

COMMONWEALTH PERIOD

No single episode of the Civil War affected Charles more deeply, or proved more decisive of the ultimate event of the struggle, than the disloyalty of Bristol, and its final deliverance into the hands of the Parliament. "We had not killed of ours in the storm," says Cromwell, "nor in all this siege two hundred men. He who runs may read that all this is none other than the work of God. He must be a very Atheist that doth not acknowledge it." Soon after "the Committee for Establishing a Godly and Pious Ministry" was appointed; and Cromwell rejoices that "Presbyterians, Independents, all have here the same spirit of faith and prayer, the same presence and answer: they agree here, have no names of difference: pity it should be otherwise anywhere!"

In 1654 came an order from Cromwell for the final demolition of the Castle which had long been ruinous, but in some degree tenable, inasmuch that a garrison occupied certain of its chambers. The commission was dated February, and though Major Butler declared he would stay at Bristol, notwithstanding the badness of horse-quarter and the dearness of the place to soldiers, until the fortress was made untenable, it appears the work was not effected till a fresh command came from the Protector:—"Oliver C.—These are to authorise you forthwith to demolish the castle within the city of Bristol, and for so doing this shall be your warrant." This brief injunction was directed to the Mayor and Commonalty; and every householder was warned to assist in the demolition personally, or to appoint a substitute. The destruction of the castle was effected in a fortnight. An industrious explorer, however, may yet find a few interesting fragments, of which the most important is a fine Early English chamber that now serves as a humble cottage. Twelve years after the tragedy at Whitehall, at which time the Mayor of Bristol had proclaimed "that there was no King in England, and the successors of Charles I. were traitors to the State," the Mayor and Sheriff proclaimed Charles II. at the High Cross.

In May, 1660, the city, having returned to its allegiance, entreated the king for a ratification of their former privileges. Thereupon, in a letter to the magistrates, Charles confesses a particular kindness for Bristol, as a place where he had long resided. He wishes all who had been removed from the Corporation for their loyalty to be restored. In 1683, in consequence of some irregularities a *Quo Warranto* was issued by the Attorney-General against the Corporation, and the charter was required to be surrendered into the hands of the King, but in the following year a fresh charter was granted, constituting Bristol for the future a city incorporated and county by itself as heretofore: the Common Council to consist of 42 persons besides the Mayor, 12 of that number being Aldermen. The total number of Council is now 64.

LORD MACAULAY'S DESCRIPTION

Lord Macaulay, in speaking of Bristol as it existed at this time, remarks:—"Next to the capital, but next at an immense distance, stood Bristol, then the first English seaport, and Norwich, then the first English manufacturing town. Both have since that time (1685) been far outstripped by younger rivals, yet both have made positive advances. The population of Norwich has more than doubled." Pepys, who visited Bristol eight years after the Restoration, was struck by the splendour of the city. But his standard was not high, for he noted down as a wonder the circumstance that in Bristol a man might look round him and see nothing but houses. It seems that in no place with which he was acquainted, except London, did the buildings completely shut out the woods and fields. Large as Bristol might then appear, it occupied but a very small portion of the area on which it now stands. A few churches (eighteen) of eminent beauty rose out of a labyrinth of narrow lanes, built upon vaults of no great solidity. The hospitality of the city was widely renowned, and especially the collations with which the sugar refiners regaled their visitors. The repast was dressed in the furnace, and was accompanied by a rich beverage made of the best Spanish wine, and celebrated over the whole kingdom as "Bristol milk." Evelyn mentions in his diary that he here for the first time saw the process of casting sugar loaves, at the same time enjoying the luxury of eggs fried in the sugar pan with excellent Spanish wine. "Though as many elephants are fed," says old Fuller, "as cows grazed within the walls of this city, yet there is great plenty of this metaphorical milk, whereby Xeres or sherry sack is intended. Some will have it called milk, because (whereas nurses give newborn babes in some places pap, in others water and sugar) such wine is the first moisture given to infants in this city. It is also the entertainment, of course, which the courteous Bristolians present to all strangers, when first visiting their city." Sugar was an article of rarer luxury in the seventeenth century than at present, and a sugar loaf was a present worthy of the acceptance of a bishop. In the Church accounts of St. James's, under A.D. 1634, there is a charge of 1*l.* 6*s.* for two sugar loaves for my Lord Bishop, and there is a repetition of the gift in the following year. It appears that in 1607 the best refined sugar was 2*s.* 2*d.* the pound. Macaulay remarks that the luxury was supported by a thriving trade with the North American plantations and with the West Indies. "The passion for colonial traffic," he continues, "was so strong, that there was scarcely a small shopkeeper in Bristol who had not a venture on board of some ship bound for Virginia or the Antilles. There was, in the Transatlantic possessions of the Crown, a great demand for labour; and this demand was partly supplied by a system of crimping and kidnapping at the principal English seaports. Nowhere was this system in such active and extensive operations as at Bristol. Even the first magistrates of that city were not ashamed to enrich themselves by so odious a commerce." The same historian says that he cannot reckon among Judge Jefferies' crimes the reprimand given by him to the civic dignitaries on the kidnapping for which the city was infamous. That silver-tongued Chief Justice came to Bristol on the sangainary Western Assizes. According to his own elegant metaphor, he brought with him a broom which was to be used upon the Corporation. The Mayor and Aldermen, we are told in the "Lives of the Norths," were a "proud body;" which only increased Jefferies' pride in humbling them. The practice Macaulay adverts to of shipping off pilferers and small offenders for servants and slaves to the American colonies afforded him a rich opportunity. Sir Robert Cann was mayor at the time of Jefferies' visitation. Cann had never been personally guilty of kidnapping, but at least had more favoured than discountenanced the malpractice. The moral indignation of the eloquent Chief Justice was, perhaps, even less strong than his delight at the god-given chance of showing the force of his rhetoric. *Quid datur à divis felici optatius horâ?* After lashing and reviling the city magnates, whom he made tremble like the kidnapped culprits themselves, he turned to their chief, in his scarlet and furs, and having stormed upon him his choicest reproaches, and given him all the ill epithets his scolding eloquence could supply, he made his worship quit the bench and go down to the criminals' post at the bar, and there "plead for himself as a common rogue or thief." When the mayor hesitated, "he bawled at him," and stamping, called for his guards. The citizens, seeing their scarlet chief magistrate at the bar, were amazed and confounded; but hardly dared or cared to help his cause. After being called to London to answer an information against him, Sir Robert Cann, through the interest of friends, was released from further prosecution. "Go thy way," said the Scriptural Jefferies; "sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee."

EDWARD COLSTON

There was one merchant who could answer boldly "not guilty" to any such charge. We refer to Edward Colston, "the Man of Bristol," who was born in 1636 and died in 1721. We shall not attempt to establish the truth of the tradition that "St. Colston" was the inventor of Protestant charity. It is probably one of the cases in which the effect has given birth to the cause. It is said that Colston resided, together with his father and two younger brothers, for some time in Spain. In the course of their disputations with the Papists of that country, it was often urged to the brothers, in terms of reproach, that the Reformed religion produced no conspicuous examples of charitable works; to which taunt they were accustomed to reply that, if it was God's will to bring them safe home, they would do their part to wipe off that aspersion. In no long time two of the brothers were poisoned to prevent their return; but the elder, Edward, escaped, and munificently redeemed his promise. Inserted beneath his monumental effigy, in All Saints' Church, Bristol, is a list of the public charities and largesses of Colston. In the foundation of almshouses and schools, and "to the repairing and beautifying of churches" in his native city he gave, so far as can be learnt, upwards of 70,000*l.*, a princely sum in his day. His benefactions were not restricted to Bristol. He gave 5,500*l.* to St. Bartholomew's and other hospitals in London. Each successive year he went through the Marshalsea and Whitechapel Prisons, to dispense freely his money in releasing debtors confined for smaller amounts; and in one case sent 3,000*l.* to liberate poor debtors in Ludgate Prison. He gave 20,000*l.* to relieve the starving poor of London in 1709—a year of dearth. In at least one instance he was more willing to give than his munificence was to be received. Such was the grateful spirit of the Bristol aldermen, that when he offered to increase the number of scholars in Queen Elizabeth's Hospital—a yet flourishing public school of the city—from forty-four to one hundred, provided the Corporation would erect a suitable building, the civic dignitaries refused his offer, and denounced the institution as a "nursery for beggars and sloths, and rather a burden than a benefit to the place." Indeed, it must be confessed that our present flare of enlightenment has owed its origin to but small sparks of public spirit and gratitude; and the manner in which Colston himself formulated his educational schemes would, no doubt, in the present day be accounted narrow. One of his earlier foundations was a school for thirty boys in his own parish of Temple; a master to instruct the boys being provided at a salary of 25*l.* a year. Mr. Colston was careful that no books should be used that contained "any tincture of Whiggism;" but only such as would tend to make his scholars staunch sons of the Established Church. His principal charity is yet known as Colston's Hospital, and was founded in 1708 for the education and maintenance of one hundred boys. He enjoined by his will that, if any boy were persuaded by his parents to enter "a conventicle, or meeting, on pretence of religious worship, or if a parent, by word or action, deterred any child from attending the public worship of the Church of England, that child was to be expelled from the school and his clothing taken from him." Some would hence infer that Colston, in spite of his lavish outpouring of wealth in charities, was nevertheless a man of partialities and prejudices. His favour for the National Church at least redeems him from the imputation of being a Papist; a charge which was in his lifetime freely applied to him, and which his High Church doctrines inevitably brought upon him. But he lived in times when political and religious parties were divided by the sword. He was thirteen years of age when his liege sovereign was sacrificed at Whitehall, and since the fate of the royal Duncan no fouler deed had, in his estimation, been committed. The mansion in which Colston dwelt was the same that Charles I. was received in when he came Bristol, in 1643, to compose a contention between Prince Rupert and the Marquis of Hertford; and we can understand that the grand Norman hall contained within the stone mullioned house, which yet partially exists, would be more interesting to our philanthropist for its associations than even for its venerable architecture. He did no evil to live after him, and the good he did is not interred with his bones. Three societies, founded in his honour, yearly assemble on St. Colston's Day, and celebrate his memory with flowing cups and flowing speech; and at the same time more practically recognise his philanthropic character by the contribution of liberal alms to the poor that are always with us. Up to the end of 1877 these societies have collected at their banquets an aggregate sum of 120,000*l.*

EDMUND BURKE

Certainly one of the most honourable episodes in the history of the city is the election of Edmund Burke as one of its representatives in Parliament. The season was the end of autumn (1774), and during the month the poll was kept open, the great statesman had, of course, an ample opportunity of viewing the remarkable scenery of the neighbourhood, which might have afforded him an illustration for his own "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful." The acclivitous woods on one side the Avon had lost their green leaves, but the majestic rocks on the Clifton side afforded him an apt illustration when, upon his election, after energetic opposition, and the usual display of temper on either hand, he had the welcome duty to "thank his friends." "As for the trifling petulance," he says, "which the rage of party stirs up in little minds, though it should show itself even in this court (the Guildhall), it has not made the slightest impression on me. The highest flight of such clamorous birds is winged in an inferior region of the air. We hear them, and we look upon them, just as you gentlemen, when you enjoy the serene air on your lofty rocks, look down upon the gulls that skim the mud of your river, when it is exhausted of its tide." Burke, however, did not, on the whole, please his electors. He took a course which offended them on the question of the American War, on subjects relating to the Catholics, &c. His defence on the hustings at Bristol in 1780 of the policy which had dictated the course he had followed on each of these topics, "is one of the most convincing pieces of popular oratory on record." It has been said that it was the warning which Burke's treatment at Bristol held out, to statesmen, that caused Sir Robert Peel to remain contented with representing the borough of Tamworth.

BRISTOL CHINA

Burke was invited to stand for Bristol by Richard Champion, a Quaker, who, besides his association with the eloquent Senator, has a claim to be remembered by the excellence of his china manufacture. Though Bristol china is now more eagerly in request than any other porcelain, it would appear from a local advertisement in 1772 that its earlier reputation was very small. "The manufactory," it is remarked, "is not sufficiently known," and an N.B. is added to the effect that "there is some of the old china which will be sold very cheap." In contrast to this cheapness three fine vases were recently exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club that were valued at 1,000*l.* Some pieces of an elaborately-decorated tea service, which formed part of a complete set presented by Mr. and Mrs. Champion to the wife of Edmund Burke on his being returned member for Bristol, have realised twice their weight in gold. Mr. Burke's country residence was at Beaconsfield. When Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. Disraeli) was the guest of Mr. Romaine Callender, on the occasion of the Conservative demonstration at Manchester, the teapot used was that of the very set of china just adverted to, and cost Mr. Callender 220*l.*, the like cup and saucer placed before Mr. Disraeli having cost the same owner 90*l.* Champion having carried on the china works at Bristol with apparently not much commercial success during a course of thirteen years, from 1768 to 1781, sold his patent to a company of Staffordshire potters.

TWO PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATES

DISTINGUISHED parliamentary representatives of Bristol can hardly be reckoned in the plural number, particularly in modern days. Sir Samuel Romilly's "Diary of his Parliamentary Life" gives a long narrative of his unsuccessful attempt A.D. 1812 to become one of its two members. He was promised 3,000 votes, which would have ensured success had the promises been kept. His reception was enthusiastic. The people met him on the road, took off the horses from his carriage, and themselves drew him into the city. The streets were thronged, the windows and housetops were crowded with spectators, all the shops were shut, and the shout of welcome was as when great Pompey passed in triumph through the Roman streets. Sir Samuel was fiercely opposed by Cobbett, who in his weekly paper supported the notorious Henry Hunt, the Radical. After seven days' poll it was evident that the Tory candidates would succeed, and Romilly withdrew from the contest. In the following July, Hunt here suffered another defeat that was accompanied by the popular tempest of yells and hisses inevitable to a losing candidate, but he proved not unequal to the uncomplimentary outburst. What Christopher North remarks concerning the excellence of his voice and effrontery was illustrated on the occasion. He would pause, says Kit North, for a moment, until the unanimous clamour of disgust was at its height, and then repitching his note, apparently without an effort, left his "halloo as clear and distinct above the storm as ever ye heard a minster bell tolling over the racket of a village wake." As a peroration to the response with which he encountered the deafening acclaim that now opposed, he rehearsed these lines of Milton:—

> I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs,
> By the known rules of ancient liberty,
> When straight a barbarous noise environed me,
> Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs.

RIOTS OF 1831

THE famous riots of 1831 were of more barbarous character, and resulted from outlets of brutal passion far fiercer than any such harmless creatures as these suggested in the last line of our quotation. No doubt the popular feeling against the Tories for their opposition to the Reform Bill acted as the first incentive to the revolutionary outbreak, but the frenzy of an ignorant mob is stronger than their patriotic feelings. Being unchecked by external authority, the cry of "Reform" was speedily changed to the howl of "Havoc," and the dogs of war were instantly slipped against the rights of property. Had magisterial action been suspended during six days instead of three, all Bristol would have been burnt to ashes. What remained of half of one of the most spacious quadrangles in Europe was a heap of smouldering and dangerous ruins. While women and helpless children, naked, homeless, and terrified, were flying from the dreadful spot where they had so lately enjoyed their own firesides, and while lawless ruffians, madly drunk with the choice wines they had stolen from the richly-stocked cellarage of the Mansion House, were continuing to set fire dwelling after dwelling, the military were restrained from charging the mob, and their commander was shaking hands with the rioters in the delusive hope to conciliate and subdue them by the "power of kindness." Forty-one spacious houses in Queen Square were consumed, besides four toll houses, the Bridewell, the Gaol, and Lawford's Gate Prison, and the Bishop's Palace, the Cathedral itself escaping by the heroism of the verger, who, bold as Cocles, single-handed barred the way of the incendiaries.

BOUNDARIES AND POPULATION

BY the Municipal Act of 1835, the boundaries of Bristol were made to include the adjoining parish of Clifton, the out parishes of St. Paul and St. James, and St. Philip and St. Jacob with parts of the parishes of Bedminster and Westbury-on-Trym, the whole area representing a circuit of 15 miles. The population of Bristol, including the added districts, was in A.D. 1801, 61,153, in A.D. 1871, 182,552.

The Canal known as the New Cut, a channel nearly three miles long, with two capacious basins, the Cumberland and the Bathurst, communicating with the Avon, was commenced in 1804 and completed in 1809. The floating dock covers an area of 82 acres, and the entire work cost 600,000*l.* Steam communication between Bristol and Ireland was established as early as 1826; and to Bristol belongs the honour of being the first port in the kingdom that instituted a regular steam traffic with the United States, the first voyage being performed by the *Great Western* steamship in 1838. This vessel was built at Bristol at a cost of 60,000*l.*; the *Great Britain* and the ill-fated *Demerara* were also cradled here, the former costing 120,000*l.*

DISTINGUISHED NAMES

AMONG the more illustrious of her children Bristol might name the Mediæval scholar Grocyn, the friend of Erasmus, to whom we owe the introduction of the study of the stately language of Homer to the schools of England. To Sebastian Cabot, another native, but of Venetian paternity, is due the fact that Englishmen were the first to colonise and henceforth hold the great North American continent. In William Wyrcestre we have the first home traveller who studied architecture as a science. To the encouragement given by Joseph Cottle, a Bristol bookseller, the earliest literary works of Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge were given to the world, which incipient works were first published here. The scientific career of Sir Humphry Davy was commenced in the laboratory of Dr. Beddoes, at Clifton. To the names of Chatterton and Southey as poets should be added that of T. L. Beddoes, author of *The Bride's Tragedy*, who was the son of Davy's tutor. Mrs. Hannah More should not be forgotten, and to eminent names we might add those of such native artists as Sir Thomas Lawrence and W. J. Müller, also that of the distinguished sculptor, W. H. Bailey. If we might point to well-known living Art critics of Bristol birth we should mention Messrs. J. B. Atkinson, J. A. Symonds, and Frederick Wedmore.

ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE

NOTWITHSTANDING the ruthless spirit of innovation, Bristol can yet show a dozen ancient churches and some considerable remains of monastic and domestic architecture to interest the antiquary. Anglo-Norman work will be found at St. James's Priory Church, at St. Peter's, and at All Saints' Churches, but the most extensive remains are at the Cathedral. The only domestic relic in that style are some arches and pillars of Colston's house now forming part of the Law Library of the New Assize Courts.

We find some beautiful Early English at Redcliff, St. Philip's, and St. Mark's Churches; also at the Cathedral; monastic remains of that period will be found at St. Bartholomew's Priory, Christmas Street, and at the Dominican Priory, Merchant Street. A chamber of the Castle, in Tower Street, is a good specimen of thirteenth century work, and a stout gateway of the old walled town of the same epoch may be seen at the end of St. John's Street.

Decorated work will be discovered at Temple, St. Mark's, and St. Mary Redcliff churches, but most extensively at the Cathedral.

Of Mr. Ruskin's "detested Perpendicular" there are numerous examples, as will appear by our description of individual pieces of architecture.

THE CATHEDRAL

THE Cathedral, even with the newly-added nave, hardly ranks with first-class structures of its kind, but the critic must be difficult to please who does not find its architectural features worthy of careful study. The blackened and heavy buttressed, long and somewhat low exterior rather contrasts than compares with such majestic fabrics as Salisbury or Lincoln, but it should be remembered that Fitzharding, its founder, raised the massive Norman walls of the earlier structure for the services of a monastic church, and that the like purpose was kept in view when the chancel was rebuilt in the fourteenth century.

Though Fitzharding's Norman church was destroyed three centuries ago to give place to a more advanced style of building, there are yet some noble remains of the early monastery. The bold archways of the Great Gatehouse, with their labyrinthine ornamentation, and the rectangular Chapter Room, with its arcaded walls and groined roof, curiously enriched with sculptured mouldings, are the chief of these features, but a diligent inquirer may distinguish many minor relics in the same style. The existing Decorated choir and chancel was built between the years 1306 and 1332 by Abbot Knowle, whose mitred figure lies within a rich canopied tomb in the holiest place of the sanctuary, where "warm gules" fall upon him from the great Eastern window above. The enamelled lights on the east of the north choir aisle are traditionally said to have been presented to the Cathedral by Nell Gwynne. The tradition is at least as old as Horace Walpole, who, in mentioning his visit to the Cathedral in 1776, without hesitation declares them to be her gift. The "Elder Lady Chapel" is so called to distinguish it from another and later chapel to the Virgin Mary at the south-east end of the church, to which the Lady Altar was removed after the rebuilding of the choir. The chapel is a characteristic specimen of pure Early English, and dates about the beginning of the thirteenth century, but the east window and wall, together with the groined roof, are Early Decorated, and belong to the end of the same century. The Berkeley Chapel attached to the east end of the south aisle was founded in 1348 by Thomas Berkeley for the soul of his wife. One of the ogee arches in the vestibule to this chapel has a chimney, which was used in pre-Reformation days for baking the Sacramental wafer. Two of the windows are embellished with ball-flowers. The chapel of the Newtons at the west end of the same aisle belongs to about the same period.

By the obviously symbolical combination of the tracery of the great east window, as well as by the triple compartments of the reredos beneath, we are reminded of the dedication of the Church to the Holy Trinity. The rich stained glass, "like an inestimable treasury of precious stone, and with all its brilliancy as soft as roseleaves," is among the best in England. It dates, according to Mr. Winston, from about the year 1320, but much modern glass has been inserted, which can be easily discerned by the comparative coarseness of tone. The window represents a stem of Jesse. The combinations of arches in the vaulting of the aisles are singularly striking, and the scientific architect can explain that the constructive utility of the arrangement is as useful as the effect is beautiful.

Besides many ornate Gothic tombs of abbots, bishops, and mailed barons, are other memorials that should be considered by the visitor. The tablet to the wife of the poet Mason, with its oft-quoted poetical inscription, "Take, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear," is among these; also the carved mural monument to Sterne's Eliza, who is here buried. Two pieces of sculpture by Chantrey, and an inscription by Southey to the author of the "Analogy," are not likely to be overlooked. Lady Hesketh, the friend of Cowper, lies in the southern transept at the entrance to the aisle, but there is no indication of the spot.

The western towers of the new nave are yet to be erected, so that the full effect of the exterior has yet to be realised. So grand an ecclesiastical work as the entire construction of a cathedral nave has not been effected since Wren built St. Paul's. The present work is a reproduction of the choir. Whether so exact an imitation is a carrying out of the mediæval builder's design may be doubted, but on the whole it was the safest procedure for the modern architect, and the result is an edifice that may now claim to rank architecturally among the Cathedrals of the land—a distinction which it had, previously to the addition of the nave, a difficulty to maintain.

HISTORICAL VISITORS TO THE CATHEDRAL

OF Royal visits to the present Cathedral, or primarily to the Abbey of St. Augustine, we have no complete record. At the period of its first execution, Prince Henry, afterwards King Henry II., was receiving his education in Bristol, and the inscription over the great gateway denotes his interest in the work while in procedure. In a charter he afterwards granted to the abbey he speaks of it as "that which from his early boyhood he had aided and encouraged by benefactions." John, notwithstanding his worldly, fleshly, and devil-like qualities, did good things in his day for the Austin Canons here established. He granted and confirmed to them Leigh, since called Abbot's Leigh; also their liberties and free customs, and that they should be for ever free from toll and passage for ships, boats, and men; and be quit from all exactions belonging to his royalties in the seaports or elsewhere. That John was personally familiar with the "King's Hall" of the monastery which he so benefited can hardly be questioned, seeing that he so frequently visited Bristol. The visit to the Abbey of the martial Edward I. is expressly recorded, and he bestowed upon it many costly gifts, and obliged his retainers also to make oblations. The fierce victor of the field by Tewkesbury came here with his white-rose banner three years after that bloody fight. An MS. Calendar says, "In the year 1474 King Edward the Fourth came to Bristol, and lay at St. Augustine in the Abbey, and got much money by way of benevolence of the townsmen and dwellers near it, to help him with his wars which he had in hand," the king being then on the eve of invading France. Leland gives an account of the reception (A.D. 1486) of another illustrious visitor, him of Bosworth Field, to the Abbey, where he was received with due ceremony by the Abbot and convent. Archbishop Cranmer in 1534 tarried nineteen days in Bristol, preaching, we are told, in St. Austin's Abbey and other churches. In Nichol's "Royal Progresses" there is a detailed relation of the celebration of the visit of the Virgin Queen to Bristol in 1574. The old order had long been changed, yielding place to new. Her Majesty attended the College, as it was still called, to hear a sermon and a hymn, the latter being sung "by a very fine boy." Scarcely more inspired than this hymn, which is given in the "Progresses," was the poetry of Robert Naile, a Bristol apprentice, who undertook to describe in numbers the ceremony of Anne of Denmark's coming to the same sanctuary in the year 1613. He tells us that Her Gracious Majesty,

> Mounted like fair Cynthia bright into her sumptuous coach,
> Drawn by four milk-white coursers brave, and next her did approach
> The ladies on their trampling steeds, like fair Diana's train,
> Hunting in the Arcadian woods, as do the poets fain,

which seems to show that Ovid was familiar to Bristol apprentices, or, at least, to Robert Naile. Charles I., with Prince Charles and the Duke of York, might have been seen here on Sunday, August 6, 1643, attended by his body guard, heralds, and pursuivants in their gorgeous tabards, in company with the mayor and aldermen in their scarlet robes, soon after which royal visit his good old church was turned into a brewhouse, and the Bishop's palace into a malthouse and mill. It afterwards became a Dissenting preaching-house, till the King had his own again, when the preacher was silenced. We are not aware that any English sovereign has visited this Cathedral, at least ceremonially, since the Sunday that Charles I. here attended Divine service. It is curious that kings and queens were more plentiful in Bristol centuries before railways had connected the "second city in England" with the first than they are at the present time.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH

ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH, at the east of the Cathedral, was originally built by the canons of the adjacent monastery to serve as a chapel for the inhabitants of the district. The earliest mention is in A.D. 1240, but the present edifice dates from 1480. The whole of the church, except modern pinnacles and other restorations, is of the Perpendicular style. In the register there is an entry of the baptism (March 20th, 1687) of a daughter of Bishop Trelawny, one of the famous "seven," by Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, another of the seven, who is not less favourably known as the author of the "Morning and Evening Hymns."

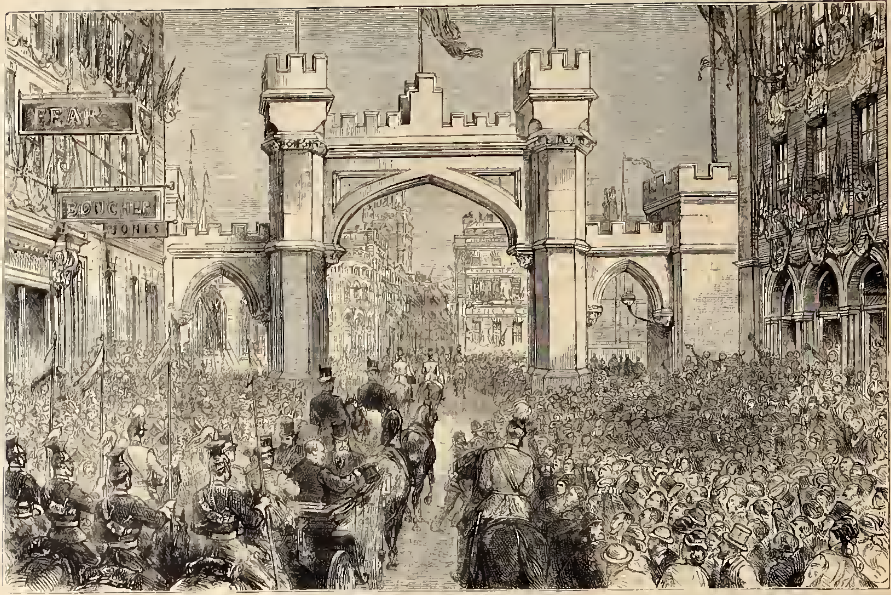
THE MAYOR'S CHAPEL

ST. MARK'S CHURCH, or the Mayor's Chapel, in College Green, is embedded among houses; but will attract notice by its large western window, filled with tracery of a mixed style of Decorated and Perpendicular. It was originally the chapel of the Hospital of Bonhommes, of which Order there were two other houses in England. St. Mark's Hospital was founded by Robert de Berkeley, the second Lord of Berkeley, and finished by Maurice de Gaunt, his son, who died in 1230. The house was placed under the control of the Canons of St. Augustine's Monastery, and was ordained for the maintenance of a chaplain and the daily relief of one hundred poor; but twelve scholars were afterwards admitted on the foundation. These wore a red shield on their habit during the year of probation, to which a white cross was afterwards added. The house was dissolved in 1534, and in 1540 the estate was granted from the Crown to the Mayor and Burgesses of Bristol for public uses. The chapel has undergone much renovation, particularly in its interior arrangements. It is undivided by pillars, and but for its ecclesiastical fittings would present the effect of a long and lofty Gothic hall. But the interior view is very impressive. The panelled and gilded oak roof, rich fretwork stalls of dark oak, carved tabernacle work, the canopied altar tombs with their sculptured effigies, and the sombre illumination derived from the traceried windows, glowing with imagery of saints and martyrs, fill the mind with a kind of æsthetic awe of even more intense character than usually belongs to a mediæval church.

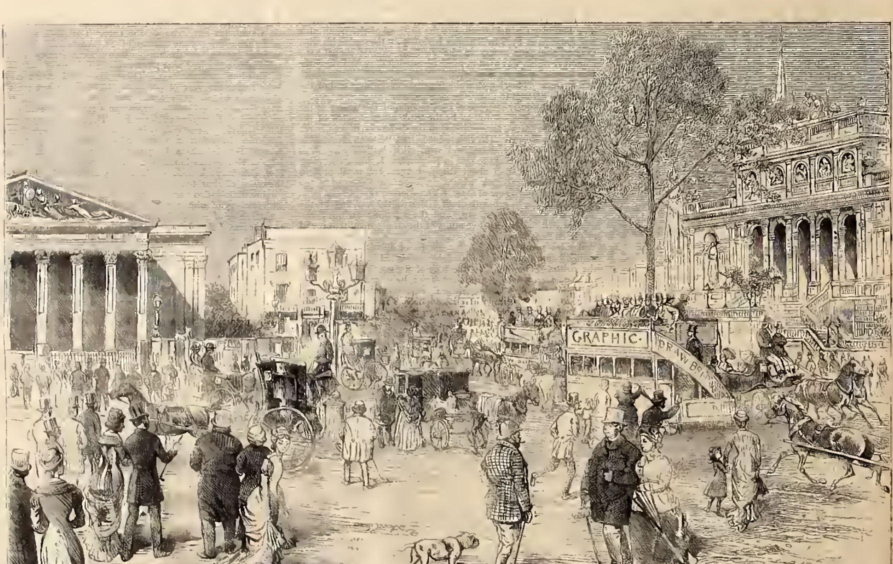
ST. MARY REDCLIFF

IN St. Mary Redcliff—the rose and flower of parish churches—the Third Pointed or Perpendicular style of architecture is seen in its highest realised perfection. In completeness of parts, grandeur of proportion, and finish of detail, the building partakes of the character of a cathedral church. The exuberantly carved porches, particularly the famous northern entrance, the panelled walls, flying buttresses, trefoiled parapet and mural pinnacles, the storeys of windows with their elegant tracery, the magnificent tower and spire, triple-aisled transepts, long and lofty nave and chancel, tall clustered columns and graceful arches, groined roof embossed with literally more than a thousand sculptured devices, of which no two are alike, together with the Lady Chapel and undercroft, are attributes that entitle the edifice to rank architecturally with at least the lesser cathedrals of England. Why the magnitude and beauty of the structure did not cause it, instead of the neighbouring house of Austin Canons, to be raised to the dignity of a cathedral, to which William Wyrcester (1450) likens it, is answered by Fuller, who says "that the church was not sufficiently accommodated, like St. Augustine's, with public buildings about it for the palace of a dean or chapter." The same quaint historian characteristically adds that "as the town of Hague in Holland would never be built about, as accounting it more credit to be the biggest of villages in Europe than a lesser city, so Redcliff Church esteemeth it a greater grace to lead the van of all parochial, than to follow in the rear after many cathedral, churches in England."

The origin of the church is obscure, but a *Saturday Reviewer*, in an article entitled "St. Mary Redcliff" (Nov. 10, 1877), no doubt correctly assigns its original erection to the Barons of Berkeley, who, in the thirteenth century, held the Manor of Redcliff. These lords were among the greatest church builders of the Middle Ages, their arms being, according to the historian of the family, emblazoned in the windows of as many as one hundred parish churches and oratories, which they more or less erected or endowed. In the fifth year of Edward III., the Berkeleys having fallen into disgrace, the Manor of Redcliff was confiscated into the King's hands, and there is evidence that the church then existing had become so ruinous as to necessitate reconstruction. The city chronicles assign the honour o

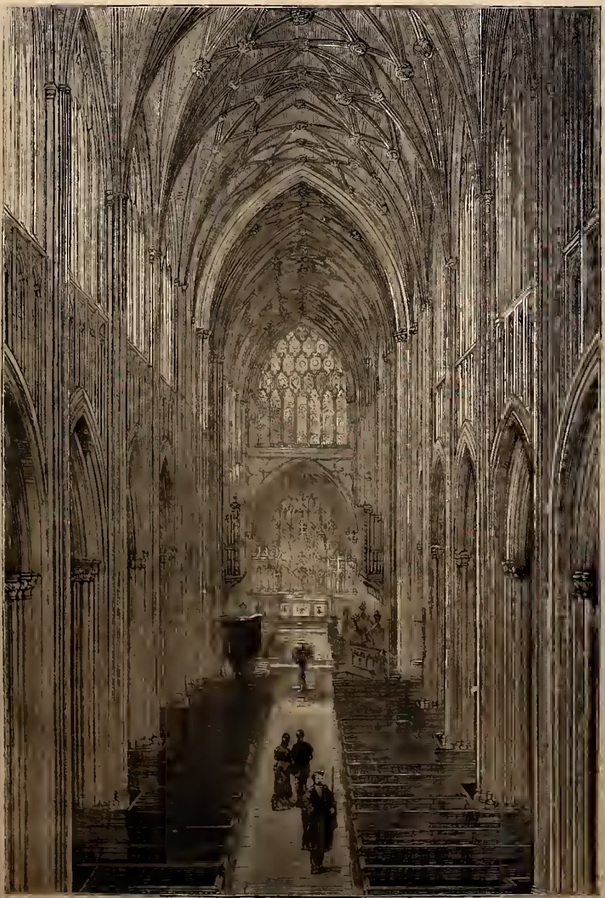


TRIUMPHAL ARCH ON BRISTOL BRIDGE

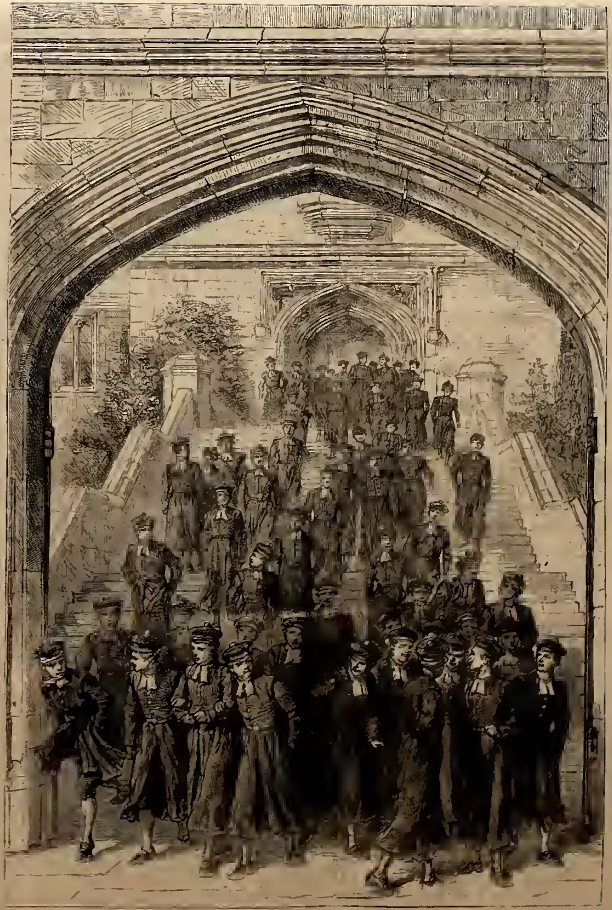


THE ROAD TO THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW—THE VICTORIA ROOMS AND THE ACADEMY OF ARTS

BRISTOL ILLUSTRATED



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY REDCLIFF



STAIRCASE IN THE CITY SCHOOLS, QUEEN ELIZABETH'S HOSPITAL

BRISTOL ILLUSTRATED

rebuilding the fabric to Simon de Burton, who filled the office of Mayor of Bristol five times between the year 1291 and 1304, a period when the authority of the Berkeleys was paralysed.

About the year 1445 there occurred a terrible storm, in which the spire of Redcliff was struck down by lightning, and, falling upon the body of the fabric, reduced the church almost to ruin. The work of reconstruction was effected by the later William Canynge, and with what success the present superb edifice shows. The restoration of the church, which has included the re-erection of the spire, is now complete, and may be pronounced one of the most successful works of its kind. It has cost 40,000*l.* Included in this sum is 2,500*l.* for re-sculpturing the north porch, which was effected by the liberality of the late Mr. Alderman Proctor, who was a worthy successor to Canynge.

TEMPLE CHURCH

Temple Church, with its leaning tower, nearly five feet out of the perpendicular, retains no structural connection with the Knight Templars, but undoubtedly occupies the site of a small church which belonged to these martial monks. No portion of the present building is of more remote antiquity than the beginning of the fourteenth century, to which date is to be referred the north, or Weavers' Chapel, and a portion of the chancel. With these exceptions the church, which consists of a nave divided from the aisle by light clustered columns, of quatrefoil section, is a good specimen of the Perpendicular style of architecture. On viewing the interior it will be regretted that the cold crystal daylight which illumines the aisles should have superseded the sombre religious hues obtained through the stained glass which once filled the traceried windows, and was destroyed in the Commonwealth wars.

St. Catherine's Chapel was on the site of the present vestry. It was anciently ordained that on the vigil of St. Catherine, the Mayor and Sheriff and their brethren were "to walk to Saint Catherine's Chapel, within Temple Church, there to hear their evensong; and from evensong to walk unto the Katherine Hall, there to be worshipfully received of the wardens and brethren of the same; and in the hall there to have their fires, and their drinkings, with spiced cake-bread and sundry wines; the cups merrily filled about the house. And then to depart every man home; the Mayor, Sheriff, and the worshipful men ready to receive at their doors Saint Katherine's Players, making them to drink at their doors, and rewarding them for their plays. And on the morrow, Saint Katherine's Day, the Mayor, Sheriff, and their brethren to be at the Temple Church, and from thence to walk with the procession about the town, and return to the said Temple Church, and there to hear mass and offer. And then every man retray home."

In the south wall of the Guild of Weavers' chantry may be discerned a blocked-up doorway, that once communicated with the high altar. Through this opening one Richard Sharp, a weaver, in the days of Mary, suddenly interrupted the elevation of the host, proclaiming the act to be idolatry, whereupon he was seized and finally condemned for the act, and burnt upon St. Michael's Hill, where now stands Highbury Chapel.

ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH

The architectural interest of St. Thomas's Church is soon despatched. The only portion of the ancient structure remaining is the mutilated tower, the roof of the belfry of which shows internally some ribs and elaborate bosses the Early English style, but externally the buttresses and windows are of the Perpendicular period. The existing church was completed in 1793, a date that of itself assures us that the character of the architecture does not deserve much attention.

ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH

BEYOND Bristol Bridge is conspicuous by its spire, 205 feet high. It is the third building on the same site, and was erected in 1768. The crypt, formerly the Chapel of the Guild of the Holy Ghost, dates about the year 1503, and it is a remarkably fine example of its kind. It consists of two aisles, divided by five clustered pillars, from which spring the ribs of the vaulting, that have boldly carved bosses at the intersections. The present crypt or crowd was a kind of secondary church, the superstructure being called in the old wardens' books "the high church." It had its own procurators or wardens distinct from the church above, being also separately endowed. In 1528 Bishop Latimer preached one of his stirring sermons in the old church; and soon after, George Wishart, the Scottish martyr, made no less excitement by setting forth similar "heretical" doctrines. Being accused and convicted, he was sentenced to bear a faggot in the same church, and also in Christ Church, where probably he also preached, which penance he duly performed on 13th July, 1539.

ST. MARY LE PORT CHURCH

REACHING the middle of High Street we turn to the right into St. Maryport Street, and glance at its quaint overhanging timber-framed dwellings and old church imbedded among them. This church is dedicated to Our Lady of the Port, there having been formerly an open approach from the river to the south side of the sacred building, and therefore was much used by sailors. It consists of two aisles of unequal breadth, the columns dividing which are of Perpendicular date, assignable to the fifteenth century. The tower is of the Florid style, like the interior, and is 72 feet in height. The edifice has been recently restored, and a new font given by Colonel J. R. Bramble. The great brass eagle formerly belonged to the Cathedral.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH

ST. PETER'S CHURCH stood outside the barbican of the Castle, and was used by the inmates of the fortress. The tower in its first stages is a Norman structure, very massive, the walls of the belfry being six feet in thickness. It is a rectory, and was granted by Robert Fitzhamon to the Abbey of Tewkesbury, which grant was confirmed by a Charter of Henry I. dated 1106. During the Rebellion it narrowly escaped the fate of its huge military neighbour, inasmuch that Colonel Fiennes, in 1643, had given orders for the demolition of the churches of St. Peter's and St. Philip's on account of their proximity to the castle, but the appearance of Prince Rupert with 20,000 men before the city prevented the mischievous design. At the east end of the south aisle was a chauntry dedicated to the honour of the "Blessed Mary of Bellhouse," whose shrine was here visited by Wolsey's victim, the great Duke of Buckingham.

In the south wall of the church is attached a label with the name of Richard Savage, the story of whose life is so pathetically told in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." Savage died a debtor in Newgate, Bristol. During his imprisonment, which was not rigorous, he wrote a satire on the merchants of Bristol, which might be characterised by the adjective his name expresses. He died of a fever on the 1st of August, 1743, in his forty-sixth year, and was interred at the expense of his gaoler, assisted by some contributions from Lady Huntingdon.

CHRIST CHURCH

Christ Church, at the angle formed by the junction of Wine Street and Broad Street, replaces one of the ancient churches which surrounded the High Cross in the centre of the city. It is built of freestone, and any attempt at exterior ornamentation has been expended on the western end and the tower, the rest being enclosed by houses, and rudely finished. The style is nominally Grecian, with variation in accordance with modern exigencies and taste. There being no classical prototype to guide the construction of an ecclesiastical interior, the present is divided in the manner of a Gothic edifice into three aisles. "I remember the old church," says Southey, who was born and spent his boyhood almost under its shadow, "a row of little shops was built before it, above which its windows received light, and on the leads which roofed them crowds used to stand at the chairing of members, as they did to my remembrance when peace was proclaimed after the American War. I was christened in that old church, and vividly remember our pew under the organ —— was then rector, a humdrum somnificator, who, God rest his soul for it I made my poor mother stay at home Sunday evenings because she could not stay awake after dinner to hear him. There were quarter boys to this old church clock, as to St. Dunstan, and I have many a time stopped with a satchel on my back to see them strike." Relative to this quarter-boy clock, there is an entry in the Proctor's Book A.D. 1575 of payment to "the clerke for singing and dressing the Rolodge agaynst the Queen's Majesty's comyng," meaning Queen Elizabeth. There are few monuments of general interest in this church. The principal is, perhaps, a tablet to the memory of Dr. Standfast, who was sequestrated in the civil war for his adherence to the King. At one time he escaped his Parliamentary pursuers at Thornbury by putting on the habit of a thatcher, and pretending to be busy in mending the roof of a house at that place. His living was given to one Evans a tailor, and he himself imprisoned in Bristol Castle "for his disaffection to the Parliament of England and their proceedings, which in his printing, praying and preaching he had expressed." The metrical portion of the following epitaph might have a place in some "quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore." "Here lyeth Thomas Turner and Mary his wife. He was twice master of the Company of Bakers, and twice Churchwarden of this parish. He died March 6, 1654. She died March 8th, 1643.

Like to a baker's oven is the grave
Wherein the bodyes of the faithful have
A *setting in*, and where they do remain,
In hopes to rise and to be drawn again.
Blessed are they who in the Lord are dead,
Though set like *dough*, they shall be drawn like *bread*.

ST. PHILIP AND JACOB'S CHURCH

The Church of St. Philip and Jacob is the furthest of the old churches eastward. It was primarily a chapel to a religious house of the Order of St. Benedict which stood at the chancel end of the present building. The tower, except the upper stage, which is debased Perpendicular, is a beautiful piece of Early English, having two collateral lancet windows, with bold mouldings on each of the four sides. A deeply-recessed, boldly cut arch of the same (thirteenth century) date, opens from the base of the tower into the church; and a corresponding arch divides the north aisle of the church from the nave aisle. The nave is separated from the aisles by three arches of very broad span, which are sustained by massive piers, having no capital or base, the mouldings springing direct from the ground and round the soffit of each arch. The Kemys Chapel belonged to a family of that name, and is divided from the chancel by panelled arches of the time of Henry VII. Inside one of the piers is a stone staircase which communicated with the rood-loft. Some remains of steps in another pier belonged to a stone pulpit; and in the pier adjoining is an aumbry for Eucharistic vessels. Recent investigations of the piers have led to the discovery that they form a superadded casing to the remains of a beautifully-proportioned Early English church which occupied the area of the present chancel. In the external north wall of the chancel may be seen traces of a thirteenth-century window and doorway. The roof of the nave is an excellent specimen of a timber roof of the time of Richard II. Some corbels which supported the old roofs of the aisles jut from the walls. The font is Norman.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

The Church of St. John the Baptist belongs to the fifteenth century. The belfry tower and spire are erected over the northern gateway of the old walled city, and having formed part of the line of the inner wall, the church has no transept, or projecting porch, being a simple oblong, pierced by eight Perpendicular windows on each side. It has also no east nor west window. The roof, of open timber work, is of fifteenth-century construction. The richly-carved communion table is, no doubt, identical with the one charged in the accounts under A.D. 1635. The crypt is of more interest than the church, and is a characteristically good specimen of such a substructure. It is lighted by a range of low windows on the north side, where is also a door from the street. It has a groined vault, the mouldings of which spring from clustered mural columns. The apex of the roof is eleven feet from the floor. The date of the crypt seems architecturally to correspond with the superstructure. It formerly served as a chapel for a religious guild, which was established in 1465 in honour of the Holy Rood, or St. John the Baptist and St. Martin. The Proctors' Book among the Vestry archives contains the names of the originators of the Guild with the ordinances of the foundation. This book is of unusual interest. It begins in 1472. The Proctors, who were wealthy merchants, candidly confess at the outset that they do not understand "the cunning of writing," and therefore engage a professional scribe at the payment of a shilling a year to keep the accounts. Sir John Masty, the Vicar of St. John's in 1535, received for a "whole year's wages" only 6*l.*, "Nicholas, our clerke," receiving 2*l.* The wages of a mason at that time were 8*d.* a day, or 10*l.* 8*s.* a year, more than Sir John and his clerk together received for their year's work, and after the Reformation even this 6*l.* was reduced to 5*l.* The weather-beaten statues on either side of St. John's Gate are accounted to represent Brennus and Belinus, the legendary founders of Bristol. As far back as A.D. 1366 the name of Bristol was derived from *Brennus*. King Henry VII. was met at this gate—*ad portam sancti Johanni*—by a pageant of "many mayden children, richly besene with girdells, beads, and oncheus, wher Justicia had the wordes that hereafter ensueth."

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH

All Saints' Church with its Italian campanile gives externally little promise of antiquity. Within, however, will be found at the western end of the nave four cylindrical piers which are of Norman date, and belong to a structure that in A.D. 1216 was assigned to the use of the Guild of Calendars. These were a fraternity of religious and laity, to whom was committed the custody of the archives of the town, and whose office it was to keep a register of events and public acts. They were also a guild of literature, and their library was the only public one in the town. Every festival day free access was granted to all who were willing to enter for the sake of instruction; and the Prior, if duly required, was to explain to the best of his knowledge doubtful and obscure passages of Scripture to all who asked him, and read a public lecture every week in the same library. Each book was secured by a chain, and three inventories of the whole collection were kept, one each by the mayor and dean for the time being, and the third by the prior and librarian. By an ancient ordinance it was appointed that upon All Halloween Day the Mayor and the Sheriff of Bristowe were after dinner to assemble with the whole Council at the Tolsey, "with many other gentils and worshipfull comeners, such as apperith there at that tyme, and fro thence to walk all in fere unto the Maire's place, there to have their fyres and their drynkyns with spiced cakebrede and sondry wynes, the cuppes merilly serving aboute the house; and then fro thence avery man departing unto his parish church to evensong." Even till the eighteenth century the ecclesiastical ceremonialism that hedged a Mayor was such as to try Puritanic feeling. On All Saints' Day he was required to attend, in scarlet costume, All Saints' Church, with the pearl sword and cap of maintenance carried before him; on St. Stephen's Day the church of that saint; on the first Sunday after St. James's Day, St. James's Church; on Ascension Day the Temple; at Pentecost, Redcliff; and other churches at other festivals; but the sword was not carried on Christmas Day, Whitsun Eve, Ash Wednesday, or Mid-Lent Sunday. A relic of the custom is yet maintained by the visit of the Mayor, be he Churchman or Nonconformist, in full civic costume to Redcliff Church. On this occasion the church is decorated and strewed with flowers and rushes.

Among the relics of the Calendars were the candlestick and skull, or rather "one of the skulls," of St. Thomas a'Becket.

The oldest remaining portion of the edifice are the four short circular pillars at the western end of the middle aisle. These sustain the houses that extend over the extremity of the aisle, and are curiously incorporated with the church. The house on the south was the vicarage, and originally built about the year 1422; it substantially yet remains. The library was over the north aisle, but the structure has been rebuilt. A few of the old black-letter books are preserved in the vestry. The most conspicuous monument in the church is one by Rysback to the memory of Edward Colston, who lies interred under the Communion Table. On every Sunday a nosegay of such flowers as the season affords is placed on his half-recumbent effigy, money having been left for the purpose.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH

St. Stephen's Church, with its stately tower, might alone give ecclesiastical character to Bristol. The body of the present structure belongs to the latter half of the fifteenth century, and was built at the joint expense of the parishioners and the Abbot of Glastonbury. The tower, with its latticed pinnacles and battlements, was built at the sole expense of John Shipward, Mayor of Bristol, in 1455. He is buried within the walls of the church, and this magnificent trophy over his urn, like Absalom's pillar in the king's dale, reared up in his lifetime is worthy to commemorate a prince, and these old merchants were princes. It is 133 feet in height, and is confessed to be one of the handsomest parish steeples in England. "This tower," says Mr. Freeman, "is remarkable for having æsthetically dispensed with buttresses, those which it has having so slight a projection as hardly at all to influence the general effect. It has, indeed, almost the appearance of a Gothic version of the old Italian campanile. However this may be, its idea, which is one quite peculiar to itself, though it may not altogether approve itself to our preconceived notions must be allowed to be, in point of fact, magnificently worked out." The absence of buttresses seems to rank this with Mr. Ruskin's ideal class of towers, in all of which he requires it to be a "point of chief necessity, that they shall seem to stand, and verily shall stand, in their own strength, not by help of buttresses nor artful balancings on this side or on that. Your noble tower must need no help, must be sustained by no crutches, must give place to no suspicion of decrepitude. Its office must be to withstand war, look forth for tidings, or to point to Heaven; but it must have in its own walls strength to do this; it is to be in itself a bulwark, not to be sustained by other bulwarks; to rise and look forth, 'the towers of Lebanon that looketh towards Damascus,' like a stern sentinel, not like a child held up in its nurse's arms," &c. When the late Prince Consort visited Bristol, and came within full view of St. Stephen's tower, he was observed to impulsively raise his hat in homage to its majesty. The south porch is roofed with elaborate fan tracery, and for general beauty is worthy of the rest of the structure.

By will dated 25th May, 1398, John Wyett, Mayor in 1398, bequeathed "to the Church of St. Stephen, one ring, in which was set a stone, part of the very pillar to which Christ was bound at the scourging, to be kept among the relics for ever."

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH

The western façade of St. James's Church is the only accessible portion of the exterior by which its original Norman character may be discerned. It is recorded that the powerful Robert, Earl of Gloucester (A.D. 1140) devoted one-tenth of the stones which he had imported from Normandy for the construction of his castle to the building of the Benedictine Priory, of the church of which this façade and the existing nave were a portion. The monastic buildings have disappeared, and with these the chancel of the church, which having belonged to the monks, while the nave was parochial, fell a sacrifice at the dissolution to the spoiler. The massive Norman piers with their cushioned capitals, and the semicircular arches by which they are connected are part of the structure that formed the last resting-place of the feudal chieftain who founded the monastery; and in viewing them we cannot but picture to ourselves the black-robed prior and cowled brethren conducting the hallowed rites over his remains with dirges, psalms, and knells, uplifted crucifixes, waving censers, and flaming torches. Two or three years since, a workman, digging within the precincts of the former chancel, and upon or near the spot answering to that of the interment of Robert, Earl of Gloucester, came upon what he interpreted to be the skeleton of a monk. Viewing these mortal relics in the light of so much money, or rather so much drink, he converted them first into one, and then into the other, and in the latter form swallowed whole the so-called ancient monk; but who, indeed, was possibly the illustrious Gloucester himself. The Priory of St. James stood outside the walls of the town, northwards from the Castle, the towers and bastions of which rose grandly before the eyes of the monks just beyond the limits of their green meadows. The conventual buildings presented an extensive and imposing assemblage.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH

St. Michael's Church, like most or all churches dedicated to that saint, stands on an eminence. The tower belongs to the fifteenth century, and is the only portion that now stands of the old church. According to a custom instituted in 1376 it was usual on Michaelmas Day for the whole Town Council, after they had dined, to assemble at the High Cross, and "from thence the new Mayor, with all the whole company, to walk honorably to St. Michael's Church, and there to offer, and then to return to the new Mayor's house, every man taking his leave of the Mayor, and to return home to their evensong." The present church was opened in 1777, and the design is one of the worst specimens in the most degraded age of Gothic architecture.

MONASTIC REMAINS

NEAR St. Michael's Church, on the site of the King David Inn, stood the Nunnery of St. Mary Magdalen. It was founded in 1173 by Eva, wife of Robert Fitzharding, who herself was the first prioress. There are a few inconsiderable conventual remains of the Perpendicular period, in the form of a winding staircase and two or three doorways which are incorporated in the present inn. The inn also includes a spacious room with a Jacobean ceiling.

The important remains of the old Dominican Priory in Rosemary Street are so hedged round by mean houses that a person might pass daily all his lifetime within forty yards of their site without suspicion that any such remains exist. If, however, his curiosity had induced him to thread the dirty avenue known as Quakers' Friars, intersecting Merchant Street towards the south-west end, he might have come upon a quadrangular enclosure of which three sides are comprised more or less of offices that belonged to the house of the Dominican or Black Friars. Just without the moat of the Castle, and almost within speaking distance of "the warders on the turrets high," whose forms they must hourly have seen in ordered march, the Friars Preachers here spent three centuries in the practice and endurance of their peculiar routine and discipline. The convent was founded by Maurice Gaunt, lord of Beverstone Castle, who died in 1230, and was here buried. On the first and third Sundays in Advent, it was customary for the Mayor and Sheriff with their "brethern" to walk to the Friars Preachers, and there hear "theire sermonde." A Lenten discourse, in 1534, by Bishop Latimer appears to have caused more excitement than any that had been hitherto preached, and proved the beginning of the end of the existence of the fraternity.

The last Prior of his house was William Oliver, who in 1537, when the depositions were taken by the Royal Commission at Bristol, was stated "to be sound on Justification," in evidence of which he collected "a cartload of cowls and other trinkets to burn." A unique relic possessed by the convent was a piece of white marble containing the last imprint upon earth of our Lord's foot. This relic the friars, by the hand of Robert of Gloucester (author of the metrical chronicle) presented to King Henry III., who placed it in Westminster Abbey, where it was long venerated.

The Friends' Meeting House was built in 1669 on part of the site of the monastic buildings. In the same year George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, was married within its walls. In 1697 the no less famous Friend and founder (of Pennsylvania) William Penn, came to Bristol, and here resided, during which period he is presumed to have arranged the buildings of the adjacent streets, which still bear the names of Philadelphia, Penn, Hollister, and Callowhill Streets. Hannah Callowhill, the mother of Hannah Penn, was a daughter of Dennis Hollister, from whom was purchased the ground on which these streets are erected.

Of the Franciscan or Grey Friars, which stood on the site of the Unitarian Chapel, in Lewin's Mead, no remains are visible.

Of St. Bartholomew's Hospital in Christmas Street there is a remarkable Early English porch that formed the original entrance of this convent. It consists of an outer and inner arch, connected by an arcade. On one side of the exterior is a mutilated figure of the Virgin and Child. The whole is in a decayed and neglected state, and unless some antiquarian zeal can be directed to its preservation, the place that has known it for more than six centuries will shortly know it no more. A deed dated 1386 shows the patronage of the hospital to have been vested in Lord de la Warr, but of the origin of the house there seems to be no particulars. It was anciently the custom on St. Clement's Eve for the Mayor and Councilmen "to walk to St. Clement's Chapel within the Bartholomews, there to hear their evensong, and on the morrow their mass, and to offer there." The house was purchased at the Dissolution for the provision of a free Grammar School, which continued here till 1769, when the scholars were removed to Unity Street, when it became the premises of the school then and since known as St. Elizabeth's Hospital. Under the date 1574 there is a charge for the erection of a scaffold "in front of the hospital in Christmas Street," for the boys to stand on, and sing and cheer Queen Bess as she passed through the street towards the Cathedral.

At the top of Christmas Street steps is the little chapel of the Three Kings of Cologne, founded in 1504 by John Foster, who had been Mayor of Bristol. By an ordination of Foster's will, a priest was to say mass daily during twelve years ensuing upon the founder's death, for his soul and the souls of his relations. The connected almshouse, which stands in a neat quadrangle, is for twenty-four poor, who receive 6*s.* a week. The almost obliterated inscription over the Sedilia, or cavities attached to the east end of the chapel is to the effect that Christmas Street Steps, otherwise Queen Street, were constructed or renewed in 1669. At a house on the steps Lambert the attorney, at the time Chatterton was first articled to him, had his offices, but the particular house is not known.

THE STREETS

WITH the gradual disappearance of numberless picturesque old buildings, there has of course been a loss of many interesting memories connecting them with remarkable persons or events. But much happily remains to awaken literary and historical associations, as well as to recall the charm of mediæval days, when every street and every house seemed primarily intended to be a study for the painter.

On entering the city from the railway terminus the visitor sees before him the fine spire of St. Mary Redcliff, of which building we have already treated. At the north-east end of the church is Pile Street Free School, a low freestone structure, where Chatterton received his infant education. This is about to be destroyed. At 13, Hill's Bridge Parade, facing the New Cut, was born (28th June, 1812) W. J. Muller, who found, like Chatterton, an early inspiration for his genius in Redcliff Church close at hand, which he delighted to picture.

The Shot Tower, opposite the west end of the church just named, was the earliest erected for the purpose of making patent shot. The patent is dated 1782, and was granted to William Watts, plumber, of Bristol, who first conceived in a dream the method since employed of causing molten lead to descend through a perforated frame from a great height into water, in which, having suddenly congealed, the particles are found in a truly spherical shape. The experiment was first tried through a kitchen colander. Close to the Shot Tower is Jones', or properly, St. John's Lane, leading to the cemetery of the early Quakers, which is enclosed on the south side by the red rock that gives name to the locality. Excavated in the base of this cliff is a picturesque Hermitage that was founded by Thomas, eighth Lord Berkeley, in 1346, with a Pointed doorway of that period. The name of the recluse who first occupied the cell was John Sparkes, but his biography seems never to have been handed down. In some "pent-up rooms on Redcliff Hill" Coleridge finished for the press the first volume of his poems. In Redcliff Street, the house of chief antiquarian interest is that known as Canyng's, now occupied by Mr. C. T. Jefferies, bookseller. It was built about the middle of the fifteenth century by William Canynge, the re-builder of Redcliff Church, and was a residence with a chapel incorporated. The exterior has been rebuilt. The chief remains are a Perpendicular hall, with a high-pitched ornamental roof, with a louvre in the centre.

OLD BRISTOL BRIDGE

IN one of the overhanging, gabled, picturesque houses, that once lined the sides of Old Bristol Bridge, was born, in 1546, Tobias Matthews, Bishop of Durham, and afterwards Archbishop of York. Among the 1,992 original sermons which he preached during his lifetime was one before James VI. of Scotland, whom he met at Berwick-on-Tweed, on his way to occupy the throne of Queen Bess. Archbishop Matthews' "misery of miseries" was his three sons, one of whom he says had grace without wit, another wit without grace, and the third was witless, thriftless, and graceless. Also on Old Bristol Bridge was born (A.D. 1613) Dr. William Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, whose father, like Matthews', here kept a linendraper's shop. He was a man of unblemished piety, was always, while his health lasted, at Cathedral service at six o'clock in the morning, and was never known to have been in a passion. When Dean of Worcester, one of his Prebendaries in chapter "fell into a sudden and violent commotion" upon no great provocation, which made the Dean say to him, "Brother, brother, God give you more patience." To which the angry gentleman replied, "Mr. Dean, Mr. Dean, God give you more passion." On the Eve of St. Bartholomew, 1687, he entertained James II. at his Palace at Worcester, and attended him over the Cathedral; the style of service maintained in which did not appear to meet His Majesty's taste, for next morning he went to hear mass at the Papists' chapel. To the gate of the chapel the Mayor and Aldermen accompanied him; and when the King invited them to go in with him, the Mayor replied, "I think we have attended your Majesty too far already." Accordingly the Mayor with his Protestant party went instead to the Cathedral. When Divine Service was ended the Bishop again waited on His Majesty till dinner came in. He then offered to say grace; but the King was pleased to say he would spare him that trouble, for he had a chaplain of his own; upon which we are told, "the good old man withdrew, not without tears in his eyes."

THE HIGH CROSS

THE curious old pargetted house, where High Street turns into Wine Street, is said to have been brought in pieces from Amsterdam and here set up. There is a grotesque bracket in the tower storey, within the shop window, bearing the date 1676. Close by stood the High Cross, at the point where the four streets centralise—a sanguinary spot, for here were beheaded (July 29th, 1398,) Scroope, Earl of Worcester, Sir John Bushey, Speaker in Parliament, and Sir Henry Green, the pernicious councillors of Richard II., Bolingbroke himself, then at Bristol, ordering them to execution. In the 3rd Act of Richard II. Shakespeare has delineated the tragic procedure. At the same spot soon after was decapitated Thomas de Spenser, Duke of Gloucester, for conspiring against Henry IV. The shop of Mr. Hayward, bookseller, at the corner of Corn Street, stands on the site of the house where Joseph Cottle carried on the business of a publisher. He had not only the distinction of being satirised by Lord Byron and in the *Anti-Jacobin*, but the more unquestionable honour of being accoucheur to the press of the first publications of Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, who sometimes met in his parlour behind the shop, and held conversation such as we may fancy the "buried ghosts" of the talkers at the "Mermaid" might have envied.

PICKWICK AT BRISTOL

IN Corn Street is the Council House, a building of no architectural pretensions, but contains some historical portraits—Charles I. by Vandyke, and the Earl of Pembroke by the same; James II. by Sir Godfrey Kneller; Lord Ashburton, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the Duke of Portland by Sir Thomas Lawrence. There is also a good portrait of Edmund Burke.

The West of England Bank, a building with an exuberantly sculptured frontage, stands on the site of "The Bush," in the old coaching day an inn of first importance. It was at "The Bush" that Mr. Winkle took up his quarters in his love-lorn quest of the missing Arabella Allen, who was surmised to be hidden somewhere in Bristol or its neighbourhood. It will be recollected how Winkle walked forth to view the city, its quays, ships, cathedral, &c., and how, having lost his way, he stepped into "something between a shop and a private house," over the door of which a red lamp was suspended, declaring the residence of a medical practitioner, and how, on inquiring of the professioner within, who wore green spectacles, was suddenly embraced by his old friend, Bob Sawyer, who had here set up as a "sawbones." The subsequent arrival of the vindictive and sanguinary Dowler, and the hilarious Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick himself; with the unwearying efforts of Sam to discover traces of the lost love of Winkle; of his meditative rest on a large stone by the wayside, and revolving a plan for knocking at all the doors within five miles of Bristol, at a hundred and fifty or two hundred a day, and endeavouring to find Miss Arabella by that expedient, and the opportune appearance from a back door just at hand of Sam's own Valentine, the pretty housemaid from Mr. Nupkins, who, after sympathetic heed to a rehearsal of her lover's feeling towards herself, and having commiserated his walking about like the Wandering Jew, tells him her own knowledge of where the desiderated lady was to be found; all this and much more on the point is familiar to all students of the "Pickwick Papers." The tables of the money-changers in the sumptuous temple of Plutus, and the drawing of cheques in lieu of corks, serve little to recall the quondam hostelry that brought

> all good things,
> Rest to the weary, to the hungry cheer.

THE TOLSEY

AGAINST All Saints' Church in Corn Street was formerly a covered colonnade known as The Tolsey, where merchants formerly transacted their business. The fame of the Tolsey was known to Sir Walter Scott, and in "The Pirate" the captain of the *Good Hope* of Bristol tells Mordaunt of the fine luck his vessel had on the Spanish main, both with commerce and privateering, and adds, "My name is Clement Cleveland, captain and part owner as I said before. I am a Bristol man born—my father was well known on the Tolsell—old Clem Cleveland of the College Green." (Chapter VIII.) The ponderous brazen pillars in front of the Exchange formerly belonged to the Tolsey. They were used by the merchants there assembling for making payments, writing letters, &c., and from their form were sometimes called "nails," which is said to have given origin to the frequent phrase, "pay down on the nail." If the pillars did not originate the saying they might well have done so. One is inscribed "Nicholas Crisp of London gave me to this honourable city in remembrance of God's mercy in Anno 1625." Another is of the same date, the third 1594, and the fourth, believed to be the oldest, has no inscription.

The Exchange, designed by Wood, was built in 1740. The street front is of the Corinthian order; the interior is a splendid quadrangle with colonnades, now roofed over with glass. The corn market is on Thursday.

ST. WERBURGH'S CHURCH

ONE of the finest of our old English street views has been lost by the recent destruction of St. Werburgh's Church in Corn Street, which is to be superseded by a bank. Here we may mention the curious identity which a *Saturday Reviewer* points out between the names of the churches of Dublin and those of Bristol. "The coincidence," says that writer, "might seem an accidental one, but the case is really one of cause and effect. Henry II., in his youth, received his education at the chief city of the West, and in after life showed his grateful recollection of the place by bestowing upon the burghers, among other gifts and privileges, the town of Dublin to possess and inhabit as freely and peaceably as their own English home. In the process of colonisation the parent city became the type of the adopted one, and in this way the parish churches of Sts. Peter, Werburgh, Andrew, Nicholas, Michael, John the Baptist, Stephen, and All Hallows at Bristol, were repeated in the Irish capital, St. Werburgh's being the mother church of the latter, the earlier fabric of which was burnt down in 1301. With the exception of St. Andrew's" (and we may now add St. Werburgh's) "these ancient structures are still in existence at Bristol."

SMALL STREET

SMALL STREET has to a great extent become modernised by the destruction of ancient houses to provide sites for the new Post Office, in what a writer in the *Builder* calls a "threadbare classic design," and the New Assize Courts in Tudor Gothic. The latter buildings are erected on the site of Colston's house, and incorporate some relics of the most ancient domestic architecture in Bristol. These remains are of the twelfth century, and may be found in the Law Library. They consist of some clustered piers with cushion capitals, of a grand Norman hall, divided by two ranges of arches. There are also three finely carved chimney-pieces of the Renaissance period. In the Norman hall just mentioned Charles I. was in 1643 the guest of the loyal Colston; while Prince Charles, with the Duke of York, lodged at a house which stood opposite.

> Oh! had some mystic writing shone,
> Like that which startled Babylon,
> On Colston's walls, and told the doom
> Of sire and sons, portentous gloom
> Had fallen on all, like deadly blight,
> And turned their sunshine into night.

The war-beaten face of Oliver Cromwell might also have been seen during many days in Small Street. In 1649 he came in splendid state to Bristol, conveyed in a coach drawn by six Flanders mares, and accompanied by a gallant body guard of eighty men, the meanest of whom was a commander or esquire, and was entertained at the house of Mr. Alderman Jackson. In 1697 Queen Catherine dined here at Colston's house, her host being Sir Henry Creswick. Charles II. and James II. lodged at No. 21, which adjoined Colston's residence, the latter being known as No. 20, until partially included in the Assize Courts. At Alderman Kitchen's house, somewhere in Small Street, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, accompanied by the Earl of Warwick, was entertained in 1587. Leicester found his bed so comfortable that he begged it from his host.

Forming part of the Assize Courts is the Guildhall, the frontage of which is in Broad Street. Broad Street, though one of the original thoroughfares of the city, has gradually assumed a completely modern aspect, there being only the gateway and Church of St. John at the lower end to remind the spectator that it was ever ancient. The Guildhall is a structure in the Tudor style, erected in 1846 on the site of an earlier building. George Peele, the dramatist, boasts in his "Merrie and Conceited Jests" of a discreditable trick which he played the Mayor and citizens at the old Guildhall. It appears that this dissipated genius found himself at Bristol without means to redeem his horse from the inn stable by the payment of his host's bill. It happened that some players had just arrived in the town, and were staying at the same inn with Peele. The latter thereupon goes to the Mayor, and describing himself to be a "scholler and a gentleman," asserts that he has a play named *The Knight of the Rodes*, which he was willing to perform at Bristol if the Mayor and Corporation would attend. The Mayor, though unable to grace the performance by his presence, grants the use of the Guildhall, and gives the poet "an angel" towards expenses. Peele thereupon hires the players and proclaims the play; but when the audience was gathered and looking for the performance, he having pocketed the money (40*s.*) received at the doors, puts on one of the player's silk robes, and "after the trumpet had sounded thrice, comes before the company, and recites the prologue," which was thus:—

> A trifling toy, a jest of no account, pardie,
> The knight, perhaps, you thinke for to be I,
> Thinke on so still, for why you know that thought is free,
> Sit still a while, I'll send the actors to yee.

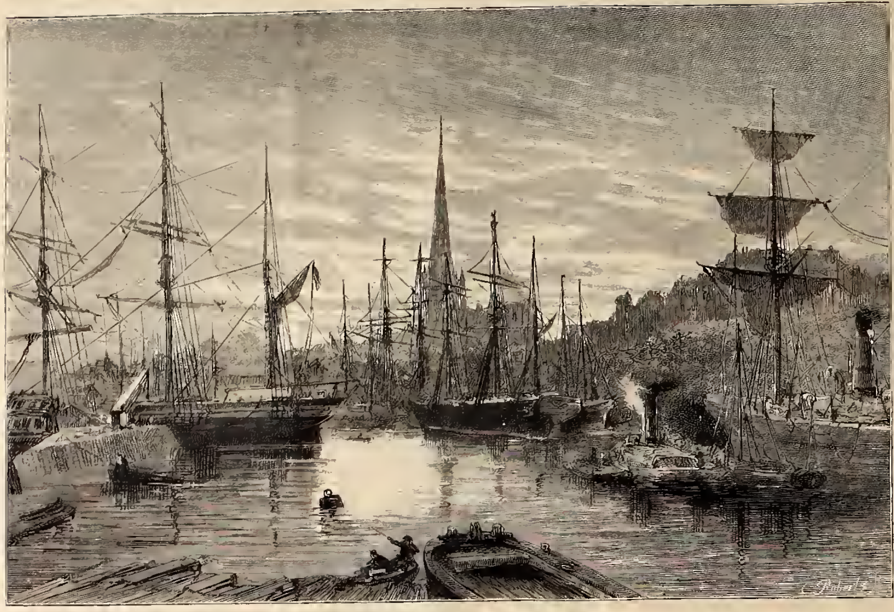
Instead of sending the actors, he roguishly deserts both the unsuspecting players and the spectators, and regaining his horse, departs towards London.

At the upper corner of Broad Street, on the site of the Council House, stood the destroyed Church of St. Ewen's, from the east window of which that faced the street Edward IV. witnessed Sir Baldwin Fulford, who is the subject of a pathetic ballad by Chatterton, going to unmerited execution; and under 1461 is an entry of payment (4½*d.*) in the warden's books for washing the pavement of the church "ageynst King Edward ye IV. is comyng."

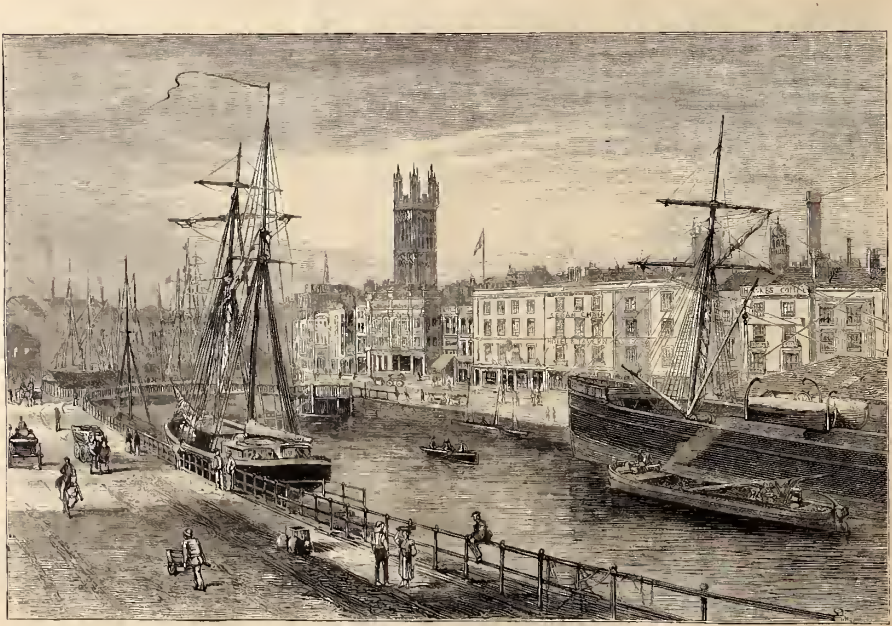
In Redcross Street stands the house (No. 6) where, in 1769, was born Sir Thomas Lawrence, R.A. Such was the early aptitude of the young artist for doing every thing successfully, that a gentleman of rank remarked to his biographer, that he believed that if Lawrence had been doomed to drive geese from Bristol to London he would have managed his flock with more skill and dexterity than any other driver.

ST. PETER'S HOSPITAL

THE architectural history and vicissitudes of the picturesque old mansion known as St. Peter's Hospital, in St. Peter's Street, might worthily form the subject of a paper at the approaching Congress of the Gloucestershire Archæological Society, which is to be held at Bristol. The original mansion was erected by the

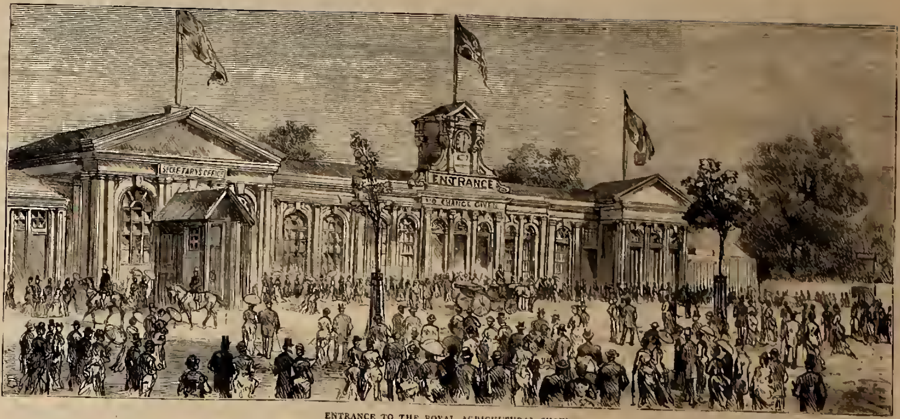


THE DOCKS AND THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY REDCLIFF

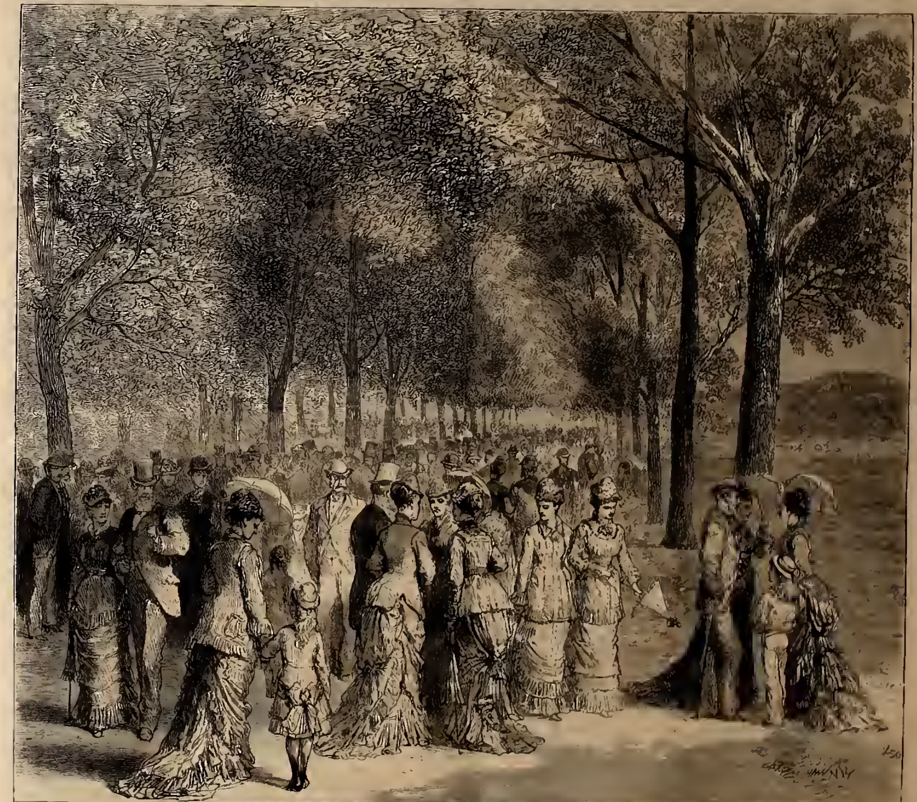


THE DRAWBRIDGE AND ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH

BRISTOL ILLUSTRATED



ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW



CLIFTON PROMENADE—EVENING

BRISTOL ILLUSTRATED

family of Norton, one of whom, Thomas, who flourished about A.D. 1477, resided in the eastern part of the building, and his brother Walter in the western. According to Bishop Bale and other biographers "Thomas Norton, of Bristow," was the most skilful alchemist of his time. Here, close to the historical bulwarks of the Castle, and beneath the shadow of the dark grey Norman church, we may picture the old enthusiast, with long beard and eager glittering eye, poring over his beach coal fire, and assaying with crucible and alembic, sulphur and quicksilver, to "hatch gold in the furnace as they do eggs in Egypt." Instead, however, of being at last able to exclaim, like the hero of Ben Jonson's *Alchemist:*

> This is the day wherein, to all my friends,
> I will pronounce the happy words, BE RICH.
> Here's Peru;
>
> And there within, sirs, are the golden mines,
> Great Solomon's Ophir:

he is declared to have impoverished both himself and those of his friends who were so credulous as to entrust money to him in order to help his researches. He wrote several learned works on the Philosopher's Stone and kindred subjects. It is remarkable that so enlightened a genius of later days as Sir Isaac Newton was a believer in alchemy, and among his manuscripts are extracts in his own handwriting from Norton's "Ordinal," which was the great philosophical poem of the author's era. The street frontage of the mansion, with its succession of gables and large boards, and its profuse arabesque enrichments, evidently belongs to the Renaissance period, and is a part of the house reconstructed in 1612, which date, with some grotesque sculpture, is to be seen about the porch of the river *façade.* We are indebted to the intelligence of John Reynolds, Esq., of Redland, for the recent discovery that immediately over the handsome Jacobean ceiling of the chief apartment of the house there exists a fine open-timbered Gothic roof of 15th century date; no doubt constructed by one of the Nortons.

At No. 15, Queen Square, David Hume in 1734 served a brief clerkship. "In 1734 I went," he says, "to Bristol, with some recommendations to eminent merchants, but in a few months found that scene totally unsuitable to me." The traditional reason of his summary departure from this place was his presuming to correct the style of his employer's (Mr. Miller's) business correspondence. "I tell you what, Mr. Hume," said the successful merchant, "I have made 20,000*l.* by my English, and I won't have it mended." At No. 19, on the same side (the south) of the Square, once resided Captain Woodes Rogers, the narrative of whose "Cruising Voyage Round the World" includes an account of his discovery of Alexander Selkirk, the original Robinson Crusoe, at the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez. Besides bringing home Selkirk, it is well known that Rogers, from the ransom of Guayaquil, and the proceeds of other captures, returned with a booty of 170,000*l.* value.

MODERN BRISTOL

IN the newly-risen streets may be seen specimens of every style of architectural construction, except English, only that English architecture is now every style but its own. The present broad and open thoroughfares render pointless De Foe's sarcasm that the streets here are narrow as the minds of the inhabitants. It has been a traditional practice for travellers to underrate Bristol for its contracted avenues of traffic, low situation, and tortuous river. Bristol, however, now embraces Clifton and Redland, on whose picturesque heights are the villas of the merchant princes of the place. We need only look from the green Mount of Brandon to see some of the princely works that these merchants have done in time past. We may point to such noble monuments of the aristocracy of wealth as Redcliff Church and the tower of St. Stephen's, not forgetting the lesser churches, the numerous schools, hospitals, almshouses, and other institutions. And if the Avon is rockbound and crooked, we may remember that some of the boldest of British maritime enterprises have been adventured on its tide. To mention the Merchant Venturers of Bristol and Sebastian Cabot is to suggest a volume of seafaring romance. In later days the achievements of the port by the building of such frigates as the *Saucy Arethusa*, and such steamships as the *Great Western*, the *Great Britain*, and *Demerara*, show that the old maritime spirit yet survives, even if the place has allowed itself to be eclipsed as a seaport by Liverpool. The serious decline of the maritime trade before 1848, the year of Bristol being made a free port, was owing to the high dock dues. The foreign imports from 1838 to 1847 were only 892,647 tons, as compared with 2,415,366 tons from 1855 to 1867, thus showing the great benefit derived to the port through release from import dues. At the same time the rateable value of property in the city sprang from 406,206*l.* in 1841 to 771,343*l.* in 1876. Also the increase of population between 1841 and 1851 was equal to 9 per cent., while between 1861 and 1871 the advance was 18·46 per cent. The Port and Channel Dock, opened at Avonmouth, February 24th, 1847, and its connection with Bristol by railway will no doubt encourage much additional shipping to the convenient harbourage it affords, the difficult passage of the winding river being saved. The hazardous navigation of the Avon has been the source of sad experience to many vessels, the latest being the case of the *Gipsy* steamer in the past May. That ill-fated vessel, having received her cargo of timber and other material intended for the Dungarvan Railway, was just departing on her outward course, and had reached an awkward bend in the river, about half-a-mile below the Suspension Bridge. Here she ran aground on the mud and rock, and, turning transversely to the stream, lay helpless till the tide ebbed, when she suddenly parted in two with a report like a cannon. For several days the channel was blocked, no vessel being able to go up and down. The steamer became a complete wreck, and was blown up with dynamite. There is a talk of dockizing the banks of the Avon, a procedure which those who love tranquil scenery more than the hoarse voice of commerce will severely deprecate. The late mishap will, no doubt, encourage inward vessels to the new harbour at Avonmouth, which hitherto has been almost unused.

One of the leading manufactures is that of foot coverings. As far back as A.D. 1657 leave was given by Government to Mr. Ellis, of Bristol, to export two thousand dozen of shoes to Barbadoes. The enormous storerooms of Messrs. Derham Brothers would have probably humbled Mr. Ellis's pride in the magnitude of his own stores. As many as a hundred thousand pairs of boots and shoes, from the heavy hobnail clump of the navvy to the daintily-embellished sandal of the ball-room belle, are constantly on hand, while about half that number are being made in the worskshops of the premises. About two thousand people are employed by that firm alone, their factory being the largest of the kind in the country. The preparation of cocoa and chocolate is a secret of trade, and therefore the vast premises of Joseph Storrs Fry and Sons are not open to curious intrusion. If the chief of the firm went abroad decorated in all his prize medals, his honours might excite envy in a hero of many fights. As early as A.D. 1192, and as late as the present day, the making of soap has been one of the chief manufactures of the place. In an extraordinary narrative, by Richard of Devizes, of a Christian boy who was sent by a certain Jew from France to be crucified by another Jew at Westminster, there is incidental mention that at Bristol every one was, or had been, a soap boiler. John Stow tells us that soap was not made in London before the sixteenth century, the city depending for her supply of this commodity upon Castille and Bristol. The heavy restrictions imposed by Government upon the trades and manufactures of Bristol, particularly upon soap, the production of which was limited to six hundred tons yearly, with a duty of 4*l.* a ton, did much to aggravate the spirit of disloyalty to Charles I. Extensive buildings show that the British Solomon's "Counterblast against Tobacco," the fume of which weed resembles the "horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless," has not had sufficient circulation in Bristol to repress the manufacture. The industrial art of sugar refining is, owing to the collapse of Finzel's works, under a temporary eclipse. Their vast buildings, the chimney of which is a foot higher than the London Monument, cost 250,000*l.* in erection, and sold lately for 87,000*l.* Employing over five hundred persons, the late manufactory required "a fleet of between fifty and sixty large ships in the course of the year to keep it in work—manufacturing something like a thousand tons of sugar a week—and popularly said to have frequently realised as much profit in a twelvemonth as the combined income of the two great Gloucestershire chieftains—the Duke of Beaufort and Earl Fitzharding—derived from their broad lands; or, as surpassing the public revenue of the hereditary prince of the German State on which Mr. Finzel's father worked a moderate farm." So great was the elder Finzel's liberality, which was inherited by the son, that, as his means augmented, he is said to have contributed little short of 10,000*l.* a year towards the support of his countryman's (Mr. Müller's) Orphan Houses.

MULLER'S ORPHAN HOUSES

THESE Orphan Houses are one of the most interesting philanthropic establishments in England. Five large houses have been erected at cost of 115,000*l.*, for the accommodation of 2,050 orphans. These orphans rely for their daily bread upon the almsgiving of people in all parts of the civilised world, who are never asked, at least by any governing agent of the institution, to contribute towards their subsistence. One principle of the establishment is never to go into debt. The last year was commenced with a balance of 357*l.* to face a probable expenditure during the year of 18,000*l.* With unfailing faith and hope, and reliance upon charity, or as Mr. Muller would prefer to say, upon the Great Inspirer of charity in men's hearts, the necessities of each day were successfully encountered, and the end of the year showed that an income had been received during its course of no less than 41,500*l.* During forty-two years' existence of the institution "we have received," says the last report, "altogether, simply in answer to prayer and the exercise of faith, without applying to any one for anything, seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling." The average expense of one orphan during the past year was 13*l.* 1*s.* The Orphan Houses are open to visitors in the afternoon of every day of the week except Sunday and Monday.

EDUCATIONAL

THE Charity Commissioners' Report shows that 20,000*l.* yearly is yearly for educational purposes, and 12,176*l.* for the support of almshouses. Of endowed schools the Grammar School is not second to Clifton College as an educational institution. Under the headmastership of the Rev. Dr. Caldicott, the scholars have so greatly increased in number as to render the present buildings inadequate for their accomodation. Extensive premises are therefore being erected, in the Elizabethan style, on a fresh and more open site. These will be ready for occupation at the beginning of next year. The new University College is the result of a strenuous effort to afford to the south and south-west of England opportunities for higher culture, such as Owens College gives to the northern provinces. The number of students on the books is about 400, nearly half of whom are women.

The portico of the quondam Philosophical Institution (erected in 1820) now the Freemasons' Hall, has been much praised for the classic purity of its design. The general contour is adapted from the Roman Temple of Tivoli. The *alto-relievo* frieze is from the cunning hand of E. H. Baily, who liberally presented this fine specimen of his sculpture to the Institution. The first philosophical question put to the society is traditionally said to have been at the opening dinner by an unsophisticated alderman, who suddenly asked, "What keeps the moon up in the sky?" The question was thought by the company to be of too much *gravity* for prandial solution, and was, therefore deferred. At the beginning of 1871 the Philosophical Society with their treasures of nature and art removed to Queen's Road, where, in fusion with the Bristol Library Society, they now centre their activity in a spacious building known as the Bristol Museum and Library. The geological collection is one of the richest in the provinces, and the library is the largest in the West of England. In the vestibule is the original sculpture by Baily, of "Eve at the Fountain."

CLIFTON

ON our leaving the busy wharves of Bristol, the prospect of the Avon opens like a romantic vision. The wrinkled, creviced, and mossgrown heights on the one hand, where the rows and crescents of houses are piled storey upon storey like the Hanging Gardens of old Babylon, and on the other the long ranges of lofty woods broken into combes and valleys of the richest luxuriance and beauty, make together a composition that scarcely requires embellishment from fancy, and Walter Savage Landor agreed with Southey in pronouncing the scene to be of its kind unsurpassed in Europe. It is a real triumph of art that the reticulated bridge which has been woven across the chasm does not impair, but emphatically adds, to the effect of the natural view. Clifton, on her throne of rocks, is now balanced by a second Clifton on the Somerset side of the gorge, which promises to spread into that county as does the original into Gloucestershire. The defensive earthwork, or, as it is commonly called, "camp" on the Observatory Hill, together with the corresponding works on the opposite side of the Avon, are considered by antiquaries to have been thrown up by the Belgic British before the Roman conquest of the country, and in viewing them we cannot but recal the long-past day when the skin-clad Briton anxiously watched the imperial galleys coming up the yellow stream beneath, quickly to drive him and his young barbarians with their mother from their sylvan home. These works are respectively known by the names of Clifton, Bower Walls, and Stokeleigh Camps, the first being on the southern summit of the picturesque glen called Nightingale Valley, and the second on the opposite point of the same ravine. We are told by Tacitus that Ostorius Scapula (who succeeded Aulus Plautius in the government of Britain about A.D. 50), in order to keep in subjection the conquered territories, and to repel the irruptions of the tribes beyond, established a chain of fortresses between the Avon and Severn. Upon usurpation by the Romans, the camps on the Avon were made to form part of a system of military defences that stretched from Clifton forty miles N.E. to Bredon Hill in Worcestershire. Like the flying torch from Ida to Lemnos, which finally told the watchman on the palace roof of Argos that Troy was fallen, a sudden attack could be signalled by fires from Clifton to Baise Hill and Doorham or Sodbury, and onward, till assistance came to the beleaguered post. Bower Walls Camp has been recently almost obliterated to provide materials for the modern builder, the great quantity of lime in its structure being converted into mortar, and the stones pounded into gravel for roads. It was triangular in form, and protected on two sides by the natural acclivities of its elevated situation, the side open to attack being defended by a triple rampart and ditches, the outer rampire being yet, at least partially, in existence. Happily the interesting earthwork on the opposite side of Nightingale Valley is as yet untouched, and it is to be hoped that the educated intelligence of the district will be sufficient to ensure its protection.

A stranger from the region of Bow Bells would almost as soon fancy that the dome of the Observatory which crowns the height of the Clifton side was the cupola of his old friend St. Paul's, as that the suspension bridge swung across the wild gorge of the Avon was veritably the same structure that he had so often trodden over at Hungerford on the Thames. Though one notion would be fiction, the other is fact. The bridge has come down from Hungerford, though St. Paul's has not left Cheapside. The change of situation is literally romantic. How so lace-like a fabric as the bridge appears from 250 feet beneath could be plaited in upper air, is a problem that many who did not witness the process of its construction are unable to solve, unless they imagine it was done, as has been sagaciously suggested, in balloons. The history of this remarkable work dates back to the year 1753, when the sum of 1,000*l.* was placed by one Mr. Vick, of Bristol, in trust to the Society of the Merchant Venturers, to be invested until by interest it had increased to 10,000*l.*, when it was to be applied to the construction of a bridge of stone across the Avon. For eighty years the dormant legacy gathered interest until in 1830 it amounted to 8,000*l.* Plans of a bridge were then advertised for, and that of Mr. Isambard Brunel's was selected from many others. On the 27th of August, 1836, when the British Association was meeting at Bristol, the Marquis of Northampton, who was then President of that Congress, laid the foundation stone of the present pier, in the presence of innumerable spectators. The work went on slowly until the year 1843, when the funds which had been subscribed, including Alderman Vick's 8,000*l.*, amounting altogether to 45,000*l.*, were expended, which caused the work to be abandoned. For twenty years the unpicturesque abutments and piers seemed likely to serve as enduring monuments of the shortsightedness of men who had begun to build a tower, the cost of finishing which they had not beforehand sat down to consider. Fortunately for the project, in the year 1860 the materials of the Hungerford Suspension Bridge, which had been removed for railway innovation, were reported to be adaptable for Brunel's uncompleted design at Clifton. A new company was thereupon formed, with a capital of 35,000*l.* in 10*l.* shares, and a second Act of Parliament was obtained to enable them to go on with the work. The existing stone towers of the bridge, together with the ground on both sides the river, were purchased from the original company for 2,000*l.*, and the chains of the Hungerford Bridge were bought for 5,000*l.* The process of construction was recommenced, and carried uninterruptedly to completion. It was opened on Dec. 7, 1860. The engineers were Messrs. Hawkshaw and Barlow; the contractors, Messrs. Cochrane and Co., of Dudley. Each of the chains is anchored at its ends 70 feet under ground into the solid rock. The height of each tower is 70 feet. The bridge itself weighs from 1,400 to 1,500 tons, and is estimated to sustain 7,000 tons. The floor of the bridge is 245 feet above high water, and the distance from centre to centre of the piers is 702 feet.

At the Bristol Meeting (1836) of the British Association the quaint Dr. Buckland explained why no frogs or toads are to be found on the downs of Clifton, which species of reptiles have since the time of Dr. Beddoes been as scarce as snakes in Ireland since the era of St. Patrick. It appears that Dr. Beddoes, "the discoverer of Sir Humphry Davy," held a theory that the inordinate use of green tea among ladies was a prolific occasion of pulmonic consumption among that interesting sex, and to convince them of the ill effects of the practice he provided two ponds, one of pure water, and the other of green tea; then having written to a friend in Shropshire to collect frogs in abundance, about 10,000 of these were caught and enclosed in a huge hogshead, perforated with air-holes. The cask, duly directed to Dr. Beddoes at Clifton, being landed on the Quay at Bristol, fell from the crane and broke, so that 10,000 frogs overran the quay, and hopped into the Frome, an event which threatened the most dire consequences to the consigneee—the burning of his house, and perhaps of the city—because the common people being at that time very loyal, and Dr. Beddoes suspected of sinister political designs, they imagined the frogs were intended as provision for some French Jacobins concealed in the doctor's cellar, and would have proceeded to acts of patriotic revenge had they not been timely restrained and brought to their senses by the harangue of a benevolent physician, who had arrived by chance on the spot.

The basis of truth contained in this story, as reported by Dr. Buckland, appears to have been that Davy's galvanic experiments having required a greater number of cold-blooded animals than the Downs could supply, and the toads of the neighbourhood having been exterminated by the zealous pupils of the doctor, a supply was written for, and a cask of frogs sent. Through the carelessness or curiosity of the men engaged in landing it, the cask was opened, and many of the frogs were liberated, to die in the poisonous waters of the Frome.

The thermal waters and the brilliant quartz, known as Bristol diamonds, found in the limestone crags, were for several centuries fashionable attractions to Clifton visitors. Th earliest mention of the waters is by William Wyrcestre, in 1460, who speaks of their rushing from the base of the rock, the spring being then unenclosed. He, however, relates nothing of their medicinal character. Who first brought the waters into fashion may yet form a subject for *Notes and Queries.* An early visitor to the wells was the stout Cromwellian Bulstrode Whitelocke, who records in his diary (A.D. 1628) that leaving Bath, he "came to Bristol, where the hot well of St. Vincent had only been found a short time before, though already famed for the cure of the leprosy and the stone, if drunk in a large quantity." In 1655 we find John Evelyn searching for diamonds among the rocks of St. Vincent, which he calls a "horrid Alp," and "equal to anything of that nature I have seen in the most confragous cataracts of the Alps." Queen Catharine of Braganza was at the Clifton Wells, on July 11th, 1677, but probably she had too many real diamonds to care to search for false; and the waters possibly did her not much benefit, as she departed from Bristol on the evening of the same day. In 1739 the Bard of Twickenham visited this place; yet it is to be regretted that, notwithstanding his stay at the hot wells was sufficiently long for him to have complimented its scenery in numbers, he failed to do so. He, however, in a letter to Mrs. Martin Blount gave a careful description in prose of the picturesque scene he witnessed from the Old Hot Well House, having, no doubt, a careful eye to posterity reading the letter. Pope's habit while here was to rise at seven, drink at the well at eight, breakfast at nine, dine at two, go to bed at ten or sooner. Readers of "Humphrey Clinker" will remember that Matthew Bramble went to Clifton; but after a short stay of three weeks gladly left the place, being "sick to hear people talk of the fine air upon Clifton Down." Dr. Samuel Johnson, with his satellite, came on a flying visit to the same neighbourhood; but as he had already resolved that there was no prospect like Fleet Street, it is not likely that the "barren rocks of Bristol" would please. Consequently they are never mentioned as having been seen, though the phrase just quoted, which he used in a letter to Mrs. Hannah More, seems uttered from recollection of the hateful character of the scenery. Mr. Owen, the author of an early geological book on Bristol (A.D. 1754), speaks of the numerous company frequenting the Hot Wells, and after explaining that the principal amusements and diversions on the part of the gentlemen are that they "frequently go in pleasure boats, attended with musick" to King Road, or have pleasant rides over Leigh Down, he acquaints us that the ladies' pastimes "are pretty much confined to the Pump Room and the Long Room; not but they have besides much visiting, assemblies, balls and plays alternately, to which they are carried in coaches and sedan chairs;" while "some also take great delight in riding upon Durdham Down, for which if they have not carriages and horses of their own, there are enough to be had; and the best lady attending the Hot Well, if she does not chuse to ride a single horse, will not refuse riding behind a man, for such is the custom of the country, and numbers of what they call double horses are constantly kept for that purpose."

So curiously neglected had the Hot Wells gradually become that not only the spacious pump room has during the present generation been swept away, but the spring itself was practically lost, and it is only within the last year or two that it has been recovered and made accessible. The public at large may now freely indulge by the wayside in as much of the healing waters as they care to drink, a fountain having been erected for common use.

The romantic ascent named the Zigzag, leading from the site of the Hot Well House to Clifton Down, was a favourite haunt of her present Majesty when staying at Clifton, at the time she was Princess Victoria. On the visit of Prince Albert to preside at the launch of the *Great Britain* steamship, "His Royal Highness," we are told by an "Old Observer," made a point of leaving his carriage for a short run down the pathway so much beloved by his illustrious consort in her girlhood."

The Parish Church dedicated to St. Andrew was given in the reign of Henry II. by William de Clifton to the Abbey of St. Augustine's, Bristol. In the fifteenth century the impropriation was granted by Carpenter, Bishop of Worcester, to the Prebendal College of Westbury. It subsequently passed to the Deanery of Bristol, and thence to a succession of individual proprietors. It is now held by the Simeon Trustees, the present incumbent being the Rev. Bishop Anderson, D.D. The old church was small and was rebuilt, except the tower, in 1654. The present structure was consecrated 12th August, 1822. Its architectural merits it would be almost impossible to underrate, and therefore we need not attempt to describe its design, which, in a word, is half Pagan and half Gothic. The churchyard with its leafy avenue and numberless crosses is very striking. Near the church is a spacious house, erected in 1742, after a design by Isaac Ware, in whose "Complete Body of Architecture" an engraving of it is to be found. It was for many years the residence of Dr. J. A. Symonds, from whom it passed to his son, the gifted historian of the "Renaissance in Italy." "Goldney House" close by, the estate of Lewis Fry, Esq., has been lately rebuilt. The grounds are laid out with the luxuriant ornamentation of the Italian landscape gardening of the last century, and include a once famous grotto which was thought worthy to be noticed in the diaries of Mrs. Delany and John Wesley. At "Manor House," Clifton Place, John Sterling wrote an article on Carlyle, that appeared in the *Westminster Review*, and gave the distinguished subject of it the first clear conviction "that one's poor battle in this world is not quite a mad and futile, that it is perhaps a worthy and manful one, which will come to something yet. The thought burnt in me like a lamp for several days, lighting up into a kind of heroic splendour the sad volcanic wrecks, abysses, and convulsions of the said poor battle." The Royal York Crescent is a magnificent sweep of over fifty stately houses. At No. 3, the Empress Eugènie received her early education, the daughters of Dr. E. B. Pusey being among her schoolfellows. At No. 36, Mrs. Piozzi resided in 1820. Mrs. Hannah More's latter days were spent at No. 4, Windsor Terrace, overlooking the Avon, in which house she died. Perhaps no female name among the lettered community of the time of George III. was in the last generation better known than that of this accomplished lady. In her own day she was personally as popular as her writings, which gained her the substantial applause of 30,000*l.*, and were an inexhaustible topic of discourse in "polite circles." The brightest representatives of the wit and fashion of the period were gratified to own her acquaintance, and it may be added that she was equally pleased to own theirs. But readers of "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife" are now, we are afraid, as rare as representations of her successful drama of *Percy*, which, with her friend Garrick for its principal character, had on the boards of Covent Garden a triumphant run of twenty-one nights.

Manilla Hall, built (1770) by Sir William Draper, whose memory has been preserved perhaps as much by being one of the most dexterous of the fighters in "Junius's Letters," as by his capture of Manilla from the Spaniards. The mansion is now occupied by Dr. C. T. Hudson, who here conducts the chief private school of Clifton and the neighbourhood. In Rodney Place was born in 1803 Thomas Lovell Beddoes, author of *The Bride's Tragedy*. He was the son of the Dr. Beddoes, the early instructor in chemistry of Sir Humphrey Davy. His first publication was in 1821, a small volume of poems, entitled "The Improvisatore." *The Bride's Tragedy* appeared in 1822, and was favourably reviewed by Proctor in the *Edinburgh* and by George Darley in the *London Magazine*; but, like the works of the whole fraternity of the spasmodic school of which he was one of the earliest and most powerful, his writings are now neglected. At No. 4, Harley Place, abode and finally died the eloquent mystic, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck. Close at hand is Christ Church, built in 1844 in the Early English style, the scene of the great sacramental case Jenkins *v.* Cook. Clifton Down is the Rotten Row of the locality, and with its fine drive, long avenue of trees flanked by handsome houses and the far-reaching view of the winding river, is a noble promenade.

Near Clifton Down is All Saints' Church, a structure of higher pretensions than any other modern church in the Bristol district. It cost 37,000*l.*, and is yet without a tower and spire. The cathedral-like magnitude of the building is in keeping with the ponderous severity of its construction. The type is Continental, and was adopted by Mr. Street from a study of some large churches in which great breadth of nave is gained by the narrowing of the side aisles; the purpose of this arrangement being to afford an unbroken view of the altar from any position westward of the chancel. The result in the present instance is not an unmixed advantage. It involves a loss of the characteristic charm of Gothic architecture, inasmuch that the evolution of columns, arches, and traceried windows is sacrificed for the perspective of a spacious Byzantine hall. Moreover, the crypt-like arches of the nave, which spring from dwarfed and heavy piers, are unrelieved by mouldings, the polychromy of yellow, brown, and pale blue stones being made to serve instead the light and shade of rounds and hollows. But, taken as a whole, it is a noble and imposing building, and if as an architectural experiment it be not a splendid success, is magnificent, even if a failure. The church was consecrated June 9th, 1868. The services are High Ritual.

The extensive and picturesque buildings of Clifton College now accommodate 700 boys. It was founded in 1851, and, having gradually become one of the most important public schools in England, was recently considered worthy to be incorporated by Royal charter. The religious teaching is in conformity with the Church of England, and every boy must attend the eleven o'clock service in the College chapel on Sundays. There are five scholarships, varying from 25*l.* to 90*l.* a year. The terms are: "Tuition and school fees, 25*l.* per annum, or for boys under thirteen years of age, 60*l.* per annum." There is a junior school for boys between ten and fourteen, the tuition and boarding fees being the same as for the College. The Head Master is the Rev. John Percival, LL.D.

Near the College is the new Mansion House, a gift to the City by the late Mr. Alderman Proctor, the munificent restorer of the famous north porch of St. Mary Redcliff.

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

THOUGH Clifton comprises in itself excellences of scenery that might require a long ramble after the picturesque to find surpassed, yet it is but the ornamental centre of a district teeming with interest and variety in objects both of nature and art. Majestic cliffs, breezy downs, romantic woodlands, monolithic monuments, fine churches and cathedrals, old manor houses, ruined abbeys and castles, baronial halls, together with places of interesting historical associations are within easiest access in every direction. Thus within a circuit of about twenty miles radius we include Cheddar Cliffs,—confessedly some of the grandest inland rock scenery in the kingdom,—Brockley, Cleve and Goblin Combes, Stanton Drew—inferior in its way only to Avebury and Stonehenge; the Roman city of Caerwent and the related camp of Sudbrook; the handsome churches or stately towers of Long Ashton, Dundry, Backwell, Yatton, Congresbury, Banwell, Wrington, Westbury, Aust, and many others; the Cathedrals of Bath and Wells; Glastonbury Abbey; the glorious banks of the Wye, with the Abbey of Tintern; Woodspring Priory; Thornbury, Berkeley, Caldicott, Farley, Hungerford, and Chepstow Castles, with the respective churches of the same localities; the attractive watering places of Portishead, Clevedon, and Weston-super-Mare, together with a diversity of other scenes and objects not necessary here to detail.

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Amongst Aliens

BY FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

Author of "A Charming Fellow," "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," "Black Spirits and White," &c.

(Continued from page 53)

She was silent, hiding her tear-stained face on my shoulder. In vain I repeated my question, coaxing and begging her to reply. Then I spoke more severely, asking if that were a specimen of the confidence she had seemed so glad to give me. Upon this she raised her head, and there was a look of perplexity and distress on her innocent young face which pained me greatly.

"Catherine," she said, "a promise is sacred. Do not press me with questions I cannot answer. I am bound by a promise. You would not wish me to break my word?"

"No," said I. (But I am almost afraid that I did wish it.) "Only, my dear Lucy, make no more such promises, I implore you!"

We talked a long while after that. Lucy seemed, in truth, overjoyed to be able to speak of her religious feelings to me. They were pure feelings: innocent, devout, and loving. There was not a trace of guile, or affected piety, or exaggeration about anything she said. Despite my old master's hatred and mistrust of Monsignor Chiappaforti, Signor Sandro himself would have been obliged to confess that the reverend prelate's teachings had not, at least as yet, tainted the ingenuousness of my Lucy's nature. And throughout all she said, there was not a hint at any such purpose of securing her little dowry for the sisterhood, as Signor Sandro suspected. Just before we parted for the night, I took her pretty head between my hands, and, stroking down the wavy, bright brown locks, I said, "But, little Lucy, they must not make a nun of you, and cut off all this curly wig I am so fond of."

She laughed like a child. "Make a nun of *me*, Catherine! Oh, my dear, you little know how far short I fall of the standard of goodness needed for that holy life. Besides, I don't think such an idea has entered any one's head."

I at once and unreservedly believed that it had not entered *her* head, at all events. My heart was greatly lightened when I lay down in my bed that night; and I was more than ever resolved to carry out that best of all policies, honesty, in all my future dealings. I did not desire, truly, that Lucy should become a Roman Catholic. But that idea did not inspire me with any pious horror. What had seemed terrible to me was the thought that Lucy would be weaned from her old confiding love for me. I was her only friend and guardian. Our brother was in another hemisphere, and we two alone in a foreign country; and all our strength and comfort and safeguard lay in our mutual trust and affection. To have that undermined would be almost as great a misfortune for us both as I could well imagine. But it had not been undermined, and it should not be. My mind was more serene and untroubled than it had been since the first day of my entering the Palazzo Corleoni.

CHAPTER VI.

IN the course of the past year Lucy and I had paid a short visit to Tivoli, and had been so enchanted with the place that we both greatly desired to spend a longer time there, and explore the surrounding country. We had made a plan—after due examination of our budget, and discussion of ways and means—to go to Tivoli again early in the spring and stay there at least three weeks. I was to make the jaunt pay for itself in some measure, by working at a picture which had been haunting my fancy for some time; and Lucy had looked forward with eagerness to the holiday and change of scene.

For some weeks past neither of us had mentioned the subject, but now I had a strong additional motive, besides the expected pleasure of our trip, for wishing to go away from Rome for a time, and to make a break in the habit of almost daily intercourse with the Corleonis, which I knew had strongly helped to bring Lucy's flexible nature under the Princess's influence. I proposed to my sister to make our trip to Tivoli immediately after the completion of my work for Donna Laura. I should have finished what I had undertaken to do by the end of that same week. Why should we not set off at once?

"So soon, Catherine?" said Lucy doubtfully.

"Why not? Next Saturday will be the last day but one of March. It is a lovely time for the country."

"Will it not be cold there?"

"I think not. You know we were there last year quite at the beginning of April, and the weather was delightful."

"It seems rather sudden. Why are you in such haste to go, Catherine?"

"I might answer that I want to get to work on my picture, that the aspect of the landscape at this season is precisely what I require for my background, and that I feel the change of scene would be good for my health. All these answers would be true in themselves, but yet they would not give you my strongest motive for wishing to go away at once. I shall tell you the whole truth, Lucy; I especially desire to take you for a time out of reach of the Princess, and Monsignor Chiappaforti, and their circle. If their teachings are worth anything, they will stand the test of a fortnight's peaceful and unbiassed meditation. It shall be unbiassed, so far as I am concerned, for I give you my word not to enter into the discussion of any religious subjects whatever whilst we are away."

Nothing more was said at that time. The next morning we were both employed at the Palazzo Corleoni, and in the afternoon Lucy timidly said to me that she did not think she should be able to go to Tivoli so soon as I wished.

"Why not?" I asked.

"I do not think I shall be able to get a holiday from my lessons to Francesca and Livia."

"*I* will see to that."

"The Princess is very unwilling that their English studies should be interrupted."

"I suppose that events sometimes happen in spite of the Princess's unwillingness. I wish very much,—*very* much, that you should go with me to Tivoli at the end of March. I have honestly told you all my reasons for wishing you to go. Whether the Princess has with equal honesty stated all her reasons for wishing you to stay, I don't know. But I think you will not refuse to please me, Lucy. I have not often asked you to sacrifice your wishes to mine."

"My own dear Catherine, I would do anything I could to please you, indeed, indeed. I *will* go, Catty. I will go—if I may."

I had an uneasy suspicion that this "if I may" did not refer solely to the Princess's consent that Francesca and Livia should have a fortnight's holiday from their English lessons. Had matters gone so far that Lucy was in subjection to Monsignor Chiappaforti's will as to her going or staying? I was resolved to keep the straightforward path I had marked for myself, and after a minute's reflection I told Lucy that I should take an early opportunity of speaking to Monsignore himself on the subject.

"Shall you, Catherine?" she said, looking at me with wide-open eyes, and an air half of alarm, half of admiration at my boldness. But she made no attempt to dissuade me.

It was very well to talk of taking an early opportunity of speaking to Monsignore, but how was I to get at him? I was not acquainted with his haunts and his habits. And nothing would be easier than for the Princess Corleoni to prevent me from meeting him in her house, if she were so minded. It came into my head that Donna Laura might help me; and the inspiration proved to be a good one, for she at once said that she believed Monsignore came to the Palazzo every afternoon, about three o'clock, on business connected with the bazaar, and that if I wished to speak with him, she would let him know it, and ask him to receive me. No sooner said than done; she walked straight into her mother's boudoir and returned in a few minutes saying that Monsignore was alone, and would be happy to see me.

I found him seated at the Princess's writing-table with a bundle of letters before him, and several packets of tickets. There were also some printed circulars respecting the great bazaar, setting forth its object, and giving a list of the ladies who had consented to patronise it and hold stalls. The reverend gentleman had apparently been correcting these forms for the printer, for the one which lay before him had several marks on the margin of it.

"Good morning, good morning, Signorina," said he, with a very gracious bow and pleasant smile. "Here I am busy at the 'great work' you see. Upon my word, I shall be glad when this affair is over. You have no idea of the amount of my time it has occupied. Let us hope that we shall do some good by it, after all. I am in good hopes for the result. Our ladies have been exemplary—exemplary, in their zeal. And I'm sure we have to thank *you* immensely for—— Will you not take a seat?"

He was very easy, very smiling, very loquacious. He looked at me with an unconscious, genial air, as if he had not a project in the world deeper than the selling of many tickets for the charitable Fancy Fair, nor a suspicion that I could have anything disagreeable to say to him.

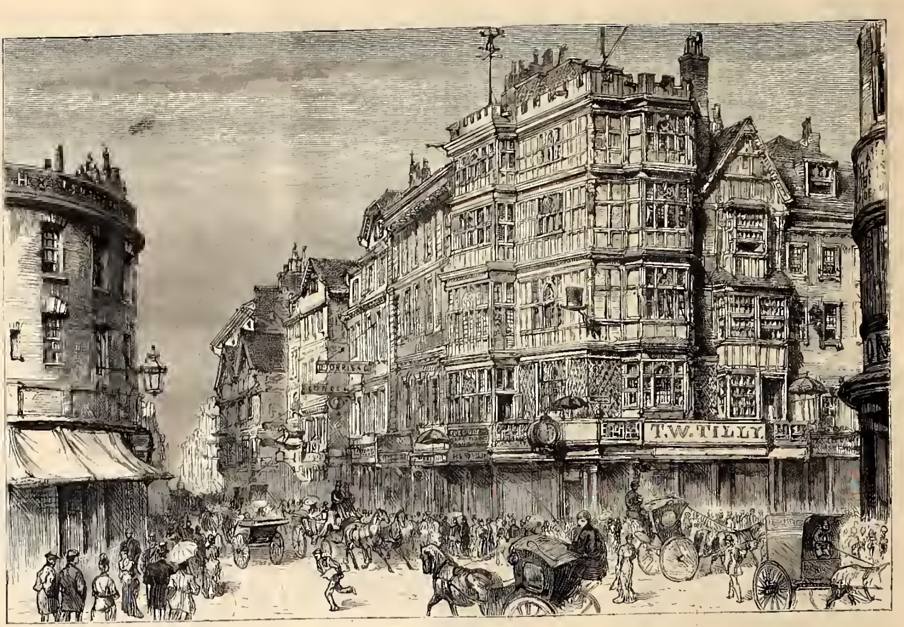
"Monsignore," said I, "I know you are always busy, and I should not have intruded on your time——"

"No intrusion, Signorina," he interrupted, with a bow, and the most beaming of smiles.

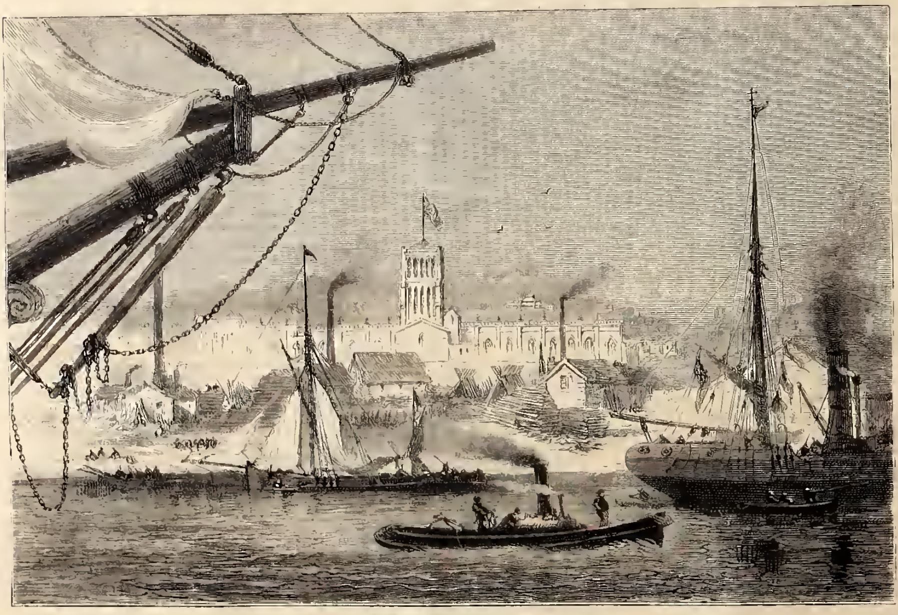
"Well, I mean that I should not have asked to speak with you except from a strong and serious motive. And now you have been so kind as to give me the opportunity of doing so, I will try to spare your time and my own, by being brief and speaking to the point, without compliments."

"Admirable!" he murmured, almost as if he were speaking to himself. "Ah, my dear young lady, I wish more of your amiable sex had your good sense and consideration. I have had a long and extensive experience of the female character,—a beautiful character, full of qualities which command our tenderness and respect,—but I must own that the feminine intellect, so far as my observation goes, has a tendency to be discursive. Want of concentration, eh?" And Monsignore laughed his child-like laugh, as if he were heartily amused, although, in truth, I could see nothing specially humorous in what he had said.

"Monsignore, you have acquired a great influence over my sister Lucy. You want to convert her to Roman Catholicism. I want her not to be converted. But I am no bigot, and I do not pretend to say that I should break my heart if she were received into your Church to-morrow."

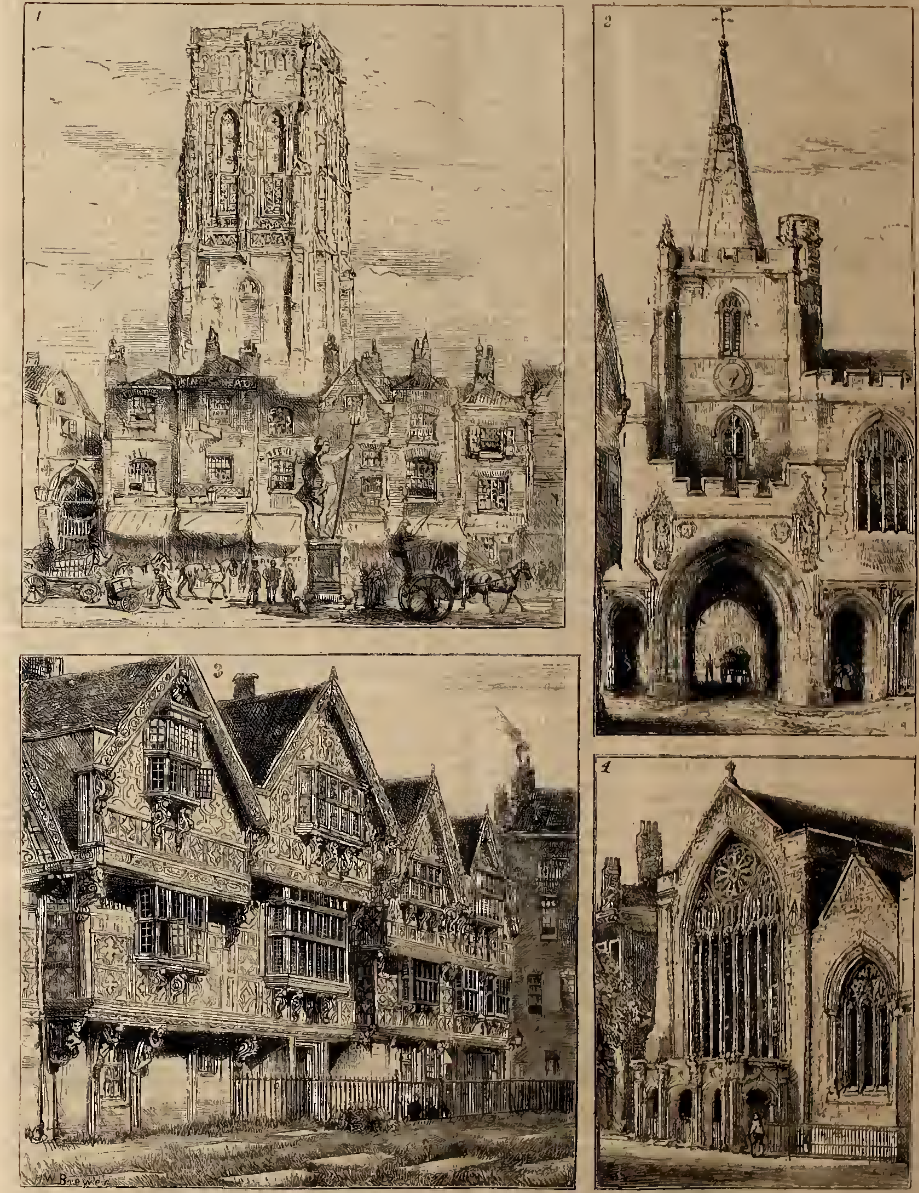


A BUSTLING STREET CORNER



THE CATHEDRAL, FROM CUMBERLAND BASIN

BRISTOL ILLUSTRATED



1. The Tower of the Temple-Church with the Armada Fountain. —2. Tower of St. John's Church.—3. St. Peter's Hospital.—4. The Mayor's Chapel.

BRISTOL ILLUSTRATED—PROMINENT BUILDINGS IN THE CITY

Monsignore had leant back in his chair when I began to speak, and with his hands calmly folded on the table before him, and his eyes cast down, nodded gently at each sentence, as who should say, "I am giving you all my attention." I thought the last clause somewhat surprised him, however, although the expression of surprise which passed over his features—if indeed I had rightly read it as such—was but momentary.

"That," said he, very softly, "is a weakness inherent in heresy, which you, my dear young lady, have the noble candour to acknowledge, but to which many Protestants are blind. Once cast yourself loose from the anchor of infallible authority, and you drift about in endless uncertainty. It must ever be with very different feelings from those which you own to, that a Catholic could behold one he loved leaving the true Church for any other."

"Monsignore, I have taken to heart your words about the discursiveness of the female intellect, and I mean to stick to the point."

"*Brava!*" he murmured very blandly. But the quick glance he shot at me was scarcely so bland.

"The point is this: I wish my sister Lucy to accompany me on a short visit to Tivoli, at the end of this month; she has expressed her willingness to do so, 'if she may;' and I, surmising her consent to be contingent on yours, have come to ask whether you mean to oppose her going, and if so, why?"

"Really, my dear young lady, you surprise me! Why should you suppose that *I* wish to oppose your sister's going to Tivoli? Now, *why?* Pray tell me! I am quite curious to know." And again Monsignore laughed very sweetly.

"It is scarcely worth while, Monsignore, to waste your time in giving all the reasons which induced me——"

"Ah now, pray tell me. I assure you I am quite in the dark. And as to wasting my time, I have now some half-hour of leisure."

"But I have not, Monsignore. I must return to Donna Laura."

"Oh, come, come, Signorina! you must not baulk my curiosity. Donna Laura is not such a tyrant. Besides, I will give you plenary absolution for robbing her of a few minutes, ha, ha, ha!"

I found there was no hope of inducing him to answer my question until I had first answered his. So, as briefly and directly as I could, I told him that I had gathered from Lucy's manner that some one who strongly influenced her opposed her going to Tivoli; that I did not believe this person to be the Princess, or at least I did not believe the Princess to be acting without superior orders in the matter;—and that I had guessed the real opponent to be Monsignor Chiappaforti, and his object to be that of preventing the impression he had made on my sister's mind from being weakened by a fortnight's absence, and by the influence of a heretical sister to whom she was attached.

"Upon my word, Signorina, you are more frank than flattering! You are making me out a sort of Macchiavelli—as you English understand Macchiavelli. Now I should have thought, Miss Wilson, that your strength of mind would have been superior to the vulgar prejudices in vogue amongst some of your countrymen. You have been thinking of me as a sort of bugbear:—the type of the 'Jesuit priest' whom your Evangelical clergymen discourse about in Exeter Hall. You surprise me;—you surprise me very much."

I believed that I had surprised him. But I did not believe that it was my opinion of himself which surprised him; nor even my bluntness in expressing it. There was evidently something else which puzzled him. And all the while he was talking about Macchiavelli and Jesuits, I felt convinced that he attached no importance to what he was saying, but had his mind full of some other thought.

"Well now, Monsignore, I have answered your question; will you answer mine? Do you mean to persuade Lucy not to go to Tivoli?"

"Tut, tut! *I* persuade her——! Suppose, however, I were to say 'yes.' What then?"

"Then I should be frightened; because I should take it as a proof that you were resolved to separate Lucy from me to the utmost of your power."

"You frightened! The strong-minded Miss Wilson frightened! You are pleased to laugh at me, my dear young lady."

"I am far enough from laughing, Monsignore. I should be frightened. And if I were thoroughly frightened, I should run away."

I had certainly surprised him now, at any rate. There was no affectation in the tone of astonishment with which he re-echoed my words. "Run away?" he exclaimed, staring at me.

"Run away. I should run away to England. I should give up everything here,—my lessons, my career, my studies, all that I love in Rome,—and I should go home without hesitation, *taking Lucy with me.*"

Monsignore rose from his chair and came towards me with an amiable and sympathising expression of countenance. "My dear child," he said, "do not distress yourself. I see you really are in earnest." (I was then neither more nor less in earnest than I had been from the beginning of our interview.) "I honour your affection for your sister, and your almost maternal care of her. Lucia has told me how you have devoted yourself to her. You cannot seriously suppose that I wish to divide you from your sister. No, no; rather would it be my fervent desire to bring you with her into the safe fold. But I tell you at once that I have never dissuaded Lucia from accompanying you to Tivoli. Her going or staying does not in the least depend upon me. How should it?"

"Will you give me your authority to tell Lucy that you do not oppose her going?"

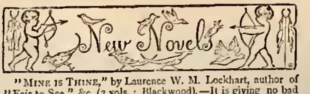
"Certainly! Freely, gladly! I believe it would be a very good thing for her. She looks a little thin and pale, don't you think so? If she had asked my advice on the subject, I should at once have said 'Go!' But she never said a word about it to me."

"If you had been so kind as to tell me so sooner, Monsignore, I might have spared you much useless talking."

"Don't think of that, don't think of that. The truth is, I could hardly, at first, believe you serious in your little attack on me! I'm not a Macchiavelli, nor a Jesuit after the model of Exeter Hall! Well, well, you will learn to know me better, one day. Meanwhile, I admire your candour, I assure you. And don't distress yourself, my dear child, about being separated from your sister. We are not monsters, we poor priests, in spite of Exeter Hall, ha, ha, ha!"

I hurried away as quickly as I could, and went straight to the schoolroom to give Lucy the news. I did not believe Chiappaforti's statement that he had never opposed her visit to Tivoli. But at least he had distinctly consented to it now, and that was the chief thing with me. I burst into the schoolroom unceremoniously. Lucy looked up, startled to see me at that unaccustomed hour. But she was not more startled than I was, when I saw Don Vittorio Corleoni seated beside her at the school table.

(To be continued)



New Novels

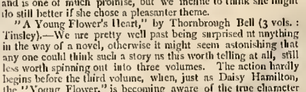
"Mine is Thine," by Laurence W. M. Lockhart, author of "Fair to See," &c. (3 vols.: Blackwood).—It is giving no bad idea of Major Lockhart's novel to say that it is eminently in keeping with the general character of *Blackwood's Magazine*, in the pages of which it originally appeared. Thus, it is distinctly the work of a gentleman, it is cheerful, it makes no pretensions to profundity or subtlety of thought, it is thoroughly healthy in sentiment, and it is apt to be just a little "old-fashioned" in tone. As a story, we have no fault to find with it, save this—that it strikes us we have somewhat too much of it, and that Major Lockhart would have done better to let us have it in two volumes instead of three. Not that we feel this blemish very keenly, for, in truth, the book is too good throughout to provoke the reader to impatience for the end. Though we should hardly call the author a wit, he has a very strong sense of humour, and many of his scenes are perfect little bits of comedy in their way. We may instance the French marquis's exploits in the Highland stag-hunt, and, still more, the two scenes, in the first of which the light-hearted and impecunious *farceur*, Tom Wyedale, driven by debt, and the importunities and menaces of a match-making and intriguing married sister, sets himself to attempt seriously to woo the heiress, Esmè Douglas, who fills the *rôle* of heroine; and in the second, under still direr pressure, screws himself up to making the same lady a formal declaration of his passion—a declaration about the lamest and most ineffective that has ever issued from a would-be lover's mouth. The real "love business" of the piece is by no means so successfully managed, and is in fact a little stilted; indeed, it is from first to last in the lighter scenes of his story that Major Lockhart shows to most advantage. We do not propose to say anything as to the plot, except that it hangs well together, and keeps the reader's interest alive; and, though it is complicated by details as to Scotch marriages and the failure of a great iron company—things rather of the nature of mysteries to the great majority—there is no difficulty at any point in getting an idea of it clear enough to be satisfactory. Major Lockhart tells his tale, as we have already intimated, like a well-bred gentleman, and a man who has seen much of the world, yet kept all his freshness of feeling and capacity for enjoyment; and our readers will obtain much amusement and gratification from his pages.

"Seen in an Old Mirror," by Mary Deane (Charing Cross Publishing Company).—Here we have another instance of a good story, which to some extent misses fire because it so chances that it treads too closely on the heels of one still better, dealing with pretty much the same subject. Miss Deane's picture of "The Bath," as the city on the Avon was called in George the Second's time, and for many years afterwards, and of the "humours" of the gay society that frequented it at that period, is skilfully and carefully executed, and, we should say, faithful; but it is less vivid and powerful than the representation of the same scenes we have lately had in Mr. Lewis Wingfield's "Lady Grizel," a book with which we cannot help comparing this to its disadvantage. Nevertheless, the *beau monde* of the day, with its outwardly fine manners, under which lay so much coarseness, littleness, and vulgarity of soul, with its riot and gambling, its greed for money, its wrangling and backbiting, is brought before us in these pages with a great deal of cleverness and power, and Dolly Chesney, the innocent country maiden, who is cast loose into this vortex of fashionable iniquity, only to have her peace spoiled by a handsome and unprincipled trifler, who wins her heart for pastime, is a very nice little heroine, who has the reader's sympathy all along. The book shows its author a conscientious worker, and is one of much promise, but we incline to think she might do still better if she chose a pleasanter theme.

"A Young Flower's Heart," by Thornbrough Bell (3 vols.: Tinsley).—We are pretty well past being surprised at anything in the way of a novel, otherwise it might seem astonishing that any one could think such a story as this worth telling at all, still less worth spinning out into three volumes. The action hardly begins before the third volume, when, just as Daisy Hamilton, the "Young Flower," is becoming aware of the true character of her feelings towards the hero, an artful cousin of hers—a character not unskilfully managed, by the way, though far from original—interposes, before he has declared himself, and persuades him that Daisy's affections are bestowed on a rival. Hence for a time coldness and misunderstandings, which terminate in the usual fashion.

"The Child of the Desert," by Colonel the Hon. C. S. Vereker, author of "Scenes in the Sunny South," &c. (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall).—The intolerably stiff, stilted, and pompous style of this novel—a style, too, far from being over-nice in the matter of grammar—would spoil a much better story than the absurd melodrama Colonel Vereker here sets before us. We can hardly suppose that any one will have patience to read the book through, but it is almost worth while being at the trouble of getting some idea of it for the sake of appreciating the general massacre of all the leading characters in which the author indulges in the closing pages. The slaughter is terrific.

In "Ten Times Paid," by Braton Bloise (Samuel Tinsley), we have a tale of slavery such as it was in the Southern States of the American Union before the War of Secession—a tale showing some ingenuity of construction, and not ill told, but not calling for further notice. There is no need now of sensational descriptions to force upon us a recognition of the evils of slavery.



Magazines

II.

In the *Fortnightly Review* we have one of Mr. Matthew Arnold's always fascinating essays upon "Irish Catholicism and British Liberation." The Irish Catholics, he says, who are the immense majority in Ireland, want, very naturally and reasonably, a Catholic University. "The English Ministry and Parliament may wish to give them what they demand, may think their claim just, but they *cannot* give it them. In the mind and temper of the English people there is an unconquerable obstacle." The policy of denial does not represent the real mind of our leading statesmen, but the mind of the British middle-class, and of the strongest part of this class, the Puritan community, controlling the action of statesmen. And "our Puritan middle-class presents a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellectual knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manners," and Irish Catholics see this, as the rest of the world sees it. "And yet it is in deference to the opinion and sentiment of such a class that we shape our policy towards Ireland. And we wonder at Ireland's antipathy to us." Of course this is but one way of putting the matter, and there is something else to be said; still it is probably the way in which the question would be viewed by Irish Catholics really in earnest in their desire for a Catholic University—we only wish we could believe that the number of these was larger than we are afraid it is. Mr. Arnold then proceeds to dwell upon what he considers the narrowness and unreasonableness of the Puritans' and Liberals' antipathy to Catholicism, and to reiterate what, with all our respect and admiration for him, we must call his craze—and a strange one it is for a thinker so clear-sighted and rational—that "the prevailing form for the religion of the future will be the form of Catholicism, but a Catholicism purged, opening itself to the light and air, having the consciousness of its own poetry, freed from its sacerdotal despotism, and freed from its pseudo-scientific apparatus of superannuated dogma," a Catholicism in fact, emptied of everything that made it a reality to its votaries, and transformed into a portentous system of "make-believe-very-much."—Mr. Morley gives us a paper, very well worth reading, on the late Lancashire Strike. He carefully abstains from pronouncing on the justice of the cause of either masters or men, but attributes the actual outbreak of the strike to defects of tact and temper on both sides. But he bids us notice that it was, after all, "an inflamed family quarrel, but no war *à outrance.*" In spite of the passions stirred by the struggle, there was in masters and men "a counteracting consciousness of identity of substantial interest." Thus "thousands of workmen have continued to live on in cottages for which they could not pay the rent, and for which, in many cases, they never will pay the rent, although the cottages belonged to the very masters whom they were fiercely resisting. Yet such a word as ejectment was never heard."—We have from Mr. J. A. Symonds an exceedingly interesting account, written from personal experience, of a winter passed in a new sanitarium for those afflicted with lung disease—Davos, in the Grisons, a valley situated some 5,200 feet above the sea level, where the snow lies for seven months, and the thermometer frequently falls to ten or fifteen degrees Fahrenheit below zero. Antecedently one would have supposed that a winter in such a place would mean death to the consumptive patient; on the contrary it seems to mean, to say the least of it, the strongest probability of a cure. "The one thing relied upon is air. To inhale the maximum quantity of the pure mountain air, and imbibe the maximum quantity of the keen mountain sunlight, is the *sine quâ non.*" Everything else—milk-drinking, douches, baths, &c.—is subsidiary. Medicine is very rarely used; not that the physicians have a pedantic dislike to drugs, but because they find from experience that they get on better without them. And though Davos owes its reputation to the cure of pulmonary diseases, nearly all chronic cases of debility, whether nervous or resulting from the weakening effects of fevers, are known to do well there. We can only trust that Mr. Symonds' paper may meet with the notice and attention it deserves.—Mr. Grant Duff concludes his sketch of Emilio Castelar, but does not give that general estimate of the Spanish statesman which probably most of his readers looked for from his hands; and Mr. G. Saintsbury continues his admirable series of studies of French novelists by a paper on Octave Feuillet, a translation of one of whose novels, "L'Histoire de Sibylle," was reviewed in these columns some time back.

The *Cornhill* is somewhat disappointing—we use the adjective advisedly—as three of its articles, "Sainte-Beauve's Critical Method," "Stray Thoughts on Scenery," and "The Tyranny of Fashion," raise anticipations which they do not satisfy. We looked for some insight into the real method of the man who has been dubbed "the prince of critics;" instead of this we have only a needless refutation of a doctrine laid down, though happily not practised, by him, that to judge of a literary work we must have a knowledge of the man who produced it—know him in his various relations of life, and so are bound to know something about his wife and children, if he had any, his father and mother, perhaps even his aunts and grandmothers. Turning to "Stray Thoughts on Scenery," we find the writer saying that "Nature can only be interesting as in some way affecting human interests, and only agreeable as affecting them for good," an assertion so astounding that we can only suppose either that he was not thinking of the meaning of his words or wished to startle by a daring paradox. It is only fair to say that such a sentence as this is no true specimen of the article, much of which has merit, though not only do we not agree with the writer's canons for estimating scenery, but doubt if he would seriously maintain them himself. "The Tyranny of Fashion" is nothing but a diatribe against the present style of ladies' costumes, well-intended, no doubt, but a mere beating of the air. If no man by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature, no woman will be led by journalistic or magazine criticism to take one inch off her train. The critic's most forcible and eloquent arguments will waste themselves in vain against the impregnable barrier of a feminine *non possumus.*

In *Fraser* we have a contribution of much interest in the shape of some letters hitherto unpublished from Coleridge, Southey, and Lamb to Matilda Betham, the daughter of the Rector of Stoke Lacy, a lady who in the early years of this century, when quite young, enjoyed for a period a considerable measure of literary and artistic success, and, as the letters prove, the intimacy and good opinion of persons of high note. Two of the letters given, one from Coleridge, the other from Charles Lamb, are eminently characteristic of the writers.—The paper on "The Constitution of Norway," the most democratic monarchical system in Europe, is also good; and so is that entitled "Among the Burmese," which gives a very lively and accurate picture of the life and ways of the curious and, on the whole, pleasing race, who, occupying a territory wedged in between the two great Empires of India and China, are so unlike the populations of either, and offer so many characteristics peculiar to themselves.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* contains one of Mr. R. A. Proctor's excellent scientific essays on the total solar eclipse to occur on the 29th of this month, and the unsolved astronomical problems that it will furnish an occasion of studying with most hope of profit. The eclipse will not be visible in this country, or anywhere in Europe, but only through a certain region of the North American Continent.—Mr. J. A. Farrer's paper on "Savage Modes of Prayer" brings before us some strange facts, and is well worth looking through; and Mr. James Mew's article on Bojardo, whose "Orlando Innamorata" was, we are told, in the opinion of Tasso, to be taken as forming one poem with Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso;" and Mr. Arthur Arnold's on "Malta" also deserve mention.

In *Belgravia* we find little that calls for remark, though Mr. H. Barton Baker's account of the miseries and indignities that were in old days attendant on the lot of the "Strolling Player," and Mr. R. R. Macgregor's notes on the old game of "Pall Mall" or "Pailemaile," form fair padding enough; whilst concerning *Tinsley's Magazine* it is sufficient to say that it contains the opening chapters of two new novels—"A Secret Marriage and its Consequences," by the Duke de Pomar, and "Hearts are Trumps," by Mrs. Alexander Fraser.

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WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

DEAR VANITY,—I will begin my letter this week by singing the praises of a medicine which has the valuable property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more or less—namely, a cold in the head. Surely that complaint is one of the lesser evils that flesh is heir to, and I think the man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I woke with that most uncomfortable of feelings, a general oppression, which is the certain precursor of a catarrh. At first black despair seized me, but luckily I remembered that if taken in time the mystic contents of a little green glass bottle might save me from the prospect of many days' discomfort to myself and others. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-for remedy, and before night was cured; it is called "Glykaline," a colourless, tasteless fluid, three drops of which taken at intervals of an hour will infallibly do away with the most obstinate of colds. All this sounds rather like an advertisement, so I beg you to understand that I have no personal or pecuniary interest in the sale of Glykaline, and only sing its praises from a wish to spread its healing properties around, and, by recommending it, confer a boon on the suffering human race.

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NEW REMEDY,
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GLYKALINE is a reliable and Speedy Specific; curing Colds in a few hours.

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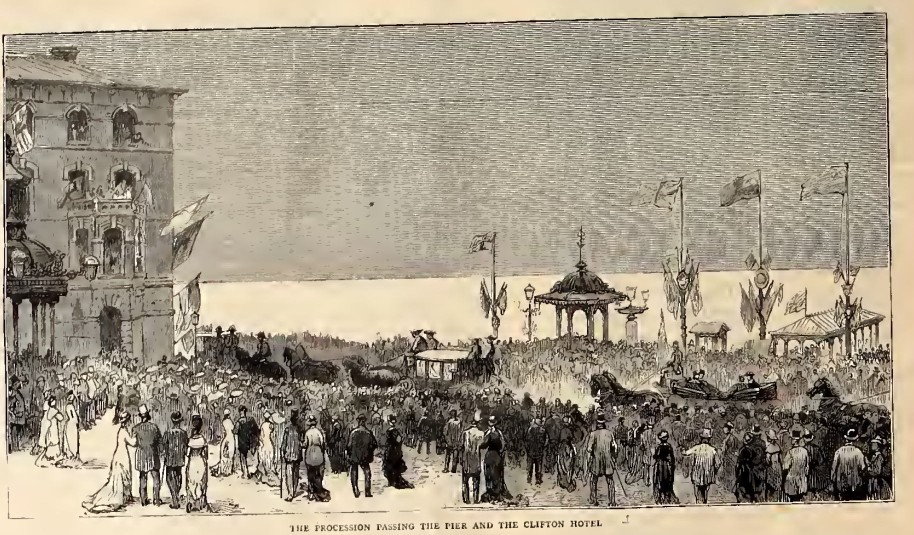

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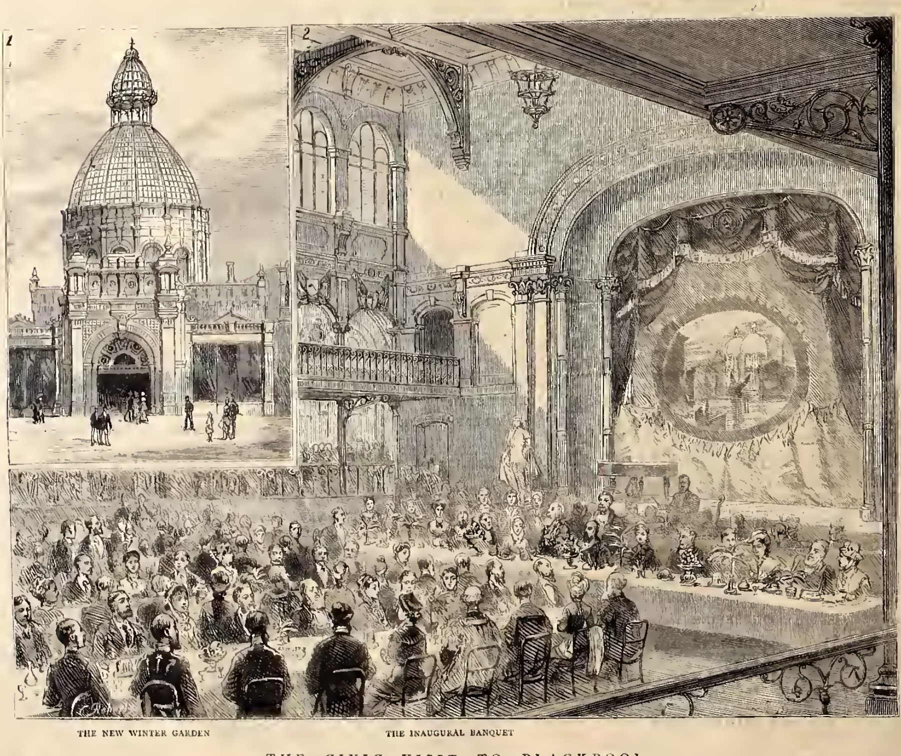

THE NEW WINTER GARDEN

THE INAUGURAL BANQUET

THE CIVIC VISIT TO BLACKPOOL

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVIII.—No. 452
Printed on Thin Paper for Foreign Post

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1878

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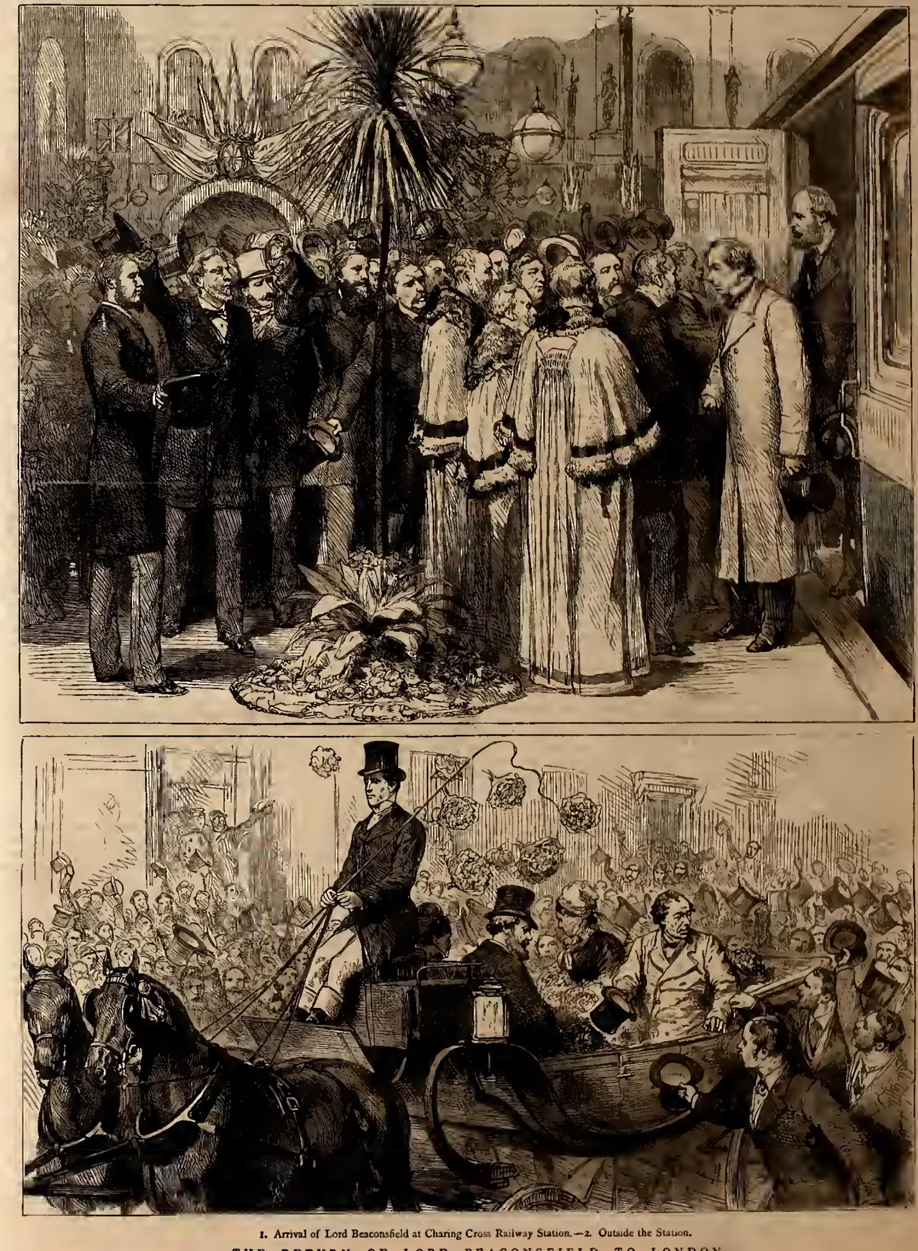

1. Arrival of Lord Beaconsfield at Charing Cross Railway Station.—2. Outside the Station.

THE RETURN OF LORD BEACONSFIELD TO LONDON

Topics of the Week

Lord Hartington's Resolution.——It is difficult to believe that the part of Lord Hartington's Resolution which relates to Greece will be cordially supported by any considerable body of politicians. Most Englishmen would be pleased if the Hellenic kingdom could be largely extended, but they also see that in the meantime, while it is necessary that the Porte should be maintained, any such extension is impossible. A happier time may come for Greece, and if it does she will have to thank England, since the Treaty of San Stefano, which England has destroyed, would have secured for ever the absolute predominance of the Slavonic race in South-Eastern Europe. Much more sympathy is likely to be felt with the criticisms which Lord Hartington and his supporters will pass on the Anglo-Turkish Convention. Mr. Gladstone probably stands alone in regarding it as "insane," but there can be no doubt that many people are genuinely alarmed by the vast responsibility we have assumed. Of course everybody wishes that we could have avoided new duties, seeing that those already imposed upon us are so much greater than the duties of any other nation. But the question is, was it possible for us to escape from the decision which has been taken? Can we afford to let Russia absorb Asia Minor, so that she may not only threaten us at the Suez Canal, but become virtually mistress of the Persian Gulf? If the answer is "Yes," then the Government cannot be condemned in too severe terms; the nation cannot too quickly back out of a perilous engagement. But "Yes" is by no means the answer returned by those who have most thoroughly studied the question. The opinion of nearly all the highest authorities both in this country and on the Continent is that if our route to India is to be maintained, and if India itself is to be safe from attack, Russia must never be allowed to go in this direction much beyond the limits she has already reached. If that is the true view, the action of the Ministry was obviously forced upon it by events, and must obtain the sanction of the country. Had no decisive step been taken, the authority of the Porte would have been sapped, Russia would have moved forward by a sort of evil destiny, and a conflict between her and England would have become inevitable. It is, at any rate, possible that such changes may now be introduced into Turkish administration as will remove from Russia all pretext for further advance. True, we may find the Pashas obstinate, but the mere fact of our protection may stimulate the population to an activity which will ultimately convince even the Pashas that a despotic policy is not, after all, the wisest.

Demobilisation of the Reserves.——The Army Reserves were called out, not so much for the purpose of meeting an actual emergency, as with the object of impressing Russia that we were really in earnest, and were determined, under certain contingencies, to fight. To what extent the Czar and his advisers were impressed by the spectacle of these five-and-thirty thousand citizens summoned to resume their weapons no one probably in this country is precisely aware, at all events the Congress of Berlin followed, and, after a certain amount of giving and taking at the expense of Turkey, any immediate likelihood of war is at an end, and the Reserve men are about to be dismissed to their homes. Apart from any political influence which it may have exercised abroad, the calling out of the Reserves, as a test of the condition of our existing military organisation, has been, on the whole, successful. The men, with few exceptions, joined the colours with alacrity, their conduct proved that civilian pursuits had exercised upon them a steadying rather than a disturbing influence, and their professional acquirements needed in most cases only a slight brushing up. Cynics may say that the Reserve men took the sixpence a day readily enough, under the belief that they would never again be summoned to the ranks, but that henceforward, on the principle of "once bit, twice shy," soldiers will prefer taking their complete discharge. We believe that this supposition will prove to be baseless, for, independent of the fact that constant pay for a probably remote contingency is of itself very tempting, British soldiers are not devoid of martial pride, and they like to feel that, though they have doffed the Queen's uniform, they are not altogether dissevered from the service. The most unsatisfactory feature of the recent calling-out has been the unquestionable misery inflicted in many instances on the families of the Reserve men. The Government is not altogether to blame for this, for, although the regulation allowances to wives and children are small, the married soldier ought to be able to spare something additional from his pay, and, what is more important, if really thrifty, he would have provided against such a contingency by laying by at least some part of the 9*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* a year which he receives as a Reserve man. Unfortunately, thrift is not a common English virtue, especially among men who have served in the Army, and anything in the shape of a pension seems to have a peculiar tendency to gravitate towards the coffers of the publican. So long as men are in the habit of living up to the full extent of their incomes, it is to be feared that the calling-out of the Reserves will always cause some families to be driven to seek parish aid.

"Unredeemed Italy."——Every true friend of Italy must regret the foolish agitation which has been going on during the last week or two. It may be natural enough for the Italians to wish that all who speak their beautiful language should be included in the new kingdom; but, unfortunately, this aspiration can be gratified only in one way—by war with Austria. It may be questioned whether it would be wise or lawful to enter upon a struggle which would cost so much blood and treasure, even if victory was certain; but as a matter of fact Italy could not hope to win the prize she ardently longs for. Austria is still a very much stronger Power, and the chances are that if it came to a fight, it would be "the unredeemed" part of Italy whose bounds would be extended. The Italians, however, have no intention of fighting; their aim is to amuse themselves by a little harmless sentiment, and perhaps to inflict some kind of vague injury on their own Government. But they are playing with edged tools. Austria watches angrily these enthusiastic meetings, and her irritation may easily reach a point at which it will begin to be dangerous. Meanwhile, the agitators withdraw the thoughts of the Italian people from the only problems which at present concern them. On the whole, the progress of Italy since her emancipation has been satisfactory; but it has been nothing wonderful; a great deal of hard work has to be got through before the State can be said to be in a flourishing condition. Brigandage must be put down; many new roads must be constructed; the railway system must be developed; the finances must be placed on a thoroughly economical basis. Here are duties enough for any nation, and Italy will act wisely if she devotes herself to them heartily, and turns her back on the people who are dazzling her by high-sounding catch-words.

Recent Crimes of Violence.——We are too apt to measure the general public interest aroused by murders by the effect produced in London. There can be little doubt that a crime, such as that perpetrated by Henry Wainwright, which is committed in London, and which is possessed of dramatic and other sources of interest sufficient to attract the eager attention of London, does also in these days attract the eager attention of the whole English-speaking world. But, on the contrary, a crime, not dissimilar in character, if committed in a remote locality, though it may excite intense interest in the adjoining district, is often dismissed in a few words by metropolitan journalists, and fails, in any marked degree, to become a true *cause célèbre*. For this reason the massacre of an entire family in South Wales has not caused the hundredth part of the excitement produced by the celebrated Ratcliff Highway murders of 1812, or the very similar crime committed about eight years ago at Denham, which is almost within the metropolitan radius. But in quiet country places the effect produced by such tragedies as these is deep and enduring. Thousands of women and children, left in lonely cottages while husbands and fathers are away at work, will regard every tramp with suspicion and dread for a long time to come. Happily, such purposeless slaughters are very rare. The Crayford tragedy is of a more usual type, but was accompanied by circumstances which impart to it a special interest. In this case a man, hitherto quiet and well-conducted, loses all self-control and becomes a homicidal maniac, either from fear that he had invested his savings badly, or from the discovery (which he surely might have made before he went into the business) that a beershop-keeper has to put up with very rough and blackguardly customers. We wonder whether such crimes as these are imitative, whether such a man would ever conceive the idea of cutting all his children's throats, if he had not read or heard of similar tragedies; and, if so, whether the perusal of such journals as men of his class read on Saturdays and Sundays, and which are usually full of these horrors, does not exercise a mischievous effect.

Ministers and the Nation.——The British people have some reason to complain of the manner in which they are being treated by the Cabinet. In regard to the settlement of the Eastern Question the latter has not adopted a sufficiently clear and straightforward tone. For instance, Lord Beaconsfield did not once allude, in his statement to the House of Lords, to the cession of Bessarabia to Russia. Yet he must have known that this was a matter which had deeply agitated the nation, and respecting which some explanation was urgently needed. Again, he spoke contemptuously of Batoum as a port which will hold three ships, or, if they are packed as at the London Docks, perhaps six. We have no doubt he thought he had good authority for this statement; but the fact proved to be that Hobart Pasha had found no difficulty in accommodating thirteen Turkish men-of-war, with a transport, in this despised "Cowes" of the Black Sea. As for Cyprus; it has been with the utmost difficulty that any single fact bearing on the island has been wrung from the Government. Surely all this springs from a very mistaken idea as to the proper way of guiding opinion. The result of the mystifications of Ministers is that even those who approve the general tendency of their policy are made suspicious. People ask themselves whether a Government which is so badly informed, and which wishes to conceal so many things, is worthy of thorough confidence. The true policy of the Cabinet, we believe, is to be perfectly frank. Englishmen know quite well that they have not had their own way in everything in the East; that the Government has been obliged to make important concessions in order to secure advantages still greater than those it has given up. Attempts to gloss over this fact, instead of pacifying the nation, wound its self-respect.

Bicycles.——We saw the other day, in an old magazine published some sixty or seventy years ago, an engraving of "The Gentleman's New Hobby Horse," which was exactly like a modern bicycle, with the important exception that the rider, instead of working the wheels by means of a treadle, propelled the machine by placing his feet alternately on the ground. Little did this inventor think that his discovery would slumber for so many years, and then would become, in its improved form, so popular. One of the chief charms of the bicycle, as compared with other modern locomotive improvements, is that there is a privacy and an individuality about it in which the railway and steamboat are lacking. The bicyclist is as independent as the horseman, and is in some respects his superior, for he need not watch his steed in the inn-stable lest he should be cheated of his feed of oats, and he can travel as long as his own strength holds out. One result of bicyclism is that many retired nooks and corners of our beautiful island are now more effectually explored than they ever were before; the grass-grown turnpike roads are no longer peopled only by farmers' manure-carts; and the old roadside inns, which had degenerated into rustic beershops, have begun to make provision for a more cultivated class of visitors. But the bicycle has its drawbacks. It is a very silent sort of nag, and after nightfall, if unprovided with lamp or bell, it is nearly as dangerous as an animated scythe would be. Meanwhile the bicycle interest is assuming vast dimensions. There are some 130 makers, a million sterling is invested in the business, and sixty thousand bicycles are in existence in London and the provinces. These are astonishing facts when we remember that only a few years ago the very name did not exist. The bicyclists have just been paying Mr. Sclater-Booth a visit, and asking that their vehicles should be legally recognised as carriages. The demand seems reasonable, provided they are compelled to adopt proper precautions, and the recognition would probably tend to lessen accidents. At the same time bicyclists must not blow hot and cold, as one of their fraternity has just done at Highgate. This ingenious gentleman argued that he was not liable for running over a man, because his machine was not legally a carriage. Possibly, also, when recognised as carriages, Sir Stafford Northcote may have something to say about these machines in his capacity of Chancellor of the Exchequer. If Mr. Lowe could have foreseen the importance which his hobby was destined to assume, he would, perhaps, have taxed bicycles rather than matches.

Lord Lytton and the Indian Press.——Lord Lytton has no reason to complain of the tone in which he was spoken of during the debate on Tuesday. He was treated with great respect by all the more important speakers, and especially by Mr. Gladstone, the moderation of whose speech was extremely welcome after the violent extravagance in which he has lately indulged. Then, the vote with which the debate ended must be soothing to the irritated susceptibilities of the Governor-General. All the same, however, there can be little doubt that a large majority thoroughly disapproved of his attempt at despotism, and that the Government defended him merely because it was not thought desirable to give him what would virtually have been notice to quit. Everybody admits that at a time of dangerous excitement in India even more vigorous measures would be justified; but Lord Lytton has failed to prove that there was any special need for his famous Press Act. Soon after it was passed the Imperial Government felt so sure of Indian loyalty that it summoned native troops to Europe; and this act of policy was nowhere so much applauded as in India itself. Many of the passages selected from the native press were wild enough, but most of them were probably insincere, and in any case they would have attracted little attention but for the notice accorded to them by the authorities. So long as the people of India see that we are too strong to be got rid of, there is no fear of a few noisy journalists doing us much harm; and they may even lighten the task of the Administration by occasionally giving utterance to a genuinely popular opinion. It is to be hoped that we have heard the last of rash legislation of this kind, and that by a system of judicious neglect the Press Act will be allowed to become gradually a dead letter.

SUNSTROKES.——As if to make up for the wet and chilly weather, which extended up to the middle of June, we have had thus far a very summery summer. Not so oppressively hot as the summers of 1868 and 1876, but still sufficiently warm to remind us that the sun, who is here often conspicuous by his absence, can, even in this country, at times display a dangerous degree of power. Charitable folks who take town-bred children for "a day in the country" should bear this in mind. The risk of sunstroke is, of course, nothing here to what it is in hotter countries, but then in most hot countries people know what the sun can do, and keep under cover during the full heat of the day. We do not hear of sunstrokes from Spain and Italy, where the people are descended from ancestors who have lived for many generations in the country, but we do hear of terrible slaughter from sunstroke in the United States, because the white labouring people are mostly either actual or comparative new comers from the chill latitudes of North-Western Europe, and are too apt to confront the sun by increased potations of alcohol. Here in England, we incline to think that working people are more aware than they used to be of the hurtful possibilities of the sun in summer time, many of them having been in America or Australia, they wear more sensible headgear, and we were glad to see the other day that the men repairing one of the tramways all had cabbage leaves in their hats. Next to an Indian pith helmet there is no better antidote than a cabbage leaf against the hot sun. But most important of all is abstinence from all alcoholic drinks during the heat of the day, and if the various Temperance Societies would start agencies for selling really good and cheap lemonade, fruit beverages, and iced water, they would do far more to promote temperance than they now do by speechifying and pamphleteering. Hard working men, on a hot day, must moisten their thirsty clay with something, and, if they drink beer, it is not always because they like beer best, but because beer is so much more accessible than any other pleasant-flavoured liquid.

ALLOWANCES TO ROYAL PRINCES AND PRINCESSES.——Some years ago, when Sir Charles Dilke brought forward, in the House of Commons, the question of the Queen's income, he was violently attacked by a number of journalists for venturing to pry into such a sacred mystery. Writing as we do before the discussion on the provision for the Duke of Connaught's marriage comes off, we earnestly hope that there will be no such nonsensical talk on the present occasion. Even if Sir Charles Dilke's amendment is formally rejected, the information sought therein ought to be fully set forth by the Government. The nation is not inclined to be stingy in such matters; but, considering the large number of the Royal Family at the present time, it is only fair that people should know exactly what they are paying. At the same time, when we remember how admirably the present Royal Family perform the many duties expected from them (which are not the less onerous because they are ornamental), we feel sure that the people at large, provided the matter is clearly set before them, will not grudge our Royal Princes and Princesses such allowances as are suitable to their rank, and to the many expenses which that rank entails.

BATHING PLACES.——Bearing in mind as we do how the poor suffer from heat during the hot weather in their small rooms which often lie under the roof, we feel indignant to read of batches of small boys being fined for the shocking offence of trying to cool their bodies by bathing in the Regent's Canal or elsewhere. Surely such injustice as this might be avoided by the expenditure of a little trouble and common sense. Why should not the police be empowered to permit bathing at certain spots, on the condition that all bathers should wear drawers, constables being on duty at the places in question to prevent disorder? The worst of it is that our period of heat is so brief that the bathing enthusiasm of the populace speedily abates, and so the scandal is repeated year after year. On the one hand, respectable peoples' sense of decency is outraged; on the other hand, poor lads are punished for doing that which is in itself a natural and creditable action. And yet we prate about encouraging people to learn to swim!

NOTICE.——*With this Number is published, as an* EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, *a Portrait of the* RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, K.G.

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1st Aug. . .	dep. 7.25 a.m. .	dep. 7.35 a.m. .	arr. 7.5 p.m.
2nd Aug. . .	dep. 7.25 a.m. .	dep. 7.35 a.m. .	arr. 7.5 p.m.
3rd Aug. . .	dep. 7.25 a.m. .	dep. 7.35 a.m. .	arr. 8.0 p.m.

Fares, 33s. and 24s. First and Second Class Single Tickets.
Return Tickets, available for one Month, 55s., 39s.
Also a Regular Night Service from London.
Leaving Victoria at 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m.
Fares—Single, 33s., 24s., 17s., 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class.
Return Tickets, available for one month, 55s., 39s., 30s.
Also, on every Monday and Saturday evening,
A Special Cheap Train from London Bridge at 10.0 p.m.
At fares of 36s., 27s., 21s., 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class.
The Tickets available to return within 14 days
By the Train leaving Paris at 9.0 p.m.

FAMILY and TOURIST TICKETS are now issued, available for one month, from London Bridge, Victoria, &c., to Portsmouth, (for Southsea), Ryde, Cowes, Newport, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor (for Bonchurch and Freshwater), and Hayling Island.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; and at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GOODWOOD RACES.

GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS

SATURDAY, JULY 27th, and MONDAY, JULY 29th, SPECIAL FAST TRAINS FROM VICTORIA for Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Drayton, Chichester, Havant (for Hayling Island), and Portsmouth (for Southsea and the Isle of Wight).

SPECIAL TRAINS for SERVANTS, HORSES, and CARRIAGES only, will leave VICTORIA at 7.50 a.m. and 1.0 p.m.

Horses and Carriages for the above Stations will not be conveyed by any other Trains from Victoria on these days.

ON ALL FOUR DAYS OF THE RACES.

A SPECIAL TRAIN (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave Kensington 7.10 a.m., Victoria 7.30, and London Bridge 7.35 a.m.

A SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN (1st and 2nd Class) will leave Kensington 8.48 a.m., Victoria 9.0 a.m., and London Bridge 9.5 a.m. (Return fares, 26s. and 9s.)

AN EXTRA SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN (First Class only) will leave Victoria 9.45 a.m. (Return Fare, 30s.)

FORTNIGHTLY TICKETS for the Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes Race Meetings.—First Class Tickets (not transferable) available from Saturday, July 27th, to Saturday, August 10th, inclusive.—PRICE FIVE POUNDS.

TICKETS for the Special Trains, also the Fortnightly Tickets, may be obtained previously at the London Bridge and Victoria Stations; also at the West End General Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, which office will remain open till 11.0 p.m. on July 26th, 27th, 29th, 30th, 31st, and August 1st.
(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1878.

FIRST and THIRD CLASS TOURIST TICKETS, available for Two Months, will be issued from August 1st to the 31st October, 1878.
For Particulars, see Time Tables and Programmes, issued by the Company.
JAMES ALLPORT,
Derby, April, 1878. General Manager.

ANTWERP, BRUSSELS, PARIS, SWITZERLAND, and the RHINE, by the Great Eastern Company's magnificent new Steamers, the *Princess of Wales* and *Claud Hamilton*, via Harwich, in connection with the Boat Express from Liverpool Street Station at 8.0 p.m., MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and FRIDAYS. To Rotterdam at 8.0 p.m. every week-day. Interpreters accompanying passengers to Cologne. The Company's boats now carry no cattle. Cheap tours to all parts of the Continent.
For particulars address the Continental Department, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Steamers *Columba* or *Iona* daily, at 7 a.m. from Glasgow, and from Greenock at 9 a.m. See Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free, at Messrs. CHATTO and WINDUS, Publishers, 74, Piccadilly, London, or by post, from D. HUTCHESON and CO., 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—A NEW WESTERN ROUTE to the CONTINENT, via WEYMOUTH and CHERBOURG, will be opened on THURSDAY, August 1st.
FIXED DAILY SERVICE by Fast Trains and Steamers.
The service has been organised by arrangements between the Great Western Railway and the Western of France Railway, and will afford a convenient, attractive, and economical New Route to Normandy, the West and South of France, Paris, and Spain.
The passage between Weymouth and Cherbourg will occupy about six hours, and the voyages in both directions will be made by daylight.
The Steamers from Weymouth to Cherbourg will start daily (Sundays excepted) at 2.45 p.m. in connection with a Through Service of Steamers from the South of Ireland, and Express Trains from London, Bristol, Plymouth, Birmingham, and all important towns on the Great Western Railway, reaching Cherbourg in time for a New Special Fast Train to Paris, arriving in time for the early morning Trains to the interior of France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, and also have a connection via Mezidon, Le Mans, and Tours, with the Paris and Orleans Railway.
The Steamers from Cherbourg to Weymouth will start daily (Sundays excepted) at 8.30 a.m. in immediate connection with Express Trains from Paris, and other parts of the Continent before mentioned, reaching Weymouth in time for Express Trains to the above mentioned towns on the Great Western system.
Passengers, Goods, and Parcels will be booked through by this service to and from all principal towns on the Great Western Railway, and Paris, and Stations on the Western of France Railway, and also the principal towns on the Continent.
Single Tickets are available for Seven days, and Return Tickets for One Month.
Passengers may break their journey at Weymouth, Cherbourg, Caen, Paris, or Le Mans.
Particulars of Fares, Rates, and other information, can be obtained at the Stations, and also at the Company's Receiving Offices.
Paddington Terminus. J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

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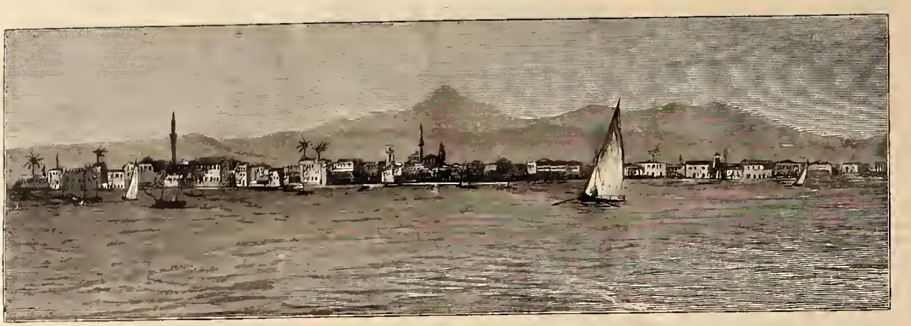
The Paris office of this paper is 15, Rue Bleue, where subscriptions and advertisements can also be received.

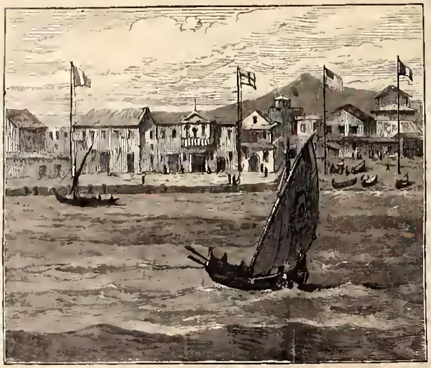
Our Illustrations

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S RECEPTION IN LONDON

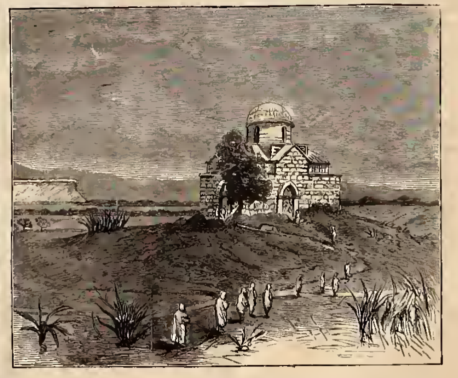
WHATEVER may be the verdict of posterity upon the share taken by the British Plenipotentiaries in the Treaty of Berlin, there can be no doubt that the manner in which Earl Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury were welcomed back to England will be recorded in the pages of history as a proof that their efforts were appreciated by a grateful nation. There had been a preliminary reception at Dover, where the Mayor and the chiefs of several provincial Conservative Associations, met the Ambassadors on landing, and a congratulatory address was presented and responded to, but this was as nothing to the triumph which awaited them in the metropolis. Charing Cross Station, or at least that portion of it into which the special train would run, had been transformed into a huge conservatory, the platform, lamp-posts, and rafters being profusely decorated with choice flowers and plants, interspersed with flags and trophies; and upon a number of raised seats were assembled a brilliant company of ladies and gentlemen of social and political distinction, whilst outside the station, in the Strand, Trafalgar Square, and Whitehall, the expectant crowd thronged the roadway and pavement, eagerly awaiting the advent of the hero of the hour. The train arrived punctually, and the Premier, on alighting, was received by Lord Henry Lennox, and was quickly surrounded by his colleagues in the Cabinet, and other statesmen, members of both Houses of Parliament, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and a number of ladies, all pressing forward for the honour of shaking hands with him; the rest of the spectators meanwhile gave vent to their enthusiasm by repeated cheering. After the first greetings and congratulations were over Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury took their seats in an open carriage, with the Marchioness of Abergavenny and Lady Northcote; Lady Salisbury and her son, Lord Cranborne, following in another open carriage, and Mr. Montagu Corry, the Prime Minister's Private Secretary, in a third. No sooner did the vehicles make their appearance outside the station than a roar of applause ascended from the crowded street, and a perfect shower of bouquets came from the windows of the houses on either side, every window of which was full of spectators. The cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs was continued all along the short line of route to the official residence of the Prime Minister, and after they had alighted and disappeared within doors the shouting and cheering was kept up with equal vigour until at length Lord Beaconsfield was seen at the window of his drawing-room, when there was a fresh burst of applause, and he had to wait a couple of minutes before attempting to make himself heard. At last there was a comparative lull, and, amid intermittent cheering, the voice of the Premier was heard assuring his admirers that such a recognition of his labours was most agreeable to his feelings. Lord Salisbury and himself had brought back a peace, he hoped with honour, which would satisfy the Sovereign and gratify the country. The cheering was resumed as Lord Beaconsfield concluded, and when he had withdrawn the crowd turned its attention to a window in the residence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at which the Marquis of Salisbury was sitting. Presently his lordship rose, and bowing to the people, made a



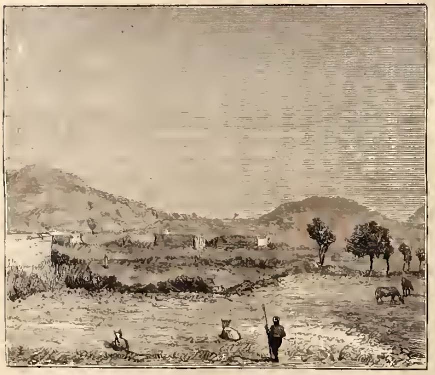
LARNACA, SKETCHED FROM THE SEA



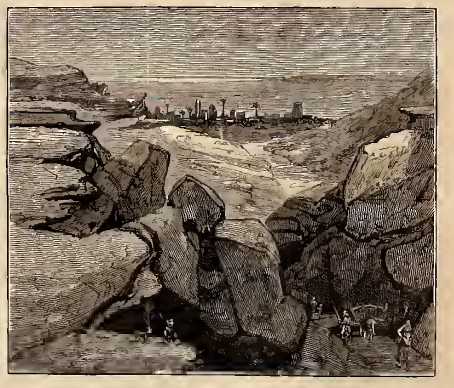
THE MARINA, LARNACA, FROM THE SEA



CHURCH OF ST. DEMETRIANO

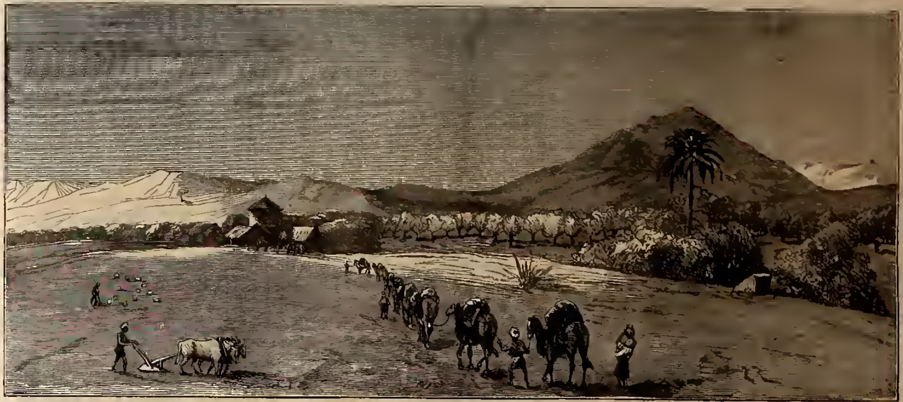


SITE OF IDALION, LOOKING SOUTH FROM VILLAGE

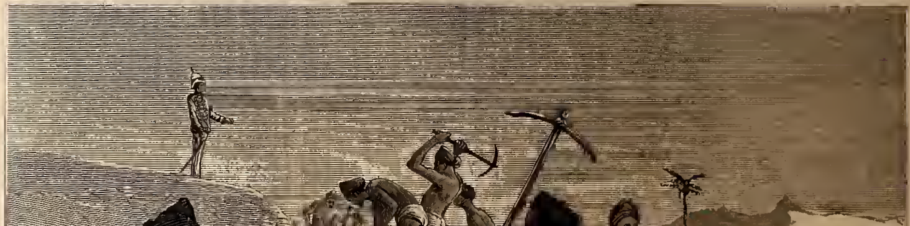


PYLA, LOOKING SOUTH FROM ABOVE TUNNEL OF TORRENT

THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS



MOUNT ST. CROIX, FROM RUINED CHAPEL, PYRGA



INDIAN TROOPS AT WORK

THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS

short speech, congratulating and thanking them, and remarking that he was satisfied that they would always uphold a Government which supported the honour of England.

CYPRUS

The publication of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, by which Cyprus is virtually annexed to the British Empire, has caused eager attention to be directed to that island, concerning which, until the other day, few of us knew more than that part of the action of Shakespeare's tragedy of *Othello* is represented as taking place there. Nor even now is our knowledge of Cyprus altogether of a trustworthy character; for, as with the chameleon in the fable, the island is depicted in various colours by various eye-witnesses, their views being tinged by their political predilections.

As Messrs. Clowes and Sons have published a seasonable little pamphlet, by Phil. Robinson, containing a good deal of encyclopædic knowledge about Cyprus, we need not here go into full details. The island is, compared with such dependencies as Wight, Man, or Jersey, of considerable size, being more than a hundred miles long, and from thirty to fifty broad, exclusive of a narrow horn-like promontory which runs for twenty miles at the north-east extremity. A high range of mountains, some of which are covered with snow almost all through the year, forms a backbone to the island, and the climate is hotter on the south side of this chain than on the north. The climate, in one respect, resembles that of most places lying in a similar latitude (35 deg.)—namely, that the summer is droughty and the winter very wet; but in Cyprus the summer heat is aggravated by the deserts which surround it on three sides, while icy blasts from the Asia Minor mountains render the winter somewhat severe. Thermometrical tables, however, which have been published, while showing a high range of summer heat, represent the winter as no colder than an English May. The climate generally cannot be called unhealthy, for the natives are a handsome and long-lived race; but certain spots are marshy and pestilential, and if Englishmen go there eating heartily of animal food, drinking beer and spirits, and exposing themselves to the sun, the chances are that they will get fever and die.

The worst thing about Cyprus appears to be that its harbours are little better than open roadsteads. The ancients did not feel the inconvenience of this, as their vessels were merely big boats and could easily be beached; whereas a modern ironclad on a lee-shore, with the wind Euroclydon blowing, would be in a very awkward position. It may be presumed, however, that the Government took thought of all these matters before they made their bargain. Their opponents say that the money which will have to be spent on Cyprus to render it a fitting naval station had better have been expended at Malta, which is only two days further from the Syrian coast.

Nor need we dwell here on the historical vicissitudes of Cyprus. Under Venetian rule it flourished exceedingly; the population was then nearly a million. The Turks captured the island in 1571 (the same year in which they lost the battle of Lepanto), and, owing to the mutual jealousies of the other nations of Europe, have kept it ever since. In 1850 the population was 140,000. When we remember how England, France, and other European countries have advanced in population and wealth during the last three centuries, and that, *per contra*, Cyprus has dwindled ever since the Turk set his foot on her neck, we have strong evidence that the Ottoman Power does not understand the art of managing conquered nations.

"AMONGST ALIENS"

A Novelette by Mrs. T. A. Trollope, is continued on page 88.

THE PORTRAITS OF LORD BEACONSFIELD

A detailed biography of Lord Beaconsfield is commenced on page 89. The portrait in our extra supplement is from a photograph published by Marion and Co., Soho Square.

THE PRIZE PRESENTATION AT WIMBLEDON

On Saturday the meeting of the National Rifle Association was appropriately concluded by the presentation of the various prizes by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught; the early part of the day being occupied by the athletic sports, which of late years have taken the place of the review and march past, with which the proceedings used formerly to close. The sports included foot races, boxing, the "tug of war," and various gymnastic competitions, besides the purely military contests, such as tilting matches, tent pitching, and tent pegging, lemon cutting by mounted swordsmen, and various contests, bayonet against sword, sword against sword, bayonet against bayonet, and the like. About five o'clock the Duke of Connaught, escorted by his aide-de-camp and some of the officers of the camp, and accompanied by Lord and Lady Wharncliffe, drove up to the *daïs* in front of the grand stand, where a contingent of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers formed a guard of honour. He was received by some members of the Council, and after the National Anthem had been played by the Band of the Victorias, the prize distribution was at once proceeded with. Each of the crack shots was applauded as he came up to receive his prize; but, of course, the lion's share fell to Private Peter Rae, of the 11th Stirlingshire Volunteers, the Queen's Prize winner, who was last upon the list, and in whose honour the Band of the Victorias struck up "See the Conquering Hero Comes," as he stepped forward to receive the prize, which consists of a gold medal and gold badge of the National Rifle Association, with 250*l.* presented by the Queen. It was handed to him by the Duke, with a few graceful words of compliment and congratulation.

The Queen's Prize man of this year is a native of Kilsyde, a mining village near Glasgow. He is thirty-eight years old, a joiner by trade, and is married and has a family. His reputation as a rifle shot is of long standing. In 1874 he made a level score with Atkinson, of Durham, for the Queen's Prize, but unluckily lost in shooting off the tie; two years ago he won the Henry Prize, and has frequently appeared in the smaller lists, besides having had the honour of a place in the Scotch Eight. He was a selected member of the Volunteer team to shoot against the Henry for the Donegal Cup.

The meeting which is just over is stated to be the most successful ever held at Wimbledon, both in regard to the attendance of volunteers and their behaviour in camp, the character of the shooting, the weather, and the pecuniary receipts. The increased scores are considered to be a further demonstration of the superiority of the Martini-Henry over the Snider.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE AT MALTA

We have already recorded the chief events of the Duke of Cambridge's visit to Malta, and his inspection, while there, of the native Indian Contingent, so that we need say no more than that our portrait group represents the Duke surrounded by various general officers, including General Sir Arthur Borton, the new Governor of Malta, Lieutenant-Colonel Crichton of the Grenadier Guards, the Assistant Military Secretary, Lieutenant-General Sir James Airey and Major-General Ross (Ross of Ross's Camel Corps, so famous in 1857), respectively in command of the British and Indian Divisions, and General Sir A. Horsford, Major-General Radcliffe, Colonel Bateson, and Colonel Annesley, who had come over from England with the Duke of Cambridge, and their staff. The troops in the background are taken from the 1st Bengal Lancers, 9th Bengal Cavalry, and the 10th Bengal Lancers. The Duke was enthusiastically received by both officers and men of the Indian contingent during his visit, the latter being especially flattered by the notion of the Commander-in-Chief coming all the way from England in order to inspect them. On his side, the Duke was exceedingly pleased with the appearance of the troops, and in a short characteristic speech expressed his gratification at their soldierly bearing.

SKETCHES FROM A STEAM LAUNCH AT HENLEY

"Towing."—Talk of women's rights and women's wrongs, ought not women to have the suffrage, and everything else they want, after the gallant way they are behaving here? Observe the efforts of the two dear creatures at the far end of the line. They are most ably seconding the strenuous exertions of the stronger sex to get the boat along. But ought we to use the expression "stronger sex" of the beard-growing, razor-using fraternity, when we look at the sketch entitled "A Poor Weak Mortal?" Who represents the weaker sex here—the Sybarite who was, we must confess, the envy of the racecourse, and of everybody who has a taste for rest rather than work; or that quartett of charming galley-slaves who "feathered their oars with such skill and dexterity" as to elicit universal sympathy.—"Encampment of the Thames Rowing Club." These gentlemen are evidently preparing themselves for a visit from some fair friends who have expressed a wish to breakfast with them. Hence the shaving and other ornamental processes which are going on.

THE TWO TREATIES

By aid of the map illustrating the respective alterations made in the territory of Turkey by the Treaties of San Stefano and of Berlin, even the most superficial reader will be able to gather a fair idea of the important work which has been achieved by the Congress which has just ended its labours at Berlin. On February 9th the Plenipotentiaries of Russia and Turkey signed a Treaty which, in addition to according important cessions of territory to Servia, Montenegro, and Roumania, created a large autonomous State, comprising upwards of 50,000 geographical miles, extending from the Danube on the north to a most extensive seaboard on the Ægean to the south, and from Servia and the confines of Albania on the west to a seaboard on the Black Sea ranging from Mangalia to Cape Kuri. Moreover, this great State separated the Turkish European territory into three parts, while the extension of the frontiers of Montenegro and of Servia only left a narrow military road of communication between Albania and the Bosnian provinces. By the Treaty of Berlin the Bulgarian State has been reduced to a third of its original proportions, as it now only ranges from the Danube on the north to the Balkans on the south, some 30,000 square miles of territory and a million and a-half of people being thus restored to the Sultan, who, in addition, obtains a formidable range of mountains for his frontier, with full power to garrison it as he pleases. The Sandjak of Sophia alone interferes with the continuity of his frontier defence, but even here he secures a southern spur of the Balkans, which by some is thought to be superior for military purposes than the main and more northern range. Of the territory thus restored to Turkey, however, a large parallelogram shaped district, extending from the Balkans on the north to the river Arda and the neighbourhood of Adrianople to the south, and from the Black Sea on the east to Itchiman, Tatar Bazardjik and the Despoto Dagh on the west, has been formed into a State entitled Eastern Roumelia, which is to possess "administrative autonomy," and which will be governed by a Christian Prince, who, however, will be appointed by the Sultan. The latter, nevertheless, will have the power of garrisoning the frontiers and strongholds of the province with his regular troops. The remaining portion of the territory restored to Turkey will be under the direct authority of the Sultan, who also regains a considerable portion of the territory ceded by the Treaty of San Stefano to Montenegro, although the latter obtains an increase of some 1,500 square miles, comprising a population of 40,000, together with the much-coveted port of Antivari, this latter concession, however, being qualified by the stipulation that Montenegro shall possess no ships of war, and that Austria shall be accorded a small piece of adjoining territory. Austria has also been entrusted with the occupation of the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, as the Turks themselves have proved unequal to the task of pacifying the insurgents, and as the 150,000 refugees who have so long been a heavy burden upon Austrian hospitality firmly decline to return to their homes while the provinces are under Turkish domination. The territory awarded to Servia has also been slightly curtailed, as may be seen by reference to the map, although she now gets an accession of 3,800 square miles, but no alteration has been made in the cession of the Dobrudscha to Russia for exchange with Roumania, comprising 7,000 square miles and extending from the borders of East Roumelia.—*i.e.*, a straight line ranging from Silistria on the Danube to Mangalia on the Black Sea—to the Kilia mouth of the Danube, and comprising the Sulina and St. George's mouths of that river. Neither has any alteration been made in that portion of Bessarabia, comprising 2,500 square miles, which Russia had yielded up by the Treaty of 1856, and which she has now demanded from Roumania in exchange for the Dobrudscha—Roumania thus only obtaining a clear gain of 4,500 square miles of territory. One other country which was not named in the San Stefano Treaty obtains a mention in the Treaty of Berlin, the Turks being recommended to agree to an extension of the Greek frontier, which would give Greece a clear gain of some 5,500 miles in Thessaly, ranging from the Kalamas River on the Ionian Sea to the mouth of the Salamvria River in the Gulf of Salonica. To turn to Asia, the Treaty of San Stefano stipulated that a small portion of Asiatic territory, ranging from Makrialos on the Black Sea to a point south of Bayazid on the Persian frontier should be ceded to Russia, comprising some 10,000 square miles, including the port of Batoum and the fortresses of Kars and Ardahan. The Treaty of Berlin, however, in addition to declaring Batoum a free port, has restored the district of Bayazid on the Persian frontier to Turkey, this latter alteration being due to the remonstrances of England, who found that her great mercantile highway to Persia would be thus practically closed against her. Persia herself is also granted the cession of the district of Khotour, which had been determined by the mixed Anglo-Russian Commission as the delimitation of the Turco-Persian frontier. Thus, although by the Treaty of Berlin Turkey loses upwards of 71,000 miles of territory, she has regained a very large portion south of the Balkans, and, moreover, retains all her European territory in a ring fence, instead of having it split up in unconnected and isolated districts, as laid down in the Treaty of San Stefano. Looking at the Treaty of Berlin as a whole, we may justly re-echo the admiration expressed by *The Times* at "the conciliatory spirit which made it possible, and at the ingenuity displayed in finding means of compromise where a policy of give and take seemed well-nigh excluded by irreconcileable antagonism."

SPORTING

The Turf.——The meeting at Kempton Park was a great success. The course is one of the best in the country; and will be well patronised by owners and trainers, providing other arrangements suit them. The Inauguration Plate—happily enough named—brought out a good field of fifteen, and was won by Mr. Gretton's Dunkenny, John Porter, the trainer, receiving a 50 sov. cup, and Fordham, the jockey, one of 10, as memorials of the event. In the Kempton Park Two Year Old Stakes Major Stapylton's Sword-Knot gave additional evidence that he is probably the speediest two-year-old yet seen out. The Major has also another capital youngster in Salamis, who took the Queen Elizabeth and the Royal Stakes. The Cup was a gift to Lord Hartington's Rylstone, as most good judges anticipated directly the weights were published. It should be remembered that Kempton is not a mere gate-money speculation, but established in the interest of "Sport and Recreation." The present can hardly be called more than a bye-week, as it immediately precedes the great gathering of the sporting clans at Goodwood, the Huntingdon meeting, however, is not to be despised, and *certes* Cromwell, if still in the flesh, would have "assisted" at it this week, for the old Puritan Regicide and brewer dearly loved a bit of horseflesh, and kept brood mares of good lineage at Epsom long before the classic Downs saw any actual racing on them. Captain Machell, always formidable in Selling Stakes, scored with Ventnor in the Apethorpe, and the Duke of Hamilton had a slice of good fortune in taking both the Peel Handicap and the Kimbolton Welter with Greenback. Another double-eventer was Julius Cæsar, who won both the Portholme Cup on the Tuesday, and the Huntingdonshire Stakes on the Wednesday, And yet another, for Le Promeneur was credited with both the Oakley and Corporation Stakes on the same day. Japonica, the favourite, had to put up with third place for the Hinchingbrook Two-Year-Old Stakes, but she won the Milton Plate, turning the tables on Frivolity, who ran second in the Hinchingbrook.—For the Goodwood Stakes Norwich holds his own as first favourite, and Albert Edward has been scratched. For the Cup there is little to choose between Pageant, the French Verneuil, and the Hungarian Kinesem. The performance of the last-named will be anticipated with very great interest, as in her own country she has won, it is said, no fewer than thirty-five races without once meeting with a defeat. Mr. F. Gretton has challenged for "The Whip," now held by Mr. Crawfurd, with Pageant.—Judging from the entrances for the Derby and Oaks for 1880, there is little sign of the decadence of the Turf, 265 animals having been nominated for the former and 201 for the latter. The Derby entry is the highest since 1872, with the exception of that for next year, and the Oaks entry is the highest for the eight years, with the exception of the 216 which figured in this year's Calendar.

Cricket.——The Tunbridge Wells week has shown how well a cock can fight, according to the old proverb, on its own dunghill. Kent beat Hampshire in one innings by no less than 181 runs, the old Oxonian, Foord-Kelcey, making a pretty 105. We were glad to see that at last the Kent authorities utilised Mr. C. W. M. Kemp, who played in the Oxford team at Lord's. He made the tidy score of 17, and being an excellent field caught no less than three Hants men. We notice also that Mr. Kemp is one of the number of Kent men down for "selection" to play in the Canterbury week.—The star of Kent is just now in the ascendant, as Derbyshire has had to succumb to the famous old cricketing county, being beaten by 125 runs.—In the return match between Lancashire and Notts, the latter most unaccountably made a poor show, scoring only 43 in their first innings, and being beaten by ten wickets.—They showed very different form against Yorkshire, winning in one innings by 64 runs.—Then again Yorkshire made a grand fight with Middlesex at Lord's, scoring 143 and 309, but the Metropolitans marked 196 and 346.—Surrey has been playing two Elevens. One beat the South Wales team at the Oval, and the other Sussex at Brighton.—The Australians have had a sharp rap over the knuckles from the Cambridge men, though the latter had to put up with the loss of two of their best men. It was a one innings defeat, with 72 runs to spare.

Aquatics.——Mr. F. L. Playford, of the London Rowing Club, retains the Wingfield Sculls (Amateur Championship), Mr. A. Payne, of the Moulsey Boat Club, having failed to wrest them from him, though he made a fair try at it.

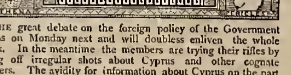
Lawn Tennis.——This is an age of championships; therefore be it known that the result of the strife at Wimbledon leaves Mr. P. F. Hadow Lawn Tennis Champion for 1878. Where is the championess in this essentially lady's pastime?

Pigeon Shooting.——We do not often refer to this exercise of skill; but again it must be recorded that Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell has had to succumb for the second time to the famous American shot, Captain Bogardus. *Per contra*, Captain Bogardus has had to succumb (after a tie) to Mr. Wallace, who killed 71 birds out of the 100 to the Captain's 62.

HOME.

Political Affairs.——The Earl of Beaconsfield went to Osborne on Saturday on a visit to Her Majesty, and on Monday was invested with the Order of the Garter. The other vacant Garter has been conferred upon the Marquis of Salisbury. Both of the Plenipotentiaries are to be presented with the Freedom of the City of London next Saturday, at a meeting to be held at the Guildhall, previous to the Ministerial banquet which will be given at the Mansion House on the same evening. To-day the Premier will be the chief guest at a banquet given by the Carlton Club at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School.—A number of Conservative Associations have sent congratulatory addresses to Lord Beaconsfield on the successful termination of the Berlin Congress, but the Liberals have been even more active in condemning both the results of the negotiations, and the secrecy with which they have been conducted. The Foreign Affairs Committee, in the north of England, have petitioned the House of Commons to impeach the Premier for having betrayed both England and Turkey. The Manchester Liberal Council have declared that the Anglo-Turkish Convention is an act of international immorality, a gross abuse of the prerogative of the Crown, and a violation of the Constitution. The Manchester Reform Club is equally severe in its censure, and calls on the Liberals in Parliament to resist to the utmost the grant for the necessary supplies; whilst the Darlington Liberal Three Hundred hope that, "if the present House of Commons fails to visit such conduct with formal reprobation, the Liberal leaders will at least secure that the country shall learn from the division lists by whom its conditions are approved and by whom condemned."—It is expected that the discussion on Lord Hartington's Resolutions will commence on Monday next, and the speeches of Mr. Gladstone in Southwark, and Mr. Forster at the Cobden Club dinner last Saturday are sufficient indication that the attack on the policy of the Government will be of a serious nature. Mr. Gladstone denounced the covenant with Turkey as "insane," and spoke of it as a work of duplicity, of which every Englishman should be ashamed; whilst Mr. Forster declared that we had guaranteed the continuance of the worst possible system of administration in the world.—The proposed demonstration at Birmingham in celebration of Mr. Bright having been twenty-one years a member for the borough, has been indefinitely postponed, as Mr. Bright does not feel himself sufficiently recovered from the shock he sustained at the loss of his wife, to take any part in the contemplated proceedings.—*On dit* that Capt. Burnaby, of Khiva fame, is to be a Conservative candidate for Birmingham at the next election; while Sheffield will be asked to return a working men's representative in the person of Mr. Joy, of Leeds, who wants Home Rule and a Commission of Inquiry into the Tichborne case.—The Essex farm-labourers have sent an address to Mr. Gladstone, thanking him for his noble and unflinching efforts to prevent the country being plunged into a war for the support of Turkey. They think the Government have forfeited the confidence of the working classes by attempting to create war, to crush the masses and place an idle aristocracy on our taxes, to be a burden to the country for their lives; and they protest against war being declared until the labourers have the vote, like other citizens.—Parliament is to be prorogued on the 20th proximo.

Miscellaneous.——The Army and Navy Reserves are being disbanded. Those of the 47th and 38th Regiment, stationed at Dublin, were discharged on Wednesday, and immediately got up a little war on their own account, fighting in the streets for more than two hours. Seven of the leaders were arrested by the police.—On Wednesday Lord Cranbrook was entertained at a banquet at Cranbrook, to celebrate his elevation to the peerage. The speeches were of a non-political character, and his lordship, in responding to the toast of the evening, expressed his satisfaction that in England, unlike the United States, politicians respected each other, whatever views they held.—The writers employed in the various Government Offices are about to establish a "Government Writers' League," the main object of which will be to agitate for an increase of pay. The present rate of 10*d.* per hour certainly seems utterly unfair, especially as the men have no chance of promotion or pension, and the most important State papers are continually passing through their hands.—The other day the Social Democratic Working Men's Club held a meeting under the presidency of Mr. Maltman Barry, to express sympathy with the German Socialists in their struggle against the German Government.—The famous Temperance orator, Mr. J. B. Gough, who has just arrived in England on a visit, was on Tuesday welcomed by the National Temperance League at a meeting held in the College Garden, Westminster, the use of which was granted for the purpose by the Dean and Chapter. Among the company were Dean Stanley, the American Minister, Mr. S. Bowly, Mr. S. Morley, and Canons Duckworth and Ellison. Mr. Gough made a speech in his old fervent manner, and with Mrs. Gough and some fifty friends was afterwards conducted over the Abbey.—A large quantity of fish have been poisoned in the Wye in consequence of the bursting of a two thousand gallon tank of creosote, which was being taken from Birmingham to Wales, and the contents of which ran overboard into the river.—On Saturday, while H.M. gunboat *Bustard* was on its way from Plymouth to Portland, the boiler suddenly burst. The engineer and stoker were severely scalded, and the latter died in great agony on Sunday morning. The cause of the accident is stated to be exhaustion of the water, which was not observed, owing to the water-gauge being obscured, the engine being in the habit of priming badly.—The *City Press* announces the death of Mr. William Foster White, who had been Treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital for eighteen years, and of Christ's Hospital for six years. He was also connected with the Foundling Hospital and several other charitable institutions.



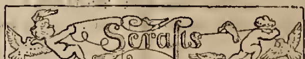
PARLIAMENT

The great debate on the foreign policy of the Government opens on Monday next and will doubless enliven the whole week. In the meantime the members are trying their rifles by firing off irregular shots about Cyprus and other cognate matters. The avidity for information about Cyprus on the part of Her Majesty's Opposition is equalled only by the inability to furnish it which is displayed by Her Majesty's Ministers. It is curious to note how political predilection colours the facts about this hitherto uninteresting island. According to the Ministerialists Cyprus is especially suited as a British naval station, and, holding Cyprus, we may laugh to scorn the ambition of the Czar. According to the Liberals, Cyprus is a sort of desert island, where it is too hot to live in the summer, too wet to walk in the winter, and which is inaccessible by sea for four days out of seven. A similar divergence of opinion exists as to the capacity of Batoum as a harbour. Lord Beaconsfield, with dangerous precision, has fixed its utmost capacity at six ships, and these he declares must be as closely packed as vessels lying in the London Docks. Earl Granville has discovered that Hobart Pasha rode at anchor in the harbour with thirteen men-of-war, not to mention transports. On being further challenged, Lord Beaconsfield admits that the description of Batoum, as holding a maximum of about six ships, appeared to him "picturesque."

These are the premature explosions of squibs, presaging the great pyrotechnic display of next week. They take place early in the sitting, and therefore the House gets to such business as is provided for it. The Cattle Plague Bill remains the *pièce de résistance.* It was taken again on Monday night, and afforded subject for much wrangling throughout the heat of Wednesday afternoon. Sir Stafford Northcote personally wishes it had never been conceived; and as for Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson, he frankly admits in private conversation that, for the first time in his life he understands what Sir Charles Adderley's feelings must have been when he was in charge of the Merchant Shipping Bill. There are, in fact, many points of resemblance between the two epochs of the administration of the present Government. In both cases the Bill is one which does not appeal to party prejudices. It is a business measure, dealing with an important trade, and finds its supporters and its opponents dispersed among the benches on either side of the House. In both, a well-informed, able, and persistent opposition pursue the Bill through Committee, clause by clause; and in both the Bill is in charge of a Minister who, though most amiable in intention, is wofully deficient in ability. Sir Selwin-Ibbetson, in face of the opposition, is as clay in the potters' hands. This condition of affairs is less disastrous when the opposition is drawn at a particular line in the middle of the floor of the House. The Minister may then look to his Party for support But, in the case of this Cattle Diseases Bill, the opposition is all over the House, and, as Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson yields all round, the consequence is that both he and the Bill present a very curious appearance at the close of a long night's Committee. If he yields to the borough members, he has Ministerial supporters like Mr. Chaplin raising warning voices, and threatening that, in spite of their fidelity to the Government, their duty to their constituents will compel them to do something disagreeable. If he yields to the pressure of the county members, the borough members sweep down upon him in a steady phalanx, and utterly crush him. Thus, life is a burden to him and the Cattle Plague Bill a nightmare, and he begins to sigh for the comparatively happy times when he filled the less prominent position of Under-Secretary for the Home Department, with a chief who left him nothing to do save the routine work of the department.

On Tuesday night the House of Commons was more or less agreeably surprised by the appearance of Sir Stafford Northcote walking up the floor of the House, having first cried aloud, "A Message from the Queen!" After dimly guessing that this might have something to do with the dissolution, of which there had been some talk, hon. members at once settled down in the right direction, and felt sure that it could be nothing than a communication relating to the approaching wedding of the Duke of Connaught. Sir Stafford Northcote having arrived at the chair the Message was read by the Speaker, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave notice that he would move to take it into consideration on Thursday. The House was by no means enthusiastic at this prospect, though the Admiral, by force of habit, emitted a stentorian cheer. Quite different was the reception given to Sir Charles Dilke when he gave notice that he would on Thursday meet the motion by an amendment. A loud cheer burst forth from the opposite benches below the gangway, indicating that whilst all hon. members are loyal, the loyalty of some is tempered with regret at the necessity for recurrent applications for renewed professions of loyalty to the Throne.

After this Mr. Gladstone brought forward his motion with respect to the Vernacular Press Act of India, by which he proposed that all the proceedings taken by the authorities under the Act should be reported to the Secretary of State, and from time to time laid before Parliament. The debate was remarkable for five things. In the first place, for the winning eloquence with which Mr. Gladstone obtained a hearing for an unpopular subject; secondly, for the remarkable apparition of Mr. Gathorne Hardy in the person of his son; thirdly, for the speech full of rare promise by Mr. Stanhope, the Under Secretary of State for India; fourthly, for the audacious manner in which Sir Henry James, rising about midnight, proceeded to re-state in his own and less effective manner the arguments put forth by Mr. Gladstone; and fifthly, for the muddle in which the House got on the question of the division. Mr. O'Donnell entangled hon. members with an amendment to Mr. Gladstone's Address, and the forms of the House with respect to putting amendments and the main resolution being somewhat complicated nobody quite knew what they were voting for, and after one division the Gordian knot was cut by the Liberals rising in a body and walking out of the House.



Scraps

A large Picture of the Berlin Congress is to be painted for the Royal Palace at Berlin by the Court Painter, Herr Arnold.

A Statue to Rabelais is to be erected by the Municipality of Tours, which will give a grand *fête* on the occasion of the unveiling next year.

An "Old Paper" Society exists in the Netherlands, the members of which devote to the Pope the proceeds of the waste paper sold annually by the 1,200,000 Roman Catholics. Last year the sum thus obtained amounted to 1,000*l.*

The Latest Pedestrian Feat is that of an adventurous diver, who undertook a subfluvial walk across the Thames on Saturday evening from Greenwich to the Isle of Dogs. He accomplished his task in a quarter of an hour, and recrossed in the same fashion in twelve minutes.

A Second Arctic Expedition is about to be fitted out by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the energetic proprietor of the *New York Herald.* The yacht *Dauntless* will attempt to reach the Pole *viâ* Spitzbergen, while the *Pandora*, or, rather, as she is now named, the *Jeannette*, will proceed through Behring's Straits.

The Paris International Chess Tournament closed on Wednesday, the winners of the prizes being as follows:—Zukertort (Berlin and London) and Winaver (Russia) tied for the first prize; while Bird (London) and Mackenzie (New York) tied for the fourth prize. Two matches will be played during the ensuing week to finally decide the order of the prizes.

British Visitors to Paris would do well to remember the needs of the English Orphanage at Neuilly, which requires immediate help. A collection was made last Sunday at Christ Church, Neuilly, on behalf of this institution. Some members of Mr. H. Leslie's Choir kindly volunteered their services, and sang "Judge me, O God," with great effect during the alms collection. One hundred and sixty-one English and American children passed through Miss Leigh's hands during the past five years. Of these many have been sent out to service, there being a constant demand for them, some have been claimed by relations and friends in England, and others adopted. Thirty-two now remain in the Orphanage, while five others are awaiting admission. The Prince of Wales sent Miss Leigh 20*l.* towards the completion of her church.

A successful Trial of a Flying Machine has been made at Hartford, Connecticut. According to a Transatlantic paper, the *Methodist Recorder*, it went up the height of fully 250 feet, past the spire of the Colt Memorial Church, and sailed until over the Connecticut river, the operator meanwhile exhibiting his power to change its altitude and direction at will. When he ascended there was but little wind blowing, and the machine appeared to be under perfect control; but gradually a breeze sprang up, and it was deemed safest to make a speedy return, as there were indications in the sky of a gathering storm. The machine turned and made its way back in the teeth of the wind, until directly over the base-ball ground, whence it had ascended, and then alighted within a few feet of the point from which it had started.

London Mortality further increased last week, owing to the high temperature, and 1,787 deaths were registered against 1,589 during the previous seven days, an increase of 198, being 123 above the average, and at the rate of 26·1 per 1,000. There were 339 deaths from diarrhœa (an increase of 90), which always becomes fatal when the Thames temperature rises above 60 deg., and last week it was 67 deg., 19 from small-pox (an increase of 8), 13 from measles (a decline of 3), 21 from scarlet fever, 8 from diphtheria, and 19 from different forms of fever. There were 2,364 births registered against 2,394 during the previous week, being 6 above the average. The mean temperature was 66·8 deg., and was 4·2 deg. above the average in the corresponding week of the sixty years, 1814-73. The duration of registered sunshine was 56·4 hours, the sun being 112·2 above the horizon.

The Well-known Italian Poet, Senator Aleardo Aleardi, the prisoner of Josephstadt, died in Rome on the 18th inst. of apoplexy. A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes concerning him:—"He was one of the worthiest of Manzoni's disciples. Poetry and patriotism were with him inseparable terms; but while Manzoni's poetry and prose breathed resignation, Aleardi spurred on the youth of his time to be up and doing, to spare no sacrifice in order to create a country. Up to 1849 his fame was confined to his native Venetia; but the publication of his chief poem, "The Seven Soldiers," rendered him famous throughout Italy. A staunch Republican in those days, he was sent by Manin to Paris, where he became intimate with Lamennais. Returning to Italy to translate thought into action, he was imprisoned by Austria in Josephstadt, and only liberated after the war of 1859. The share taken by Piedmont in that war modified the poet's political sentiments, and he rallied at once to the banner of the House of Savoy, victorious on the battle-field of St. Martino."

The Motive Power of Niagara Falls.——Dr. Siemens has already suggested, says the *American Architect*, that the Falls of Niagara could be turned to practical use for manufacturing purposes, by causing the stream to work dynamo-electrical machines, which could transmit the force to towns at a distance. The *Buffalo Commercial* now states that a company has been formed who are going to use the Fall to make compressed air, which is to be the means of transmitting motion to a distance. In this scheme the canal built by Mr. Day at a cost of about a million dollars will play an important part. "It is 33 feet wide by 11 feet deep, and leads from a point just above the rapids a mile across to the bank below. At its lower end is a large basin 70 feet wide and 800 feet long and 11 feet in depth. From the basin a flume 300 feet long is digging to the edge of the precipice. At the mouth of the flume will be a massive iron gate with an 8 foot opening. The water from the flume will pass into the reservoir, which will be connected with the air receptacles below (iron cylinders 6 feet in diameter and 70 feet long) by means of large pipes siphon-shaped. Attached to the cylinders will be a requisite number of large automatic valves, to let the water run out of the cylinders after the compressed air has been allowed to escape. The practical working of the machinery will be briefly as follows: After the water in the reservoir on the top of the bank is high enough to reach the bend of the siphon it will escape down the pipe to the air cylinders below. The pressure thus obtained very soon closes the automatic valves. There being no escape for the water which continues to pour into the cylinder (each has its own feeder), the air which it contains is compressed by the volume of water from above, until it has as much expansive power when released as steam. The capacity of the reservoir and of the cylinders is so arranged that the reservoir will be exhausted by the time the desired compression has been obtained below. While the reservoir is again filling with water, that in the cylinder is escaping, so that when the bend in the siphon is reached the contents of the cylinder is exhausted, and it is ready for another charge. Thus the operation is repeated at regular intervals in each cylinder, and there being several of them, a continuous charge of highly compressed air is secured.'

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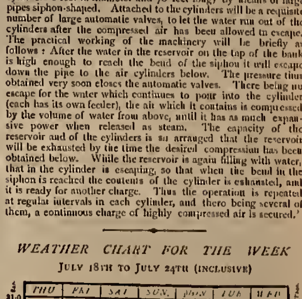
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

July 18th to July 24th (inclusive)



Explanation.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.—The week under notice has been on the whole very fine and warm. The thermometer has risen to over 80° almost every day, and on Friday, the 19th instant, was as high as 85°, while the minima registered during the nights have been also high. The winds were light from the eastward during the first few days, and the sky almost cloudless; but on Monday, the 22nd instant, the weather began to change, and on Tuesday, the 23rd instant, a steady falling barometer was accompanied by much cloud and a considerable decrease in temperature. Wednesday, the 24th instant, was also comparatively cool, and at about six p.m. a sharp thunderstorm, with very heavy showers, passed over London. On Thursday morning, the 25th instant, rain fell for some hours. The barometer was highest (30·34 inches) on Thursday, the 18th instant; lowest (29·68 inches) on Wednesday, the 24th instant; range, 0·66 inches. Temperature was highest (85°) on Friday, the 19th instant; lowest (55°) on Wednesday, the 24th instant; range, 30°. On Wednesday, the 24th instant, rain fell to the amount of 0·05 inches

Lucy had accompanied me, and we had eaten our luncheon there, sitting under a gnarled olive-tree, and looking over the matchless panorama.

AMONGST ALIENS

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

AUTHOR OF "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

Don Vittorio had receded into the dim background of my thoughts. I had satisfied myself that whatever admiration he had felt for Lucy was a mere passing fancy, and that he had soon grown tired of bringing English letters to the schoolroom to be translated. And my mind had been too full of the subject of Lucy's conversion to have room for him. All the more was I startled and vexed to find him seated familiarly at my sister's elbow.

Lucy's face was covered with a deep, sudden blush. Don Vittorio rose very calmly, and made me his usual formal bow, with his heels drawn together. The two little girls stared at me. No doubt I looked anything but a pleasant-humoured visitor; although the instant before, while my hand was still on the lock of the door, I had been feeling cheerful enough,—and even a little triumphant. Now my triumph was very effectually damped. I briefly and drily stated my object in coming to the schoolroom: namely, to tell Lucy that Monsignor Chappaforti approved, and even advised, her going to Tivoli. And then I stood still, in an attitude of expectation.

That which I was waiting for soon happened. Don Vittorio took his departure, with another bow to me, a trifle haughtier than the first one. As he turned away, little Livia pulled him by the coat. "Vittorio, Vittorio," she cried, "don't forget to ask Laura for the ultramarine! And she promised me some more gold paper. Francesca has had twice as much as I."

Livia was the youngest of the family, and was supposed to enjoy the honour of being her brother's favourite. He certainly permitted her to be more familiar and exigent with him than any of the others, whom he kept at a cool distance.

On this occasion he carelessly stroked the child's hair, and answered, "I have something else to do, you monkey, than run on errands all day between you and Laura. I am going out now. I have brought you Laura's message, and wasted five minutes in doing so. You mustn't ask anything else of me for a month." And with that he went away.

He had brought Laura's message! Was that the real reason for his presence in the schoolroom, or a mere excuse? He had certainly looked at me as he spoke, as who should say, "I hope you are satisfied as to the reason of my being here?" And why should that not be the simple truth? Was I not growing morbid and suspicious, and imbibing some of that universal mistrust which poisoned the social atmosphere around me, and which I had frequently proved to be unfounded? No doubt I had shown my chagrin and surprise very plainly in my face, like a "blunt barbarian," as Signor Sandro had called me. And no doubt Don Vittorio had understood my emotion;—it was entirely within the compass of his intelligence. And having understood it, and being too proud to offer anything like an explanation to me, was it not natural that he should take this indirect method of conveying to me that he had no personal inclination to visit the schoolroom, and that he considered his stay there to have been five minutes "wasted"? Yes, certainly; very natural. And yet——.

I was so absorbed in my own reflections that I scarcely comprehended the children's noisy and eager appeals to me, in their imperfect English, to look at the illuminations they had been doing, and to pronounce between gold and silver for the bordering of a bright scarlet letter B. I did comprehend, however, that Don Vittorio had really brought them a message from their elder sister,—something concerning the all-important bazaar, of course,—and further gathered that Don Vittorio had good-naturedly charged himself with the message, because I happened to be absent at my interview with Monsignore, and Donna Laura had no one else at hand. Nothing could be clearer or simpler. I was ashamed of myself for not feeling quite easy. But——I could not feel quite easy.

Lucy began to question me about Monsignor Chiappaforti:—What had he said to me? Was he not amiable and sweet-tempered? Why had I supposed he would object to her going to Tivoli? I was still absent-minded and gave her short answers. When we were alone in our own lodging that evening, I told her that Monsignore had declared that she (Lucy) had never consulted him at all about our projected holiday, nor had spoken to him on the subject.

"Neither did I," she replied at once.

"You did *not?*"

"Certainly not. Why should you look so astounded? Did you suppose Monsignore was telling you a wilful and deliberate falsehood?"

I was obliged to confess that I had thought so, and to submit humbly to a lecture from my younger sister on the blindness of Protestant prejudice and the uncharitableness of Protestant judgments. It was impossible for me to doubt Lucy's sincerity. I must then conclude that it was not Monsignore's influence which had made her so reluctant to leave Rome.

"Then I suppose," said I, "it was the Princess Olympia who set herself so strongly against letting you go."

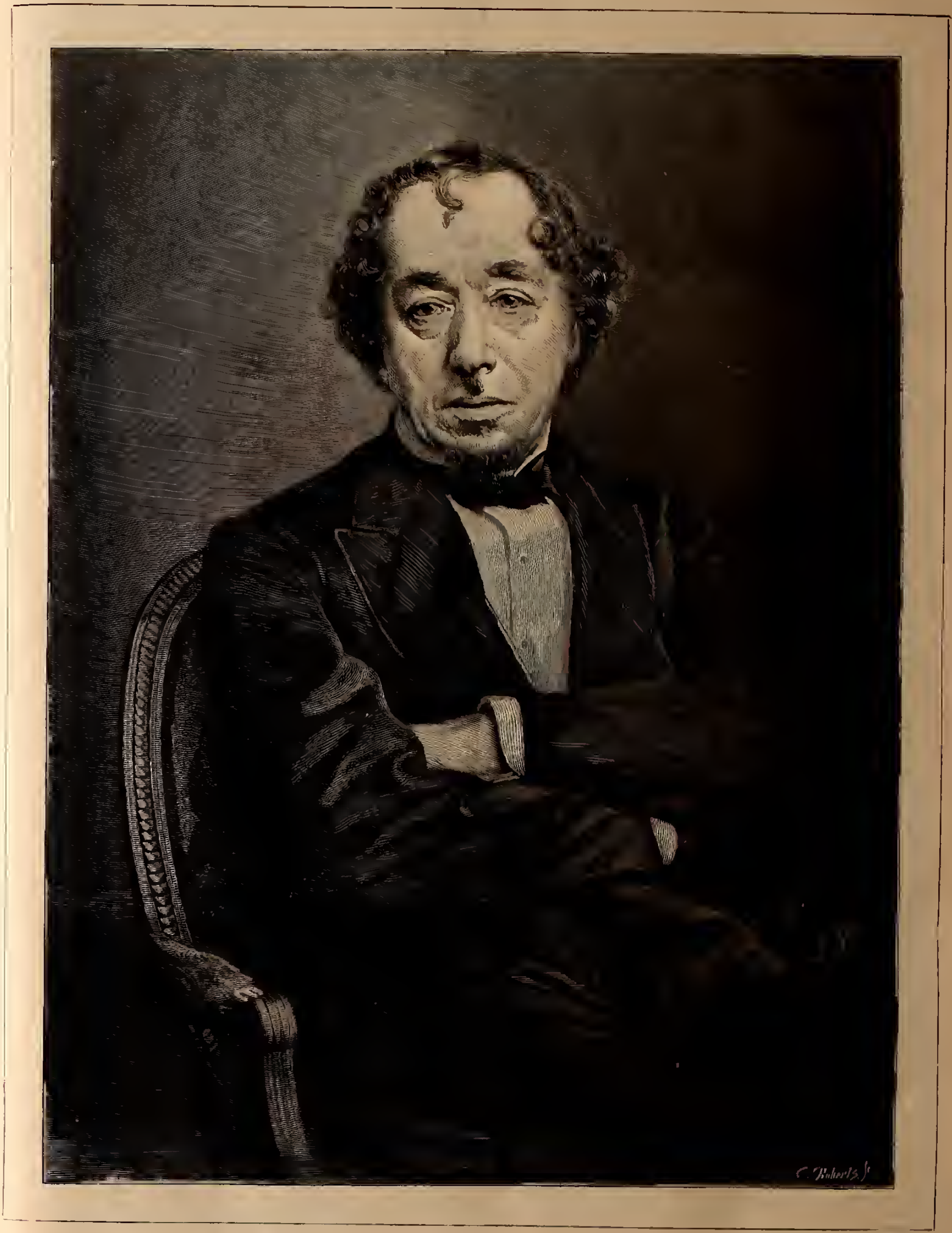
"She does not like the children's lessons to be interrupted, as I told you, Catherine. And,—and I think, myself, that we shall find it cold at Tivoli at this time of year."

She had turned away her face from me as she spoke the last sentence, and dropped her voice timidly. I could not bear to see her seem afraid of me. There was nothing I dreaded more than to make her shrink shyly from confiding all she thought and felt to me. And yet I had resolved to be perfectly candid and straightforward with her. My mind was painfully tossed backwards and forwards from one course of conduct to another. Monsignore had talked of my "strength of mind;" and Lucy believed me to be quite terrible in my inflexible force of will. If they had but known how wavering and helpless I really felt!—how much in need of courage and wisdom!

We went to Tivoli at the end of that week; but, oh, how different a visit it was from that to which I had so long looked forward! Lucy was—not sullen; that could not be, but—often sad. Monsignore's observation on her pale looks and thinness was a just one. She was looking almost painfully delicate. But I expected day by day to see the colour tinge her cheeks again, and the old gay light come into her eyes. I looked in vain. The sweet country air, the loveliness of the scenery, and the peaceful serenity of our outward lives, seemed to be vain medicaments for my Lucy's melancholy. And it was not alone that she was melancholy;—she was secret, silent, strangely reserved with me. I had given my word not to discuss with her any question touching the Catholic creed during our absence from Rome, and therefore on that subject the lips of both of us were sealed. But in a hundred ways I felt that the old familiar confidence between us was at an end. Would it ever return? Just one year ago I had been looking out over the same wondrous landscape that lay now beneath my eyes,—just one year, and how much was changed for me!

I had my Art still. Signor Sandro would have grimly told me to be thankful, and mind nothing else. Other persons had talked to me in more high-flown terms, saying that Art was sufficient to the true artist; that the goddess would accept no half-hearted sacrifice; that one must cheerfully offer up all the human part of one's life to her, if need were;—and the like tinkling phrases. But I could never cheat myself with words. All this talk, as if "Art" were some dim, monstrous abstraction served by creatures all hand and eye, and ignorant, from long disuse, of human sympathies, and weaknesses, and disgusts, and disappointments, seemed to me mere rhapsodical stuff. Perhaps, if I had been a genius, I might have found Art all-sufficient. (Although, to be honest, I doubt it; having noticed in all the accounts of men of genius with which I am acquainted, that their sensitiveness to mundane troubles,—even such vulgar ones as poor pay for their work, or hostile criticism of it,—was in nowise blunted by the favour of the Muses.) At all events, not being a genius, nor anything near to one, I required several other things besides Art to make me happy. And yet I was not unthankful for those two good gifts of Heaven, Imagination and Labour. Nay, I had never valued them so highly as when I found in them a consolation for sorrow and a refuge from care. To me they were both, at this time.

(Continued on page 95)



BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, K.G.

From a photograph published by Messrs. Marion and Co.

THE LIFE

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

LORD BEACONSFIELD is the most striking exemplification of Sidonia's theory that the Hebrew is the governing race of the world, and at no period of his life has he regarded his Hebrew descent otherwise than with pride. And well might he do so. In the graceful and touching memoir of his father prefixed to the edition of the "Curiosities of Literature," published in 1848, Lord Beaconsfield refers to the fact that the race from which he springs is the most ancient upon earth. There are Hebrews who can trace their pedigree unbroken for interminable generations, but there is only one caste—the Sephardim—who can with justice boast that their ancestors were always of gentle blood. Of those Sephardim, almost the last unmingled representative is the Earl of Beaconsfield.

The grandfather of Benjamin Disraeli came to England from Venice in 1747. Up to the end of the fifteenth century his family had lived in Spain, where, as we learn from "Coningsby," the Jews "were treated with tenderness and consideration" until "the Inquisition appeared." Amongst those who were driven from Spain were the ancestors of the present Lord Beaconsfield They settled in Venice, and under the mild and tolerant rule of that Republic for more than two hundred years they traded in peace. Towards the middle of the eighteenth century the altered circumstances of England attracted many Hebrews to this country, amongst whom was Benjamin Disraeli. He was naturalised soon after the failure of the second Stuart rebellion, and was then eighteen years of age. When seventeen years later—in 1765—he married he was already a man of fortune. In the words of his grandson he "settled near Enfield, where he formed an Italian garden, entertained his friends, played whist with Sir Horace Mann, who was his great acquaintance, and who had known his brother at Venice as a banker, ate macaroni which was dressed by the Venetian Consul, sang canzonettas, and, notwithstanding a wife who never pardoned him for his name and a son who disappointed all his plans, and who to the last hour of his life was an enigma to him, lived till he was nearly ninety, and then died in 1817 in the full enjoyment of prolonged existence."

The son was Isaac Disraeli, the well-known author of so many volumes of literary history, criticism, and research. He was born in 1766, educated in a desultory fashion, partly in England, partly in Holland, and after scandalising his father with his violent Rousseauism, his devotion to literature, and his contempt for trade, settled down to the life of a man of letters very early in the present century. His son says of him that "he was a complete literary character, a man who really passed his life in a library. Even marriage produced no change in these habits; he rose to enter the chamber where he lived alone with his books, and at night his lamp was ever lit within the same walls. . . . He disliked business, and he never required relaxation—he was absorbed in his pursuits. In London his only amusement was to ramble among booksellers; if he entered a club it was only to go into the library. In the country he scarcely ever left his room but to saunter in abstraction upon a terrace; muse over a chapter, or coin a sentence. He had not a single passion or prejudice. . . . He not only never entered into the politics of the day, but he could never understand them." Such was the father of the future ruler of the destinies of England, and father and son appear to have been alike proud of each other. When towards the evening of his life Lady Blessington had made Gore House the centre of all that was famous in art and literature, the Disraelis were by no means the least conspicuous figures there.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI IN 1837

THE YEAR OF HIS MAIDEN SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, FROM A DRAWING BY COUNT D'ORSAY

Isaac Disraeli married in 1802 a sister of George (Joshua) Basevi, the well-known Hebrew architect, to whom Cambridge is indebted for the fine "Fitzwilliam Museum." She lived to the age of eighty-two, dying in 1847, one year before her husband. To them were born four children, the eldest, Sarah, on the 6th December, 1802; Benjamin, the present Earl of Beaconsfield, on 21st December, 1804 not 1806, as usually given; Ralph in 1809, and James in 1813. These dates, we may remark, are taken from Picciotto's "Sketches of Anglo-Jewish History," and as they are copied from the registers of the Portuguese Synagogue in Bevis Marks, with which Isaac Disraeli was then connected, it may be assumed that they are correct. As became the son of a Hebrew, Benjamin was received into the covenant of Abraham by Daniel Abarbanel Lindo, a relative of his family, and a Portuguese merchant of high standing. With that event, however, his practical connection with Judaism comes to an end. Isaac Disraeli had, as we have seen, returned from the Continent saturated with the theories of Rousseau and Voltaire, and Mr. Picciotto tells us that his attention to his religious duties was always extremely lax. As a matter of course, he was a member of the Synagogue, and as such paid a *finta*, or assessment, of 10*l.* a year. In 1813 he was elected to the office of *Parnass*, or Warden, an office which, as he never went near the Synagogue, he very naturally declined to fill, his letter of refusal being dated from the King's Road, Bedford Row. Upon this refusal the *Mahamad* (Wardens) fined him 40*l.*, which he promptly refused to pay. Summoned to a meeting of the Wardens he wrote a somewhat forcible letter declining to submit to the yoke which it was sought to place upon him, and the matter remained in abeyance until 1817, when further pressure having been put upon him he wrote to say that he was "under the painful necessity of insisting that his name be erased from the list of members as *Yehedim* (contributing members) of the Synagogue." His brother-in-law, George Basevi, followed his example, and although for the sake of securing the certificates of his marriage and of the births of his children he paid up his subscriptions to 1817, he was practically at no time a Jew, otherwise than by blood, after his return from the Continent. Under the care of some of his mother's connexions, and at the instigation, it is said, of Samuel Rogers, the banker poet, Benjamin Disraeli was baptised at the parish church of St. Andrew, Holborn, on the 31st of July, 1817. The register records that he was then "said to be about twelve years old."

The house at Enfield seems to have been given up at an early date. Isaac Disraeli was one of the most constant frequenters of the library of the British Museum, and for convenience of access took a house, in or about 1809, in the King's Road, Gray's Inn—then an almost rural spot, and very different from the crowded locality it has since become. Later on—in 1825—he removed to an estate which he had bought at Bradenham, in Bucks, and with that event commenced the connexion of his illustrious son with the county which he has so aptly designated "the county of statesmen." From Bradenham House the prefaces to the early works and election addresses of the younger Disraeli were regularly dated; the removal to Hughenden Manor not occurring until after his marriage.

As regards Mr. Disraeli's education, the particulars accessible are singularly meagre. It is known that he was placed at an early age at a boarding school at Winchester, and, shortly afterwards, under the charge of a Dissenting minister at Walthamstow. With those two facts the record ends. No public school can boast of having taught him; no University is proud to enrol his name amongst those of her sons. Even the names of his tutors are forgotten, if we except that of his father, to whose varied erudition and brilliant scholarship he unquestionably owed much. At an early age, in compliance with the wish of his father, he entered the office of Messrs. Swain and Co., the attorneys, of Frederick's Place, Old Jewry. His stay here was, however, very short, and his place was filled by his brother, who afterwards obtained one of those offices for which a legal education is an indispensable qualification. He was never articled, and from the first evinced an aversion to "the desk's dull wood," preferring, according to one account, to read works of imagination rather than to fill his mind with precedents and formulas. It is to this fact that we must ascribe the ridiculous fable with which some writers have amused the world that "Vivian Grey" was written when its author "was a copying clerk in a lawyer's office." As a matter-of-fact Isaac Disraeli was always a man of easy fortune, and at no period of his life has his illustrious son felt the burden of poverty which so frequently cramps the flight of aspiring genius.

There is a story of this period in Mr. Disraeli's life to the effect that he was the editor of, or if not the editor one of the principal contributors to, Mr. Murray's short-lived evening paper, *The Representative*. For this belief there is, however, no foundation. Abundant internal evidence is afforded by the dulness and ferocity of its articles that the brilliant author of "Vivian Grey" had nothing to do with the work, but the matter is absolutely set at rest by a letter from Lord Beaconsfield himself, dated 1861, and published in the *Athenæum*, in which he distinctly contradicts "the constantly repeated story of a newspaper called *The Representative*, in which," he says, "I never wrote a single line, and never was asked to write a single line." It is worthy of remark that in an article in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1852, the fable is repeated with a "circumstance." Mr. Murray is there said to have declared that he lost 20,000*l.* wholly through the "Alnaschar-like visions of young Disraeli." It has been further stated that at this period Lord Beaconsfield's contributions to periodical literature were somewhat numerous, but it is extremely difficult to discover upon what such a notion can be based.

"*VIVIAN GREY*"

"Vivian Grey" made its appearance in two instalments, the first of three volumes being published in 1826, when its author was in his twenty-second year, and the second of two in 1827. It appeared anonymously, but it fairly took the town by storm. Its popularity continues to this day. Its faults are the faults of youth and inexperience; its merits those of genius of no ordinary kind. As soon as it appeared society set itself to appropriate the characters of the novel to living personages, and a pamphlet called "A Key to 'Vivian Grey'" reached its tenth edition before the end of 1827—a proof of the astonishing popularity of the book. It may be interesting to recall some of the persons thus gibbeted in this precocious work. The studious father of the hero, who never interferes in politics and who "hopes the urchin will never scribble," is, of course, sketched from Isaac Disraeli; while the son, educated at a private school, and full of wit and cleverness, is also undoubtedly designed in the elements of his character for the author himself. Amongst other members of society may be found the Marquis of Clanricarde figuring as the Marquis of Carabas; Mr. (afterwards Lord) Brougham as Mr. Foaming Fudge; Mr. Canning as Mr. Charlatan Gas; Lord Eldon as Lord Past Century; Prince Esterhazy as Prince Hungary; Mrs. Coutts as Mrs. Million; Lord William Lennox as Lord Prima Donna; Lady Caroline Lambe as Mrs. Felix Lorraine; Theodore Hook as Stanislaus Hoax; the Marquis of Hertford as the Marquis of Grandgout; Prince Leopold (afterwards King of the Belgians) as the Prince of Little Lilliput; the Miss Berrys as the Miss Otrantos; Horace Twiss as Vivacity Dull; Metternich as Beckendorf; Abernethy as Dr. Spittergen; and Lord Burghersh as Lord Amelius Fitzfudge Boroughby. The list might be indefinitely extended. There must, however, have been something better than mere personalities to secure enduring popularity for a book which is by the confession of its author "as hot and hurried a sketch as ever was penned." "Vivian Grey" is in short a work of genius, of genius immature and erratic it may be, but genius all the same. It is full of thought, full of wit, marked by the most astonishing vivacity, and of singular interest merely as a novel of incident.

The author of "Vivian Grey" awoke to find himself famous, and with astonishing self-restraint fled from his newly-found honours to mature his mind by farther travel and observation. Ere he departed he gave to the world another work, this time conceived in a different vein. This was the

"*VOYAGE OF CAPTAIN POPANILLA*,"

a brilliant satire on the manners and customs of 1828. It has never been reprinted, and is now exceedingly scarce, but it deserves a better fate. The scene of the adventures is the Isle of Fantasie, and in the still stranger island of Vraibleusia, the capital of which is the city of Hubbabub. When it is mentioned that the last name means London, the second England, and the first Ireland, the nature of the satire will probably be understood. The manner in which it is carried out is admirable. In style it is worthy of the author of "Gulliver" himself, and it is surprising that it should have been allowed to drop into obscurity. The young author had already visited the Continent, but he now entered upon a more extended pilgrimage. "Captain Popanilla" was published early in 1829, and by the autumn "Disraeli the Younger," as he delighted to be called in those days, was on his way to

THE MYSTIC NEST

His travelling companions were his sister and her betrothed, a Mr. Meredith, who unhappily died before the time appointed for their marriage. With them Mr. Disraeli spent the winter at Constantinople. In 1830 he was in Albania; in the following year in Syria; and there he appears to have parted from his sister, who, returning to London, falls out of the story of her illustrious brother's life. On the death of Mr. Meredith she became her father's constant companion and trusted amanuensis, and will best be remembered in the future by the touching verses to her preserved in the "Curiosities of Literature." Of his various journeyings Lord Beaconsfield has preserved no direct record, but the hints and allusions scattered throughout the long series of his novels afford distinct proof that they were as numerous and almost as erratic as those of Sidonia himself. In Syria, the cradle of his race, he evidently passed no small part of his time. Egypt and the Upper Nile he explored at a period when Cook's tourists were not, and the expedition was not the winter holiday it has since become. At Janina he found himself in the midst of a dangerous revolt of Albanians; at Jerusalem he nearly lost his life in an attempt to penetrate the Mosque of Omar. At one period we hear of him as on the coast of the Adriatic; at another as exploring the ruins of Rome; at another as visiting Granada and the Alhambra. "On the plains of Troy," as he tells us, he conceived the idea of his

"*REVOLUTIONARY EPIC*,"

a fragment of which only has appeared, published at a later period, when the author was already entering upon that great political career which has eclipsed even his literary reputation. The leading idea of the work is, as he explains in his preface, the fact that it is the duty of the poet to endeavour to embody in his work the spirit of his time. Thus an heroic age produced an Heroic Epic—the "Iliad;" the consolidation of the most superb of Empires, a political Epic—the "Æneid;" the Revival of Learning and the Birth of National Genius, a National Epic—the "Divine Comedy;" the Reformation and its consequences, a Religious Epic—the "Paradise Lost" of Milton. The spirit of his own time was Revolutionary, and "for me," said he, "remains the Revolutionary Epic." The composition of this work occupied its author during a portion of his stay in Constantinople, and it was partially resumed in London. In his preface "Disraeli the Younger" expresses more diffidence than was his wont. "Whatever may be their (the public's) decision," he says, "I shall bow to it without a murmur; for I am not one who finds consolation for the neglect of my contemporaries in the imaginary plaudits of a more sympathetic posterity. The public will then decide whether this work is to be continued and completed; and if it pass in the negative I shall without a pang hurl my lyre to limbo." The public did so decide. The "Revolutionary Epic" was received with but little enthusiasm, and posterity has endorsed the contemporary verdict. In plain truth the genius of "Disraeli the Younger" is not distinctly poetical. The fragment of verse here submitted to the public abounds with splendid and most eloquent passages, but their qualities are those of rhetoric and not of poetry.

Besides this work, begun rather than matured, Disraeli the Younger sent home from the East to his publishers in London the manuscript of "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy"—a prose poem, which we should be inclined to class with Hope's "Anastatius," and which had it stood alone would have secured for its author a very high place in the Republic of Letters—and "Contarini Fleming; or, The Psychological Romance"—a title which he assures us "is of bibliopolic origin, and means nothing." His own criticism on the latter work deserves quotation. "I published 'Contarini Fleming' anonymously," he says, "and in the midst of a revolution. It was almost still-born, and having written it with deep thought and feeling I was naturally discouraged from further effort. . . . Gradually 'Contarini Fleming' found sympathising readers: Goethe and Beckford were impelled to communicate their unsolicited opinions of this work to its anonymous author, and I have seen a criticism on it by Heine, of which any writer might be justly proud."

The "discouragement from further effort," of which Lord Beaconsfield here speaks, applies, of course, only to effort in the direction of literary labour. A mind of such energy and versatility could not long remain inactive. Naturally enough he turned his attention to politics very speedily after his return from the East. During his absence an enormous revolution had been accomplished, not wholly without bloodshed, and the Whigs, having carried the Reform Bill, were masters of the situation. They had concentrated the representative power in the hands of the middle classes under the pretext that the lower were unfit for political rights, and they had placed the government of the country practically in the hands of a few of the great families. Such at all events was the view which Mr. Disraeli took, and which Lord Beaconsfield still holds. In 1831, as he has himself said, he found "an oligarchy substituted for a kingdom, and a narrow-minded and bigoted fanaticism flourishing in the name of religious liberty." This he traced to our carelessness in not distinguishing between the excellence of a principle and its injurious or absolute application. "The feudal system," he goes on, "may have worn out, but its main principle that the tenure of property should be the fulfilment of duty is the essence of good government. The Divine Right of Kings may have been a plea for feeble tyrants, but the Divine Right of Government is the keystone of progress, and without it Governments sink into police, and a nation is degraded into a mob."

Filled with these ideas, and exasperated almost beyond bounds by the practical ascendancy which had been gained by the Whigs during the struggles for reform of the last years of the "twenties," Benjamin Disraeli presented himself in 1831 to the electors of

HIGH WYCOMBE

He came before them as an independent candidate, and, as independent candidates usually do, he relied upon the fusion of certain very opposite interests. The best description which could be given of his political attitude in May, 1832, would probably be that which was given by one of his enemies during the debates on the Reform Bill of 1867. He was a "Democratic Tory." His election address was dated, like the "Revolutionary Epic" of later days, from Bradenham House, and was somewhat vague in its wording. Of positive principle there was not too much, whilst both the great political parties in the State met with sharp reprehension. He refused to join the Tories because he found them "in a state of ignorant stupefaction." His objection to them was however, less their ignorance than the fact that they were "haunted with a nervous apprehension of that bugbear, the People—that bewildering title under which a miserable minority contrive to coerce and plunder the nation." The meaning of this was clear enough, it may now be thought. The young aspirant for Parliamentary honours distrusted the Tories of his day, but he hated the Whigs with a perfect hatred, and he thought that success was to be obtained by uniting the extreme parties against the middle, trusting to time to prove that the Tory party were the best friends the lower classes could have. Unfortunately the electors of High Wycombe preferred the rival candidate, Colonel Grey, a brother of the then Premier.

Ere many months were past Lord Melbourne's first Administration crumbled into the dust, and High Wycombe was once more called upon to exercise the right of electing a Parliamentary representative. Again Mr. Disraeli came to the front, only again to be defeated, though by eleven votes only. But no one can regret the conflict, for it brought from him a speech full of wit and wisdom. On the strength of the support he had obtained from Messrs. O'Connell and Hume he might have been considered a Radical in some quarters, but in this speech—afterwards published with his name under the title of "The Crisis Examined"—the trumpet gives no uncertain sound. It is the voice of a Tory—a Reformer, if you will, but still a Tory. He will repeal the Malt Tax for the relief of the agricultural interest. He is disposed not to "reform" so much as to "improve" the Church by abolishing pluralities. He would maintain the Irish Church, but he would not despoil her for the benefit of a Whig aristocracy. "I remember Woburn," says he, "and I profit by the reminiscence." He would concede the claims of Dissenters so far as Marriage and Registration are concerned, and would seem to be ready to meet them half-way about Church rates, but he would on principle maintain the Church of England. The point of the speech lay in the peroration, which is, we venture to say, one of the finest things of the kind ever achieved. All the greater men had vanished from the first reformed Cabinet except Lords Melbourne, Palmerston, John Russell, and Brougham. The men who had made it really illustrious were all gone, whereupon "Disraeli the Younger" turns the whole thing into the most exquisite ridicule. Lord Durham had withdrawn "on account of ill-health; he generously conceded this plea in charity to the colleagues he despised;". "Lord Grey and Lord Althorp both retire in a morning and—in disgust." Then comes a picture of "the Lord Chancellor (Brougham) dangling about the Great Seal in post chaises, spouting in pot houses, and vowing that he would write to the Sovereign by the post." And thus it had come about that the great Reform Ministry had collapsed.

Nothing could have been better in its way, but High Wycombe was not to be weaned from its Whiggism by wit, and the heir of Bradenham was once more left in the cold. A vacancy offering itself in April, 1833, at

MARYLEBONE,

he issued an address in which he described herself as one who "sought the support of neither of the aristocratic parties." It was in the course of his candidature on this occasion that he made the famous retort when asked "upon what he stood." "Upon my head," was the reply. The metropolitan constituency was as implacable against him as the rural one which he had previously courted, and in spite of his modified acceptance of the Radical nostrums of Triennial Parliaments and Vote by Ballot, he found so little support that he refrained from going to the poll. Various other efforts were vainly made in the same direction, one of which is recorded in that farrago of libels, hints, insinuations, and half truths—the Greville "Memoirs"—under date December 6th, 1834.

Once more he attempted to enter Parliament—this time in April, 1835—at

TAUNTON.

Lord Melbourne had made Mr. Labouchere Master of the Mint, and when, in accordance with the usual custom, he went to his constituents for re-election, he found Mr. Disraeli ready to oppose him. The contest—which resulted in the defeat of the latter by 130 votes—was more than commonly acrimonious—not without reason. O'Connell had at that time just entered upon his notorious alliance with the Whigs in spite of the fact that the Whigs had heretofore treated him as one almost out of the pale of civilisation, had denounced him as a traitor, and had covered his demands on behalf of Ireland with contempt. In their despair of being able to maintain their hold on office and its emoluments by other means they had sought the support of the "Liberator" and his "tail," and he, knowing that nothing was likely to be obtained from any other party, had accepted their overtures. So flagitious a piece of factiousness naturally excited Mr. Disraeli to wrath, and in a speech which he made during the election he animadverted in no very gentle terms upon the defection of the Irish chieftain. The

QUARREL BETWEEN O'CONNELL AND MR. DISRAELI,

which followed, is amongst the most amusing episodes of political history. In his Taunton speech the latter had called his opponent an "incendiary" and a "traitor," and in reply O'Connell delivered one of those addresses which delighted the idolators of the "Liberator," and shocked the genuine friends of Ireland. He was kind enough to style his opponent "a liar," and to say that his life was "a living lie." There was a good deal more of the same sort, and in the end, with dubious taste, but some wit, he described his opponent as possessing "just the qualities of the impenitent thief, whose name," he added, "I verily believe, must have been Disraeli. For aught I know," he went on, "the present Disraeli is descended from him, and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross." Just at that time another personal insult of the grossest kind, uttered in a similar fashion, had induced Lord Alvanley to call upon O'Connell to give him "the satisfaction of a gentleman." O'Connell, who had already "killed his man," refused the challenge, but it was taken up by his son, Morgan O'Connell. Mr. Disraeli, therefore, called upon Mr. Morgan O'Connell, to resume his vicarious office of yielding satisfaction for "the insults which your father has so long lavished with impunity upon his political opponents." The challenge became the subject of an inquiry before the magistrates, and Mr. Disraeli was bound over to keep the peace. He, however, had his revenge. *The Times* published his letter to O'Connell, and anything much more severe has seldom appeared in its columns. "Mr. O'Connell," it begins, "although you have long placed yourself out of the pale of civilisation, still I am one who will not be insulted, even by a Yahoo, without chastising it." For a moment the strife of party was hushed by the death of William IV., in 1837, and the accession of Her Majesty. In accordance with constitutional custom, the accession of the new Sovereign was followed by a general election, at the close of which Mr. Disraeli found himself the junior

MEMBER FOR MAIDSTONE,

having for his colleague Mr. Wyndham Lewis, and for his defeated opponents Colonel Thompson and Mr. Erskine Perry. It is said that Mr. Disraeli's chances on this occasion would have been by no means favourable had it not been for the attempts of the Whigs to represent the Sovereign as pledged to the support of their party.

Parliament met on the 15th of November, and before three weeks were over Mr. Disraeli had made his

MAIDEN SPEECH.

It is the fashion to represent this oration as a failure, as the presumptuous effort of a too ambitious boy, and so forth. Even those who have chosen to assume the *rôle* of apologists for the orator have assumed that the report of his enemies is the true one. As a mere matter of fact, however, the first speech of Mr. Disraeli was anything but a failure. The reports of it occupy five and a half pages of "Hansard" and a column of *The Times*, and though the former report adds an explanation to the effect that the noise and confusion prevented a great part of the speech from being heard, the latter shows very clearly that a great portion of the House at least were thoroughly in accord with the speaker, and relished his wit and sarcasm in no common degree. The explanation of the matter is simple enough. Mr. Disraeli's maiden speech was on the Irish Election Petitions. It was in direct reply to O'Connell, and consisted in the main of a series of attacks upon him and his policy. The *mot d'ordre* had gone forth, and the "tail" of the "Liberator" set to work to hoot down the audacious assailant of their idol. Such an assault cannot be said to have produced a "failure." Nor did it. When the member for Maidstone sat down he said:—"I have begun several things many times, and I have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me."

How true those words were, and how remarkably they have been fulfilled, it is hardly necessary to point out. For a time, indeed, it appeared as though the factious hootings of the "Pope's Brass Band" had drowned his voice. Yet Mr. Disraeli spoke, and spoke with effect, even during his first Session.

AFTER THE ADJOURNMENT,

the vexed question of the repeal of the Corn Laws was once more brought before the House, and Mr. Disraeli made a brilliant and characteristic speech on the subject. "Whose interest," said he, "is it to have the Corn Laws repealed? Only that of certain manufacturing capitalists who have contrived to raise a large party in favour of that repeal on the specious pretext that it will lead to a reduction of the rents, and by obtaining the co-operation of a section of this country who are hostile to a political system based upon the landed interest." On the subject of copyright he also spoke well and effectively, though not at any great length, and in the same way he made his voice heard when such subjects came on for discussion as the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill and the removal of Lenten restrictions on the London theatres. On the last subject, indeed, he made a rather brilliant hit. The then Bishop of London had given in his adhesion to the scheme for the wholesale suppression of cathedral canonries for the purposes of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners—purposes which were in those unbelieving days said to consist chiefly in the enlargement of Bishop's palaces and the increase of non-residential prebends, and accordingly when Mr. Disraeli felt called upon to rebut the charge of enmity to the Church he professed himself more her friend than the Bishop who had assented to the schemes of the Commission. He spoke also on education, and on the extension of the suffrage, and on both in much the same sense as his later utterances. On education he professed his aversion to a centralised system of State education such as that which prevails in "China, Persia, Austria, and Prussia;" he eulogised the individual and corporate efforts which have been the pride of England, and he foreshadowed in no unintelligible way that theory of Young Englandism of which he was so soon to become the leading exponent. In relation to this subject it is interesting to compare this speech, which was delivered on the 20th June, 1839, with that delivered to the working men of Edinburgh eight-and-twenty years later. The advocates of political consistency could scarcely need any further vindication of Lord Beaconsfield's career.

Apart from the mere question of Education, however, this speech is remarkable as striking the keynote of

"YOUNG ENGLAND"

Five years later in "Coningsby" Mr. Disraeli announced the faith that England must be saved by its youth—a belief which he has since repeated on several occasions—and the creed of the youth to whom he there refers may be traced in this speech of 1839. Referring to his opponents, he said with much energy that with them "it was always the State, and never Society—it was always machinery, and never sympathy." The whole speech is, indeed, remarkable and interesting, but its main value is, after all, in the light which it sheds upon the character of the "Young England" party in whose name he spoke. Upon that party it is the fashion in many quarters to pour down abundant ridicule. They are represented as believing that the first article of an Englishman's duty was "to wear a white waistcoat, and to part his hair down the middle." The feeling which underlay the movement was, however, something very different. It was, briefly, the natural revulsion of young and generous minds from the hard, cold, and cruel mechanicalism of Bentham and his followers. Those who professed this novel creed had been out into the world, and had seen the effect of the selfish materialism which had been preached for a couple of generations as the Evangel of the nineteenth century and their souls revolted alike from it and its effects. The state of the country was, indeed, such as to force thoughtful men to earnest reflection. There were Chartist riots, agrarian outrages, bitter outcries against the severities of the New Poor Law, and a widespread feeling of disaffection. The Whigs found measures of coercion necessary, and they relied upon the known attachment of the Tories to law and order to help them. In giving such help the political Ishmael, "Disraeli the Younger," resolutely refused to join. Lord John Russell had brought in a Bill for the creation of a police force for Birmingham on the plea that the country was in a state of armed insurrection. Against that proposition Mr. Disraeli made a daring and most vigorous stand, and though he did not succeed in carrying the House with him he did succeed in finding out the weak places in the harness of the Government, and in sending shafts of wit and irony to pierce them. So in like manner when the working of the Poor Law was in question Mr. Disraeli used both tongue and pen with immense effect on behalf of the poor. More than all, he succeeded in getting the House to listen to him, and making himself recognised as a power in it.

Whilst thus slowly winning his way in Parliament, Mr. Disraeli's pen had not been idle. His

LITERARY LABOURS

at this time were incessant, in spite of the "horror" which he was accustomed even then to profess for "journalising and, indeed, writing of all description." In 1835 he brought out a pamphlet of some two hundred pages—a "Vindication of the English Constitution in a Letter to a Noble and Learned Lord." The noble and learned lord was Lord Lyndhurst, to whose "political courage, versatile ability, and masculine eloquence," as well as to his "tenderness of disposition, sweetness of temper, and ripe scholarship," Lord Beaconsfield has elsewhere paid worthy tribute. It was not, however, only with such grave subjects that his pen was occupied at this time. In 1837 he published two novels, "Henrietta Temple" and "Venetia." Unlike most of his other writings, these were not political, but as he himself says of them, "They commemorate feelings more enduring than public passions, and they were written with care and some delight." No one can read those stories without sharing the delight of the author. "Venetia" was less successful. With questionable taste, Mr. Disraeli introduced amongst his *dramatis personæ* whole-length portraits of Shelley and Byron. To this period belong also the famous "Letters of Runnymede," never formally owned by Lord Beaconsfield, but always ascribed to him, and, as most critics consider, with excellent reason. The collected edition of these "Letters," which originally appeared in *The Times*, is inscribed to Sir Robert Peel in language which seems at this date somewhat extravagant, especially when it is remembered that only a few years later Mr. Disraeli became Sir Robert's bitterest opponent. In 1836 and 1837, however, "Runnymede" was undoubtedly justified in regarding Peel as "the only hope of a suffering island," and in his pride in the Minister's "splendid talents and spotless character."

In 1839 an event occurred which unquestionably affected Mr. Disraeli's future in no ordinary degree. When at the time of his election for Maidstone the former member for the borough, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, stood with him, it was evident that his race was nearly run. Parliament opened, but Mr. Lewis scarcely appeared, and never spoke. Three or four months later he succumbed to the painful disease from which he had long been suffering, and some two years afterwards Mr. Disraeli

MARRIED

his widow. Mrs. Disraeli, who as all the world knows, afterwards became Lady Beaconsfield, was the daughter of Captain Viney Evans, R.N., and is understood to have brought to her husband a very considerable accession of fortune. Happily also she brought something else—practical wisdom, sound sense, no ordinary accomplishments, and profound attachment to her brilliant husband. Lord Beaconsfield has on all occasions borne testimony to her admirable qualities—notably when at a harvest home at Hughenden he declared that he had "the best wife in England," and when he dedicated "Sybil," to "the most severe of critics, but a perfect wife."

From the time of his marriage his upward progress in

POLITICAL LIFE

was marked and striking. The times were hard, and the pressure on the working classes well-nigh intolerable. The Whigs were still in the ascendant, and Mr. Disraeli could see no national salvation in the "Morison's Pills for the Evils of Society" which that party put forward. The views which he expressed in the speech on Education to which reference has been made were substantially those with which he regarded all social questions. Just as he preferred to trust to individual effort rather than to State machinery for teaching the children of the poor, so in other matters he looked to Society rather than the State, to sympathy rather than to machinery. In this year of his marriage he startled his friends and enemies alike by an open plea for the Chartists, and in the year following he followed up this act by a still more striking speech in the House when the clemency of the Crown was invoked on behalf of Lovett and Collins. It is hardly necessary to say that he had no sympathy with disorder, but he declined also to shut his eyes to the facts that the Chartists had grievous social wrongs of which to complain, and that although their agitation was political in form it was really designed to bring about social improvement. How deep and real has been Lord Beaconsfield's sympathy with the poor may be seen in the pages of "Sybil," but the fact of his assuming the position of public defender of their leaders at a time when such a course was almost equivalent to political ostracism is hardly less striking. One at least of his *protégés* has not been ungrateful. Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, having completed his noble poem, "The Purgatory of Suicides," whilst undergoing imprisonment in Stafford Gaol, procured through Mr. Duncombe an introduction to Mr. Disraeli, and has described in very striking terms the remarkable kindness with which the future Minister treated him, the generosity with which he devoted valuable time to his service, and the pains which he took to procure a publisher for his work. It is worthy of remark, as indicating the spirit and temper of Mr. Disraeli at this time, that it was by his especial advice that Cooper, in spite of the dogmatic injunction of Mr. John Forster, refused to cancel the word "Chartist" on the title page.

In the course of his account of his first interview with Mr. Disraeli Mr. Cooper mentions that his host said to him, "I wish I had seen you before I finished my last novel—my heroine, Sybil, is a Chartist." The fact is that during these eventful years Mr. Disraeli's pen had been extraordinarily busy, and to it the literature of England is indebted for three political romances—a trilogy as their author describes them—which are amongst the most perfect things of their kind in existence. These novels are

"CONINGSBY," "SYBIL," AND "TANCRED"

The first is devoted to Young England. The object of the party may best be given in the author's own words. It was, he says, "To change back the oligarchy into a generous aristocracy round a real throne; to infuse life and vigour into the Church as the trainer of the nation by the revival of Convocation, then dumb, on a wide basis, and not, as has been since done, in the shape of a priestly section; to establish a commercial code on the principles successfully negotiated by Lord Bolingbroke at Utrecht, and which, though baffled at the time by a Whig Parliament, were subsequently and triumphantly vindicated by his political pupil and heir, Mr. Pitt; to govern Ireland according to the policy of Charles I., and not of Oliver Cromwell; to emancipate the political constituency of 1832 from its sectarian bondage and contracted sympathies; to elevate the physical as well as the moral condition of the people by establishing that labour required regulation as much as property, and all this rather by the use of ancient forms and the restoration of the past than by political revolutions founded upon abstract ideas." Sharing these sentiments, and associated with him in the effort to carry the policy which they embodied into actual practice were several friends, two of whom Lord Beaconsfield has singled out for especial mention. These were George Smythe, afterwards the seventh Lord Strangford, and Henry Hope of Deepdene, to whose influence and suggestions "Coningsby" was, as its author admits in his dedication, largely owing. In its way "Coningsby" was as great and as startling a success as "Vivian Grey." It has been very heartily abused; it has been praised almost as heartily. It has been condemned for relying for its attractiveness on the most ephemeral qualities, and it is still popular enough to yield a good income to its publishers. It is accused of personality, and in spite of the fact that the greater number of the persons satirised are dead, the caricatures survive. At this distance of time no harm can be done by recalling a few of those whose idiosyncracies are thus hit off. The hero is of course Lord Lyttelton; Rigby is said to have been intended for

Mr. John Wilson Croker. Lord Monmouth, Coningsby's grandfather, is a faithful portrait—not in oil—of Lord Hertford, while the Duke and Lord Henry Sidney stand respectively for the Duke of Rutland and Lord John Manners, Lucian Gay is of course Theodore Hook, and Mr. Gladstone significantly figures as Oswald Milbank. Lord and Lady Everingham stand for the Earl and Countess of Clarendon; Lady St. Julian's for Lady Jersey, and the Duke and Duchess of Agincourt for the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos. Taper and Tadpole are said on less authority to stand for Mr. Ross and Mr. Pringle, whose names were once familiar to the political world, but who are now forgotten.

"SYBIL" AND "TANCRED"

escaped the microscopic analysis to which "Vivian Grey" and "Coningsby" had been subjected. They were perhaps hardly less personal, but the personalities were more carefully veiled, or the critics had tired of the task of identifying them. "Sybil" is a story of singular power, and is full of those touches of higher art of which in some quarters the author is believed to be incapable. The accuracy of the story is avouched by the fact that the author made a special pilgrimage to the scenes of the Chartist disturbances. "Tancred" completes the trilogy. In "Coningsby" we have the picture of the aristocracy, in "Sybil" the actual working classes, and in "Tancred" the mystic influence of religion.

Whilst Mr. Disraeli was thus engaged in the pursuits of literature his

BREACH WITH PEEL

had taken place. Lord Beaconsfield has been accused of personal motives in his change of attitude with regard to Sir Robert Peel, and is said to have attacked him because, when Peel constructed his Cabinet in 1841, he positively refused to include Mr. Disraeli amongst its members. It is just possible that this may be the case. The fact nevertheless remains that Peel's tergiversation had rendered it impossible for not a few of his warmest allies to act with him, and that, in thus rupturing the ties which bound them, Mr. Disraeli was acting in a manner perfectly consistent with all his previous professions. If any vindication of his consistency were necessary it might be found in the famous speech on the Repeal of the Corn Laws—a speech which fills twenty-six columns of Hansard, and occupied more than two hours in its delivery There the Protectionist policy is fully expounded, and there also an overwhelming attack is made upon Peel. "Sir," said Mr. Disraeli, "the right hon. gentleman has been accused of foregone treachery, of long-meditated deception. . . . of always having intended to abandon the opinions by professing which he rose to power. Sir, I entirely acquit the right hon. gentleman of any such intention. I do it for this reason—that when I examine the career of this Minister, who has filled a great space in the Parliamentary history of this country, I find that for between thirty and forty years, from the days of Mr. Horner to the days of the hon. member for Stockport (Mr. Cobden), that right hon. gentlemen has traded on the ideas and intelligence of others. His life has been one great Appropriation Clause. He is a burglar of others' intellect. . . . There is no statesman who has committed political petty larceny on so great a scale." Peel's reply was the insinuation about Lord Beaconsfield's anxiety for office in 1841, which drew from him a distinct denial that he had ever asked for place in any way. He did not, indeed, say that he would not have taken office had it been offered, but he stated what is obviously the fact, that whatever had been done and said had been the work of "another gentleman, whom he supposed to be in the right hon. baronet's confidence." The defence was universally felt to be feeble and incomplete in no ordinary degree. People recalled how in 1819 Peel had appropriated the proposals of Mr. Horner for the resumption of cash payments; how after consistently opposing Catholic Emancipation he had suddenly become its advocate; how, when the enlightened Romilly had struggled to mitigate the rigour of the criminal code, Peel was his ardent opponent, until in 1826 he found an opportunity of associating his name with a measure of humanity; and how, in 1846, after supporting the Corn Laws for twenty years, he became the advocate of their repeal, and appropriated to himself the credit of the work which Mr. Cobden had done. There can be little wonder that the Ministry fell, and that the nation generally attributed no small share of the odium which it incurred to the speeches of the Tory Chief.

During the six years which followed the repeal of the Corn Laws Lord Beaconsfield's position became thoroughly consolidated. The Tory party was split into sections, and whilst Mr. Gladstone, who had been hailed by Macaulay ten years before as the rising hope of the "stern and unbending Tories" cast in his lot with Peel, Mr. Disraeli became the trusted ally of Lord George Bentinck, and the leader of the real Tory party in the House of Commons. The alliance was of infinite service to him, and was commemorated after the untimely and mysterious death of the noble lord by the publication of a biography which, in spite of the critics, is probably the best of its kind in the English language. In 1847 the reward of so many years of labour came to Mr. Disraeli—he was formally recognised as the

LEADER OF THE TORY PARTY,

and in that capacity was put up to express the views of the Opposition on the Address. No amendment was moved, but, in a luminous and most statesmanlike speech, Mr. Disraeli surveyed the foreign policy of the Government, and expressed the views of the party of which he was the head on the question of the Spanish Marriages, and the extinction of the free state of Cracow by Russia in violation of the Treaty of Vienna. The view of foreign policy which Mr. Disraeli then put forward is not without its interest at the present time. "He had not," he said, "the common jealousy of the influence of France in Spain and Russia in Germany. To suppose that great Powers like France and Russia would not have their own ambition to develope, as England had hers, was to expect the impossible. But what was the use of the power of England except to combat those influences, whether in Spain or elsewhere, if they found them aiming at an inconvenient preponderance? He often heard that peace could only be maintained by a cordial understanding between England and France, or a secret understanding between England and Russia; but peace could be maintained by England alone if she understood her position and did not underrate her power." For the rest of the Session, and indeed up to 1852, Mr. Disraeli played a part by no means conspicuous in the House of Commons. He showed himself a Protectionist indeed, but a Protectionist of a very moderate type, the key-note of his political economy being in effect that, however good and valuable Free Trade might be, it was not a one-sided freedom, and that the producing classes of England were not hampered by extraordinary privileges conferred on foreigners.

The year 1848 ended his career as member for Shrewsbury, for which borough he had been elected on his retirement from Maidstone. Thenceforward the Tory chief was to be

MEMBER FOR BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

—a seat which he held almost without contest until his elevation to the Peerage. Parliament met in September, 1848, with all the din of Continental revolution and insurrectionary movements at home ringing in its ears. France had in part accomplished the third of her revolutions, and Louis Napoleon, whom Mr. Disraeli had with astonishing foresight hailed as *Imperator* (in a letter to Lady Blessington two years before), was already struggling for the lofty position which he afterwards obtained, though but to lose it at Sedan. At home the Chartists were preparing for war, and Irish disaffection, stimulated by the braggart patriotism of O'Connell and Smith O'Brien, and nourished by domestic miseries of no ordinary kind, seemed ready to break into flame. The misfortune of the country was that the Government was not strong enough for the place. The times were critical, and Lord John Russell was hardly statesman enough to meet them. His reliance was partly on the influence of the Manchester school of politicians, and partly on the prestige of the Whig families. It can hardly be a matter for wonder if such a Ministry should in spite of its numerical majorities have gradually melted away, especially when the Opposition to it was so brilliantly and so ably led. During this period Mr. Disraeli was mainly occupied in building up his own party, and in attacking the Manchester school.

The autumn of 1851 witnessed a

GENERAL DISRUPTION OF THE WHIG PARTY

Lord Palmerston, somewhat to the surprise of his friends, had consented to serve with Lord John Russell. The ultimate downfall of the Ministry, however, was less the result of its inherent weakness than of the circumstances connected with the retirement, or rather dismissal, of Lord Palmerston in the autumn of this year. The *coup d'état* of the 2nd December, 1851, had not been approved by our Government, but it appeared from the statements of Lord John Russell in the House at the opening of Parliament that Lord Palmerston had conveyed through Lord Normanby an assurance of the moral approval of Louis Napoleon's policy by England, upon which Lord John Russell had insisted upon and obtained his colleague's resignation. This was unquestionably the beginning of the end, but another cause was at work in the failure of Lord John Russell's Ecclesiastical Titles Bill—the off-shoot of his famous "Durham Letter" of the past year. The Ministry was in fact rapidly going to pieces, and all Lord John's efforts to maintain his hold upon the country failed. A week later a Ministerial crisis arose on the Militia Bill. The Government had brought in a Bill on this subject of a purely local character, and to such a limitation the House would in no wise submit. On a division on this point the Government was left in a minority of eleven, and Lord John Russell at once resigned.

LORD DERBY

was therefore summoned by her Majesty, and undertook the formation of a Ministry, which came into office in March. In point of ability this Government was essentially a strong one, but the wounds which Peel had inflicted on the Tory party were too deep to be healed so soon, and the seeds of discord were evidently planted when Lord Derby first expounded his policy in the Lords in February. Yet an Administration which included Lords Derby, Lonsdale, St. Leonard's, and Salisbury, the Duke of Northumberland, and Mr. Disraeli, might, it was thought, have held out longer than through one Session, especially when its first proposal was carried in so triumphant a manner. This was a Bill for the national defence by a militia enrolled on principles diametrically opposed to those of the late Government. The attention of the Government to matters of domestic legislation was also favourably received by the country, but the influence of the more extreme economists was thrown into the scale against the Administration. Mr. Disraeli, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, brought in his Budget on the 30th of April, and found it was generally approved, though the Whig organs assured the world that there was nothing in it but the propositions of the Free Traders foisted upon the country by a Protectionist Ministry. The prorogation came before the financial propositions of the Government had been completely discussed, and was immediately followed by a general election. Parliament reassembled in November, but the state of parties appeared to be little altered. The conflict was still between Free Trade and Protection, and on those principles the proposals of the Government were submitted to the severest scrutiny. The debate lasted for four nights, and on the 16th December Mr. Disraeli rose to wind it up on behalf of the Government. His speech was masterly in its grasp of the subject, and displayed powers of dealing with detail of the very highest order, but it was unsuccessful in attaining its great object—the acceptance of the financial policy of the Government by the House. Mr. Disraeli evidently felt as much. The peroration of his speech is an eloquent and indignant refusal to adopt the suggestion of the coalition of the Whigs and Peelites, which then formed the main body of the Opposition, that he should alter his proposals.

That the coalition was successful is a matter of history. That it lasted longer than Mr. Disraeli anticipated is equally certain. On the night to which we have referred Mr. Gladstone followed his rival with one of those objurgatory speeches in which he excels, and having scolded him through a page of Hansard, set to work to demolish his finance. The result was seen in the division list. There was a strong whip on both sides, but the Government could muster only 286 supporters against 305 of their opponents. Lord Derby announced in the House of Lords on the following Monday the resignation of the Government, and Lord Aberdeen was "sent for." All the calculations of the Tory party had been disappointed. They had reckoned upon the support of the Irish brigade and of the independent members, which would together have sufficed to give them an absolute majority in the House of Commons. They had failed, and the consequence was that Coalition Cabinet, which, with a few modifications, carried the country into and out of the Crimean War, and kept the Tories in the cold shade of Opposition until 1858.

During his exile from office Lord Beaconsfield attended diligently in his place in the House, he allied himself with no faction, he gave a loyal and generous support to Lord Palmerston when patriotism required it, and when Dr. Bowring had plunged the country into the costly and useless war about the Chinese Lorcha, *Arrow*, Mr. Disraeli was one of the strongest opponents of the Ministry. It is true that the appeal to the country reversed the verdict of the House of Commons; it is no less true that the principles for which Mr. Disraeli contended in that debate have become in the main those which regulate the intercourse of this country with her barbarian allies.

THE YEAR 1858

opened somewhat gloomily. The country was only then recovering from the shock of the Indian Mutiny, following as it did close upon the heels of the Crimean War. Parliament, in accordance with a custom which has of late fallen into undeserved desuetude, had met in the autumn, and reassembled on the 4th of February. A few days before Paris had been the scene of a grievous crime—the Orsini conspiracy against the Emperor The Paris press was particularly loud in its declamations against the perfidy of England in allowing conspirators to carry on their nefarious work upon her soil, and the French Government, by allowing these complaints to be reproduced in the *Moniteur*, appeared to countenance them. On one of the earliest nights of this Session Lord Palmerston had moved for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the laws relating to conspiracy to murder, and the notoriously disturbed state of the public mind in France rendered the English public extremely sensitive on this subject. Suspicions were openly expressed in many quarters that the Government intended to sacrifice the dignity of this country to the demands of the French Government under the pretext of a reform of the law, and regardless of the fact that only some six years before a portion of the Press had cried out for a law of precisely this kind, the proposals of Lord Palmerston were from the outset extremely unpopular. On the introduction of the Bill, Mr. Disraeli expressed his opinion that the proposals of the Government were both clumsy and feeble, but at the same time he expressed his intention of voting for the measure, on the ground of its being a mark of national good-will towards France. By the time that it came on for its second reading popular opinion on the subject had intensified itself in no common degree, and when Mr. Milner Gibson, with the support of all the more distinguished members on both sides of the House, moved its rejection, Mr. Disraeli found that he could, without inconsistency, support the motion. When he spoke on the former occasion France had to blame herself only for some acts of indiscretion, for which the Emperor had expressed his regret. Since that time the attitude of the French Government had become one of positive menace to England, and the position of the Government of this country was consequently, in his eyes, one of unworthy subserviency. Lord Palmerston in vain tried to stem the current; a division was called for, and the Government found itself in a minority of 19 in a House of 449. Such an indication of popular feeling could not be evaded. Lord Palmerston at once resigned, and when the House reassembled on the 1st of March, Mr. Disraeli once more took his seat on the Treasury Bench as

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Lord Derby was Premier; Lord Stanley (the present Earl Derby) had the Colonial Office, and Mr. Walpole the Home; Mr. Henley was at the Board of Trade; Sir Fitzroy Kelly was the Attorney General, and Sir Hugh (now Lord) Cairns Solicitor-General. All the members of the Administration were comparatively unknown men, and displayed their appreciation of their position by abstaining from startling acts of legislation, and by efforts after administrative skill. Mr. Disraeli's budget was of an eminently practical and business-like type. The Income Tax then stood at at *7d.* in the pound; he reduced it to *5d.*, and expressed a strong hope that this impost—which Liberal financiers had described as most "unjust, unequal, and inquisitorial," and which was confessedly a war tax—might eventually be got rid of altogether. To supply the deficiency of revenue thus created he imposed the penny stamp on bankers' cheques, and equalised the duty on spirits, besides making some alterations in the arrangements relating to Exchequer Bills—proposals which even Mr. Gladstone approved. Next after the Budget the most important measure with which Mr. Disraeli was concerned in the Session of 1858 was the Bill for the future government of India. Lord Palmerston had made one attempt at legislation, and his Bill was still before the House. The Government measure (India Bill No. 2) was no more successful than its predecessor, and when the House met after the Easter recess it was evidently doomed. Almost without discussion, and certainly without any opposition from Mr. Disraeli, the House determined to proceed by resolution. The Cabinet accordingly drew up a series of fourteen resolutions, which were proposed by Mr. Disraeli, and which eventually formed the basis of the great measure by which the government of India was vested in the Crown.

THE SESSION OF 1859

opened on the whole favourably for Ministers. The position of the Ministry was indeed far from being a secure one, but it had held its own during the preceding Session in a way which had surprised even its friends and supporters. The state of things was pretty much the same as when Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues came into office in 1852. On all sides there were signs of administrative debility and executive feebleness. When they retired they had certainly spent a considerable amount of money, but they left England strong where she had been weak, and respected by those who had despised her. Of that former tenure of office it is worth while to recall one fact—when Mr. Disraeli became Chancellor of the Exchequer for the first time he found England with an artillery force of fewer than forty guns; when he went out she had a siege train of 200 pieces of artillery, and it was with it that the Crimea was conquered. In the same way we may recall the fact that when he took office for the second time he—treading in the footsteps of his exemplar Pitt—materially reduced the burden of taxation, aided in the resuscitation of our foreign prestige, and gave material assistance in that consolidation of our Indian Empire which was completed on the 1st of January, 1875. Other causes were, however, at work to drive the Conservative party from office. The Liberal chiefs assumed that a further extension of the suffrage was necessary, and a

REFORM AGITATION

had in consequence been going on for some time. Mr. Disraeli and his chief determined on making an attempt to end the agitation. It would, perhaps, be more correct to say that the Reform Bill of 1859 was the work of Lord Derby, but be that as it may it was the ruin of the Government by which it was introduced. It caused dissensions in the Cabinet, and at a very early date two of its most popular members—Messrs. Henley and Walpole—seceded. On the last day of February Mr. Disraeli brought in his Bill, and it was at once felt that the fate of the Government was sealed. The Bill was not planned on the infallible system of counting heads, and of placing every elector upon a footing of perfect equality with his neighbour. Instead of doing this the Government proposed to give votes to an immense number of persons hitherto excluded from the franchise, and to make that privilege dependent upon such qualifications as the possession of 10*l.* a year in the funds; 60*l.* in a Government Savings' Bank; the receipt of a pension for naval, military, or civil services; a University degree; and the fact of being a minister of religion, a member of a learned profession, or a schoolmaster. In the counties the qualification was to be reduced to a 10*l.* franchise so as to place the rural and urban electors on the same footing. The object of the Bill was in short, as Mr. Disraeli expressed it, to make the representation a mirror of the mind of the country, its agriculture, its manufacturing industry, its commerce, and its professional ability.

THE SECOND READING

came on upon the 21st of March, and the Debate was protracted over seven nights. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer came to sum up before the division he evidently felt that all was over. He defended his Bill, but with the air of one who leads a forlorn hope, and he closed his speech with a calm and dignified recapitulation of what Lord Derby and his colleagues had done for the country during their twelve months' tenure of office. The division which followed showed that the Opposition had a majority of 39 votes in one of the fullest Houses ever known. A

GENERAL ELECTION

of course followed, but when Parliament reassembled it was evident that the Ministry were doomed. No time was lost by the leaders of the Liberal party. The debate on the Address was made the occasion for testing the strength of parties in the House. An amendment was therefore moved by Lord Hartington, and seconded by Mr. Hanbury, which brought up Mr. Disraeli at once. He made a most luminous and brilliant speech in defence of the policy of the Government, but from the first he failed to carry the House with him, and when he sat down it was equally clear that the debate, in spite of the declared anxiety of the Opposition to avoid useless talking, had only begun. Three long nights were spent over this matter, and on the 10th of June, in a House of 613 members, the division was taken, with the result of leaving Ministers in a minority of 13. Eleven days later the Chancellor of the Exchequer formally announced the resignation of himself and his colleagues, and Lord Palmerston took his seat on the Treasury Bench. The new Ministry, like that which Lord Derby had displaced at the beginning of the year, was a Coalition, and included amongst its members both Whigs and Peelites, as well as a small infusion of the more advanced Liberal element. Such as it was, however, it was strong enough to maintain its position with sundry changes for seven years—from 1859 to 1866. On that period it is unnecessary to dwell. Lord Beaconsfield continued to lead the Opposition, but made few speeches of importance, and carefully abstained from all appearance of factious hostility to the existing order of things. His principal efforts were by way of criticism of Mr. Gladstone's financial policy, and in opposition to the form of the commercial treaty with France negotiated by Mr. Cobden and Sir Louis Mallet.

In the spring of 1860 Lord John Russell introduced his

REFORM BILL,

which was based upon a 6*l.* borough franchise. Mr. Disraeli moved the rejection of the Bill in a pungent speech, in which those who care to read between the lines may trace the germ of his own more successful proposals. Unfortunately for the Tory party Lord Beaconsfield's conduct was interpreted by the country generally as implying what he himself had always been most careful to avoid—a distrust of the people—and this fact, coupled with his opposition to Mr. Gladstone's financial policy, with his support of the Lords in their rejection of the Bill for the Repeal of the Paper Duty, with his known antipathy to the unity of Italy, and last but not least with his notorious want of sympathy with the Confederate States in the American Civil War, tended to make him for about four years one of the most unpopular of English statesmen. With consummate wisdom and self restraint, however, he refrained from *ad captandum* appeals of every kind, and only regained the popularity he had once possessed when, in June and July, 1864, he assailed Lord Palmerston's Government for its apathy with regard to Denmark. On that occasion the policy of the noble lord was affirmed by a majority of 18—"a strict party vote" in American phrase—but there could be no question on which side popular feeling went.

THE SESSION OF 1865

presented few opportunities for active political exertion, the most memorable incident in connection with Mr. Disraeli being the noble and touching tribute which he paid to the memory of his great opponent, Mr. Cobden—a tribute which was the more noticeable from the fact that from the days of the Anti-Corn Law League the Tory chief had never failed to bear witness to the ability and integrity of the leader of the Manchester school.

The question of Reform still blocked the way, and when the Session of 1866 opened the Queen's Speech announced that the Government of the day had prepared a measure, which was eventually brought forward by Mr. Gladstone on the 12th March. The principal features of the Bill were a 14*l.* county franchise; a borough franchise for every person who could show that he had had 50*l.* in a Savings Bank for two years—on the principle of Mr. Disraeli's much-abused "fancy franchises,"—a 7*l.* rental franchise, with provisions for the compound householders and the lodgers. Such a Bill, it was obvious from the first, must fail to satisfy the country, and no little time was wasted over discussions which were notoriously maintained by members who cared little, if anything, for the issue at stake. At last a stand was made upon a question of principle. The Government pinned its faith to a rental franchise, while the Opposition were as strenuous in their support of one based upon rating. An amendment to this effect was brought forward by Lord Dunkellin, and on a division the Government found itself in a minority of 11. It was natural that such a defeat should be accepted by the Administration as the signal for retirement. The death of Lord Palmerston in October, 1865, had practically left the Cabinet of which he was chief without a head. Lord Russell resigned, and was succeeded by Lord Derby, who proceeded to form a very strong Cabinet. Such names as those of Mr. Disraeli, Lords Stanley, Carnarvon, and Cranborne (now the Marquis of Salisbury), General Peel, Sir John Pakington, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, and Sir Hugh (now Lord) Cairns would be a tower of strength to any Government, but it unfortunately happened that the general election of 1865 had given to the Liberal party a small accession of strength, and thus it came to pass that for the third time Mr. Disraeli found himself compelled to take office with a minority to support him in the popular assembly. Outside the House a set of unscrupulous agitators threw every difficulty in the way of good government, and when the Session closed it was with the echoes of the Hyde Park Riots ringing in the ears of a disturbed and uneasy people.

The agitation continued through the winter, and when Parliament met on the 5th of February, 1867, no one was surprised to find that a very prominent place in the Queen's Speech was occupied by the question of the

REPRESENTATION OF THE PEOPLE

A week later Mr. Disraeli announced that the Government had determined to proceed by Resolution, and would not by bringing in a Bill make it one of those questions which should decide the fate of the Cabinet, for the simple reason that all parties had attempted to deal with it, and all had alike failed. As a matter of course he was bitterly assailed, members like Mr. Lowe and Mr. Bright forgetting their differences in their vehement opposition to the Government. To add to the perplexities of the Cabinet, three of its most able members, Lord Cranborne, Lord Carnarvon and General Peel, retired on this question, leaving the Ministry (which in this connexion meant Mr. Disraeli) to carry on the arduous work alone. The House having refused to proceed by Resolution, a Bill embodying the substance of those offered by the Government at the opening of the Session was brought in. Every detail was submitted to the severest scrutiny, and if the opponents of the measure agreed in nothing else they were tolerably unanimous in their determination to prevent the passage of the measure if possible. It is, however, unnecessary to go into detail on this subject—suffice it to say that by dint of consummate generalship and judicious concession, by an unwavering courtesy, and by the acceptance of small amendments to which their proposers attached an overweening importance, Lord Beaconsfield succeeded in getting that unhappy obstruction to practical legislative work out of the way, and in passing a popular measure.

Before the end of the Session the question of the

IRISH CHURCH

loomed menacingly in the future. Just as after the Reform Act of 1832 the Whigs, so to speak, monopolised Ireland, so now that a fresh arrangement of the franchise had been decided upon, they with their more advanced allies adopted the same tactics. All through the Long Vacation the excitement was kept up. Meetings were held throughout the country, and the utmost was made of the Fenian agitation in Ireland. Lord Russell helped on the movement by the publication of a pamphlet in February, 1868, in which he advocated the concurrent endowment of the Roman and Presbyterian Churches in Ireland and the reduction of the revenues of the Protestant Episcopal Church to one-eighth of their existing amount—an extension of the proposal which he had already made in the House of Lords. In the midst of all the difficulties thus springing up in the path of the Tory Government it received at the close of February what many persons considered its death blow, by the resignation of Lord Derby, in consequence of failing health. In announcing the fact in the House of Lords, Lord Malmesbury stated that Mr. Disraeli had received Her Majesty's commands to form a Ministry, and accordingly on the 27th of February, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had an audience of the Queen, and kissed hands as

FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY

Sundry changes in the constitution of the Ministry were made, notably the substitution of Lord Cairns for Lord Chelmsford in the Chancellorship, and on the 5th of March the new Premier made his first public declaration of policy. He announced that in matters of foreign politics the Government would always seek for peace—not peace at any price, but a peace worthy of a great nation whilst in home affairs he and his colleagues would pursue a liberal policy, "a policy that will not shrink from any changes that are required by the wants of the age we live in, but we will never forget that it is our happy lot to dwell in an ancient and historic country, rich in traditionary influences, that are the best security for order and liberty, and the most valuable element of our national character and our national strength." The new Government had, however, very little opportunity of showing what it could do, for on the 23rd of the same month Mr. Gladstone gave notice of his intention to move the famous three resolutions on the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. The Government protested, and Lord Stanley moved an amendment to the effect that the question was one which ought to be reserved for the consideration of the new Parliament, but to no purpose. The debates commenced on the 30th of March, and were continued with more than common acrimony on both sides until the 3rd of April, when Mr. Gladstone's resolutions were affirmed by a majority of 56. The House went into Committee upon them; public excitement was stimulated to fever heat by meetings in favour of the resolutions, and for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the threatened Church. On the 8th of May the Committee reported, and on the 13th Mr. Gladstone brought in his Bill, suspending for the time the exercise of patronage in the Irish Church. The Government, in spite of the enormous majority against it—a majority which used its power without much mercy in dealing with the Scotch and Irish Reform Bills—refused to abandon its position until it had an opportunity of appealing to the country, and as that appeal could not be made until the sister kingdoms had obtained the advantages of an extension of the franchise, Mr. Disraeli was compelled, sorely against his will, to carry on the Government by a minority. No other business was possible than that implied by these measures, and on the 31st of July Parliament rose. The Queen's Speech was read by the Lord Chancellor, and announced that the dissolution took place thus early in order to enable the country "to reap the benefit of the extended system of representation which the wisdom of Parliament had provided" at the earliest possible date.

All through the later summer and early autumn of this eventful year the excitement continued. Meetings were held throughout the country, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed on both sides. During the delay rendered necessary by the registrations under the new Acts, the various candidates put forth their election addresses—Mr. Disraeli amongst the rest. This address is more of a State paper than is usual in such cases, and is devoted chiefly to a review of the Irish Church Question.

This address was followed up by a similarly eloquent speech at the hustings, but the fate of the Irish Church and of the Ministry which defended it was sealed. By the end of November it was seen that the Liberal majority was more than double what it had been at the opening of the last Parliament—122 against 60—and on the 2nd of December the resignation of the Government was announced. Mr. Disraeli thus found himself once more in Opposition.

Relieved from the immediate cares of Government the Tory leader returned for a while to his first love, and produced after a long interval of silence

"LOTHAIR,"

the latest and certainly not the worst of his novels. "Lothair" was from the first an unusually successful novel, partly no doubt from the ease with which its readers fancied that they could identify the hero with a well-known Marquis of enormous wealth, who had recently joined the Church of Rome, and partly from the haste with which other so-called "personalities" were detected, but principally from the light which it cast upon its author's views of general politics. The point upon which he insists is the distrust and even aversion which he considers ought to be excited in the mind of every rational Englishman by the advance of the Roman Church and the growth of the Secret Societies. The heroine—Lady Corisande—very early in the story says to Lothair:—"I look on our nobility joining the Church of Rome as the greatest calamity that has ever happened to England; irrespective of all religious considerations, on which I will not presume to touch, it is an abnegation of patriotism, and in this age, when all things are questioned, a love of our country seems to me the one sentiment to cling to." This may fairly be taken as the key note of the story so far as religion is concerned. In like manner the aim of "Lothair" with reference to the Secret Societies is equally clear. The author pays due homage to the purity of motive by which the leaders of the Revolution are animated. He has no reproach for Garibaldi; hardly even a word of severity for Felice Orsini; but he is none the less strenuous in his condemnation of those secret organisations by which the politics of Europe are complicated.

As time went on the

UNPOPULARITY OF THE MINISTRY

of Mr. Gladstone increased, until about the beginning of 1872 it appeared to have reached its culminating point, especially in the North of England. In Lancashire and Cheshire the policy of the Tory party had indeed always been more or less popular—much more so indeed than was commonly believed—and opportunity was taken by the local party leaders to invite the chief of the Opposition to pay a visit to the Capital of Cotton for the purpose of expounding his views and policy. Mr. Disraeli accordingly visited Manchester, and encountered such a reception as seldom falls to the lot of a public man in this country. On arriving in the city on the afternoon of Easter Monday—a day which is all but universally observed in the manufacturing districts as a holiday—he was welcomed by a multitude of some thirty or forty thousand persons, chiefly working men, who filled the railway station, and lined the road from it to the house of Mr. Romaine Callender, afterwards the Conservative member for Manchester, in the outskirts of the town. The enthusiasm of the crowd was overwhelming. The horses were taken from the carriage and some hundreds of men took their places. On the Wednesday—the intervening day having been occupied in receiving addresses from the various Constitutional and Conservative Associations of the county, numbering some half-million of electors or more—Mr. Disraeli delivered amidst the most astonishing enthusiasm one of the finest orations he ever uttered, to a crowded audience in the Free Trade Hall. The main point of the speech was to counsel patience to his followers. After a scathing denunciation of the tactics of the Ministry and of the party which it represented, and after stating for the first time in public what is now known to be an undoubted fact—that the Crimean War would never have happened had Lord Derby remained in office in 1852—Mr. Disraeli reviewed the conduct of Mr. Gladstone's Government in submitting to the breach of the Treaty of Paris, "and in the form of a Congress guaranteeing their own humiliation." The future policy of the Conservative party was briefly indicated. "If I may venture to give such a hint," said the speaker, "let us take care not to allow ourselves to be made to any extent the tools of the ambition or of the discontent of extreme politicians on either side. I will tell you what I mean. It may very likely be the game of the Radical party to try and turn out the present Ministry if they can, and to put a Conservative Government in its place, that Conservative Government being in a minority, hoping that by so doing they shall be able to reconstruct their own party upon a new platform pledged to more extreme and more violent measures, and then to have a Cabinet formed of the most thoroughgoing Radicals. These may be their tactics, but just because it is their game it ought not to be ours."

The event proved the wisdom of the Tory policy as thus expounded.

THE SESSION OF 1873

opened with a Speech from the Throne, in which a prominent place was given to the question of Irish University Reform. When the Bill was introduced it was found to embody all the clauses to which objection had been taken on former occasions together with a few new ones, apparently designed to gratify the rapidly increasing ambition of the Irish Ultramontanes. The governing body of the institution which was designed to take over the endowments and the charter of Trinity College was to become co-optative in the course of a short time, and elaborate arrangements were proposed by which the majority would speedily be composed of the nominees of Cardinal Cullen; whilst for the further conciliation of the Roman Catholics it was proposed to curtail the University curriculum by the omission of Mental and Moral Philosophy. Naturally such a proposal was received with the greatest possible dissatisfaction, not merely by the Conservative party, but by those advanced Liberals who are mainly solicitous to divorce Education from Religion. Of this latter party Professor Fawcett, until that time an earnest supporter of Mr. Gladstone, made himself the spokesman, and when, at two o'clock on the morning of the 12th April, the House divided on the second reading, the Government was left in a minority of three. Mr. Disraeli made on this occasion one of his most brilliant speeches. Having analysed the Bill in some little detail he taunted Mr. Gladstone with having mistaken the voice of the Nonconformists for the voice of the nation, and went on:—"You have now had four years of it. You have despoiled Churches, you have threatened every corporation and every endowment in the country. You have examined into everybody's affairs, you have criticised every profession and vexed every trade. Nobody is certain of his property; nobody knows what duties he may have to perform to-morrow." The result was what might have been anticipated. At the morning sitting of the 13th Mr. Gladstone announced his resignation, while Mr. Disraeli, as he was entering the House, received a summons to Windsor. In his subsequent explanation he stated that he had expressed his readiness to form an Administration, but that in accordance with the views he had more than once expressed he would not attempt to do so with a House of Commons in which his party would be distinctly in a minority. In the end Mr. Gladstone was informed that the Opposition would not attempt to form a Government, thus throwing upon his shoulders the onus of the inevitable general election. A dissolution of Parliament at the close of the Session was consequently looked for on all sides. Mr. Gladstone and his supporters had been so bitter in their criticisms upon Mr. Disraeli's assumed unwillingness to go to the country in the spring that some difficulty was found in understanding the delay on this occasion. The only feasible explanation appeared to be that the Liberal party had nothing upon which to go to the country besides the Irish University Bill, and were afraid to risk their existence upon so unpopular a proposal. Mr. Disraeli himself held his peace, only breaking silence in the month of October, when, on the occasion of the Bath election, he addressed a letter to Lord Grey de Wilton, in the course of which he said that "for nearly five years the present Ministers have harassed every trade, worried every profession, and assailed or menaced every class, institution, and species of property in the country. Occasionally they have varied this state of civil warfare by perpetrating some job which outraged public opinion, or by stumbling into mistakes which have been always discreditable and sometimes ruinous." An attack of this kind naturally brought down a storm of vituperation on the head of the Tory chief, who, as usual, maintained a strict silence until he could speak with effect.

In November of this year he was chosen by the students of Glasgow University to fill the office of

LORD RECTOR,

and received in that city a welcome second to none save to that which had been given to him by Manchester eighteen months before. The usual address to the students was wholly non-political in its character, and was such as might have been expected from a veteran *littérateur*.

Throughout the autumn and early winter the signs of an impending dissolution became more frequent. Changes in the Cabinet were numerous, and when towards the close of the year a batch of four new peers was announced it was felt that the beginning of the end had come. Nothing, however, was done until the 24th of January, 1874, when Mr. Gladstone, to the surprise of everybody, issued an address to his constituents—which was first given to the world in the Sunday papers—announcing the immediate dissolution of Parliament as the result of the Cabinet Council of the day before, and promising to abolish the Income Tax. Mr. Disraeli's address to the electors of Buckinghamshire appeared two days later, and struck the key-note of the innumerable election addresses which were forthwith issued all over the country. He began by a sarcastic reference to Mr. Gladstone's "violation of constitutional law" in persisting in retaining for several months a seat to which he was no longer entitled; he went on to complain of the unprecedented and inconvenient course adopted by the Government in calling Parliament together for the despatch of business, and then dissolving it before its meeting; he criticised Mr. Gladstone's "prolix narrative" with gentle sarcasm, and promised more attention to foreign affairs and less vigour in domestic interference; whilst in conclusion he expressed his opinion that it would be desirable to await the working of the Reform and Ballot Acts before venturing upon that scheme of lowering the county franchise which Mr. Gladstone had borrowed from Mr. Otto Trevelyan.

THE GENERAL ELECTION OF 1874

was carried on with unusual vehemence, but on all sides it was evident from the first that the sympathies of the country were on the side of Mr. Disraeli. For the first time in his life he found himself in the position of a really popular leader, and that without having sacrificed one iota of principle, or deviated from the programme which he had laid down for himself at the commencement of his long political career. His election speeches were lively and vigorous, and as we glance over them after an interval of more than four years we can see that they are full of the consciousness of approaching triumph. Nothing in this way is more amusing than his bantering attack upon his persistent assailant, Mr. Lowe. "Were it not for me," said Mr. Disraeli at Newport Pagnell, "the London University would not have had a member. Everybody was opposed to it. My colleagues did not much like it; the Conservative party did not much like it; but more strange than anything else the whole Liberal party were ready to oppose it. But I, with characteristic magnanimity, said to myself, 'Unless I give a member to the London University Mr. Lowe cannot have a seat.' It was then impossible for him, and probably still is, to show himself upon any hustings with safety to his life. I said to myself, "There is so much ability lost to England,' and I pique myself always upon upholding and supporting ability in every party, and wherever I meet it; and I also said to myself, 'One must have an eye to the main chance. If I keep Mr. Lowe in public life—and this is his only chance—I make sure that no Cabinet, if it be brought into power by an overwhelming majority, can long endure and long flourish if he be a member of it,' and, gentlemen, I think what took place perfectly justified my prescience." This speech will probably suffice to prove that Mr. Disraeli's humorous faculty is at least as great as his wit. In the hour of triumph the latent humour breaks out. For that hour came at last. The struggle which began in 1832 ended with the General Election of 1874. On the 17th of February, without waiting for the assembling of the new Parliament, Mr. Gladstone at last gave up the seals of office, and Mr. Disraeli becomes once more

PRIME MINISTER

but this time with a majority of more than 50 at his back. For two years he led the House of Commons with consummate tact and discretion. His wonderful knowledge of human nature—a knowledge exhibited not less in his novels than in the events of life—had enabled him to gather around him a body of Ministers, many of whom were wholly new to official life, but all of whom have by what they have done since their appointment fully approved his choice. The fatigues of leadership, however, told upon him considerably. It might be possible to withstand the direct attacks of opponents, but the tactics of the Opposition wearied and disgusted him. No one was therefore greatly surprised when it was announced two years ago that, although retaining his place as First Minister of the Crown, the House of Commons would know him no more, and that, resigning the leadership of that House to Sir Stafford Northcote, he would take his place as Lord Privy Seal in the Upper Chamber. The title of

EARL OF BEACONSFIELD AND VISCOUNT HUGHENDEN

which he adopted were in every way appropriate. All his life long he had loved the "county of statesmen," and his speeches to his constituents have seldom failed to contain allusions to its greatness and to the associations bound up with it. The former title had, too, a special attractiveness in it that it had been borne during the last few years of her life by her whom he once described as "the most severe of critics, but a perfect wife," whilst the latter was specially appropriate from the fact that Hughenden Manor had been his home for many years.

Although retired to the comparative seclusion of the Upper House, Lord Beaconsfield has exercised a very visible influence over the conduct of affairs in the Lower. His lieutenants there have seconded him with rare ability and devotion, and the result is to be seen in the fact that although opposed with a factiousness and an unfairness for which it would be hard to find a parallel in the history of party, the position of the Government is actually stronger now, after well nigh five years of office, than it was on the day when for the first time in his life the First Minister of the Crown found himself in office with a sufficient majority. Into the details of his policy on the Eastern Question it is not necessary now to enter. The facts have been too recently before the world to need any elaborate recapitulation. It will suffice, therefore, to remind the reader that when the Session of 1876 was rapidly waning the news of the severities used in the suppression of the Bulgarian insurrection reached this country. The stories told were unquestionably very terrible, and they were forthwith taken up by certain impulsive politicians, who accepted the wildest tales as veritable gospel, and who denounced the more cautious Minister as an incarnation of all that was heartless and insensible, because he supported the servants of the Crown, and refused to alter the policy of the Empire at the orders of a statesman out of office, and of one or two energetic newspaper correspondents attached to the opposite party. For a while all the old and undeserved unpopularity of the great chief of the Tories seemed to have returned. On all hands his name was coupled with disparaging epithets and his personal character assailed with the grossest calumny. Even the journals of his own party—confessedly not the most intelligent organs of public opinion in existence—wavered in their allegiance and when he announced plainly that the "interests of England" held the first place in his mind, there was a general outcry against his insensibility to the enthusiasm of humanity. Gradually, but certainly, however, public opinion veered in the direction of the statesman who has best in this century exemplified the truth of Mr. Carlyle's favourite proposition that if "speech is silvern silence is golden." Without any striving or crying out, without any public meetings or letters to the journals, or post cards to anxious constituents, Lord Beaconsfield succeeded in winning the people of this country over to his side. By a policy equally bold and prudent, he secured the support of the nation, and when the prospects of an amicable settlement of existing difficulties appeared to be darkest, he took a step which drove from his side the two weakest members of his Cabinet, and left him free to pursue the courageous line of action which has given to this country the greatest treaty since the Peace of Utrecht—a Treaty which assures the interests of England in the Ottoman Empire, which provides for the safety and good government of the Christian subjects of the Porte, and which guarantees as never has been guaranteed before our Indian Empire against Russian aggression. His Knighthood of the Garter has been honourably earned.

An achievement such as this is perhaps enough to establish the fame of any one statesman. But Lord Beaconsfield has even higher claims on posterity than even this great work implies. He began life under almost every conceivable disadvantage. He was the representative of an unpopular race and the advocate of an eminently unpopular political creed; he was in matters of literature unfortunate from his association in early life with a thoroughly and deservedly unpopular clique; in later years he has been in opposition to two of the most popular of English statesmen; and yet in spite of every difficulty he has contrived to live down his opponents, and by dint of patience, courage, inexhaustible temper, and knowledge of the world to reconstruct the old national party of England, and to restore her waning prestige. Still it may be open to question whether posterity will recognise him by the title which he has adopted. Bacon is Bacon to the end of the chapter, and never Lord Verulam; the Great Commoner is Pitt, and never the Earl of Chatham. So probably will it be now. His country will remember the Earl of Beaconsfield by the name by which he was known during so many years of struggle and of difficulty, rather than by the title with which he strove to identify himself in the eyes of his neighbours with his "perfect wife." The desire to do so was unquestionably natural, but to the people of that country which he has served so faithfully and loved so well the chief of the Tory party will be always not LORD BEACONSFIELD, but BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

THE READER

"EARLY HISTORY OF VICTORIA," by F. P. Labilliere (2 vols. : S. Low and Co.).—It is hard sometimes to realise that eighty years ago the very coast-line of Australia was rather guessed than known; that the question whether what is now Victoria did or did not form one peninsula with the adjacent island of Tasmania, was still among the unsettled problems of geography. Cook had sailed eastward up the coast, and left the difficulty still unsolved. Furneaux, discoverer of Furneaux Group, had given the weight of his name to the peninsula theory. Not till the adventurous whale-boat voyage, in which Bass met the heavy seas which could only have rolled in from the Southern Ocean, not till he and Flinders, in another year, had completely sailed around Tasmania, and Murray, four years later still, had discovered the splendid harbour of Port Phillip, could the shores of Victoria be described as thoroughly explored; while thirty years more were to pass away ere the inland ranges were even imperfectly mapped out, and the white man formed there his first permanent settlement. It is for its narrative of these early days that Mr. Labilliere's history of Victoria, from its discovery to its constitution as a self-governing province, will chiefly claim the attention of the reader. Mr. Labilliere's volumes take us at once to the fountain head—to stores of Admiralty and colonial records, *ipsissima verba* of first discoverers—and thus of constituting what may fairly be called our first "complete and authentic account of the colonisation of the province." Nor are these rough and early records by any means uninteresting as narratives. The log-books of Bass and Flinders, of Grant and Murray, the inland explorations of Hume and Hovell, Sturt and Mitchell, the early settlements of Henty, Batman, Fawkner, are the very types of colonial romance. Barren honour, if even that, was too often, we fear, the sole reward. Of Bass, the story goes that he died a captive in the South American mines. Flinders, for eight years a prisoner of the French, had to contest with his captors the priority of his discoveries. Murray—the "sober, capable," and illiterate—disappears wholly from our history. That constitutional timidity in high quarters which delayed, in our own time, the annexation of Fiji, and still delays—we quote Mr. Labilliere—the annexation of New Guinea, was a sad drawback for the early colonists. The two first official attempts to settle Port Phillip are soon given up. Mr. Henty, who goes there later on his own account, is rudely snubbed when petitioning for a Government grant of the land he is bringing into cultivation—he is only doing harm by "dispersing the population," and adding to the police expenses of the country. As a contrast to this, we may notice some few years later Lord John Russell's answer to the French inquiry, what portions of the Australian continent Great Britain claimed as her own—the reply of the Colonial Office being simply "the whole." With the rapid increase of emigration, not long after this date the romance of Victorian history rather comes to an end. One must be Colonial by birth or by adoption fully to enjoy the tale of the Port Phillip Association, of the separation from New South Wales, of the good deeds of Governor La Trobe, or of the years of long prosperity in which—saving the first rush to the gold-fields—the disasters of Black Thursday and of the Ballarat Riots seem, looking back, the only things noticeable.

If not a work of literary excellence, a "Search for Fortune". (Daldy, Isbister, and Co.), by Hamilton Lindsay-Bucknall, is very readable—and so full of bustle and adventure, of an Irishman's luck in either hemisphere, that few will put it down without skimming its pages for the story to the end. The author, too, to take him as he paints himself, is quite of a class to enlist our sympathies—good shot, bold rider, moderately clever, though not hard worker enough for the prizes of competition, ready to face each mood of fortune, to serve as private if he may not be officer, to do anything, in fact, but lounge at home and wait (as Irish gentlemen used to wait) for the vague promise of "a place under Government." His search, it is true, has not ended yet, though its successive stages, from wood-cutting in the New Zealand bush at five shillings a day to the possession of a concession from the Brazilian Government, on which 20 per cent. will be earned so soon as the indispensable capitalist advances the preliminary 930,000*l.*, have about them a grandiose sense of progress as good almost as money-down to an imaginative man.

A clever, kindly, restless man, inventor, when only twenty-two, of a galvanic battery, which attained great popularity as at once cheap and simply worked, surgeon of some repute, especially as an oculist, originator of the new form of printing Bank of England notes, author of at least one pleasant volume, "My Garden," and of one, "The Mind of Man," whereof few have read beyond the opening chapter, writer of letters and of pamphlets on all imaginable subjects, from the "Aphis Vastator" to "Unseaworthy Ships," Mr. Smee, the late surgeon to the Bank of England, is quite as deserving of an admiring biographer as half the subjects of our modern memoir. And in his daughter, author of "Memoir of Alfred Smee, F.R.S." (G. Bell and Sons), he has found a biographer not less graceful than affectionate. It is a pleasing memoir even for those who knew nothing of its hero, while the general arrangement—one third biography, and two-thirds selected extracts from Mr. Smee's lectures and writings—is well adapted to tell us in moderate compass all that we can possibly want to know of his position and his work in society and in philosophy.

"A Town Garland," by Henry S. Leigh (Chatto and Windus).—Everybody who admires light lyrical verse either knows or ought to know Mr. Leigh's "Carols of Cockayne." They are brimful of fun, and the verse in which they are composed trips along in the most delightful musical fashion, as if there were crotchets and quavers in every dip which Mr. Leigh takes from his inkstand. The present volume is as rhythmically faultless as its predecessor; and, although there is scarcely so much freshness in the topics selected for versification, this is scarcely to be wondered at when we remember that no man has an unlimited stock of really "happy thoughts." Some of the conceits are, however, very ingenious—as, for example, that of the clock, hitherto a model of punctuality, but which would so like to "go a little wrong." In point of versification, where all is so admirable, it is difficult to select a specimen of special excellence; but nothing in its way could be much better than "The Bard's Legacy," "Life's Playthings," "September in Town," and "Bradshaw's Guide." Mr. Leigh possesses two rare merits—he is never tedious, and never too long. He always leaves off at the right moment.

Jenkinson's "Practical Guide to North Wales" (E. Stanford).—Mr. Jenkinson, like his German compeer, Baedeker, contrives to combine fulness of detail and accuracy of facts with considerable conciseness of expression. Heretofore English guide-books have too often been compiled by local enthusiasts, who not only wrote in a flowery, diffuse, and exaggerated style, and were apt to magnify molehills into mountains, but who also neglected to impart just that very necessary information of which tourists stand in need. Hence Mr. Jenkinson's several guides to the English Lakes, the Isle of Man, and the Isle of Wight, were at once hailed with public approbation. The best compliment we can pay to the present volume is that we wish it had been published six weeks ago when we were ourselves touring in North Wales. We have examined with especial interest the portions referring to our own route, and we there find just what we then wanted to know, and which we had to pick up from hearsay, or not attain to at all. Mr. Jenkinson tells us that he has personally visited every place mentioned, and his pages bear the stamp of this self-obtained knowledge. The preliminary essays on Geology, Botany, Angling, &c., are terse and to the point, and altogether we say deliberately that this is the best Guide Book to North Wales which has yet appeared.

The New Quarterly Magazine. The accomplished writer who assumes the name of John Latouche has perhaps done more to make Portugal known to Englishmen than any other living author, and here we have from his pen a delightful description of country life in that kingdom. We should wonder how Mr. Hardy obtained such high repute as a writer of fiction were we to judge of him by the novelette here published. His heroine is a very forward puss, and, for a girl of seventeen (*vide* her remarks about ambition), she talks in an unnaturally stilted style, nor does the character of the young schoolmaster inspire much interest. We venture to hint to Mr. Hardy that such expressions as "to habitually think," "to heroically set forth," &c., are, to say the least of it, inelegant, and when he tells us how his hero was walking along Piccadilly "one warm fashionable day," we are reminded of the historian who described George III. as "bald but obstinate."—Mr. Arthur Arnold is well worth reading on "Socialism." He shows what is the objectionable species of Socialism—for there is a Socialism which is the very salt of the earth—and the true way of combating it.

New Novels

"JUNIA," by the author of "Estelle Russell," &c. (3 vols. : Blackwood).—This is about as essentially dismal a novel in three volumes as it has ever been our fortune to come across. Junia Berrington is, indeed, one with whom things from first to last "go contrairy," and the author displays quite a perverse ingenuity in discovering thorns to plant in her heroine's path. Even on the first evening that we are introduced to Junia in her Florentine home, a bright and beautiful girl of seventeen, we are taught to see that the shadow of coming trouble and sorrow is impending over her. First, her father loses his fortune and dies, and the lover who has gained her girlish affections proves false and mercenary. Then she goes to England, and ultimately becomes a governess, enduring all the hardships and indignities that fall to the lot of the governess of fiction. In just resentment at an impertinent familiarity on the part of the father of her charges, she throws up her situation, and, whilst seeking in vain for another, is reduced to such straits that she is nearly dying of sheer starvation. The stage presents itself as the only opening for her, and she achieves a wonderful success as a burlesque actress, suffering all the while agonies of shame and distress from outraged modesty. Then the twin brother, for whose sake she has sacrificed her life, and put from her the love she yearned for, intimates that he is about to form new ties for himself, and Junia finds that she must be content with the second place in his heart. Even when she is at last married, and things might be well with her, her husband thinks her unloving because she is abstracted, and seems without interest in his work and aims, and she only convinces him of her love to die suddenly in his arms, worn out by unhappiness and the toils of a career not only uncongenial, but detested. We quite allow that we have an intimation of what is before us even in the introductory chapter; and that the author shows no little skill in the construction of her plot, making us feel how one mischance leads necessarily to another, till a chain is forged too strong to be resisted or escaped from by a woman such as Junia Berrington, with little worldly wisdom, and with impulses of honour and rectitude that make her shrink not from actual deceit only, but even from a *suppressio veri*. Yet, after reading such a tale, we cannot but ask, *cui bono?* It is ably told; but it wants the grandeur and elevation of true tragedy—wants, that is, precisely the *beauty* which renders the contemplation of true tragedy purifying and ennobling, and saves it from being merely painful.

"Love or Lucre," by Robert Black (3 vols. : Bentley).—It must surely be owing to the promptings of some evil genius that Mr. Robert Black has been moved to select such a personage as Mr. Triggs, otherwise "trusty Thomas," the "self-made man," as the central figure of his story. The man is a fine animal, and not dishonest as the commercial world counts dishonesty; but this is the very utmost that can be said for him. That he is altogether illiterate and unrefined goes, of course, without the saying; but he is, besides, coarse, mean, grasping, and sordid; brutally callous to the feelings of others; ready to cringe or bully, as the occasion may require; and spiteful and cruel if provoked. Yet we are to suppose that he has gained the love, not only of the high-minded and refined little dressmaker, Leila, but of Marietta Pritt, the elder daughter of his employer, who has at least been brought up as a lady, and shows herself in the end possessed both of intelligence and true womanly feeling. In the earlier portions of the story, indeed, both she and her sister, Lurline, are as unattractive as heroines as Triggs is as a hero, being ladies who affect the songs assigned to *la grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*, and seem in moral tone, in respect to what Mr. Black describes as "physical warmth and exuberance," much on a par with that reprehensible potentate. At the same time, we may admit that the story, repulsively unpleasant as much of it is, is told not without some power and skill, it is readable, and there is good enough in Mr. Black to induce us to think that, with a better subject, he might do much better.

"A French Heiress in Her Own Château," by the author of "One Only," &c. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.).—There is much of the author's wonted thoughtfulness and grace of style in this story, though we can hardly consider it the equal of such finished compositions as "One Only" and "Constantia." It seems partly intended as an apology for the French system of marriage-making, and, of course, it is easy for the author, having full control over all attendant circumstances, to show triumphantly how in many cases it answers better that young people should have their lot in life arranged for them by those older and wiser than themselves. But, besides the French marriage which turns out so happily, there is another love affair, conducted more after the English fashion, between a young English sailor and a French demoiselle of high rank, and it is on this, perhaps, that the chief interest of the tale really hinges. The pictures we get here of the French *noblesse* and their ways are very sympathetically and effectively executed, and we have some charming bits of "word-painting" in descriptions of old-fashioned French towns and châteaux, and the pleasant scenery of Anjou.

"Miles: a Town Story," by the author of "Fan" (Samuel Tinsley).—This is a clever and well-written tale of artisan life, principally intended, we should imagine, for the benefit of the young; but one which many an adult may read not without some amusement and interest. The workshop scenes are given with much spirit, and seem to show a real acquaintance with the thoughts and ways of the "working man." Perhaps Miles Beeton, the good youth, is somewhat too irreproachably good, and Fred Halkett, the bad youth, too unmitigatedly self-seeking and conceited; but such broad contrasts are only what must be expected in tales like this, which have the inculcation of a moral lesson as their avowed end.

The "output" of novels—to borrow a word from the coal trade—it is well known has long been increasing, whilst neither have the years of a reviewer's life been prolonged, nor the space at his disposal enlarged in proportion. This being so, we must confine ourselves to acknowledging the receipt of the following works, which we do not profess to have examined exhaustively, but concerning which we think we know enough to entitle us to state that, though they are quite free from any offences against morality or good taste, they are none of them of a character to call for detailed notice:—

"Riversdale Court," by Mrs. Forrest-Grant, author of "Fair, but Not Wise," &c. (3 vols. : Samuel Tinsley); "Littledale," by Sejanus (3 vols. : Tinsley); "How Will It End," by the author of "Willy Morgan and Other Tales" (2 vols. : Charing Cross Publishing Company); "Ups and Downs, a Family Chronicle," by Annie S. Swan (Charing Cross Publishing Company); "The Fair Maid of Taunton: a Tale of the Siege," by Elizabeth M. Alford (Samuel Tinsley); "In Tropic Seas: a Tale of the Spanish Main," by W. Westall, author of "Tales and Legends of Saxony and Lusatia" (Samuel Tinsley); "Post Hiems Ver," by Ada Montague (Harrison and Sons); "Revenge is Sweet," by Alice Evezard (Charing Cross Publishing Company).

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Amongst Aliens

BY FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

Author of "A Charming Fellow," "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," "Black Spirits and White," &c.

(Continued from page 88)

I worked hard at a study for the picture I had contemplated making, and for which I had found an admirable model. I also made several studies of landscape. One of these latter was at the ruins of the Villa of Quinctilius Varus, a mile or so from Tivoli. I used to walk thither in the early morning with no other escort than a black-eyed barefoot urchin whom I had engaged to carry my camp-stool and easel. Once or twice Lucy had accompanied me, and we had eaten our luncheon there, sitting under a gnarled olive-tree, and looking over the matchless panorama. But she found the walk too fatiguing to make it frequently;—what a pang it gave me to hear her say so, and to assure myself from anxious observation of her languid gait and pale face that it was but too true!—and so I spent many a morning there without her. She, meanwhile, passed the time of my absence chiefly in the Villa d'Este. There she was safe from intruders, and could wander about the grounds, or sit still with her book or her work in the shade. The old housekeeper at the Villa d'Este was a great friend of mine, and used to assure me, every time I gave her a small present of money proportioned to my humble purse, that my sister was an angel, and that she (the housekeeper) would not fail to look after her. Let her come to the gardens as often and stay as long as she would! I do not know what more the good woman could have said, for ten times the money.

We had been at Tivoli about a week when one morning my little model came to me in a state of great excitement. She was a girl of fourteen, and looked, to English eyes, three or four years older; a handsome creature, with glorious eyes and rich masses of coarse blue-black hair, but with a skin parched and sickly from fever, which she had suffered from severely. Her home was on the borders of the Pontine Marshes, in the very stronghold of malaria, and she had been sent to stay with a relative who lived in Tivoli, in order to regain her health. I had heard of her from Signor Sandro, who had often employed an elder sister of hers, a professional model, in Rome. My little Monica was not a professional model, but she was just what I wanted for my picture, fever-blanched skin, and all! She looked sad, pathetic, poetic; but the charm vanished the instant she opened her mouth to speak. She had the harsh, hoarse, bawling voice which belongs to so many Roman women of her class, and the matter of her speech did not compensate for its manner. She was the most ignorant and undisciplined human creature I had ever known; but probably she was not below the level of her compeers in those respects. Such as her character was, she revealed it as undisguisedly as any wild animal. Her very lies—and she never scrupled to utter one, if it suited her at the moment,—were of a wholly incredible and inartificial kind; and the detection of them embarrassed her not a whit, although it sometimes put her in a passion!

To me one morning came this unsophisticated young person in a violent excitement, as I have said. She was even paler than usual, her black brows were bent into a frown, and she clenched her sunburnt fist, and kept muttering to herself in a fierce spasmodic way.

"This will not do, Monica," said I. "If you are so restless, and put on that demoniac look, you are not of the least use to me. Sit still, and leave off frowning."

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently, but obeyed for a minute or so. Then the gesticulations and mutterings and general air of ferocity began again. I threw down my brush. "Very well, Monica," I said quietly, "you are not disposed to earn your money this morning, I see. As you please. Only pray understand that I cannot afford to pay you for wasting my time with your antics. I am not a rich Signore, but a poor artist."

Monica jumped up, and kicked over the stool on which she had been sitting, with a violent imprecation. "I care nothing for your miserable money!" she cried. "I *can't* sit still. My blood is boiling in my veins."

"You are extremely silly, Monica. And you don't speak the truth, either. You care a great deal for my money."

She paused in her furious tearing about the room, and stared at me curiously. My tone of cool indifference always had some influence with her,—simply, I believe, because it puzzled her. The violence of her passion had not been affected, any more than the passion of a little child is affected, whom yet one can divert from its wrath and its screams by holding up any new object before its eyes. With Monica, as with the infant, there were no inner depths of the spirit to be profoundly stirred; and consequently her storms of emotion were brief, and left no ground-swell behind them.

"Come," said I, "sit down there whilst I sketch in this background, and tell me what is the matter. Perhaps you will be able to be quiet when you have said your say."

The idea seemed to please her. "Yes, yes; I will tell you. It will take a weight from my heart. Listen, Signorina!"

Monica's "saying her say" involved so many rambling parentheses, so much violent language, and general incoherence, that I must condense her statement to me. It was this:—

Some years previously her brother—much older than she—had been sent to the galleys. He had had a narrow escape of being executed, indeed, for it was in the "time of the priests," as Monica phrased it, when malefactors used actually to be killed and made an end of. Not that Pasquale was a malefactor! By no means. He was an excellent young man, the pride of his family; but he had had the misfortune to allow his feelings to get the better of him, and,—in a word, he had attempted to murder a gentleman, and would have succeeded, but that his gun missed fire. And the gentleman had never rested until Pasquale was caged by the myrmidons of the law, declaring (with some reason, it should appear) that his life was not safe whilst that impetuous youth was at large.

At this point of her story, Monica paused, expecting sympathy. I was obliged to disappoint her, and to explain that in my country we had a strong objection to assassins.

"Assassins!" she cried indignantly, "but Pasquale was no assassin; it was a *vendetta!* A vengeance from jealousy,—love jealousy."

I could not say that this altered the case so as to make Pasquale an entirely admirable hero in my eyes; but I was curious to know how the gentleman (whom Monica described as a grand Signore, a great nobleman, rich, and proud, and splendid) could have been a rival to her brother, the peasant. She explained the matter without circumlocution. Pasquale had had a sweetheart whom he meant to marry some day. This sweetheart,—a strikingly beautiful girl, according to Monica's account,—had loved, or seemed to love, Pasquale, until one fine day her affections were captivated by the noble gentleman in question, who carried her off to Rome with him, and after a short time abandoned her. Pasquale, who had been for some weeks deceived and hoodwinked, both by his faithless *inamorata* and her seducer, no sooner discovered the truth than he tried to kill the nobleman. What could be more natural? And then Pasquale—*poveretto*—had been hunted for days and days by the *giandarmi* (gend'armes), and caught at last, and sent to the galleys. What a pity that he had not sent a bullet into the traitor's heart first! That would have been some consolation under the suffering of imprisonment; but as it was, Pasquale's case was really too hard, and calculated to awaken the deepest sympathy!

Such was Monica's story, and such her view of it.

And what, I asked, had become of Pasquale? Oh, he had escaped from the galleys after about a year and a half. But as to what he had been doing since, or where he had been, Monica either could not, or would not, give any information. He had been "in the Abruzzi," she said vaguely. Indeed, she believed he had crossed the sea to Sicily. She did not know where Sicily was, but it was a long, long way off. You see, Pasquale could not come home to his old place, because the accursed police would put him in prison again if they caught him. Poor Pasquale!

And the girl whom he had loved? Oh, about her Monica knew nothing. And the fine nobleman? Ah *he*, the traitor, the wretch, the miscreant, who had set on the *giandarmi* to hunt down poor Pasquale and put him in prison, he was alive, he was flourishing, he was brave with sleek clothes and a gold chain, and a horse that shone like satin! She (Monica) had seen him that very morning in Tivoli, as she crossed the Piazza. She was but nine years old when poor Pasquale had the misfortune to attempt his murder, but she remembered his face well,—well. Might he die assassinated!

"Then it was the sight of this gentleman that put you into such a ferment?" I said.

Truly it was. What else? But now she had spoken, her heart was lighter. She felt easier. But she did not want to see that villain again. The sight of him caused her to "make bad blood." And what could she do? Pasquale was away no one knew where. She could only hope and pray that the saints would pour down evils and misfortunes on the head of that traitor, for he seemed to be beyond the reach of earthly vengeance—more was the pity!

I mused over this story and the strange scene of Monica's violence as I walked down, a little later, to the Villa d'Este to meet Lucy, and bring her home to dinner. "What a curious savage the girl is!" thought I. And then I began to consider her from a professional point of view, and to think of making a study of her face in its unrestrained fury, and calling it "Vendetta!" It might not, however, be easy to bring her passion, on that score, up to the boiling point again. "And even if I could do it," I said to myself, "the experiment would be something like irritating a vigorous young tiger, with the view of studying him in his wrath. There's no reckoning on what she might do!"

Lucy met me near the gate of the gardens, and to my surprise I found she was not alone. She was in company with an elderly priest, who took off his great shovel hat and saluted me with much politeness.

"This gentleman,—Don Gregorio Galli," said Lucy, "is a friend of the Princess Corleoni. When he heard that we knew the Princess, he was kind enough to offer to be of service to us here."

"In any way,—in any way in my power, Signorina," said Don Gregorio. "You are strangers in Tivoli. Pray let me know if I can give you help or information of any kind. And how was Monsignor Chiappaforti when you left Rome? A man of very distinguished talent,—a shining light. Ah, Rome is his true sphere. There his abilities are appreciated. At one time there was a chance of my getting a parish in Rome myself, but circumstances have kept me here. Well, well, we must try to do our duty in our humble way. I shall do myself the pleasure to come and see you, Signorina; meanwhile I have the honour to salute you."

Then Don Gregorio walked off one way, whilst we pursued the other. He was a meagre, feeble-looking old man, with a weak, self-complacent countenance. I have seldom conversed with any one so dirty, or more urbane.

I was put out by his intrusion into our life, although I believed he was not to blame for it. I thought that I was unfairly used in having to submit to Don Gregorio's visits, which were made of course with the sole view of Lucy's conversion, whilst, on my side, I had faithfully kept my word, and refrained from trying to influence my sister's mind on the subject of religion. This vexed me, and I spoke out what I thought of it, and Lucy protested her belief that Don Gregorio merely came to see us out of pure benevolence and humanity, apart from all thoughts of proselytising; and the discussion drove Monica and her story out of my head for the rest of that day.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM that day we were haunted by Don Gregorio. Even Lucy found his frequent company oppressive, although she would hardly acknowledge as much openly. As for me, I daily threatened to affront him past forgiveness, and so get rid of his visits, and daily found it impossible to carry out the threat; so mild, long-suffering, and impervious to the broadest hints did I find his reverence. "If he would but wash his hands *sometimes!*" I exclaimed in despair. And indeed his divorce from soap and water was not the least of the disturbances to my peace of mind occasioned by Don Gregorio's presence. I wondered at first why Monsignor Chiappaforti, who was certainly a shrewd, clever man, had entrusted any mission of conversion to Don Gregorio Galli: since even Lucy's charitable judgment could not but rate him low in intelligence, and even Lucy's humility must find it difficult not to look down upon, instead of up to, him. But it soon became clear to me that Don Gregorio was employed not to guide my young sister, but to watch her. And Monsignore had shown his usual acuteness in selecting him for this task. The Signor Curato's zeal was indefatigable, and his good temper (or stupidity) impregnable. Go where we might, do what we would, many hours of the day did not pass without our seeing the rusty black suit and dusty shovel hat of Don Gregorio, and bearing his long-winded complimentary speeches, the utter fatuity, formality, and falseness of which had an absolutely paralysing effect on me. I used to sit dumbly staring at his reverence's unwashed and unshaven countenance, and listening to his reverence's soul-exhausting commonplaces, with the helpless sensation of a sleeper oppressed by nightmare.

One refuge I had from him, or I believe his persecution would have driven me from Tivoli: I could get away from him to the Villa of Quinctilius, and paint in peace. That was rather too long an excursion for Don Gregorio. Perhaps, indeed, he might even have got out so far as that in pursuit of Lucy; but it was not worth his while to follow me thither. Lucy, meanwhile, passed her mornings safely in the gardens of the Villa d'Este; and though the old priest occasionally looked in upon her even there, he seemed to be satisfied to leave her for the most part in the seclusion and almost solitude of the gardens. At that time of year visitors were few, and if a stray party of tourists did appear, it was easy to avoid them.

Meanwhile I was working earnestly, sometimes at the landscape, and sometimes at the study of Monica's head. That volcanic young person was now in a period of quiescence. She had had a slight return of the intermittent fever. This had subdued her, and she would now sit still for hours, in a languid, restful attitude, which was the very thing I wanted, so that I got on famously, and began to hope that I should make a fairly good thing of my picture. The picture itself was not properly begun; but I meant to work at it when I returned to Rome, under my master's eye. What I was doing in Tivoli was merely to make studies for it. My notion was to paint a kind of personification of the wild, sad, fever-stricken, mournfully beautiful Roman Campagna, under the form of a female peasant, and to call it "A Child of the Soil," or some such name. For this purpose, Monica seemed to me a perfect model; especially when her natural savagery was only smouldering, as it were, beneath the languor of laziness and malaria. Her tiger flashes of ferocity (however interesting a study in themselves) were not for my present purpose. I therefore refrained from recurring to the subject of her enemy, the nobleman. And she seemed to have thought no more of him since the day when his unexpected appearance in Tivoli had so moved her. During some happy interval of release from the society of Don Gregorio, I began to give a brief outline of Monica's story to Lucy. But I almost regretted having done so when I saw what an impression it made on my sister. She was even uneasy at my spending hours alone with such a fierce, untamed creature.

"Her brother, you know, was a murderer in intent, Catherine," said Lucy, with a shudder. "And I fear she would not scruple to follow his example, if she were provoked."

I tried to laugh my sister out of her tremors. "I believe I am safe from assassination," said I, "unless, indeed, I expire of exhaustion after a long visit from Don Gregorio." But I was rather glad that I had not mentioned the fact of Pasquale's rival having actually been seen in Tivoli, and that Lucy had interrupted me before I had got to that point; for she was so nervous and horror-stricken at my account of Monica's code of ethics that, if she had known this circumstance, she would have been tormented by the apprehension of some scene of violence and bloodshed. Always timid and gentle, she had of late become nervous to excess. Her spirits and health were evidently being undermined by a constant anxiety and mental struggle. Sometimes, when I looked at her, I was tempted to wish that she would make the final resolve, and openly become a Catholic. Anything would be better than this doubt and suspense. Again, the project would cross my mind to give up all my studies in Rome, and return with Lucy to England, as I had threatened Monsignore I would do. In that case, farewell to all hope of future distinction and present improvement in my art. But that hope—although it was dear to me—I would unhesitatingly have sacrificed, if by so doing I could ensure my sister's peace of mind. Yes; I am sure, on calmly looking back to that time, that I would have made the sacrifice. Nor do I deem it a great boast to say so. To see Lucy anxious and unhappy poisoned all my life; and no artistic glories I could conceive of would have had power to elate me whilst she was depressed.

I come now to a strange crisis in our lives, which seemed to overtake us as suddenly as an Alpine storm; but which had, of course, been gradually prepared by many circumstances working blindly together; and by some other circumstances artfully arranged and combined to one end. The first shock of it came in this form:—

Lucy one evening received a letter sealed with a large coat of arms. Our correspondents were very few, and none of them, I need scarcely say, used such aristocratic signs of dignity as the ostentatious heraldic device in red wax which made Lucy's letter look imposing. I handed it to her with a jest about her grand correspondent. She took it with a smile, which grew brighter when she had cast her eyes on the superscription. "It is the Princess's writing," she said. "Very likely there is a letter inside from Francesca and Livia. They were to be allowed to write to me, if they could manage to achieve an epistle in English."

She broke the seal, still smiling, and I went on with some needlework that I had in hand. "Well," said I, after some minutes' silence; "is the children's English undecipherable?" and at the same time I lifted my eyes from my stitching. What I saw forced a cry of terror from me. Lucy sat there pale to the lips, with the open letter on the table before her, and a look of such frozen anguish on her white face as almost made my heart stand still!

"My Lucy," I cried, "my child; what is the matter?"

She shivered, and trembled violently from head to foot, but did not speak. When I grasped at the letter, she feebly tried to hold it back, with a little piteous moan; but I seized it without scruple. And I read it whilst she sat cowering and trembling in her chair, with her face hidden in her clasped hands.

Oh, it was a cruel letter! The Princess Olympia—for she was the writer—thoroughly understood the softness and sensibility of the nature she was minded to wound. Not a word was lost; not a sting was mitigated by one touch of pity. The Princess began at once by a direct accusation:—

"You have repaid my kindness by black ingratitude," she wrote. "You have tried to seduce my son away from me, from his duty, and from his station. Your arts appear the more hateful from being cloaked under an appearance of modest simplicity. My innocent children have revealed to me the frequent interviews which they witnessed between Don Vittorio and yourself. I am loth to sully their pure minds with such suspicions as attach to your conduct, but it will be my imperative duty to warn them against you, and to forbid them to see you, or communicate with you in any way. How far your insolent sister has been your accomplice, I know not. She is an unscrupulous and irreligious woman, the companion of revolutionary infidels, and her conduct, therefore, is not surprising. But in *you* I have been grossly deceived. The dreadful suspicion assails me that your desire to be instructed in our holy faith was merely a part of your plan to ingratiate yourself with my family for the basest purposes. But this idea is so truly horrible, that I fervently pray it may be erroneous. Attempt not any exculpation. It would be in vain. I know all. My son followed you to Tivoli. He has had stolen interviews with you there in the gardens of the Villa d'Este. Your reputation is destroyed for ever, if I speak one half of what I know and can prove against you. Your sister's professional career in Rome can be cut short by a word from me. What decent, self-respecting persons, even among the heretics, would countenance such dangerous and wily women, when once unmasked?

"But I would not shut the door against repentance: Heaven forbid! Repent, amend, do penance in the dust! Seek out some holy guide to the true religion. Implore the compassion of the Blessed Virgin for the evil past, and her strengthening help for the future. It is your only hope.

"OLYMPIA BASTIANI CORLEONI.

"Indulge in no self-delusions. Vittorio has confessed everything to me.
O. B. C."

This was to me so utterly unexpected, that I know not whether amazement or burning indignation were the greater as I read. But the amazement passed, and the indignation remained,——and remains. But for the moment my sole care was for Lucy. All other feelings were forcibly thrust aside by anxiety for her. I cannot describe the strange state of prostration she had fallen into. She was like one who has received a stunning blow, in the literal sense of the words. A sort of numbness seemed to have taken possession of all her faculties. It seemed a painful effort for her even to articulate a word in answer to my attempts to soothe and comfort her. She did not lament, she did not shed a tear, but just sat still in her chair, ashy pale, and shivering from head to foot like a terrified bird. I was terrified in my turn. This state of nervous prostration was something of which I had no experience, and I knew not how to deal with it. I touched Lucy's hand, it was cold and listless. I spoke to her again and again; she merely shook her head feebly, and cowered away from me in her chair with a shrinking movement of the shoulders. What was to be done? She could not be allowed to remain thus.

In the midst of my most painful perplexity, the landlady of the humble lodging came into the room to announce a visit from Don Gregorio.

"Send him away," said I; "my sister is ill."

The woman, who, though coarse and ignorant, was kindly, and, like most of her countrywomen, intensely sympathetic with illness, advanced to see what was the matter. Her experience suggested but one cause for Lucy's trembling. "She shivers," said the Signora Anna, commonly called "S'ora Nanna;" "she has the fever. Oh! it will be nothing, Signorina. Don't take on. Get her to bed, and cover her up warm and give her a dose of quinine. By and bye the hot fit will come on."

The suggestion was welcome to me, because, although I did not believe Lucy had fever—or at least not the malaria fever which the S'ora Nanna meant—yet it was evident that she was ill; and this notion of the fever furnished an excuse for having her nursed and kept quiet which would be accepted without question. And I could not say aloud, "My sister has been poisoned by venomous words." We must keep that to ourselves for a while. She submitted to go to bed. She let me undress her and cover her up with cloaks and shawls. I made her a warm drink, and though she piteously begged to be left quiet, she submitted to swallow it without much difficulty, and then lay down with her face hidden in the pillow, and her bright curls tossed disorderly about it. After a little hesitation I resolved to leave her for half-an-hour or so in the hope that she might fall asleep from pure exhaustion. "Pray God that wicked woman has not murdered her!" I exclaimed aloud in the misery of my heart as I closed the bedroom door.

In the sitting-room, standing at the window and looking out into the tangled wilderness of weeds and shrubs that they called a garden, I found Don Gregorio. The brief twilight was coming on rapidly, and he loomed large and black in it against the window-panes. My entrance into the room caused him to turn round.

"Ah, Signorina," he began, with his usual flourishing bow, "I am so grieved to hear of your dear sister's illness. I trust it is not serious, I——"

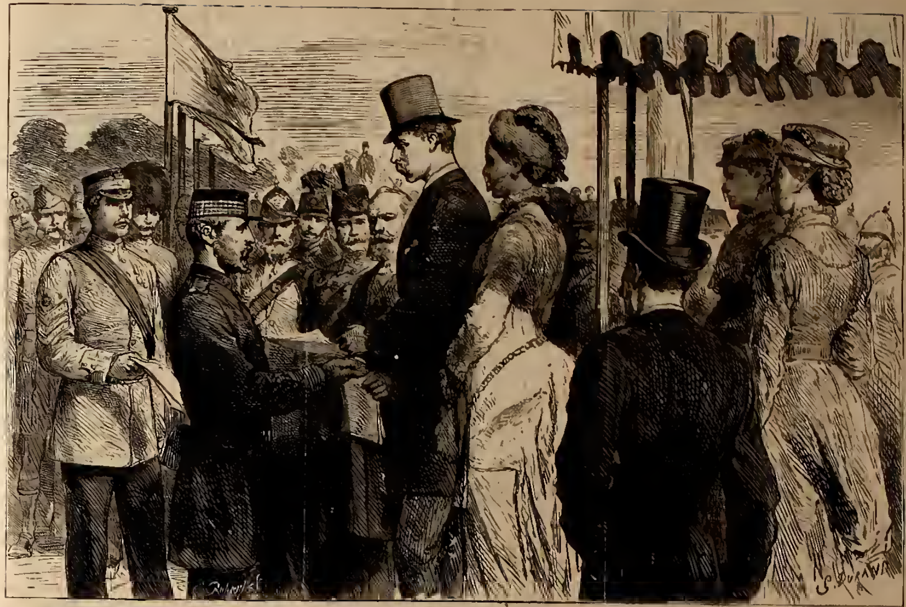
"You had better go away," said I. "I cannot talk to you now;—nor listen."

"Certainly not, Signorina. You cannot be expected to listen, I am sure. I am *so* sorry to hear of the Signorina Lucia's illness! Just at this time, too, when I am expecting the great pleasure and honour of a visit from Monsignor Chiappaforti. He arrives to-morrow; and he will make a point, I have no doubt, of coming to see our amiable invalid as soon as——"

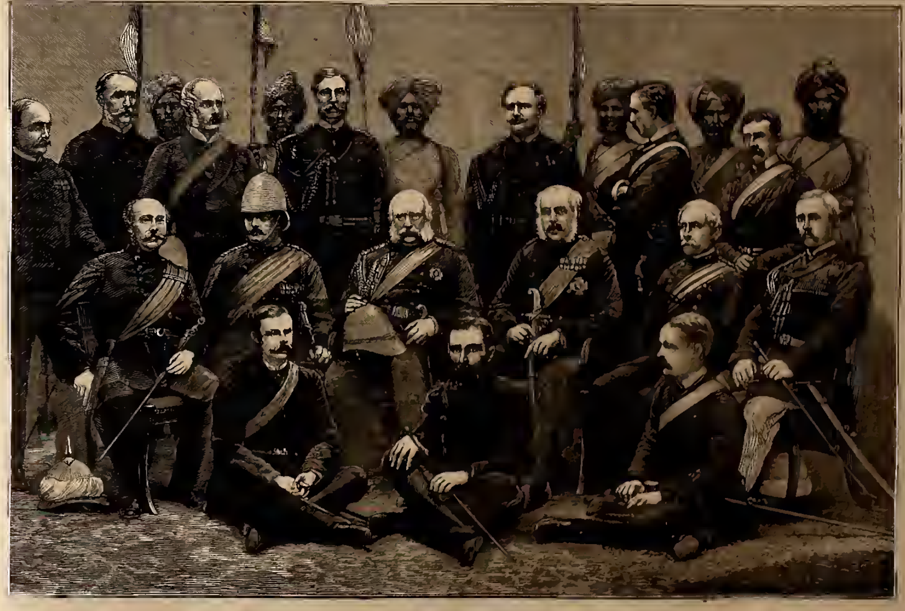
I turned on him, being fairly at bay. "He shall not come here to torment my sister," I said. "I will not have her troubled or disturbed, for the Pope himself. Do you understand me? And now be so good as to take your departure. Go away. I think I speak plainly."

My words, or my tone, or my stern, angry face, or all three together, succeeded in piercing Don Gregorio's suave dulness for once, at all events. He started, stared, backed a few steps from me, and then absolutely turned round and ran away! shuffling down the stairs as fast as his meagre old legs could carry him.

(To be continued)



THE VOLUNTEERS AT WIMBLEDON — PRINCE ARTHUR PRESENTING THE QUEEN'S PRIZE TO PRIVATE RAE, OF THE ELEVENTH LANARKSHIRE VOLUNTEERS



Brig.-Gen. Macpherson Col. Nugent Maj.-General Ross Maj.-Gen. Radcliffe Gen Sir A. Horsford Lieut. Borton Col. Bateson H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge Capt. Greenaway Col. Anneeley Gen. Sir A. Borton Col. Crichton Lt.-Gen. Sir J. Airey Lieut. Auld Capt de Lancey Brig.-Gen. Watson

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE AT MALTA — GENERAL OFFICERS AND STAFF

FOREIGN

THE EASTERN QUESTION.——The Berlin Treaty still continues to monopolise European attention, and the various countries concerned are preparing to carry out its stipulations. AUSTRIA, in particular, is anxious to fulfil her allotted task without loss of time, and notwithstanding the unwillingness of the Porte to come to an arrangement, is massing her forces on the frontiers of Bosnia and Herzegovina in order to be ready to take possession of the provinces with or without the consent of the Turks. General Philippovich expects to meet with considerable trouble, and even armed resistance from the Mahomedan portion of the inhabitants, but it is thought unlikely that the Turkish authorities themselves will offer any forcible opposition but will only maintain a protesting attitude in order to relieve themselves of all responsibility. The Austrian occupation of the Turkish provinces continues to cause the most intense excitement throughout ITALY, and meetings have been held in Rome and the other principal cities, at which violent speeches have been been made, protesting against the Berlin Treaty and the action of Austria, and clamouring for the completion of Italian unity and the redemption from Austrian rule of Trent and Trieste. In fact, the *Italia Irredenta* (Unredeemed Italy) party have succeeded in creating the most wide-spread agitation, and at a meeting last Sunday at Rome, under the presidency of Menotti Garibaldi, a resolution was passed, stating, amongst other things, that "Italy affirms her solidarity with the peoples sold by the Congress of Berlin, which reminds Italy that there are still Italian lands subject to foreign dominion, and that she trusts in a near future of justice and truth." Some 500 societies sent in their adhesion to the meeting, while General Garibaldi telegraphed, "Slaves have the right of rising; people of Trieste take to your mountains"—a sentiment which was received with enthusiastic cheers and cries for the liberation of Nice and Malta. One of the speakers at the meeting even announced that "war had become necessary," and another declared that "that man, named Corti, had signed his name, in company with that mountebank Beaconsfield, that trader Andrassy, and that *mezzano supremo* Bismarck." Demonstrations were also made before the Palace of the Austrian Embassy, whilst bands of young men subsequently paraded the streets, shouting *Abasso Corti, Viva la Guerra.* The Government are doing all they can to put down the agitation without entrenching upon the freedom of public meetings, and the more Conservative and moderate portion of the Press condemn the action of the Radicals, although much soreness is universally felt that Italy, who for so many years has invariably secured something for herself out of a European crisis, should have obtained nothing, while her arch enemy Austria has carried off so large a slice of plunder. To turn to RUSSIA and TURKEY, considerable satisfaction has been evinced at St. Petersburg at the definitive conclusion of peace, and preparations are now being made for the withdrawal of a large portion of the troops from Turkish and Roumanian territory. The Turks are said to have evacuated Shumla, and the Russians are preparing to retire from the suburbs of Constantinople to within the confines of Eastern Roumelia, according to the stipulations of the Berlin Treaty. In ASIA matters are not quite so tranquil, the Lazis in the neighbourhood of Batoum still hold out, and are even said to have hoisted the British flag; but the Russians have determined to take possession by force, if necessary. At CONSTANTINOPLE the greatest delight has been manifested by the Turks at the British occupation of Cyprus, and many Mahomedans, the *Times* correspondent tells us, have made up their minds to leave Stamboul and emigrate to the "new English island, under that Government which alone understands justice." Now that all chance of war is over, the British and Russian officers are visiting and entertaining each other; and General Todleben is holding a strict inquiry upon the recent outrage on the British flag, some Cossacks having fired upon a man-of-war's boat, and having taken the crew prisoners. The latter, however, were at once set at liberty on the appearance of officers on the scene.

CYPRUS has now been officially placed under British rule, and General Sir Garnet Wolseley, "Lord High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief," arrived in the island on Monday and formally assumed the reins of Government on the following day by a proclamation in English, Turkish, and Greek. He will reside on board the *Salamis* for the present. A powerful British squadron is lying off Larnaca, under Admiral Sir John Hay, consisting of the *Minotaur, Black Prince, Defence, Raleigh, Invincible, Bittern, Pallas, Foxhound, Monarch*, and *Coquette*. A large portion of the Indian troops have been landed and have been warmly welcomed by the inhabitants, who, by the Queen's proclamation, have been promised "measures for the preservation of commerce and agriculture and the blessings of freedom and justice." "While," also, "regard will be had for the moral and material welfare of the people, attention will be paid to their wishes respecting ancient customs as far as is consistent with civilisation and liberty, which must always be upheld by those who govern in Her Majesty's name." The island is rapidly filling with Greeks from the neighbouring islands, and innumerable schemes ranging from railways and tramways to a theatre and a *café chantant*, are being propounded for the improvement of the island.

FRANCE.——The outcry against the Treaty of Berlin and the British occupation of Cyprus is becoming greatly modified, the very undignified conduct of the Italian Radicals contributing greatly to bring thoughtful Frenchmen to a more moderate state of mind, while explanations are expected from M. Waddington which will place matters in a different light. As it is, Lord Beaconsfield's speech, and the knowledge that it was only out of deference to French feelings that neither Syria nor Egypt was occupied, have had considerable effect; and, if we are to credit the Paris correspondent of *The Times*, M. Gambetta has declared himself favourable to the Treaty of Berlin as a whole, and that, in his opinion, by the changes brought about by the Congress, "the interests of England and France, already somewhat identical, have become more so." "And," he continues, "I congratulate myself, in the name of my country, on a change which I deem very fortunate and very assuring for every one." Hitherto M. Gambetta's organ, the *République Française*, has been most bitter against the Treaty, so that this conversion is all the more remarkable. Frenchmen, however, have not been wholly occupied with foreign affairs this week, as the numerous strikes which have successively taken place within the last few days have caused considerable uneasiness. At Anzin, where the movement commenced, the coalminers are showing a conciliatory attitude. That this is owing to the strong measures taken by the Government to repress the slightest disorder, and to the presence of a strong body of troops, is far from unlikely. At Bordeaux, the bakers have struck; at St. Chamond, the dyers; at St. Etienne, the hands at the lace, tissue, and silk factories are out; and at many other towns similar misunderstandings between employers and employed are disturbing trade. The movement is thought to be due to the instigation of foreign agitators, and in some degree connected with the Internationale.

Marshal MacMahon has been to Trouville, and M. de Marcère, the Minister of the Interior, has been visiting his constituents at Mauberge, where he made a speech strongly advocating "toleration in politics and religion," and declaring that the Republic secures for France "order, liberty, and peace." The Republicans were successful in two more elections on Sunday.

In Paris, the various Congresses continue to meet in the Palace of the Trocadéro, but attract very little attention beyond the immediate circles which they affect. The Prince of Wales left Paris on Sunday evening, having attended the three British concerts at the Exhibition, which can hardly be said to have been eminently successful, the music being not of a sufficiently lively nature for the light-hearted Parisians. Even the friendly *Figaro* could only praise the singing of the choir, and even then relapsed into politics at the end of the article, exclaiming "Happy England, who knows how to increase her territory and keep her Kings." Herr Rubinstein is in Paris arranging for the Russian concerts, which are expected to be exceedingly good. Before leaving, the Prince of Wales is said to have invited M. Gambetta to breakfast on Saturday. This probably might have something to do with the "young dictator's" Anglo-philo tone on Tuesday. The captive balloon in the Place de Carrousel is now inflated and ready to ascend. The only theatrical novelty is the revival of Racine's *Britannicus* at the Français, with Mdlle. Agar as Agrippina.

GERMANY.——The Emperor is much better and has gone with the Empress to Babelsberg. On Saturday he drove out for the first time for seven weeks, and left Berlin on Monday. He wore his right arm in a sling, and saluted the crowd which assembled at the station with his left hand. A shilling subscription is being raised throughout Germany for a memorial, the nature of which the Crown Prince will decide, to commemorate the Emperor's deliverance.—Prince Bismarck is at his favourite summer resort, Kissingen, whence he will shortly issue invitations for a Conference of all the German Ministers to be held at Heidelberg.—Much annoyance is expressed with France and Italy at their hostile criticisms on the Berlin Treaty. Italy in particular is in disfavour, and the insulting expressions used towards Prince Bismarck at the meeting at Rome on Sunday have created considerable irritation.—American commerce is making great progress in Germany, and enormous quantities of hams, sausages, stoves, glass, leather, cotton cloths, and preserved provisions are now exported from across the Atlantic, being in many cases preferred to British goods.—The Kiel Committee of Inquiry into the loss of the *Grosser Kurfürst* has acquitted all the officers concerned, and attributes the disaster to a mistake of the men at the wheel of the *Konig Wilhelm*, who, alarmed by the sudden appearance of the *Grosser Kurfürst*, reversed the order given by the officer of the watch. An official court-martial will now be held, which will not only make a strict investigation into the disaster, but receive evidence on the present Teutonic method of handling a fleet.

INDIA.——Rain is now at last generally reported from Madras as well as the North-West provinces and Oude, and the number on the Relief Works has fallen from 146,000 to 115,000. The Viceroy has sanctioned various projects in the North-West for light railways and canals, of which the cost is estimated at from 2¼ to 10 millions sterling.—The Allahabad High Court has decided in the affirmative and in favour of the Government on the question as to whether a cession of territory on the part of the Crown was valid without the assent of Parliament.—At Baroda the Maharanee Jumnabai has been invested with the Imperial Order of the Crown of India—the young Guicowar surprising every one by making a very pretty loyal speech to the British Agent.—A "National Mahomedan Association" for the promotion of literary culture and the protection of Mahomedan interests has been formed at Calcutta.

MISCELLANEOUS.——Almost the sole topic in the UNITED STATES appears to be the intense heat which has prevailed during the past fortnight, the temperature in the Mississippi Valley and in the North-Western States has averaged from 90 deg. to 102 deg. in the shade, and in some places has reached even 110 deg. In many cases business was entirely suspended during the day, and in Missouri and Kansas the harvesting has been done by moonlight. In St. Louis 1,500 persons have been affected by the heat, and on one day last week at Chicago there were 103 cases of sunstroke, thirty-one of which were fatal.—In SOUTH AFRICA an amnesty was proclaimed on June 28, Sandilli's sons and other leaders being excepted. All is now quiet, and Cetewayo has sent an Embassy to Sir Theophilus Shepston, repudiating the acts of the Zulus in the disputed territory.

THE COURT

THE Queen and the Princess Beatrice are now at Osborne, where Her Majesty will remain a few weeks before starting for Balmoral. On Saturday the Earl of Beaconsfield arrived at the Castle on a visit to Her Majesty, and, together with Lady Waterpark, the Hon. Horatio Stopford, the Hon. Amy Lambert, Lieut.-General Ponsonby, and Mr. Montagu Corry, dined with the Queen. On Sunday the Queen and the Princess Beatrice and the Royal Household attended Divine Service at Osborne, the Rev. George Prothero officiating. On Monday the Queen knighted Earl Beaconsfield and invested him with the Order of the Garter, and in the evening Her Majesty's dinner-party included Lady Waterpark, General the Right Hon. Sir Thomas and Hon. Lady Biddulph, the Earl of Beaconsfield, Baron Seckendorff, and Mr. Montagu Corry. The Earl of Beaconsfield and Mr. Montagu Corry left the Castle on Tuesday afternoon.

The Prince of Wales returned from Paris on Monday morning, and in the afternoon, together with the Princess of Wales, visited the London Hospital and stayed an hour in the wards. Subsequently the Prince visited the Duchess of Cambridge, and in the evening, with the Princess, went to Her Majesty's Theatre. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Louis of Battenburg, went down to Dartmouth to distribute the prizes to the naval cadets on board the *Britannia*, amongst whom are Princes Edward and George of Wales. The Prince and Princess were received by the Duke of Connaught, and were rowed on board the *Britannia* by a crew of the cadets, among whom were the two young Princes, afterwards returning to the Royal yacht *Osborne*, where they entertained a large party at dinner. The distribution of prizes by the Princess took place on Wednesday, when the Prince made a brief speech, dwelling upon the salubrity of Dartmouth. The young Princes returned to London in the afternoon with the Prince and Princess, for their Midsummer holidays. The Prince of Wales went to Sandown Park Races on Thursday, and on Friday the Prince was to repeat his visit accompanied by the Princess.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who is with his vessel, the *Black Prince*, off Cyprus, has lately been somewhat indisposed, and will shortly be granted a few weeks' leave of absence.—Prince Leopold is now at Windsor Castle, where he is confined indoors with a sprained knee.

CHURCH NEWS

THE PAN-ANGLICAN SYNOD.——The bishops reassembled at Lambeth Palace on Monday, under the presidency of the Primate, and would sit daily until yesterday (Friday) to consider the reports of the various committees upon the subjects assigned to them for discussion at the earlier meetings of the Synod. To-day (Saturday) there is to be a concluding service in St. Paul's Cathedral, the Holy Communion being celebrated at 11 A.M., followed by a sermon by Bishop Stevens, of Pennsylvania. It is intended to publish the reports of the committees but not the debates. The Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom have presented a memorial to the Conference expressing a hope that they would issue a solemn and consentient declaration that it is the first duty of all Christians to labour and pray for the uniting in one body of all those who call upon the name of Christ and agree in the Divine authority of Holy Scripture, in the creeds, and in the decrees of the Church; and that it will recommend some practical means and mode of action whereby a consummation so devoutly to be wished for may, in God's good time, be accomplished.

VARIOUS.——Last Saturday a special Thanksgiving Service was held at the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, Bevis Marks, in commemoration of the termination of the Berlin Congress, and the conclusion of peace in the East.—On the same day a large meeting was held at the Conference Hall, Mildmay Park, the proceedings at which included addresses, singing, and prayer. The speakers urged that as increased taxation, increased prices of provisions, and increased difficulties in trade, the natural results of war, had been averted, the thanksgiving of the people should take the practical form of benevolence, and as Cyprus was now to add to the national *prestige* of Britain, the duty of English Christians was to promote the evangelisation of that island.—On Tuesday, Lord Penzance, in giving judgment on an appeal in respect to the Confessional and other matters in the church of St. James's, Hatcham, said that there were now only three matters in dispute out of eight—the chancel screen, the additional steps to the communion-table, and the side screen. The side screen and additional altar steps, he ordered to be removed; as to the chancel screen, he decided it should remain with the cross upon it, but the gates must be removed and the panels painted, so as not to exhibit any representations on the screen. A special order was made for the removal to be effected within three weeks.—A meeting convened by the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom was last week held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, under the presidency of the Bishop of Fredericton. Resolutions were passed similar to those adopted at the Association's recent meeting at Oxford.—The annual session of the Wesleyan Conference was opened at Bradford on Wednesday, the Rev. Dr. Rigg, Principal of the Westminster Normal Institution, being chosen President for the year.—On Thursday, last week, at a conversazione of the Christian Evidence Society, held at the National Club, several colonial and foreign bishops delivered addresses upon "the state of unbelief in various parts of the world, and on the best way of promoting the objects of the Society."—The vicar of Lower Milton Stourport, says the *Echo*, has taken objection to the colour of a pair of trousers which were worn by one of his curates while officiating, and the result is that the curate has had to leave. In a farewell sermon the rev. gentleman said he was sorry if he had offended any one in word, deed, or raiment.

MUSIC

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.——About the opera of Ambroise Thomas, which, notwithstanding the curtailments, is as lengthy as it is sombre, enough has been written. Our duty is limited, therefore, to a recognition of the excellence of the performance generally, and the exquisite pourtrayal, by Mdlle. Albani, of the character of Ophelia, in particular. This last, alone, would make amateurs desirous of witnessing an occasional performance of *Hamlet*, but that the work has any chance whatever of winning "popularity" in the strict sense of the term is, we think (and have before stated), out of the question. Mdlle. Albani's chief comrade on the present occasion was Signor Cotogni. It is an earnest and well-considered performance, bearing in some instances a certain resemblance to the Hamlet of M. Faure, besides having incontestable, if not very striking qualities of its own. Mdlle. Mantilla, one of Mr. Gye's latest acquisitions, is somewhat over-weighted in the part of Queen Gertrude, which we have seen represented by such artists as Mdlle. Titiens and Madame Rose Csillag. The parts of the King, Laertes, and the Ghost, were respectively intrusted to Signors Ordinas, Sabater, and Capponi; and Signor Bevignani conducted in the orchestra. Besides repetitions of *Semiramide*, (with Madame Patti), and the *Huguenots* (with Mdlle. Cepeda, the most recent and acceptable addition to the company of the Royal Italian Opera), there were two so styled "benefit" nights, both more or less interesting, the first especially. For the "benefit" of Madame Adelina Patti, the *Sonnambula*, was wisely chosen. We need hardly remind opera-going readers, that in the part of Amina, seventeen years ago, the most variously endowed among lyric artists of the day, made her first apparition among us, and won fame, so to speak, at a bound. She was then in her seventeenth year, and now that she has nearly doubled her age we welcome an Amina as young, as fresh, as ingenuous, and, where occasion demands, as impassioned, as at the beginning. That both as singer and actress Madame Patti, by dint of assiduous study and unremitting consideration of the requirements necessary to attain excellence in either department of her calling, has progressed year by year so surely as to reach the pinnacle of her aspiration is true; she could otherwise, indeed, never have reached it. Side by side with this, however, we find the youthful charm which seems to be inseparable from her artistic nature. Thus her Amina was as attractive and created as much enthusiasm as ever. Her not having played in the *Sonnambula* for six years, made the excitement all the greater. The evening will be remembered, in short, as the evening of the season. From the *cavatina*, "Come per me sereno," to "Ah non giunge," the joyous final air, it was a series of triumphs for the gifted *cantatrice*, who is as likely as possible, six years hence, to convince her admirers that she is not six years older. Signor Nicolini played Elvino, and Signor Carbone again Count Rodolpho. At the end of each act of the opera the favourite *prima donna* was enthusiastically called before the curtain, and the stage was covered with bouquets, wreaths, and coronals; but neither calls before the curtain, nor any quantity of floral tributes can add one inch to the artistic stature of Adelina Patti. For the "benefit" of Mdlle. Albani we had a mixed programme, comprising acts from *Rigoletto*, *Lucia*, and *La Traviata*. In the first two of these operas the charming young French Canadian—whose real name is Emma Lajeunesse, her adopted theatrical title being derived from Albany, the town in which she first essayed her talent as a dramatic singer—has been often heard and applauded in England; and to judge by her performance in the last act of the *Traviata*, her Violetta would be unlikely to fall short of either. On Saturday the season was brought to an end with an excellent performance of Verdi's *Aida*. Madame Adelina Patti, in the part of the Ethiopian Princess and Egyptian slave fairly "surpassed herself." The National Anthem, in which the leading artists added their voices to those of the chorus, followed; and then the curtain fell on the thirty-second season of the Royal Italian Opera. Mr. Gye has fulfilled most of the pledges of his prospectus. He has produced two new operas—Victor Massé's *Paul et Virginie* and Flotow's *Alma*—the first, thanks to Mdlle. Albani's graceful impersonation of the heroine, a *quasi*-success; the last, despite Mdlle. Albani's help, a *quasi*-failure. As works of art neither of them rises above mediocrity—*Alma*, indeed, sinking beneath mediocrity. Only one new singer has obtained general acceptance. We refer to the Spaniard, Mdlle. Cepeda, whose Lucrezia Borgia and Valentine were equally admired, and who showed herself not less proficient in the music of Meyerbeer than in that of Donizetti. This lady is a valuable acquisition to Mr. Gye's company.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.——The performances at reduced prices have given us nothing new. In the *Flauto Magico*, Madame Etelka Gerster took the place of Mdlle. Marimon as Astrifiammante, "Queen of Night;" and in the *Talismano* of Balfe, Miss Hélène Crosmond was substitute for Mdlle. Caroline Salla, as Queen Berengaria. The *Trovatore* offered a new chance for distinction to Madame Pappenheim, of which the German lady did not fail to make the best use. *Faust*, *Fidelio*, the *Sonnambula*, and the *Nozze di Figaro* have been repeated; and three more performances of Georges Bizet's *Carmen*, the most successful opera since *Faust*, have been given, with Miss Minnie Hauk as the petulant, capricious heroine—an impersonation in its way unique, as all the operatic world is now aware. For this evening, the last of the season, we are promised *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and an act of *Dinorah*, with Madame Etelka Gerster as the heroine in each. The performance is announced as for her benefit.

WAIFS.——The new opera, *Pepita*, produced last week by M. Carvalho, at the Opéra Comique, has, from all accounts, produced but little effect. It is in the old style of *opéra buffa*, and the music is by M. L. Delahaye, a new aspirant to lyric honours. Instead of one "Torrero" or "Torreador," as in *Carmen*, there are here nine of that community all in love with the heroine, who is, nevertheless, carried off by Sir George Williams, an English naval officer, stationed at Gibraltar.—Professor Rokitanski, father of the well-known Viennese bass singer, who has been engaged on several occasions at Her Majesty's Theatre, died recently. He was one of the most renowned physicians of Austro-Hungary.—Mr. Santley has returned from his short trip to America, entirely restored to health. He passed a few days at Niagara Falls, and came back by the same boat which took him out.—Mdlle. Marie Krebs, having been ordered some months' repose by her medical adviser at Dresden, will be unable to fulfil her engagement for the Promenade Concerts, which begin next week at Covent Garden Theatre.—The "Claque," as it is conventionally termed, has been abolished (temporarily, at least) by M. Halanzier, manager of the Paris Grand Opera; and the public will now enjoy the privilege of expressing its approval, or disapproval, without the aid or premonition of that senseless and intolerable nuisance. The Théâtre Français has done without it; why not, then, the Opera?—M. Gounod's Polyeucte has at length had an orchestral trial. Everything is ready for the general rehearsals, which will begin when Mdlle. Krauss, who is to play the heroine, has terminated her holiday.—Madame Adelina Patti left for North Wales on Sunday.—The beautiful Stadtheater at Frankfort-on-the-Maine has been burnt to the ground. A similar catastrophe has visited the Théâtre Guignol at Lyons.

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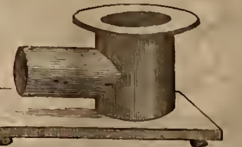
SCIENTIFIC NOTES

PROFESSOR HUGHES'S Microphone, to which we last month devoted an illustrated article, has, unfortunately, become a bone of contention between two rival inventors. Mr. Edison, of phonographic renown, claims the discovery as his, while Professor Hughes successfully proves that its birth was due to his own patient researches. There is no kind of doubt that the latter gentleman was the first to make the matter public, and, therefore, the laurels rightly belong to him. It is a great pity that hard words should have been made use of—for, granting that the two experimenters did hit upon the same discovery at the same time, there is nothing so surprising about such an event as to lead any one to assume that one had filched his ideas from the other. We have numerous precedents—in astronomy, for instance—of two separate workers attaining the same end independently of each other. And—no later than December last—the liquefaction of the so-called "permanent" gases—one of the greatest scientific triumphs of the age—was concurrently accomplished by two physicists in different countries.

From America we learn of an improvement in the Phonograph, by the substitution of a new form of membrane for the metallic diaphragm formerly used. This membrane is made of paper or parchment, and is constructed on the principle of the drum of the human ear. The quality of tone is said to be much improved by its use, while the sound-records in the tinfoil, instead of necessitating the near presence of the operator as heretofore, can be impressed upon the metal at a distance of nearly twenty feet from the speaker's mouth. Should this improvement be capable of all that is said of it, it would now be possible by means of a Phonograph in the middle of the House to record automatically parliamentary debates. This would be a great source of comfort to those unreported members who are always complaining of the injustice of the newspapers in not publishing their speeches. But to disinterested outsiders it must be evident that the Phonograph, however efficient, could not be of much service here. For the essence of good reporting is not to transcribe every word, but to know what to report, and what to reject. There have been many things said in the house lately which would hardly add to its dignity by being exactly reproduced in the Phonograph.



The year has been so prolific of acoustical discoveries that we cannot feel much surprise that an instrument has been devised for *seeing* sounds. It is aptly called the "Phoneidoscope," and we annex a drawing which will show its extreme simplicity. It consists of two pieces of brass piping, which are joined together in the form of the letter T. One of the three openings is closed by the mahogany board which forms the base of the instrument. The upper opening is provided with a flat flange, upon which a ring of metal holding a soap film can be placed. The remaining orifice is furnished with an indiarubber tube, terminating in a mouthpiece of the common speaking-tube pattern. Upon singing or talking into this mouthpiece the delicate film of soap is thrown into visible vibration. It describes, by reflected light, the most beautiful patterns in all the colours of the rainbow—patterns which will remain constant for one note—but which go through many changes as the scale is sung through the tube. The quality or *timbre* of the sounds examined also have a marked influence upon the pattern produced. The mixture for making the film is a compound of Castile soap, water, and glycerine. It is of such tenacity that bubbles may be blown with it of Brobdingnagian dimensions. Patterns in sand, on vibrating discs of metal, were long ago produced by Chaldni, and Lissajous has also shown how sound can be translated into regular forms by means of tiny mirrors fastened to the bodies in vibration. But the Phoneidoscope answers to far more delicate sounds than those dealt with by the two philosophers named, and the results achieved are far more beautiful in character.

In consequence of the great number of deaths which have lately been traced to the use of "violet powder" adulterated with arsenic, people are naturally looking with suspicion upon that luxury of the toilet, and are asking how they may know whether a particular sample is innocent, or the reverse. The question is so important that we think it worth while to give a simple test by which the poison may be detected.

Boil a small quantity of the suspected article in water to which has been added a crystal of common soda. This can be done in a florence flask over a gas flame. In another vessel place a crystal of blue vitriol (sulphate of copper) in a little boiling water, and let it stand until dissolved. Upon mixing these two solutions together *a bright green precipitate will be thrown down if arsenic be present.* This precipitate is the pigment known as "Scheele's green," which is used sometimes in staining wall papers and textiles, to the prejudice of their owners. The colour can be recognised by touching the suspected material with a drop of ammonia, which immediately turns it blue.

In a lecture recently published, Dr. Siemens gives us some comfort with reference to the threatened exhaustion of our coal-fields. He tells us that a time may come "when our descendants will look upon the indiscriminate users of coal with something like the same feeling that we look upon the users of flint and bronze instruments." He argues that we should make use of water-power as our forefathers did. But, whereas they had no means of transporting such power to any distance, we can do so by means of dynamo-electric machines and copper wires. He calculates that the amount of force which is constantly being wasted at the falls of Niagara, for instance, represents an aggregate of 16,800,000 horse-power. To make the matter more plain, he states that to find sufficient power to represent this lost force, *i.e.*, to pump the water back again, we should require an amount of coal equivalent to the total coal consumption of the world.

Faraday's great discovery that the simple approach of a magnet to a coil of wire created a current of electricity in that wire, led to the invention of a host of magneto-electric machines for the wholesale production of the subtle fluid, and Dr. Siemens is the inventor of the latest and most perfect of them. We may therefore be quite sure that he is an authority upon the subject of which he treats. The dynamo-electric machine transforms motion into electricity. We now want some practical engine for again turning this electricity into motion. When this result is attained we can in a great measure dispense with steam power. There is no doubt that the electric machine will play a great part in the world's future.

T. C. H.

THEATRES

THE music-halls enjoy for some unexplained reason a sort of license in the matter of personal satire which is not permitted to the theatres where, above all, it is strictly forbidden to personate on the stage living celebrities. There has been performing lately, for example, at more than one music-hall, a kind of political squib in which the same actor appears successively made up so as to resemble closely Lord Beaconsfield, Count Andrassy, General Ignatieff, and Midhat Pasha. But no well-informed playgoer will have expected to find in the little piece entitled *The Congress at Paris*, at the OLYMPIC Theatre, any attempt to caricature the distinguished plenipotentiaries whose names are appended to the recent Treaty of Berlin. The "Congress" in this case is of a more fanciful and picturesque kind, being simply a polyglot assemblage who are supposed to meet in the Chinese house of the Great Exhibition for the purpose of settling, once and for all, the disputed question of what is the nationality of a certain young lady distinguished as Polly, and pleasantly represented by Miss Lizzie Coote. Polly, who was born at sea, happens to have had for her grandfathers a Frenchman and a German, and for her grandmothers an Englishwoman and a Spaniard; and hence pretexts are found for dispute on the point referred to. The linguistic attainments of the Congress being, however, strictly limited to their own mother tongue they are compelled to engage the services as interpreter of one of those marvellous foreign waiters who profess to speak every language under the sun; but as this person is somewhat of an impostor, and beyond a few phrases here and there really knows no tongue but his own native English, new difficulties arise; and affairs become complicated when Polly, discovering in this unduly boastful person an old sweetheart, turns her back on her grandfathers and grandmothers, preferring his society. After exciting the anger of the Congress the British waiter is finally enabled to make his peace by employing his small scraps of foreign phrases to extricate them from the grasp of a detective, whose suspicions have been excited by their eccentric proceedings. *A Congress at Paris* is an extravaganza enlivened by songs and hornpipes, and rendered still further amusing by the confusion of tongues which characterises its dialogue. Mr. Procter, who is new to the stage of the Olympic, plays the waiter in amusing fashion, and other parts are represented with spirit and whimsical humour by Messrs. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Cleeve, and Miss Lavis. The production of this trifle necessarily tends to enliven the programme of the Olympic, which, since the production of *Nancy Sikes*, has been of a somewhat depressing character.

Mdlle. Beatrice, with her company, will make their first appearance in London since last year at the OLYMPIC Theatre on the 5th of next month. The accomplished lady will bring with her an Anglo-French drama, entitled *A Woman of the People*, in which she has successfully appeared in many provincial cities. The advent of this play is just now heralded by placards on the hoardings of London, in which the letter of a penitent person who is supposed to have been converted from the error of his ways by witnessing a single performance, is printed at full length, with its original orthographical errors by way of evidence of scrupulous regard to authenticity. In like way it used to be customary to support the claims to notice of Lillo's *George Barnwell*. Mr. Tom Taylor's *Ticket of Leave Man*—too admirable a play, by the way, to need the recommendation of reformed rogues—has been credited with similar and equally satisfactory influences over sinners among the audiences. Should the *Woman of the People* prove to be a piece of this wholesome and beneficial class there will, of course, be ground for rejoicing, but it must be on condition that its merits as a play with an interesting and well planned story shall be no less incontestable.

The weekly record and critical commentary on the stage, entitled the *Theatre*, is henceforth to take the form of a monthly review. The *Theatre* has been ably conducted, and has kept its readers well informed in the matter both of dramatic literature and of acting at home and abroad. A strong list of contributors, and a variety of interesting features are announced for the new series, the first number of which—to appear next week—will contain portraits of Miss E. Terry and Mr. Irving.

It is announced that the ST. JAMES'S Theatre has passed into the hands of Lord Newry. The interior is to receive the complete renovation and redecoration which are certainly not unneeded. Originally built by Braham, the singer, and opened under his management in 1835, this house has rarely proved a successful venture; but there is really no reason why it should not be a prosperous theatre if once it should find a capable management; for it is more commodious than the Court Theatre or the Prince of Wales', and its situation is certainly more convenient.—The part of the innocently convicted hero in *Proof*, at the ADELPHI Theatre, is about to be undertaken by Mr. Henry Neville, to whose style of acting it is better suited than to that of Mr. Charles Kelly—excellent actor though he is. This is one of the best romantic dramas which have appeared on our stage for some time, and had it received a thoroughly adequate interpretation it could hardly have failed to achieve complete success.

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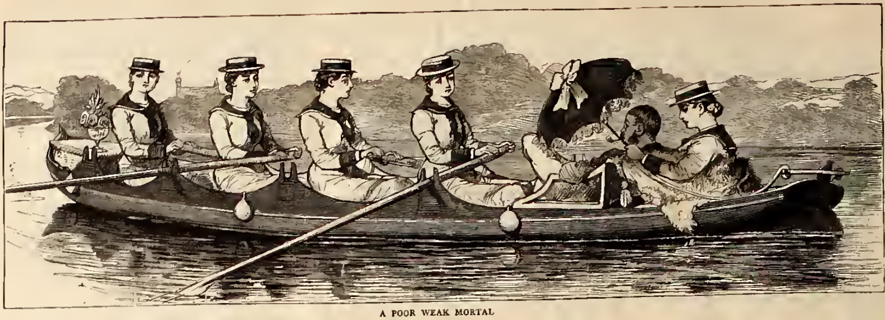
THEATRICAL BUSINESS IN POMPEII, which has been at a standstill since the eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79, appears, the *Theatre* tells us, to be looking up, judging from the following announcement of Signor Luigni:—"After a lapse of more than 1,800 years, the theatre of this city will be reopened with *Figlia del Reggimento.* I solicit the continuance of the favour bestowed on my predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martius, and beg to assure the public that I shall make every effort to equal the rare qualities displayed during his management."

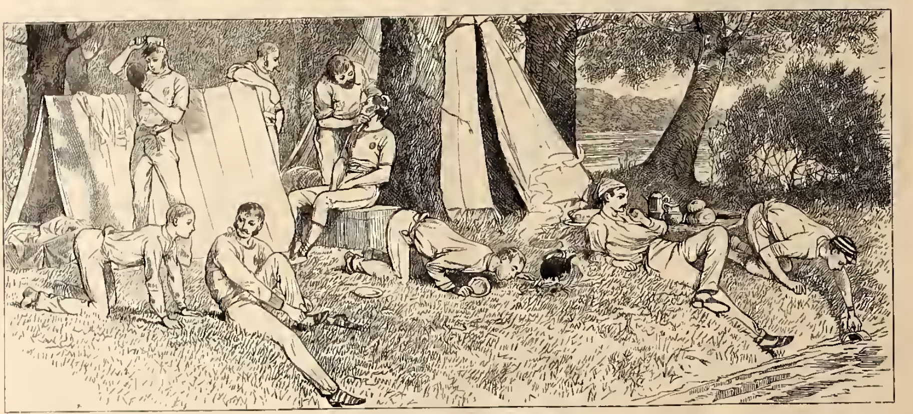
LEGAL

THE PICK TESTIMONIAL.——Our readers will remember that not long since a lady named Pick was committed for trial on a charge of picking pockets at St. James's Hall, and that the case was never tried for the simple reason that the Grand Jury threw out the bill. We commented on the hardship of the case at the time, and we are glad to find that some attempt is now to be made to compensate Dr. and Mrs. Pick for the actual pecuniary loss which they suffered in consequence of the prosecution, and in respect of which they have no legal redress. These expenses amounted, we understand, to nearly 300*l.* Among the many prominent persons who have joined the Testimonial Committee are the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Countess Russell, and Miss Nightingale, and subscriptions may be sent to the London and County Bank; to the hon. secretary, Mrs. Jeffryes, at the Langham Hotel; or to the secretary, 1, Adam Street, Adelphi.

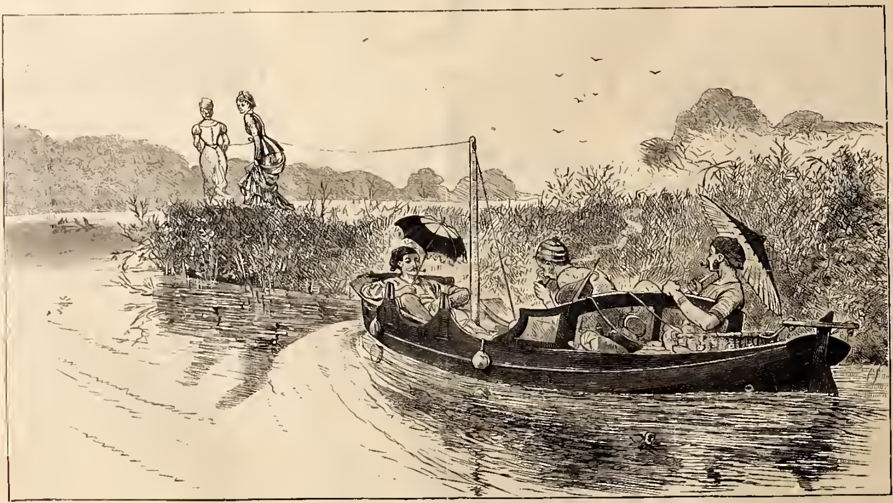
MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——A military tailor, who visited Lord's Cricket Ground the other day for the purpose of sketching the latest fashions, was arrested by an over-zealous policeman, who mistook him for a pickpocket. He was, however, more fortunate than Mrs. Pick, as he was released from custody as soon as the magistrate had heard the charge.—Mr. Cooke, the Marylebone magistrate, in dealing with a cab dispute the other day, incidentally remarked that when a cabman, in response to the query, "How much have I to pay you?" said "I leave it to you," the passenger need not pay anything at all, and that if any one were brought before him for refusing to pay under such circumstances he should dismiss the summons.—Somnambulism is getting both fashionable and dangerous. The other night, at Headley, in Hampshire, a young woman got up in her sleep, and with a carving-knife cut off the heads of twenty fowls, killed five rabbits, and stabbed a favourite donkey. She is to be examined by an eminent London physician.—A man named Gaylor has been committed for trial for a series of curious frauds upon the Hearts of Oak Benefit Society, from which, while in good health and full work, he managed to draw no less than 18*l.* 12*s.* as sick pay, besides 1*l.* 10*s.* on the strength of a forged certificate of his wife's accouchment. Emboldened by success, he made out a certificate of his own death, which he presented at the Society's office, saying that he was a friend of the widow, and thus brought about his own detection. He had obtained the blank certificates from a printer's where he was employed, and he had apparently planned a similar fraud upon



A POOR WEAK MORTAL

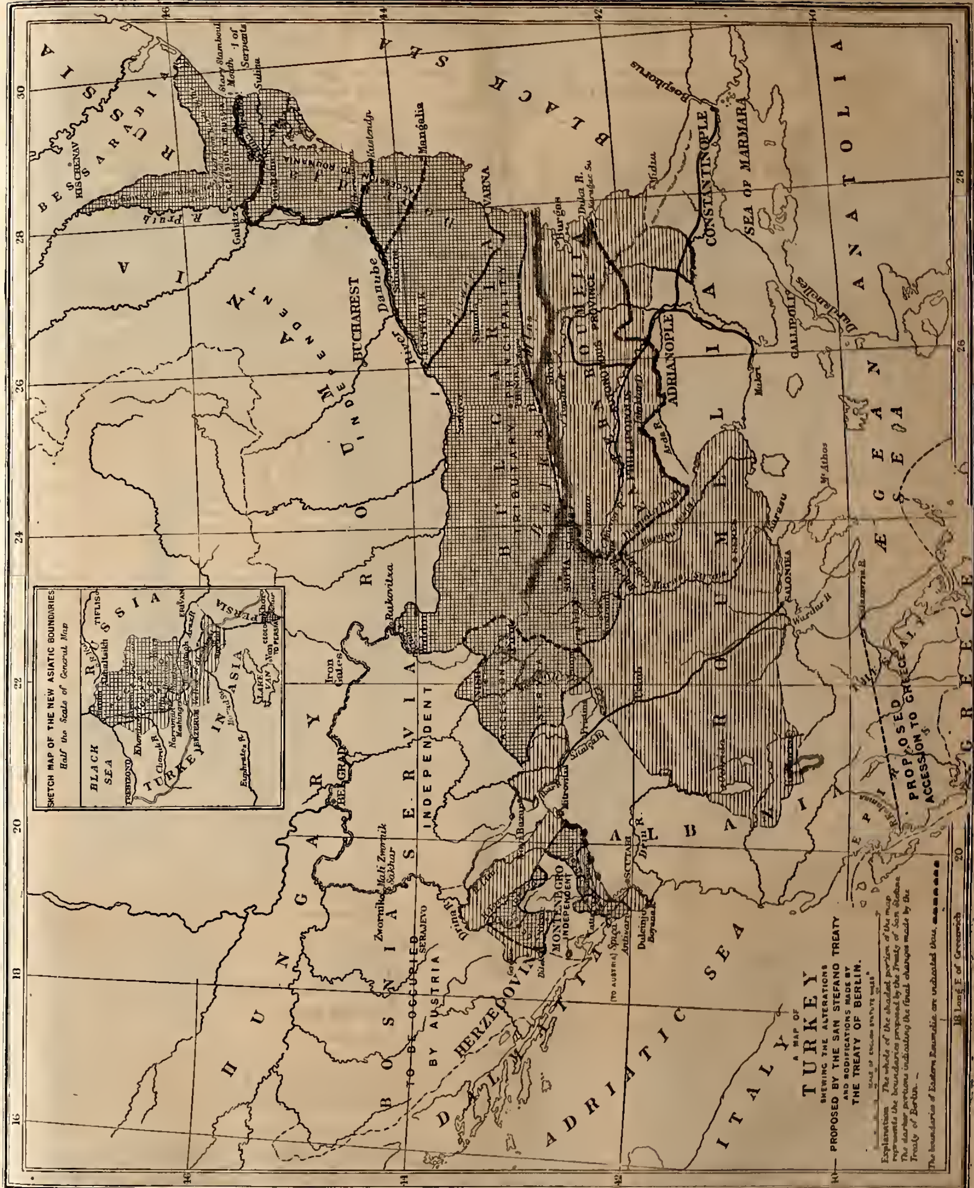


ENCAMPMENT OF THE THAMES ROWING CLUB



TOWING—A FAIR TEAM

SKETCHES FROM A STEAM LAUNCH AT HENLEY REGATTA



A MAP OF
TURKEY
SHEWING THE ALTERATIONS
PROPOSED BY THE SAN STEFANO TREATY
AND MODIFICATIONS MADE BY
THE TREATY OF BERLIN.

Explanation. The whole of the shaded portion of the map represents the boundaries proposed by the Treaty of San Stefano. The darker portions indicating the final changes made by the Treaty of Berlin.

The boundaries of Eastern Roumelia are indicated thus, ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

another benefit society.—Eight men and two women have been convicted in taking part in the recent riots at Burnley, and have been sentenced to various terms of penal servitude and imprisonment.—The trial of the men suspected of the murder of Lord Leitrim has been postponed until the next assizes, to enable the prosecution to bring forward "material information," which it is stated cannot yet be produced. The relatives of the clerk and driver have been awarded compensation under the Peace Preservation Act. The mother of the clerk, Meekham, who claimed *2,000l.*, gets *700l.*; and the father of the car-driver, Buchanan, who asked for *1,000l.*, is to have *200l.*—Last week, at the Limerick Assizes, a man named Cronin was tried for killing a man at a fair in March last. It was shown that there had been a fight, and that the deceased, after being beaten to the ground by Cronin, died within ten minutes. The jury, however, found him "not guilty"—a result which elicited from the judge the remark that they were the only twelve men in court of that opinion, and that it was no wonder there were widows and orphans in the country where jurors returned such verdicts. The prisoner seems to have cared little for his escape from the gallows, for he is said to have left the dock muttering "Devil thank ye."—A Spanish sailor, named Garcia, has been arrested and committed for trial for the wholesale murder in Monmouthshire. He had only just been liberated from gaol, and, although the evidence against him is mainly circumstantial, it seems very strong. He was seen skulking about near the place, and in his possession were found various articles of clothing which have been identified as belonging to the murdered family. The five victims have been buried in one grave in the parish churchyard.—Another shocking tragedy is reported from Crayford, in Kent, where the dead bodies of a man and three children were last week discovered in a wood. At the inquest it was shown that the adult body was that of a man named Sands, formerly secretary of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, who, it seems, had spent the whole of his savings in the purchase of a beer-shop at Greenwich, and had fallen into a despondent state of mind in consequence of the business not answering his expectations. On Thursday last week he went out with three of his children, saying that they were going for a walk in the park; but, instead of doing so, he went by rail to Crayford, where, in a secluded spot, he first cut the throats of his children, and afterwards his own. The verdict was wilful murder, and suicide.

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"From its novel and interesting character great success is anticipated."—*Bilston Herald.*

"A popular number, that will assuredly secure a great demand."—*Daily Chronicle*, June 25, 1878.

"Is a novelty in newspaper literature."—*Warrington Guardian.*

"Which is likely to meet with a very favourable reception."—*Bradford Telegraph.*

"The coloured engravings, which are numerous, and finished in a very superior style, hit off in a happy manner the peculiarities incident to life at the seaside, the more humorous features receiving special notice."—*Bradford Chronicle.*

"The number is certainly the best yet issued by *The Graphic*, and that is saying a great deal."—*Preston Herald.*

"Will excite general interest."—*Eastern Morning News.*

"Having read your notice of *The Graphic's* Summer Number, I hasten to examine for myself this artistic and wonderful production. I can with confidence recommend my readers, residents, or visitors, to procure for themselves copies of this admirable paper, feeling sure that they will derive much genuine pleasure from an inspection of its contents."—*Scarborough Weekly Post.*

"Christmas is no longer to have a monopoly of good things in the way of literature and art. To *The Graphic* belongs the credit of invading the 'old Father's' time honoured demain."—*Brighton Herald.*

"A charming special Midsummer Number of that inimitable journal, *The Graphic*, whose varied and unique illustrations are a marvel of the printer's art, and exhibit a great advance in colour printing. We have seldom seen a better shilling's worth."—*Staffordshire Advertiser.*

"Demands a word of praise for the excellent taste and artistic beauty of its illustrations, the majority of which are coloured by a process which the proprietors were the first, we believe, to employ for the purposes of popular periodical literature."—*Manchester City News.*

"Some of the pictures are very amusing, while others are inclined to be sentimental."—*Liverpool Daily Chronicle.*

"Holiday numbers of the lighter monthlies are by this time almost an institution, but a 'summer number' of an illustrated weekly is a rather novel idea. It is an idea, however, which is likely to be heartily welcomed by many people in the form given to it by the publishers of *The Graphic*. The accuracy of some of the views is noteworthy, while the spirit and humour displayed in all would not have discredited John Leech's *Punch*."—*Scotsman.*

"Is one of the most artistic productions that has lately been published. A very pleasant day indeed might be spent on the sea shore with no other companion than the summer number of *The Graphic*."—*Birmingham Daily Gazette.*

"Sufficient light reading to wile away a few hours very pleasantly."—*Midland Counties Express.*

"Its novel and interesting character will doubtless render it a marked success."—*Belfast Northern Whig.*

"Is delightfully fresh and breezy. The number is a highly creditable one, and is full value for a shilling."—*Sheffield Post.*

"It contains a large number of coloured engravings, the subjects of which will excite general interest."—*Leeds Mercury.*

"A great many of the drawings are given to phases of life at Scarborough, and several to those of Harrogate."—*Hull Express.*

"The views are most amusing, and true to life. We commend the Extra Summer Number of *The Graphic* to our readers."—*Shields Daily News.*

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"The special numbers of *The Graphic* are always good, but the present one is the best which has been yet produced."—*Observer.*

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"The coloured supplement, 'The Last Bit of Scandal,' is alone worth the cost of the number."—*Eastern Daily Press.*

THE GRAPHIC SUMMER NUMBER

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"It is a wonderful gathering of all manner of pictures of out of door amusements and occupations, colour illustrated in a humoursome manner."—*Bradford Daily Post.*

"The reading matter is amusing, interesting, and thrilling. We anticipate a great popularity for this most charming number."—*Liverpool Weekly Albion.*

"We cannot recount a fiftieth part of the attractions of the number. Our readers should see and enjoy it for themselves."—*Sunderland Weekly Echo.*

"A splendidly illustrated summer number."—*Waterford Weekly News.*

"It will be welcome everywhere, but especially in the northern counties. 'Mr. Chumley's Holidays' were at Scarbro', and when he went to that delightful watering-place he took his sketch-book with him. He worked well."—*Hull Packet.*

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"The number is one of great beauty and interest, and the stories are of a class which will well repay the time devoted to their perusal."—*Paisley Daily Express.*

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"Will, from its novel and interesting character, be a great success."—*Chester Chronicle.*

"The extra number issued at Christmas was of a novel and interesting character, admirably illustrated in colour, and when it is understood that the number under notice is intended as a companion one to that, a good idea of it will at once be formed."—*Northampton Herald.*

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"The novelty of the publication consists in several pages of admirably-executed coloured illustrations, representing the various recreations and amusements indulged in by visitors to our fashionable watering-places."—*Christian World.*

190, STRAND.

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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1878

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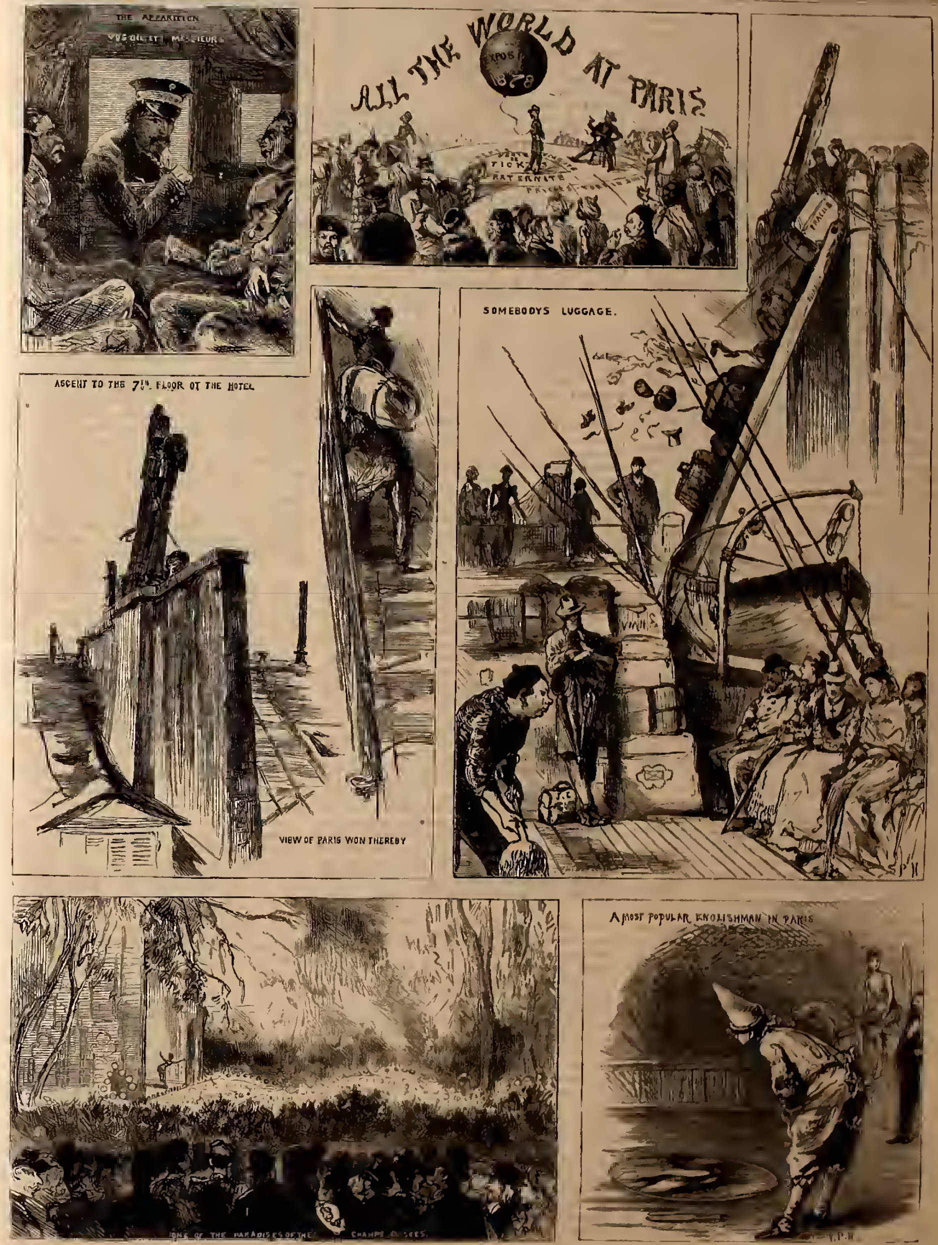
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T.P.H.

ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS, I.

Topics of the Week

The Debate.——From a merely oratorical point of view the defence of the policy of the Government in the course of the great debate has not been nearly so strong as the attack. Lord Hartington led off with a very moderate and effective speech; and Mr. Gladstone spoke with a fiery eloquence that he has not surpassed for many a day. Yet there can be little doubt that on the whole the nation is rather with the Government than with the Opposition. Of the Treaty of Berlin it is not necessary to say much. Mr. Gladstone was indignant at the manner in which it had been brought about, and he charged the British Plenipotentiaries with persistently discouraging the aspirations of the various populations for liberty; but even he seemed to be tolerably well satisfied with the Treaty itself. It was against the Anglo-Turkish Convention that he directed the real force of his argument. He failed, however, to grapple with the primary question whether it is necessary to our safety that Russia should be prevented from advancing further into Asia Minor. On this point the majority of Englishmen are undoubtedly agreed. Whether rightly or wrongly, they have made up their minds that the Russians must not be allowed, if we can hinder them, to step a mile beyond the limits they have already reached. It only remains, therefore, to consider whether, in the event of our doing nothing, they would be likely to try to extend their power in Asia Minor, and whether we have adopted the best means of discouraging their encroachments. On the first point Mr. Gladstone was very dogmatic; he saw no reason why we should suppose that the condition of the Asiatic provinces of the Porte would ever offer any temptation to Russia. But his mere statement is not enough to settle the question. We have already considerable experience to guide us, and that unquestionably leads to the conclusion that with a feeble central authority the populations of Asia Minor would be more than ever liable to disturbance and intrigue. About the other point—the means we are about to take to avert this danger—there is more difficulty. The Government have never yet defined their position with perfect precision. It is certain that if the task of reform is to be undertaken solely by the Pashas it will not be executed in a manner satisfactory to this country; yet our promise of protection has been given on condition that there shall be good government. The Ministry ought to let the world know by what measures they propose to effect all those fine results about which Lord Sandon spoke with so much enthusiasm. There is a growing suspicion that they have not given such serious attention to this subject as it requires, and that although England may hereafter have to fight for Asia Minor, she will not do so in the interests of the Porte.

The Premier and the Ex-Premier.——Personalities may be regrettable, but they rarely fail to arouse interest, and, just as a very small joke raises a laugh during a particularly solemn trial in a court of justice, so, amid the protracted discussion of the recent foreign policy of the Government, the passage-of-arms between the Premier that was, and the Premier that is, has stimulated the flagging attention of the public. Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone have for long been political foes, but of late their mutual hostility appears to have deepened, on one side, at least, into downright personal dislike. For some time after he quitted office Mr. Gladstone was too busy with the Papal Infallibility Question to pay much attention to his ancient Parliamentary rival; but, as soon as the Bulgarian troubles turned the attention of all men to the East, he left off pummelling the Pope, and devoted all his energies to attacking the policy of the Government. As the Prime Minister was, confessedly, the inspiring genius of the Cabinet, and has latterly, since the secession of two of his colleagues, exercised almost absolute power there, these attacks have gradually assumed more and more of a personal complexion. Mr. Gladstone may deny that he called Lord Beaconsfield "devilish," but when one of his adherents asks him "How are we to get rid of this Mephistopheles?" and he replies by giving an elaborate prescription for the purpose, it is clear that he thought Mephistopheles, or, in plain English, Devil, not a misplaced epithet for Her Majesty's chief public servant. The Premier has far more power of self-control than the ex-Premier, and so he waited for his revenge till the banquet of Saturday night, when, in reply to the criticism that he had entered into an "insane" Convention, he delivered that elaborate definition of his opponent which will probably become historical. Closely examined, there is nothing unjustifiable or even untrue in this description. Even his warmest admirers must admit that Mr. Gladstone is diffuse, and that his eloquence often runs away with him. The fact is that the polysyllabic structure of the passage makes it sound far more terrible than it really is, and we incline to think that the Premier has borrowed a weapon from the armoury of a doughty combatant, with whom he had many a rude brush in days gone by, namely, the late Daniel O'Connell. Mr. O'Connell, it is well-known, reduced an apple-woman, famed for her slanging propensities, to silence by pelting her with such astonishing epithets as "parallelogram" and "isosceles." Lord Beaconsfield has been less fortunate than the "Liberator," for, although he has uttered a stinging phrase which will dwell in men's memories, he has certainly not managed to make Mr. Gladstone hold his tongue.

The New Governor-General of Canada.——It is a long time since any public appointment has been so well received as that of Lord Lorne to be Governor-General of Canada. He himself is believed to have some qualities which eminently fit him for the post, but it is the presence of his wife at Ottawa which will give its special character to his term of office. There used to be a prevailing impression that England did not much care about her colonies, and would be heartily glad when she could get rid of the burden they impose upon her. The present Government has made it one of the main objects of its policy to combat this notion, and it could not have hit upon a happier device than that of sending out a daughter of the Queen to the very colony which, in the event of a war with the United States, it would be most difficult to defend. She will probably be all the more popular because of the Republican institutions across the border, and will help the Canadians to realise more vividly than ever their relation not only to England but to the whole Empire of which England is the centre. It is to be hoped that the Government will be able to give fresh applications to the idea it has so happily struck out. Why should not the Duke of Connaught represent the Queen in Ireland? And might it not be possible to make Prince Leopold Viceroy of India? If the members of the Royal Family were employed in this way, a certain lustre would be shed on the great offices at the disposal of the Crown, and a good answer would be provided to ill-natured questions as to the uses of princes.

Reformatories.——The moral atmosphere of a reformatory is, we should trust, superior to that of the gaols of former days, where old and young, convicted and unconvicted, hardened and repentant, were all huddled together. Still, remembering what mischief a few viciously-disposed lads can effect in a school where the children come well-tended from home, how low must be the general tone in a school where every boy is more or less unsound in morals! It is true that the discipline is stern, far sterner than in a school of ordinary boys, who can in many respects be trusted to look after one another, and probably to lads who come from wretched drunken parents, or from the semi-starvation of the streets, the reformatory may even seem a haven of rest. But the ordeal must be a very severe one to lads who have had all the advantages of a good home, but who have forfeited these advantages by the commission of thefts. The question then arises whether such boys as these are benefited or injured by being incarcerated in company with those who, unlike themselves, have been brought up from babyhood amid brutality and debauchery. Children feel misery very keenly, and there is doubtless a vast deal of misery hidden away from the public eye in these establishments. Hence, and mingled no doubt with the boyish love of adventure,—the mutinies which occasionally take place in reformatories—and of which an instance occurred last week. One almost pities the poor wretches, after their brief taste of freebooting, driven back to their monotonous round of discipline. Nor is it satisfactory to remember that there are heartless and brutal parents who actually encourage their children to commit crime, in order that they may be thus taken off their hands. A woman before the magistrate the other day, admitted that all her children were in reformatories except the one then under examination.

The Austrians in Bosnia.——Austrian troops have now crossed the Save, and there is no reason to doubt that the population of the occupied territory will profit largely by their presence. The poorer classes will at last know what it is to live under a civilised Government, while the richer proprietors will be saved from the perils of incessant threats of revolution. Europe, and England especially, will also benefit by the enterprise which Austria has undertaken, for henceforth Russia will be unable to advance a step further towards Constantinople without the consciousness that she may at any moment be checked by a powerful rival. For Austria herself, the consequences of her present policy are likely to be far more serious than are at present generally realised. The Slavonic element now becomes the most important in the Empire; which means that the Empire must steadily extend its influence towards the south-east. As the Hungarians have always protested against the predominance of the Slavs, their bitterest jealousies will be aroused, and no one who knows anything of their character will suppose that it will be easy to allay their suspicions. They have so fierce a sense of independence that rather than be absorbed in a virtually Slavonic Empire, they would go on fighting at intervals from generation to generation. The inhabitants of the German provinces take the occupation of Bosnia quietly, but in the long run they also will be powerfully influenced by it. They have hitherto regarded themselves as the dominant race, and it is inconceivable that they should be satisfied to see themselves more and more supplanted. Prince Bismarck has always wished that Austria should become a great Slavonic Power, expressly because he believes that in that case the Austrian Germans must inevitably be attracted towards the German Empire. Nothing of this kind may happen for a long time, but there can be little doubt that the tendency of events will be in accordance with the ideas of the far-seeing Chancellor. It is possible, therefore, as Mr. Grant Duff pointed out in his able speech on Monday, that in settling the Eastern Question the Powers have laid the seeds of a great central European question. This will not so directly affect England as the problem which has been temporarily solved, but it will have even a keener interest for several of the most cultivated nations in the world.

Socotra.——Because, perhaps, we ourselves live upon an island, we have always had a taste for appropriating islands. During the great French War, we were accused, and not without cause, of frittering away our soldiers' lives in the seizure of West Indian sugar islands, instead of giving effectual aid to Breton loyalists and others, who would have been valuable allies. This island-mania seems to have revived of late years. We have annexed Fiji, the Australians would be well pleased if we were to annex New Guinea—and we may yet be compelled to do so, for the sake of the aborigines, should payable gold fields be discovered there—we have just taken formal possession of Cyprus, and now we learn that the British flag has been hoisted at Socotra. Socotra is, in some respects, better known to Englishmen than Cyprus was a month ago, because P. and O. passengers often coast along the island just before entering or quitting the Red Sea. Socotra is barren and harbourless, its only product of note is the bitter aloe of medicine; but it is fairly healthy, it possesses running water, some vegetation, and a cool climate, considering its latitude. Except for its want of harbours, it would be far preferable as a military station to that scorched-up cinder heap, Aden. It seems that by a treaty made two years ago, we arranged for the possible occupation of the island, which some forty years since was abandoned in favour of Aden. The construction of the Suez Canal has increased the importance of Socotra, and this, it is said, has determined the action of the Indian Government.

The Metropolitan Police.——Lord Truro spoke in a dolorous tone the other evening as to the miserable way in which London is protected. Yet if he would go abroad, he would find that there are few great cities so well defended. Such vague charges as those in which he indulged appear to us to be extremely ill-advised. They tend to make the force unpopular, and, besides, they are very inaccurate. There are doubtless black sheep among the London police, as among every other body of officials; but, on the whole, it is wonderful how well they discharge their difficult duties. Every instance of carelessness or recklessness on their part is freely commented on; it is often forgotten that they display courage and tact in thousands of cases of which we hear nothing. They are at present claiming an advance of wages, and there was an alarming rumour some days ago that if they did not obtain it they meant to strike. We hope for their own sakes that there is no truth in this report, for they may be sure that if they were to act with selfish disregard of the public safety the community would insist on their being sternly dealt with. On the other hand, their demands ought to weighed with the fullest desire to do them justice. In these days there is only one way of securing good service; and that is by paying generously for it. If it is the fact that the wages of the police are inadequate, the public will suffer most in the end, for inadequate wages will ultimately be accepted only by an inferior class of men.

Permissive Liquor Legislation——Mr. Bright has spoken very strongly against the Permissive Prohibitory Bill, holding that the United Kingdom Alliance will never get the public to go with them unless they discover some other method of combating drunkenness. Sir Wilfrid Lawson is naturally much disappointed at this, for Mr. Bright, being not only a distinguished politician, but also an ardent advocate of temperance, would be a most valuable ally. Mr. Bright's repugnance to Sir Wilfrid's pet panacea probably arises from the fact that, like most of the older school of Radicals, he strongly dislikes fettering individual action, even for the sake of accomplishing undoubted good. Hence his hostility to the Acts for restricting the hours of female and child labour in factories, and his lukewarmness about Adulteration. Although this is a subject on which we would express our views with considerable diffidence, we have always felt that there is much to be said in favour of the Permissive

Bill. In the first place, people often argue as if the passage of such a measure would result in the shutting up of all public-houses. But they forget that the moderate drinkers form the largest part of the community, and are not likely, therefore, to vote for the closing of such places as minister to their own convenience. Secondly, we all know that a public-house may be a nuisance, yet not an indictable nuisance. Who, in such a case, has the best right to decide whether such a house should be closed or not, the magistrate, who lives at a distance, or the householder who lives hard by, and who suffers from the quarrels and foul language excited by the alcohol sold there? Thirdly, there can be no doubt that the present system encourages far more houses than (from a moderate drinker's point of view) there is any real need of, especially as every grocer sells alcoholic drinks. Lastly, we should have more belief in the wisdom of the magistrates as licensers if they made it a condition of granting a license that the publican should supply tea and coffee of fair quality at moderate prices to all persons demanding it, and that he should also provide more ample sitting accommodation for his customers. He would thus become in reality, as well as in name, a licensed victualler; and there would be less need then for Coffee-palaces, since the existing taverns would afford proper accommodation, as they ought, both for drinkers of alcohol and for abstainers. Meanwhile we shall watch with interest how the Permissive experiment succeeds in Canada.

NOTICE.——*The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 116 and 125.*

PARIS EXHIBITION.

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THE GRAPHIC

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1878.

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London Agent: Mr. JAMES BOURLET, 17, Nassau Street. Copy of Regulations can be had from the Curator, Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

JOSEPH RAYNER, Town Clerk,
Hon. Sec.

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7th Aug. . . .	dep. 11.50 a.m.	dep. 12 0 noon	arr. 11 45 p.m.
8th Aug. . . .	dep. 1.35 p.m.	dep. 1 45 p.m.	arr. 11 50 a.m.
9th Aug. . . .	dep. 7 25 a.m.	dep. 7 35 a.m.	arr. 10 20 p.m.
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Our Illustrations

ALL THE WORLD IN PARIS

See page 122.

CYPRUS

NIKOSIA, the ancient Lefkosia, is the capital of our new colony in the Mediterranean, and though it is far from being the important town that it was under the reign of the Lusignan Kings, by the first of whom it was built, or their Venetian successors, it contains some 16,000 inhabitants, and, before the British occupation, was the residence of the Pasha and of the Greek Metropolitan of the island. The town is situated in the centre of the island in a plain surrounded by mountains, and contains several archæological features of interest, amongst which is the Church of St. Sophia, a fine Gothic building now converted into a mosque, and in which Mr. Phil Robinson tells us, in his interesting little pamphlet, are some sadly mutilated monuments to the Lusignans. There are also a fine bazaar, a khan for travellers, several Greek churches and convents, a Roman Catholic church, and the palace of the Governor, on the portal of which is still seen the Venetian lion in stone. The bastioned walls erected by the Venetians are still standing. These walls are of considerable strength, and for forty days resisted the onslaught of the Turks under Mustapha Pasha in 1570, the city being, however, ultimately taken by storm. The streets, as usual in Eastern cities, are narrow and dirty, and many of the fine old mansions are tumbling into decay. Carpets, cotton prints, and morocco leather are the chief industrial products, and there is some trade in raw cotton and wine. The best wine, however, *commanderie*, is grown near Limasol, a seaport town on the south coast, some forty-two miles south-west from Larnaca. Limasol is the principal seat of the wine trade, and possesses a fair harbour, although the town itself is in ruins. In addition to the wine trade, large quantities of carobs or locust beans, which grow abundantly throughout the district, are exported to Russia, Egypt, and Syria.

Another of the few harbours which the island possesses is Famagosta, which is situated on the west coast, and which in the time of the Venetians was strongly fortified, as may be seen by the water-gate in one of our illustrations. The town now, however, has fallen into dire decay, while the country around has become marshy from neglect, and is notoriously the most unhealthy district in the island. Famagosta is principally celebrated for its renowned defence against the Turks in 1571, the Venetian Admiral, Bagadino, finally capitulating on condition that he and his followers should be allowed to return to Venice—a compact shamelessly broken by the Turks, who flayed Bagadino, and, stuffing his skin with straw, sailed about the Ægean with it hauled to a ship's mast as an ensign. This trophy was subsequently ransomed by the Venetians, who still preserve it in their museum as a precious relic.

"AMONGST ALIENS"

A NOVELETTE by Mrs. T. A. Trollope, is continued on page 109.

THE YOUNG PRINCES AT DARTMOUTH.

LAST week the Prince and Princess of Wales paid a visit to Dartmouth for the double purpose of presenting the prizes to the successful cadets on board the *Britannia*, and bringing home their two sons for the Midsummer holidays. Their Royal Highnesses went down on Tuesday by special train, and were taken on board the *Britannia* in the "Royal Galley," which was manned by the cadets, with Prince Albert Victor as coxswain, and Prince George as second bow-oar (Messrs. Smale and Son, of Dartmouth, have published some very good photographs of the boat and crew; the likenesses are most striking, and the crew are taken in three positions). After inspecting the vessel, the Royal Party were rowed ashore by the same crew, and after driving through the decorated and crowded streets of the town, they re-embarked in the same boat, and were rowed up the river to the Royal yacht *Osborne*, in which H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught had come round from Portsea, and on board of which the Royal party dined and remained for the night. On Wednesday the Corporation of Dartmouth were received on board the *Osborne*, and the Mayor presented an address, in acknowledging which the Prince of Wales alluded to the salubrity of the climate, complimented the Corporation on the excellency of their sanitary arrangements, and said that both the Princess and himself were perfectly satisfied with the step they had taken in placing their two sons on board the *Britannia*. The Royal party then went on board the training-ship, where the Princess distributed the prizes to the cadets who were about to leave the vessel; and the Prince made another speech recommending those who were to remain to be studious and obedient, and to remember Admiral Nelson's saying, "England expects every man will do his duty." He concluded by remarking that the Princess and himself felt a personal interest in the ship, and confidence in it as a practical school for boys, and expressing a hope that his two sons might do credit to it, and to their country.

The young Princes, Albert Victor and George, have now been on board the *Britannia* nine months, and the life appears to suit them in every respect, as they are both strong, healthy-looking youths. They have special apartments, and every care is taken of them, but no distinction is made between them and the other cadets as regards duties or discipline. They are instructed in the mysteries of navigation, and taught to knot and splice a rope, handle a tiller or an oar; and we dare say are by this time fully acquainted with the name and use of every part of the vessel, from keelson to main-truck.

TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS

MRS. BRASSEY sends us the following account of some torpedo experiments which she witnessed off Portland, on the 1st ult., from on board Mr. Brassey's yacht *Sunbeam*. The engraving is from a sketch by the Hon. A. Y. Bingham, who, it may be remembered, illustrated the narrative of this vessel's voyage round the world.

"For more than an hour there were sounds of bugles on all the ships composing the splendid fleet now assembled here. The *Blazer* and *Bustard* got under weigh, and a number of small steam launches cruised about with a red torpedo fastened to an enormous spar, lashed amidships, and projecting far beyond the bows. We had not long to wait before tremendous explosions occurred. The water flew into the air like Crystal Palace fountains, and the time which it took to descend proved how high its flight had been. The yacht felt as if she had been hit violently from below by some of Vulcan's own giant hammers. The smaller boats were tossed about like corks. The larger vessels (I afterwards heard) felt scarcely any effect.

"Soon after there was a second explosion, not so violent as the first, from what appeared to be a different sort of torpedo. After that the boats returned to their respective quarters; there was a Royal salute, and all was quiet. Since then the children have been out in the dingey collecting hundreds of little fish killed by the explosion."

OUR OBITUARY RECORD

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE BACK, who died on the 23rd ult., was born in 1796, and when only twelve years of age, entered the Royal Navy as midshipman on board the *Arethusa*. He saw some active service during the war on the French and Spanish coasts, and was a prisoner in France from 1809 to 1814. He afterwards served under Sir Edward Colpoys, on the Halifax Station, and in 1818 joined a vessel under Sir John Franklin, whom he accompanied on his overland expedition from Hudson's Bay to the Coppermine River, having already taken part with Captain Buchan in his perilous voyage of discovery to the neighbourhood of Spitzbergen. In 1821 he became Lieutenant, and in 1825 started with Sir J. Franklin on his second Arctic Expedition, and while in North America he was promoted to be Commander. After the return of the expedition he remained for some years without active employment, but in 1833 he was appointed to the command of another expedition, the object of which was to seek and relieve Sir John Ross, who had gone out some four years previously to find the North-West Passage. The results of this enterprise were fully recounted by him in a volume published after his return in 1835, and in the same year, having been made a Captain, he started again in H.M.S. *Terror*, in command of another expedition to the Frigid Zone; of this also he published an account shortly after his return in 1837, when he was awarded the gold and silver medals of the Geographical Society and the gold medal of the Geographical Society of Paris, of which he was made a corresponding member. He was knighted in 1839, elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1847, and in 1854 he received a good service

LIMASOL

WATER GATE AT FAMAGOSTA

CORRIDOR OF A FARMHOUSE AT PYLA

NIKOSIA, THE CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND

THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS

I had risen from my seat when I saw him, and remained standing, he also standing with his large ecclesiastical hat in his hand.

AMONGST ALIENS

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

AUTHOR OF "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

My sister at length fell into a deep sleep, and I sat down to think at my leisure. First I read over again more than once the Princess's letter. In spite of the passion of indignation which surged up in me each time my eyes rested on its hateful words, I forced myself to read it attentively until I had thoroughly mastered its contents. Ugh! Even to think of it now makes me hot with anger; and at the time I believe it would have cost me a less effort of will to hold my hand against a scorching flame than it did to compel my mind steadily to consider that letter with all the judgment I could bring to bear on it.

First of all there needed but little reflection to convince me that the Princess's statement respecting the "revelations" made to her by the little girls, Francesca and Livia, of Don Vittorio's interviews with Lucy in the schoolroom, was a lying pretence. She ignorant of what went on day after day in her own house! I believe a mouse could hardly stir behind the wainscot but she knew it. No; had she wished to prevent her son's visits to the schoolroom she could have done so with perfect ease. Why she had chosen to permit those visits, and why, having permitted them, she now chose to reproach Lucy with them, I did not yet see.

The next point was a more startling and painful one. She spoke of stolen interviews between her son and my sister in the gardens of the Villa d'Este. This too, I was at first convinced was a falsehood, but on a second and calmer perusal of the letter that conviction was shaken. I could not waken Lucy to question her then; it would have been too cruel. And so the doubt remained in my mind, as painful and irritating as a thorn in the flesh. But I must perforce wait until next morning to remove it.

Thirdly, I was struck by the loophole which the Princess left open to Lucy for a possible reconciliation. It is true she never used that word. She even declared that she must forbid her children to hold any communication with Lucy, or to see her again. But I understood her phraseology well enough to be sure that she intended to hold out a glimmer of hope. Her words about cutting short my career in Rome—her phrase "Your reputation is destroyed for ever if I speak one-half of what I know and can prove against you," were all conditional threats. On what was their fulfilment, or non-fulfilment, to be contingent? Not on the Christian charity of Donna Olympia Corleoni, let the condition be what else it might! Heaven help any creature in her power who should depend on that hollow mockery! Her object seemed to me, to be first to beat down Lucy into the dust, and then to raise her from it after her own good will and pleasure. She had reckoned on Lucy's childish inexperience, on her softness and timidity, on the sensitiveness of her affections. She had learned accurately the points of the girl's nature that could be most effectually hurt.

"But you have not quite as accurately learned to know *me*, Donna Olympia Bastiani Corleoni!" I exclaimed to myself.

Lucy still slept, or seemed to sleep, when I went to my bed beside hers in the same room. The next morning I awoke with the dawn, and looking over at her saw her pale face tinted with the rose hues of sun-rise, and the tears stealing down her cheeks from beneath her closed eyelids. I arose, and wrapped some clothes loosely round me, and went and seated myself on the side of her bed. "Lucy," I said, "you are not sleeping. I want to talk to you."

She shrank away, hiding her face in the pillow without opening her eyes, and murmured brokenly, "Oh, Catherine, don't be angry with me! Don't *you* cease to love me, or I shall die."

"Angry with you, my pet? No, little Lucy, my little sister that I have loved from a tiny, tiny infant! You cannot think that I shall cease to love you. If your dear dead mother could come back to earth, I think even she would be content with my love for you, Lucy."

Then the poor child burst into a passion of sobbing, and throwing her arms round my neck, blessed and thanked me and begged me to forgive her and love her still, though she had been "very, very wrong to deceive me," until my eyes filled too, and we cried in each other's arms. The ebullition of her pent-up feelings relieved her heart overcharged with sorrow and shame and vague terrors. And presently she was able to speak to me clearly, and with something like calmness. The gist of what she told me was this:

Don Vittorio Corleoni had professed the most fervent love for her. The first announcement of his passion had been made in a little note slipped into her hand with the English letter she was to translate. In it he had conjured her to keep his secret for the present, as he should have to encounter many troubles and annoyances if it were known, as yet. He trusted to her honour not to betray him to his mother, or to her sister, or to any one. She had returned his note to him at the earliest opportunity, and had told him that if he so addressed her again she should be compelled to appeal to the Princess. So far, so good. But what chance had little soft-hearted, simple-minded Lucy against Vittorio Corleoni? The poor child had fallen in love with the fine qualities her romantic fancy attributed to that handsome, high-bred mask, those beautiful deep blue eyes. I have recently read somewhere the dictum enunciated by a masculine critic that "no man but a fool can fail to perceive when a woman is in love with him." Don Vittorio's folly, at all events, was not of the kind which is apt to fall into mistakes from diffidence of its own attractions or a too exalted opinion of the claims of others. He thought it the most probable thing in the world that Lucy should be in love with him; any other state of things would have been almost inconceivable to him.

In a word, he persuaded her to trust in him, and to keep the first secret she had ever had from me. It is not a new or rare case. A sister, even the fondest, has small chance against a lover, when they are weighed by a girl of eighteen in all the enchantment of a first romance of the heart. But Lucy vowed—and I believed her—that her secrecy from me was to be only for a brief while: that she never ceased to urge Vittorio to confide in me, whom she could trust as herself, she assured him; and that he constantly promised to tell me everything soon, if Lucy would but be patient and prudent for a little time. He had even spoken of his great respect for me and admiration of my talents, and had hinted at the great things he and Lucy might be able to do for my advancement as an artist. Ah, poor, credulous, unsuspecting child! He had fooled her to the top of her bent. The extent of his influence over her was more startlingly represented to me by the following circumstance than by anything else—she had kept the most absolute silence about his pursuit to her, even to Monsignore Chiappaforti! That that astute gentleman more than suspected it I did not doubt, but at least he had not heard a hint of it from Lucy. She had been firm and staunch.

The efforts to convert her had gone on in the Palazzo Corleoni simultaneously with Don Vittorio's wooing, but apart from it. Lucy, poor child, was eager to assure me that her mind had been drawn to the Roman Catholic Church before she had ever thought of Vittorio has a lover. And I did not doubt that she spoke the truth. Nevertheless, I did not doubt also that—unconsciously, perhaps, to herself—her infatuation for Don Vittorio prepared her to be infatuated with his faith, with his family, with his country,—with all that belonged to him. By a series of searching questions I gathered from Lucy that Don Vittorio had shown himself but lukewarm on the subject of her conversion. And this fact alone would have been sufficient to convince me (even had there not been, alas! a crowd of others pointing to the same conclusion) that he did not mean honourably by her. His wife—the wife of Don Vittorio de' Principi Bastiani Corleoni and the future head of the house!—must of course belong to the true Church. Heresy would have meant degradation, decadence, social ostracism, for his wife; but for his mistress, the case was different! My blood boiled in my veins as I thought of it all. But no suspicion of this kind appeared to have crossed Lucy's mind. Having once begun her confession she spoke freely and without reservation. "Vittorio cannot blame me for telling you now," she said.

(Continued on page 118)

pension, and was created an honorary D.C.L. of Oxford. In 1857 he obtained flag rank, but had not been afloat since that date.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Barraud and Jerrard, 96, Gloucester Place, Portman Square.

Major-General William McBean, V.C.——Although the aphorism that every soldier carries a marshal's batôn in his knapsack has no very general application to the British Army, the career of this distinguished veteran is a proof that the British soldier may sometimes rise from the ranks to a very high position in his profession. Major General McBean was originally a drummer-boy (under age) in the 93rd Regiment (Sutherland Highlanders), and with that corps he spent forty-five years of his life, rising step by step until he held the command of it; not only distinguishing himself in every rank by his gallantry and daring, but conducting himself in such a way towards his comrades as to earn the respect of his brother officers and the affection and admiration of the men. His first commission (as Ensign) was awarded to him in August, 1854, when serving in the Crimea under Sir Colin Campbell, now Lord Clyde, and he was promoted to be Lieutenant in the following December. In 1854 he was made Captain, received the brevet rank of Major in 1860, and of Lieutenant-Colonel in 1871. In 1872 he was promoted to be Major in the Army, and in the following year Lieutenant-Colonel. He served throughout the Crimean campaign and the expedition to the Sea of Azoff, and was present at the capture of Kertch and Yenikale; and was rewarded with the Crimean medal and clasp, the Turkish medal, and the Order of Medjidie. During the Indian Mutiny he was with Lord Clyde in many actions, including the fighting at Cawnpore and the Siege of Lucknow, where he killed eleven men with his own hand in the main breach of the Begum Dagh, on March 11, 1858, and for this distinguished bravery he received the Victoria Cross, the medal with two clasps, and his brevet rank. When promoted to the rank of Major-General, he was placed upon the Retired List; but his love for his old comrades was so great that, when his last illness came, he pathetically begged to be taken back to Woolwich that he might "die amongst the men." His request was complied with, and he died in the Herbert Hospital, whence, a few days afterwards, his remains were taken, with full military honours, to the railway station for conveyance to Edinburgh, where they were interred. There was never a finer specimen of the British soldier than General McBean, and the officers and men of the 93rd may well be proud that he belonged to their corps.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. Henderson, Albert Place, Perth.

WILLIAM CRESSWELL

It will be remembered that during the progress of the Tichborne case, and since the conviction of the Claimant, vague rumours, to the effect that the real Arthur Orton was still alive somewhere in Australia, were from time to time set afloat by the believers in the man who claimed to be Roger Tichborne. At first, nothing was pretended to be known as to his whereabouts, or his reason for not coming forward. After a while it was affirmed that he was "wanted" for a murder committed years ago in the Australian bush, and that was accepted as an all-sufficient reason for his keeping out of the way; but at last it was boldly stated that he had been discovered in the Parramatta Lunatic Asylum, where he had for some years been an inmate under another name; and last year Mrs. Jury was sent out from England to identify him. She, however, failed to do so; but the Tichbornites, nothing daunted, in April last caused an application to be made to the Colonial Legislature for an order that the lunatic should be given up for the purpose of being sent to England. The application appears to have fallen through in consequence of a "count out;" and so far as can be gleaned from the debate, it appears that, on the one hand, attention was called to the fact that Cresswell's wife had stated that, up to the time of their marriage in 1863, the lunatic had gone by the name of Smith, and that he had told her that his name was neither Smith nor Cresswell, but Arthur Orton, and that he was a son of George Orton, a butcher, of Wapping. She had not said so before, because she did not want to come to England to give evidence. A warder at Darlinghurst Gaol had said that when the lunatic was formerly in confinement there, he was known as Orton; and a Mr. Forbes had made a declaration to the effect that he did not bear the name of Cresswell until 1863. On the other hand, it was shown by Mr. Fitzpatrick, the Colonial Secretary, that the man was sent to prison, and afterwards to the asylum, as Cresswell, without any *alias*, that he bore no tattoo-marks, or signs of ever having had his ears pierced; that Mrs. Jury said she was quite satisfied that he was not her brother; and that he, while failing to recognise any of the numerous portraits of the Orton family which were shown to him, at once recognised that of a Mrs. Gough as his sister, of whom he had previously been heard to speak. We must leave our readers to form their own judgment.

Our portrait is from a photograph by C. Tuke, Church Street, Parramatta.

THE BANQUET TO LORD BEACONSFIELD

On Saturday evening a grand banquet was given to Lord Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury by a large body of Conservative Peers and Members of the House of Commons in the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, at Knightsbridge, in order to testify their appreciation and approval of the services of the two British Plenipotentiaries during the late Congress at Berlin. The dinner was presided over by the Duke of Buccleuch, and was attended by 500 guests, though a larger number would have been present had the accommodation been sufficient. The hall was profusely decorated with flags, banners, and mottoes, foremost amongst which was one which formed the text for the evening's speeches—"Peace with Honour." After the usual toasts to the Queen and the Prince of Wales had been drunk, the Duke of Buccleuch, on whose right and left hand sat Lord Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury respectively, proposed the toast of the evening, "The Health of Lord Beaconsfield," adding, "and welcome home to him, welcome to him as the greatest conqueror who has vanquished war and brought us back peace." Lord Beaconsfield's reply, though perhaps it can hardly be termed one of his best speeches, was an eloquent defence of his policy at the Congress with regard to Greece as well as of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, and it was after expressing his astonishment at Mr. Gladstone stigmatising the Convention as "insane" that he gave utterance to the sentence which has been quoted underneath our illustration, finally declaring that he left "the decision upon that Convention to the Parliament and the people of England." The health of the Marquis of Salisbury was then proposed by the Earl of Malmesbury, to whom the Marquis duly replied in a speech endorsing all that the Prime Minister had said, and in particular the statement that it was only on the urgent representations of himself that the Earl of Beaconsfield had been persuaded to go to Berlin and accept a post "which was certain to be fatiguing and might be dangerous."

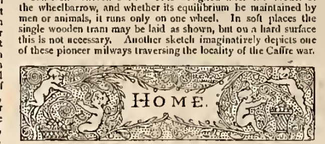
AN ARTIST'S VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND

See page 125.

A PIONEER RAILWAY

A section of a novel military or pioneer railway was built about two months ago on the ground lying waste at the rear of Whitehall Place in four hours; and to show the simplicity of the work, its constructors were ten soldiers sent as a fatigue party from the Grenadier Guards and one or two ordinary unskilled labourers. This railway is the invention of Mr. J. L. Haddan, ex-engineer-in-chief of the Ottoman Government, and the railway was primarily designed to meet the need in the East of having a speedily constructed, cheap, and effective means of transport for men and stores over a wild country without the necessity of surveying, levelling, and passing through the preliminary stages of ordinary railway making. The new railway is a "one rail" structure, and the line it represented requires neither sleepers nor foundations, the line running upon 7ft. posts, 440 to a mile, the rolling stock upon it being shaped like an inverted V, designed upon the "camel saddle" principle. The carriages and engines fall on each side like panniers on an animal's back, the wheels of the engines, trucks, and carriages being horizontal, and gripping on each side of the rail. The material of the new railway is wholly of timbers, which were brought on the ground ready cut for use, and the plans having been explained to the serjeant of the fatigue party, the piles were sunk in the ground, the cross timbers were readily fixed and bolted, and by a series of ingeniously designed wedges an 80 ft. or 100 ft. section of the line, running over very uneven ground, was made secure and apparently solid. After a paper had been read on this subject by the inventor, at the Royal United Service Institution, General Sir Garnet Wolseley, K.C.B., who presided, remarked that in these days of short and sharp campaigns earthworks, which required time for consolidation, were out of the question, for now armies did not sit down to long campaigns like the sieges of Troy and Sebastopol. Other systems required good roads, but for a country without the roads, and in rapidity and simplicity of construction, Mr. Haddan's railway would meet an army's wants.

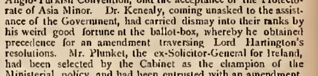
The sample section of the railway above referred to was erected at a speed equivalent to one mile a day for every hundred men employed. The posts of the timber fence which constitute the road are firmly sunk into the ground. Its height rarely exceeds three feet, since it follows, as nearly as may be, the natural undulations of the country traversed, small hollows being graded out by varying the height of the posts. The waggons—or, in fact, the whole train—form a continuous iron skeleton, on which the freight is carried in standard-sized boxes, so as to be moveable without breaking bulk. The seats are turned down when troops and baggage are transported together, but turned up out of the way when freight alone is carried. The empty freight boxes are arranged to do duty as ambulance palanquins or pontoons. The engine, which only weighs four tons, and is of a hundred-horse power, does not require weight to give it tractive capacity, and can consequently, by means of its eight horizontal grip-wheels, actively climb a hill-side (grade 1 in 10) with a load of 100 tons behind it. As Commander Cameron, the African traveller, recommends this pioneer railway for the further development of that continent, one of our sketches represents the "Cameron Pontoon Cart." It is designed after the model of the wheelbarrow, and whether its equilibrium be maintained by men or animals, it runs only on one wheel. In soft places the single wooden tram may be laid as shown, but on a hard surface this is not necessary. Another sketch imaginatively depicts one of these pioneer railways traversing the locality of the Caffre war.



HOME.

Political Affairs.——The main topic of the week has been the speeches made by the Premier and Lord Salisbury at the dinner given in their honour on Saturday last, and which we have alluded to in another column. Mr. Gladstone, evidently much nettled at the allusion made to him by the Earl of Beaconsfield, has written a studiously polite note to him, demanding explanations and references, which Lord Beaconsfield declares himself too busy to hunt up, as the search would extend over two years and a half, during which Mr. Gladstone has been constantly writing and speaking against him and his policy. He therefore delegates the work to his friends, who we doubt not will enter into it *con amore*. Meanwhile Captain Burnaby, in response to a similar challenge from the ex-Premier, has sent him a sufficiently lengthy list of "elegant extracts" from his recent speeches and writings. To-day the Ministers are to be received in the City, and more will probably be heard of the Treaty and the Convention. Temple Bar is being partially resuscitated for the occasion.—On Tuesday, Lord Salisbury visited the Queen at Osborne, and was invested by Her Majesty with the Order of the Garter.—The Liberal organisations in various parts of the country continue to express their disapprobation of the Eastern policy of the Government; the Leeds Four Hundred declare that the Convention ought to be annulled, as it is an attempt to introduce personal government, and the stealth and secrecy with which it was concluded are dishonourable to England; the Bristol Association, and the Nine Hundred of Liverpool have sent messages of thanks to Lord Hartington for so promptly protesting against it, whilst the National Reform Union demand the impeachment of the Ministers who advised Her Majesty to sanction the Convention, and call upon the Liberal leaders to take decisive action in defence of the privileges of Parliament and the liberties of the people.—The *Daily News* of Thursday contained a letter from Mr. Marvin, who was recently prosecuted for stealing the Anglo-Russian Agreement. He says, in vindication of his conduct, that he should never have revealed the summary which appeared in the *Globe* of May 30th, had he not been under the impression that the Agreement was to be made known to Parliament that evening, and published in the papers next morning. The full text, he says, he published as an answer to Lord Salisbury's assertion that the summary was unworthy of confidence; and declares that, his reputation as a contributor of reliable news being at stake, he would have done so had there been twenty Acts of Parliament against the offence instead of none. He explains that at the Foreign Office all papers are "confidential," but that documents which are intended never to be divulged are marked "secret and confidential;" and says that the Agreement belonged to the former category, whilst to the latter belonged another document, signed on May 31st, the nature of which he will not even hint at, although he has had great provocation to divulge the secret. He concludes by saying that when the proper time arrives he will "make other disclosures" which he is convinced will set his character right with the public.—The Marquis of Lorne has accepted the post of Governor-General of Canada, vacant by the retirement of Lord Dufferin.—The Labour Representation League have adopted a resolution, thanking the Members of Parliament who opposed the grant to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, and protesting against any such grants being made at a time of such great depression in all branches of national industries, which is the cause of such bitter struggles amongst our workpeople to provide necessaries of life.

Miscellaneous.——The Duke of Cambridge has issued a general order, conveying to the non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the Army and the Militia Reserves the Queen's entire approbation of the manner in which they have discharged their duties whilst serving with the colours. Her Majesty trusts that the men will soon find re-employment, and feels assured that many employers of labour will gladly avail themselves of their services. The Reserve Forces Relief Committee have decided to keep open their Fund until the distress caused by the embodying of the Reserve shall have passed away. The office is at 6, Finsbury Chambers, E.C.—On Saturday, some 300 Reserve men from the forts at Gosport, while being marched to the dockyard to take passage in the *Cymra*, for Dublin, left the ranks, and swarmed into the public houses, the efforts of the officers to preserve discipline being entirely disregarded. When at last the men were got on board, many of them were drunk, and one falling down a hatchway sustained such severe injuries that he was relanded and taken to the military hospital.—The *Eurydice* has now been moved close to the shore, and on Wednesday she was partially pumped out. The bodies of the sailors between decks, which are in a fearful state of decomposition, are being removed in coffins.—A letter has been addressed by the Crown Prince of Germany to the Queen, thanking Her Majesty, in the name of the Emperor William, for the assistance rendered and the sympathy displayed by the English authorities and people on the occasion of the sinking of the *Grosser Kurfürst*.—On Wednesday, Mr. Brassey's yacht *Sunbeam* was run into by the troop-ship *Assistance* in Portsmouth Harbour, and was somewhat damaged by the collision.—On Thursday, last week, seventeen persons, who had started on a pleasure trip on Lough Silleo, county Cavan, were drowned by the upsetting of the boat. A boatman put out to their assistance, but could not reach them in time.—About a hundred persons were injured by an accident which occurred at Beccles, on the Great Eastern Railway last Saturday. A heavy ballast-train started from the station, but the engine not being powerful enough to draw it up the incline, it ran back with great velocity into an excursion train full of passengers. No lives were lost or limbs broken.



PARLIAMENT

With brief intervals snatched for further consideration of the Cattle Diseases Bill (which passed through Committee on Wednesday) the House of Commons has given itself up to the wearisome joys of a set debate. The subject has, of course, been the foreign policy of the Government, which was formally challenged on Monday by the Marquis of Hartington in a series of resolutions, which especially condemned the failure of the Congress to deal with the claims of Greece, the adoption of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, and the acceptance of the Protectorate of Asia Minor. Dr. Kenealy, coming unasked to the assistance of the Government, had carried dismay into their ranks by his weird good fortune at the ballot-box, whereby he obtained precedence for an amendment traversing Lord Hartington's resolutions. Mr. Plunket, the ex-Solicitor-General for Ireland, had been selected by the Cabinet as the champion of the Ministerial policy, and had been entrusted with an amendment. At the proper time for giving notice, Mr. Kenealy's name came first out of the ballot-box, and accordingly he would have the first opportunity of moving. The difficulty was, however, overcome by private arrangement, and, the Doctor disappearing, Mr. Plunket came to the front.

It cannot be said that the House approached with any enthusiasm the debate to which it had been invited. There was a general feeling that it was the proper thing to do. Precedents, which are always held sacred in Parliament, pointed to a challenge by the Opposition, an acceptance by the Ministry, and a marshalling of the hosts on either side in pitched battle. Everybody felt that, since such a debate was inevitable, it might easily and adequately have been disposed of in one night, or at most in two. But such an appropriation of time was felt to be out of proportion with the importance of the subject. Nothing less than a week would do, and, with a week before them, hon. members have prepared speeches in proportionate length. With one or two exceptions, length has indeed been the principal characteristic of the speeches delivered. Even the Marquis of Hartington, whose good sense unerringly leads him to the conclusion that, on average occasions, everything that is useful to say may be said in half an hour, was led astray by the artificial character of the arrangements for the debate. He spoke for an hour and forty minutes, and has rarely spoken worse. Not that the matter of his speech was not good. In the quality of substantiality and common sense the noble lord never fails. But his manner varies considerably, and on Monday all his characteristic faults were magnified. The harsh notes in his voice were more marked, the conclusion of the critical sentences were more than ordinarily inaudible, and liveliness was increasingly remote from his manner.

Either the force of example, the accident of ill-health, or the prevailing spirit of the debate had a fatal effect upon Mr. Plunket. This gentleman has fairly earned the character of being one of the most brilliant debaters in the House. He suffers from the drawback of a slight stutter. But this is so far overcome in the graceful flow of his oratory, and there are so many admirable things which distract the attention from it, that after he has been speaking a few moments the peculiarity is overlooked. On Monday, however, Mr. Plunket was dull, and the House, which had filled in anticipation of a great speech from him, emptied, hon. members strolling out with that frank disregard of conventionality peculiar to the Assembly, and most useful to a speaker desirous of gauging his own success.

Sir Charles Dilke made a good speech on the Greek aspect of the question; but after this the whole thing collapsed, and dulness sat throned in the House. It seemed quite appropriate, under the circumstances, that Mr. Bourke should be selected to speak for the Ministry. This he did about eleven o'clock, at which time the House had refilled. But it melted away again before the unspeakable dulness of the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and those who remained seized the opportunity to indulge in private conversation. This, of course, made matters worse. The effect upon a speaker of the discovery that his audience, instead of listening to him, are talking to each other is most dispiriting. To a man of resources, and of sufficient self-possession, one or two courses would have recommended themselves; either he would have brightened up, and compelled the attention of the House, or he would have brought his remarks to a conclusion. Mr. Bourke was equal to neither of these undertakings. It seemed impossible to him to arrive at a conclusion. He said the same things over and over again, and went at portentous length into the minutest details. But there must be an end to all things, and Monday night's debate terminated shortly after midnight, Mr. Greene accurately describing it as the dullest debate he had ever listened to, and plaintively imploring hon. members to bring the matter to a conclusion and let him and others go home to their business.

On Tuesday, however, all this was changed. At the outset the House showed the effects of the previous day's exercise. It was half empty and wholly dispirited. Lord Sandon was to renew the debate, and the noble lord had the satisfaction of knowing that the effect of the spread of this information was to give the House an appearance much less crowded than it is on ordinary occasions at the same time of day. But it was also known that Mr. Gladstone was to speak next, and this operated in quite a different direction. Hon. members seemed to have so timed their engagements as to arrive an hour late, when Lord Sandon would either have finished or would be nearing a conclusion. Hence the noble lord suffered some injustice, for as it happened, he was unusually animated, and delivered what is perhaps his best debating speech. But all points of comparison are merged in the splendour of Mr. Gladstone's success. He spoke for upwards of two hours and a half; a sustained flow of eloquence and argument which prevailed against the rooted habit of hon. members to begin to prepare for dinner at half-past six. After Mr. Gladstone had been speaking for a few minutes the House was crowded in every part, and at the close there remained a sufficient number to salute him with a burst of cheering the like of which has not been heard in the House of Commons for many years. This speech raised the level of the debate, and relieved it from the indictment of dulness under which it had fallen. On Thursday, Mr. Lowe did something to maintain the level; but these great speeches have been oases in a far reaching desert of verbosity.

SPORTING

The Turf.——As heretofore Goodwood has sounded the curfew of the London season, which, for the matter of that, has been practically dead weeks ago. Seldom has the meeting in the "ducal park," as it is the fashion to call it, been a more enjoyable one, though many of the events to be contested produced poor fields, at least as regards numbers. Fine weather, abundance of Royal personages, with the Prince and Princess of Wales at their head, the "upper ten" fully represented, the charming scenery looking its best, and the course in first-rate order, all this and more conduced to the success of a meeting which neither Epsom or Ascot can throw into the shade. The sport opened as usual with the time-honoured Craven Stakes, for which Hesper and Capillaire, to whom the former was conceding 3lbs., were made equal favourites at 6 to 4 against them. Hesper, however, was beaten at the distance, and Capillaire won in a canter by two lengths from Singleton. In the Richmond Stakes, which bids fair to become one of the chief two-year-old events of the season, Lord Falmouth, who seems year after year to have an inexhaustible supply of young stock of the best quality, produced Wheel of Fortune, and so good was her private reputation that in a field of thirteen she was made a 2 to 1 favourite, though his lordship's other crack filly, Leap Year, was among the competitors. The issue was hardly ever in doubt, as the favourite won easily enough by two lengths from General Peel's Peter; the Chance Colt now named Cadogan, filling the third place. The great handicap of the day was of course the Stewards' Cup, which now almost ranks in importance with the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot as one of the chief sprint races of the year. It can boast having attracted to the post on one occasion more runners than ever faced the starter for any race in England, or, indeed, in the world, the occasion being the year 1861, when Croagh Patrick beat 44 other competitors. On this anniversary only twenty, the lowest number we believe since 1843, contested the event. As is so frequently the case for this class of race a comparatively dark animal was most fancied, some wonderful performance "at home" being the ground for the preference. So it came to pass that Sir G. Chetwynd's Cagliostro was elected to premiership, and 7 to 2 was taken against him. It often happens that these intended *coups* are brought off, but it was not so on Tuesday, the Duke of Hamilton's Midlothian being the winner. Strangely enough, His Grace also furnished the second in Lollypop, whom the general body of backers fancied most after Cagliostro. His Grace, some time before the race, made a public declaration by notice that he intended to win with Midlothian, and thus the rider of Lollypop, who could have won easily, was quite justified by turf law and practice in allowing Midlothian to come in first by easing his horse when he saw that Midlothian had the rest of the field settled. Of course there were heartburnings in many quarters; but there is not the slightest blame to be attached to the Duke of Hamilton. Whether the law of "declaration to win" requires reconsideration at the hands of the Jockey Club is another matter. The Stakes day, Wednesday, saw several small fields and one or two surprises, the most notable being the defeat of Insulaire by M. L. Delatre's Clocher, though the former was backed at 7 to 2 on him in the Sussex Stakes for three-year-olds. For some days past the winner has been backed for the St. Leger at 100 to 1, and so his supporters are in clover. Count Lagrange, however, received comfort for this defeat by winning the Drawing-Room Stakes with Inval, and the Lavant with Rayon d'Or. The Stakes produced an average field of handicap horses, numbering fourteen, of whom Norwich had for weeks past been more or less first favourite. He started at 4 to 1, and, with Fordham in the saddle, won cleverly by a length. It may be noted that Hampton, the winner in 1876, and Strathmore, who were next in demand, filled the second and third places, showing how accurately some handicaps are anticipated as to their result.

Cricket.——There has been no dearth of good games since our last. Suffolk has beaten Essex by 165 runs. For the first time in the annals of cricket Lancashire has met Gloucestershire, and at one time it seemed that the latter would be defeated; but, owing mainly to Mr. W. G. Grace's fine batting in the second innings, a draw was effected.—Surrey has received two defeats, the first from Yorkshire by 75 runs, the second from Kent by ten wickets.—The Australians have been astonishing the natives at Crewe, where the Twenty-two were beaten by 99 runs; and they made still shorter work with the Eighteen of Keighley and district.

Swimming.——The Lords and Commons' race, which now has become an annual competition, was brought off on Monday last, the course being from Putney to Westminster, a distance rather over five miles and a half. We do not mean that M.P.'s, aristocratic and plebeian, themselves engaged in "tachynectic" contest; but to them is due this struggle for the Amateur Championship of the Thames. Several competitors entered the lists, or, more correctly speaking, the water; and, as last year, Mr. Davenport, of the Ilex Club, was the winner. He thus continues to hold the Thirty-Guinea Cup.

Pigeon Shooting.——Capt. Bogardus and "Mr. Wallace," who recently made a tie of it in their match, each killing seventy-nine birds out of the hundred, have since settled their differences, the American crack shot having at last been defeated. He has a match on with Mr. Aubrey Coventry for 500*l.* a side, on the 6th of this month, to come off at Preston Park, Brighton, in the grounds of the International Gun and Polo Club.

New Music

Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.——There is no falling off of strength and vigour in Part 39, Vol. 5, of *The Organist's Quarterly Journal*, wherein meritorious compositions will always find a place. "Bring something good, and you shall take your turn," appears to be the response of the conscientious editor to all musical composers, young or old. In readiness for harvest feasts and other rural festivals we find here a "Pastorale," by Gustav Merkel, and an "Andante Pastorale," by Albert E. Bishop, both equally meritorious in their way.—Carlton Speer contributes the "Senata Finale" to a work commenced in Part 37. If the young composer works steadily, as he has begun, he may hope to take a foremost position in the ranks of instrumental composers. A well-written and musicianly composition is "Andante," Introductory Voluntary, by H. C. Cole, F.C.O. The same may be said of an "Andante" by W. Greenwood.—"Introduction and Andante," by Dr. F. Hiller, is brilliant and showy, but really not so difficult as might be expected from this erudite composer, who, as a rule, has no mercy upon his executants.—A new edition of "The Psalmist," a collection of hymns, tunes, chants, and anthems for "Congregational Worship and Domestic Use," has been carefully revised and republished under the editorial superintendence of Ebenezer Prout, B.A. In this present age of musical culture, thanks to the many and varied means of instruction for the child, as well as the adult, congregational singing is no longer a thing to be despised. In comparatively humble churches it is gratifying to find that "the people" not only know when to sing, but when to be silent; for example, during an anthem or special piece of concerted music, the congregation is content to listen, but some of the most thrilling effects are produced by voices in unison, alternated by those in parts, that is to say full congregation and choir by turns. For the furtherance of this combination, which we may look for ten or twenty years hence in perfection, "The Psalmist" is well compiled.

Messrs. Clowes and Sons have published "The Psalter and Canticles," pointed and set to accompanying chants by the Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, Bart., and W. H. Monk. The first-named worker was taken away in the midst of his labour, leaving the result of many years' hard work to his partner, who well fulfilled his task. The pointing in this work is well worthy of attention as the result of much study and careful gleanings from reliable sources. An Organ and Choir edition of this work will shortly be published.

Messrs. Duff and Stewart.——Two ballads and a song, music by W. C. Levey, are well worthy of notice. "When Sparrows Build," the pathetic words of which are by Jean Ingelow, will make a sure effect when sung with true feeling by a high contralto voice. The compass is from C below the lines to E on the fourth space. Good advice for a medium tenor will be found in "Woo a Lassie, Win Her Well," written by J. S. Carter.—"The Spirit of Morn," words by E. J. G., is an ambitious, but not taking, song for a soprano.

Messrs. Moutrie and Son.——Three very sentimental songs for a tenor, the music of which is by H. Poulet, are respectively, "Poor Wounded Hearts" and "Nights of Music," the words by Thomas Moore, and best of the three, "Ah Si L'Amai!" words by Camillio Montelli.

Miscellaneous.——Although scarcely complimentary to the fair sex, "The Margery Daw," written and composed by E. Oxenford and J. Gledhill, is a pleasing song for a baritone, and will bring down thunders of applause at a seaside Penny Reading—at least from the sailors assembled.—A like success may be predicted under similar circumstances for "Hoist the Pennant," by the same *collabarateurs* (Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.). We were scarcely prepared to meet with Handel's popular "Lascia mio Pianga" under the English guise of "Flowers are Sighing," a song, English words by K. Lawrence; those who are not acquainted with the original will admire the present song, compass from D below the lines to E on the fourth space.—"Golden Dreams," a Mazurka Elegante for the Pianoforte, by Adam Wright, is spirited and tuneful (H. Beresford, Birmingham).—A song for a tenor or baritone to take with him into the country is "Let's Be Friends Again," words from *Temple Bar*, music by Harriet Young; it is poetical and tuneful enough to patch up any lover's quarrel (Messrs. Metzler and Co.).—From a cantata by O. W. Holmes, entitled "Old Father Time," music by H. K. Lewis, comes a fairly written four-part song, "Would You Like to See Your Oldest Friend?" this quartett is one of the best examples from its brethren and companions (Joseph Williams).—Once again, we fervently hope it may be the last of its kind for months to come, a bombastic nautical sea song, "British Seamen," comes before us, the joint production of Messrs. R. Ritchie and W. C. Levey. The only place where this song will find a welcome is at some seaport town (B. Williams).—Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew quite mistook her mission when she attempted to write waltzes. Her "Four Waltzes" for the pianoforte are halting in the extreme. This talented writer for vocalists and choralists will do well to leave dance music alone (Samuel Brewer).—The work of a practised musician is "The Marschner Andante," a prelude for the organ, harmonium, or piano, by F. Mirus (B. Williams).—A very fair specimen of its genus is "Gavotte Imperiale," for the piano, by Max Schroter (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—As a study for her pupils, "Rondo Cantabile," by Augusta M. Draper, will be found most useful (Lamborn Cock).—There is more muscle and originality in a song by the above-named composer than in her classical pianoforte pieces, "The Song of the Southern Wind," the words of which are by Elizabeth H. Whitemen, is a really good composition (Messrs. R. Cocks and Co.).

Scraps

Iced Water is in future to be supplied gratis to all passengers on the Midland Railway.

Sir Richard Wallace has been elected a Corresponding Member of the Paris Academie des Beaux-Arts.

The little *Nautilus*, which lately left Boston for Havre, with a crew of two men, has been spoken by an Italian vessel. The *Nautilus* was twenty-eight days out from Boston, and the crew refused to leave her.

Dr. Schliemann's Excavations in the Troad will shortly be resumed, and the doctor is now at Constantinople waiting for a guard of fifty soldiers to protect him against robbers during his researches.

The Bark Harvest in Perthshire is just over. Since the beginning of May some thousands of persons have been peeling the bark off the oak and larch trees in the Perth forests, and some of the largest trees have yielded more than a ton apiece.

Forty-eight Transatlantic Medical Students, all belonging to the weaker sex, are making a tour in Europe under the charge of a Washington University Professor. The ladies, who are now at Milan, vary in age from sixteen to thirty-five, and, according to the *Italie*, are chiefly noted for their green spectacles.

The "Wilhelmsspende," or national penny subscription, now being raised in Germany to commemorate Emperor William's preservation from assassination, will probably be devoted to the erection of a school for children of all creeds on the site of some old buildings adjoining Unter den Linden, where the attempt on the Emperor's life was made.

The Usual Summer Raid against Dogs has begun in New York, and non-muzzled dogs are now despatched wholesale. The authorities, however, have a very merciful method of execution—they give the doomed animals a capital breakfast, then place them in an iron-barred cage on wheels, some hundred and fifty at a time, and lower the cage into the river.

The Berlin Congress continues to afford plentiful material for the foreign papers. Thus the German *Kladderadatsch* depicts a tottering wall, inscribed "Peace," propped up by the backs of three bricklayers—Lord Beaconsfield, Prince Gortschakoff, and Count Andrassy. "How long will that wall last?" sneers a passer-by. "As long as we can support it," answer the three bricklayers.

Lord Beaconsfield.——"One who was his Schoolfellow" writes to say that it seems unlikely Lord Beaconsfield should have been educated by two Dissenting ministers, as he certainly was at Mr. Potticary's School, Elliott Place, Blackheath, in the years 1814-15, being then ten or eleven years old. Another correspondent informs us that "Popanilla" was reprinted in 1871, in the collected edition of the author's works published by Longmans.

A Smokers' Strike is threatened by the Milanese, the quality of the Government tobacco having seriously deteriorated of late, and the Milanese citizens have drawn up a resolution declaring that, after August 1, they will smoke no more Government cigars until better tobacco is supplied. The Government will thus lose a considerable source of revenue, as the Milanese are following a plan tried successfully during the Austrian occupation of Lombardy, when they refrained entirely from smoking, and so disappointed the Austrians of part of their expected receipts.

A Paradise of Gluttons is a heaven believed in by a Slavonic tribe of Moravia, the Hanaques. In the regions of future bliss they picture an immense mountain of crumbled gingerbread, surrounded at the base by a river of melted lard. The happy Hanaques will recline full-length on the shore, lying on their faces, with the chin supported on the hands, and into their wide open mouths will fall balls of flour, which have been cooked by angels in the crater of the mountain, and have been rolled down the slope into the river, so as to obtain a luscious coating of gingerbread and lard. Meanwhile angels will chant the national airs, and there will be a perpetual downpour of beer and brandy which will not wet the Hanaques, but will only fall into their mouths when they are thirsty.

The Swedish Arctic Expedition, under Professor Nordenskiold, which will attempt to reach Behring's Straits by coasting along Siberia, has been detained at Tromsö by violent gales, and whalers have reported that the state of the ice in the Kara Sea is most unfavourable this season. This Expedition will traverse part of the route to be taken by Mr. Bennett's *Jeannette*, and according to Dr. Petermann, the Gotha geographer, the Swedes and the Americans may possibly meet in the Arctic Seas. Dr. Petermann continues to believe in the eventual attainment of the North Pole, and in a recent interview with a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, he declared that the Pole would be found as certainly as the Congo, and that "now the Congo and the Nile sources are settled, this remains the one thing to be done."

London Mortality increased last week, and 1,792 deaths were registered against 1,787 during the previous seven days, an increase of 6, being 39 above the average, and at the rate of 26·1 per 1,000. Deaths from diarrhœa numbered 457 (an increase of 108), of which 336 were infants under one year of age. There were 11 deaths from small-pox (a decline of 8), 21 from measles (an increase of 8), 6 from sunstroke, 27 from scarlet fever (an increase of 6), 7 from diphtheria, and 21 from different forms of fever (an increase of 2). There were 2,414 births registered (an increase of 50, exceeding the average by 54). The mean temperature of the air was 65·2 deg., or 3·0 deg. above the average in the corresponding week of the sixty years 1814-73. The duration of registered sunshine in the week was only 37·6 hours, although the sun was above the horizon during 110·2 hours.

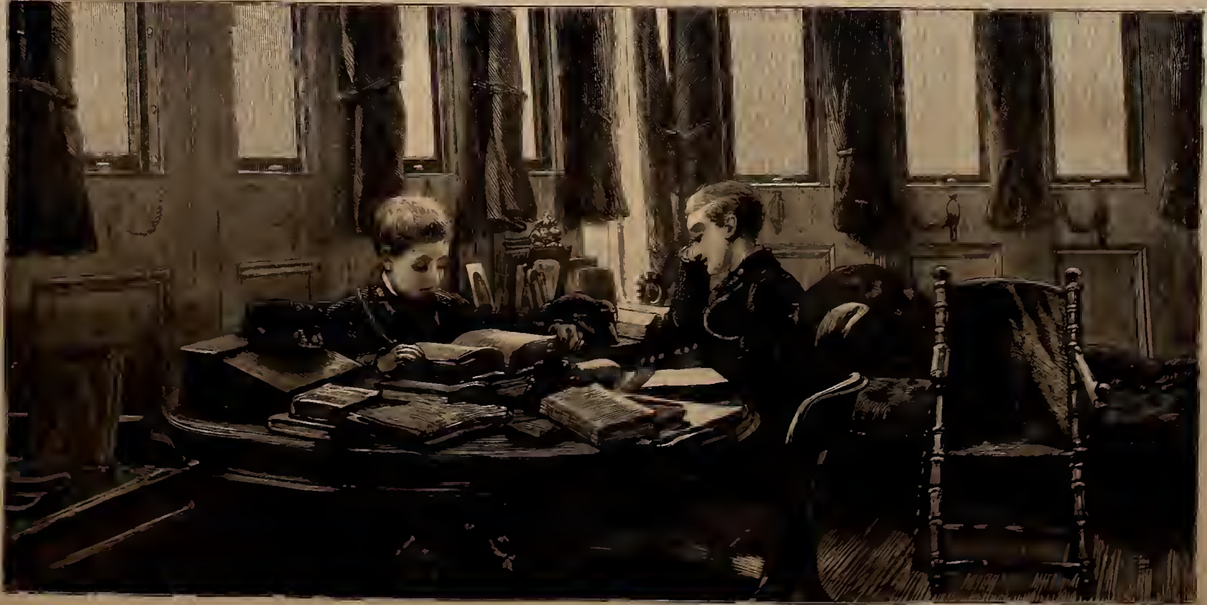
Matchmaking on a Dangerous Scale has been tried by a lady and gentleman at a fashionable country resort in the Bombay Presidency, and a practical joke has become a serious legal difficulty. While out for a stroll this joking pair sauntered into a church which was being cleaned, and finding the marriage register on a table, the gentleman, for fun, inserted the names of four people well known in their social circle. By the evening every one was talking of these secret marriages, and the ladies whose names had been used were in despair, while the gentlemen rushed off in search of the offender, who had disappeared. The Superintendent was in vain asked to erase the names from the register, the clerical authorities in Bombay were equally unable to remove the insertion, and as any one tampering with a register is liable to seven years' penal servitude, the Governor was at length appealed to, and for five days Sir Richard Temple was making up his mind to draw out a Government resolution on the matter, no decision having been reached when the mail left.

ROYAL OARSMEN

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR OF WALES

A LESSON IN ROPE-SPLICING

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES



THE YOUNG PRINCES' PRIVATE CABIN

THE ROYAL PRINCES ON BOARD H.M.S. "BRITANNIA"

FOREIGN

THE EASTERN QUESTION.——The Austrian troops have crossed the Save in two places without opposition, and are now gradually taking possession of the Bosnian provinces. Their march forward was preceded on Saturday by a proclamation to the inhabitants from the Emperor of Austria in which he announced that, in compliance with the decision of the Berlin Congress, his troops were about to cross the frontier of Bosnia and Herzegovina—"not as enemies to seize your territory by force," but as friends to put a stop to the evils which have prevalled for years—"They do not carry war to you, they bring you peace." The proclamation promises that there will be no arbitrary interference with the laws and institutions of the inhabitants, that their habits and customs will be respected, that the arrears of taxes will not be collected, that the troops will pay for everything in cash, and that the revenue of the country will be exclusively employed for the wants of the country itself. All religious and civil authorities are, therefore, exhorted to maintain order and to second the Government. Accordingly, at six o'clock on Monday morning, the vanguard of the Austrian army of occupation, under the command of General Philippovitch, crossed the Save at Brod, where they were received at the frontier watch-house, by the Turkish troops who at once gave up their arms. Their officer, however, presented a protest to General Philippovitch, which, however, was refused, and the Turks were ordered to lower their colours. This not being done the Austrians themselves hauled down the flag, and hoisted the Austrian standard amid loud cheers and the strains of the Austrian hymn. At first the Mahomedan inhabitants of the district were terribly alarmed at the entry of the Austrians, and a perfect stampede took place into the interior, but, upon the repeated assurances of the officers that neither their lives nor their property would be touched, they regained confidence and came back to their houses. Both officers and men have received the most stringent orders to treat the inhabitants well, and to pay for everything they take and to make no requisitions. On the same day another crossing took place at Gradischka in the presence of the Archduke John Salvator—the Turkish troops presenting arms to the friendly invaders, and unprotestingly vacating the fortress. The two detachments will now march upon Serajevo (Bosnia Serai), the Bosnian capital, where they will effect a junction about the 12th or 15th inst. This town will form the headquarters of the force there, and by the latest accounts the Austrians will be most welcome there, as a band of Bashi-Bazouks, headed by a notorious chieftain, Hadji Lola, are setting the authorities at defiance, the town being in a complete state of anarchy, and are seriously threatening the lives of the foreign and Christian populations.

There is very little further news from the East, the Turks are gradually vacating the Bulgarian strongholds, and Shumla is now completely in the hands of the Russians, who, on their side, are making preparations in earnest for their return home, and who have repeated the assurance that they will retire from the neighbourhood of Constantinople as soon as Varna is in their hands. All is perfectly calm and peaceful in the Turkish capital, and Osman Pasha, now that there is no fear of hostilities, has abandoned the defensive works which he was constructing round the city. The negotiations with GREECE continue, but apparently do not make much progress, as the Turks are unwilling to grant all that Congress asked, while the Greeks decline to take less. At present Janina, which contains a large Mahomedan population, is the great sticking point, but it is said that the Porte intends issuing a memorandum on the subject, the Turkish Plenipotentiaries having signed the Protocols relating to the Greek question "with reservations." The most terrible accounts of atrocities committed by the Bulgarians and Christians on the Mahomedans in BULGARIA continue to come to hand, the houses being unmercifully plundered, the men being flogged on the slightest pretext, while the women are maltreated and carried off to the Russian officers' quarters. Neither are Jews or Protestants safe from these outrages, as the recent despatch of Sir H. Layard bears ample witness.—The outrage upon the British man-of-war boat in the Dardanelles has been courteously explained and apologised for by General Todleben.

CYPRUS is being rapidly occupied by British troops and officials, Sir Garnet Wolseley is actively prosecuting his work of organisation, and the island has been divided into six districts—Nicosia, Famagosta, Larnaca, Baffa, and Kirema, to each of which an English staff has been appointed with Turkish interpreters. Officials have also been instructed to prepare reports on every conceivable subject. The disembarkation of troops has been achieved without accident, but the British troops are suffering from the heat, the ordinary bell tents being found insufficient protection. They are, however, being sent into the interior of the island, and to Nicosia in particular, where Sir Garnet Wolseley has now established his headquarters. The Indian troops are to garrison the seaport towns—Limasol, Larnaca, and Famagosta. The Sappers have already been busy at work mending the roads, securing supplies of water, and surveying a line for a railway between Nicosia and Famagosta, and the correspondent of the *Daily News* telegraphs that "everybody is working hard, the Duke of Edinburgh setting an example in this respect to all his brother officers and men."

FRANCE.——The Republicans have had a little oratorical outburst on the occasion of the unveiling of a statue of the well-known pamphleteer, Courier, at St. Veretz. A number of Senators and Deputies attended the ceremony, and MM. Louis Renault, Jules Simon, and E. About enlarged on the witty and pungent warfare which Courier carried on with the tyrannical and bigoted clerical Court of Louis XVIII., and warned their hearers that the Restoration—as the events of the 16th of May showed—is not yet dead. This is the sole political event of any interest of the week, and even foreign politics are attracting very little attention across the Channel, except, perhaps, the somewhat undignified warfare of words in which our own party leaders have been indulging of late, and which causes the *Débats* to remark with some truth that "when the English do abandon themselves to the intemperance of their bad humour, they far surpass the French in vituperative power." While our statesmen are quarrelling over the result of the Berlin Assembly the French Government are bestowing marks of honour on the German officials of the Congress, and Prince Hohenlohe, Herr von Bulow, and several others have received the Legion of Honour. To turn to social matters, the strike movement is drawing to a close, the miners are resuming work, and although the men of several other trades still hold out, a general calm prevails even in the affected districts.

A noteworthy trial for murder has been the great event of the week in Paris, the criminals being two law students of good family, but of dissipated habits, who were accused of murdering a milkwoman, for the sake of a large sum of money which she was known to keep in the house. They then cut the body up and left a portion in a parcel in a room which they hired, and where it was discovered through its smell by the landlady. The murderers have been found guilty—wonderful to relate—*without* extenuating circumstances, and have been sentenced to death. There is little Exhibition gossip beyond that a national lottery subscription of 40,000*l.* is being raised to enable people of limited means to see the Exhibition, and the proceedings of inevitable congresses, one being an assembly of Women's Rights, in the Freemasons' Hall, where various Transatlantic feminine orators voluminously held forth. A tribute has been paid to woman's superiority in the selection of twelve women out of a jury of twenty-four, to report upon the mustard exhibits, as it was considered that the men's habit of smoking would have somewhat impaired their taste. The Anti-tobacconist Society should take note of this official acknowledgment of one at least of the deleterious effects of nicotine. There are to be double the number of gold medals which were originally announced, but each medal will only weigh half as much as at first settled—the total of these awards will be 2,500, while the Prix d'Honneur will number 150. The captive balloon in the Place de Carrousel is now in full work. The height ascended is above 500 yards, the fare is twenty francs. The admission to the enclosure to see the balloon costs a franc. One warning to Parisian visitors—there are a great number of false ten-franc pieces about, which have been circulated by a gang of forgers who have just been captured. Owing, also, to the number of forged bank notes, the Bank has decided to issue a new form of note which will be more difficult to counterfeit.

GERMANY.——The general election took place on Tuesday, though with what definitive result it is difficult to say. There appear to have been no disturbances, and the Socialist leaders have been exerting their utmost to keep their followers perfectly quiet. Socialist sympathisers, however, appear to be more numerous than ever, and in Berlin alone 56,000 Socialist votes were recorded—an increase of 25,000 since last year (in 1867 the number recorded was only sixty-nine !). Notwithstanding this increase, the Socialist members have been defeated, owing to the energy displayed by the other parties, the votes recorded being from 80 to 90 per cent. of those registered, the usual average being only from 50 to 60 per cent. At the time we are writing the Liberals are certainly the most successful of all the parties; and, although Dr. Falk has been defeated at Berlin, the successful candidate is also a Liberal, the Minister's failure being owing to his countenance of the Anti-Socialist Bill in its rejected shape rather than in the amended form in which, by a compromise with the Government, it is probable that it will be accepted by the House. The utmost concern has been expressed by the greater portion of the Liberal Party at Prince Bismarck's very decided attitude of hostility towards them, all the more so as they have always been strongly in favour of the repression of Socialism, although they rejected the recent Bill as likely to lead to the arbitrary prosecution of other Ministerial opponents than the Socialists. The Conservatives, of course, are in high glee over the return to their fold of the man of iron; but, notwithstanding all their aid, it is difficult to see how Prince Bismarck will muster a tangible majority, and obtain the extension of the Ministerial control of the army, and the needed vote of 15,000,000*l.* per annum, unless, in some way or other, he conciliates the Liberals—or the Ultramontanes.

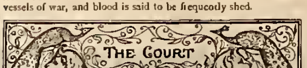
The Emperor has left Babelsberg for Toeplitz. On Sunday he was well enough to receive various Ministers; but he still needs great quiet. He hopes, however, to be back for the marriage of Prince Henry of the Netherlands and the Princess Mary of Prussia on the 24th inst. While he was at Babelsberg a circular from the Lord Chamberlain announced that any one entering the Park, except by the gates, "must expect to be shot at by the sentinels." The Emperor, through the Crown Prince, has written to Queen Victoria, warmly thanking the British authorities and people for the sympathy evinced towards Germany on the occasion of the loss of the *Grosser Kurfürst*, as well as for the assistance rendered to the sufferers.

ITALY.——The "Unredeemed Italy" agitation is rapidly cooling down, owing to the general reprobation with which the proceedings of the *Italia Irredenta* party have been received throughout Europe, and the Italians are now beginning to think that their recently adopted attitude is somewhat undignified. General Garibaldi, however, is as irrepressible as ever, and in a letter, declaring that Italy "has manifested herself magnificently in favour of our enslaved brethren," recommends "rifle practice in all the Italian provinces, inasmuch as after words it will be necessary to come to deeds."—The King and Queen have paid a State visit to Milan, where they have been enthusiastically received.—Cardinal Franchi is dangerously ill, and on Wednesday received the last Sacraments.

INDIA.—A plague of locusts is desolating Madras, and considerable anxiety is felt by the Government in consequence of the destruction caused by these insects, and extra famine officers have been requested from the Indian Government. Great distress is also being felt in Cashmere, caused by the want of grain owing to the failure of past harvests. Thousands of caterpillars have now appeared there, and are feasting off the green corn, so that the present crop may possibly be far below the average. The weather this summer has been more oppressive than has been known for years, and the number of deaths among the Europeans from heat apoplexy is quite unprecedented.—Mandalay, the King of Burmah's capital, was on fire when the mail left, 2,000 houses having been burnt down.

UNITED STATES.——There has been another encounter with the hostile Indians in Oregon, Colonel Forsyth's cavalry, with a force of friendly Umatillas, having come upon a camp near Birch Creek, where they captured twenty women and children, and killed seventeen warriors.—Yellow fever is prevalent in New Orleans, where, on Wednesday, there were thirty-one new cases and five deaths.—According to a report on the Chinese question by Colonel Bee, the attorney for the Chinese six immigration companies, the emigration and death-rate of Chinese have exceeded the immigration into California by five hundred, and the entire number of Chinese residents on the Pacific Coast does not exceed 65,000.

MISCELLANEOUS.——Yesterday (Friday) had been appointed a day of thanksgiving in SOUTH AFRICA for the conclusion of the Kaffir war. According to the news from the Cape up to the 9th ult. there had been an engagement on June 14 on the Magnet Hills, with Secoceni's men. The enemy was driven out of his entrenchments; but the British troops, exposed to a galling fire, were compelled to retreat with the loss of six men.—In CANADA the appointment of the Marquis of Lorne as the Governor-General has been most loyally welcomed.—From AUSTRALIA we hear that a numerously attended meeting has been held at Sydney to express the approval of the policy of the British Government at the Congress. Great enthusiasm is said to have been displayed at the meeting.—JAPAN has received the three ironclads which have been sent over from England, and is busy reforming her Press laws. The imprisonment of journalists is now abolished, and punishment by fine is substituted. Serious affrays are reported from Yokohama between the sailors of Russian and British vessels of war, and blood is said to be frequently shed.

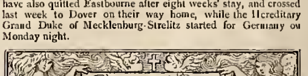


THE COURT

THE Queen and Princess Beatrice remain in the Isle of Wight. Last week Her Majesty drove through Cowes and Newport, and on Saturday visited Ryde. Lord Sandon, the Dean of Westminster, and Miss Victoria Baillie arrived on a visit, and in the evening dined with the Queen, Sir T. M. and Lady Biddulph also joining the party. Next day, Divine Service was performed at Osborne before Her Majesty and the Princess, Dean Stanley officiating. The Queen held a private investiture of the Orders of the Garter and of the Bath on Tuesday, when Her Majesty invested the Marquis of Salisbury with the Garter, bestowed the Riband and Badge of the First Class of the Bath on Sir J. L. Simmons, and invested Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. Kemball and Lord Tenterden with the Second Class of the Order of the Bath. Subsequently the Queen knighted Mr. E. Hertslet, Librarian at the Foreign Office, and gave audiences to the British Ambassador at Rome, Sir A. Paget, and the British Ministers in Liberia, Persia and Guatemala, Messrs. Blyden, W. Taylour Thomson, and Locock. Princes Albert-Victor and George, and the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, of Wales, are now staying with the Queen at Osborne.—The Queen has appointed Lady Southampton, Lady of the Bedchamber in Ordinary, in the place of the Countess of Caledon, who, on resigning has been named an Extra Lady of the Bedchamber. The Queen will inspect the Special Service Squadron, under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Astley Cooper Key, on the 13th inst., at Portsmouth.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been spending this week with the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon for the Goodwood meeting. On returning to town from Dartmouth last week the Prince and Princess went to Strawberry Hill, to be present at the dinner and the masked ball given by Frances Countess Waldegrave, and also attended the Sandown Park Races. The Grand Duke of Hesse and the Duke of Connaught visited the Prince and Princess at Marlborough House on Saturday, and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught went in the afternoon to the marriage of Captain Arthur Paget and Miss Mary Stevens at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, being afterwards present at the breakfast. In the evening the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their two boys and the Duke of Connaught, went to the Opera Comique. On Monday the Prince and Princess entertained Prince and Princess Christian and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz to lunch, and inspected Mr. M'Lachland's picture of the Royal Family at Messrs. Agnew's Gallery, while the Prince presided at a meeting of Her Majesty's Commissioners for the 1851 Exhibition. Later in the day the Prince and Princess, with the Duke and Duchess of Teck, left London for Chichester, where they were met by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon and driven to Goodwood Park. They were present at the races on Tuesday, when the Princess wore a dress of light corn colour trimmed with deep red, the Duchess of Teck being in olive-green. The Royal party were at the races on the succeeding days, and would leave Goodwood yesterday (Friday).

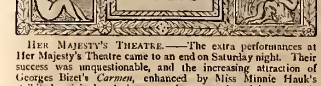
The Duke of Connaught was present on Tuesday at the award of commissions to the gentlemen cadets of the Woolwich Academy.—Prince Leopold's knee is better and he will shortly join the Queen in the Isle of Wight. He has, however, been obliged to give up his visit to Southampton fixed for to-day (Saturday).—The Grand Duke of Hesse left England on Sunday night, his wife and children remaining at Eastbourne. The children of the Imperial Prince and Princess of Germany, Princesses Victoria, Sophie and Margaret, and Prince Waldemar, have also quitted Eastbourne after eight weeks' stay, and crossed last week to Dover on their way home, while the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz started for Germany on Monday night.



CHURCH NEWS

THE PAN-ANGLICAN SYNOD.——The last meeting of the assembled Bishops was held at Lambeth Palace on Friday last, and on Saturday the Conference was brought to an end with a full choral service in St. Paul's Cathedral, which was attended by a very large congregation. The procession included the choristers, vergers, cathedral clergy, and about ninety bishops, home, American, and colonial, with the Archbishop of Canterbury to bring up the rear. The Communion Service was read by the Primate, assisted by the Bishops of Winchester and London, and the preacher was Dr. Stevens, Bishop of Pennsylvania, who said that the Synod which had just closed was the largest and most important that had ever been held. Its deliberations would reach the very ends of the earth, and its full results would never be known until the great judgment day. The little differences on non-essentials, which existed amongst the heads of the Church, were as nothing compared to the unity among them on essentials, and the meeting had without doubt brought about a great renewal of spiritual life throughout the Church. The reports of all the Bishops of the work in their respective dioceses, both at home and abroad, were most encouraging. It was true that in some places excesses of ritual and a spirit of insubordination were complained of, and the spirit of infidelity was also far too prevalent; but all these things were best met by the preaching of the plain simple truth, and by example. After the sermon the Holy Sacrament was administered, first to the prelates and clergy, and afterwards to the laity. The *Standard* of Monday contained a long introduction to the Reports of the Conference, and an announcement that the Reports themselves would be published during the week. With regard to the vexed questions of Ritual and Confession the Committees are of opinion that "no alteration from long-accustomed ritual should be made contrary to the admonition of the Bishop of the diocese;" and "that no minister of the Church is authorised to require from those who may resort to him to open their grief a particular or detailed enumeration of all their sins; or to require private confession previous to receiving the Holy Communion; or to enjoin or even encourage the practice of habitual confession to a priest; or to teach that such practice of habitual confession, or the being subject to what has been termed the direction of a priest, is a condition of attaining to the highest spiritual life. At the same time the Committee are not to be understood as desiring to limit in any way the provision made in the Book of Common Prayer for the relief of troubled consciences."—The *Nonconformist* considers that the most striking aspect of the Conference is its strangely composite character, as well as the unique position occupied by the English prelates. "There were the American Bishops—the representatives of a Church once established, but long since free from State restraints—and which exercises episcopal supervision over every inch of American territory, and has a far larger number of Bishops in proportion to the population than are to be found in this country; Bishops from Canada, where the reorganisation of the Church, no longer State-endowed, has been more recent and more difficult, and yet equally successful; Australian Bishops, who have passed through a corresponding experience, and who do not hesitate to extol Voluntaryism in the hearing of their brother Bishops as a sufficient and beneficent agency. There were also Scotch Bishops—the representatives of a Church which in Scotland occupies the position of a Dissenting sect; Bishops of the disestablished Irish Church; and Bishops from India and Ceylon, where they are maintained out of taxes levied on heathen populations, and where their position is a source of embarrassment to both the local Governments and the Church at home. And, lastly, there were the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England *in* England—all appointed by the Crown, all maintained out of national property, all having seats, actual or prospective, in one of the Houses of Parliament—all bound to act in accordance with laws passed, not by the Church, but by a secular Legislature."

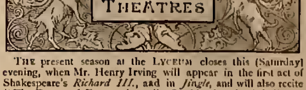
VARIOUS.——On Monday, at Leamington, a Missionary Conference was opened, under the presidency of the Bishop of Worcester. Amongst the speakers were several of the American Bishops now in this country.—The Curates' Augmentation Fund has just received 1,000*l*. from an anonymous donor.—A sad incident occurred on Thursday last week at the Wesleyan Conference meeting at Bradford. The Rev. P. C. Horton, who had just been speaking of his old friend, the late Rev. H. H. Cheetle, fell in a swoon upon the platform, and, after partially recovering for a short time, died in a few hours of heart disease. On Saturday the Conference Love Feast was held in Eastbrook Chapel, and was attended by about two thousand people, hundreds of others being turned away from the doors for lack of room. On Monday a fraternal letter from the Methodist Episcopal Church was read, and also the report of the examinations of probationers, which was considered to be highly satisfactory. Sixty young ministers were formally received into full connection. On the suggestion of Dr. Haydon, of the United States, a Committee has been appointed to consider the advisability of convening an Œcumenical Council of representatives of all the Methodist bodies throughout the world.—On Wednesday the Annual Conference of the Methodist Free Church was opened at Manchester; the Rev. W. Boyden, of Burnley, being chosen President for the year.—Mr. Spurgeon's congregation are about to present him with a testimonial, to commemorate the completion of the twenty-fifth year of his ministry. It is proposed to collect 5,000*l*. for the purpose, and Mr. Spurgeon intends to devote the money to Church purposes, especially to the providing a permanent maintenance for the aged inmates of the almshouses in connection with the Metropolitan Tabernacle.



MUSIC

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.——The extra performances at Her Majesty's Theatre came to an end on Saturday night. Their success was unquestionable, and the increasing attraction of Georges Bizet's *Carmen*, enhanced by Miss Minnie Hauk's strikingly original and picturesque impersonation of the wayward, fascinating gipsy-heroine was such that they might with advantage have been prolonged for another fortnight at least. Enough, however, has been written for the present about this very remarkable work; and, indeed, there is little more to say about the opera season just concluded, except that, while artistically to be commended, it has not been over remunerative in a pecuniary sense. There have again been nothing but repetitions—*Faust*, the *Sonnambula*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Carmen* (twice), and *Lucia di Lammermoor* constituting the programme of the week. In the *Nozze* Madame Pappenheim took the part of the Countess (*vice* Madame Caroline Salla), and showed herself as great a proficient in the music of Mozart as in that of Beethoven and Meyerbeer. The last representation of *Carmen* was for the "benefit" of Miss Minnie Hauk, who was more than ever applauded by a crowded and enthusiastic audience (including the Prince and Princess of Wales). The last performance of the season was for the "benefit" of Madame Etelka Gerster, who to *Lucia* added an act from *Dinorah*, including the "Shadow Song," which, after such a fatiguing opera as that of Donizetti, proved somewhat too exacting for her powers. She was, nevertheless, called upon to repeat the final quick movement, and retired amid as much cheering as if she had done her very best—as was certainly the case in *Lucia*, which she has never sung better. Every incident of the past season having been duly recorded and commented upon, recapitulation would be occupying space to no purpose; we may, therefore, conclude by saying that the autumn season will commence late in October, and that Mdlle. Trebelli (if report may be believed) is to play the part of Carmen in English. This is a curious way of lessening the attraction of what would surely have been the crowning feature of the regular performances, in Italian, next year. We can hardly believe it. Whether Sir Michael Costa is to direct the orchestra on these exceptional occasions is not stated. As the eminent conductor usually takes his holiday in the autumn, it seems unlikely. Nevertheless, there is always Mr. Weist Hill—"our English Costa," as he has been justly called—at hand.

WAIFS.——The marriage between Mdlle. Emma Albani and Mr. Ernest Gye, eldest son of Mr. Frederick Gye, director of the Royal Italian Opera, is to be solemnised to-day at the Warwick Street Chapel.—The orchestra of the Opera House in Berlin and the Stadtheater at Cologne are being lowered, after the plan invented by Richard Wagner for the performances of the *Ring des Nibelungen* at Bayreuth. We sympathise with the players.—Italian opera is to be revived in the autumn season at Bucharest. Thus will the Roumanians console themselves for the loss of Bessarabia.—Verdi has had a cordial reception from the King and Queen of Italy, at Turin.—A musical festival is to be held at Bruges on the 19th and 20th inst. The King and Queen of the Belgians intend to honour it with their patronage and presence.—The death of Madame Musard, widow of the once renowned French composer of dance music, is announced, at the age of 83.—The "Waux Hall" concerts at Naples have been unsuccessful. Thirteen theatres have temporarily closed their doors owing to the intense heat.—At the obsequies of Queen Mercedes, Signor Tamberlik, the tenor whom Spain has most delighted to honour, was one of the singers, creating a deep impression in a sacred air by Stradella.—At Florence, a new circus has been opened, with the significant title, "La Delizia."—M. Victor Massé, composer of *Paul et Virginie*, being seriously indisposed, has given up the post of chorus-master at the Paris Grand Opera, and retires on a pension.—A body of vocalists (students) from Upsala, Christiana, and other Swedish towns, has been well received at the Trocadéro. For part singing, however, Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir has carried off the honours in the face of all competitors. So much for the musical fame of "Old England."—The renowned French organ builder, M. Cavaillé-Coll, has been commissioned by the Minister of Fine Arts, in association with M. Dupanloup, to remodel and rebuild the great organ in the cathedral at Orleans.—Our excellent composer, Mr. Henry Gadsby, is writing a new cantata expressly for Mr. Kuhe's next Brighton Festival, the subject of which is Scott's *Lord of the Isles*.—There is to be an Eisteddfod on an unusually grand scale this week at Bangor (Menai Bridge), under the direction of Mr. John Thomas, chief of the Welsh minstrels ("Pencerdd Gwalia"). There will be "Saxon" music, once so distasteful to our Welsh brethren, whom Mr. Thomas and Mr. Brinley Richards have so long been trying to "educate," *Judas Maccabæus* and *The Creation* being among the leading features of the programme.—The adjudicated prizes to successful competitors, both at the Royal Academy of Music (Principal, Dr. G. A. Macfarren, Cambridge Professor) and the London Academy of Music (Principal, Dr. Henry Wylde, Gresham Professor), were kindly administered by Mdlle. Albani on Saturday. The eminent artist, it need scarcely be added, received a hearty greeting on each occasion.—Mr. J. T. Carrodus, our representative violinist, contemplates a professional tour in Germany. That he will obtain cordial recognition among our Teutonic musical brethren, there can be no question. Such highly finished playing as his must find sympathy wherever genuine art is understood and appreciated. Mr. Carrodus, moreover, will entertain the Germans once again with a concerto, or concertos, by their own Molique, of whose admirable compositions (so difficult to execute) too little has recently been heard in the land of his birth.—Miss Minnie Hauk has gone to Lucerne, in Switzerland, and will spend her holiday at the hotel on the summit of the Righi. She returns in September for her English tour; after which she goes to America, as one of Mr. Mapleson's operatic company.—The towns which will be visited by Madame Christine Nilsson in her English concert-tour (beginning at the end of September) are Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle, Manchester, Nottingham, Birmingham, Leeds, and Bradford. The tour is to extend from September 27 to October 22.—Mr. Mapleson has taken the New York Academy of Music for three years (not *seven*, as has been stated).—The Promenade Concerts, at Covent Garden Theatre, under the presidence of the enterprising Messrs. Gatti, with Dr. Arthur Sullivan as conductor, begin this evening.



THEATRES

THE present season at the LYCEUM closes this (Saturday) evening, when Mr. Henry Irving will appear in the first act of Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, and in *Jingle*, and will also recite "The Dream of Eugene Aram." On Monday (Bank holiday), Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) will reappear in the favourite play of *Mary Warner*.

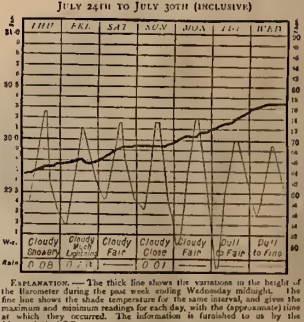
At the OPERA COMIQUE Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's "nautical comic opera," *H.M.S. Pinafore*, continues to be deservedly popular, Mr. G. Grossmith, jun., being eminently amusing as the pompous and highly-official First Lord of the Admiralty, while Miss Emma Howson is as charming as ever as Josephine, the "gallant Captain's daughter."

THE CANTERBURY.——The spectacle of *Plevna* reaches its 200th night of representation this week, and is to be withdrawn to-night (Saturday) to make way for a fairy version of "Lurline," entitled *The Night Dancers*, in which Miss Nelly Power will make her re-appearance, and Mdlle. Bartoletti from Her Majesty's Opera.

◆

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

JULY 24TH TO JULY 30TH (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the week just ended has been generally cloudy and cool. The thermometer has not risen much above 70° on any day, the highest point reached being 75° on Thursday, the 24th instant. The nights have been rather mild; but early on Tuesday morning, the 29th instant, the thermometer fell as low as 46°. A thunderstorm, with very vivid lightning, occurred on Friday evening, the 25th instant, and a little rain fell also on Thursday and Sunday, the 24th and 27th; but, with these exceptions, the weather has been dry. The sky has been extremely cloudy every day; but the dull weather appears to have been confined to the south-east of England, clear skies being reported almost every day from our western and south-western stations. The barometer was highest (30·36 inches) on Wednesday, the 30th instant; lowest (29·68 inches) on Thursday, the 24th instant; range, 0·68 inches. Temperature was highest (75°) on Thursday, the 24th instant; lowest (46°) on Tuesday morning, the 29th instant; range, 29°. Rain fell on three days; total amount, 0·39 inches; greatest fall on any one day, 0·30 inches, on Friday, the 25th instant.

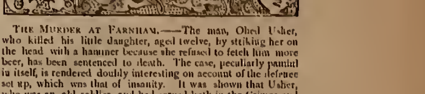
CAPILLUS VENERIS

A SINGLE strand of golden hair,
  How comes it here upon my shoulder?
Blown from the head of lady fair—
  Where did I meet or last behold her?
I'm certain that she must be young.
  And pretty? Perhaps. But then I wonder
What pain it was her heart that wrung
  And made her tear her locks asunder!

"Only a woman's hair," wrote Swift,
  Four words so tender and so bitter,
In each light breath to sway and drift,
  And in each passing ray to glitter.
Slight tendrils of most sacred vines—
  O think upon it ye who bind them,
These little threads, these slender lines,
  Will drag the whole wide world behind them.

It isn't yours, O lady mine,
  Down from the wall serenely gazing,
While in my heart "that look of thine"
  The ghost of buried hope is raising.
There may be one would prize this hair
  As I the look from those soft lashes;
There may be one. I can't tell where,
  And so—I'll throw it in the ashes.

T. GRAY ASHTON.

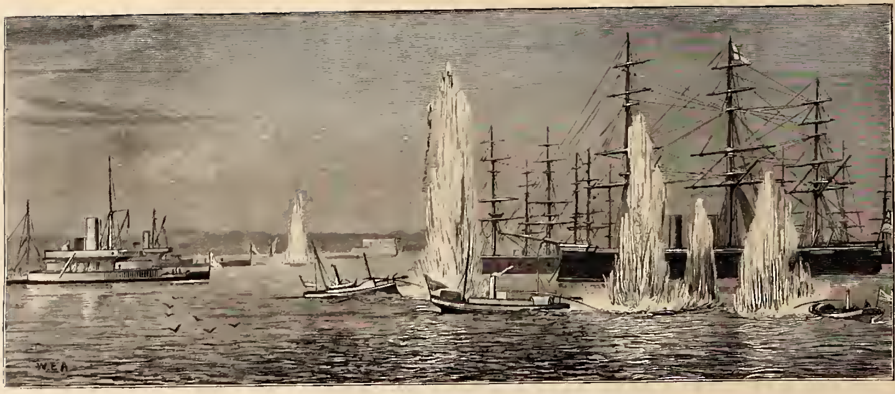


LEGAL

THE MURDER AT FARNHAM.——The man, Obed Usher, who killed his little daughter, aged twelve, by striking her on the head with a hammer because she refused to fetch him more beer, has been sentenced to death. The case, peculiarly painful in itself, is rendered doubly interesting on account of the defence set up, which was that of insanity. It was shown that Usher, who was an old soldier, and had served both in the Crimea and India, had, since 1871, been subject to various hallucinations, and had made two attempts upon his own life. In 1874, having apparently recovered his senses, he was discharged with a pension, and since then he appears to have led a quiet, respectable life, working at a limekiln, and exhibiting great affection for his motherless children. Immediately after committing the murder, he went and gave himself up to the police, saying that it was done "in a passion," that he was very sorry, and adding, "God bless her soul! Hang me at once." Mr. Justice Mellor explained the legal meaning of insanity—viz., that it could only be admitted in the case of a person who, at the moment of committing a crime, was incapable of judging whether the action was right or wrong, and perfectly indifferent as to its consequences. The jury could not think that Usher was in such a mental condition as this; but they appended to their verdict of "guilty" a recommendation to mercy, which we should not be sorry to see acted upon by the Home Secretary.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——The Middlesex magistrates have elected Captain Morley as their chairman, in the room of the Marquis of Salisbury, who recently resigned. Lord Carnarvon, who had been invited to become a candidate, declined to allow himself to be put in nomination as soon as he found that the magistrates were not perfectly unanimous; and Sir J. Heron Maxwell, who was proposed but not seconded, said that he had no ambition or desire to occupy the post.—At the Leeds Assizes, on Saturday, two men were sentenced to fifteen years' and a third to seven years' penal servitude, for conspiring to forge a will relating to property worth about 20,000*l*.—Proceedings have been commenced to set aside the will of Madame De Tourville, who bequeathed all her property to her husband, by whom she was murdered, and who is now undergoing a life sentence in the Austrian mines.—At Stanningley, near Bradford, a publican, who is also a money-lender and bill-broker, was last week robbed of 17,000*l*. in notes, bills, and cash, which were taken from his bedroom, the door of which had been forced open with a "jemmy."—Mr. Irving has withdrawn from the prosecution of the man who attempted to get from him a loan of 10*l*. by an unauthorised use of Mr. T. Mead's name; but the fellow is still in custody, and will probably be committed for trial for sending a threatening letter to Mr. Charles Sugden with the view of extorting money.—At Worship Street, the other day, a man was charged with having stolen 3*l*. The accused had been entrusted with a cheque for the amount for the purpose of getting change, and he had absconded with the money. He pleaded guilty, but Mr. Bushby, the magistrate, decided that he must be discharged, for he had stolen nobody's goods. He had not stolen the cheque which had been given to him to get change, and he had not stolen the money, for that had never been in the prosecutor's possession, all that could be done was to sue him for the recovery of the money (although we fail to see by whom that can be done if it belongs to nobody). The prisoner is said to have been exceedingly astonished at his escape.—The foregoing decision savours more of the special-pleader than the judge, and is not badly matched by the verdict given on Saturday by a jury at the Liverpool Assizes, in respect to a charge of burglary. The prisoner, a young woman, had been seen running away from the house which had been broken into; her veil and umbrella were found on the ground beneath the window; and she herself, when arrested, was carrying a bag full of housebreaking tools. The defence was that she had taken an overdose of chloral, and was not responsible for her actions, and the jury acquitted her. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn said that he had never heard a more extraordinary verdict in his life, and significantly told the jury that their services would be dispensed with for the remainder of the session. These jurymen may perhaps be sneered at as blundering provincials; but what are we to say to a London jury who accept the plea of a thief, that "he ought to have been stopped sooner," or of the judge and counsel who, apparently agreeing with the verdict of "not guilty," forthwith join in a subscription for the injured innocent, who whines from the dock that he has only 2½*d*. in the world. This is said to have actually happened at the Middlesex Sessions; and it is not surprising that, within a week, the same thief was again in custody on a similar charge, for which Sir J. Ingham sentenced him to two months' hard labour.—Three men have been committed for trial for stealing a yacht from its anchorage off Brighton. They got away with it on Tuesday night, but on Wednesday the owner made chase in a steamer, and overtook it some eighteen miles out. One of the thieves said that had there been more wind they would have been 100 miles away.—A lad who has been for six months employed as call-boy at the Opera Comique, is in custody on a charge of robbing the treasury

(*Continued on page 126.*)

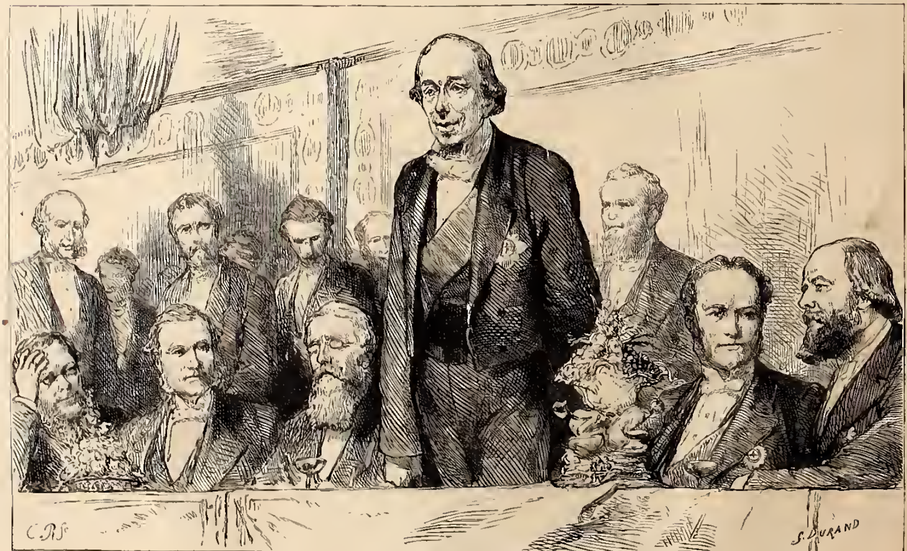


TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS OFF PORTLAND

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE BACK
Died June 23, aged 81

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM MACBEAN, V.C.
Died June 23

WILLIAM CRESSWELL (THE LUNATIC IN PARRAMATTA)
Alleged to be the real Arthur Orton



THE CARLTON CLUB BANQUET TO LORD BEACONSFIELD

"Which do you believe most likely to enter into an insane Convention, a body of English gentlemen honoured by the favour of their Sovereign and the confidence of their fellow-subjects, managing your affairs for five years, I hope with prudence, and not altogether without success; or a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign an opponent and to glorify himself?"

AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND

CHRISTIANS, MOHAMMEDANS, AND JEWS

EASTER in Jerusalem is the most stirring time during the year. Pilgrims from all parts of the globe arrive in large numbers to worship at the shrines of the Holy Sepulchre. This year not only have Christians assembled in the Holy City but Muslims from all parts of Turkey and the East have come to glorify their Prophet at the great Mosque of Omar. It is lucky that, the late war leaving Russia in so uneasy a state, very few pilgrims from that country could attend Greek Easter, for it has no doubt saved the Holy City the trying ordeal of witnessing many serious struggles which the meeting of Muscovite and Muslim fanatics would have occasioned. The disturbances between the Greek and Latin Churches, which very often lead to a bloody issue, are scandalous enough, and they are even carried within the precincts of the Holy Church.

A STREET IN JERUSALEM

THE WALL OF WAILING, JERUSALEM

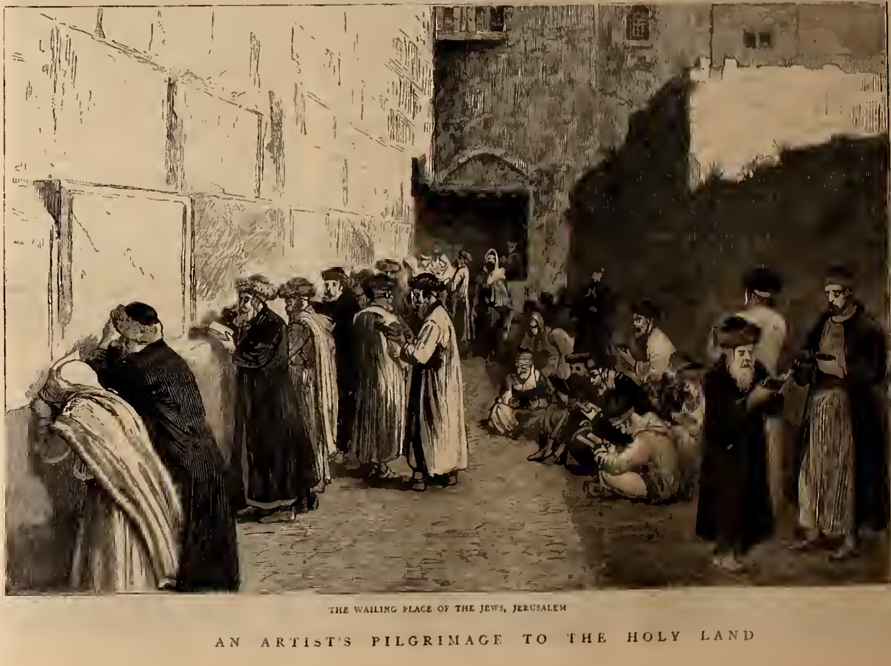
The journey from Constantinople to Syria is one of great interest, for we touch at all the principal ports along the coast, and at many of the islands in the Ægean Sea, allowing the pilgrim sufficient time to look about him. At Smyrna there is time to see the Castle, the Aqueduct, and the wonderful oyster beds which Mark Twain tries to account for in his "Pilgrimage." One can even rush off to Ephesus and spend two hours among tho ruins, see the tomb of the Evangelist Luke, stand where Paul preached, conjure up from the murky pool of water the temple of the Great Diana of the Ephesians, where now only the frogs lift up their voices to the great goddess; the Isle of Rhodes with its scanty palms; the famous Rue Chevalier of St. John, their fine old hospices, and the place where once stood the Colossus.

But all these places of interest seem to be absorbed in the anticipation of the wonders of the Holy Land. Even the cup of Cyprian wine at Cyprus does not open up much conjecture as to whether the ancient imbibers of that liquor suffered from indigestion, or whether for its extreme acidity it might have been the wine that disolved the pearls of Cleopatra.

There was a gentle swell along the shores of Palestine which, though our ship might be anchored in the bays of that coast, still caused her to roll uneasily, and tended to choke all emotion which might have arisen in one's bosom at the first sight of Syria. The pilgrim, therefore, on arriving at Beyrout, hastens on shore, and once on *terra firma*, and after the first few minutes, becoming reassured that the town itself is not also gently rolling, he will discover that Beyrout is a very charming place. First of all the snow-clad Jebel Sannin and the hills of Lebanon form a cool refreshing background to the glistening white houses lining the slight promontory which stretches along the south side of the bay, studded here and there with palms, gardens, and terraces rich in flowers, orange trees, cactus, and crystal fountains all glistening in the strong sun.

Beyrout is rich in commerce, and is said to be the rival of Smyrna. The great institutions are the schools, English, American, and German. The British Syrian School presided over by Mrs. Mott is one of the finest in the town. The school is quite palatial, and is charmingly situated. There are classes for the blind, little children, training schools for teachers, Mohammedan and Christian. One could say much more about Beyrout, its picturesque drives and charming environs, and the courtesy of its English residents, but a pilgrim has restrictions, and must hasten on his way to the Holy City. Steaming all along the Syrian coast, the morning sun lifts the veil of mist from the hills of Judea, and discovers to the early pilgrim on deck the long-looked-for Holy Land. But the cruel, cruel sea still occupies the attention of many of the voyagers at this auspicious moment. And it is with some indifference to them that Jaffa gradually rises with its steep rock out of the grey shore, and catches the first rosy tints on its housetops as day breaks across the ocean.

In a few moments several boats push off from the shore, and are pulled rapidly towards our ship. As they arrive alongside there is a general rush of pilgrims—Muslims, Christians, and Jews. During the struggle and general confusion we are hustled down the side of the vessel by our dragoman and into a boat, and we push off for the shore. As we arrive some little distance from the beach dark-looking rocks like mighty teeth peep out of the surf; we steer between two of the dangerous-looking break-waters. Our men give an extra spurt. We pass them, and make for the beach. One must pity poor Andromeda, for she must have had a pretty hard time of it on rough days, what with the surf and the sea monster. For it is to one of these Jaffa rocks that tradition chains the undulating figure of the fair daughter of Cepheus and Cassiopeia, the agonies of which unhappy lady



THE WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS, JERUSALEM

AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND

so often appear on the walls of our Royal Academy. Here too, Jonah, as my American friend observed, "took a state cabin in the internal economy of the whale." We landed, made straightway for Mr. Hardegg's nice little hotel, took breakfast, and immediately started for Jerusalem.

Threading our way through strings of camels, with beggars and lepers crying for baksheesh, we arrived outside the town, and made towards the hills of Judea, passing through groves of orange and lemon trees and hedges of prickly pear, which made the air fragrant, as a gentle breeze from the sea wafted the scent along the dusky road, and sweetened the atmosphere for miles.

Our dragoman continually pulled up the waggons, and standing up would majestically point out the old traditions of the country as we passed by. So many were the places of interest, and so few that we could attach credit in, that not many were retained in our memory. We passed Ramleh and Bet Nula, where Richard Cœur de Lion pitched his tents after the first day's march to Jerusalem—which, by the bye, for distance, was a good day's march indeed. We saw the valley in which David killed Goliath; on the left Mizpah, and the birthplace of John the Baptist. We now reached a rugged part of the road, so an hour or more of struggling over rocky ground on foot, and a short distance longer in our waggons, brought us to the Holy City, just as the last rays of the sun were dying out of the heavens, lighting up the old walls, domes, and minarets of Jerusalem, as we entered the Jaffa Gate. However much our guide had shaken our belief in many holy places along the route, as we passed under the walls of this wonderful city we could not help remembering that at this time, upwards of eighteen hundred years ago, Jesus of Nazareth suffered martyrdom for the world within sight of its ramparts.

At six the next morning the sound of the clanging of bells awakened us, and we dressed to go to the great Latin Mass, for it was their Easter Sunday, and the Greek Palm Sunday. We make our way to the top of the Holy Sepulchre, and enter a little door just below the dome, find ourselves in a narrow gallery, from where we look over the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, and on the scene below. The Sepulchre where the body of the Meek and Lowly was supposed to be laid is gaudy with pictures, artificial flowers, silver and gold lamps, gilt candelabra, and burning tapers. Surging round its walls is a crowd as motley as in the scene of a pantomime—Copts, Abyssinians, Assyrians, Greeks, Latins, and Moslem guards. It is necessary that a strong guard be placed in the building to keep the members of the various Churches from quarrelling with each other instead of worshipping at the Sepulchre. Presently a jingle of bells, a beating of gongs, and strains of an organ ascend with the fatty smoke of a thousand tapers from the jostling crowd below, then from the Latin Chapel a procession of bishops and priests in gorgeous array, with banners of cloth of gold, slowly wend their way through the crowd, chanting and praying in a steam of incense. Before this service is quite finished, the Greeks, Armenians, and Copts begin to hold their respective services, and try each to drown each other's voices as they go through their devotions. During the following week the Greeks have the church to themselves, and they have far the greater gathering of pilgrims at their Easter ceremonies. On Thursday the Patriarch and twelve Bishops enact Christ and His Apostles, the Washing of the Feet at the Last Supper, the Agony in the Garden. A platform is erected in the courtyard of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, decorated with the emblems of the Church. A huge branch from the olive tree in the Garden of Gethsemane, under which Christ prayed, is used in the ceremony, and after the service is over the crowd scramble for its sprays. On Friday the Black Service is held on Mount Cavalry. In the Sepulchre, and also round the Stone of Extreme Unction, but on the following day, is the great event of all, the Coming of the Holy Fire.

All through this eventful Easter week Jerusalem, generally so silent in the sleepy shadow of her narrow streets, has been stirred all a-bustle by thousands of Hajji of all denominations. Even fair American and English pilgrims, who, having done the cities of Western Europe, and steamed up the Nile, and back to Cairo, make their way to the Holy City, and show their pretty faces, on which the sun has cast a healthy russet glow, beside their yashmacked and veiled Oriental sisters who throng the streets in hideous dress, of white or flowering shrouds. Stately Arab, lounging Turk, and blear-eyed Jew, the fume of Russian leather, and the tar of camels thicken the atmosphere. We are glad the many services are over, and that we can now leave the stifling streets for the open country. On the road to Bethlehem, a short distance from Jerusalem, we pass Rachel's Tomb, rather an unimportant-looking building in white plaster, but revered alike by Muslim, Christian, and Jew, for it is here where Rachel died giving birth to Benjamin. By approaching the birthplace of Christ by way of the Pools and Gardens of Solomon we can somewhat understand (which puzzled us before), how the peasant subsists, for the appearance of the country is barren and sterile, but the path to Bethlehem lies through one of the many strips of valleys, full of fruit and corn, which intersect the barren heights round about the City of Zion. Passing along a ridge of rock and by the side of an old aqueduct which leads from the Cisterns of Solomon we suddenly come upon Bethlehem rising out of a valley of dark olives as we wend our way through the trees, and mount the narrow streets, and come upon women washing clothes in the fountains. We are struck with their beauty. Our guide tells us that the women of Bethlehem are noted for their comeliness. It is anything but rare to meet a pretty face in Syria; but Bethlehem may, indeed, carry off the palm for the beauty of its female inhabitants. Many are the swains who come from less favoured towns, and seek the pretty faces in marriage, though it is a general custom for the people of Bethlehem to marry among themselves, which, by-the-by, is settled at rather an early stage of existence. We passed some little children playing on a doorstep. Our guide drew our attention to a girl about seven years old who was assisting a boy to build up a house with pebbles. She wore a locket round her neck which our dragoman took into his hand, and explained to us that it was worn as a sign of her engagement to be married. The little girl evidently understood the situation, for she ran away and hid her face against the wall. The youth of her choice, about nine years old, looked uncertain whether to express his indignation of our treatment of his sweetheart by aiming a stone at us or taking the baksheesh we offered him. I was introduced to a well-to-do young farmer of seventeen autumns, who was already blessed with a wife and family. I believe that his parents and several young ladies thought that when he had passed his sixteenth birthday he was becoming a confirmed old bachelor, but at last Bethlehem beauty smote him down before he had time to invest in a latch-key, or put up for a Bohemian Club. Of course the birthplace of Christ is not visited by the pilgrims for the manner and customs of its present inhabitants, but for the Chapel of the Nativity and the many other Holy places, though the Hajji must not imagine that he is shown the veritable manger, for the only genuine one was discovered by the Empress Helena, and was afterwards packed and forwarded to Rome. This Church of the Nativity is crowded with Scriptural events, and, like unto the Church at Jerusalem, all conveniently near one another. The sight-seer must continually bless the Empress Helena and other searchers for Scriptural truths who have arranged these things so nicely, and for their consideration for the soles of the pilgrims' feet.

Not far from St. Stephen's Gate is the Pool of Hezekiah, or Dragon's Pool, names for which there is no authority. It is a small pond, in the corners of which are openings for the reception of rain-water and remains of stairs. Further on we come to the Tomb of Absalom, hewn out of the solid rock, detached on three sides, the rock not being high enough. The cupola and spire of the monument were made of other material. It is in Ionic style. The Jews are in the habit (when they think of it) of pelting this edifice with stones in memory of Absalom's disobedience to his father, and no doubt also with a vivid recollection of the martyr their forefathers killed, with the same primitive weapons, not far from the spot. A little further, and we come to the tombs of Zacharias and St. James.

The Jews also do their little pilgrimage to their Wailing Place against the walls of Zion. Here, every Friday, men and women, carrying huge and tiny Hebrew prayer books, wail for the Majesty that has departed from their beloved city. The men shake their earlocks, pull their beards, and wring their hands, and the women, young and old, cry themselves into hysterics over the fallen greatness of Zion. A touching scene is presented by the pilgrims leaning against the weather-beaten wall, kissing the stone, and weeping.

At Sechem the Jews preserve the scroll of the Pentateuch, said to have been written by Eleazer, son of Aaron, 3,200 years old. The document is considered to be of doubtful authenticity.

On going up to the Mount of Olives we cross the Valley of the Kidron, also called the Valley of Jehoshaphat. There is a tradition, founded on a misinterpretation of Joel iii., 2, that this gorge will be the scene of the Last Judgment. We can go *viâ* the Garden of Gethsemane or Oil Press. It is an irregular quadrangle, a high plastered wall surrounding the garden. On knocking at the wicket an old Franciscan monk will permit you to enter and view the ground. It is prettily laid out with flowers of the brightest hues. You are told that the olive trees you see in this garden are the same under which Christ prayed and the disciples slept, but when Titus and Hadrian visited the environs of the city they are known to have cut down all the trees. And the Crusaders testify finding the whole region absolutely destitute of wood, and, as I myself know what armies will do for the sake of fire, I begin to have as much faith in the history of those trees pointed out at Gethsemane, as I have in most things exhibited in the Holy Land.

In this neighbourhood is the Chapel of the Tomb of the Virgin. Her parents, and also Joseph, her husband, are supposed to be buried somewhere hereabouts. Here is also the Cavern of the Agony. The sight which impresses one more than any other in or about the City of Zion is the magnificent view from the Mount of Olives. In a quarter-of-an-hour from Gethsemane we may look upon the valley of the Jordan, the cobalt-blue of the Dead Sea stretching away through the grey and ruddy hills on the east—those still and bitter waters lying 3,900 feet below us. Towards the north is seen the upper course of the valley of the Kedron, beyond which rises the Scopus, and on the west lies the once mighty Jerusalem, with its domes of the Holy Sepulchre and Mosque of Omar, its old walls and minarets. Under the dome of this mosque stands the famous rock on which the Jews offered up their sacrifices; and where Abraham was about to slay Isaac; where Muslim tradition makes Mohammed to have ascended to heaven on his miraculous steed El-Burak. The altar on that occasion was about to follow the horse and the prophet, and might now have been in heaven, but for the strong objection the Angel Gabriel showed, and who hurled this peripatetical mass of stone down on the earth, and must have used some force, considering the finger-marks he has left imprinted on the rock.

Pilgrims, when once in the Holy Land, after visiting the birthplace and the place where Christ suffered death, cannot resist taking a longer journey from Jerusalem to the town wherein Christ lived and spent his boyhood's days—Nazareth. The present town is built on the site of the ancient Nazareth, and lies in a basin on the south slope of Jebel-es-Sikh, embosomed in a framework of cactus hedges and fig and olive trees. Within the town we are shown the kitchens of the Virgin, the house and workshop of Joseph, and the synagogue in which Christ is said to have taught. Also the table whereon Christ dined with his disciples. In about ten hours from Nazareth, *viâ* Mount Tabor, we reach Tiberias and the Sea of Galilee. This city, named after the Roman Emperor, has, like other Syrian cities, seen much bloodshed and destruction, but in 1837 it suffered more than any other town in Syria. During that period of earthquakes more than half of its population was destroyed. It still wears the same dilapidated aspect it was shaken into in those days, and to add to its general dirt and wretchedness the greater part of its present inhabitants are Jews, the larger number being of Polish extraction, who simply live their lives in a state of beggary which is kindly encouraged by their richer brethren in Europe, who forward them money. Many of the now bare peaks of Lebanon were probably once clothed with cedars. Most of the groups now existing stand from 5,000 feet to 6,000 feet above the sea. No care is taken of these noble trees, the goats eat all the young shoots, and cedar branches are used for fuel.

Amongst Aliens

BY FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

Author of "A Charming Fellow," "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," "Black Spirits and White," &c.

(Continued from page 109)

SHE even showed me the precious scrap of paper in which he had first declared his love—I loathe to profane that word in writing of him—but although neither in that, nor in any of his reported utterances to her did the word "marriage" once occur, she never appeared to doubt for an instant that he sought her as his wife. Distantly and cautiously, I ventured to hint a suspicion; but I need not have feared to startle her. Her mind seemed incapable of taking in such an idea. Her only conception of my meaning was that I accused her lover of possible weakness in yielding to the opposition of his family, and so giving her up. And to this she merely replied with a trembling lip and tearful eyes, "I know I am far beneath him in every way, and I would not be an obstacle in his path, or a clog on him—only I do believe that no one else would make him so happy as I, because no one else *could* love him as I love him."

It was maddening to hear her talk so. And, although I put a strong constraint on myself, being resolved to be gentle and patient with her, I could not help my voice taking a sterner tone as I asked the direct question, "Lucy, does the Princess speak falsely when she says you have had stolen interviews with her son in the gardens of the Villa d'Este?"

"No; she speaks truly—at least, as she thinks, truly. I was going to tell you how it was, Catherine. Vittorio came here without my knowledge. We had had a little quarrel—at least he had been vexed at my coming to Tivoli. When you thought Monsignore was setting himself against the visit you were mistaken. It was really Vittorio. But he ought not to be blamed for that. He only wanted to keep me in Rome because he was fond of me, you know."

"Or of himself! Well, go on."

"But then when I was gone, he was so miserable. He wanted to write to me, but then he thought you—might——"

"Well?"

"He knew you would see the letter, and perhaps question me about it, and so—he resolved to ride over all the way, only on the chance of being able to catch a glimpse of me even if he could not speak to me. He would not have done that, Catherine, if he had not loved me truly."

"And was it his true love which induced him to follow you to the gardens of the Villa when you were alone? He must have bribed the portress to let him in!"

"No, no, Catherine! Indeed not! She knew him. The Princess spent a summer once at Tivoli."

"He then knowingly exposed you to the comments of that ignorant woman, full of the ideas and prejudices of her country, who of all the matter only knows that you are the sister of a poor artist, a young motherless girl, who receives stolen visits from a gentleman of Don Vittorio's rank and consequence! You see what his lady mother writes;—how *she* views (or affects to view) such imprudent behaviour! Don Vittorio knows as well as the Princess that he was cruelly injuring your reputation in the eyes of all his people."

But it was all of no use. She blamed herself, she was willing to humble herself to the dust; but Vittorio was noble-hearted, generous, magnanimous, a mirror of chivalry! How, then, did she interpret the Princess's words, "My son has confessed everything," and the Princess's scornful reproaches following thereon? Had not Don Vittorio betrayed his love's confidence, and given her up to insult and evil repute? If he could not control or mitigate the arrogant violence of his mother's resentment, he could at least have disowned it! He could have come and stood by Lucy openly,—he could have written!

All in vain! I urged and argued in vain. And it grieved me to the soul to think how sharp the pain would be, how crushing the blow, when Lucy should be convinced by bitter experience that this idol she now worshipped was a poor, hollow, brittle, painted piece of clay.

The rest of that day passed miserably enough. Lucy was really ill;—nervous, languid, and unable to take food. Towards four o'clock a violent headache oppressed her, and I made her go to bed, and darkened the windows; for the light hurt her poor eyes, inflamed with crying. Lucy had, apparently, not thought of making any reply to the Princess Olympia's letter. But I had thought of it. I would do nothing rashly, but I had thought—not whether I should answer the letter, for on that I was unshakeably resolved—but how to answer it. And I was still thinking, when I heard the door of our sitting-room softly opened, and a light footstep on the bare brick floor. The step was very unlike S'ora Nanna's ox-like tread. I turned my head, and saw Monsignore Chiappaforte.

CHAPTER X.

HE came forward with a sweet sympathising look on his face —a look that needed but the slightest modification to serve for various occasions of condolence, from a broken tea-cup and genteel comedy, up to a broken heart and unfashionable tragedy. To which category he was disposed to assign my present troubles I was uncertain. I think he was himself uncertain for a few seconds. When he spoke it was in a moderate and measured tone of sympathy, and his countenance was just a very little less sweet as soon as he fully saw mine, than it had been on his first entrance. "This is a sad disappointment, my dear Signorina," he said. "I arrived here hoping to find both you and our dear Lucia well and merry, and enjoying your holiday, and now Don Gregorio tells me that your sister is ill."

"Yes, Monsignore; she is ill."

"Dear, dear, dear! What is it? A touch of fever? Have you any advice for her?"

"I shall see that she is taken care of."

"I am sure you will. There can be no doubt of that."

I had risen from my seat when I saw him, and remained standing, he also standing with his large ecclesiastical hat in his hand. I was vividly conscious of the contrast between my curt roughness of speech and manner and his smooth politeness; but I was resolved to make no pretences, nor to cry "peace" with my lips when there was war in my heart. I did not doubt that Monsignore was privy to the fact of the Princess's cruel letter. Perhaps he had even inspired it. Of this at least I was sure, that all his feelings in the matter would be ranged on her side and against us.

"I hope my worthy friend Don Gregorio Galli has been able to be of some use to you here?" said Monsignore with an amiable inflection of voice, which was so strongly contrasted with the tone of mine as to be almost ludicrous.

"No doubt he meant well, but I cannot say he has been of any use to us, Monsignore."

"Ha, ha, ha! No, eh? Poor Don Gregorio! He is a good creature,—a worthy soul,—but he has lived remote from the world and lacks *savoir vivre*, I dare say, ha, ha, ha!"

"Monsignore Chiappaforte, you must forgive me if I speak abruptly. My sister is ill. I am uneasy and troubled, and I *cannot* now talk with you on indifferent topics."

The expression of his face changed at once and completely from smiling nonchalance to steady gravity. He sat down, put his hat on the table, and settling himself in his chair, said, "Good. I understand. Will you talk on a topic which is *not* indifferent? Will you talk on a topic which concerns Lucia?"

"I cannot tell. I will not promise to talk. But if you wish it, I will listen."

Monsignore shrugged his shoulders very slightly, and replied, "That is something! One must be thankful for the smallest concession from so,—ahem!—admirably resolute a person."

I made no answer, but folded my hands on the table before me and waited.

"The fact is, that the Princess Corleoni is displeased with Lucia;—very seriously displeased. This grieves me, I assure you."

Here he paused, expecting me to speak, but as I did not, he proceeded in the same even, grave tone. "Now you love frankness, and have strength of mind to bear it, therefore I will say frankly that I think Lucia has been to blame. Frankly now, do you not think so yourself?"

"Monsignore, to answer such a question as that, made no part of my agreement with you when I told you I would listen. However, before I could answer it, if I would, I must know precisely what you mean in asking it. To what point in my sister's conduct do you refer? I take it for granted that you have some special thing in your mind for which you blame Lucy."

"Has not the Princess written to her?" he asked, taken a little off his guard.

"The Princess has written to her."

"Oh!"

He leant back in his chair, half closing his eyes and nodding to himself as if he were meditating my reply. In reality I believe he felt himself checked by my stubborn inflexibility. I think he had reckoned on being able to lead me on to talk, and then to guide my talking, as he was accustomed to guide most persons, into the direction he wished; using either a silken thread or a leathern thong, coaxing, urging, or restraining, as the case might require. But my wrath burnt too hot within me for such arts to avail. In truth, the power of cunning—call it diplomacy, or what other polite name you will,—seems to me to be greatly over-rated. In general, it weaves only cobweb meshes which are shattered at the first stirring of any strong and genuine feeling. Passion ignores and over-rides the "laws of the game," hacks artful knots suddenly in two, and flings a fierce sword into the nicely-balanced scale. I think Monsignore Giacomo Chiappaforte scarcely made sufficient account of strong and genuine feeling in his dealings with the world. In the present case, instead of saying to me, "You are very indignant," he said, "You are very cautious, Signorina." And I suppose he really credited me with some deep scheme.

"However," he proceeded, "my duty, and my strong feeling of interest in your sister, alike command me to try to serve you. If I am misunderstood,——patience!"

"Monsignore, it is very easy to be understood, I think. One has only to speak the truth plainly."

"Alas! How often is the truth rejected and misinterpreted! The head alone will not suffice to receive it; it must be accepted by the heart. Intellect, my dear young lady, is no all-sufficient guide of conduct. But as to Lucia,—you say the Princess *has* written to her?"

"And you say so too, Monsignore."

"Ahem!—yes; I thought it likely, from what she said to me, that she would write. The Princess was much agitated. I trust she did not write—ahem!—a—a—intemperately?"

"She wrote very intemperately."

"Ah! Dear, dear, dear, I feared so! But you must make allowance for the feelings of a mother. The Princess is a devoted mother;—an exemplary mother. When the maternal feelings are aroused, women do not stop to calculate or measure their words. We must have charity for the imperfections of human nature."

"Monsignore, do you bring any message from the Princess Corleoni?"

The thought had suddenly struck me that he had been sent to negotiate a reconciliation with Lucy.

"A message? No; oh no! The Princess was too—too excited, when I saw her last, to think of sending a message to your sister. No; my visit to you is prompted by other motives. Ahem! You must be aware,—since you tell me the Princess has written, and written in anger,—that what has occurred places Lucia in a very sad and painful position."

"Insult is certainly painful. And Lucy is exceptionally sensitive."

"Ah! yes; but the matter is more serious than that. The Princess Corleoni is a very illustrious and influential lady. Her countenance and friendship can do much in Rome; and—naturally—her disapproval, on the other hand, carries with it a certain sort of social stigma. Now Lucia, I grieve to say it, has incurred her disapproval. I make allowances for your English habits of thought, and so forth; but still, not even in England, I believe, would it be considered venial for a young woman in Lucia's position to encourage the clandestine addresses of her employer's son! More particularly when that employer was of a rank so immeasurably superior to her own. You follow me?"

"You speak the language of the world, Monsignore; but at least you speak explicitly, and of course I understand you."

"You have nothing to oppose to what I say, Signorina?"

"I do not think I am called on to enter into any defence of my sister to you, Monsignore Chiappaforte."

"You will at all events be called on to undertake her defence to your own friends, to the world you live in, to society! Social laws must be obeyed by those who wish to profit by their protection."

"I renounce with contempt the 'protection' of social laws which bully the weak and cringe to the strong. I despise from my soul the attempt to make mere compromises with the world, the flesh, and the devil, binding on my conscience as if they were divine institutions."

My anger had flashed out in spite of me, like a sudden tongue of flame from a smouldering fire. The priest looked at me with a new expression of surprise on his face, mingled with sour aversion.

"These are strange sentiments, Signorina," he said. "I warn you that they are dangerous sentiments. I gave you credit for more sober sense than to be led away by such revolutionary notions. I had hoped that you would not encourage Lucia in conduct which gives such pain to her benefactress, and can only bring misery on herself. *You*, at least, must be convinced that Don Vittorio Corleoni can never marry your sister. It is too absurd an idea to be seriously entertained for a moment. The alternative, if she does not discourage his pursuit, is one which I suppose you are hardly prepared to accept, notwithstanding your disdain for the laws of society!"

At that moment I had a glimpse, not often vouchsafed to the profane vulgar, of the real Giacomo Chiappaforte, instead of the smooth, smiling, soft-voiced prelate, whose *bonhomie* and infantine gaiety of manner were so lauded and admired. And let me give Monsignore all the benefit to be obtained from the confession that, to me, the reality was preferable to the sham. The sham had disgusted and wearied me with its perpetual smile, its ready laugh from the teeth outward, its smooth, yet resolute ignoring of rough realities which were hurting other folks. But now at last the real Giacomo Chiappaforte showed that he could be in earnest on occasion. His mouth was drawn into an expression of the bitterest sarcasm, his eyes glittered angrily, his very voice was changed, and had a hard metallic sound. This man was at least human enough to hate, it seemed.

"Then, Monsignor," I said, disregarding his sneer against myself, "you judge Don Vittorio Corleoni capable of dishonourably pursuing an innocent, motherless girl, a stranger, beneath *his* mother's roof? The Princess judges as you judge, and yet neither of you have anathemas for him! The 'social laws' which Lucy is to obey on pain of losing their valuable protection have no protection to give her, nor any terrors for the man who would injure her! The morality which is revolted by Lucy's wickedness in believing a cruel lie, holds a sweetly charitable estimate of the liar."

"Tut, tut," exclaimed Chiappaforte, shrugging his shoulders, and fixing his mouth into a hard, cynical smile, "tut, tut, tut! This is the kind of high-flown sentimentality which might serve to excuse any offence, or crime, or blunder; and very often does, I believe, amongst the philanthropic worshippers of revolution and irreligion. As to Lucia, I am willing to give her credit for innocence of intention at the beginning,—youthful vanity is a great temptation, and hoodwinks the conscience. But the world will not judge so leniently. The world will say—unless the Princess can be induced to keep this unfortunate matter secret—that a young woman living with the liberty which is permitted to girls of your nation could not possibly be ignorant of the probable result of encouraging Don Vittorio's love-making in such a case. The world will say that Lucia *perhaps* played for the great prize of wife, but failing that, would not disdain to content herself with——"

"Be silent, sir! This conversation is worse than useless. I have nothing to say to you. I recognise no right on your part to intrude yourself into my private life. A benevolent intention might excuse it; but you are evidently actuated by feelings which are not benevolent."

"Young woman, I am not accustomed to be so addressed."

"Nor I."

"I am fulfilling my duty——"

"If so, your duty and my duty clash. This is my house, Monsignore. I request you, as you are a gentleman, to leave it."

"Before doing so, I wish to speak with your sister."

"I shall oppose your seeing her. She is too much prostrated to be equal to such an interview."

"Do you mean to shut her up? You had better be careful about what you are doing!"

"Oh sir, do not condescend to threaten me! I am not to be terrified by stern looks and big words. I am ashamed to continue this scene! Let it end. Since you refuse to go, I will leave you."

No sooner said than done. I passed swiftly out of the room, along the corridor, and up the stairs which led to our bedroom, leaving Monsignore in a position of considerable discomfiture. As I went through the stone corridor, I fancied I saw something flitting on in front of me; and before I reached our bedroom door, I overtook Lucy, trembling and panting with the haste she had made.

"Lucy!" I cried, "what does this mean? Where have you been? Why did you leave your bed?"

She drew me into the room and shut the door before she answered, and then sitting down on the side of the bed, she laid her head against my breast, and said, "I fell asleep after you left me, and when I awoke my headache was gone. I felt better, calmer, less fevered and nervous, than I have felt since I read that letter. I wrapped a shawl round me and came down to the sitting-room to tell you this, and to give you one gleam of comfort in the midst of all the trouble I cause you. When I reached the door I heard a voice speaking angrily. I did not recognise it at first, it was so changed. But after a few moments I found it was Monsignore Chiappaforte who was speaking. And then you answered him. And I stood there out of sight, and——and I heard it all, Catherine!"

(To be continued)

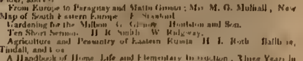
"MARGERY TRAVERS," by A. E. N. Bewicke, author of "Onwards; but Whither?" &c. (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—Like its predecessor, "Onwards; but Whither?" this new story of Miss Bewicke's is full of excellent work, and much above the average of novels; but, like that book, again, the general impression it leaves on the mind is hardly satisfying. The tale is so good that we feel that somehow it ought to have been better. Yet it is seldom, indeed, that we come upon a novel boasting three heroines so powerfully conceived and ably drawn as Margery Travers, Una Stapleton, and Lottie Spluck—such as they appear, at any rate, in the first two volumes of this story. Margery is a girl of regal beauty and high intellectual and artistic gifts, but with the taint in her both of her "bad Travers' blood," and of the evil associations of a Bohemian youth spent under the care of a most disreputable, though well-born father. She thinks the warm affection and gratitude she feels towards Allan Stapleton, the honest and manly young English gentleman who offers her his love, will be enough to make her a good and contented wife to him; but ere long finds out that her lover's goodness and devotion do not prevent him from boring her by his intellectual shortcomings and incapacity to understand her, and enter into the things that interest her; and the struggle between her desire to be loyal to her engagement, and her inward weariness of it and repugnance to fulfilling it, is depicted with much force. Nor are Una Stapleton, who looks so dove-like an *ingénue*, and is, in truth, so bold and unscrupulous an intriguer, and so dead at heart to everyone, but the abandoned *mauvais sujet*, whom she sees through and despises, though she cannot cease loving him; nor Lottie Spluck, the great American heiress, who is such a fascinating compound of worldliness and simplicity, childishness and depth of feeling, at all behind Margery herself in distinctness and individuality. It must be admitted, however, that neither character can be said to be well sustained to the end; and, indeed, the interest of the piece dies out by degrees long before we reach the conclusion, and both the story and its *dramatis personæ*, male and female, become vague, unsubstantial, and unreal, as though the author was weary and had ceased to keep any real "grip" upon her work. It is difficult to say precisely what it is in Miss Bewicke's stories that is apt to make us feel them less successful than with their many merits they ought to be; but perhaps it is that, being comparatively weak in constructive faculty, she is given to encumber herself with an over-complicated plot. Entanglements and surprises are not the materials best suited to her genius; and we should strongly recommend her, when thinking out the plan of her next novel, to be content with some very simple and readily intelligible story, and trust to her power of delineating character, and writing animated and pointed conversation for rendering it interesting. We are tolerably confident she would have no reason to regret the experiment.

"Sunshine and Snow," by Hawley Smart (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall).—Captain Hawley Smart's new novel forms very pleasant light reading, though we do not like it quite as well as "Bound to Win," chiefly, perhaps, because it is less concerned with race-horses, and more with human beings, and the author seems to us more at home and at his best with the former than the latter. Not that there is any lack of "sporting" matters in these pages. We have two steeple-chases, a description of "trolling" for a big pike on a lake during a hard frost, and another of the "roaring game" of "curling" as pursued on the ice in a Canadian winter, besides something about trotting matches and cock-fighting. The sketch of Mr. Campbell Macgregor, the French Canadian of Scotch descent, whose habitual speech is French and broken English, but who has so supreme a veneration for the language and customs of his Gaelic ancestors, a veneration which necessitates his imbibing numerous "Willie waughts" of neat whiskey, though they make him cough and get into his head, and his natural instincts incline to light claret, is especially good. As to the principal personages of the tale, Jim Hawksbury and his brother Hussar, Mr. Cherriton, or "the Clipper," Clarisse Lydon, and Letty Auriole, they are just the kind of young people whom we have often met before in Captain Hawley Smart's novels, and hope we may often meet again. We cannot but think, however, that the author is a little out in his psychology in his account of the causes that led to the ruin of George Auriole, *alias* Lydon, the ex-man-of-fashion, who has suffered social extinction for cheating at cards. Would a man whose passion for play was a passion for mere winning, quite independent of the pecuniary results of success, care for a victory achieved by cheating—a victory which he would know was no real triumph at all? We could almost as well suppose "the Champion" proud of vanquishing a rival with one arm in a sling.

"Ingerstein Hall and Chadwick Rise: a Story of the Thirty Years' War," by James Routledge (3 vols.: Tinsley).—This story, which is described as "an attempt to picture some phases of the Thirty Years' War in their Relation to England," embraces altogether the whole century from 1613, the date of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James the First, to the Elector Palatine, to 1714, the date of the accession of George the First, but deals more particularly with the period from 1625 to 1637. Among the historical personages introduced are Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and his famous Chancellor, Oxenstiern, Cardinal Richelieu, Wallenstein, and Count Tilly, whilst the fictitious characters are most of them certain members of the families of Ingerstein, Chadwick, Waye, and Prim, residing at Monkerton, a village to the south of London. Mr. Routledge—who, be it said, is an ardent champion of Protestantism, and of the cause of the Parliament against Charles the First—has treated his theme not without ability; but, from the length of time covered by the action, his tale is somewhat too sketchy, whilst the *dramatis personæ* crowd upon one another till one gets bewildered as to "who's who." Still, the book, if only for the care bestowed upon it, deserves to be spoken of respectfully.

"The New Paul and Virginia; or, Positivism on an Island," by W. H. Mallock, author of "The New Republic," &c. (Chatto and Windus).—Our estimate of Mr. Mallock's satire was sufficiently expressed in noticing it on its first appearance in the pages of the *Contemporary Review* for last April—viz., that, though undoubtedly clever here and there, as a whole it was rather forced and heavy, and did not succeed in so presenting the doctrines of Positivists and Materialists as to make us see them in a new light, but only in showing that they might be so represented as to be made to seem ridiculous—as, for the matter of that, might pretty well any system, religious or philosophical. But some of Mr. Mallock's hits are certainly felicitous; as, for instance, when the Positivist Professor, and the curate whom he has educated to be able "to give a reason for the want of faith that was in him," say good night to each other beneath the stars, "murmuring together that there was certainly no God, that Humanity was very important, and that everything was very solemn." Mr. Mallock has here added some "Notes" from the writings of Professor Tyndall, Professor Huxley, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and others, with the view of showing that the opinions he puts into the mouth of his Professor Paul Darnley are no caricature.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of the following works:—"Frank Allerton, an Autobiography," by Augustus Mongredien (3 vols.: Samuel Tinsley), a novel of the days of George the Second, which proves its author to be a man possessed of knowledge—even of somewhat recondite knowledge—and culture, but slenderly endowed with the special gifts of the novelist. It is, however, readable, and towards the close almost interesting. "Unto Which She was Not Born," by Ellen Gadestone (Samuel Tinsley), is a tale, fashioned after the model of Mr. Tennyson's "Lord of Burleigh," of a young lady who marries an earl, though all the while in love with a painter cousin, and then fades away under the pomps and cares of her new state of life, and unable, good as her husband is to her, to forget the old love. The story is not altogether a bad one; but as, save the last page or two, it is told by the heroine herself, she should not get so very near giving us an account of her own death. Also, "Loved and Unloved," by Harriet Davis (Samuel Tinsley), a story essentially tame and commonplace, though perhaps not worse than many another.



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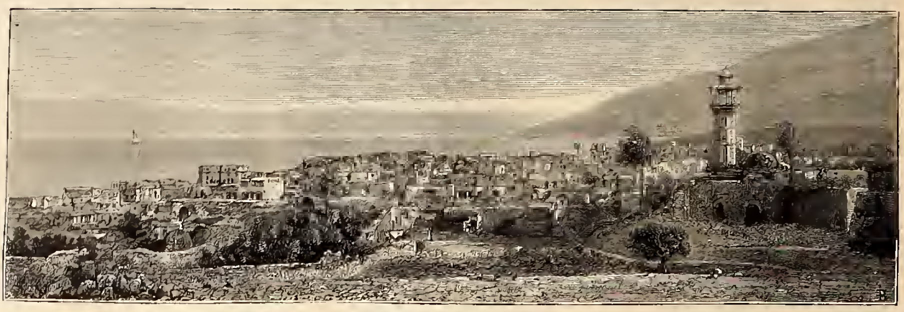
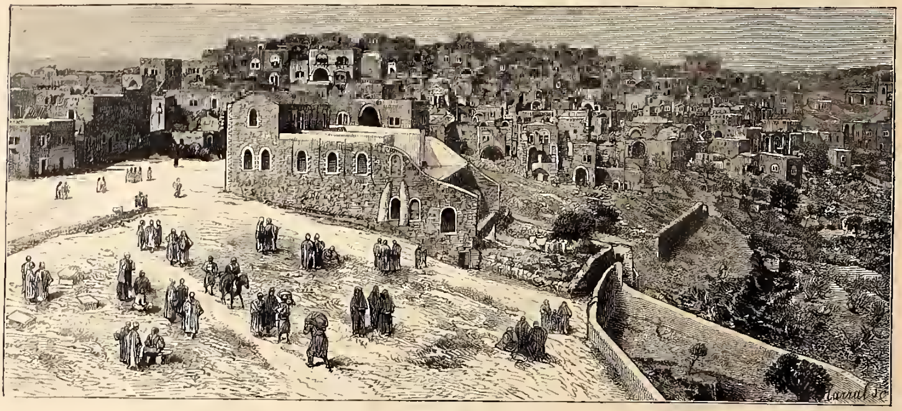
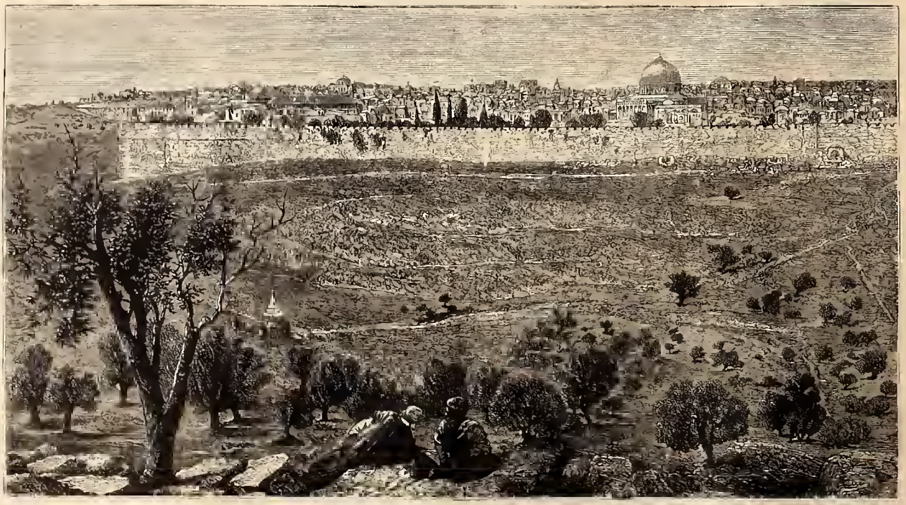


TIBERIAS, ON THE SEA OF GALILEE

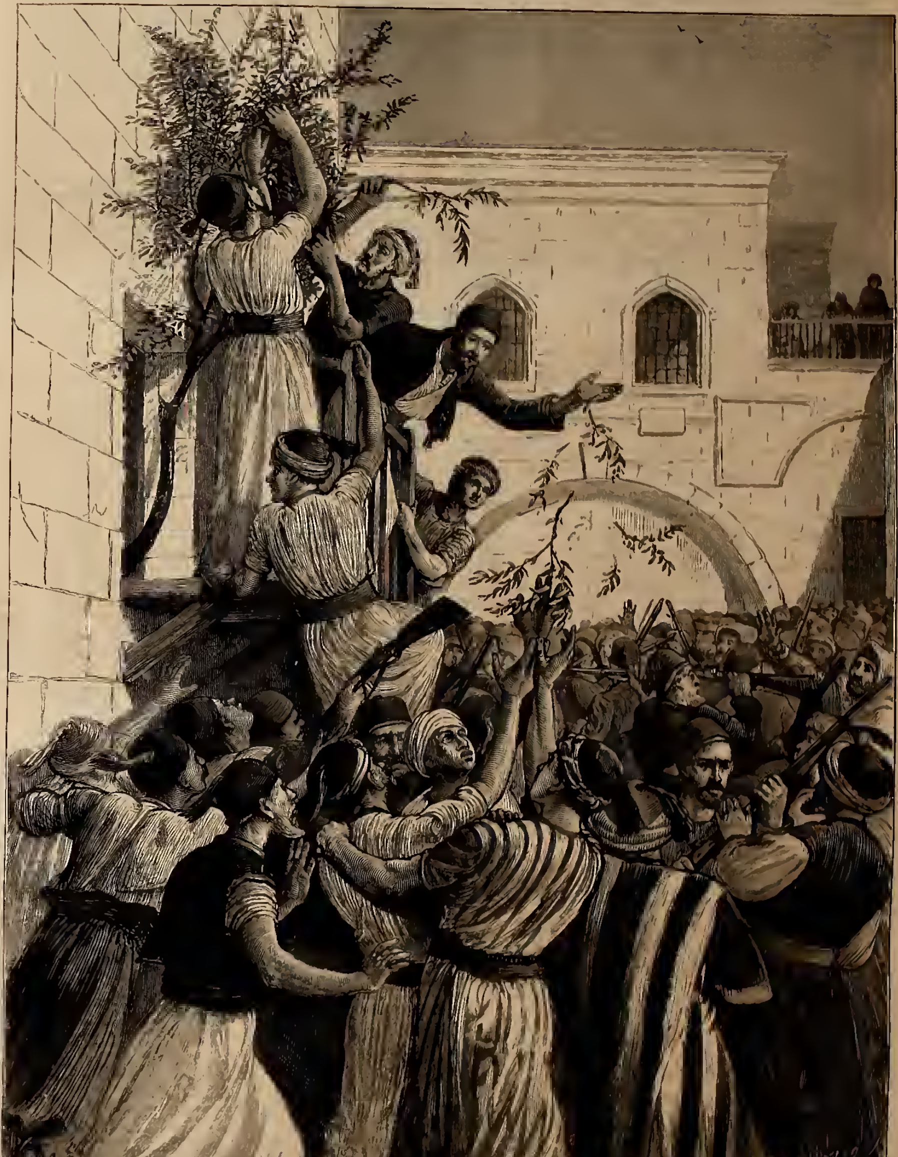


BETHLEHEM, FROM THE ROOF OF THE LATIN CONVENT



JERUSALEM, FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND



EASTER PILGRIMS AT JERUSALEM—STRUGGLING FOR THE TREE FROM GETHSEMANE

AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND

FASHIONS

Learned folks tell us that summer weather will last until September this season, therefore it behoves us to make preparations accordingly for our holiday trips at home and abroad. Those of our readers who are about to travel on the Continent we advise by no means to take any washing costumes, more especially those who are going to the Paris Exhibition; but, on the contrary, visitors to our English watering places cannot do better than provide themselves with some half-dozen or more of white cambric or sateen dresses, for the most part made short to clear the ground by four inches. An excellent plan with these costumes is to have a pleated flounce of batiste, with a scalloped edge at the top, fixed on a wide tape band, which can be firmly tacked upon the white dress. The flounce should be of a dark colour—Navy blue, cardinal red, myrtle green, mastic brown, or, better still, black; cuffs and a square collar to match. By way of variety, a *laveuse* tunic or broad scarf may be worn, edged with lace or embroidered muslin, and again the white costume may be made in battlements or scallops at the edge and the flounce placed *under* it. At the present season of "summer sales" Corah, pongee, and Japanese silks, are to be bought at a very reasonable price and will make foundation dresses light and cool, to be trimmed as above described. But there are days which are dark and dreary, for which we should be prepared in the shape of a good unshrinkable serge, made as simply as possible, trimmed with graduated rows of black braid, also *well shrunk* before putting on, so as to avoid that unseemly appearance which follows a heavy wetting when not thus provided against. With this costume should be worn a straw hat with a waterproof cover, or even a sou'-wester. For chilly sunshiny days we have seen some very stylish costumes made thus: short dress of white serge, Princess shape, double-corded at each seam with red or blue silk, on the skirt a double pleating of white, lined with the colour used, and turned down at irregular intervals. White soft felt hat, trimmed with a wing, and ribbons to match. Well-fitting shoes of kid or Spanish leather, laced up the front with coloured ribbon; stockings to correspond. At many French watering places may be seen hats, sensible, but most unbecoming, tilted over the eyebrows, so that the wearer can see nothing above her boot tips, and trimmed with cherries or blackberries hanging feebly downwards, or, worse still, woollen lumps which resemble nothing in nature. A becoming hat or bonnet of muslin to match the dress may be run up in half-an-hour, or on a straw foundation, carefully chosen to suit the face and figure of the wearer, any amount of variations may be effected. In spite of their clumsy sounding names we can assure our readers that oatcake and workhouse sheeting are light and cool fabrics most becoming to slender figures.

For visiting purposes dresses are often composed of three or four materials; for example, a petticoat of violet satin, trimmed with a frayed ruche of silk a lighter shade, over which is a cream-coloured damask silk *tablier*, embroidered at the edge in white, and violet chenille violets and leaves; long waistcoat of cream-coloured satin, embroidered in violets. Cream-coloured satin hat or bonnet, with shaded violet feather tips and long cream-coloured gauze veil, which is knotted at the front and fastened with a bunch of real or artificial violets.

Amongst the most fashionable and useful materials of the day is barége, a fabric which in Paris is very popular for bridal dresses. The *Revue de la Mode* gives the description of a most graceful bridal toilette made thus:

"The bridal dress of white barége was simply charming; it was made with a long train, gracefully draped, the only trimming a wide ruche of white satin and a long satin scarf-sash. Some wreaths of orange-blossom fell gracefully over the front of the dress. The hair was arranged in classical bands, which were divided by wreaths of orange-blossom. The dress of a relation of the bride was of lilac silver brocaded silk, the skirt trimmed with deep Castilian fringe, with a beading of lace-like gimp, white and lilac fringe which seemed to be composed of acorns and lilies of the valley; scarf, Louis XVI., in old point d'Alençon, with lilac bows. Bonnet with feathers, lilac and ornaments of point d'Alençon. Another most useful and economical material is *mousseline de laine*. A very elegant costume for a garden party was recently made thus: Dress of dead white *mousseline de laine*, on the skirt were six narrow flounces bound with Cardinal red satin; two wide scarfs crossed each other, embroidered at either edge with designs, in silk and crewel, of poppies and wheatears; the ends of the scarves were loosely knotted at the back and fastened with a large satin bow. Waistcoat, square collar and cuffs of red satin; cascade of Valenciennes lace down the front, ruffles at the throat and wrists. White silk stockings, with red clocks; black kid Queen Anne shoes, with red ribbon rosettes and bows across the instep. White chip hat, turned up on one side, lined with red satin, bouquet of poppies and wheatears. The same style looks well in rose pink, embroidered in roses of every shade, from white to the darkest crimson, evening-sky blue, with variegated ivy and bluebells, stone-colour with faded leaves of many hues, mastic brown with lilies of the valley, and last, but not least, black, which forms a background for any amount of colour and artistic designs.

Hats and bonnets are varied in form, material, and trimmings, from the simple white muslinette or batiste, made from the same material as the dress, and trimmed with a velvet or ribbon bow, to the dainty little bonnet composed almost entirely of ostrich feathers on the outside and under the brim, in white, with a rose or small bird—in pale blue, with a white water lily and leaves, in salmon pink, with a deep crimson rose.—A black net or chip hat or bonnet will be found most useful for country or seaside wear, as it may be trimmed with natural flowers, buttercups, daisies, wild roses, cornflowers, poppies, &c. Artificial fruit is also much worn—for example, plums, oranges, cherries, currants, black, white, and red, and strawberries.

In the present warm weather it is really a comfort to wear what is styled a dressing-gown, or morning robe, as long after noon as circumstances will permit, hence these costumes are made as tastefully as possible. Three robes of this description were recently shown to us. They were made thus: No. 1, of white striped cambric, trimmed with fine English embroidery, loose at the back; a plastron composed of seven strips of open work embroidery, lined with blue cambric, bows to correspond. No. 2, a Princess shape of dove-coloured *mousseline de laine*, with a plastron of poppy-coloured silk. No. 3 was of white Japanese silk, with a straggling pattern of Canterbury bells and variegated ivy. All three of these dresses were made loose, without sash or girdle.

Shoes and boots are now worn so pointed that we may shortly look forward to a revival of the fashion of fastening the tips by a chain or ribbon to the waistband. When not carried to extremes the pointed toes are much more becoming than the square to the feet. As to stockings they are now such works of art as to deserve to be displayed by the wearers of skirts at least six inches from the ground. Insertion of real lace is now introduced into silk stockings, and the result is that shapely ankles and insteps are made to look thick and clumsy.

From Paris amongst the latest novelties, are fancy bouquet holders in the shape of horns of plenty, lizards, serpents, and other reptiles; they are worn on the left side of the corsage or in the hat or bonnet, and contain a natural flower. Some of these bouquet-holders are very costly, but others are inexpensive, as the whim for these eccentricities will not last.

◆

ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS

INTRODUCTION

Earth no such Folks! no Folks e'er such a Town
As Paris is! sing Derry, derry down.

Be pleased to go up with me in a balloon and look down upon the world. You will find that all its roads lead just now to Paris; and that every road is crowded with travellers.

What do they all want to see?

A big bazaar, full of everything; so that *he who has seen Paris, shall have seen everything.*

They come from the East and from the West.

Fat John Bull is pulled up in a *fauteuil roulant.*

Lean Uncle Sam sits on a rocking-chair and swears "this *Exposition* whips Philadelphia."

Africa flits across the Mediterranean.

Europe and Asia get mixed up; and the little Japanese cannot make up his mind which he belongs to.

All the world and his wife—*et son père*—goes to Paris. And Paris triumphs, holding up her arts and her institutions for universal admiration, and the *sergent-de-ville* is in his glory.

Chapter I.

Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsi.

Of course we went to Paris, because Papa is an exhibitor, being the inventor of the celebrated boot-cleaning machine. You can guess how we all wished to see it, *the cynosure of every eye*, and hear what the world had to say to it.

So we took tickets for Paris, five in all, for Papa and Mamma; for us girls, Lilly and Lollie (that's me), and Charlie, the only boy—Mr. and Mrs., the Misses and Master Ogle, as *Galignani* had it in print.

We telegraphed to the "Chatham" for beds. Mamma chose that hotel because it had advertised *soap gratis.*

Papa was so provoking as to take second class tickets, and, of course, at Dover we found the *£ s. ds.* on the boat, so had to crouch behind a mountain of luggage.

Our portmanteaus and band-boxes, carefully labelled FRAGILE, were hurled down a sort of avalanche on to the deck. *Somebody's luggage* exploded in the act. The somebody was leaning against the mountain reading, with a happy smile on his face.

We were too much engaged to bother about *our* luggage. We sat in "a line" and pondered whether we should or should not be "sick."

Lily determined to prevent it by fasting; I by eating; mamma by lying down; papa by standing up and holding a rope tight; Charlie didn't care. We were *all* sick. The sea was quite calm. It was nothing but the hideous display of mops and basins which made us so.

Then the train!—Dust and heat insufferable tempered by *bores!* A young Englishman, who had bought a French novel at Calais, "to get up the literature of the country," kept saying, "Oh, oui, oui, n'est ce pas." It was like the note of a *brain-fever* bird on a hot day in India.

An American, as we passed the Seine, asked boldly whether that was a branch of the *Scene.*

An old Englishman insisted on unpacking a large trunk to get out a dust coat.

Suddenly, as we were going our fastest, a head popped in at the window, and demanded "tickets."

How mamma started! and how papa fumed, for our tickets were in the deepest depths of his trowsers pocket, and we were packed as the French pack sardines.

At last Paris and an omnibus to the hotel! Charlie sat on the box with the driver—a surly man, for Charlie said, "Many English in Paris?" "Aye," said the coachman, with a crack of his whip, "and *Russians, too.*"

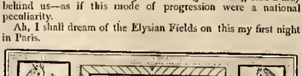
Then a grand ascent of staircases, up to the seventh heaven of the "Chatham." From our bedroom we ought to have a magnificent view of Paris. We rushed to the window and saw—only *a stack of chimney pots.*

We were late for *table d'hôte*, but after dining privately, we hurried to the Champs Elysées. Oh, how mysterious those long dark alleys of trees! how romantic the flash of the fountain in the moonbeams! Very soon we are craning our necks amongst a crowd to look over a rhododendron hedge at a theatre embowered in trees, sparkling with a thousand lanterns.

At the gate of this paradise (*café chantant*) we stood disconsolate, for papa would not let us go in.

He took us to the Cirque d'Été instead. We need not have come to Paris to see *that*, but we met here a *most popular Englishman* in the person of the *clown*. In this profession, at least, we are allowed to excel. Our countryman had a way of jerking himself forward in a sitting posture, without the aid of hands or feet. "Un vrai Jean Boul" (John Bull), said a lady behind us—as if this mode of progression were a national peculiarity.

Ah, I shall dream of the Elysian Fields on this my first night in Paris.



THE READER

The charming papers—reprints, in part, from the *Cornhill*, the *Saturday*, &c.—now published, by Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill, under the title of "Dr. Johnson, his Friends, and his Critics" (Smith, Elder, and Co.), will be, to admirers of the great eighteenth century lexicographer, like the discovery of some new treasure. As chapters of biography, they bring to light more than one fact and clear up more than one disputed point. As studies of a character, the most interesting, perhaps, to English tastes of the literary characters of all time, they help us everywhere to a survey of it from fresh and novel points of view. Not their least service in this latter field is the effectiveness with which the author—himself an old *alumnus* of Johnson's college—sets before us Johnson as a true and loving son of Oxford, a character largely formed of Oxford influences and teaching. By most of us, perhaps, this side of Johnson's individuality has been, to say the least, imperfectly appreciated. We are apt to recall the legend of the poor scholar's worn-out shoes, the truer story of the visit to the Master of Pembroke, the coldly civil reception, the neglect to subscribe for even one copy of the Dictionary, and to put *Alma Mater* from our thoughts with the sentence sternly passed upon her by Johnson's junior, Gibbon; to think of Johnson solely as a Londoner of the Londoners, the literary Bohemian well known to Cave and Savage, the literary dictator of an after time, but not a man in the formation of whose character Oxford had even a larger share than Lichfield; to forget how dear Oxford always was to Johnson, from those youthful years when first "the fever of renown burned from the strong contagion of the gown." to the years of shattered health and full-grown fame when he could still take heartiest delight in parading her streets in his new and handsome Master's gown, and enjoy nothing more than doing the honours of his retired little college—"nest of singing birds" as, mindful of the many minor poets to which Pembroke had given birth, he loved to call it—to his dear Hannah More. Were it, indeed, only for this study of "the Doctor" as a true-born product of our eldest University, Dr. Hill's volume would amply repay perusal. But it is also very much more than this. It falls into a three-fold division—a delightful picture of Johnson's Oxford, rich in minute and lively details, and rendered glorious (from the biographer's point of view) by the happy discovery among the musty battel-books of Christ Church of the special entry which by indirect evidence fixes beyond a doubt the long-disputed date when Johnson ceased to be in residence as an undergraduate; a critique, delicate and exact, though at times, perhaps, somewhat strained too far, of the Rembrandtesque and effective, but not always strictly accurate, portraits of Johnson and his set by his later critics, Macaulay and Carlyle; and, last, a group of sketches of Johnson's friends, Goldsmith, Topham Beauclerk, Bennet Langton—all good, the last two admirable. It is not too much to say that it is a volume which will henceforth be indispensable to all who would form a full conception of Johnson's many-sided personality.

In default—more pity that it should be so—of the staunch readers of the olden type whose healthy appetites could digest ten volumes of "one of the best biographies in the world" and pass contemptuously by the abridgment in 800 pages, we could wish no better substitute for Lockhart's "Life of Scott"—no abler miniature after a master portrait—than that which Mr. R. H. Hutton furnishes in "Scott" (Macmillan and Co.), the new volume of Mr. John Morley's series of "Englishmen of Letters." Aims, work, and incidents—the story of the life—are so faithfully condensed from Lockhart's volumes that criticism of Mr. Hutton's narrative would be criticism of Lockhart himself. Yet something may be said for the broad and genial sympathy with which Scott is treated in his weakness and his strength, in his dreams of building up a feudal family and his battle single-handed against the storm his carelessness had evoked, as for the thoroughly artistic estimate—however tastes may differ on some of its minor points—of the literary worth of the Romances and the Poems. A better volume could hardly be found to revive the interest of the mass of readers in a genius and a personality whose claims, once universally acknowledged, are now in many quarters all but ignored.

Whatever views may be held of Homer and the Homeric poems—of all the perplexing questions, in fact, which have come to make up a special science of "Homerology"—there can be but one opinion of the ability and the fulness, in the smallest possible space, with which these questions are treated by Mr. Gladstone in his "Homer," the new number of "Literature Primers" (Macmillan and Co.).—That Homer was an actual personage, an Achaian Greek of the pre-Doric period; that he composed the two epics commonly ascribed to him much in the shape in which we have them now; that their production and preservation, with only slight corruptions of the text, in an age when writing was unknown, present no insuperable difficulties to those who estimate aright the powers of a practised memory and the prevailing custom of public recitations; and that the theory of the "Chorizontes," or "Separators"—the writers who assigned a different authorship to the "Iliad" and to the "Odyssey"—is supported neither by external nor internal evidence, are the main theses which Mr. Gladstone defends at starting. These once established, we next proceed to consider the artistic scope and perfectness of the poems as national epics of the noblest class, and to extract from them that which, under any theory of their origin, they must be admitted to contain—a system of the religion and the polity, the morals and the arts of pre-historic Greece. We know not how far Mr. Gladstone's views will quite command the assent of foreign scholars. To ourselves he seems a little to overrate the internal evidence from artistic skill, and hardly to allow enough for a frequent simplicity in thought and style—as of the imaginative childhood of the world—not inconsistent with the theory of divided authorship. There can be no doubt that the question—one, after all, of greater or less probability—is admirably stated, and the reconstruction, out of the poems themselves, of primitive customs and beliefs as sound as it is tasteful.

The common-sense, but somewhat easy-going, Broad Churchism of the lectures and addresses against Disestablishment, now reprinted by Thomas Hughes, Q.C., under the title of "The Old Church" (Macmillan and Co.), will commend them more, we fear, to tolerant laymen of no particular Church party than to those ardent disciples of greater strictness in dogma and in practice by whom—whether they go to the right or to the left—the fate of Churches, national or independent, seems more and more likely to be decided. Yet it is a volume full of much sound thought and ready argument from the point of view of the politician, if not of the sectarian. The most effective, as well as the most instructive chapter, that on Voluntarism *in excelsis* in the United States, with its invariable tendency to narrow everywhere the entrance to the Churches and leave outside an ever-increasing *residuum* to the sole spiritual power that will take them, Rome—seems particularly worthy of attentive consideration.

The fragrance of the woodland and the river bank—not the wild forest or the rushing torrent of untamed lands, but the trim plantations and the lazy streams of central and southern England—seems to cling to the pleasant little volume "The Game-Keeper at Home," a reprint from the *Pall Mall Gazette* (Smith, Elder, and Co.). It is full of things that the lover of woodcraft likes to know and read about—the haunts of hare and rabbit, where the hedgerows are full of gaps, or the chalk shoots up from the bramble-covered ground in tiny precipices, the ways of hawk and ousel and marauding crow, the difficulties that beset the keeper's path in breeding time, or the plots and counter-plots of watcher and poacher, where the meadows by the plantations are scored across with village "rights of way." A volume that only the true lover of the country will enjoy, but that he will enjoy very much indeed.

It is doubtless most desirable to learn to read with proper emphasis; yet we almost question whether Mr. George Vandenhoff's "Art of Reading Aloud" (S. Low and Co.), with its puzzling array of bars, and notes, and arrow-heads, and accents, and endless rules for "orotund," or *ore rotundo* elocution, is quite the book to which we should commit ourselves, except upon compulsion. It is doubtless very true, and very sensible; but it reminds us irresistibly of Mr. Weller's saying about "going through a great deal to learn so little."

A useful little essay on "Singing," by Fred. Penna (Tinsley Brothers), in which the patient sufferer from "Books of the Words" will be glad to note among the first requisites for good singing, the distinct and proper pronunciation of consonants and vowels, and a trio of psalters—"The Proper Psalms," with Notes and Short Explanation (W. R. Bowden, Oxford; W. W. Gardner, London): "The Magdalen Psalter," or the Psalms and Canticles Pointed for Chanting, by Messrs. Tuckwell and Stainer (Bowden, Oxford; Mowbray, London): and "Canticles and Psalter Festival and Ferial," Pointed for the Gregorian Chant, by the Rev. J. B. Gray (Bowden, Oxford; Mowbray, London), hardly require lengthier notice.

"Rob Rat: a Story of Barge Life" (Wesleyan Conference Office).—In the little unpretending book before us the unspeakable misery and vicious brutality of the lives of the population of our canal barges is depicted with a simple but telling truth; the author evidently having a full acquaintance with his subject. With a realism that is almost ghastly he draws a painful picture of desolate toil and drunken vice—of men, women, and children literally wallowing in utter filth and wretchedness. The book can scarcely fail in its object, which is to direct attention to this fearful state of things; though in what way reform is to be commenced is a question not very easy of solution. It is dedicated to Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, whose exertions first brought the matter into prominence, and whose name is doubtless familiar to many.

We have already, in former years, called our reader's attention to the excellent "Practical Guides for Tourists," published by Trübner and Co., and we will only say that the new edition of the "Practical Continental Guide" for 1878 is in every way as deserving of praise as its predecessors, and fully justifies the promise on its title page—that it enables tourists to see all that ought to be seen in the shortest period and at the least expense. The Guide relates to France, Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, Germany, the Tyrol, Switzerland, Savoy, and Italy, and contains an immense amount of information of all kinds, briefly and tersely given. The condensed guide to Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, the German Spas, and South Germany, is also worthy of high commendation.

RURAL NOTES

The Cattle Bill.——"Report Progress." Such have been the words used during the last three or four weeks "in season and out of season" about this ill-advised measure. The Duke of Richmond, a breeder of no mean note—a landlord who cares for his tenantry—might have had more consideration for himself and other fellow-breeders before he framed it. He seems to have forgotten, that the Bill was like a two-edged sword; nay, more than that, that it would not only cut both ways against those rearing long pedigreed stock in this country, but had as it first stood a direct thrust at the consumers of meat produced out of lineaged cattle. Under this heading, on the 8th June, it was noted that the Cattle Bill "excited an unusually animated discussion in the House of Lords, and that no persuasion or taunts could induce the Duke of Richmond to alter his resolution to have all foreign animals slaughtered at the port of debarkation, except Americans." Where are we now? Or, rather, where is his Grace when the Bill goes back as amended, emasculated, of none effect from the Lower House? We shall perhaps learn something definite before grouse shooting begins.

The Weather.——Hay has been dear enough, why should it not be cheap? Neither in Ireland, England, nor Scotland, have we had so heavy a crop for many years as in the present, nor so beautiful a season for storing it in good condition. But a failing exists both in Scotland and Ireland of often delaying to secure the hay until the weather breaks, and all the sweetness and much of the nutrition have been taken away. In the course of the past fortnight there have been terrific thunderstorms—in Wales specially, where many cattle and sheep were struck down by lightning and human beings miraculously escaped. The crops, so far as we have seen and can learn, have not suffered so much as might have been expected—there are not many corn-fields "laid," and only here and there potato stems are battered down. The rain has done much good to the aftermath, and the sheet-lightning contributed to the ripening of the grain.

The Show Season.——One would scarcely believe, to look at the jovial rubicund faces of the farmers who go the round of the shows (whose numbers at present are legion), that they were such poor ill-treated wretches as some of their would-be representatives affirm. They talk at these gatherings, of course, of the merits of this or that particular animal—doubt, as becometh them—a bounden duty almost, the justice of the judgments, but "aye the burden of their sang" is oh, for more security of tenure and fewer restrictions in leases. Agricultural shows are becoming too much alike. They are not now adding much to the education of agriculturists. The same animals are paraded from showyard to showyard, from the Land's End to John o' Groat's, with, so far as we can observe, no other earthly reason than taking prize-money, and affording different judges opportunities to arrive at varying conclusions, upon grounds no more definite than touch and symmetry and points never calculated up as they ought to be. When an animal has passed successfully through all the stages of the prize list it is, in our humble opinion, fitting time that he should retire into the herd, or go into a caravan.

Harvest Prospects.——So far as the writer's experience goes they are favourable to husbandmen. The *Farmer* takes a very hopeful view. It says: "The crops of 1878 are standing at the present date (last Monday) in a satisfactory state all over the country. Of the wheat crop the estimate may be put at thirty bushels per acre, yielding a total of about thirteen million quarters, say three million quarters over last year's deficient harvest. Probably the total money value of the 1878 harvest of all crops, including hay, over that of 1877, will not be less than 50,000,000*l.* sterling."

Miscellaneous.——Mr. Fletcher N. Menzies, the courteous secretary of the Highland and Agricultural Society, has been presented with a cheque of 1,156*l.* and a silver tankard for the services he has rendered the Society.—The Colorado beetle has been relegated to the limbo from whence it sprang. A new danger, we are told, has arisen in Ireland, not to the potatoes, thank goodness, the staple food, but to the turnips this time. Major Borrowes has discovered a caterpillar, "or small green worm," whose whereabouts had not been noted—since the days of St. Patrick, we were going to say—but for twenty-five years, the Major puts it. This villainous little worm has a peculiar taste. It destroys "all the leaves except the centre one," and, having done so, "shows wonderful powers of getting over the ground." It is to be hoped its fraternity will be stopped before getting over other ground than the twelve acres of the Major in the County Kildare.—The old story is that, if you want anything well done, do it yourself. To plough land without the intervention of anchor or rope has frequently been tried and not succeeded, because the motive power made indentations too deep in the land to recover itself, let alone the plough it was dragging. We have seen a model of a traction engine invented by Mr. Edwards, Kansas, U.S., that looks as if it could accomplish the task wherein Boydell and others have failed, of going over the land with its cultivating apparatus without sinking. We should be pleased to see it in actual work.

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OUR CLIMATE

Jones would lose half the delights of his month's holiday if, on his return from the "Continong," he could not descant in rapturous expletives upon the blue skies and the glorious sunshine in which he has bathed himself abroad. "What a change from the cloud, and rain, and fog of this beastly place!" he exclaims. Jones, having read the constant diatribes against the English climate, in which the newspapers are so fond of indulging, and pinning his faith entirely upon those facetious articles, is fully convinced that clouds, rain, fog, and easterly winds are the peculiar properties of this country, and utterly unknown in that vague and favoured territory, the "Continong." As he usually makes his trip in the very finest season of the year, he is not disappointed. It is, as a rule, tolerable weather, even in his own doleful land, during the months of August and September; we see the sun occasionally, an icy easterly wind does not blow every day, and link-boys do not drive a very flourishing trade at that period; but, while Jones is roasting in the streets of Paris, or taking a Turkish bath upon the lower ascents of Mont Blanc, he pictures those evils to be the lot of the wretched who are doomed to remain in Britain. If he went to Paris in March, he would be rather disillusionised; his nose might be bitten by a north-easter, his cheeks beaten by sharp sleet, and he might some nights find himself enveloped in a good thick yellow fog of which London might be envious; for Lutetia no longer deserves the praise of Benvenuto Cellini, who pronounced its atmosphere to be clearer than even that of Italy. There were no coal fires in his day.

Where are we to go, to what land, to find this wonderful contrast to the English climate? A study of the weather-tables in *The Times* will show us that the weather in the capital of France is pretty much like the weather in the capital of England at all times. If it be cold in the one place, it is seldom balmy in the other; if we are drenched with rain, our neighbours cannot altogether dispense with umbrellas. Our spring is the worst time of all the year; but even their villainies are often in good company. When, two or three years ago, we were snowed up and frozen up in April, the same blessings were extended to Bordeaux and its neighbourhood, and even to Rome. I can hear Jones growing very angry, and raving about Provence and the South—the sunny South! Well, we have our sunny south, too. The south-west of England has a charming climate; in Cornwall and Devon, and even in Hampshire, the myrtles grow twenty feet high, and trail about the labourers' cottages, and fuchsias attain the size of trees. In the first-named county, orange, and lemon, and cork trees, the American aloe, and almost any tropical shrub or tree, will flourish in the open air: and the winters are mild, sunny, and snowless. Would any person, for comfort's sake, exchange the climate of green, genial Ventnor, taking both all the year round, for that of parched up and torrid Toulon? or for the scorching summer and bitter winter of Madrid? At poetic Verona, the icy winds that come down the mountains in winter are far keener than any we should experience in the Isle of Wight. And we have no mistral in our south. Crossing the Atlantic, have we anything so unendurable as the climate of New York? Sunstroke in the summer, frost-bite in the winter; and, as to fickleness, listen to what the elder Matthews wrote about it in one of his letters:—"It is neither the cold of winter nor the heat of summer that injures the constitution of a European, but the changeableness of the weather—one day muslin and lace too much to bear; next, flannels and furs insufficient; while, at Boston, it was one day 12 deg. below zero, the next 25 deg. above." I have heard people even lean with a preference towards the Russian climate." Fancy a St. Petersburg winter. A writer thus describes it:—"Snowing and freezing, with intervals of slush, from November to April. If you have not heavy furs on, you are frozen to death, nipped by the ice-cold winds, sent home to bed with toothache, or rheumatism, or congestion of the lungs. If you muffle yourself up warm, you are obliged to crawl at a snail's pace, groaning beneath a load of wraps, one advantage of which is that it breaks your fall as you slide full length upon the slippery pavement." There are besides such trifles as the loss of a nose or a couple of fingers to which Jack Frost has taken a fancy. Surely there is nothing so very enviable in all this.

It is a characteristic of human nature to reverse Hamlet's advice, and to prefer flying to ills that it knows not of rather than endure those it has. The unparalleled brutality of our climate is so frequently dinged into our ears by natives and foreigners, that it is a part of our gospel to believe it unique; yet Nathaniel Hawthorne, who had been a traveller in many countries, who was not, to say the least, an ardent admirer of things British, had the courage to say he considered our climate, with all its faults, the best in the world. There is scarcely a day throughout the year in England in which it is so cold, or so hot, or so rainy that open-air exercise is impossible at any hour throughout the twenty-four. How few countries can justify the same boast!

I do not attempt to assert that our climate is nearly as good as that of France or Italy; but "the travelled" indulge in such exaggerated enthusiasm over those countries, regard them through such a roseate atmosphere, that if they be secretly disappointed with the reality, as compared with their imaginings, they would not acknowledge it for the world, but would rather hide the disappointment under increased enthusiasm. Even Italy is not always innocent of leaden skies, and slush, and snow; and the sunset mists of Nice and the exhalations of the Campagna are far more deadly than "a London particular." Some of our illusions about the transcendent Eastern climate have been rudely disturbed by the letters of the special correspondents during the late war; the descriptions they wrote of their sufferings from rain and cold nights would have been very appropriate to a winter journey through the Scottish Highlands, but read very strangely when applied to the land of the rose. All things considered, with Hastings, Ventnor, Bournemouth, Torquay, and Penzance, we are not such a wonderful distance behind even the countries that can boast of Cannes, Nice, and Mentone.

H. Barton Baker

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HOLIDAY THOUGHTS ON SEA VOYAGES

The old question of "Where shall we go?" has probably been, or is being, asked by thousands of people at this time. To get to the sea seems to be the prevailing idea; and there is no doubt that for those who habitually live in a large town or city the sea-air is the great restorative.

Those who are rich enough to travel generally prefer the Continent, and, if they settle down, take up their abode at some foreign watering-place. But the mass of English people who take a regular autumnal holiday frequent our own seaside resorts. These places are not without considerable disadvantages. People leave comfortable and even luxurious homes to go into dingy lodgings, and find, with the rent of them, that their household expenses are doubled, and probably trebled. They sleep in uncomfortable beds (sometimes more than uncomfortable), they sit in rooms furnished with faded carpets and curtains, with a suspicion of a good deal of dust buried in them. The tables are generally ricketty, and the chairs seem to have been made to suit beings of a different shape from our own.

And there seems no way out of this discomfort, as we have not yet in this country arrived at the art of comfortable hotel life at a minimum price. It is true that there are hotels that have a fixed charge that sounds moderate; but a long list of "extras" makes up for the moderation.

However, we bear all this discomfort of seaside lodging-houses, because we think we can get out of the dingy rooms, *if the weather is fine*, and stroll by the sea. The sea-air does us good, and we go back to our work refreshed; but somehow we don't feel quite satisfied. We begin to think we have spent a great deal of money on our holiday, and we might have done more. Then next year the same old question comes again as to where we shall go, and the calculation as to what it will cost, and we begin to wonder whether we couldn't get more enjoyment from the money. We enumerate all the places, and decide that this is too crowded, and that too common, and the other too dull.

If there is a family of children for whom autumn arrangements must be made, there is no way out of the difficulty, unless the parents will consent to part with them for a time, and then they could not be better placed than at a farm-house, or some place in the open country. Sea-air is not an absolute necessity to children, unless they are of scrofulous or scorbutic habit. It is the brain-worn, weary man, who wants the iodine and bromine and ozone that the sea will give him.

For children the open country and good farm produce for food is the very best thing; and of such food there is generally a scarcity in a crowded seaside place.

The writer's experience of the cure for a really overworked brain is a sea voyage. Not a coasting voyage to Scotland or any neighbouring place, but a voyage right out in the deep blue sea. One is accustomed to think of it as a very terrible affair. There may be sea-sickness, of course, which is unpleasant; but if the way of travelling is wisely chosen, there need be none of the horrors we have been accustomed to associate with a sea voyage. Some of the mail steamers are now so admirably appointed that a week or two can be spent very pleasantly in them. It is true the sleeping berths are small—for a large person—but they are scarcely less uncomfortable than a lodging-house bed.

One is so absolutely lazy on board ship. The brain *must* rest, for it quite refuses to work. There are no newspapers or letters or telegrams to disturb one. You are not continually pulled up, as when travelling by rail, at stations whose walls are covered with glaring advertisements, which so fix themselves on the mind that they become a regular nightmare. You do nothing all day, and you are quite content with doing nothing. You have not that restless feeling which you have on land, that makes you complain of *ennui*. And you can always find amusement in your fellow-passengers. It is astonishing how many people of original character you meet on board ship; at least you fancy they are all original. There is great variety in the human mind, and you have time to find it out; and it is probable that there are several amongst the passengers who have travelled much, and have much to say.

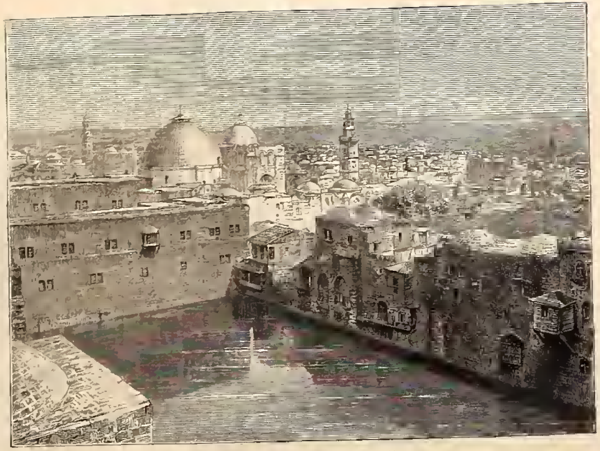
Then there is equality and good fellowship on board, and that does good for a change. The first-class passengers are probably of all grades from a peer to a tradesman. On shore the tradesman would be the peer's most humble servant, but on board everybody is equal, except the captain, and he is the king. This freedom from conventionalism for a time is refreshing, and gives one an opportunity of better knowing one's fellow creatures. Those who had very magnificent ideas of a lord, find he is only an ordinary mortal with well-bred quiet manners; and the higher class people may parchance find out that there is a good deal of humanity in those whom they have been accustomed to despise, and that a grammatical form of speech is not always necessary to express a noble sentiment.

Then it does one good to talk to the sailors and to see how cheerfully they work, and how cheaply they hold their lives; and the captain and officers are nearly always interesting men.

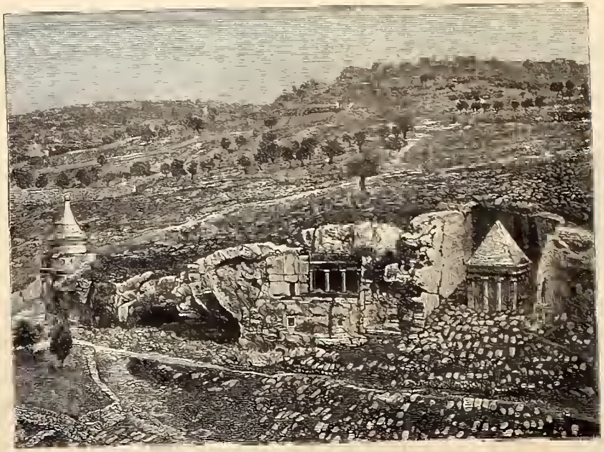
It is surprising how soon one gets an appetite at sea. You begin to look out for meal-times, and find yourself eating three good meals a day, with an occasional snack at the bar. You become quite astonished at your own powers in the way of eating.

The length of the journey must depend on the purse and inclination of the traveller and the time at his disposal. Several tracks might be indicated, as there are good steamers on most of the lines; but one that can be specially recommended as convenient for any one having only a short holiday, is a trip to Madeira. It is advisable to choose one of the newer vessels, as being easier of movement, and containing all the latest improvements. It is a six or seven days' run from the Docks, in good open water after the Channel is passed. Madeira is a beautiful and interesting place, and there is an English hotel, Miles's, where the accommodation is most excellent, and the charges much lower than in England. The stay here might be as long or short as the traveller pleased. A fortnight can be very agreeably spent in making excursions in this land of sunshine and flowers, and, unless it is the rainy season, fine weather is pretty certain. Then there is Teneriffe within twenty-four hours' reach, which is also very interesting.

The overworked man, who, having a month to spare, makes this journey, will find when he reaches the Docks on his return voyage that he can step lightly off the ship, and return to his business with a heavy burden cast away from him. He will feel that he can fight any difficulties and do any amount of work; and he will discover that he has the spring of youth in his movements that he thought he had lost for ever.

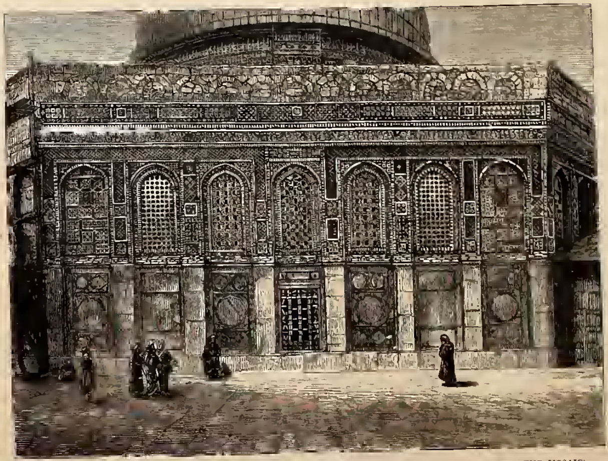


THE POOL OF HEZEKIAH, JERUSALEM



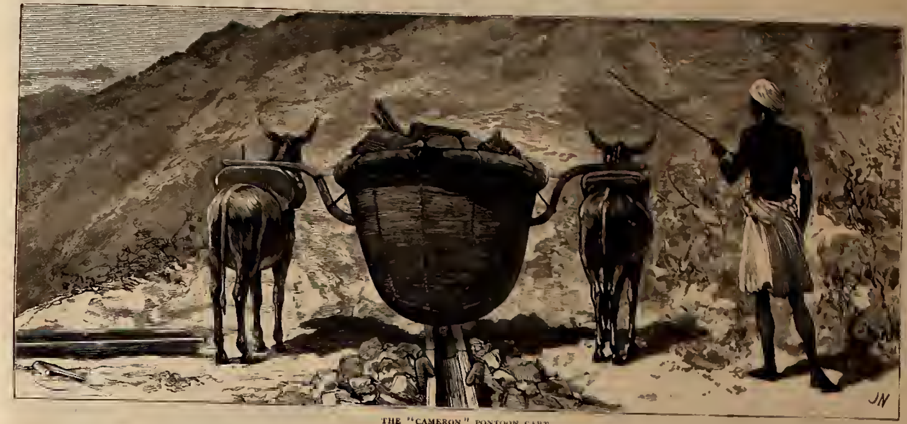
THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT—TOMBS OF ABSALOM, ZACHARIAS, AND ST. JAMES

ONE OF THE LARGEST OF THE CEDARS OF LEBANON

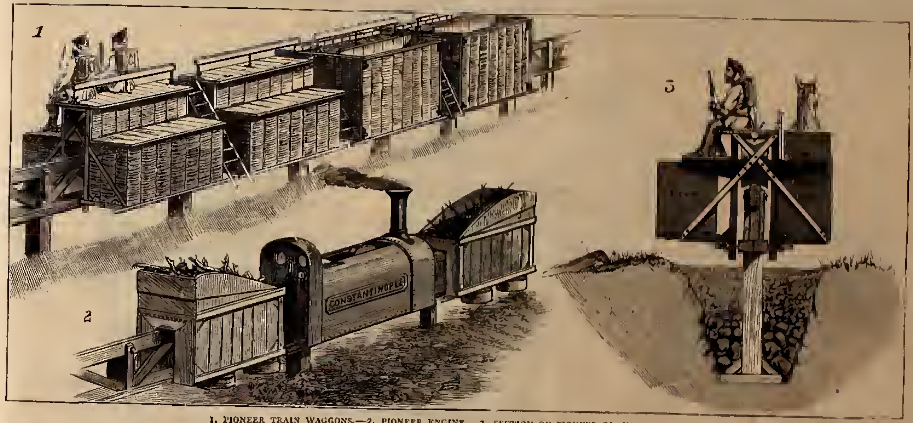


THE MOSQUE OF OMAR, WEST FRONT, SHOWING THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE BUILDING BEFORE THE MOSAICS

AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND



THE "CAMERON" PONTOON CART



1. PIONEER TRAIN WAGGONS.—2. PIONEER ENGINE.—3. SECTION OF PIONEER TRAIN-WAGGONS

PROPOSED PIONEER RAILWAY IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE PIONEER RAILWAY

(Continued from page 115)

to the extent of 90*l*.—At the Chester Assizes, two gamekeepers have respectively recovered 65*l*. and 50*l*. damages from their late employer, Captain Parr, a county magistrate, who, suspecting that they were dealing dishonestly with his rabbits, had them confined in a lock-up for more than a month before bringing them before the magistrates, by whom the charge was immediately dismissed.—On Sunday last, fifty-four of the inmates of the Mount St. Bernard Roman Catholic Reformatory in Leicestershire attacked their gaolers and made their escape, after arming themselves with bludgeons, knives, and stones. Forty-three of them were recaptured and taken back, but in the struggle one of them stabbed a policemen, for which offence he is now in custody at Loughborough.—The *Echo* says that last Sunday at Cobridge, near Hanley, two married women engaged in a "prize fight." A ring was formed, the combatants used their teeth as well as their fists, and after three rounds, one who was "severely bitten," retired. Where were the police?—The trial of the Spaniard Garcia for the wholesale murder in Monmouthshire has been postponed. He was hooted and hissed on the way from the gaol to the court-house, and again on his return.—A shocking occurrence took place a fortnight since at the East End of London. A boy, aged five years, being told by his mother to rock the cradle in which lay his baby brother, replied passionately, "I don't want to rock it," and on his mother leaving the room for a moment, he got a large nail and struck the child under the eye. The baby died, and at the inquest one of the jury wished to legally punish the child, and contested the verdict for a quarter-of-an-hour, but ultimately a verdict of "death from misadventure" was returned.—In South London another boy, aged eight, on Saturday last shot his sister, aged three, with a revolver. The girl died, and the result of the inquest was a verdict of "Death from misadventure," coupled with a censure on the children's foster parent for his carelessness in leaving the weapon about. The boy, on being questioned, said "I took up the pistol and pulled something, when it went off. I did not know what it was;" and added that he did not think it was a real pistol.—At Hereford, a girl of thirteen has been sent to prison for six months for attempting to poison her mistress by tampering with her medicine.—A thermometer maker at Islington committed suicide last week in a fit of passion, caused by finding a skewer in some meat served to him at supper.

DEATH.

On the 14th ult., at Geneva, the Rev. CHARLES VANSITTART (formerly Rector of Shottesbrooke and Vicar of White Waltham, Berks), nephew of the late Earl of AUCKLAND, Governor-General of India.

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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVIII.—No. 454
Printed on Thin Paper for Foreign Post

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1878

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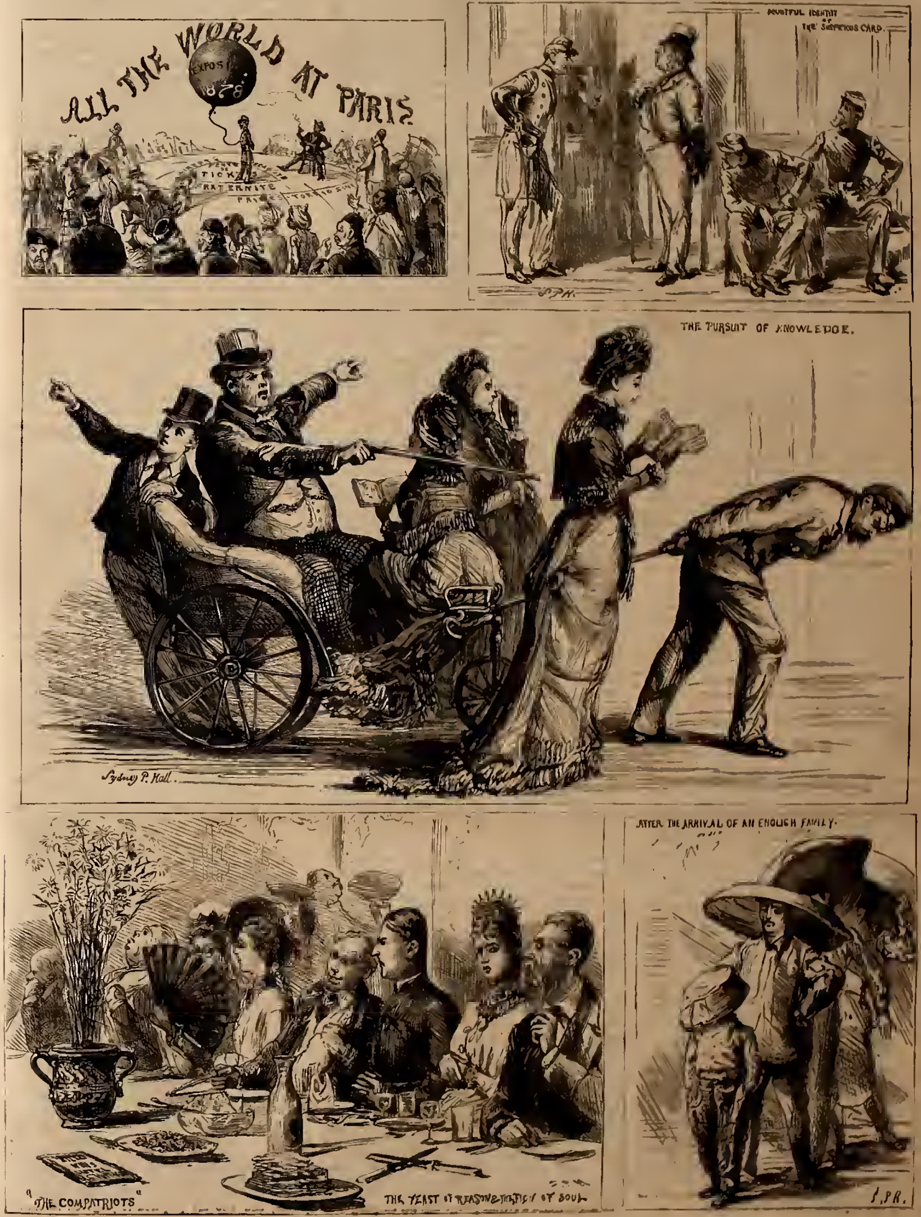
ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS
EXPOSI 1878
FRATERNITE
DOUBTFUL IDENTITY OF THE SUSPICIOUS CARD.
S.P.H.
THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.
Sydney P. Hall.
AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF AN ENGLISH FAMILY.
S.P.H.
"THE COMPATRIOTS"
THE FEAST OF REASON & THE FLOW OF SOUL

ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS, II

Topics of the Week

England and the East.——It may be hoped that we have now entered upon a time of comparative repose in regard to the Eastern Question. The opinion of the nation has been formally asked through its representatives; and Parliament could not have given a plainer or more decisive answer. Everything indicates that the country, taken as a whole, cordially sides with the Ministry. It may not have approved every step taken during an exciting and dangerous crisis; but it is inclined to forget mistakes that may have been committed, and to look to the future rather than to the past. No one who watches public opinion carefully will, however, assert that all anxieties have been finally allayed. People feel more and more that the enterprise we have undertaken is one of vast proportions, and Ministers cannot be said to have thrown much light on the manner in which it is to be fulfilled. In his speech at the Guildhall, indeed, Lord Beaconsfield was most emphatic in his assurances that the Convention with Turkey is a reality, and that no time will be lost in the attempt to carry out its provisions. Sir Stafford Northcote spoke in the same tone on Tuesday; and Lord Salisbury's statements thoroughly agree with those of his colleagues. But all of them seem to imply that we are to work simply by moral pressure, and it is this fact that gives rise to some grave forebodings. Of course it is possible that the Sultan may be as good and wise a man as the Premier describes, and that he and his officials will profit by the bitter lesson they have learned during the last two years. At best, however, we do not get beyond a possibility. The Turk is not nearly so bad a fellow as Mr. Gladstone makes him out to be; he has, indeed, some qualities which we, with our pharisaic self-importance, would be all the better for imitating. But his best friend cannot say that he is energetic in pursuit of an ideal, or that he troubles himself much about ideals at all. His tendency is to let things "slide," and to believe that when he has issued an order or made a promise he has done everything that can be reasonably expected of him. It may be, therefore, that after some show of giving heed to our counsels he will at last begin to think us intolerable bores, and politely let us know that he would like us all the better if we advised him rather less. However, the Government had clearly no alternative but to make the attempt it is now about to begin; and we must all hope that the glowing prophecies in which it indulges are not altogether fanciful. Perhaps, even if "the Pashas" are not very pliant, the people whom they govern may be favourably affected by our having pledged ourselves to defend them against aggression. It will, of course, be the aim of the Ministry to show them that it is their interest to associate themselves with us; and if they are fairly convinced of this, they would probably do more for their rulers than their rulers are ever likely to do for them.

Dismembered Turkey.——The boast of our Ministers that they brought back "peace with honour" may be accepted as justifiable so far as England and Russia are concerned. A conflict between these two Powers has been avoided, or, at all events, indefinitely postponed, by each consenting to abate somewhat of its original pretensions. But in South-Eastern Europe, the focus of all the trouble, there is at present little sign of genuine peace. In the Rhodope district the Bulgarian avenges the oppression of centuries by the most abominable ill-usage of his Mussulman neighbours, while the Russian conqueror looks on apathetically, or even connives at these outrages. That the Austrian occupation of Bosnia was a matter not merely of political expediency but of absolute necessity is proved by the shameful massacre to which the vanguard of the occupying forces has just fallen victims. If the fanatical Mussulmans shoot down in cold blood the soldiers of such a powerful Empire as Austria (Hungarians, too, who are usually credited with a strong friendship for the Turks), it is not likely that they would have shown much mercy to the wretched refugees who have for months been cowering on Austrian soil, if they had dared to return to their homes unsupported by Austrian bayonets. We have no desire to take an unduly pessimist view, but it is plain that countries which are in a semi-barbarous condition, and which are inhabited by half-a-dozen or more conflicting sects and nationalities, are unfit for self-government. Thus far Russia has done nothing but mischief by her wanton attack upon Turkey; for although a bright future may emerge from the gloom of to-day, no one, whether philo-Russ or philo-Turk, can deny that at this moment the provinces rent from Turkey are in a far worse state than they were three years ago. The only exception seems to be Cyprus; there the people really appear glad to see the British, because, in spite of all our faults and shortcomings, we do, in dealing with dependent populations, endeavour to act fairly and impartially towards everybody.

Paying the Bill.——The reckoning for all the great things he has been doing is decidedly heavier than John Bull had anticipated or likes. To be talked about by all the world, and at the same to do a really good stroke of business, is no doubt an excellent thing, but to have to pay six millions for it—that is not at all so agreeable. Between four and five of these six millions have still to be met, and Sir Stafford Northcote's proposal is to issue Exchequer Bonds, by which the debt will be cleared in about three years. Mr. Gladstone angrily denounced this plan, but we do not think his arguments convinced anyone who was not prepared beforehand to accept every conclusion that might tell against the Government. To make the nation pay the bill at once, as he suggests, would mean the imposition of fresh taxes. That would be very useful to Mr. Gladstone, since it would make people grumble, but it would be by no means so useful to the country. Trade is still in a depressed condition, and no wise Minister would hamper it more than he could help. We could have understood Mr. Gladstone's indignation had it been proposed to transfer the payment of the money to another generation, but the taxpayers who will have to bear the burden will be those who have derived the benefit for which the expenditure has been incurred. Besides, had the recent preparations been made twenty or thirty years ago, they would not have been completed in nearly so short a time. Our Administration is now more highly organised, and important measures are taken with a speed and thoroughness that would once have been deemed impossible. It would therefore be unfair to require us to pay our way precisely as our forefathers used to pay theirs. After all, however, this is a very subordinate question; the real difficulty is to decide whether, as the saying is, we have obtained real value for our money. On that point impartial observers are pretty well agreed. Whether the Anglo-Turkish Convention proves a success or not, we have at any rate been saved from war, which we should certainly not have been but for the evidence we gave of our readiness. To be delivered without discredit from a severe struggle is an advantage for which it would be worth while to make far greater sacrifices than those that are now demanded of us.

Roughs in the Parks.——In this journal we have always welcomed—and we trust we shall never cease to welcome—every suggestion which tends to increase the innocent pleasures of the poorer classes, who, especially in large cities, are not too plentifully provided with recreations which are both healthful and harmless. But for this very reason we must beware of yielding to a sentimental cry ostensibly raised in favour of the poor man, but in reality calculated to do him more harm than good. Much abuse has been levelled against Mr. Baillie-Cochrane, because he ventured to state that unruly children did a good deal of mischief in St. James's Park. If he was correct in making this statement—and our own personal observation of the park in question on many occasions leads us to think that he was correct—why should he be styled fastidious and exclusive for endeavouring to preserve, on behalf of the whole community, that which a portion of the community are damaging? Everybody knows how mischievous the children even of the most careful parents can be. Much of this spirit of mischief does not arise from malice—it is merely curiosity in the wrong place or at the wrong time—but its effects are not the less objectionable. One gentleman says he went to St. James's Park on the Bank Holiday, and the children were behaving beautifully. He could not have chosen a worse day for judging. The children he saw belonged altogether to a higher class—to artisans, small tradesmen, and the like, who had come from a distance, the park was to them a delightful novelty, and, most important of all, they were with their fathers and mothers. The children of whom Mr. Baillie-Cochrane complains are *habitués* of the park, they mostly come from the slums of Westminster, and the parental element is generally represented by some child-mother of seven, who has, perhaps, two or three lively urchins younger than herself to look after, as well as a fretful baby. We should be sorry to forbid these forlorn little creatures access to the park—their homes are not too attractive—but we must at the same time remember that the recuperative energy of Nature is easily neutralised on a limited space of ground by human efforts, and that if the numbers of these juvenile roughs were largely increased, the park would become a leafless, grassless waste. We advise, therefore, that for the benefit of all these young persons should be more sharply looked after than they have been latterly.

Mixed Marriages.——It is impossible to find fault with the decision of Vice-Chancellor Malins in regard to the extremely interesting case which came before him on Monday. Clearly the law could not recognise as binding the promise of a man before marriage as to the religious training of his children. He may afterwards change his mind; and it would be impossible to insist on his paying for an education which he regards as a deadly evil. At the same time, a real hardship is inflicted upon a woman who has obtained a solemn pledge that her offspring shall be trained in accordance with her most sacred convictions, and who is afterwards deprived of the rights thus conferred upon her. She may receive no legal injury; but that she has morally a genuine grievance there can be no question. On the whole, the conclusion to be drawn from the case is that "mixed marriages" are not, as a rule, desirable. Of course it is possible to conceive people of different religious ideas living together in perfect harmony. This is especially easy when the husband is good-natured or indifferent. But if he and his wife are both of an ardent faith, and if their beliefs diverge on fundamental questions, there must necessarily be incessant misunderstanding. And a woman can never be sure, however much her lover seems to submit to her will, that no difficulties will arise. When the heyday of passion is over, and prosaic duties take the place of romance, he may become rather less obliging; or, perhaps, his notions about religion may altogether change. From being a cool man of the world he may develop into a fanatical Methodist; and then there are pretty sure to be "scenes." All this will seem very foolish to a young couple who are certain that life would not be worth having if they could not share it hand in hand. But if a Roman Catholic young lady is wooed by a young gentleman who is not a Roman Catholic, her parents would do well, before giving their consent, to look carefully at both sides of the question.

Inaccessibility of the Thames Embankment.——There are a good many arrangements in this big metropolis of ours which inspire the intelligent foreign visitor with more astonishment than admiration. For instance, at immense expense—as all ratepayers know—a fine granite Embankment has been constructed on the Middlesex bank of the river. In any Continental city—in Paris, Berlin, or Vienna—where private interest is compelled to give way to the public benefit, such a noble thoroughfare would be made as accessible as possible. But what do we see in London? Why, we see a street called the Strand running parallel with the Embankment, and numbers of cross-streets uniting the two thoroughfares, only that--will the intelligent foreigner believe it?—so many of these cross-streets are closed at one end, that from Villiers Street to Surrey Street, a distance of half-a-mile, there is at present only one street leading to the Embankment, namely, Wellington Street. When the Waterloo Bridge toll is removed, there will be a great increase of traffic in that part of the Strand leading to Wellington Street, and as there is a steep hill in Upper Wellington Street, by the Lyceum Theatre, the congestion will probably cause some accidents more or less serious. Why should not the *culs-de-sac* leading from the Strand be all opened to traffic, being first paved with wood or asphalte, so that the lodging-house keepers may not complain? And talking of streets, when are we going to have that long-mooted avenue from Tottenham Court Road to Charing Cross? Now that he has settled the affairs of Europe at Berlin, the Marquis of Salisbury might take the matter in hand, and so make amends for past obstructiveness.

Party Organisation.——A great deal has recently been said as to the necessity of political parties organising themselves. The Liberals are hard at work all over the country, forming compact bands by which, it is hoped, they will soon be able to improve their present humble fortunes. And Lord Beaconsfield on Tuesday, addressing the representatives of Conservative Associations who waited upon him and upon Lord Salisbury, devoted most of his address to a panegyric on party organisation. Both ancient and modern history were put under contribution for the illustration of his theme, and we have no doubt that his counsels will be enthusiastically followed. We confess it seems to us a profound mistake that so much should be made of mere party ties. Under a constitutional system parties are probably inevitable; but they should be accepted rather as a necessary evil than as something to be proud of. If they are to be really useful, they must be the spontaneous expression of sincere conviction. Nothing blunts a man's love of truth for its own sake, nothing so effectually saps his love of intellectual fairness, as to belong to a party to which he feels he owes thorough-going allegiance. Under such a system as that which is now coming into favour politics will cease to be a serious study; the word will come to mean an ignoble strife for place. The aim of statesmen, we believe, ought rather to be to relax the already too strait bonds of political life. Certainly, we have not of late had much reason to congratulate ourselves on the advantages of party government. It is impossible to believe that in regard to the Eastern Question the Liberals would have acted as they have done if they had not felt it necessary, as a matter of course, to attack their opponents. Men like Mr. Cowen have shown that they are capable, in a great emergency, of departing from those with whom they usually associate; and the spirit they have displayed is that of the truly patriotic politician. It is to be hoped that there are still a great many Englishmen who love England but care very little about mere parties, and who are prepared to judge on its merits every question as it arises. If this is not so, our politicians will soon degenerate to the level of those of the United States.

TOO MUCH WHIP AND SPURS.——All genuine sportsmen who witnessed the race for the Goodwood Cup must have felt indignant at the punishment inflicted on the gallant mare Kincsem. "She was spurred," says *The Times'* reporter, "from withers to hip, and the application of the flail-like whip of her clumsy rider was patent to everybody all down the straight." If this is the usual method by which jockeys in Hungary strive to win a race, and not an exceptional punishment inflicted amid the overwhelming excitement of the struggle, poor Kinesem must wish, albeit she won the Cup, that her gallant ancestors had stayed in England, instead of emigrating to foreign parts. There is plenty of brutal senseless treatment of horses in this country; so it is with some satisfaction that we note that Kincsem's rider, although English by birth, had been for some time in Hungary, and had, therefore, probably acquired this bad habit in his adopted country. At all events, his unlimited use of whip and spur met with unanimous disapproval from those of his brother-professionals who were "standing down," and who thus were able fully to appreciate the requirements of the case.

NOTICE.——*With this Number is published an* EXTRA DOUBLE PAGE SUPPLEMENT, *representing the* PRESENTATION *of the* FREEDOM *of the* CITY *to* LORDS BEACONSFIELD *and* SALISBURY.—*The Half Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the Paper, must be placed for binding between pages 140 and 149.—Next week,* THE GRAPHIC *will consist of* TWO WHOLE SHEETS, *one of which will be devoted to a description of* DUBLIN, *fully illustrated.*

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AMUSEMENTS

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Our Illustrations

ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS, II.

See page 147.

AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND

II.

Two of our engravings represent respectively a group of Bethlehem women and a group of Bethel men. Concerning the personal characteristics of the people of these two places we spoke last week, we will therefore here say a few words concerning the places themselves.

Bethel, which lies about ten miles north of Jerusalem, is mentioned in Genesis as the scene of Jacob's dream. Here also Abraham pitched his tent. The city was originally called Luz, and was the residence of a Canaanitish king. The name was probably changed to Bethel, "House of God," from the fact of a temple having once stood there. After the secession of the North from the South, which took place during the reign of Rehoboam, Bethel became the chief scene of Jeroboam's idolatry and the feasts connected with it. The place is now called Betin. It consists of miserable hovels with about 400 inhabitants.

The word Bethlehem in Hebrew signifies "place of bread." The town lies about five miles south of Jerusalem. The scene of the Book of Ruth is laid there, and Bethlehem was regarded by the prophets as a sacred place because it was the home of the family of David. As the birthplace of our Saviour it acquired still higher fame, but it was not until the fourth century, when pilgrims began to flock thither, that it became a place of importance. After the destruction of its fortifications in 1489 it lost much of this importance, but within the last two or three centuries it has gradually recovered. Since the Muslims were expelled by Ibrahim Pasha in 1834 in consequence of a riot, the town has been almost exclusively occupied by Christians. The inhabitants, who number about 5,000, are farmers and cattle breeders, besides making images of saints and other ecclesiastical ware.

From Scopus, the hill where Titus and his legions were once encamped, an especially interesting view of Jerusalem is obtained. The position of the town on the top of a rocky eminence is distinctly seen, and its indented north wall (resembling that of a mediæval fortress), its towers, and its numerous mosques and minarets appear to great advantage.

Mount Hermon, which culminates in three peaks, each about 9,000 feet high, is frequently mentioned in the Old Testament as a landmark of Palestine, and indeed of Syria also. It is not mentioned in the New Testament, but one of its slopes was probably the "high mountain" on which the Transfiguration took place. In winter the mountain is covered with heavy snow, and even in summer patches of snow are to be found in shaded hollows. The expedition to the summit, which occupies a whole day, is best made in summer or early autumn. The view from the top is of vast extent, embracing a great part of Syria.

We have borrowed the above details from Mr. Baedeker's admirable "Guide to Palestine and Syria." Our engravings are from photographs taken by Mr. Frank Mason Good. We omitted accidentally last week to acknowledge our obligations to this gentleman, from whose photographs all our Holy Land engravings were taken, with the exception of the "Struggle for the Olive Branches" and the larger view of the Wall of Wailing, which were from original sketches by our special artist.

CRICKET IN INDIA

EVERYBODY is aware that wherever Englishmen go they carry their amusements with them, as well as their pale ale, their plum-puddings, and their public dinners. Wherever half-a-dozen Englishmen are gathered together, something of the nature of a horse race is sure to be got up among them; while as for cricket, that game which to the Continental mind seems such a complicated puzzle, it has been successfully played both under the sun of the tropics and upon the ice of the Polar regions. Our troops had not been forty-eight hours in Cyprus before the stumps were set up. It is not everywhere, however, that John Bull finds any of the natives inclined to join in the sport; they are generally content to "assist," in the French sense of the word, by simply looking on. There are, nevertheless, exceptions to the rule, and in the Bombay Presidency the Parsees, who have for long shown themselves superior to the prejudices with which other Indian races are more or less fettered, have come out quite strong as cricketers. Before long, it is rumoured, a Parsee Eleven will visit our shores for the purpose of contending with us on our native turf. We have already received several severe drubbings in the cricket field from our Australian cousins, perhaps next we are destined to be knocked (cricketically) into a cocked hat by the descendants of the Fire Worshippers of Persia.—Our sketches require no remark on our part, save this, which we address to readers who do not know India. The Indian cricketing season is during the so-called "cold weather," that is, from November till March, when the air is comparatively cool, though the sun's rays are still so fierce that a pith helmet is required to withstand their influence.

AN IDEA FOR A DECK OTTOMAN

OUR picture represents an adaptation on a large scale of the swing-tray which hangs in every ship's cabin, and which, being suspended, remains almost motionless, however violent the oscillation of the vessel may be. The ordinary swing-tray is used as a safe place for depositing tumblers and wine-glasses, often full of liquid. Its big brother in our sketch is loaded with a still more attractive freight, although we incline to think that, pleasant as these young ladies may be in themselves, they must be rather irritating to Ixion at the wheel, as they are not transparent, and, therefore, must seriously impede his vision of objects ahead.

By this invention, which is a simple and easily-managed adaptation of the ball-and-socket principle, every packet afloat may become a *Bessemer* on its own account; and at a very trifling expenditure may give its passengers all the immunity claimed by the promoters of that vessel.

Given a light iron frame, which may be screwed into the deck, and a wicker-chair swinging freely therefrom by a ball in a socket fitted on to the frame; and it is evident that the apparatus will follow every motion of the vessel; and the thenceforward happy passengers may smile a calm defiance at the heaving waves.—Our engraving is adapted from a sketch sent us by "J. P. A."

"AMONGST ALIENS"

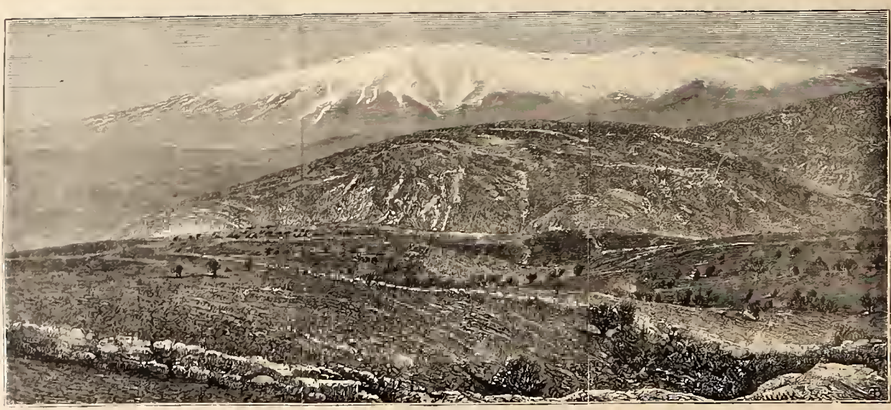
A NOVELETTE by Mrs. T. A. Trollope, is continued on page 140.

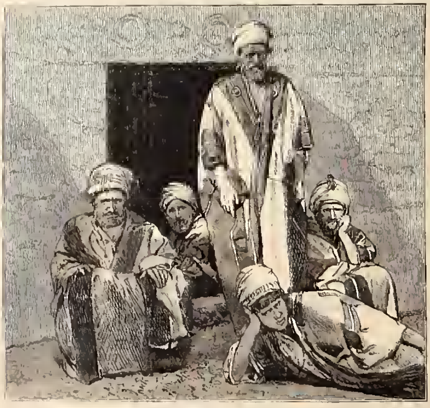
THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS

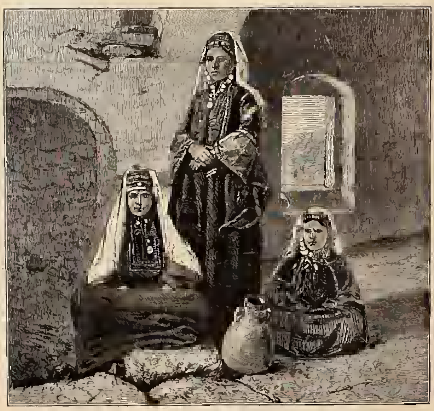
See page 146.

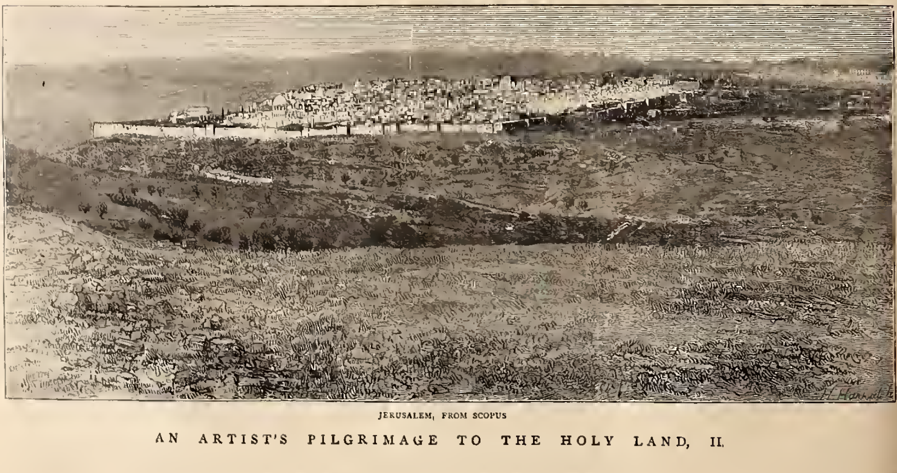
THE MINISTERS IN THE CITY

THE visit of the Premier and Lord Salisbury to the City was not made the occasion of any popular display of enthusiasm. The decorations on the line of route were few and far between, the most noticeable being the tinsel dragons or griffins, whichever they were supposed to be, which at Temple Bar supported between them the banner inscribed "Peace with Honour." It had become whispered about that there would be no "procession," and consequently there was no unusual crowd in the streets, when the Earl of Beaconsfield's carriage, closely followed by that of the Marquis of Salisbury, was driven Citywards along the Strand. The ordinary traffic went on as usual, and at very few of the windows were any spectators assembled. The greater part of the cheering was done by some rough-looking youths who ran beside the carriages shouting vociferously. At Guildhall a temporary pavilion had been erected in the yard, and a profusion of tasteful decorations was displayed both here and in the Guildhall itself. One of our contemporaries thinks it an odd circumstance that the arrangements were precisely like those on the occasion of the reception of the Czar of Russia. When Lord Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury alighted, they were received by the civic officers, and conducted, amid amid the plaudits of the assembly, to the Great Hall, where the Presentation of the Freedom was to take place. The Court of Common Council was then opened in due form, and after one or two items of business had been disposed of before the Clerk announced, what everybody present already knew, that at a recent meeting the Common Council had agreed to confer the Freedom of the City upon Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield, and upon Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoigne Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury, and the Chamberlain read aloud the names of the citizens who had proposed and seconded the resolution. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury then each signed and read aloud a declaration, promising to be true to the Queen, obedient to the Lord Mayor, and to uphold the privileges and customs of the City: and then came a speech from the Chamberlain, who said that the Premier's grandfather belonged to the City, and declared his belief that Lord Beaconsfield himself might have been Lord Mayor if his energies had not been turned in another direction. The parchment certificates were then presented to their lordships (the gold caskets in which they were to be enclosed not being yet ready); and each having returned thanks in a brief speech, and inscribed their names on the Freemen's Roll, a motion was made and carried "that this Court do now adjourn," and the Lord Mayor, the Mace and Sword Bearers, the City Marshal, and the newly-made citizens of London marched out of the Hall in procession, amid renewed cheering from the spectators. The proceedings had, however, been interrupted at one point by a person who seems to have forgotten the nature and purpose of the meeting. Taking advantage of a moment's silence he shouted out his opinion that the new citizens were "traitors to the Constitution," but his protest was cut short by the bystanders, who promptly hustled him out of the Hall. The reception at the Guildhall was followed by a banquet at the Mansion House, at which speeches were made by Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury, the former giving the reasons why he believed the result of the Congress would be an enduring peace. Europe had, he said, a prospect now which she never enjoyed before. She had brought before her for her study and development a great continent which Nature


MOUNT HERMON (THE SUPPOSED SCENE OF THE TRANSFIGURATION)

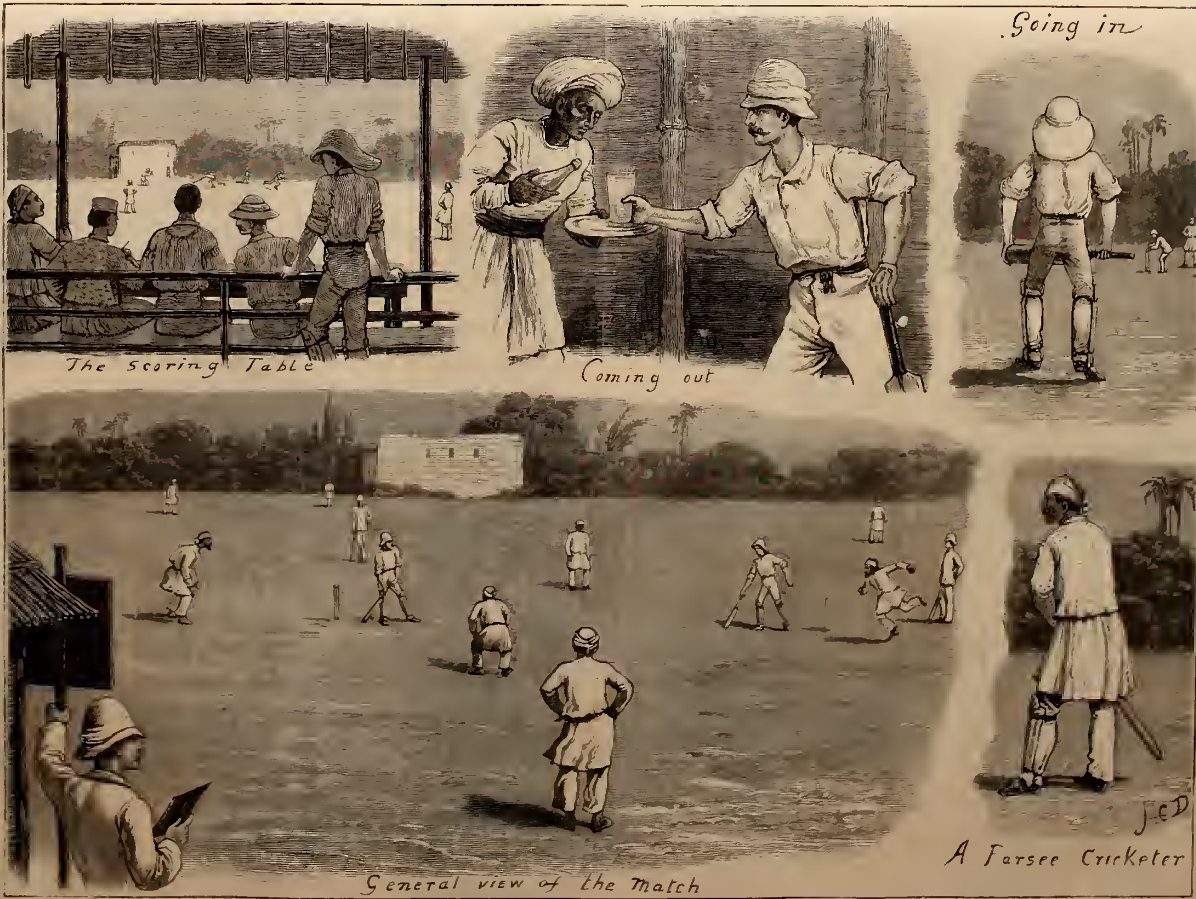

MEN OF BETHEL


WOMEN OF BETHLEHEM



JERUSALEM, FROM SCOPUS

AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND, II.



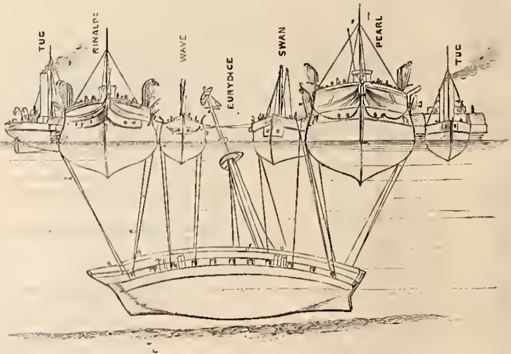
CRICKET IN INDIA

has gifted with infinite wealth. The British protectorate, if carried into effect, would add much to the wealth and welfare of the world. The first duty of the Government would be to secure tranquillity and order, and as soon as tranquillity and order were general—and this mainly depended upon the administration of justice—he would leave the rest with confidence to the energy and enterprise of Europe. Lord Salisbury, after remarking that previous treaties to which this country had been a party had been denounced like the Treaty of Berlin was now by a small section of the people, said that a great field of duty was now opened to us; and we must make up our minds not to neglect it. The act of the Government had been declared the will of the nation with no uncertain voice; and if we were true to the mission we had undertaken the two years of war abroad and of bitter controversy at home would only be remembered as heralding the dawn of a period of order and prosperity for one of the fairest regions of the earth.

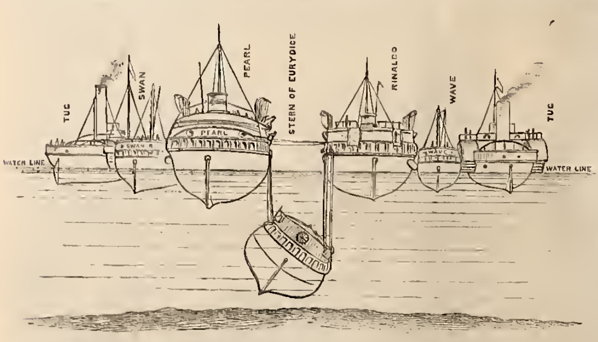
THE RAISING OF THE "EURYDICE"

After four months of arduous labour, the wreck of H.M.S. *Eurydice* has been successfully beached at Sandown Bay. The position of the vessels employed in the lifting process are shown in the accompanying diagrams and in one of our engravings on page 148, a reference to which will enable our readers to understand the somewhat complicated arrangements which were necessary for the accomplishment of the work, which has all along been of the most difficult character. One great point must be borne in mind, that everything depended upon the divers, and that they could only work at slack tides and in very fine weather, the under currents on the Isle of Wight coast being exceptionally strong. The ship lay at first in seven fathoms and a half of water, and to this must be added eight or nine feet of mud in which the wreck was embedded, making in all a depth of about fifty-six feet from the surface. Wire ropes were from time to time attached to the inner sides of the ports by means of "toggles," pieces of timber six feet long by twelve in diameter, which acted as buttons; the other ends of the ropes were made fast to the four floating hulls placed over and across the *Eurydice*; and, when everything was ready, and the tide at its lowest ebb, the process of pinning down was commenced—that is, the ropes were hauled "taut," and made fast to the lifting vessels, so that, as the tide gradually rose to its highest point, the whole mass of lighters with the sunken vessel lifted as well. Then it was that the steam-tugs took up their positions, and towed the ill-fated craft towards shallower water, till she was left on a bank under the Culver Cliff, with one side and her upper deck above the water at low tide. Many times all would be ready for lifting, when the sea roughened, and everything had to be abandoned, the lighters returning to Portsmouth.

The deck of the vessel, when beached, presented the utmost confusion, the whole surface being almost covered with ropes; the hull, with the exception of the bows, carried away by the *Thunderer*, and a portion of the quarter, torn by the iron ropes, was but little damaged; and two boats, in an undamaged state, were found almost in their proper places. More than a dozen bodies were found; but many a score remain below. The last lift was effected by means of steel hawsers passed under the wreck.



THE LIFT BEFORE THE MAST WAS OUT, BY MEANS OF "TOGGLES" AND "JIGGERS"—LIFTING VESSELS ATHWART-SHIPS



STERN VIEW OF LIFTING VESSELS AND WRECK—THE MAST OF THE "EURYDICE" TAKEN OUT TO AVOID CONTACT WITH SHIPS

On Friday last Her Majesty the Queen, with the Princess Beatrice and the young Princes Albert and George, viewed the wreck from the beach; and on Monday the Royal yacht *Osborne* steamed into the bay with the Prince and Princess of Wales and their five children on board. The Prince himself had a boat lowered and rowed to the wreck, upon which he clambered, and remained for some time conversing with the officers in charge. It was hoped that by now the *Eurydice* would have been afloat and on her way to Portsmouth Harbour; but the state of the weather has greatly checked the work. On Wednesday, however, at daybreak, the *Rinaldo* and *Pearl* again lifted the wreck sufficiently to clear the bottom, and the *Eurydice*, together with the lifting vessels, was slowly towed a distance of six miles, to St. Helen's Sands where she now lies, and where it is thought the closing of the ports can, previous to pumping out, be effected.

THE AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the energetic proprietor of the *New York Herald*, having, by a liberal expenditure of capital and the indomitable perseverance of Mr. H. M. Stanley, succeeded in opening out the hitherto unexplored portion of the African Continent, has now turned his attention from tropical to Arctic exploration, and is organising an expedition, entirely at his own cost, which is to make yet another attempt to reach the North Pole. For this purpose he has purchased the well-known Arctic yacht *Pandora*, which, under the command of Captain Allen Young, has already achieved important work in the North Polar regions. The *Pandora*, which has been rechristened the *Jeannette* by Mr. Bennett, is a screw steamer of some 250 tons burthen, and is fitted with engines of 80-horse power. She is specially built for Arctic service, and, in addition to a hull of more than ordinary strength, is sheathed from eight feet above her keel to two feet above her water-line with a coating of American elm some three inches thick, so that her resistance to the nipping of the ice may be rendered as great as possible. The rudder can be dismounted and replaced in case of accident, and she is fitted with a perfect magazine of appliances and instruments for Arctic exploration, such as sledges, ice-saws, tents, ice-anchors, &c.; while she carries about 164 tons of coal, her daily consumption, when steaming four knots an hour, being reckoned at three and a half tons. The hull, for greater safety, is divided into three water-tight compartments, and, since the 1st of April, has been under the hands of the shipwrights, and has been thoroughly and completely repaired, any injured wood-work being removed and replaced by new. In the stern, also, a comfortable cabin has been formed for the officers. On June 18th, as we have said above, Mr. Bennett rechristened the vessel the *Jeannette*, and she has now sailed for San Francisco, where her fitting out is to be completed in time to start on her journey next January, when she will attempt to attain the North Pole by way of Behring Straits. At the same time Mr. Bennett will despatch another yacht, the *Dauntless*, which will also try to reach the Pole by way of Spitzbergen.

The map of the North Polar region needs little explanation, as it shows the most northerly points which as yet have been reached by the various explorers. The first really authentic Polar expedition was undertaken by Sebastian Cabot, in 1497, with three vessels; and he was succeeded in 1596 by Barents, who discovered Spitzbergen. Hudson, and other Englishmen, followed up his researches for the next ten years; and, in 1616, Baffin discovered the bay which bears his name, and the now well-known Straits of Smith's Sound. In 1740, a Danish navigator in the Russian service, Behring, passed through the Straits which separate Asia from the United States. These discoveries, which were mainly made while searching for the North-west Passage, by which the Atlantic and Pacific were supposed to be united, early proved of great value to Arctic navigators, as they opened the three chief roads towards the North Pole—namely, those of Smith's Sound, of Spitzbergen, and of Behring Straits. By the first-named several noteworthy attempts have been made to reach the North Pole, beginning with that of John Davis in 1585, when the latitude of Upernavik was attained, down to later days, when Ross and Parry made their well-known expedition in the *Alexander* and the *Isabella*. In 1852 Inglefield attained the altitude of 78° 28'; and in the following year the American explorer, Dr. Kane, in the *Advance*, reached the latitude of 78° 45', and, being forced to pass a second winter in the ice, he sent out a sledge expedition under Lieutenant Morton, who reached 81° 20', from which point an open sea was descried. In 1860 another American, Dr. Hayes, who had served as a surgeon under Kane, sailed in a little vessel of some 133 tons, the *United States*, and reached 81° 35' by means of sledges; but found Kane's "open sea" covered with ice. In 1871 Captain Hall left New York in the *Polaris*, and reached the highest altitude as yet attained by a vessel, namely, 82° 16'; and next we come to the Nares-Markham expedition in 1875, when Captain Markham, in a sledge journey, reached the highest altitude yet recorded—83° 26'.

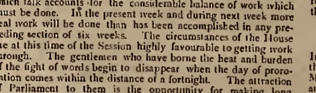
The Spitzbergen route will be ever famous by the Franklin-Parry Expedition of 1827, when the altitude of 82° 45' was attained, this being the first occasion on which sledges were used by Arctic explorers. In 1868 Dr. Petermann sent Koldewey northwards, when he attained to 81° 05'; and in 1869 Hegeman and Koldewey, in the *Germania* and *Hansa*, reached, in the former vessel, 75° 30'. In 1872 Count Wilczek fitted out the *Tegethoff*, and entrusted an expedition to the two Austrian explorers, Weyprecht and Payer, who, by means of sledges, reached 82° 05' (the *Tegethoff* only attained 79° 54'), and discovered Franz-Josef Land. The Behring Straits have been principally explored by Russian expeditions, including those of Anjou and of Wrangell in 1821; but, in 1849, Kellett discovered "Kellett Land" and "Herald Island," since which time no expedition has attempted this route, which is now to be explored by the *Jeannette*. As may be seen by the map, the current in the Straits sets northwards, towards the Pole, while in Smith's Sound it flows in a southerly direction. Thus, a vessel entering Behring's Straits would be assisted in its course by the course of the current, while all vessels going by the Baffin's Bay route lose half their time in combating the stream. The Arctic winds which mainly prevail blow from the north-west, and they cause the floating masses to drive towards the east, and thus open canals on the shores of the Arctic peninsula. A way, therefore, is expected to exist along the coast of Kellett's Land, by means of which it is hoped that the *Jeannette* will attain her object. The fact that extremely thin and fragile ice exists in this direction, and that an open sea has been seen by Anjou, Wrangell, and Kellett, tend to corroborate the theory of the advantages to be attained by the choice of this route.

Note.——We last week omitted to state that the whole of our engravings representing the young Princes on board the *Britannia* were taken from photographs by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, of 61, Ebury Street, Pimlico, whose list of photographs includes some excellent portraits of the various members of the Royal Family, as well as other distinguished personages.

HOME.

Political Affairs.—An account of the Reception of Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury in the City on Saturday last will be found in "Our Illustrations" columns.—On Friday, Lord Salisbury received at the Foreign Office a deputation, representing the Conservative Associations of South-East Lancashire and the City of Manchester, who presented him with a congratulatory address, in replying to which his lordship said that popular approval was not built up on a minute and curious scrutiny of details, but on broad general principles, upon which latter the Government had acted.—On Tuesday, another deputation, consisting of 900 gentleman bearing addresses from Conservative Associations from all parts of the country, were received by the Premier and Lord Salisbury, who spent nearly an hour in shaking hands with them. Both Ministers spoke in acknowledgment of the congratulations they had received, the Earl of Beaconsfield remarking that he hoped they had brought back not merely an honourable peace, but also the settlement of a great many disquieting subjects which had for years caused anxiety to the civilised world. He afterwards pointed out the necessity for party organisation, remarking that it was a great error to suppose that opinion when organised lost something of its genuineness and force. Lord Salisbury said that amidst the constant calumny to which they had had to submit, the Plenipotentiaries felt sure the time would come when they would obtain an equitable and intelligent recognition from the country they had served.—The London and Westminster Working Men's Constitutional Association held a demonstration on Monday in Englefield Park, near Reading, the seat of Mr. Benyon, ex-M.P. for Berkshire, and passed resolutions expressive of confidence in the Government. On the same day there were Conservative gatherings at Bournemouth and at Peamore.—On Wednesday Sir Edward Hertslet, C.B., was entertained at dinner at Richmond in recognition of his recent services at the Berlin Congress. Replying to the toast of his health, he said that the Earl of Beaconsfield went to Berlin not alone with his reputation as a statesman, but with his life in his hand, letters threatening assassination having been sent him before he left London—More letters have passed between Mr. Gladstone and Captain Burnaby. The ex-Premier admits that the Captain's citations are perfectly fair, but assures him that he has never described Russia as "the torch-bearer of civilisation," but simply said that "Russia carried the torch of civilisation amidst barrels of gunpowder." The Captain retorts that this seems to him an exemplification of the old adage that language was given to man to enable him to disguise his thoughts, and pungently remarks that be recognises in Mr. Gladstone's letter "his well-known hatred of verbal quibbles."—The Marquis of Lorne has written to his constituents, resigning his seat in Parliament, remarking that he does so only because, through the favour of the Queen, he has now an opportunity of serving a country most dear to all in the United Kingdom. Lord Colin Campbell, a younger brother of the Marquis, is a candidate for the seat. His politics, he says, are those which his family have held for many generations, politics guided by the principle that moderate changes, made cautiously on the ancient lines, are the best means of maintaining and strengthening the institutions of the country. He adds that he is in favour of extending the county franchise, and that he regards with anxiety any arrangement which can bind this country to support the Turkish Government in the anticipation that it can be effectually reformed.

Miscellaneous.——St. Lubbock was very generally worshipped on Monday last, and as the weather held fine during the greater part of the day the pleasure-seekers must have enjoyed themselves greatly. The theatres, parks, gardens, and popular places of resort in the suburbs had their full share of patronage, whilst by road, river, and rail, thousands of nature-loving tourists got as far as possible from the noise and smoke of the Modern Babylon. There was a railway accident at New Cross, and another at Stepney, on the Great Eastern line, in each of which a number of persons were slightly injured; and on the Thames at Lambeth four lads lost their lives by the upsetting of a boat. The day was also observed at many place in the provinces, the borough of Wigan holding high festival over the opening of a public park.—On Saturday, the Duke of Cambridge, in his capacity of Ranger of Regent's Park, opened the new Gloucester Gate Bridge, and at the subsequent luncheon, after commenting on the beauty and utility of the bridge, he spoke of the Indian Contingent which he had recently reviewed at Malta, saying that they deserved well of their country, for they had largely aided in the preservation of the peace of Europe.—On the same day Sir James Hogg opened a part of the new street running from Oxford Street to Bethnal Green, and laid the first stone of the new offices of the Holborn District Board of Works, which is to be erected at the corner of Liquorpond Street and Gray's Inn Road.—On Saturday, the steamer *Napoli*, the first of a line from London to Larnaca, started from Gravesend, and the passengers sent the following telegram to the Queen: "A few loyal subjects, passengers on board the *Napoli*, being the first steamer sailing from the river Thames to your newly-acquired Island of Cyprus, beg leave to tender their respectful homage before leaving."—The millenary celebration of the signing of the Treaty of Peace between Alfred the Great and Guthrum, on the defeat of the Danes at the Battle of Edingorth, in the year 878, was celebrated on Wednesday at Wedmore, near Weston-super-Mare.—There is some talk of enclosing Clerkenwell Green, but the project is denounced as an attempt to rob the people of the only place in which they can meet without expense to discuss their grievances, and it is threatened that the railings will be pulled down as soon as erected.—Much damage has been done in various places in the country by the thunderstorms which have prevailed during the last few days. At Morley, near Leeds, on Tuesday, a powder magazine was struck by lightning and exploded, and several persons were badly injured, but no lives lost.—On Wednesday great damage was done to the proof-butts at Woolwich by a fire, which is supposed to have been caused by one of the powder-tubes escaping unburnt from the gun, and igniting after reaching the butts, which are solid timber structures filled with sand.



PARLIAMENT

The conclusion of the debate on the Eastern Question might reasonably have been expected to leave the House of Commons in no mind for fresh work. We have already reached the limits of a Session unprecedented in point of length since the Abyssinian War. Not much substantial work has been done, but the strain upon all concerned has been very great. There have been late sittings, protracted debates, and animated scenes, all culminating in a week of steady debate upon the foreign policy of the Government, which began at five o'clock on Monday, concluding, with the interval of Wednesday, at half-past two on Saturday morning. But the mere fact that there has been so much talk accounts for the considerable balance of work which must be done. In the present week and during next week more real work will be done than has been accomplished in any preceding section of six weeks. The circumstances of the House are at this time of the Session highly favourable to getting work through. The gentlemen who have borne the heat and burden of the fight of words begin to disappear when the day of prorogation comes within the distance of a fortnight. The attraction of Parliament to them is the opportunity for making long speeches on subjects which attract public attention. These being exhausted, or the interest of the public exhausted, these gentlemen anticipate the prorogation, and are already scattered far and wide in search of the rest which none would give them more gladly than those who are bound to listen to them.

In addition to these there is another section of members who take their chief delight in work. Of such is the remarkable man, familiarly known as "the Admiral," but officially styled Sir William Edmonstone, the member for Stirlingshire. The object of the Admiral's Parliamentary and political ambition is to occupy the first place in the Buff Book which records the respective attendances at divisions. It is probable that the Admiral will come out first, his chance being made by the fact that a fortnight ago, when Lord Beaconsfield was making his speech in the Lords, on his return from the Congress, Sir William Dyke was accidentally shut out from the division lobby, not having time to scamper back to the House of Commons. The Admiral is always in his place, and will sit till any hour in the morning. Endowed with the possession of a stentorian voice, the Ministers never lack a cheer. He can always be depended upon to help to make a House, or to sit till any hour in the morning to pass through a Bill, the only difficulty experienced with him being on the occasions when it has been to the interest of the Government to count out the House. To get the Admiral out under such circumstances has demanded much tact and insistance. But these are the only circumstances under which he has been known to express an opinion of his own. The Admiral is a type perhaps a little exaggerated, not in description but in fact, of some fifty or sixty members who respond to the Ministerial whip. This compact little body can be got together and kept together to do anything in the way of advancing the business of the nation, and during this week their fidelity has been severely tried. They were hard put to it on Saturday morning, when, after the exhausting division and the exciting debate, it was quietly proposed from the Treasury bench to go on with the Scotch business. It was no use protesting against this. Moreover, it was felt that since the Scotch business must be disposed of, and as time was growing short, the opportunity here made was not to be thrown away. Irish members would probably have commenced a series of motions for the adjournment. The Scotch members, after an ineffectual protest, buckled to, and it was twenty minutes past four in the morning before the House adjourned. During the early days of the current week the same devotion to work has been required at the hands of the faithful few. On Monday Supply was the first order of the day. But the approach to Committee was barricaded by a long succession of notices of motion. These were so many and so miscellaneous that the Government thought no one could be serious, and had expected forthwith to get into Committee. Their delusion was, however, removed by Mr. Gorst, a gentleman who sits on their own side of the House, and who displays quite exceptional and altogether inconvenient notions of independence. Mr. Gorst, who seems to have many sympathies in common with hon. gentlemen who sit immediately opposite him, had placed on the paper a notice to call attention to the execution of a native of Tanna on board H.M.S. *Beagle*. This is a matter which has throughout the Session been exercising the mind of gentlemen like Mr. Evelyn Ashley, Mr. Alderman M'Arthur, and other hon. members in that part of the House whose belief that a dark-skinned native is a man and a brother is something more than an expression. Other notices had been given, but had not succeeded in finding a place. Mr. Gorst, more successful, brought the case forward on Monday, and as it turned out it might have been settled in half-an-hour if the First Lord of the Admiralty had only chanced to follow the member for Chatham. But unfortunately the Attorney-General was put up as the mouthpiece of the Government, and another proof was added to the long list which supports the curious statement that the Attorney-General has never opened his lips from the Treasury Bench without seriously damaging the Government. On Monday he made a most extraordinary speech, admitting nothing, defending everything, and, as Sir William Harcourt said, speaking more like a counsel for a prisoner at the Old Bailey than a Minister of the Crown discussing a Constitutional question. This unfortunate speech had the effect of rousing the whole of the Opposition, and member after member rose, including the ex-Attorney-General and the ex-Solicitor-General. After the affair had gone on for fully three hours, Mr. W. H. Smith rose and announced that the very thing which Mr. Gorst had urged had actually been done. A circular had been sent out by the Admiralty, instructing officers in command of ships as to their course of conduct under circumstances similar to those in which the commander of the *Beagle* found himself. Of course this settled the matter, and the motion was by consent negatived. But to this hour it remains a mystery why the Attorney-General should have stepped in; and why Mr. Smith, feeling the urgency in point of time, should have remained so long silent.

Even yet the House was not allowed to approach Committee, Sir George Campbell having something to say about silver currency, Sir Charles Dilke about Perak, and Mr. Evelyn Ashley about slavery. Then Lord George Hamilton made his statement on introducing the Education Estimate, which led to a long debate, to which Mr. Gladstone, in spite of having paired for the Session, contributed a speech. It was one o'clock in the morning before the money began really to be voted, and having once tasted this gratification, Ministers were not to be denied their full share. They kept the House literally all through the night, the day breaking before their patience and perseverance were exhausted. The business of this night is the history of the week. Estimates have been taken on every day. There have been long speeches on controversial matters, and then, when the speakers have been worn out, the Government have turned on their mechanical force, and, by sitting late, have got many votes.

On Tuesday night the rare and mysterious penalty of "naming" a member was inflicted by the Speaker. The culprit was Major O'Gorman. While Colonel Stanley was speaking, the Major interrupted almost every sentence of his speech with a stentorian "Hear, hear." When called upon to apologise, he declined, and insisted that he was within his rights, and might, if he chose, fling in a "Hear, hear" after every comma and semicolon of Colonel Stanley's statement. The result was that he was "named," and ordered to attend in the House the following day. On Wednesday, in obedience to the summons, the gallant Major appeared in his usual place below the gangway, and, observing that he had acted "under the greatest possible exasperation" (produced, it is understood, by affairs unconnected with the debate in question), expressed the deepest regret for his conduct. His apology was cordially received by the House, and so all ended pleasantly.

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The End of the World is confidently expected by the Indian Wahabees on the 11th of next July. A certain priest in the Mosque at Medina has recently been visited by the Prophet Mahomet, who laments the degeneracy of his followers, and attributes the late droughts and famine to the neglect of his precepts, and to the apathy and corruption of the judges who govern his people. Since his admission to Paradise, the Prophet adds, only seven Mussulmans have attained to eternal bliss. Accordingly, so unsatisfactory is the present state of things that Allah has decided that the sun shall rise in the west instead of the east on July 11th, and on that day all who call themselves true believers shall be struck with blindness, and dissolution shall immediately follow. This warning is detailed in a proclamation posted in nearly every mosque in Northern India, and the priest favoured with the Prophet's visit declares "if there be a word of falsehood in what I have stated let my face be blackened for ever."

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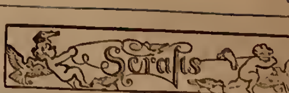
BOOKS RECEIVED

The Bulb Garden: S. Wood. Crosby Lockwood and Co.
The Wine Growers' and Wine Coopers' Manual: W. Hardman. W. Tegg and Co.
Cyprus: F. H. Fisher; A Summer in Normandy: Mrs. C. Ellis. G. Routledge.
The Nabob (3 vols.): Alphonse Daudet.
Brownie (Blue Bell Series). C. W. Bardsley. Marcus Ward.
Lucretius (Ancient Classics for English Readers): Rev. W. L. Collins. W. Blackwood.
Sketches for Cottages: R. Norman Shaw. W. H. Lascelles.
Paris Exhibition—Handbook of British Indian Section. G. C. M. Birdwood (Second Edition). Offices of the Royal Commission.
Schiller's Wilhelm Tell: trans. by Rev. E. Massie. Clarendon Press, Oxford.
Letters from Muskoka by an Emigrant Lady; Salvia Richmond (a Novel, 3 vols.); Diplomatic Sketches, I.—Count Beust: by an Outsider. R. Bentley.
Outlines of a Scheme for Reforming the Stage. B. J. Bush.
Highland Crofters of Scotland. Dr. Macdonald.
Brave Men in Action: S. J. MacKenna. S. Low and Co.
Molly Bawn (3 vols.). Smith, Elder, and Co.
Gilford on Aire (3 vols.). Martin Weld. Tinsley Bros.
City Carlton Club Elevation and Plans.



Scraps

The Sale of Ex-Queen Isabella's Jewels has been concluded this week in Paris, the proceeds amount to 137,480*l.*

Mr. Darwin has been elected a Corresponding Member of the Botanical Section of the French Académie des Sciences in the place of the late Mr. Weddell, of Poitiers.

Jan Van Eyck, the old Flemish artist, who first brought painting in oils into practical use, is to be commemorated at Bruges by a statue, which will be unveiled by the King of the Belgians on the 18th inst.

The First Lady Lawyer in Switzerland who has ever obtained the degree of *Docteur en Droit* has just successfully passed her examination. Mdlle. Fanny Berline comes from St. Petersburg, and has been studying at the Berne University.

A Novel Hive has been adopted by some Yorkshire bees, according to the *Live Stock Journal*. Two hives of bees were being taken along a street in Leeds last week, when a swarm flew out, and took possession of a street lamp, from which all attempts to dislodge them have hitherto failed.

The Free Opening of the Grosvenor Gallery on Saturdays and Sundays has been highly appreciated by the humbler classes. More tickets were applied for than could be issued, and on Saturday and Sunday last 3,500 and 2,000 persons respectively passed the turnstile, all the Sunday visitors being admitted by tickets obtained by application to the Sunday Society.

The Voyage Round the World which has been projected in France for the last 18 months, and to which we have already alluded has at length been undertaken, and the *Juno* started from Marseilles for Gibraltar last week for an eleven months' tour. She is an English built steamer of 1,150 tons and 580 horse-power, carries 20 passengers, two reporters, a number of professors and the necessary officials, and is admirably fitted up both for pleasure and scientific purposes.

The Paris Salon will close on the 10th inst., having remained open some six weeks longer than usual. This has been a most disastrous season for the Salon, as, owing to the superior attractions of the Exhibition, few people have visited the Palais de l'Industrie, and still fewer have bought anything, so that many artists who look on the annual Salon as a sure harvest, cannot afford to undertake any large picture for next year. The models are still worse off, and wander vainly from studio to studio, while many have returned to Italy in despair.

Chinese in the United States have some reason to complain that the boasted Republican equality is in many cases preached and not practised. Thus a Chinaman who had lived for twenty-eight years in New York has been refused naturalisation as an American citizen on the plea that the earlier naturalisation laws alluded only to white persons, and the later laws only made exception in favour of persons of African descent. So the Chinaman, being a Mongolian, or of the yellow race, is neither white nor black enough to vote. Certainly not a "happy medium."

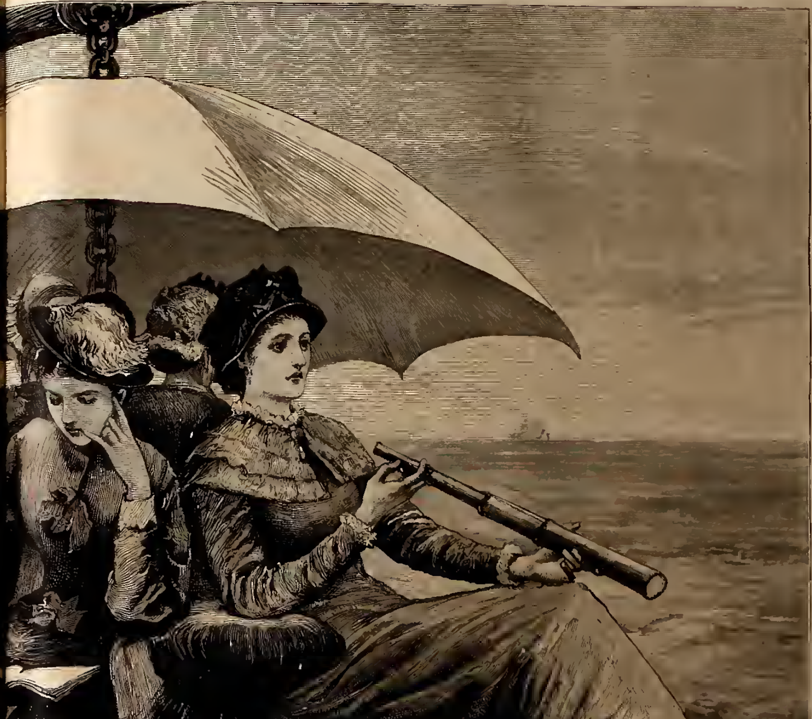
Exhibition Souvenirs continue to be the rage in Paris, and while humble visitors content themselves with a penny medal, a twopenny fan bearing a plan or picture of the buildings, or a pen, paper-knife, or tiny opera-glass, containing microscopic views, wealthy Parisiennes wear the "Exhibition Bracelet," a gold circlet, ornamented by a representation of the Trocadéro in bas-relief, and pierced with innumerable holes, through which can be seen minute pictures of the gardens and the animals illustrating the four quarters of the globe.

An Ordination of Buddhist Priests is held every year at Kooshan, in China, on the eve of the great teacher's supposed birthday, and a correspondent of the *Foochow Herald* notes the ceremonies on the occasion. The candidates for Holy Orders, each attended by two priests, knelt before tables which stood about the temple, and on their shaven heads were placed from three to a dozen lighted pastilles of incense, which were left to burn into the flesh. Meanwhile the priests recited texts, and in twenty minutes the ordination was over. Another priest, anxious to become a Buddha himself, was standing before the three great images of the deity, quietly burning his finger off, and hoped that, when two more of his fingers had been consumed by slow degrees, he would have obtained his object. The baptism of a fresh image of Sakya-Muni by some eighty Buddhist priests concluded the ceremonies.

The American "Nautilus" has safely accomplished her adventurous trip across the Atlantic, and arrived off the Lizard last week, bad weather having obliged her to put into an English port instead of going on to Havre. The voyage from Boston occupied forty-five days, and was enlivened by a rough sea and foggy weather, but all went well with the passengers, two brothers named Andrewes, genuine Americans of twenty-five and thirty, who are respectively a joiner and pianoforte maker, and who had never before been to sea beyond coasting in fishing boats. The *Nautilus* is somewhat larger than the *City of Ragusa*, which accomplished a similar feat a few years ago; her length is 19ft., and breadth 6 ft. 7 in., while she draws 6½ in. of water, and is decked, with a small aperture cut for entrance. She has now left for Havre, whence she will travel down the Seine to the Paris Exhibition.

M. Victor Hugo at Home is amusingly sketched in a recent volume by M. Gustave Rivet, a Parisian author, who gives some interesting details of the poet's style of working. M. Hugo never devotes himself to one book alone, he has always four or five subjects in hand, and rarely knows which he shall finish first. In the morning he sets to work at whatever subject takes his fancy, and after giving a few hours to poetry, he will turn to a novel after lunch, and finish the day by writing on an entirely different theme from that of the morning. Thus M. Hugo has now six prose works in progress—"Torquemada," "Les Jumeaux," "La Grandmère," "L'Epée," "Frère de Gavroche," "La Forêt Mouillée," as well as four poems—"Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit," "Toute la Lyre," "Les Colères Justes," and "L'Année Funeste." "Ninety-three" was the only exception to this method of composition, M. Hugo having shut himself up in Guernsey for six whole months of steady labour on this one book. M. Hugo's geniality towards strangers in his Guernsey home laid him open to many inquisitive visits. Thus, one tourist calling on the poet, prolonged his call to an unconscionable length, and though the conversation flagged and finally dropped altogether, he still sat as though waiting for something. M. Hugo guessed that his visitor wanted to carry away some poetic phrase which he might repeat, so opening the window looking on to the sea he exclaimed, "You perceive, sir, I am here on the first tier of immensity." The stranger was satisfied, bowed, and at once took his leave.

A PROPOSED REMEDY



AGAINST SEA-SICKNESS

FOREIGN

The Eastern Question.——The Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina is being energetically continued, but in some places the Austrians are meeting with considerable opposition, and there have been several serious encounters and some bloodshed—the insurgents showing no small aptitude for entrapping the invaders into ambuscades. The resistance it is thought is fanned by the Montenegrins, by the fanatical party in Constantinople, and in some degree it is said by the Russians, as the St. Petersburg press has shown itself eminently hostile throughout towards the occupation of the provinces by the Austrians. The most serious encounter recorded as yet has taken place between Maglai and Zepce, whither Marshal Philippovic had despatched a reconnoitring expedition under Captain Millinkovic. Arriving, on August 2, at Maglai, the Austrians were well received, but on nearing Zepce they were assailed by a heavy volley of musketry, which forced them to withdraw to Maglai, where they found the aspect of the people wholly changed. As Maglai is situated in a defile, they were forced to pass through the town, and the inhabitants, shutting themselves up in their houses, poured a terrible cross fire upon the troops, killing upwards of seventy. The advance of the main body, under General Philippovic, is extremely slow owing to the heavy rains, which render the roads almost impassable, and by swelling the torrents destroy the bridges, which have to be repaired before the march can be resumed. Considerable progress is being made, however, and a terrible revenge is expected to be taken upon the treacherous denizens of Maglai. Another sharp engagement occurred on Monday at a sharp turn in the River Bosna north of Kosna, when the troops were assailed by a brisk fire from a large body of some 1,500 insurgents, who had taken up their positions on a declivity overlooking the valley. They were, however, ultimately dislodged and driven back. At Gracanica also there has been a two hours' engagement, while to turn farther south, on Sunday there was a battle with 500 insurgents near Citluk in the Herzegovina, in which the Austrians were wholly successful. On Monday the Austrians, under General Theodorovitch, peacefully occupied Mostar, the Herzegovinian capital—a piece of good fortune that had not been expected, as the town was reported to be in a state of anarchy, and, indeed, the Kaimakan and his adjoints were found to have been massacred by the insurgents. Serajevo (Bosna Serai), the Bosnian capital, however, is now completely under the rule of Hadji Loja, the fanatical Dervish insurgent chief, who is calling together all the insurgents to oppose the Austrians, and who has declared the city subject to the religious and civil rule of the Koran. It is this fact that has given rise to the suspicion that the Porte is tacitly exciting the insurgents, more especially as the Sheik-ul-Islam is known to be warmly opposed to the occupation, and is even said to have sent emissaries to rouse up the fanatical feelings of the population. There is no doubt whatever that the relations between the Porte and the Vienna Cabinet are in an extreme state of tension, and it is said that Caratheodori Pasha has been instructed to insist that a term of years shall be fixed for the Austrian occupation, and, should this request be denied, to at once return to Constantinople.

In the Turkish capital itself there is as usual a division in the Council, the war party doing their utmost to overthrow Safvet Pasha, whose influence with the Sultan, however, has at present prevailed over all their intrigues. Considerable irritation is expressed with Austria for her promptness in undertaking the occupation before the Convention was signed, and there are innumerable rumours of what the Porte does and does not intend to adopt. The Russians are still at San Stefano, and, notwithstanding that they are being decimated by disease, they appear in no hurry to leave their quarters, though it is said that the Ambassador has promised that the troops shall be withdrawn as soon as Varna and Batoum have been surrendered. With regard to Varna, many of the most important works have already been given up, but as to Batoum, notwithstanding a courteous reminder from the Russian Government, the Porte has as yet taken no steps in that direction. Some Bulgarian prisoners who were being conveyed in an Austrian steamer from Varna to Constantinople have been detained by the Austrian captain, who declines to deliver them up; the Turkish authorities, however, declare that they are purely criminal, and not political offenders.—The Commander of the British Fleet and General Dixon have dined with the Sultan.—General Todleben has expressed his regret at the firing on the British man-o'-war's boat in the Gulf of Saros, and explains that the Cossacks arrested the officers because they were in civil dress.—The International Commissioners in the Rhodope district are busily investigating the asserted Russo-Bulgarian atrocities, and the Russian Commissioner has returned to Constantinople, declaring that his colleagues are searching for Russian excesses rather than examining into the best means of pacifying the district, and arranging for the return of the refugees as directed by the Berlin Congress.

The ratifications of the Berlin Treaty were exchanged at the Radziwill Palace, Berlin, on Saturday. As the Turkish ratification had not arrived, the Ottoman Ambassador made a declaration that the Sultan had performed the act of ratification, and that thenceforward he would recognise the validity of the Treaty.

In Cyprus, General Wolseley is rapidly carrying out his work of organisation, and Civil Commissioners and garrisons have already been appointed to the five provinces—Limasol, Famagosta, Kernia, Paphos, and Larnaca. The blue-jackets, also, have been relieved at Nicosia by the 2nd Ghoorkas and the Engineers, but according to a *Times* telegram the Indian troops are complaining of garrison-work out of India, and want to return home. They will, it is thought, be sent back in October.

France.——The forthcoming Senatorial elections of January next, when a third of the elected Senatorial body will be renewed, are already exciting considerable attention, and the Republicans have sent out circulars urging the deputies, and provincial and municipal councillors, who form the elective body, to return Liberal candidates, and thus, by giving the Republic a tangible majority in the Senate, to avoid the chance of any future conflict between the two Houses, and consolidate the Republican form of Government. These elections will certainly be of the greatest importance. Should the Left obtain a decided majority in the Upper House, it will be a death-blow to the hopes of the Conservatives, who, as their aid will no longer be required by the Republicans, will thenceforward have very little influence upon the conduct of affairs. There seems little doubt, also, that the Republicans will obtain a majority, for the Conservatives, being split into three parties, are anything but homogeneous, and only combine on the eve of a battle when it is too late to adopt any joint line of action. Moreover, the municipal delegates are mainly Republican, and the circulars of the Left have been opportunely issued at a time when, as the Councils-General are about to meet for their summer session, electoral prospects will not unnaturally be busily discussed. The Conservatives also are forming committees, but have not yet adopted any decided policy.

Paris is in despair, as her cabmen have struck, and her omnibus service, ever over-crowded, is far from being equal to the emergency. For once considerable sympathy is felt for the men, who are all employed by the "Compagnie des Petites Voitures," which hold the monopoly of the cab traffic of Paris, and which have raised the "average" which each cabman has to bring in to 32 francs—a rate which necessitates sixteen hours' constant work. Moreover, the cabmen complain that the horses are badly cared for, their bedding being composed, up to recently, of coal slag. This has since been changed for sawdust, but even this is almost always in a state of putrefaction. In the mean time, with the exception of a few vehicles driven by grooms and stable-helps, Paris is cab-less—a serious inconvenience in an over-crowded city possessing no underground railway, and with a great influx of travellers daily.—The crowds continue to flock to the Exhibition, which last Sunday was visited by 112,000 persons, and the receipts for the first three months have amounted to above 203,000*l.*, or nearly 8,000*l.* in excess of the receipts of the first *four* months of the Exhibition of 1867. The free organ concerts at the Trocadéro Hall began on Wednesday, when the hall was crowded to excess, some 3,000 persons being turned away from the doors. The captive balloon is equally popular, and on Sunday there were ten ascents, some 300 persons taking the opportunity of having a good bird's-eye view of Paris. Of these, 250 paid the fee of 20 francs. The distribution of the prizes of the Exhibition next month will be attended with great ceremony, and the Prince of Wales, and various other Royal visitors, are expected to be present.—There are no theatrical novelties this week, nor is there any social news of any outside interest, beyond the award of the Prix de Monthyon (a prize of virtue, value 100*l.*) to the Abbé Roussel, and the Prix de Rome to M. Edmond Grasset, a young painter of some twenty-six years. The subject this year is Cato of Utica, despairing of the success of the Republic, preparing to kill himself. Feeling the point of his sword, and finding it sufficiently sharp, he exclaims, "Now I am my own master."

Germany.——The official returns of the election show that the Conservatives (amongst whom, be it said, are many and diverse shades) have carried the largest number of candidates, and that they now number 112 against 77 in the last Parliament. The Liberals only muster 106 against 176, and the Socialists 2 against 12. The Ultramontanes are 92 strong, having gained one, while the Guelphs, Poles, Danes, and Alsatian opposition remain the same—26; the Alsatian Loyalists, however, numbering four against five. There are, however, sixty-one elections to be decided by a second ballot, which may yet change the face of affairs. A Congress of German Finance Ministers is being held at Heidelberg, the chief subject deliberated being the state of the German revenue, which last year fell some 750,000*l.* short of the estimate, and the deficit had to be made up with the French occupation money. The rumour that the interviews between Prince Bismarck and Monsignor Masella, the Pontifical Nuncio, have led to some arrangement between the Prussian Government and the Vatican, are gaining ground, although it is difficult to understand how any such arrangement can tally with the sentiments so decidedly expressed in the Crown Prince's letter declining to abrogate the Falk Laws. The Emperor is still at Teplitz, is greatly improving in health, and has received a visit from the Emperor of Austria. The Emperor William will probably prolong his stay, and not go back to Berlin in time for the Princess Marie's wedding. His would-be assassin, Dr. Dr. Nobiling, is also recovering from his wounds at Berlin, and has again attempted suicide, this time by cutting his arteries with a pair of scissors left by an incautious attendant on his pillow.

India.——The weather reports still continue encouraging, and all anxiety concerning the Bombay Presidency is at an end. In Madras the number on the relief works is decreasing, and if the favourable weather which has set in continues for some time longer, no fears need be entertained of a renewed famine. The salt duty has been reduced in Bengal, and there is now a uniform duty through the greater part of British India of two rupees eight annas per maund.

Miscellaneous.——The late Queen of Spain is to be commemorated by the erection of a magnificent basilica, towards which 9,000*l.* a year is to be furnished out of the Civil List; while ex-Queen Isabella has, at the request of her son, contributed her jewels at Atocha towards the expenses. The rumours of King Alfonso's bad health are contradicted.—Switzerland is rejoicing at having obtained the grand diploma of honour for her horological display at the Paris Exhibition, while the Americans have only been awarded a gold medal.—In Hungary considerable alarm has been excited in Ministerial circles through the defeat of the Minister Tisza, and the general success of the Kossuth party in the recent elections.—Italy is mourning the death of Cardinal Franchi, the Pontifical Secretary of State, who has been succeeded by Cardinal Antonio de Luca, a man of seventy-two years of age.—From Egypt we hear that the Nile is rising rapidly and favourably, and, although somewhat late, is satisfactory for every crop except cotton.—The great fire at Mundalay (Burmah), which threatened to consume the whole city, has been extinguished with the loss of 4,750 houses.—In South Africa affairs are rapidly becoming quiet and Sandilli's brother has surrendered unconditionally.

THE COURT

The principal members of the Royal Family are now assembled in the Isle of Wight. The Queen was joined at Osborne on Saturday by Prince Leopold, and the young Princes and Princesses of Wales, who had been staying with Her Majesty, went to Portsmouth to meet their father and mother on their way to Cowes. In the evening Admiral Fanshawe dined with the Queen. Next morning Divine Service was performed at Osborne before Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice, and Lord John Manners and the Rev. G. Connor joined the Royal party at dinner in the evening. On Monday, the Queen gave audience to Lord John Manners, who afterwards left Osborne, and in the afternoon Prince Leopold went out in the *Alberta*, and steamed round the *Eurydice* in Sandown Bay. The Princess of Wales and her children visited Her Majesty on Tuesday morning.—The Queen drove to Sandown Bay last week and inspected the wreck of the *Eurydice*, and the works in progress. Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice will leave Osborne for Scotland about the 19th inst.

The Prince and Princess of Wales concluded their visit to Goodwood at the end of last week, spent a night in town, and left for the Isle of Wight on Saturday evening. They went on board the *Osborne* at Portsmouth, where they were joined by their children, and anchored in Cowes Roadstead. The Prince was present at the House Dinner at the Yacht Squadron Castle on Monday evening, and his yacht the *Hildegarde* with the Prince on board was amongst the competitors for the Queen's Cup on Tuesday. The *Hildegarde*, however, failed to obtain a place, a sudden gust when the vessel was off Osborne House doing her some little damage, and thus impairing her speed. The Prince and Princess and their children watched the usual display of fireworks in the evening.—The Prince and Princess visit Southampton next week to lay the memorial stone of St. Mary's Church, and at the end of the month the Prince and Princess will go to Abergeldie. A hut for the convenience of the Prince while deer-stalking at Lochnagar has been built at Allyguisach. In September the Prince goes again to Paris to be present at the prize distribution at the Exhibition, and also to witness a review at Vincennes.—The Prince and Princess have sent a donation of 105*l.* to the Maintenance Fund of the London Hospital.

The Duke of Edinburgh remains at Cyprus in the *Black Prince*. Tuesday was the Duke's thirty-fourth birthday.—The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne have gone to Kissingen. They stopped at Frankfort on their way, and were visited by the Imperial Prince and Princess of Germany, who are staying at Homburg.—The Duke of Connaught was at the Court Theatre on Tuesday. The Duke and Prince Leopold have been elected honorary members of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of Scotland.

The ex-Empress Eugénie is in Vienna, where she has been visited by the Emperor and Crown Prince, and has dined at the Imperial Palace. From Vienna she goes to Arenenberg, and will be joined there by Prince Louis Napoleon, who is still on his Scandinavian trip. The Prince has been staying with the Swedish Royal Family at Christiania, and accompanied the Crown Prince to the silver mines at Kongsberg and to the Telemarken, the Swedish Switzerland.—The Crown Princess of Denmark gave birth to a daughter last week, and is not progressing very favourably.—The Prince and Princess of Joinville have made the ascent of Mont Blanc.

THEATRES

We had occasion to notice some time ago the production of a new comedy, entitled *Auld Lang Syne*, written by Mr. G. L. Gordon, and brought out at the Park Theatre. Mr. Gordon is better known in the provinces than in London. He is a young actor who, at present at least, aspires to walk in the footsteps of Mr. Byron; accordingly, he not only writes plays, but is careful in every case to provide himself with a prominent part specially designed, as it would appear, to afford him opportunities for the utterance of puns and humorous observations, sometimes relevant, but more often wholly irrelevant to the story of the piece, or the particular scene which is for the time being in progress. Mr. Byron's method is very well known; it consists chiefly in imagining a character which, though not strictly belonging to the play, is rarely absent from any of the scenes. The excuses for his appearances are various, but under all conditions the object is the same. Sometimes this hanger-on of the plot is simply a good-natured meddler, sometimes a trusty and devoted friend of the hero and heroine; but come when he will he has always something to say, and as a rule his observations do not fail to provoke laughter. In all this, so far at least as intention extends, Mr. Gordon follows Mr. Byron in the very minutest particular. He too is content to be a hanger-on of the plot, so long as he can secure the ear of the audience; but unfortunately when Mr. Gordon speaks his efforts to amuse are not always successful. To tell the truth, his witticisms are very often of a poor and obvious kind, and sometimes his sentiments are a little vulgar; these faults, moreover, are aggravated by the circumstance that when he has to deliver an elaborately silly observation, he delivers it with a certain deliberation and emphasis indicating a confidence in his own power to amuse which is not justified by the result. With all these faults, however, there is promise in Mr. Gordon's productions; nor is his acting wholly devoid of merit. His comedy, as we pointed out at the time of its production, exhibited at least some knowledge of what will produce effect on the stage; and some power of delineating character. Unhappily these qualities, though not wholly wanting in his second venture, produced on Saturday evening at the same theatre, are not in this instance exhibited in the same degree. Mr. Gordon's latest production, which bears the title of *A Treaty of Peace*, is a sort of combination of comedy and melodrama in which traces of reminiscences of various successful plays may easily be detected. The groundwork is clearly derived from the late Mr. Robertson's *Ours*; a situation at the end of the second act, in which a lady is unjustly charged with unpatriotic and perfidious conduct, awakens recollections of M. Sardou's *Dora*; the incident of the marriage which is null and void because the parties are respectively members of the Roman Catholic and the Anglican Church, and have omitted to go through a double ceremony, is one which Mr. Wilkie Collins, taking a hint probably from the Yelverton trial, has made familiar; while the melodramatic *ruses* and surprises which are supplied in liberal quantity may be said to be the common property of suburban dramatists. Of the plot of Mr. Gordon's drama it is enough to say that it is a story of the Crimean War, opening in England and concluding in the trenches of Balaclava. Mr. Gordon's appearance in the piece—such as it is—arises out of the notion of a newspaper correspondent, who, being intimately acquainted with the military hero, naturally follows him to the Crimea. Of the style of this journalist some notion may be derived from his observation that "A Russian suggests a Tartar, and a Tartar suggests a tart, and a tart suggests piecrust, and piecrust is like Russian promises, made to be broken." The sentiments with which the play is liberally stocked are creditable to Mr. Gordon's patriotism, if not to his wit and good sense; but *A Treaty of Peace*, with its bewildering accumulation of impossible incidents, cannot be called a good play, though it is provided by the management with picturesque and effective scenery.

Unfortunately we are called upon to record the production of a still less satisfactory drama, which, under the title of *That's Why She Loved Him*, has been brought out at the Aquarium Theatre for the special entertainment of Bank Holiday audiences. The author of this play is Mr. Such Granville, a gentleman who, like Mr. Gordon, both writes for the stage, and takes as a rule a part in his own plays. Mr. Granville is but little known to playgoers, a circumstance which must be attributed to the somewhat brief duration of his appearances, which are as a rule confined to the dullest season of the theatrical year. His play is a tedious and absurd production, unredeemed by any freshness of invention, or gleam of wit, and not supported by any talent worth mentioning in the performance.

The GAIETY has rarely been closed since it first opened, but this year a temporary suspension of the performances has been deemed necessary for the purpose of redecorating and improving the interior. The interregnum, however, is already over; the Gaiety is once more open, brilliantly decorated without by the latest developments of the art of lighting by electricity which Mr. Hollingshead has brought with him from Paris, and renovated and redecorated within, with excellent taste. Improved arrangements have also been made for the comfort of visitors—a matter in which this popular house enjoys an unrivalled reputation. Miss E. Farren, Mr. Terry, Mr. Royce, Miss Vaughan, and all the other leading performers of Mr. Hollingshead's company, reappeared here on Monday in *The Grasshopper*, and Mr. Byron's burlesque of *Faust*, the performance of which was witnessed by a crowded and enthusiastic audience.

A clever little musical sketch, satirising the china mania, and bearing the title of *Cups and Saucers*, has been added to the attractions of the OPERA COMIQUE, where Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, is enjoying, notwithstanding the hot weather, a scarcely diminished popularity. The author, composer, and principal performer of *Cups and Saucers* is Mr. George Grossmith, jun.

Mr. Tom Taylor's interesting domestic drama, *Mary Warner*, has been revived at the LYCEUM after an interval of eight years. Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) is as forcible as ever in her delineation of the much-enduring heroine, and she was excellently supported by Mr. Billington as George Warner, by Mr. Fernandez as the real culprit, Bob Leavitt, and by Miss Virginia Francis, as Leavitt's unfortunate wife. Mr. E. Lyons and Mr. Pinero also deserve a good word for the manner in which they respectively portrayed a good-natured prison warder and a police magistrate, while "Little Nellie" (though we are sorry that at her tender age she should be kept up every night till past eleven) is a very engaging baby actress as little Mary Warner. Mr. Pinero's farce, *Two Can Play at that Game*, which precedes the drama, is a smart little affair.

SPORTING

THE TURF.——The Sussex fortnight, as it is called by followers of the turf, comprising Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes Meetings, concludes this week, the racing being prolonged, as is usual at Lewes, till Saturday afternoon. The weather, on the whole, has been very favourable, making the sojourn on the south coast most enjoyable; but it can hardly be said that the racing has been quite up to the mark. The concluding days at Goodwood, like the opening ones, were marked by walks-over and small fields; while the race for the Cup was about the poorest affair of its kind witnessed for many a year. For this we could only bring to the post two animals to oppose the Austro-Hungarian mare Kincsem, one being Pageant, an animal which, we believe, has never won a weight-for-age race, and the other Lady Golightly, who could never be considered actually first-class, though she has done some smartish things. The foreigner had an easy victory, and the result is little short of a disgrace to the English turf. However, there is no saying how good Kincsem may really be; but we do know that she has now won thirty-seven races without a single defeat being recorded against her; and this cannot be said of any horse which ever trod the turf. To the credit of Goodwood, it may be added that the two-year-olds which performed there showed more than average class. At Brighton the fields were hardly as large as might have been expected from the entries. Honours were pretty equally divided on the first day between favourites and non-favourites, and, consequently, accounts between backers and bookmakers. Little Harry was taken against three others for the Bristol Plate, but he could only finish third; and the two favourites for the Stakes, Shillelagh and Rhidorroch, could not get a place between them in the small field of six, the winner turning up in Don Carlos, whose previous running justified his being the least fancied of the party. The Marine Stakes, always a popular sprint race, produced just a dozen runners, and in this Dunmow, who was equally favourite with King David, was successful. Ventnor, another favourite, won the Patcham Stakes; and, on the next day, the Pavilion Stakes, making the sixth race he has scored off the reel. The rich Corporation Stakes for two-year-olds fell to White Poppy, who got away with a good start and was never headed, the penalised Rayon d'Or, a winner at Goodwood last week, being second. Kaleidoscope in the colours of his new owner, Lord Rosebery, won the Ovingdean Stakes in gallant style; and Pageant made some amends for his defeat at Goodwood by securing the Cup for Mr. Gretton. For this Rhidorroch, by running second, showed far better form than he did in the Stakes on the previous day, when he was the absolute last. Placida, who seems still improving, had no difficulty in winning the Grand Stand Plate.—Croydon, on Monday, had a Bank Holiday Meeting instead of the usual meeting; and at Ripon some fair North Country horses have tried conclusions.

CRICKET.——Though the thunderstorms and heavy rain in some places have interfered with cricket, on the whole the weather has been favourable for it since our last notes. Gloucestershire and Nottinghamshire after a three days' fight had to make a draw of it. The most noticeable feature of the game was Mr. W. G. Grace's 116 in his second innings. He was at the wickets close on five hours and a half, and his score is the highest obtained by him this year.—Surrey, which in the previous match with Sussex a little while back proved victorious, has again beaten her antagonists at the Oval, winning by nine wickets.—The Canterbury week, with its private theatricals, balls, and social gatherings, has maintained its prestige, though the clashing with Cowes Regatta cause a slight diminution of company. Kent was in form, as became the occasion, and with her Thirteen beat All England, a very strong team, by eight wickets.

YACHTING.——According to annual custom the yachting at Cowes follows Goodwood. This week the racing is under the auspices of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and only vessels belonging to that fraternity can compete for the several prizes. Next week will be devoted to the contests promoted by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, Ryde being head quarters. On Monday, at Cowes, Her Majesty's Cup for yachts of all classes was sailed for, eleven vessels, of which seven were schooners, joining in the fray. Additional interest was felt in the race, as the Prince of Wales, on board his own schooner *Hildegarde*, took part in it. She however lost her foretopmast near the Nab, and so was practically out of the race, which was eventually won by Mr. F. S. Stanley's *Formosa*, though the *Enchantress* came in a few minutes before her. On the second day the 100*l.* prize given by the Royal Yacht Squadron for yawls of not less than 30 tons of any "Royal" Club was won by the *Jullanar*. It was a splendid race, the *Corisande* coming in first, but Mr. Malley's craft winning by time allowance.

PIGEON SHOOTING.——The much-anticipated match for 500*l.* a side, between Mr. Aubrey Coventry and the redoubtable Captain Bogardus, came off on Tuesday, at Brighton, in the beautiful park of Mr. Benet-Stanford. The shooting was neck-and-neck all through, and at the ninety-seventh bird the Captain was only one in advance. As they each killed the rest of the hundred, the American became the winner by a single bird, the score being seventy-nine to seventy-eight. It is hardly necessary to say that there was a very large assemblage present, and that the excitement as the match progressed was intense.

CHURCH NEWS

CHURCH PATRONAGE.——In a sermon at Didsbury Parish Church on Sunday, the Bishop of Manchester spoke at considerable length on the question of purchase in the Church, with special reference to the parish of Didsbury. He said, "Let us acknowledge it to be a scandal, and try to remove it, but let us also thank God that the evil is much less than some suppose it to be. Clever writers, no doubt, can bring objections against every form of patronage; if it is in the patronage of the Lord Chancellor or the Premier it is said to be political; if it is in that of the Bishop, it is nepotism; if it is by trustees, it is partisan. And though to some minds patronage by the parishioners might seem to be most free from objection, I know of two instances where incumbents who were elected under that system were financially ruined by the cost of their election, and one of them was morally ruined; and the incidents have always been all those of political election. I have been asked, 'Why not adopt the congregational principle?' But the Church of England does not recognise the principle of congregations, and I should be sorry if it did. It recognises parishes, and choice by congregations would be impossible in the Church of England unless its constitution were utterly changed from what it now is." His lordship added that things were not much better amongst the Nonconformists.

VARIOUS.——The Archbishop of Canterbury has issued to the clergy of his diocese a recommendation that those who have during the past months prayed for peace should now—through the general thanksgiving—return thanks to God that their prayers have been thus far answered.—The Duke of Norfolk and Lord Denbigh, have been commissioned by the Pope to request the protection and assistance of the British Government, in case of need, for the missionaries who will be immediately despatched to promote education and religion in the island of Cyprus. The refugee priests from the provinces whence Russian cruelty expelled them will be the first chosen for the mission, especially as they are well acquainted with the language. They will introduce the Latin rites instead of the present Syro-Maronite, which have prevailed for the last 200 years.—A deputation of Irish Roman Catholics are about to make a journey to Rome for the purpose of presenting the Pope with the sum of 2,500*l.*, the "Peter's pence" offering of the archdiocese of Dublin.—On Friday last a meeting of the London Young Men's Christian Association, took place at the Institution in Aldersgate Street, to welcome a number of delegates from similar associations in America, who are now in this country on their way to Geneva, to attend a conference of members of Young Men's Christian Associations all over the world. Mr. S. Morley presided, and a number of addresses were delivered by the delegates. It was stated that the number of Young Men's Christian Associations in the United States was nearly 1,000.—A meeting in support of the missionary work carried on in the diocese of Maritzburg, Natal, was held on Tuesday at the Cannon Street Hotel, under the presidency of Mr. A. J. Beresford Hope, M.P. The Bishop of Maritzburg gave an account of efforts which has been made to extend Christianity in Natal; and resolutions advocating an extension of the work were adopted.—The *Jewish Chronicle* of Friday last announces the death on the previous Wednesday, of Dr. Abraham Benisch, who was for nearly a quarter of a century the editor of that journal. "With this bare statement of the fact (the present editor remarks) we are compelled to stay our pen—for it was the expressed injunction of the deceased that no 'obituary' of him should be published. Sympathetic hearts will share our sorrow and respect our silence."

New Music

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.——Of four creditable songs, the music by B. Hollander, "Tu me demande, Riense," words by Emile Richepin, for a tenor, is the best. Next in order comes "Treuer Tod" (True until Death), words by Th. Körner, for a baritone; "Thou Standest Near," words by F. Ruperti; and "Ah, Si Vous Saviez," words by Sully Prudhomme, are ultra-sensational, suitable for "lovers, and lovers only."—A brisk ballad for a bass is "There was a King of Thule," the words from Goethe's "Faust," music by M. White. —Poetical, but melancholy enough to satisfy the most dismal taste, are the words of a poem by Adelaide Proctor, "A Tryst with Death," the appropriate music to which is by J. Schoubach. The compass is from C below the lines to F on the fifth line.—Three well-written songs, music by R. Guerini, are "The Fountain," words by J. R. Lowell, bright and sparkling as its name implies; "The Kiss," one of Lord Byron's tender poems, very suitable for a youthful tenor; and a meet companion for the above, "The Young Rose," words by T. Moore.—Cheerful, and at the same time very sentimental, are two songs, music by Eaton Faning, R.A.M., a most promising young composer, "One for Another," words by Edward Oxenford, and "When the Gorse is in Blossom," written by Gordon Campbell. Both are narrative songs of medium compass, published in two keys.—The words of a tenor song, "Regret," written by C. J. Rowe, are superior to the music by P. Bucalossi; but neither displays originality of ideas.—Operatic fragments for the pianoforte are but seldom satisfactory; hence two pianoforte pieces by Alexandre Billet, namely, "Reminiscence du Freischutz," and "Le Nozze di Figaro," *reminiscence pour le pianoforte*, are satisfactory only to the composer, who can do better when he takes the trouble.—Worthy of its title is a "Rondo Grazioso," for the pianoforte, by J. Baptiste Calkin, a really excellent *morceau*.—Nine pleasing trifles, entitled "Episodes," for the pianoforte, by Frederick Westlake, may be learned by heart, and played at appropriate five minutes.—The same may be said of "three short pieces" for the pianoforte, by G. J. Van Eyken: No. I., "Sarabande;" No. II., "Intermezzo;" No. III., "Echo Song."

WILLIAM CZERNY.——A well-written duet for soprano and contralto is "Good Night," music by F. Wickman, German words by C. D. Manfred, indifferently translated by Mrs. Noble, R.A.M. The above-named translator has done much better with the Italian poetry of Signor L. Farnese, in "Una Sera in Riva al Mare" (Holy Faith and Love), a charming song for a mezzo-soprano or tenor, music by D. Carmusci. Two good schoolroom pieces for the pianoforte, by A. Buhl, are "Lydia," a *valse de salon*, and "Bon Voyage," a *galop de salon*. Very brilliant and showy is a paraphrase on "La Danse des Sylphes," from Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust," for the pianoforte, by D. Vmisanges.—From 32 to 42 of "Moments de Loisir," *morceaux classiques et populaires pour violon et piano*, are more or less good in their way. No. 32, "Une Petite Feuille," is tuneful and easy; as is also No. 33, "Moment Musical," by Schubert; No. 34, a "Mazurka Gracieuse," by Chopin, requires thoroughly good playing; No. 35 is a well-known "Gavotte in A," by Gluck; No. 36, a melodious "Romance," by Henselt; No. 37, a quaint "Air de la Pentecôte," by Bach; Nos. 38, 39, and 40, are lively and cheerful—"Humoresque," by Beringer; "Hornpipe," by Handel; and "Fragment from a Quintett," by Schumann. No. 41 is a "Pastoral Romanza," by Wilson, a very good study; No. 42, "Air de Suzanne," by Handel, a *romance en Fa pour violin (ou violoncelle)*, with a pianoforte accompaniment," by Edouard Marlois, is a meet companion for the above dozen works.

MISCELLANEOUS.——Three songs, music by C. A. Ranken, are not up to his usual mark of excellence. The words, by C. D. Larmont, of "Memory's Leaves" are truly poetical, therefore this is the best of the songs; "Thou Art My Love," words by W. Murray, is a commonplace composition on both sides; precisely the same may be said of "Alone," words by Edwin Waugh (Messrs. Ewald and Co).—Dr. F. Lloyd Fowle has composed a tuneful "Hymn of Peace," which he may more practically employ in his church choir than for private use (Messrs. Warren and Son).

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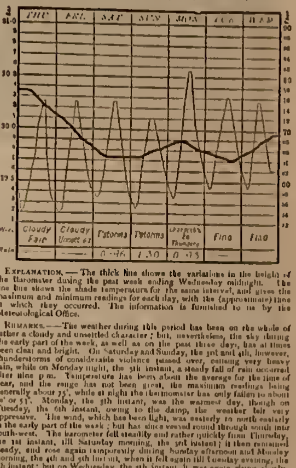
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

AUGUST 1ST TO AUGUST 7TH (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.——The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.——The weather during this period has been on the whole of rather a cloudy and unsettled character; but, nevertheless, the sky during the early part of the week, as well as on the past three days, has at times been clear and bright. On Saturday and Sunday, the 3rd and 4th, however, thunderstorms of considerable violence passed over, causing very heavy rain, while on Monday night, the 5th instant, a steady fall of rain occurred after nine p.m. Temperature has been about the average for the time of year, and the range has not been great, the maximum readings being generally about 75°, while at night the thermometer has only fallen to about 56° or 57°. Monday, the 5th instant, was the warmest day, though on Tuesday, the 6th instant, owing to the damp, the weather felt very oppressive. The wind, which has been light, was easterly to north-easterly in the early part of the week; but has since veered round through south into south-west. The barometer fell steadily and rather quickly from Thursday, the 1st instant, till Saturday morning, the 3rd instant; it then remained steady, and rose again temporarily during Sunday afternoon and Monday morning, the 4th and 5th instant, when it fell again till Tuesday evening, the 6th instant; but on Wednesday, the 7th instant, it was again rising slowly. The barometer was highest (30·33 inches) on Thursday, the 1st instant; lowest (29·70 inches) on Tuesday, the 6th instant; range, 0·63 inches. Temperature was highest (81°) on Monday, the 5th instant; lowest (54°) on Thursday and Friday, the 1st and 2nd; range, 27°. Rain has fallen on three days; total amount, 1·89 inches.

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THE COMING GROUSE SEASON promises to be one of the most satisfactory known since the outbreak of the disease in Scotland. As last season was wet the birds were comparatively little disturbed, and the mild winter has been equally favourable to them, report declaring the grouse to be as forward now as at the beginning of September last year. The prospects of deer-stalking seem equally bright.

INDIAN FORGERS are as undoubtedly clever counterfeiters as their British brethren, but their deficient knowledge of the English tongue frequently causes them to make curious mistakes. Thus the *Times of India* tells us that a remarkably skilful imitation of a Government currency note of the Bombay circle has recently come to light. The note purports to be one for Rs. 1,000, and is evidently the work of an ingenious native artist; but unfortunately for him he spells "promise" without the final vowel. The note is said to be a wonderfully good specimen of hand-printing; but it is nevertheless not a forgery, for either from an imperfect acquaintance with English vocables, or from prudential motives, the name of the Bombay Commissioner of Paper Currency has been written "C. E. Chumparum," instead of C. E. Chapman. Otherwise the imitation is so good that the note was unsuspectingly received by a native merchant of Calcutta in the course of business.

"Who taught you about the saints, Monica?"

AMONGST ALIENS

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

AUTHOR OF "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

"But, Catty dear," said my sister to me the next morning when we were pacing slowly together, arm in arm, out of the sunshine into the shadow, and out of the shadow into the sunshine, in the gardens of the Villa d'Este, "Catty, dear, I cannot think that Vittorio meant to deceive me."

Lucy was still pale and weak, with heavy circles round her pretty blue eyes, and her gown, which had fitted her so neatly two months ago, hanging loosely about her meagre form; but the blue eyes had a bright, steady look of resolution in them which was new, and her slender figure no longer drooped in the listless way which it had so pained me to see. We had talked and talked half the night through; and for the first time for many weeks I had felt that Lucy was speaking her whole mind, and her whole heart, which was better, to me. The veil through which we had been seeing each other dimly was gone. My own candid, simple-minded, little Lucy had come back to me, and my heart was lightened of a load. The very half soft, half stubborn, way she had, of persisting in her own opinion about that poor creature, Vittorio Corleoni, reminded me of the fair mite of a child, with a wide forehead and sensitive mouth, whom my brother used to call little Square-toes in her nursery days; declaring that her small shoes with straps to them (how small they were!) had a certain air of innocent obstinacy, which gave them a mysterious resemblance to their owner.

"Lucy," said I, "we will not discuss Don Vittorio unless you choose. But if we are to discuss him I must speak out my thoughts, must I not?"

"Y—yes, Catherine." Then after a minute's pause she added more firmly, "Yes. Speak out. It is best, although it may hurt a little for the moment. And, Catherine, I have been thinking and thinking, and trying to see things sincerely; and one thing I have seen. And that is, that if what you say pains me, what I say may equally pain you!"

"True, Lucy. Fairly and honestly said."

I was pleased to hear her say this—none the less pleased because I thought it augured worse for the influence over her of Monsignore Chiappaforte, and the special advocates of his Church, than any utterance from her lips which I could recal. And on this clear and open footing we discussed together the whole story of Don Vittorio's wooing from the beginning, and of the Princess's singular sweetness, followed by sudden severity, and of Monsignore's part in the little drama. The cool, easy, matter-of-course way in which Monsignore had accepted it as certain that Don Vittorio meant to deceive Lucy, and betray her trust and love, had, I could see, perilously shaken that dignitary's position in my sister's estimation, even if it had not toppled him over altogether. I well knew that Monsignore would never have spoken as he did speak had he known that Lucy was within earshot. He might, indeed, have expressed the same meaning, but in a very, very different tone. However, I did not insist on this point, thinking it best to leave time, and reflection, and her own conscience to do their silent work in her mind. But she clung to her belief in Don Vittorio's truth and honour with a tenacity that made me sad. And yet I loved her for it.

"Why Catherine, can I doubt him merely because others do? I should be——" She paused, and the tears sprang to her eyes and her cheeks flushed; but she bravely finished her sentence without a sob.—"I should be as bad as the Princess thinks me, if I didn't believe in Vittorio with all my heart."

"Ah, my child, don't nurse vain hopes and illusions!"

"As to hopes—no. I see now very clearly that we were both foolish. Who am I that he should stoop to marry me? It was a foolish dream, and I see now that it was selfish of me to think of—of being his wife. He ought to marry a lady of his own rank, with riches and beauty, and all good gifts far above mine. And I—hope he will. But I don't want him to forget me altogether. I want him to think of me always as wishing him well and happy, and praying for God's blessing on him and his. As for me, I shall never care for any one else,—never, never. But I dare say that some day I shall be glad to think that I didn't ruin his life, and separate him from his own people. And he will get over this trouble, and love some one else,—as I never, never, can. But then—men are different. He won't be to blame, Catherine."

The tears were streaming down her pale cheeks now, but yet her face had a look of serenity through it all. It was better for her to talk freely than to keep her innocent sorrows to herself. "And so, perhaps, Lucy may be spared the rude disenchantment which I feared for her; and may be able to look back in future years, when she is a happy wife and mother, on this love-story with a pleasant tenderness, as one remembers the dreams of childhood."

Thus ran my thoughts. For, you see, I paid very little heed to Lucy's protestations that she could never, never love any one else. She believed it. But at her age, and with her character, that was as natural as that she should be mistaken in so believing.

"No," said she, drying her eyes, as she stood with her face turned towards the great plain, with Rome rising from its misty horizon like a phantom city; "No, that is over for me. But human beings have different gifts and different missions, and perhaps too much earthly happiness may clog the wings of the spirit,—especially if it is but a weak, faltering spirit like mine,—and some of us may need sorrow and disappointment to teach us the beauty and value of a prayerful life."

"Well," I answered, "'*Laborare est orare*,' you know, Lucy. And I must not lose any more of the daylight, but set to work on my study of that gentle damsel, Monica."

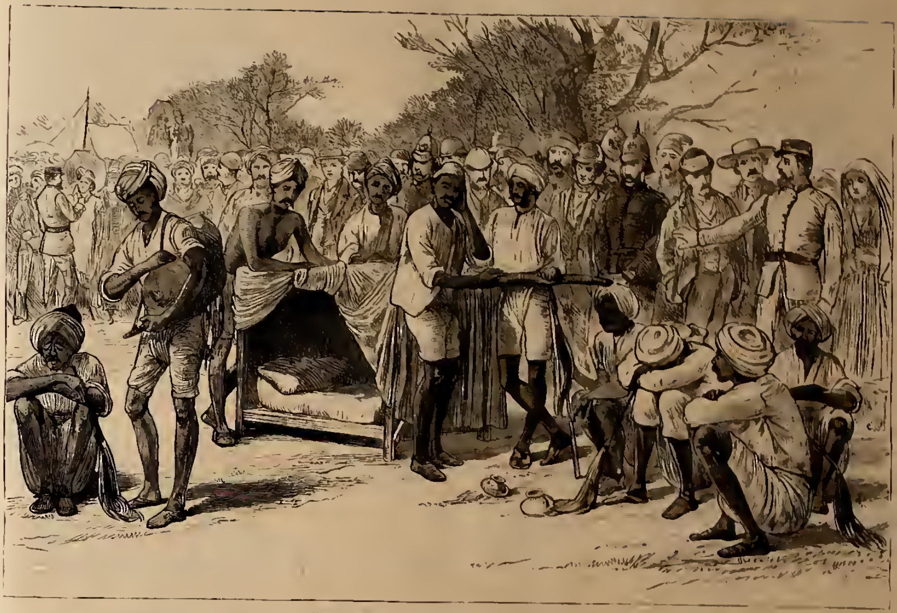
I cannot tell why,—I have never been able to account for the thought coming into my head precisely then, and not sooner,—but the fact is, that scarcely had I uttered the last words about Monica, when a sudden idea—almost a conviction—rushed into my mind in connection with her, and sent a hot, startled flush over my face. Lucy did not see it, for she was still gazing out at the view in an absent-minded way. We left the Villa d'Este, and returned to our lodgings together. I thought my sister had had walking enough, and advised her to lie down and rest awhile whilst I worked. She declared that she was not tired, and that she wished to do something for me, who was always so industrious and ready to work under difficulties; and she proposed to finish a piece of needlework that I had in hand. But when we had climbed up the dark, dirty stone staircase leading to our abode, she was obliged to own herself very weary, and to take my advice about lying down.

"I shall only lie still some half hour or so, Catherine," she said, "and then come and have a look at your study, if I may. I should like to see Monica again, too. I wonder what became of that poor girl,—her brother's sweetheart, you know. Poor thing! to be taken away from her home and her innocent country life, and the love of an honest man,—and then deserted! How sad it is to think of! I have thought of that girl several times since you told me the story."

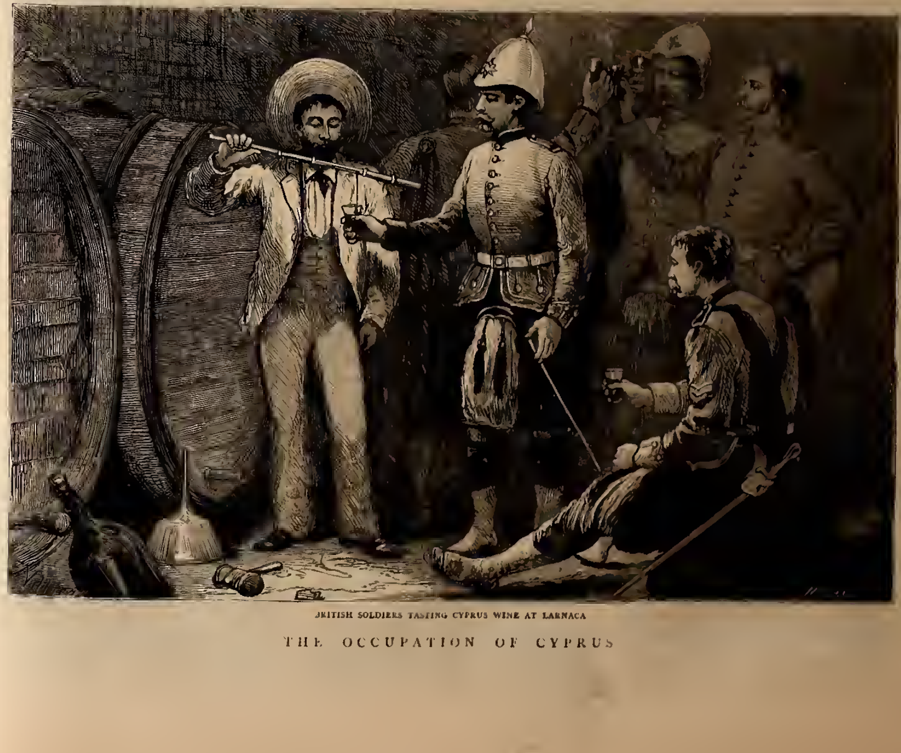
It disturbed me greatly to hear her begin on this theme, after the idea which had flashed into my mind in the Villa d'Este; and I had not been in presence of my model two minutes before she (Monica) said abruptly, staring at me loweringly with her great dark eyes, "You never told me you knew him, when I was talking to you so free and open the other day."

I knew as well what was coming as if I had had it printed clearly on a page before my eyes. But it was necessary to preserve my cool self-command with Monica, under penalty of forfeiting what little influence I had acquired over her. So I answered quietly, "In the first place, draw that plait more forward, and let it shade the throat,—so!" (I was pointing at the tresses of her wonderful blue-black, coarse, thick hair). "And in the next place, speak clearly if you want me to understand you."

(Continued on page 142)



INDIAN GROOMS AND BHEESTIES IN CAMP AT LARNACA



BRITISH SOLDIERS TASTING CYPRUS WINE AT LARNACA

THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS

(Continued from page 140)

She had mechanically obeyed my injunctions as to the disposition of her hair, but continued to glare at me with an expression like that of a buffalo-calf;—if you have never chanced to see one of those savage denizens of the Campagna, I may tell you that the habitual expression of a young buffalo is not prepossessing, being at once sullen and distrustful; whilst that of an old buffalo is in general diabolic.

"Well," resumed Monica, after a short pause, "if you don't know him your sister does. I saw her on Wednesday coming out of the gardens of the Villa d'Este, and I said to some one I know,—he wheels the barrow to pick up the dead leaves in there,—'That's an English girl,' said I, 'her with the hair like gold, and the face like the Madonna in our church at home.' And he says, 'Well, I should think I know that! She comes here every day to walk, and she's a grand Signora!' I laughed in his face, and called him pumpkin-head, and I says, '*She* a grand Signora? Go, you fool! She's only a poor teacher, and her sister is an artist who paints for money!' Grand ladies never do anything for money—do they?"

"H'm! I can't undertake to answer for them, Monica."

"Well, anyhow you and your sister are not grand ladies, are you?"

"Certainly not. As to that there can be no manner of doubt."

"Ha! I told Cecco so. But he's as stubborn as our old black mule, and he stood me out that she was a grand Signora because the parish priest made so much fuss about her, and took off his hat, and because a grand Signore walked about in the gardens with her, and rode away on a horse that shone like a ripe chestnut. 'What!' says I, 'a horse that shines like a chestnut! Is the man—may be he's considered handsome, with gold-brown hair on his face, and a gold chain, and spurs that go clink, clink on the stones?' And when Cecco said 'Yes,' that was the man, I asked his name—may the fiend carry him away! —and Cecco told it me, and then it all came back, like when you wake up in the morning and remember yesterday, and I knew that that accursed Signore who sent Pasquale to the galleys was Vittorio Corleoni."

"Oh! Turn your head a little more to the right."

"Well, but say, how did your sister come to know him? And why did you say nothing about knowing him when I spoke to you the other day? Are *you* a traitress, too? I thought you always said what was true."

It must not be supposed that this estimate of my veracity was by any means wholly complimentary in Monica's opinion. She had never been taught to look on truthfulness as a virtue, and there might easily arise occasions on which truthfulness would appear to her in the light of mere imbecility, and lack of resource. Still the fact that she had come to expect the truth from me as a matter of course, naturally strengthened my influence over her. And her ignorance and credulity, where she did believe, were as boundless as her power of attributing evil motives, and cherishing cunning suspicions, where she doubted.

"No, Monica, I am not a traitress, as you call it. But you forget that I did not know the name of the gentleman you had been talking of. I believe you did not know it yourself."

"Ay! I had forgotten it. At least I had it in my mind somehow;—hid away in the dark. His father has an estate over yonder," jerking her head towards the south, "where I come from. He goes there to shoot. He, that Vittorio,— —maledictions on his head!—don't go there now. He is afraid perhaps!" Here Monica laughed, a fierce, scornful, tuneless laugh, and then with a deep guttural "Ah-h-h!" she spat on the floor, and made a contemptuous gesture with her quick brown hand.

"Come, come! Sit steady," said I, authoritatively.

"Madonna mine, when I think of that beast——!"

"Don't think of him. You have thought of him enough. Think rather of some good person. It will be better for you."

This idea, being a novel one, seemed to take hold of my young European savage, and kept her quiet for a time. I profited by the peaceful interval, and by the meditative expression of her face, always pathetic in repose, and worked away zealously.

"I don't know who to think of," said Monica, after a while, looking up at me blankly.

"Sit still, at any rate! I have just begun to get the look I wanted!"

At this moment Lucy came into the room, and, standing behind my easel, softly clapped her hands in approval. "Oh, Catherine, how beautifully you are getting on!" she cried. "This head is the best thing you have ever done!"

"Which would not be saying anything stupendous in the way of praise, either! Still it is, of course, satisfactory to recognise some progress; and I think this study does show some improvement. But this monkey is the most tiresome of sitters. If she would be quiet for one half hour it would be worth a hundred francs to me."

"Let me talk to her, and try to keep her amused. What sort of things do you find to say to her?"

"Well,—our range of topics is not large. Just now I advised her to think of some good person, and I believe she tried;—but apparently she never knew any good persons!"

"Who came into your mind, Monica, when you were trying to think of some good person?" added Lucy, in Italian.

Monica regarded her doubtfully, and shook her head. "I suppose the saints are good," she said, "but I don't know them, and they live up in Paradise."

"Who taught you about the saints, Monica?"

"Padre Bossi, our curate. He's dead. He was ever so old."

"Well, *he* was good, was he not?"

"No. He used to beat the boys over the head when they laughed at Vespers."

This was undoubtedly disconcerting. However, after a minute or two, Lucy, who had taken out her needlework, and seated herself in such a position as to attract Monica's head and throat into the right turn for my purpose, softly resumed, "Is your mother alive, Monica?"

"Mamma? No; Mamma is dead. Daddy is dead, too. My grandmother is alive. She lives here in Tivoli."

"Poor Monica! My mother is dead, too."

The girl fixed her eyes contemplatively on Lucy. "Was she pretty, your Mamma?" she said, after a short pause.

"Yes; I believe she was. I do not remember her. I was a little baby when she died."

"Ha! I can remember *my* Mamma. She was handsome, I can tell you. I am like her. I am a fine girl, you know, only the accursed fever has made me yellow in the face."

I don't think any home-bred English person could believe with what absolute phlegmatic simplicity, and absence of blushing or bridling, Monica pronounced the dictum that she was a fine girl.

"Tell me about your Mamma, Monica," said Lucy, in her sweet, coaxing little voice.

At first Monica seemed unable to find anything to tell; but a few skilful questions set her on the right track, and soon she was in a full flow of talk, recalling this and that circumstance of her childhood, with a plaintive, thoughtful look in her magnificent eyes (which look was chiefly the result of an effort to remember, and had nothing to do with soft emotion. But no matter! It came out adorably on canvas), and a subdued tone in her harsh voice, caught by instinctive imitation from Lucy's.

"There," said I, releasing the thumb of my left hand from its durance in the hole of the palette; "enough for this sitting. Lucy, I am ever so much obliged to you. You have been as potent over this untamed young animal as Orpheus over the lions and tigers. Isn't she like a panther? However, to-day, I have really done a good stroke of work."

The sitting had been highly successful and satisfactory to us all three. And Monica inquired with much interest whether the Signorina Lucia would be there next time. "Because," said she confidentially to me when Lucy had left the room, "she diverts me; and I like to look at her curls. They are like the Gesù Bambino's, in the manger, at Christmas. Have you ever seen that? But, oh no! I forgot. You are not Christians, you two. Some foreigners are Christians, though; I've seen them at Mass."

"Look here, Monica: if you would like to have the Signorina Lucia here at your next sitting, you must promise me to be good——"

"Oh, I'll be good! I'll swear if you like, by——"

"No, no; I don't wish you to swear. You must promise to be good; and you must promise something else. You must promise me faithfully not to speak to the Signorina of Don Vittorio Corleoni."

She broke out into a string of oaths which would have been forcible in the mouth of a carter, and ended by saying disdainfully, "*I* talk of him? I spit on him. There!" And suiting the action vigorously to the word.

"The worst of it is," said I, coolly, "that you *don't* spit on him, but on my floor. I cannot allow that sort of thing in my studio."

I had often observed that Monica, despite her more than bucolic ruggedness and roughness, was, like most of her country people, vulnerable to sarcasm. Any approach to being ridiculed stung her severely, whenever she perceived it. So now she turned angry in a moment, contracting her black eyebrows, and looking at me with fierce, flashing eyes.

"Well," I asked, as coolly as before, "is it a bargain?"

"Why shall I not speak of that devilish beast to her?" returned Monica, sullenly. Then, with a quick dart of suspicion, "Ah, you like him! He is your friend, eh? I must say nothing against him, eh? Wait! You'll see if I care for him, or Don Gregorio, or any of them. Don Gregorio may take off his dirty old hat if he likes, as for me, I——"

"Not on my floor, Monica," I said, very quietly holding up at the same time a warning finger.

For an instant she looked undecided; but then with another quick impulse she began to laugh, showing her square white teeth, and wiping her lips with her apron. Seeing her in this mood, I smiled too, and added, "Come, I don't mind telling you this much: I dislike and despise Don Vittorio Corleoni as much as you can. He is no friend of mine, or of my sister's. His mother has behaved unkindly to her, and—frankly—I don't love any of the family. But, for reasons which you cannot understand, I will not have them talked of to my sister. If you don't choose to obey me, you must not come here. You know that I mean what I say."

Monica had listened with an eager and a brightening face. It delighted her to hear me say that I disliked the Corleonis. "His mother, too, eh!" she said, nodding her head contemptuously. "*She* was unkind, was she? They are beasts all! An accursed family! And I hope the saints will send them all to perdition!"

With which pious and original invocation of the good offices of the saints, Monica threw a bright tartan shawl (my gift to her) over her peasant costume, and prepared to depart. But before she went away she gave the promise I had required of her, merely making the condition that I should allow her to ease her mind occasionally by talking of "that accursed one" to *me*, whensoever the spirit should move her.

CHAPTER XII.

MY sister gradually recovered from the shock of the Princess's letter. Nay, to say the truth, she recovered from it more quickly than I did. Her very humility helped her. In the gentleness of her nature she bent like a reed before the harsh wind; but, like a reed, she rose again when it had passed. I was less flexible. I could neither submit nor forget. My soul protested and cried out against the treatment Lucy had received; and even if it had not been in my character to feel the injustice of this injury keenly, the sight of Lucy's pale face would have been sufficient to keep my indignation alive. For, although I have said she recovered from the shock and prostration occasioned by that cruel letter, yet she was very far from being the sunny-tempered Lucy with blush-rose cheeks whom I had brought from England a year and a half ago. Poor little thing! I began to feel that, for her, the blossom and sweetness of youth had been rudely destroyed. That flower fades for us all. It is the doom of earthly things. But for the happier sort of mortals it changes naturally and imperceptibly, as the fresh green of spring gives place to the gold and russet of July and October in their appointed seasons; and I had hoped that my Lucy might be numbered among the happier sort of mortals. Certainly our poverty and obscurity would not have hindered her happiness, for she had been as cheerful as the day until lately. Poor little thing! Well, I could but work hard in the present, and hope in the future. Lucy was but eighteen, after all.

One or two days passed quietly. Don Gregorio did not come near us. And, indeed, I believe that I had frightened him nearly out of his wits, for when one morning I chanced to see him talking to a farmer in the street he turned away, and darted off up a bye-lane in a violent hurry, leaving his interlocutor gaping after him, utterly unable to discover what it was that had put the reverend gentleman to flight. Monsignor Chiappaforte, however, did not retire from the field and wash his hands of us after his somewhat stormy interview with me. He came again the very next day, but without asking to see either me or Lucy. He merely left his card, with a polite message of inquiry for the Signorina Lucia. Our landlady, S'ora Nanna, was greatly impressed by these attentions, and began, I think, to consider us personages of some importance, which up to that time she had evidently not done, I am bound to say.

At length, one afternoon when I returned from painting out of doors, I found Monsignore in our sitting-room with Lucy. He saluted me courteously, and I could not help admiring the tact and discrimination of his behaviour towards us both. In general I had thought his manner below his reputation for talent; but upon this occasion Monsignore was superior to his usual self from a histrionic point of view. He adapted his face, his voice, and his manner to the circumstances of the case. It was the more clever, inasmuch as Nature had not fitted him for the part of a feeling friend. Like one or two other persons conspicuous for jollity, and renowned for *bonhomie*, whom I have met with, Monsignor Chiappaforte's smiles and ready laughter always appeared to me to indicate an almost absolute moral isolation—a curious and painful want of sympathy. I know that he did not produce this impression on every one. On the contrary, the world said how delightfully genial Monsignore was. But for my own part, rightly or wrongly, I found his uniform hilarity almost repulsive; and when Monsignor's infantine laugh raised answering smiles on every face around, it was an odd and unpleasant sensation to be conscious, as I was, of a dreary depression of spirits.

However, to-day he was serious, placid, and friendly in his tone. I know not what he had been saying to Lucy before my arrival; but after I joined them he talked pleasantly enough, and avoided all subjects which might have aroused emotion. He talked of the places of interest in the neighbourhood, of Hadrian's Villa, of the Villa of Varus, and so forth. Perhaps his antiquarian lore was not profound; but it was certainly great in comparison with our ignorance. And, in spite of my dislike and distrust of the man, I found myself listening with interest to what he had to say. Among the excursions he recommended was one to Monte Gennaro—the Mons Lucretilis of Horace—and to the site of the poet's villa, near Licenza. On the subject of this latter Monsignor grew warm. He, for his part, was convinced that the ploughed field, under whose soil the peasant proprietor will show you a fragment of mosaic pavement, was the veritable site of Horace's Sabine farm. Other archæologists differed from him here, it is needless to say, and differed from each other; and every one of them irrefragably proved himself to be right (at least to his own satisfaction) by masses of quotations from all sorts of authors.

"Ah, I wish you could see the view from the top of Monte Gennaro, and then get down to the farm close to Licenza!" said Monsignor. "A charming excursion! You could go on ponies. I made it on foot when I was a schoolboy at Mondragone with my tutor, Don Anselmo—a very learned man, a great classical scholar, one of the *vieille roche* who belonged to the days when we *had* some learning and culture in Rome. We did not teach boys and girls out of the gutter, music and algebra, to be sure; but then, *en revanche*, our professors had some erudition—could even speak and write their own language correctly, for example, incredible as the statement may appear to you nowadays!"

So Monsignor chatted on for some quarter of an hour, and when he took his leave I felt more charitably disposed towards him than I had ever done yet. I asked Lucy what he had been saying to her before I came in, and she answered with a serious look that he had been speaking of the consolations of religion.

The unexpected break-up of our relations with the Corleonis released us from the obligation of returning to Rome at the expiration of a fortnight, and I thought it would be well for us to prolong our stay at Tivoli for a few weeks. It was a great point with me to keep Lucy away from the associations of our Roman life, until she should be strong enough in mind and body to bear the sight of the familiar places and people without breaking down. I proposed to her, therefore, that we should remain in Tivoli until the end of April, and she acquiesced in the proposition with gentle listlessness. Yes; let it be as I pleased. She would willingly remain. She wanted to see my picture begun, but she supposed I might work at it here as well as in Rome. Of her own feelings or wishes not a word did she say. This listlessness it was, in truth, which made me anxious on her account. It was so unnatural at her age, and so foreign to her former warm-hearted, eager way, that I could not help fearing it indicated a morbid state of bodily weakness. Almost rather would I have seen her give way to passionate regrets, which would have worn themselves out, than accept her sorrow with this uncomplaining quietude.

There was only one thing which seemed to arouse her interest and take her out of her sad meditations, and that one thing, strangely enough, was the company of my model, Monica. Perhaps it was the fact that Monica was utterly removed from participation in the story of her life in Rome; perhaps Lucy, in her kindness of heart, wished to exercise a good influence over the undisciplined creature; perhaps the mere novelty and strangeness of Monica's uncivilised sayings and doings really amused her;—in short, whatever were the cause, it is certain that Lucy never looked and spoke so like her old self as when she sat by, needlework in hand, whilst I painted from Monica, and listening or talking to that wild daughter of the Campagna. On her part, Monica had some attachment for Lucy, in her rough way, and a great admiration for her delicate, blonde beauty. But she assumed a protecting air towards my sister which was very comic and curious.

"*Poveretta!*" she would exclaim. "Poor little thing! Just see her fingers sewing that handkerchief. *How* small and fine they are,—fine, fine! And her curls are as soft——! just like the Gesù Bambino. Don't let her sew too much. She'll be tired." Or else, "Why does not the Signorina divert herself more? She never goes to hear the band play on Sundays. She has no diversions,—and she is so young! You ought not to let her be so melancholy. *Mamma mia!* would *I* sit at home like that, and never enjoy a *festa?*"

Once, by way of drawing her out, I said, "Well, but how is it that you don't mind my being melancholy, as you call it, Monica? I never go to hear the band play, either."

She looked at me quickly, with her head on one side. "*Ah si! Per bacco*, that's true enough!" she replied, after a second's pause. "And you're not old. How old are you?"

"Twenty-four."

"E—e—e—eh! That's more than I thought. Still it's not so *very* old. But,—you ain't so pretty and fair as the Signorina Lucia. Her skin is like the wax angel in the *presepio* at Christmas, and her curls are as soft—just like the Gesù Bambino, as I always say. *Poveretta!* she ought to have some diversion."

"Well, well, Monica," I answered one day to a speech of this kind; "she shall have some diversion. We will make a beautiful excursion to Monte Gennaro, and to Licenza. It will be lovely one of these fine spring days. And if you're good, and sit nicely for me all this week, you may come too. You said you wanted to go to Licenza."

"Yes," answered Monica, "so I do. I want to see my aunt, granny's youngest daughter, who lives there. Granny's too old to go. But—will that divert the Signorina? Once I went to Licenza for my cousin's wedding. We had a tambourine, and we danced. That was famous! But,—only just to go there in the daytime and see all those big hills, and the river, and the women washing on a work-day—h'm! I don't believe *that* will divert her!"

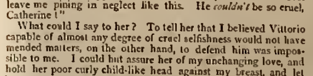
And Monica shook her head with a disappointed air. Still the promised excursion was something to look forward to, and she was on her best behaviour for several days, to induce me to let her go.

I should not have thought of attempting it, except for the hope that we might have Signor Sandro with us on the occasion. He had sent me one of his brief, hieroglyphical communications by post, informing me that he thought he should come over to Tivoli for a day or so, to look at my work, and get a breath of country air. If he would accompany us, I thought the excursion might be managed; and for my own part I was very anxious to make it. Lucy showed little interest in the project, or indeed in any project or incident of our daily lives. She seemed to me to be like a person breathlessly waiting for an expected footstep, to whom all other sounds are merely disturbing. An eating suspense wore her spirit day by day. Once, when I said some word to her about the necessity of rousing her mind from vain regrets, she burst into tears and exclaimed, "Oh, Catherine, if he would but come and speak to me, or write, or make one sign! I know all is over between us. I am resigned to that; I would never complain of it. But this blank silence is too dreadful. I imagine to myself a thousand painful things. What may he be thinking of me? Who knows what he has been told? There must be some misapprehension in his mind, or he would never leave me pining in neglect like this. He *couldn't* be so cruel, Catherine!"

What could I say to her? To tell her that I believed Vittorio capable of almost any degree of cruel selfishness would not have mended matters, on the other hand, to defend him was impossible to me. I could but assure her of my unchanging love, and hold her poor curly child-like head against my breast, and let her cry.

Meanwhile I revolved in my own mind what I would say in my letter to the Princess. I was firmly determined that I would write to her, and now the idea that I might succeed in drawing forth some explicit statement of Don Vittorio's intentions spurred my purpose. Any certainty, however painful, would now be better for Lucy than her present state of agitating suspense, for under it lurked—I could not help seeing it—a wild hope, a vain trust, in Vittorio's vows. To me, his cowardly abandonment of her was as plain as if he had spoken it to me in the clearest words. But she could not see it as I saw. Could she have done so, she would have merited some part of the Princess's reproaches, instead of being the most trustful and unsuspecting of creatures.

(To be continued)



New Novels

"BROTHER GABRIEL," by M. Betham-Edwards, author of "Doctor Jacob," &c. (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—This story is, no doubt, clever after a fashion—Miss Betham-Edwards could hardly write anything of which so much at least could not be said—but it strikes us as far-fetched and improbable, and altogether less satisfactory than any former novel of its author's that has fallen in our way. It is, in a measure, built on the same lines as Werner's "Am Altar," a couple of English translations of which we reviewed a week or two back. Brother Gabriel is a young Franciscan, an inmate of a monastery in the French provincial city to which the author gives the name of Les Ponts, who is led to renounce his vows and his faith, partly by coming to believe that dominion over the minds and consciences of men, and not spiritual holiness, is the aim of the modern Church of Rome; partly, though only half-consciously, through the influence of the beauty of Zoë Delmar, a lady whom he has met on the occasion of his visits, at recreation times, to her cousin and his dear friend, Lionel Delmar, a distinguished American *savant* approaching middle age. But Zoë, though once, as the only means of saving the young monk's life from the furious Republican mob, who are going to drown him, she declares that she loves him, has, in truth, nothing but a sisterly affection for him, her whole heart being given to Delmar, who cannot marry her because he has a wife in the background in America. Nevertheless, when Brother Gabriel, after having abandoned his convent, comes to her and beseeches her not to desert him in his loneliness and trouble, but to take pity on his helplessness and ignorance of the world, and teach him how to live, Zoë, a woman with no near ties, feels herself bound to be to him all that a loving sister might be, even to casting in her lot with him, and sharing his house. That scandal should arise from such an arrangement seems to us very much less surprising than it does to poor Zoë; but we need not tell more of the story, except to say that there never is any ground for the scandal, that Zoë in the end becomes the wife of her cousin, and that Brother Gabriel has to be disposed of by death. The situation appears to us eminently unreal, as we cannot suppose that any woman of six or seven and twenty, who knew the world, would have undertaken to play such a part as Zoë's; and Gabriel is a personage who, neither as monk nor as Christian unattached, gets any hold on our interest or regard; but our objection is rather to the whole subject of Miss Betham-Edwards's story than to any particular detail in the treatment of it. We cannot help thinking that the "emancipated" monk or nun, like the runaway wife, are people whom the novelist had better let alone. Nor, as far as we can see, has the author much knowledge of that monastic system she criticises so glibly and confidently, or, for that matter, of Catholicism at all. Let us say, however, that her pictures of old French towns and French country landscapes show no falling off in her well-known power of description.

"The Lord Hermitage," by James Grant, author of "The Romance of War," &c. (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus).—There is no occasion to say more concerning the general character of this novel than that it is just one of those romances of love and warfare which we have been accustomed to receive from the author's hands. Much of it is occupied with episodes in the Crimean War, in which the hero, Julian Melville, as he is called, plays a distinguished part. Mr. Grant's pictures of battle and of camp life are drawn with his usual vigour and spirit, but we do not think he is altogether justified in leading his readers to think that such an unmitigated ruffian and barbarian as Colonel Ivan Mouravieff may be taken as a fair specimen of the officers of the Russian army. But the point in the tale open to most exception is the introduction of such a mysterious being as Salome, whom we seem intended to identify with the daughter of Herodias, who danced before Herod Antipas, condemned, as the punishment of her sin, to roam up and down the earth a "Wandering Jewess," unable to die or grow old, but possessed of more than mortal power and knowledge. In his preface the author apologises for such a character by the plea that he has only, in Lord Lytton's words, "availed himself of the marvellous agencies which have ever been at the legitimate command of the fabulist." This is very true, but it does not seem to have occurred to him that when Lord Lytton made use of these marvellous agencies, as in "Zanoni" and "A Strange Story," like the true artist that he was, he toned, so to say, his whole story to be in keeping with them. He would have been altogether incapable of letting a Zanoni figure as a character in such a tale as "My Novel." Mr. Grant's Salome is in the most violent and jarring contrast with all her surroundings, and her introduction upon the scene a thorough artistic blunder. However, it is perhaps unlikely that a blunder of this kind will very seriously affect the readers whose tastes Mr. Grant principally consults.

"Summer Snow," by Sarah Tytler, author of "Lady Bell," &c. (Marcus Ward and Co.).—This little volume, which forms one of the "Bluebell" series of novels, strikes us as quite one of the best stories we have ever had from its author. That diffuseness which is too apt to be a besetting sin with Miss Tytler was here rendered impossible by the limits within which she was working, and the result is that her very pleasant and pretty tale is told without the least approach to repetition or redundancy, and never flags for a moment. Christophine Russel is a very natural and fascinating little heroine both in her somewhat self-conscious, though unaffected, grief for the loss of the boyish lover she had only known for six weeks, and who has died, or, at least, is universally believed to have died, in Brazil a little more than a year before the story opens, and in the gradual awakening of her genuine womanly love for this young Hal Butler's middle-aged relative, "Uncle Dick." Very good, too, is Debby Butler in her first impulse of indignation at the "treachery" and "slyness," as she chooses to consider it, of her uncle and the girl who, she thinks, ought to consider herself as good as her brother's widow. Mrs. Russel, Christophine's optimistic mother—a veritable female Mark Tapley in her way—is another excellent character. In every way the book well deserves to be a general favourite.—We have also received "Roydenhurst," by Hester Hope (3 vols.: Remington and Co.), a novel the plot of which involves legal impossibilities, and which does not otherwise call for notice.

THE READER

"LES ORIGINES DE LA FRANCE CONTEMPORAINE—THE REVOLUTION," Vol. I., by H. A. Taine, translated by J. Durand (Daldy, Isbister, and Co.).—In the first portion of his "Origines" M. Taine had sketched the corruption and the weakness of that "Ancien Régime," which, though long torn up root and branch, still leaves some threads and fibres in the body politic of modern France. In the present he proceeds to paint from contemporary documents and records—letters of clear-headed observers like Malouet, Gouverneur Morris, Arthur Young; confidential correspondence of administrators and functionaries—the whirl and fury of the Revolution. Heavier indictment against the wild democracy has seldom perhaps been penned. It is a dance of madmen suddenly let loose, a stampede of furious and frightened cattle, this movement, which begins with the capture of the Bastille, and goes on in blind obedience to the mob-orators of the Palais Royal. Yet the picture, for all its richness of detail, is somewhat lacking in justness of proportion. Indefatigable in research, and studiously anxious to write as coldly as though the subject were a revolution of old Florence, M. Taine has little of the historic power which can bring out, through masses of small details and superficial causes, the deeper principles in obedience to which the whirlpool will be again succeeded by the strong and rapid stream. The picture of the Revolution we gather thus far from his pages is at once too bad and too simple to be wholly satisfactory. Give to the many-headed beast his freedom—augment the difficulties of the time by a series of bad harvests and consequent distress—dissolve all bonds of discipline and order by the voluntary abdication of legitimate authority—place on the one side a feeble King and Court, a *noblesse* and a higher clergy inspired with the new doctrines of humanitarianism and concession; on the other the masses, the serfs of yesterday, half maddened with the belief that the new era has dawned at last in which the wrongs of centuries will be righted—give statesmanship the *Contrat Social* for its sole text-book—and set in the midst of all this as the only people who know in some degree what they want, the proletary and the criminal, the outcasts from every country of an unhappy world, the withered or the unripe fruit of the professional classes, the adventurers and the social failures, to whom the new Revolt holds out the first clear prospect of "getting on," and there you have, M. Taine seems to say, the France of '89-'91, the France of the Constituent Assembly, of Mirabeau and Lafayette, a mad, disordered, miserable France, yet even so just a little better, if only for the possession of one or two statesmanlike leaders, than the later France of the Second Assembly and the Convention. Gradual reconstructive reforms are out of the question, for everything must be begun anew in obedience to "les principes," and the sole experts at such work are the officials of the old *régime*, and therefore men to some extent discredited. Regular government is impossible, for subordinates do not recognise the authority of their superiors, nor *communes* the supremacy of the Central Government. No doubt a vigorous and striking sketch, backed up by an almost excessive iteration of corroborative facts. But is it a full account of an event which was not after all a dreamer's nightmare, but the birth-throe of a new France?"

Under the slightly meretricious title of "Amours of Great Men" (2 vols.: Tinsley Brothers), Mr. Albert D. Vandam tells anew some eleven stories—the majority somewhat threadbare, a few, however, not too familiar to the general reader—of the loves (but rarely hallowed by the Church, or smoother in their course even when so hallowed) of famous men of the last seven centuries—Abelard, Petrarch, Dante, Raphael among the better known; Hans Memling, Clement Marot, Lope de Vega among those for whose *bonnes fortunes* we must turn aside to the by-paths of history. But the two volumes, which would be passable enough were these same stories simply told—for Mr. Vandam has been at some pains to get up his subjects—are fairly spoiled by ponderous philosophising upon the love which is half-sensuous, half-spiritual, which flatters itself at least that it is the latter, while beyond doubt it savours of the former—philosophising, too, not always in the highest taste, but in the tone of one who would gladly be "deliciously wicked," and only succeeds in being prosy. We would not dissuade our readers from the book, for some of the stories—those of Lope de Vega, of Molière, of Mirabeau more especially—may interest them; but we should recommend them to skip the preface, the moralisings, and the epilogue.

"Goethe," by A. Hayward, Q.C., the new volume of the Messrs. Blackwood's series of "Foreign Classics for English Readers," is a volume which in most respects is charming, in some a little disappointing. As a biography—even after G. H. Lewes, whom, be it said *en passant*, it corrects on one or two points—it is almost perfect, written with all the easy grace of the practised chronicler of literary and social greatnesses, and with that thorough mastery of the subject which was to be expected from the man who introduced "Faust" to English readers some five-and-forty years ago. And in the case of Goethe, whose life was so essentially "objective," whose "unswerving tendency," to quote the letter of his friend Merck, "was to give a poetical form to the actual"—a little, perhaps, at the cost of the men and women, but more especially of the women, on whom he experimented—the biography is the master key, not only to the character, but to the writings. But we are by no means sure that Goethe may not be studied too exclusively from this point of view, and we could quite have welcomed another chapter on the inner meaning of that strange Second Part of the "Faust."

A famous book for youthful readers is "John Dean of Nottingham" (Third Thousand: Griffith and Farran), by W. H. Kingston, with the more exceptional merit of being mainly true. The story, in fact, of young Jack Dean, the gentleman's son, who first turned cattle drover, then drifted (heaven knows how) to sea, then became captain of a man-of-war, next helped Czar Peter to form a Russian fleet, and died at last a prosperous gentleman at Wilford, on the banks of "silver Trent," is a veritable fragment of old Notts chronicles, whatever be the exact truth of the adventures with pirates by sea, or plotters against Dutch William and the Protestant Succession on land, with which Mr. Kingston has embellished it. For the schoolboy who loves a story of the sea we could not easily name a healthier or a more interesting little volume.

"A Handy Dictionary of Commercial Information" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), by C. T. Blakeley, of the Board of Trade, seems well adapted for every-day reference in school or counting-house or ordinary life. Though far from exhaustive the notices under each heading are clear and to the point, and, where necessary, carefully corrected by the light of recent Consular Reports. Altogether a very useful book to turn to for a short offhand account of the commoner objects and appliances of commerce.

In its new edition—the fourth—Mr. G. F. Heath's "Fern Paradise" (S. Low and Co.), enriched with two new sections on a "Fern Paradise at Home" and on "the Hygienic Influence of Plants and Rooms," and splendid with an array of photographs and engravings, claims notice now as a volume for the drawing-room. Readers will not regret its purchase should it induce them to employ the cheap and graceful fern for the adornment of window, flower-basket, or aquarium.

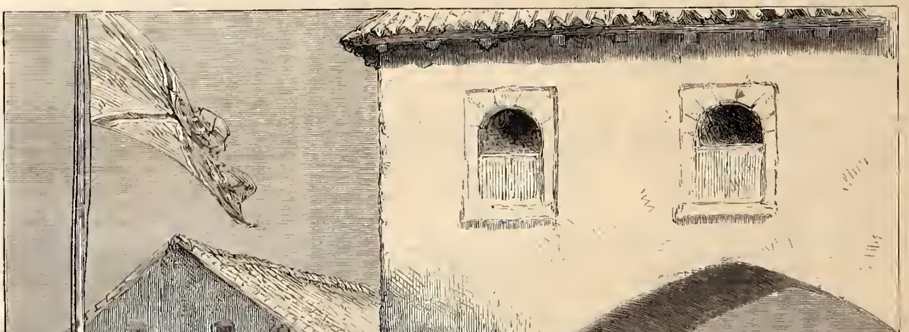
"The East Anglian Holiday Annual," published by Mr. P. Soman, of the *Norwich Argus*, will favourably compare with similar productions which mark the advent of the holiday season. The reading, which consists of thirteen miscellaneous articles, is light and pleasant. Several of these most appropriately contain references to East Anglia, in which district tourists have found pleasant rambling grounds and delightful spots for pitching their tents.

"Grafting and Budding" (Macmillan and Co.), from the French of M. Baltet, is an excellent translation of a famous French manual of a branch of horticulture in which our neighbours *outre mer* have for some time been first without a second. Tools, modes of grafting, affinities of species, lists of the trees and plants best multiplied by grafting—the amateur gardener has but to turn to the chapter to find at once the latest and best directions on the point.

Less technical, but still more delightful, is the volume in which, under the title of "Flowers: their Origin, Shapes, Perfumes, and Colours" (Hardwicke and Bogue), Dr. J. E. Taylor discourses of the Flora of the world, not as so many genera and species, but as a part of the great system of creation, in origin as old as are the *fauna*, and equally traceable in ascending forms from complex to more simple throughout entire geologic æons in the long struggle for existence, adapting themselves to be propagated by agency of wind or of insect, developing different shapes under the influence of soil and climate, marked off like the *fauna* into so many separate zones, exemplifying like them the survival of the fittest and the sacrifice of the individual to the general weal in modes that almost seem to border on the instinct of the animal. The discoveries of Wallace, Darwin, Lubbock, Belt, &c., have been most dexterously utilised to tell the story of "Flowers" in the most attractive and suggestive way.

With the end of the London season appears the annual shoal of guide books. As Paris is the chief goal of travel this year, we may mention first "The English Guide to the Paris Exhibition" (Mason), a fairly trustworthy little volume, with a map, and a few notes on the Salon, which will safely steer the casual visitor through the manifold attractions of the Champ de Mars and Trocadero. As the Guide, by the way, is intended for those dispensing with a catalogue, it is manifestly useless to mention the names of pictures without their numbers.—"Jones' Journey to Paris" (F. Warne) is a perfect gastronomic index, as the place and *menu* of each meal consumed by the writer and his wife are scrupulously recorded, their adventures being otherwise unexciting.—"The Comic Guide to Paris," from the French of A. Huart (Richardson and Best), had better have been left in its native tongue, as it is both coarse and foolish in English. There are not many spots in the Playground of Europe unvisited by the inquiring Briton, and it will not be the fault of the author of "Davos Platz" (Stanford) if that Alpine village is not overrun by "sick and sound." Lying snug in a high valley of the Grisons, Davos is as healthy in winter as in summer, for here natives die only of old age, and consumptive visitors grow strong and well, and, while a peaceful spot for invalids, it is equally pleasant for mountaineers owing to the variety of excursions around. Scenery and climate, people and history, meet with a full and enthusiastic description; and if Davos possess half the advantages herein claimed, southern sanatoriums may shut up their hotels, for their occupation is gone.—Returning to our own country, the same publishers furnish a fresh edition of their valuable "London Guide."—For practical use to a stranger pressed for time, "Seven Days in London," by F. Gosman (Richardson and Best), may be heartily commended. Excursions for each day are carefully compiled, and a separate map appended of the district to be traversed, while useful information respecting sights, transit, &c., is not forgotten.—"From Bournemouth to Bridgenorth in a Yellow Cart" (Provost) is a pleasant excursion worthy of imitation, and had the authoress paid as much attention to the scenery on her way as to the churches and the hymnals therein used, she might have greatly improved her narrative. Let her take a lesson from Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, whose "Companion to Killarney" (Marcus Ward) is delightful from the utter absence of the usual guidebook style. Forty years ago they described the Irish Lakes, but the many recent changes have induced them to compile a new volume. Unfeigned love for the district speaks in every line, and even such national drawbacks as beggars and rain are treated as curious studies of character and a pleasing variety of climate, while the useful side is not entirely merged in the picturesque, due directions respecting travelling and accommodation being provided.

THE TOWN OF FAMAGOSTA



HOISTING THE BRITISH STANDARD AT NICOSIA

THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS

MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA AT NICOSIA

RUINS OF THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE AT FAMAGOSTA

STAIRCASE OR BUTTRESS LEADING TO THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA

COURTYARD OF THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT LARNACA

THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS

THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS

ITS GEOGRAPHICAL FEATURES

CYPRUS, about which all the civilised world is now talking, is the most easterly island of the Mediterranean Sea, being situated between latitudes 34° 30′ and 36° N. and longitudes 32° and 35° E. In shape it is something like the outspread skin of a quadruped; its extreme length being about 150 miles, and its average breadth throughout the greater part of its extent being from thirty-five to fifty miles; its greatest breadth, however, from Cape Kormakiti on the north to Cape Gatto on the south is fully sixty miles; while towards the north-east a kind of promontory juts out, which is forty-five miles long and about ten wide. Its area is calculated at about 3,684 miles, and it is thus the third largest island in the Mediterranean, coming next after Sicily and Sardinia. Larnaca, which is the principal port of the island, is distant from Port Said, at the mouth of the Suez Canal, about 240 miles, from Malta 970, and from Mersine, the port of Cilicia, 160 miles. A great part of the island is occupied by two ranges of mountains, both of which have a general direction from east to west. Of these the most extensive as well as the most lofty is that which fills up almost the whole of the southern portion of the island, sending out subsidiary ranges or spurs in every direction. The highest peak of this range is Mount Troödos (anciently called Olympus), the height of which is 6,590 feet, those next in size being Adelphi, Mount Machera, and the isolated peak at the eastern extremity of the range near Larnaca, which is known as Oros Stavro, or the Hill of the Holy Cross, and is much frequented by pilgrims, it being believed that half of the true Cross was there deposited as a relic. The northern range of mountains runs from Cape Kormaciti (the ancient Crommyon) to Cape St. Andreas. Its elevation is not so great as that of the southern range, its highest summits not exceeding 3,200 feet, but it is remarkable for its continuous and unbroken character—consisting throughout of a narrow rocky ridge, descending abruptly on the one side to a narrow plain bordering the coast, and on the other to the great expanse of Messaria, which extends right across the island between these two mountain ranges, and from the Bay of Morphu to that of Famagosta. This plain is watered by two streams descending from the mountains in the south, one of which turns eastwards towards the Bay of Famagosta, whilst the other flows westward into the Bay of Morphu. In ancient times this plain was famous for its dense forests, but these have long since disappeared, the timber having been much used by the Phœnicians for ship-building and as fuel for smelting copper. The whole plain is now utterly bare and treeless. This changed condition of things has its natural effect upon the rivers, which are mostly mere streams partially dried up in summer time; even the Pedieus, which has its outlet close to Salamis, does not reach the sea during the dry season, and its stagnant waters form marshes which contribute much to the unhealthy character of the district. There are smaller plains in the southern part of the island, and these as well as the strip of level land on the northern coast are districts of great fertility. One of the greatest disadvantages of Cyprus is its lack of natural harbours. Larnaca and Limasol, the chief trading stations at the present day, have only open roadsteads, whilst Salamis, the chief port of the island in antiquity, and Famagosta, which held that position under the Venetians, were artificial harbours, the works of which have long since fallen to decay.

HISTORY OF THE ISLAND

CYPRUS holds a prominent place in mythological lore. It was at Paphos that Venus or Aphrodite, who was also called Cypris, first landed after being born of the sea-foam; it was in the forests of Idalium, the modern Dali, that Adonis was slain by the wild boar; Mount Olympus (and not the Caucasus) is also alleged to be the true scene of the terrible punishment of Prometheus, and it was a King of Cyprus who became enamoured with the marble statue carven by his own hands and afterwards endowed with life by the goddess of Love. The actual history of the island is of a very chequered character. It was anciently divided into many small kingdoms, which were sometimes at war with the neighbouring powers of Greece and Asia Minor. It was first colonised by the Phœnicians, from whom it passed to the Greeks, and subsequently to the Egyptians and Persians. When the victorious Alexander the Great appeared, the island declared for the Macedonian conqueror, and after his death it became a portion of the Greco-Egyptian kingdom under the Ptolemies. The last of these princes was unfortunate enough to offend the Romans, who sent Marcus Cato to take possession of the island. The King hearing of the expedition killed himself, and Cato, seizing upon the treasury, sent a large booty to Rome, and Cyprus became a Roman province. On the division of the empire it fell to the Byzantine rulers. The Arabs conquered it in 648 A.D.; and after several vicissitudes, we find it existing in 1191 as a separate principality. During the third crusade the authorities were imprudent enough to drive off an English fleet which had been driven thither by a storm. This roused the ire of Richard Cœur de Lion, who took the island, and ceded it to the Knights Templars, against whom, however, the native tribes revolted, so that Richard reassumed the sovereignty, and gave it to Guy of Lusignan, the expelled King of Jerusalem. This was in 1192, and for nearly three centuries the Lusignans reigned, and the island flourished under their rule. In 1458 John III. of Lusignan died, and left the kingdom to his only legitimate child, a daughter who was, however, soon dispossessed by her natural brother James, assisted by the Mamelukes of Egypt. James married a Venetian lady, who, surviving both her husband and son, abdicated the throne in favour of the Venetians, who held it until 1571, when it was wrested from them by the Turks, to whom it has ever since been subject. There was an insurrection in 1764, which, though unsuccessful, took three years to subdue, and another in 1823, when there was a fearful massacre of the Greek population. In 1832 the island was occupied by the troops of the Pasha of Egypt, but it was restored to the Sultan in the following year. It is now, as every one knows, under British Government, our flag having been hoisted at Nicosia by Admiral Lord John Hay, on the 14th ult., and Sir Garnet Wolseley, the new Governor and Commander-in-Chief, having taken possession in the name of Her Majesty on the 23rd ult.

CLIMATE, NATURAL HISTORY, AND PRODUCTIONS

MOST extraordinarily contradictory statements have been made in the newspapers in respect to the climate of Cyprus, discrepancies which may, perhaps, in some measure be accounted for by the fact that the two portions of the island, which are divided by the principal chain of mountains, are subject to quite different temperatures. In the north the heat of summer is moderated by the winds from the snow-clad heights of Karamania, whilst the southern frontier is exposed to hot winds, which come from every point of the compass, from the deserts of Kurdestan on the north-east, the sands of Palmyra on the east, the great Arabian desert on the south-east, and from Egypt and Syria on the south and south-west. According to the most reliable authorities, the climate is not essentially unhealthy, although cleanliness, regular living, and suitable clothing are necessary to the preservation of health, especially for new comers. Malignant fevers are very rare, fevers generally are not common, and cases of ague are neither frequent nor severe. Rain is very scarce in summer, and the rivers consequently are very shallow, and in some cases, owing to absence of good outfalls, spread themselves out in the form of stagnant marshes, a source of disease which can only be got rid of by a proper system of irrigation, which woold also effect a great change in the productiveness of the land. The soil is eminently fertile, and though agriculture is in a very backward condition, and much of the island is entirely uncultivated, the vegetable products are considerable. The average annual yield of corn is about 112,000 quarters. Cotton of the finest quality is grown, and amongst other productions are madder, opium, colocynth; oranges, lemons, pomegranates, raisins, and other fruits. The carob, or locust bean, is also very plentiful, and olive trees were formerly very numerous, but the island now consumes all the oil which it produces. Tobacco is grown in small quantities only, in consequence of the vexatious Turkish taxation. Many wild flowers of the most beautiful kinds thrive upon the waste lands, on which also grow wild herbs, thyme, and other odoriferous plants. No fewer than 1,000 different sorts have been discovered in the island. Cyprus is the native place of the cauliflower, which gardeners have developed by a process of natural selection from the *Brassica oleracea*, the part eaten being the deformed flower-stalks. Although much havoc was made among the timber trees of Cyprus by the ancient ship-builders and copper-smelters, there are still considerable forest tracts in which the cypress, pine, olive, oak, myrtle, and laurel abound. Upon the pastures are reared many oxen, sheep and goats are also reared in large numbers, the flesh being exported for the use of the Turkish army. Feathered game, and fish of all kinds are abundant, there are also foxes and hares, and wild boars are to be found in the forest of Acama, in the western extremity of the island. Dr. Clark says that snakes and other hideous and hurtful reptiles are common, and amongst the other pests of the island he mentions Tarantulæ, and a large spider called the "Galeode of the Levant," the bite of which is very dangerous, and speedy in its effects. Other writers, however, affirm that these terrifying accounts are purely mythical, and that so far from the snakes being venomous, they are the constant playfellows of the children, and that the Cypriotes studiously avoid killing them from a superstitious belief that it is unlucky to do so. It is, however, acknowledged that grasshoppers and locusts, the latter especially, did occasionally great damage to the fields, but in 1868-9 they were almost exterminated by means of a system of trapping them, which was the invention of an Italian settler. His plan was to note the course which the young locusts took, and to dig transverse pits or ditches across it, erecting on the farther side of each ditch a screen some eighteen inches in height. The marauding insects, being young and unable to fly far, marched straight into these traps, and were then easily disposed of. In ancient times, according to Strabo, Cyprus was not only famous for its valuable copper mines, from which its name is supposed to be derived, but gold, silver, and precious stones, including the diamond, emerald, jasper, opal, and agate, were also found there. The localities of these treasures are now unknown, and though copper, asbestos, talc, rock crystal, coal, and various other minerals are known to exist, until recently the Ottoman Government forbade the working of the mines. There are numerous marble and plaster quarries, and talc is very common, especially near Larnaca, and is used for the roofs of houses. Salt is also largely produced on the sea-coast, some 200,000 cwt. being annually exported. Thirty years ago the salt lakes of Larnaca were leased for 400*l.*, but they now produce a clear revenue of 20,000*l.* The list of commodities would not be complete without mention of the famous Cyprus wine, of which there is an average yearly export of 1,246,000 gallons, although the trade has been greatly discouraged by duties amounting to no less than 37 per cent. The principal vineyards are situated around Limasol, and the wine grown is of five qualities. Commanderia, the finest and most in request, is named after the ancient "Commandery" of the Knights Templars; the ordinary kinds of wine are heady, and have a somewhat disagreeable flavour of tar, the results of being kept in tarred casks. Mr. R. Stuart Poole, in an article in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*, expresses the opinion that it might be well to attempt some improvement of the ordinary wine by inviting some intelligent Germans, skilled both in the cultivation and preparation of wine; but he adds that they should not be permitted to meddle with the Commanderia. Some old families have kept wine in their stores for two and even four hundred years; and it is on record that in 1859 a cask of Commanderia, fully three hundred years old, was sent to Queen Victoria, "as a tribute of respect from the inhabitants of the island which had once been under the sway of one of her predecessors, Richard Cœur de Lion."

THE INHABITANTS

THE population of Cyprus has been variously stated at from 100,000 to 200,000; but the wide difference between these figures will surprise no one who reflects that the only basis of calculation are the returns of the Turkish tax-gatherers.

The Cypriotes are tall and well made; the women being considered very handsome and graceful, though somewhat inclined to corpulency. They make free use of cosmetics, dye their hair and eyebrows with "henna," and wear dresses of the most brilliant colours, with a profusion of gold coins, chains, and trinkets. Their attire consists of an upper robe of cloth, velvet, or silk; an under garment of silk, breeches or drawers, fastened at the ankle, and half-boots of yellow leather; whilst their head-dress is formed of muslin kerchiefs folded so as to form something like a helmet, some eighteen inches in height; and from it depends a veil without which no Oriental lady would think of appearing abroad. They are said to be extremely indolent and voluptuous, and to retain their youthful appearance until between forty and fifty years old; and they very frequently re-marry after they have become great-grandmothers. Both sexes are fond of ease and pleasure; this is possibly in part due to the enervating climate, and in part to the oppression to which they have been so long been subject. Consul Lang, in his Report upon the Industrial Classes of the Island, divides them into three classes: the first includes tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, cartwrights, and such like, whose earnings vary from three to five shillings a day; the second class are town-labourers, such as porters, boatmen, and domestic servants, who earn from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings and sixpence a day; and the third and most numerous class consists of agricultural labourers, who in harvest time may get as much as three shillings per day, but the rest of the year only receive from elevenpence to one shilling and threepence a day. Their work, however, is rude and simple in the extreme, and the amount of labour which they perform is not to be compared to that done by European workmen. Their mode of life, too, is very simple and inexpensive, and the wages above quoted are certainly not bad when compared with the purchasing power of money, which Mr. Lang tells us is as follows: "In the necessaries of life 15*l.* in Cyprus equals 25*l.* in England. In luxuries 20*l.* in England equals 30*l.* in Cyprus." Owing to the great admixture of different races, Cyprus is a kind of modern Tower of Babel as far as language is concerned. The literary language in historical times has always been Greek, but this has become blended with various dialects brought by emigrants from other countries. Italian is mostly used in commerce, and it and Turkish are spoken generally by the better class, French being very little used. From some ancient inscriptions which were discovered by Mr. Lang, it is conjectured that the aboriginals who occupied the island before the Phœnicians went there, and who are supposed to have been descendants of Javan, one of the sons of Japheth, had a language of their own. Whether these primitive inhabitants had any notion of religion is unknown. The worship of Aphrodite or Venus, and of Jupiter prevailed in early times, and was continued until Paul and Barnabas journeyed through the island as missionaries, and converted the Pro-Consul, Sergius Paulus, by their preaching, and by their miraculous punishment of Elymas the Sorcerer, *vide* Acts xiii. At present the majority of the inhabitants are Greek Christians, though there are many Armenians and Maronites, with some believers in Islam. The Archbishop of Nicosia is the independent head of the Greek Church in the island; he is assisted by three Bishops, whose Sees are respectively located at Larnaca, Kerinia, and Baffo; and there are no fewer than 1,700 priests under his jurisdiction. Now that the island is under British rule, there is already talk of making some missionary effort on behalf of the Church of England. In art and literature the Cypriotes of modern and mediæval times do not appear to have ever greatly distinguished themselves. Some specimens of the ability of the ancients as sculptors may be seen in the British Museum, and they were also skilful in embroidery. Enclos a prophetic singer, who is said to have foretold the birth and greatness of Homer, was a native of the island, and amongst the ancient poets were Stasinos, the author of the *Cyprian Iliad*; Cleon, who first wrote the story of the Argonauts; Hermeius, a lyric poet, and Sopatros, a dramatic writer. The general bulk of the people are now extremely ignorant.

THE PRINCIPAL TOWNS

THE ancient towns of Cyprus, according to Strabo, were Arsinoë and Soli, on the northern coast, east of Cape Acamas, which had harbours; Limenia, in the interior; Lapethus, to the east of Cape Crommyon, founded by the Spartans, then Agideus, Aphrodisium, and Carpasia, near to which last-named town was Mount Olympus (not the Olympus near Larnaca), on which was a temple dedicated to Venus, which men only were allowed to enter. Passing round Cape Andreas, near to which are two small islands, called Kleiades, or Keys of Cyprus, and proceeding along the coast we come to Salamis, at the mouth of the Pediæus, said to have been built by Teucer, the brother of Ajax, when he migrated from his native place, the Grecian island of the same name. Farther south was Ammochostos, of which it is said the modern name, Famagosta, is a corruption, a place of importance under the Lusignan dynasty, and the chief port and fortress of the Venetians. It is now chiefly interesting for its ruined palace and churches. Next came Leucolla, near Cape Pedalion, a lofty tract of country called the Table of Venus. To the west of Cape Pedalion, on the site of the modern town of Larnaca, was Citium (the Chittim of Scripture), which was the birthplace of Zeno the Stoic. It is now the chief port of the island, the seat of the British Consulate, and is connected by telegraph with Latakia on the Syrian coast, through Nicosia the capital. West of Citium was Amathus, and Palæa inland. To the westward of Cape Kurias (Gatto) was Curium, with a port built by the Argivi. Around the bend of the coast, which here trends towards the north-west, there were the towns of Treta, Boosura, and Palæ Paphos (Old Paphos), another Arsinoë, with a port, temple, and sacred grove, and New Paphos, which was built by Agapenor, an Arcadian chief, who, while returning from the Siege of Troy, was driven ashore during a storm, and founded a kingdom there. In the time of Augustus the town was destroyed by an earthquake, but it was rebuilt and became a place of some importance in spite of the insecurity of the harbour, which was only frequented in summer. Its modern name is Baffo, but it is now a very small place, although it is the See of a Greek Bishop. Lefkosia, or, as it is more commonly called, Nicosia (the ancient Ledra), is situated near the centre of the island, and is surrounded by beautiful gardens. It is the capital, and was formerly the abode of the Lusignan Kings of Cyprus and was then much larger than now, the Venetians having destroyed some portions of it to strengthen that which they retained. For the last 300 years the Turkish governors have resided there. Besides the churches, a description of which will be found in another paragraph, it has a market, a caravanserai, the Governor's Palace, the gateway of which is still ornamented with the Venetian lion in stone. The Venetian walls are still standing, but the ancient mansions are fast falling into ruin, and the streets, like those of most Eastern towns, are narrow and dirty. The town has a small trade in raw cotton and wine, carpets, cotton prints, and morocco leather. The three last-mentioned, with that of silk cloths, are the only manufactures of the island. The leather dressers have a secret method of preparing it, which is said to make it more durable and more brilliant in colour than that produced elsewhere.

Of the roads of Cyprus we are tempted to say, as a certain writer did respecting the snakes of Ireland, "There are none." Certain accustomed routes from place to place are of course recognised, but during the three hundred years of Turkish misgovernment no new roadway has been constructed, nor apparently anything done to repair those which previously existed. The favourite method of travelling is by saddle-mules and donkeys, and the camel is largely employed as a beast of burden. The muleteers, who also act as guides, are noted for their honesty and civility, but their great fault is lack of punctuality.

THE CHURCHES OF NICOSIA

THE Church of St. Sophia at Nicosia is, next to the Cathedral at Famagosta, the most important Christian edifice now existing in Cyprus. Both of these remarkable buildings have suffered much at the hands of the Turks, who, in converting them into mosques, left no effort untried to rob them of their ecclesiastical character. Notwithstanding this, these churches still retain much to interest the lover of mediæval architecture.

The Church of St. Sophia consists of a nave of grand height, terminating in a short apsidal chancel, aisles, and two western towers, the upper portions of which are entirely destroyed, and are replaced by two rather ugly minarets. The west front, in its former condition, must have been a singularly striking and original architectural composition. The west wall of the nave stopped short at the east side of the towers, and was there pierced by a magnificent Gothic window of six lights, which still exists tolerably perfect; below this window is the chief portal to the church. The space between the two towers was two storeys high, the lower formed a deep vaulted porch; the upper formed a vaulted gallery open to the exterior, so that both the great west window and the portal below it were seen through deeply-vaulted spaces. The effect of these great masses of dark shadow contrasting with the bright sunlight upon the solid towers must have been solemn and striking to a wonderful degree. As the Kings were crowned in this church, it is very possible that this great external gallery may have been in some way connected with the coronation service; perhaps the King appeared in this gallery in his crown and robes, to show himself to the people, as the Pope does after his coronation at St. Peter's, Rome. The whole building is lighted with magnificent "decorated" Gothic windows, very similar to those of Exeter Cathedral, and is supported by vast flying buttresses. There can be little doubt that the architect was a Frenchman, and the date of erection must be somewhere between the years 1260 and 1290. There is a little ancient glass existing in the west window; but the Turks have greatly disfigured the noble interior. The chancel is screened off and serves as a gallery for the women. As in the English and French cathedrals there is a "triforium," or shallow gallery, all round the building.

The dimensions of the church are about 300 feet by 112 feet. Like the churches in Spain and Portugal, there is no external roof over the vaultings, &c., as will be seen from our view showing the buttress staircase. The "extrados" of the vaults is visible from the exterior; with this exception, the whole treatment of the church is purely French, and, singular to relate, it is totally unlike any ecclesiastical building in Syria or Palestine, but in many respects it bears a resemblance to the great Cathedral at Famagosta. The little Church of St. Nicholas (or Nichalous) as shown in our view close to the larger Church of St. Sophia, is a small Byzantine building of quite an Eastern type, and has a low central octagonal lantern crowned with a flat dome, so common in the Syrian churches, and also to be found in the early churches in the south of France, Spain, Greece, and Armenia. The doorway is ornamented with sculpture. There is a third ancient church in Nicosia, originally dedicated to St. Catherine. It is a small, but early, building. It is much to be desired that some architect would carefully examine and illustrate these most interesting examples of Gothic architecture. As in Cyprus, the French architects of the Middle Ages were called upon to perform exactly the same task which our architects have to accomplish in India, and there can be no doubt that a careful examination of these churches would offer many valuable hints and suggestions. For instance, what could be a finer treatment for a hot climate than the noble open vaulted gallery which adorned the west front of St. Sophia at Nicosia? The Churches of St. Sophia and the Cathedral at Famagosta throw a most remarkable light upon the history of the island, as they prove that during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the civilisation of Cyprus was to a great extent French in character, and that the old Greek element had disappeared both as to religion and customs. No buildings of such a distinctly Northern Gothic type are to be found anywhere else out of Europe, and it is greatly to be hoped that they will receive protection at the hands of our Government, and will be preserved from further injury or destruction.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL REMAINS

PHŒNICIAN, Assyrian, and Greek antiquities are very numerous in Cyprus, and some of them are very beautiful. General Cesnola, the American Consul, has recently published a very interesting account of his excavations during a residence of ten years on the island. He says that the fortifications of Famagosta are as intact and impregnable as when first built by the Lusignans out of the ruins of ancient Salamis, the old bronze guns of the Venetian Republic are still mounted on the bastion, and the military governor with a company of artillery resides in a small fort overlooking the sea and flanked by a round tower called "Torre del Moro," which is said to have been the headquarters of the Venetian Lord-Lieutenant Christoforo Moro (the Othello of Shakespeare). The town is stated to have had at one time no fewer than three hundred churches, of which only two now remain. The places at which explorations have been most successful are Idalium, Golgos, Curium, and Amathus.

PROBABLE RESULTS OF BRITISH RULE

WHATEVER divergence of opinion there may be as to the justice or policy of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, there can be no question but that the radical change now being effected in the system of government must prove of enormous benefit to the island of Cyprus. Not only will all classes and creeds creeds be placed in the full enjoyment of civil and religious liberty; but many physical improvements will be effected with all possible dispatch, good roads will be made, harbours will be established, and many of the towns will be improved and enlarged. European capitalists are already flocking to the island, eager to commence business either as farmers, merchants, or manufacturers; and in a few years we may expect to see Cyprus holding a very different position in the commercial world to that which she now occupies.

With regard to the strategical value of the island, it must be remembered that while the Convention binds us to do no more in the way of aiding Turkey than the force of circumstances might compel us to do should Russia attempt to make any farther advance into Asia Minor, we are enabled by the possession of Cyprus to organise a military and naval depot much closer to the shores of Asia Minor than we otherwise could do, and this must operate, to some extent at least, as a check on any possible designs in that direction which the Czar may yet entertain. In any case, England can hardly be charged with cupidity in acquiring the island, since we have agreed to restore it to the Turks in the event of Russia retiring from Kars, Ardahan, and Batoum, and have engaged not only to carry on the government of the place without cost to the Sultan, but to hand over to him any surplus revenue which may be produced. Sir Garnet Wolseley has been joyfully received by the inhabitants, who have sense enough to know that many beneficent changes in their condition will be made without delay, and that there is abundant promise of a future of happiness and prosperity for their island which in the past has so continuously groaned beneath the yoke of her oppressors.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

"INDIAN Grooms and Bheesties on the Field" represents a body of camp-followers attached to our Indian contingent, who are now encamped near Larnaca. The grooms are provided with a sort of whip-duster made of horse-hair, with which to keep the flies from fretting the officer's horses. The Bheesties, or sick-bearers, carry a kind of palanquin, or litter, for the use of the invalid or wounded soldiers, whilst the Musucks, or water-carriers, bear skins of water for the relief of the thirsty.—"Drinking Cyprus Wine" is a sketch taken in the British division of the camp at Larnaca.—"Hoisting the British Standard" is from a sketch by Mr. J. M'Carthy, the military surgeon in charge at Nicosia, and is thus described by him—"To officiate at this ceremony, a party of three officers, and fifty-three rank and file, composed of Royal Marine Artillery and Light Infantry, under the command of Captain Kelly, R.M.A., were landed at Larnaca, from H.M.S. *Minotaur*, on the night of the 12th July, and marched inland to the capital city, Nicosia, a distance of about twenty-five miles. A great demonstration took place on our arrival there. We were met at the south gate by some thousands of people, and escorted by them, amidst loud cries of '*Zita*,' Brava, Queen Victoria,' through all the main streets of the town. These were so narrow and the crowd so dense that this promenade of about one mile was one of the most fatiguing parts of our journey. After a short rest at the Turkish barracks the men were paraded in front of the flagstaff, and the British flag hoisted by Captain Rawson, of H.M.S. *Minotaur*, the troops coming to the salute, and the multitude cheering vociferously. Admiral Lord John Hay then announced to all assembled in a brief, clear speech that he had taken possession of the island in the name of Queen Victoria. This called forth new applause, and the ceremony, which made an interesting addition to our Empire, concluded. The crowd dispersed rapidly, and in a few minutes the ground was left to the solitary sentry whose proud duty it was to be the first to guard Old England's banner in our new possession." The subjects represented in our other engravings of Cyprus have already been alluded to in the foregoing account of the island. They are from photographs kindly lent to us by Mr. Dominic Colnaghi, who was for some time British Consul in the island.

Magazines

IN the *Fortnightly Review* for August Mr. S. Laing, M.P., discusses "The Convention with Turkey," urging the same criticisms and objections that were put forward by himself and the other speakers on the Opposition side during the recent debate in the House of Commons. To give an outline of his arguments is thus unnecessary, and would, besides, take up too much space; but the gist of his contention is that, "under the pretext of strengthening our Indian Empire against Russian aggression, we are incurring certain and immediate dangers which far outweigh the remote and improbable contingencies of which we are afraid, and acting in diametrical opposition to the teachings of Indian experience and the maxims of Indian statesmen." Mr. Anthony Trollope gives us a sketch of a visit paid by him "the other day" to Iceland—lively and entertaining enough, though hardly containing any fresh information of importance; and Mr. W. R. Greg attempts some "Rectifications" of certain economical views expressed by Mr. John Morley in his article on the late strike in Lancashire, in the previous number, which appear to him unsound, and likely, if unopposed, to prove mischievous. M. de Laveleye's article on "Belgian Politics" is able, and may be read with interest even by those who are very far from being in sympathy with its tone. All political questions in Belgium, according to the writer, are now resolved into the one contest between the Liberals and the clergy. The struggle which has long been in progress on the Continent between the "modern spirit" and the older spirit represented by the Papacy may be watched and studied most conveniently and advantageously in Belgium. It is quite evident that M. de Laveleye's interest in this struggle is not that of the mere on-looker.—Mr. Saintsbury, this month, analyses with his wonted ability and discrimination the writings and genius of Henry Murger, the author of "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème;" and the fierce party pamphlet, entitled "The Political Adventures of Lord Beaconsfield," is apparently brought to a conclusion. The writer's comparison between the respective manners and characters as orators and leaders of the House of Commons of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone is very good, and well worth quoting had we the space for it, but, as we have before remarked, his intense and rancorous animosity towards Lord Beaconsfield deprives his estimate of that statesman of any claim to real or permanent value. The estimate, in fact, refutes itself by its extravagance. No one not blinded by passion would deny Lord Beaconsfield's right to eminent rank among the leaders of party in this country, but the compound of charlatan, visionary, and adventurer, "the Cagliostro-Chatham," of the writer's over-heated fancy could only have won power and distinction among contemporaries ready to be made the victims of the "confidence" trick.

A very noticeable feature in the *Nineteenth Century* is an article by Mr. E. D. J. Wilson on "The 'Friends of the Foreigner' Seventy Years Ago," giving a most instructive sketch of the policy of carping and cavilling, depreciation of English successes, and prophecies of English failures, pursued by the Whig Opposition under Lords Grey and Holland, and Tierney, Romilly, and Brougham, throughout the Peninsular War. The sketch, we say, is instructive because, as Mr. Wilson points out, "It is seen that the Opposition at the present day has reproduced with painfully curious exactitude the errors which shattered the Whig party two generations ago as an organised political force, and established the supremacy of the Tories in the State for a quarter of a century. . . . In every controversy to assume that this country is in the wrong, to attribute base motives, to predict disastrous consequences, such have been the persistent 'notes' of Liberal criticism ever since the Conservative Government came into power."—Miss Florence Nightingale's article on "The People of India" deserves a much fuller notice than we can afford it here. We can only say that the points Miss Nightingale insists on most strongly are the necessity, with the view of preventing famines, of providing the natives of India, and especially of Southern India, with improved irrigation, and, farther, of furnishing them with some just and legal means of help against the exactions of the money-lender.—Mrs. Fawcett attempts a reply to Mrs. Sutherland Orr's paper on "The Future of Englishwomen," published in the *Nineteenth Century* for June—as it seems to us with but indifferent success. As a reason for thinking that the "emancipated" woman of the future will not be so very different from the women the world has been accustomed to see, Mrs. Fawcett bids us consider the case of domestic servants. These "are entirely self-supporting and independent, with a career, and, in a humble way, a competency of their own." Yet we do not find them without the capacity for love, or any way disinclined towards matrimony. It is obvious to remark on this that these women are doing essentially women's work, and have *not* been trained as men to compete with men in the battle of life—that is to say, have been uninfluenced by the conditions which Mrs. Orr apprehends may have so portentous an effect.—Mr. W. H. Mallock contributes a very clever and interesting "Colloquy on Recent Art," the drift of which is to insist that the art of painters like Mr. Burne-Jones and poets like Mr. Swinburne is the art of a debased and depraved age, which has lost the sense for moral good and evil. "The world," says the chief interlocutor, "has been taught that its one standard of action, its one thing to live for, is happiness in this life. This teaching is gradually changing the world." No one has so delicate, though it may be so unconscious, a sense of this change as a gifted artist, and the change is to be traced most clearly in such an artist's pictures. Happiness in this life is to be the aim of the world, and what that happiness is to be like we may gather from such pictures as the "Laus Veneris" and the "Chant d'Amour." Mr. Mallock's argument is in effect one we have had from him more than once before—that the old morality will not stand without the support of the old faith. His paper is, at any rate, most suggestive of thought, and well worth careful attention; as are also Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's "Recollections of the Revival of Greek Independence," which relate his personal experiences from August, 1823, to November, 1827; and Mr. Grant Duff's notice of "Senior's Conversations," though we have no room left to speak of either paper at length.

In the *Cornhill* we are gratified with another of Mr. Leslie Stephen's ever-welcome "Hours in a Library," devoted to the first Edinburgh Reviewers, a body of whose merits as critics and politicians Mr. Stephen entertains but a very poor opinion. "Let us speak the plain truth at once," he says. "Every one who turns from the periodical literature of the present day to the original *Edinburgh Review* will be amazed at its inferiority. It is generally dull, and, when not dull, flimsy. . . . As a rule one may most easily characterise the contents by saying that few of the articles would have a chance of acceptance by the editor of a first-class periodical to-day; and that the majority belong to an inferior variety of what is now called 'padding.'" Nor is Mr. Stephen content with generalities, but examines in succession the writings of Horner, Brougham, Jeffrey, and Sydney Smith, pointing out that the work in each case is often poor and commonplace, and never attains real critical value. We have from Mr. W. G. Palgrave a most glowing picture of "Malay Life in the Philippines." He discourses with positive rapture not only of the tropical beauties of this earthly Paradise, but of the simple and primitive virtues of its Malay population, most of whom seem to have embraced Catholicism, or such a version of it as their minds are capable of receiving. We appear intended, indeed, to regard the Philippine Islands as a Garden of Eden into which what Mr. Palgrave now considers the serpents of European enterprise and European capital have not yet penetrated.—The article on "The Origin of Fruits" contains some curious and original speculation; and that entitled "Orpheus and Eurydice: the Lesson of a Bas-Relief," some delicate and clear-sighted criticism on the right manner of regarding works of art; and we have also a very readable account of Lessing's life and works.

Belgravia contains one of Mr. R. A. Proctor's popular scientific papers on "The Moon's Myriad Small Craters"—a paper which is a very happy example of the method of first advancing by strictly *à priori* reasoning, and then considering how far the results thus arrived at will bear out and agree with the facts of the case as they are known to us. Mr. Proctor believes that the innumerable small craters to be observed in the moon by the aid of powerful telescopes are due to the action of meteors; but we must leave readers to learn his reasons for this judgment for themselves. We do not know that there is much else to call for attention in the magazine, unless it be an attempt to establish a parallel between Finn MacCool, a hero of Celtic legendary lore, and the Falstaff of Shakespeare.

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ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS

CHAPTER II.

"Mais, Monsieur Martin, avez-vous vu Paris?" "Oui, j'ai vu Paris; c'est un chaos, c'est une presse dans laquelle tout le monde cherche le plaisir."

I DID not tell you that Lilly drew, and that I (Lolly) wrote the diary, and read up the guide-books.

In fact Lilly is artistic; I am literary; papa is mechanical, mamma economical; Charlie diabolical.

Well, then, to begin the diary.

Papa never goes anywhere without that other child of his, the boot-cleaning machine. This morning he and Charlie got up very early indeed, and cleaned all the boots outside the doors on our floor, and the affair would have gone off very happily, if they hadn't forgotten which boots belonged to which doors. This delayed us a little. Then we started for our first day at the Exhibition.

Papa had not forgotten his ticket with the photograph at the back. When the exhibitors were all requested to send two portraits of themselves to Paris, they were delighted. They imagined that one would go to form a vast album of exhibitors, itself to be exhibited; while the other would probably be given to Marshal MacMahon.

Papa went straight up to town to the London Stereoscopic Company, and was photographed with his hand on a boot-cleaning machine.

At the gate he presented this carte.

Four or five *sergents-de-ville* and two or three soldiers had to compare it with the original. "C'est lui," "Mais non," "C'est bien lui," "Pas du tout," they jabbered. At last the "Ayes" had it. Papa was admitted, doubting his own identity, and we followed, after witnessing from afar that dear face torn feature from feature.

Detestable tribe of the type *Javert!* But for you our first impression of the Great Exhibition of 1878 had been a charming one. Now it seems nothing but the apotheosis of the *mouchard*.

After the policeman, the first thing we saw was an arm-chair on wheels (*fauteuil roulant*). Papa sank into it (beginning to realise his own identity, for he weighs eighteen stone), and Lilly, wanting to sketch, perched on the front seat. Had she been dressed in any other fashion than the present this would have been impossible.

Then we started on our *pursuit of knowledge*.

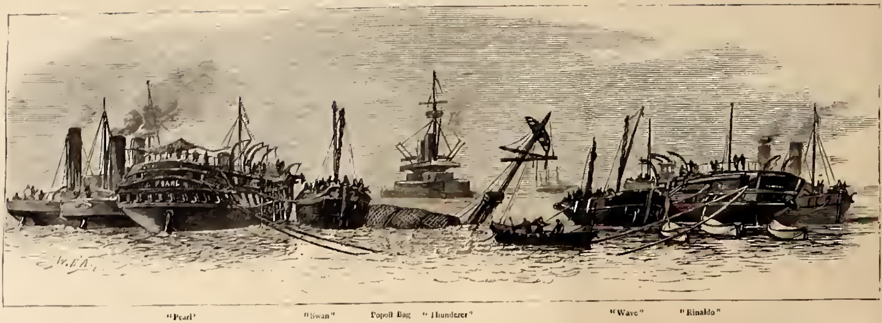
I carried the guide-book. My mind (such as it is) and the body of our "tug" (or French dragoman) were torn this way and that by questions and jerks innumerable.

How glad I was when it was over, and we were basking in the solemn calm of the *table d'hôte*. What a convivial repast it is! What a feast of reason and what flow of soul! If cheerfulness promotes digestion, then a dinner at *table d'hôte* never can digest!

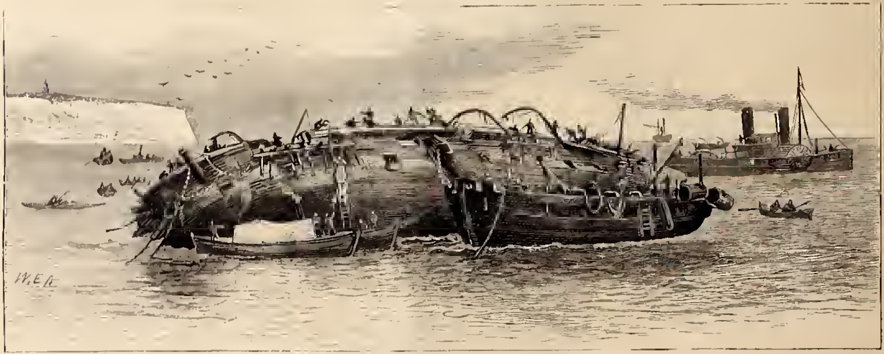
We formed a little oasis of chat by ourselves, but the rest of the people sat bolt upright, like sphinxes, each trying to read the riddle of the other, and wincing and winking nervously if they caught one another's eye.

Even wine cannot warm the hearts of diners at *table d'hôte*, not even *ordinaire* at two francs the bottle.

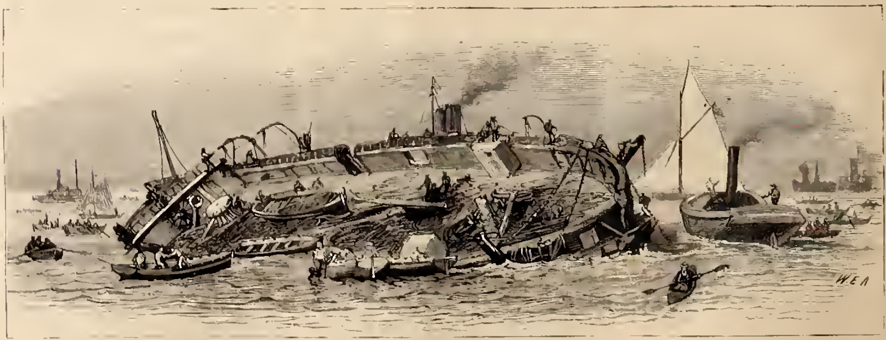
Every one was grateful to Providence when something occurred in the court outside—something to look at. We turned with the rest, and saw a procession of men carrying baths marching in review past us. How very embarrassing! Papa had ordered a bath apiece for us, and they must needs come just at this awkward minute. We tried to look unconscious, but Charlie said aloud, "There are our baths."



METHOD OF LIFTING THE WRECK OUT OF DEEP WATER

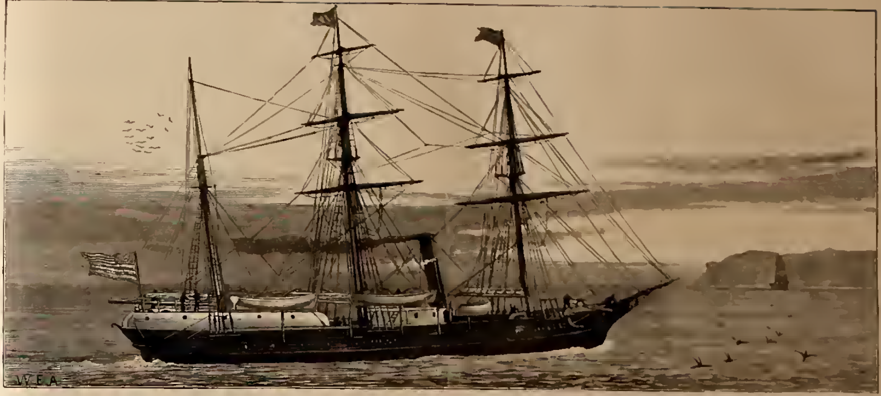


PORT SIDE OF THE "EURYDICE" AFTER THE LAST LIFT—REMOVING THE BODIES

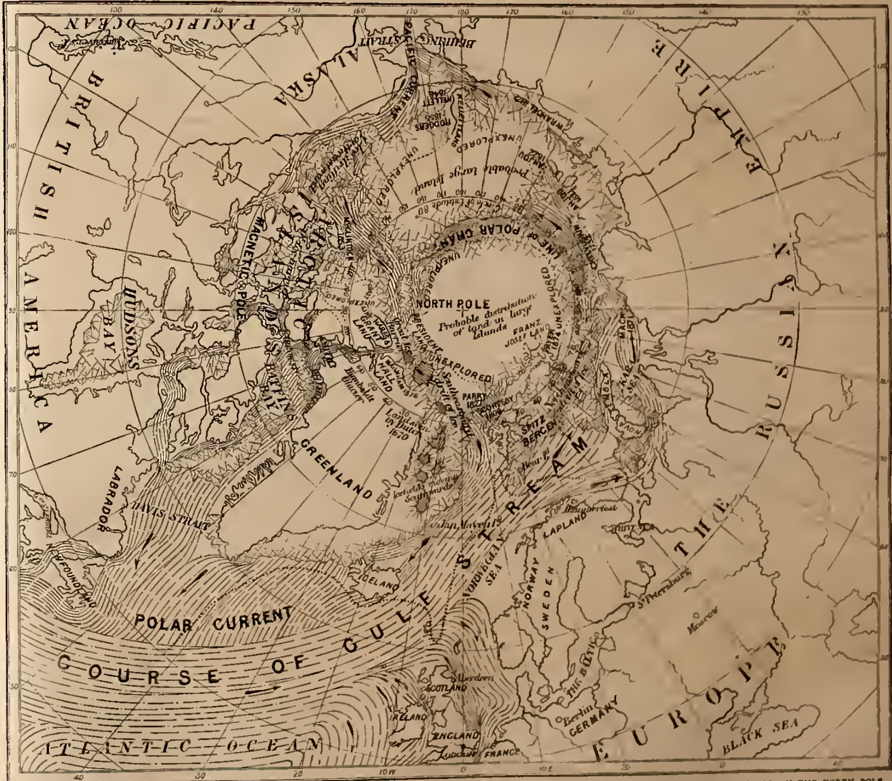


THE WRECK SUCCESSFULLY BEACHED IN SANDOWN BAY—DIVERS CLOSING THE LEE PORTS

THE RAISING OF H.M.S. "EURYDICE"



THE "JEANETTE," LATE "PANDORA," THE YACHT NOW BEING FITTED OUT FOR POLAR EXPLORATION BY MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT



MAP OF THE POLAR REGIONS, SHOWING THE MOST NORTHERLY POINTS WHICH PREVIOUS ARCTIC EXPLORERS HAVE ATTAINED IN THEIR ATTEMPTS TO REACH THE NORTH POLE

THE AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION

MUSIC

COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.——These entertainments, though of a mixed character, do much good after their kind. Many are attracted exclusively by the music, a still larger number by its surroundings—the show, and glitter, and bustling animation of the scene. The Messrs. Gatti have already for some years proved themselves skilful purveyors, able to satisfy both sections of the community. How these gentlemen are accustomed to decorate the arena in which the performances are held, so as to gratify sight-seers, who, like Othello, "care not greatly for music that may be heard," and how they provide comfort, by consolation behind the orchestra, for amateurs who can endure an operatic "selection," or a galop, but would be bored by a symphony or a concerto, need hardly be said. In their way, in short, they are the best of caterers. We shall, therefore, avoid details referring to this special department of their undertaking, limiting ourselves to some few remarks about the music. Signor Arditi having seceded, the Messrs. Gatti could not have done better than obtain the services of Mr. Arthur Sullivan as chief conductor; though not a few may express surprise at the fact of the composer of *The Light of the World*, &c., occupying a post so seemingly out of his sphere. Nevertheless, his presidence can only tend to good; and if such a public as that which flocks to the Promenade Concerts can by any means be educated into a love for what is musically pure and healthy, he is just the man to achieve that miracle, being, as he undoubtedly is, the most popular musician of the hour. Mr. Sullivan has begun well by providing a very efficient and powerful orchestra, some eighty in number, with M. A. Burnett as chief violin, comprising in its ranks many of the most practised executants we can boast—such an orchestra, by the way, as not only would have shown a good front at the Trocadéro against any competitors, but have played somewhat better music than that selected by Signors Faccio and Pedrotti, in honour of Milan and Turin. The overtures to *Oberon* and *Guillaume Tell*, which respectively began and terminated the first part of the programme, convincingly established its excellence in all particulars, as also the thorough competency of the master who held the *bâton*. Another noticeable point was Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in G (first of his only two), the solo part in which was played with more than ordinary ability by Miss Josephine Lawrence, a young artist of genuine talent, who has well profited by the instructions received at different periods from Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Franklin Taylor—both examples for any promising aspirant. Miss Lawrence was much and deservedly applauded, especially after the slow movement and *finale*. The first for the unaffected expression, the last for vigour and neatness, were unquestionably the most commendable features in her rendering of a concerto which, perhaps, has put to a crucial test the fingers of more pianists, from the highest to the lowest, than any other work of the kind these forty years. The other orchestral display was in the "*bruyant*" prelude to the wedding-scene of Wagner's *Lohengrin*. This, side by side with the pieces we have named, despite its overwrought instrumentation, sounded tame enough. The remainder was devoted to vocal solos in which Mdlle. Alma Verdini, Miss Anna Williams, Messrs. Maybrick and Edward Lloyd assisted. The honours of the evening fell to Mr. Lloyd, who in Sullivan's "Once again" (among other things) obtained an *encore* too unanimous to be declined, and thus we were treated to another ballad from the same pen. Miss Williams gave "Robin Adair" with charming simplicity, and Mr. Maybrick his own "Tar's Farewell," to which many would have preferred his "Nancy Lee." Mdlle. Verdini, a stranger of prepossessing appearance, made considerable impression in an air from *La Traviata*, but was more successful in the second part of the concert with the once so popular waltz by Venzano, "Ah che assorto," in which her facility and the legitimate quality of her upper tones were heard to signal advantage. A *pot-pourri* upon the most familiar melodies in Mr. Sullivan's *Sorcerer*, ingeniously arranged by Mr. Jacobi, in which the band of the Coldstreams, under Mr. F. Godfrey, joined the regular orchestra, and a cornet solo, played by Mr. H. Reynolds (Schubert's "Ständchen"), were also conspicuous in the second part. In the absence of M. Métra, the duties of assistant-conductor were fulfilled by Mr. Cellier. A symphony by Beethoven is to be performed every Monday during the series of concerts; so that we shall have from No. 1 (already given) to No. 8—the whole "glorious company," with the exception of the most glorious of all—the "Choral." On every Wednesday we are promised a so-called "Classical Night." At the first of these (on Wednesday last) the great orchestral pieces were Schumann's Symphony in B flat (No. 1), and Beethoven's great overture to *Leonora (Fidelio)*—generally, but, as some will have it, erroneously accepted as "No. 3." To this feature of the Promenade Concert scheme, however, we must refer more particularly on another occasion.

WAIFS.——At the last concert in the Kurhaus, the great violinist, Joseph Joachim, played Spohr's ninth concerto, the *andante* from his own Hungarian concerto, and some pieces by Bach. He was received with great enthusiasm. On the same occasion Mr. Sebastian Bach Mills, the famous American pianist, gave Chopin's concerto in F minor.—Madame Christine Nilsson has left Mont d'Or, and is now in Paris. She returns shortly to England. All idea of her revisiting the United States is for the present abandoned. The reports of her monetary losses in America, are, we believe, much over-stated.—It appears that the "Monday Popular Concerts" held in the Town Hall, Melbourne (Australia), "have become an institution." Mr. Arthur Chappell should be proud to know that the influence of his example has penetrated to the antipodes.—Mdlle. Kraus having returned to Paris, the production of Gounod's new opera, *Polyeucte*, cannot be much longer deferred.—A French adaptation of *Aïda*, produced at the Théâtre Lyrique (Salle Ventadour), does not seem to have created a very strong impression, the cast of the *dramatis personæ* being not over-powerful.—The Academy of Fine Arts has come into possession of the annuity of 6,000 francs bequeathed by Rossini for the best poem and its best musical setting. The candidature is open to all comers, year after year.—The vocalising students from Upsala and Christiana, so well received at the Trocadéro, have sung precisely the same pieces as we heard in London, (at St. James's Hall), two years ago. Their *répertoire* does not appear to be very extensive.—The veteran Scandinavian fiddler, Ole Bull, still keeps a firm grasp of the instrument to which he owes his fame. He is now giving concerts in Norway, with Mdlle. Stella Faustina (the "Adelina Patti *en herbe*," who was to have come out this year at Her Majesty's Theatre), and M. Maurice Strakosch.—The marble bust of Franz Schubert, erecting at Stuttgardt, the capital of Wurtemberg, is shortly to be inaugurated.—The amateurs of Turin, vain of the success obtained by Signor Pedrotti at the orchestral concerts in the Trocadéro, Paris, have presented him with a magnificent conductor's stick.—The "Charles Albert" *Requiem* Mass for 1879 is to be composed by Giuseppe Vaninetti.—Massenet's *Roi de Lahore* will be given next season at Bologna, under the direction of Signor Faccio, the eminent Milanese conductor.—The projected celebration of the centenary of the Scala, at Milan, is abandoned, and the money subscribed will be devoted to repairing and redecorating the building (not, by the way, before it was wanted).—A collection of Hindoo musical instruments and writings on Hindoo music has been presented to the Royal Museum by the Rajah Sourindro Mohun, of Tagore, who, last year, made a similar bequest to the Museum at Brussels.—It is said that Mdlles. Valleria and Tremelli, as well as Signors Runcio, Foli, &c., from Her Majesty's Theatre, are about to make a concert tour in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, accompanied by M. Musin, as violinist, and Mr. F. Cowen as conductor.—A monument to the celebrated composer, Cimarosa, is, we are informed, to be erected in his native town, Aversa.

LEGAL

THE POISONOUS VIOLET POWDER CASE.——Mr. King, the wholesale chemist who manufactured the adulterated violet powder the use of which has caused the deaths of about a dozen children, was on Wednesday tried at the Central Criminal Court for manslaughter, there being six separate indictments against him. It will be remembered that the "violet powder," which is a compound of starch and orris root, was mixed with terra alba or sulphate of lime in order that it might be sold at a lower price, and that by some unexplained mistake, either on the part of Mr. King or of the persons from whom he purchased the ingredients in bulk, a large proportion of arsenic found its way into the powder, with the results above stated. It is only fair to Mr. King to state that as soon as he knew of the matter he did all he could to stop the sale of the noxious stuff, and the jury being directed by Mr. Justice Field, that to justify a conviction they must be satisfied that gross and criminal neglect had been proved, returned a verdict of not guilty in the only case tried. The other indictments were subsequently withdrawn, the judge remarking that there was no ground for imputing blame to Messrs. Fox, who had supplied the prisoner with the terra-alba. The public can hardly be congratulated on the result of the inquiry, which, however, may possibly lead to some good in the shape of more stringent regulations respecting the sale of poisons. The mere idea of a deadly drug like arsenic being sold by the ton is in itself alarming.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——There is great dissatisfaction existing in the ranks of the Metropolitan Police on the score of the alleged inadequacy of their pay. It is rumoured that they have determined to hold a mass meeting, and to present a petition to Parliament, if they do not soon receive a favourable answer to the petition which four months ago they presented to the authorities at Scotland Yard. Colonel Henderson has issued a circular telling them that the matter is being carefully considered, and advising them to refrain from any "unseemly conduct."—At the Derby Assizes the other day, Mr. Justice Hawkins refused to take any official cognizance of the High Sheriff of the county, because he appeared in Court in an ordinary morning coat, and moreover threatened to impose a fine of 50*l.* upon him if he again appeared without uniform or diplomatic costume. The High Sheriff "protested," but next day he very wisely donned the only uniform he possessed, viz., that of a captain of Volunteers.—The Town Council of Blackburn have sanctioned the payment of bills in connection with the late riots amounting to 3,358*l.*—Several actions for libel are now pending against our gossipy contemporary *Truth*. In one the plaintiff is a Turkish subject named Lambri, whose complaint is that he was accused of getting a living by cheating at cards and gambling at certain West End clubs. In another case, the plaintiffs, who are directors of the Westminster Aquarium, have asked the Divisional Court to issue a writ against the defendant for contempt of Court in publishing the defence which he intended to offer when the case came on for hearing. The Lord Chief Baron said he viewed the conduct of Mr. Labouchere with the strongest disapprobation; but these fresh libels were not likely to prejudice the trial, and were not a contempt of Court. Mr. Justice Mellor thought differently, and spoke of the course pursued by Mr. Labouchere as un-English, unjust, and unfair. As the court was divided in opinion, no order was made. In a third case, the musical critic of *The Times*, who had been accused of giving unfavourable notices of the performances of vocalists, unless they paid a kind of blackmail to an agent with whom he was said to be in league, applied for a criminal injunction, which was, however, refused, on the ground that he had his remedy by action or indictment.—Another libel action, brought by an ex-lieutenant of the Coldstream Guards against the *Army and Navy Gazette*, has ended in a verdict for the defendant, the jury adding that they had much pleasure in stating that they believed Dr. Russell (the editor) had no personal feeling against the plaintiff, and that he had not acted under any influence from the Horse Guards.—One of the Hindoo conjurors brought over to this country by Dr. Lynn was taken before the Brentford magistrates the other day for behaving in a disorderly manner at a house occupied by Dr. Lynn's brother. The Hindoo stated that he had gone there to see the Doctor, who owed him 30*l.* for arrears of salary. He was discharged with a caution, it being explained to him that he should proceed in the County Court if money was owing to him.—The call-boy at the Opera Comique, who was accused of stealing 90*l.*, has got off with the light sentence of three weeks' imprisonment, Mr. Vaughan having apparently been much impressed with his "smartness." He denied having stolen more than 5*l.*, and when asked to account for his having recently spent 17*l.*, he said that he "occasionally did a little betting."—The one-sidedness of the new Matrimonial Causes Act is exemplified in a case which was heard this week at Wandsworth. The husband, an army pensioner, complained that his wife frequently got drunk, and had thrice pledged everything in the house, which he had as many times redeemed. On the previous day she threw flower-pots at him, pelted him with eggs, bit his leg, and broke open the door of a room into which he had retired to avoid striking her. Mr. Paget suggested (he could not order) a separation, and the complainant expressed himself willing to allow his wife a maintenance, but the virago would not hear of such an arrangement. She had married her husband for better or worse, and would stay with him. She was remanded for a week.—The Fenian, Robert Kelly, who in 1871 was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude for wounding Head Constable Talbot, has been liberated after serving seven years on Spike Island. His health is much shattered. It will be remembered that Talbot died of his wounds, and that Kelly was first tried for wilful murder but acquitted, it having been contended that Talbot's death had resulted from unskilful medical treatment.—On Tuesday, a man named Wood, the keeper of a public-house at Stepney shot a man through the heart, and immediately afterwards shot himself through the head, death in each case being instantaneous. Wood had been for some time suffering from *delirium tremens*.—Last week, at Burton, near Swindon, a widow named Seymour strangled her daughter, aged nineteen, and her daughter's illegitimate child, aged two years, by tying stockings around their throats, and afterwards committed suicide by tying a sash-line around her own.

BIRTH.

On Aug. 4, at 19, North Villas, Camden Square, N.W., the wife of T. H. Joyce, Esq., of a son.

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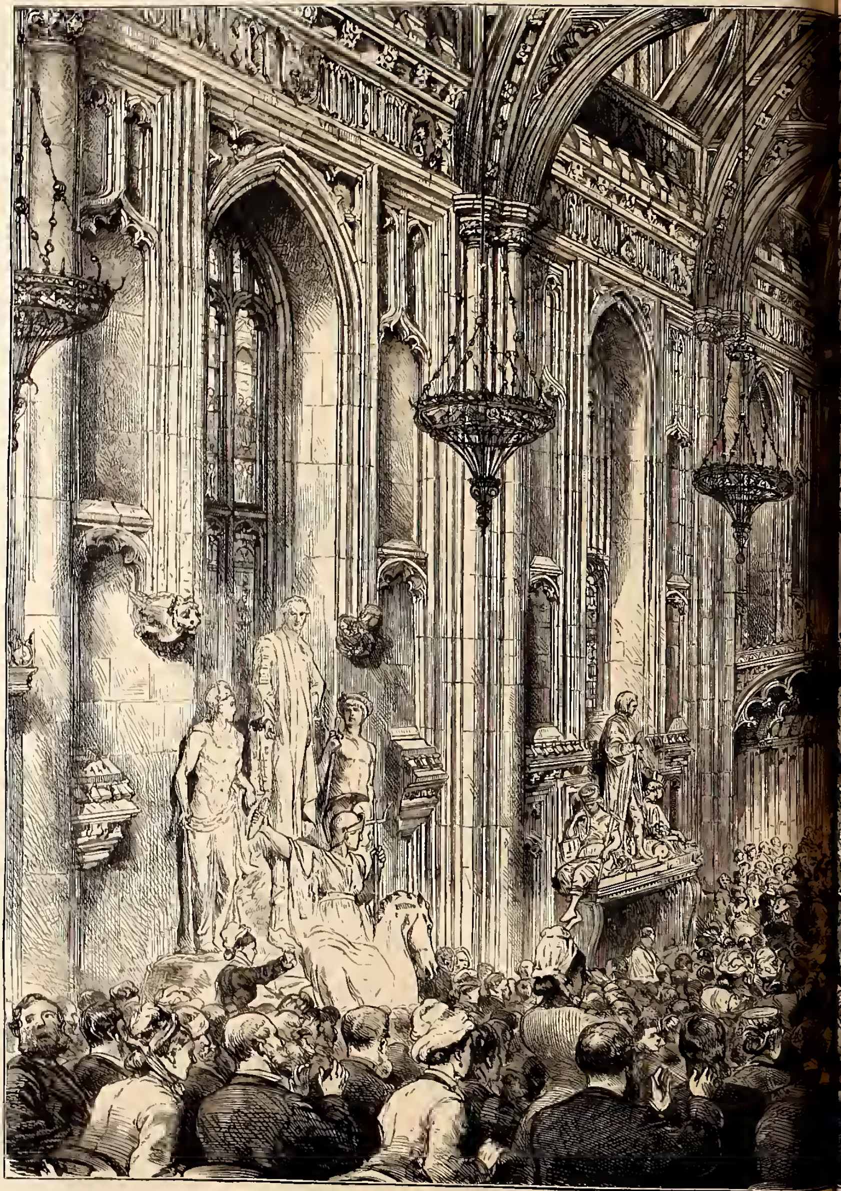

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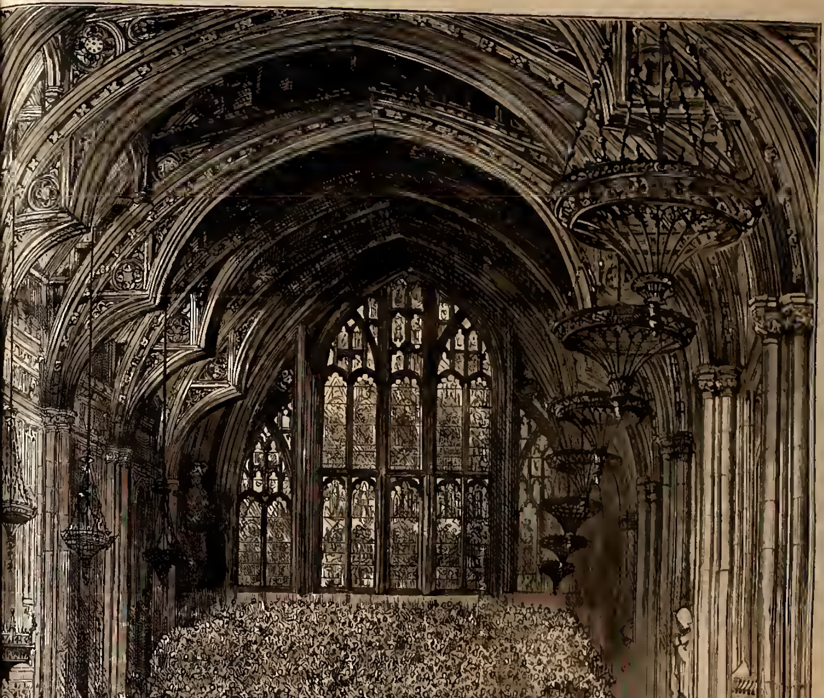

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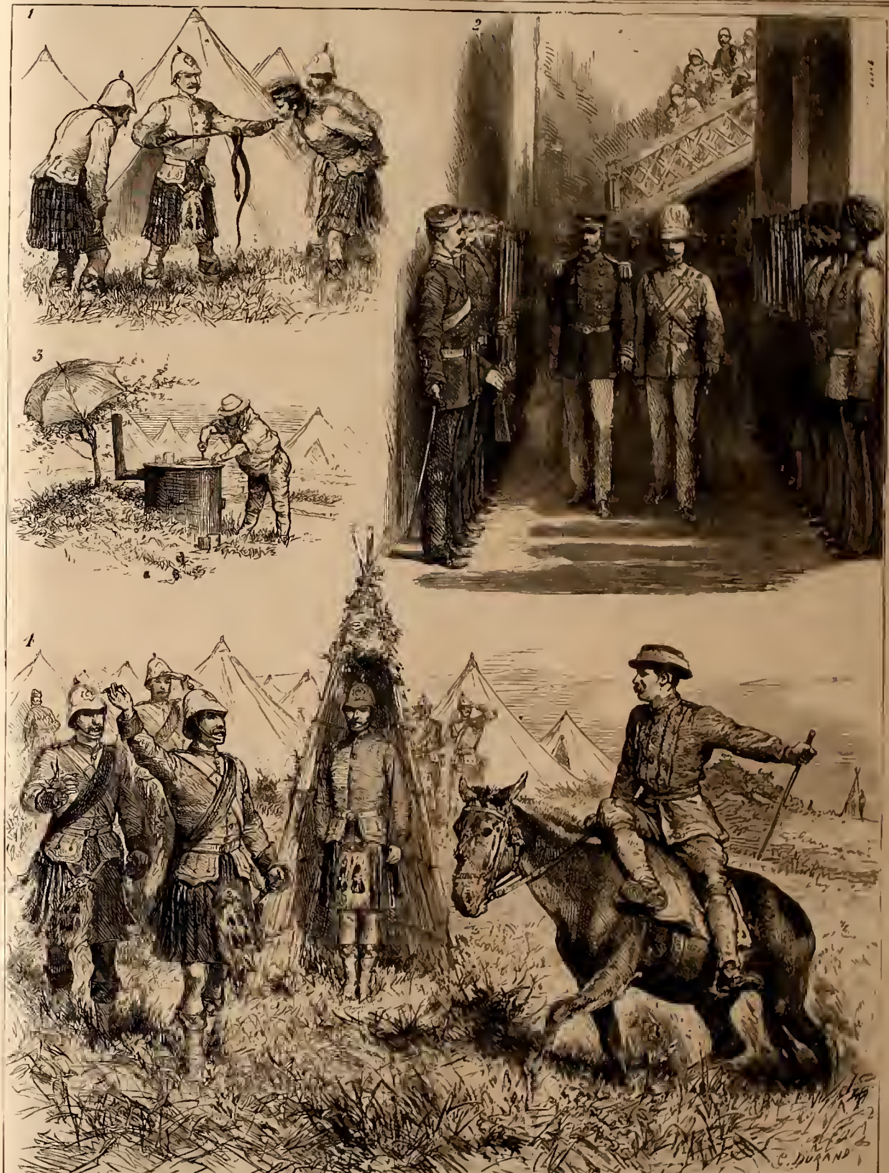

1. In the British Camp: An Unwelcome Visitor.—2. General Sir Garnet Wolseley entering the Room in which he took the Oath and was Installed as Governor of Cyprus.—3. The Camp Messman.—4. Arrival in Camp of Mr. Forbes.

THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS—SKETCHES AT LARNACA

Topics of the Week

The Caucus System Again.——The remarks made by us last week on the excessive organisation of political parties received a striking illustration in the correspondence between Mr. Forster and Mr. Illingworth. The latter gentleman insisted that the former should allow himself to be proposed to the Liberal Three Hundred of Bradford as candidate for that city; the rule being that if the Three Hundred rejected him he should abide by their decision. Mr. Forster declined this honour; and we sincerely hope that every politician to whom a like suggestion is made will act with the same courage. The system which the founders of these societies are trying to impose on the country is simply this, that the political interests of every constituency should be in the hands of a few local busybodies. If a candidate meets their approval, he will be allowed to stand; if they are dissatisfied, he must abandon all hope of a political career. Were this beautiful ideal realised, statesmen would no longer exist. We should merely have a Parliament of nobodies, elected for the purpose, not of seriously considering great questions, but of voting straight. Men who respect themselves would retire in disgust from a calling which has hitherto always been able to command much of the highest intellect of the country; and citizens of independent judgment would cease to take part in elections which they could not hope to influence. If all this were mere speculation, it might be safely neglected; but the arguments against the caucus system are directly based upon the experience of the United States. We admit that in that country the system of replacing all officials at every change of Government is an additional source of corruption; but this system is itself the result of the excessive allegiance demanded from the individual by his party. Should the nation ever be ruled in the manner now proposed, we may be quite sure that the American principle will be carried out to its logical issues; and then we shall sink to the level from which our Transatlantic kinsfolk are in vain struggling to raise themselves. Our best chance of safety is to resist this dangerous innovation in its beginnings. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield have unfortunately committed themselves; but it is not too late for other statesmen to follow the example set by Mr. Forster, nor for the people themselves to assert their freedom against their would-be guides and despots.

The Grouse.——After many weeks and indeed months of anxious fears and hopes, the latter predominating, the grouse shooters have got to work. Reports from the moors, which in some seasons are concocted by fraudulent lessors and conniving keepers in order to entrap unwary Southrons, have been thoroughly substantiated as to their accuracy on the present occasion, and things have turned out as favourably as they had been painted. Hardly a semblance of the dreaded epidemic is to be found in any district; the young birds are numerous, strong on the wing, and very healthy; while the weather on the great majority of moors has during the few days of the shooting been all that could be desired. Large bags, too, the best criterion of all, are recorded in all directions; and that more prosaic test of a good or bad season, viz., the price per brace of birds at the poulterers, shows that grouse are abundant. The only drawback to the shooting which we have yet heard of is the fact that on some moors the birds have already begun to pack, owing to the dry weather; but this is a difficulty soon got over by having recourse to driving, which, notwithstanding all that is said against it by sportsmen of the old school, and its acknowledged inferiority as a sport to shooting birds over dogs, is still legitimate and enjoyable enough. A feature of modern grouse-shooting which seems to have made a marked advance this season is the renting of moors by "companies" on the joint-stock principle. Several well-known shootings, especially south of the Tweed, have this year been worked on this principle; and others have been opened on the ticket system. On the Bromhead Moors, for instance, on Monday last no fewer than thirty-two gentlemen, chiefly from Manchester and other manufacturing centres, availed themselves of this privilege, notwithstanding that 40*l.* per ticket was the figure paid for six days' ordinary shooting and two days' driving. At any rate this is a sign that there is plenty of money in some quarters, and no lack of love for sport.

Carrying Out the Treaty of Berlin.——When the Plenipotentiaries at the Congress separated, the general opinion was that all difficulties had been for the time overcome. No sooner, however, have the Powers directly concerned in the settlement begun to give it effect, than very serious obstacles have presented themselves. England, indeed, has quietly taken possession of Cyprus, the climate being her only enemy; but Austria has not had this good fortune. The Bosnians have vigorously resisted the occupation, and grave fears are entertained that there may still be a good deal of bloodshed. It is foolish to declaim against the action of the inhabitants; their hostility is only what ought to have been expected. Whatever is to be said of the poorer classes, the well-off proprietors have had every reason to like the administration of the Porte. They have been let alone, and they know well that, when Austria is predominant, there will be a vast amount of most effectual interference with their customs and prejudices. If we turn from Europe to Asia, we find a very similar spectacle. The Lazis of Batoum detest the idea of being handed over to Russia; they have hoisted the British flag, and proclaim that they throw themselves on British protection. The probability is, therefore, that Russia will have hardly less difficulty in getting hold of her new port than Austria has experienced in obtaining the mastery of Bosnia. Turkey is being severely lectured about this state of things; and she is warned that she had better show herself obliging, and convince these obstinate people that they must submit to the inevitable. This seems to us rather unreasonable. It was natural enough that the Turkish Government should accept the decisions of the Congress, for its very existence was at stake; but it is surely too much to expect that it should bring pressure to bear upon its late subjects to sever themselves from its rule. Those much-abused persons, "the Pashas," have the feelings of ordinary human beings; and neither Austria nor Russia will have any real cause of complaint if they are found secretly encouraging the rebels. It is of far more importance that these Powers themselves should receive some words of counsel than that advice should be thrown away on Turkey. Austria is irritated by the resistance she has met with, and there is danger that she will deal harshly with those who are doing everything they can to thwart her will. What Russia is capable of we all know; when withdrawn from European control, she stamps out opposition by ruthless cruelty. Were excessive severity to be practised in the present instance, either in Asia or in Europe, the consequences would be disastrous. It would arouse passions by which we should be brought face to face with the Eastern Question in a more threatening form than ever.

Swimming for Ladies.——With a view to illustrate how thoroughly ladies may acquire the art of swimming, and thus have the power not only of saving themselves, but others, in an emergency, it may be well to give further publicity to an incident which occurred not many days ago on the coast at St. Bees. A young lady, aged sixteen, the daughter of Canon Knowles of St. Bees, was bathing at high water, and as at this state of the tide the beach is very steep, and a strong under current exists, she was out of her depth in a few strokes. As is often the case under such circumstances, she lost her presence of mind, and had sunk twice. An alarm being given, Miss Fanny Helder, a daughter of George Helder, Esq., of Liverpool, ran to the spot, and without divesting herself of a single article of clothing, not even her hat, rushed into the water, swam to Miss Knowles, and succeeded in bringing her safely to land, though in rather an exhausted condition. Apart from this act being one of the greatest heroism, and so worthy of ardent admiration, it deserves special mention as an example to all ladies of the value of acquiring the art of swimming. It is sometimes said that the knowledge is all very well for men, but that it is almost useless to ladies, who cannot put it in practice when encumbered with their clothes. The above incident shows that this is not the case, and even though it may be admitted that a dress and petticoats are an impediment to ladies swimming, it must be remembered that their bodies have greater powers of flotation than those of men, owing to the fact that their bones and muscles have less specific gravity. Not very long ago, when the *Childwall Hall* was lost, a Mrs. L'Estrange kept swimming about for two hours, and eventually succeeded not only in saving her own life but that of her husband. It is satisfactory to know that the value of swimming for women is becoming more recognised. The London Schools Swimming Club has taken the matter up, and a flourishing swimming class for girls has been established at Brixton, and a few weeks ago, as an illustration that girls learn to swim more easily than boys, it was stated that out of a class of thirty, whose instruction commenced late last season, no less than twenty-five were taught to swim in six lessons. What we now want are more facilities for ladies learning to swim, and more teachers. To say nothing of the use of the art, its practice is one of the most healthful physical exercises ladies can indulge in.

Extravagance in India.——Mr. Fawcett deserves the thanks of all who are interested in India for the admirable speech he delivered on Tuesday. We do not, indeed, agree with him in thinking that because Indian troops were recently brought to Europe the army in India may be diminished. That is a question for military experts; and so long as they are of opinion that the forces in our Dependency are not too numerous, it would be dangerous to weaken our powers of attack and defence. But he thoroughly made out his case that the expenditure of the Indian administration has passed far beyond just limits. Every year the Government demand more money, and in order to procure it they are forced to impose fresh taxes. This would be unobjectionable if the country were prosperous, and able to bear these increased burdens. As a matter of fact, however, trade advances slowly; and it was only by an extreme effort that the revenue, when much less formidable than it now is, could be raised. The consequence is that there is no class which does not suffer greater pressure than it can bear; and the humblest classes are those who suffer most of all. It is evident that we are here in presence of a great peril. We are all well aware that it would be disastrous for India if the British were expelled from it; there would be anarchy of the worst kind, followed by the most grinding despotism. But we cannot expect ignorant natives to see this. They feel the burden which crushes them at present, and there is real danger that their discontent may induce them some day to try to throw it off. In these circumstances there is but one thing for the Government to do; and that is to diminish the expenditure which makes unduly heavy taxes necessary. Indian officials of course assert that not a rupee which is now spent can be spared; but this is not what men like Lord Northbrook, who ought to know, maintain. Nor is it what was maintained by Lord Mayo, who saw the evil in its full proportions, and by unremitting labour did at last succeed in obtaining a surplus. If Lord Lytton were as much in earnest, we believe that he would be not less fortunate.

Corporal Punishment.——A trite subject indeed; but essay writers, whose name is legion when a substantial money prize is to be given away for the most successful theme on a given topic, are offered the opportunity of earning the tangible sum of fifty guineas by pointing out the injurious results arising from the corporal punishment of children except under due restrictions. They are further to dilate on the necessity for the total abolition of the cruel practice of beating children on the head and face, and the advantages to be obtained from the maintenance of discipline without the infliction of corporal punishment of any kind. The Marquis Townshend, moved to indignation by the apparent cruelty of a School Board pedagogue, offers the prize under the auspices of the Society for the Protection of Women and Children. Here, then, is a wide and fruitful subject for the essayist, though it is evident that to have any chance of the prize he must be a strong partisan of the anti-corporal punishment school. The only loophole left him for indulging in any private convictions on the other side of the question is the expression in the conditions—"except under due restrictions." At the present moment, if the advocates and opponents of corporal punishment for children—at least for boys—were polled, we are inclined to think that the numbers on either side would be pretty equal. There is still a large body of well-educated and highly-refined persons who believe that a boy's intellectual faculties are stimulated and his moral sense fairly preserved by judicious applications of some instrument of punishment to his epidermis, and who still look on Busby and Keats as types of the greatest of head-masters. Recent legislation also, in reference to garotters, and the strong demand for its extension to wife and woman beaters, indicates that there is a widely spread impression that in certain cases at least corporal punishment is a familiar expedient of great efficacy. On the other hand there are not wanting those who hold most strongly that corporal punishment effects no moral good either in the case of boys or men, but has a direct tendency to harden and brutalise them. We shall not pretend to decide between the two Schools; but we are strongly of opinion that no moral good is done to boys when corporal punishment is inflicted either by parents or schoolmasters in anger, or, to use a well-known expression, "after their own pleasure." Punishment thus inflicted begets anger in return, and if often repeated makes boys cowards, liars, sneaks, and bullies. All corporal punishment should be judicial, measured, passionless.

The Election of French Senators.——The General Councils of France will soon have to elect anew the seventy-five Senators whom it is their duty to appoint, and their action is looked forward to with intense interest by all parties. The Republicans, especially, are making strenuous efforts to secure a result favourable to themselves. If a majority of genuine Republicans were chosen, the consequences would be of the highest importance; for M. Gambetta would then have his way in both Chambers, and it would be almost impossible for the reactionary factions to repeat the experiment with which they alarmed France last year. There is good reason to hope that this desirable end will be attained, and that thus the Republic will be finally established; but the issue is not beyond dispute. As the main function of the General Councils is to attend to local matters, many of their members are elected merely because they are men of local importance; so that in most of these bodies there are men whose politics are as far as possible from resembling the politics of M. Gambetta. For the sake of peace many of the so-called Conservatives might now be expected to support the Republic. It clearly commands a majority of the nation; and by its admirable moderation it has effectually disposed of the wild terrors which the very word "Republic" once inspired. But Frenchmen must not be judged by the rules applicable to the political life of England. A French politician never knows when his cause is hopeless; and it must be remembered that there are multitudes who, if they no longer fear the Red Spectre, still believe that the Republic necessarily exercises an injurious influence. It keeps the priests within bounds which they would very much like to break through; and in the foreign relations of France it adopts a prudent rather than a "glorious" policy. People who resent this may be expected to oppose the Republic to the last; and while they have a remote chance of success they will exercise every energy to secure it. Fortunately, in the coming elections, there will at least be fair play. The result will not be due to wire pulling, but be the genuine expression of the convictions of the voters.

IZAAK WALTON.——Though almost two centuries have passed away since the Father of Anglers was laid to rest, at the ripe age of ninety, beneath the black marble slab, which still bears his name, in Prior Silkstead's Chapel, in the south aisle of Winchester Cathedral, no memorial had been raised to him in his native town of Stafford till within the last few days. Now, however, a marble bust, taken, we believe, from the picture of the old fisherman by Houseman, has been placed in St. Mary's Church, where he was baptised in the year 1693. At last, then, a neglect has been in some measure remedied, and the poor of Stafford, who still receive annual benefit under his will, will have a visible memorial of their benefactor, while "brethren of the angle" will have a shrine whither to make their pilgrimages. Though Walton seems to have left Stafford for London early in life, it was among the bright streams which are so plentiful about his native town that he first imbibed a love for angling, and a still greater love of Nature, and stored up materials for what may truly be called his immortal work, the "Complete Angler." If for no other reason, as the author of this and of the lives of several eminent English Divines, Walton is truly entitled to a memorial, and, indeed, to a more noteworthy one than that just raised to him. "The Complete Angler" has had its adverse critics—as, indeed, what book has not?—but probably hardly a volume in the English language has commanded more admirers. Dr. Johnson, a hater and abuser of angling itself, was never tired of praising Walton's book, and it was at his instance that the Rev. Moses Browne published the tenth edition in 1772; and Charles Lamb, himself no lover of the angler, in a letter to Coleridge, dated October, 1796, urges the poet to read it, in these words: "It would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it; it would Christianise every discordant, angry passion: pray make yourself acquainted with it." But, whatever the critics may say, the fact remains, that "The Complete Angler" has gone through well nigh sixty editions in this country alone, to say nothing of those published abroad. Of how many other books could this be said?

NOTICE.——*This Number consists of* TWO WHOLE SHEETS, *one of which is devoted to a* PICTORIAL DESCRIPTION *of* DUBLIN. *Although delivered in the middle of the paper, the Dublin Sheet must be placed for binding after page 168.*

AMUSEMENTS

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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS

AS last week we gave a general description of the island of Cyprus, we need now only refer to our engravings. The first British encampment was formed at Chikir, about five miles from Larnaca, on a site which is said to be very healthy, and well supplied with water. Our first sketch, on page 153, represents the capture of "An Unwelcome Visitor" in camp. Snakes are very common in the island, but authorities differ on the question whether or no they are venomous. No. 2 shows Sir Garnet Wolseley entering the room where he was formally installed as Governor of the island. The apartment was a small one, with bare stone walls; the passage leading to it was crowded with men, women, and children, some half-naked, others gaily dressed for the occasion. The ceremony was brief and simple. Sir Garnet Wolseley took the oaths of allegiance and of office; and his proclamation was then read to the people, first in English, and afterwards in Greek and Turkish, the audience signifying their approval at almost every sentence. No. 3 brings us again to the camp at Chikir, where "Our Messman" is fain to protect himself from the tropical sun by fixing an umbrella in a friendly bush. No. 4 shows Mr. Forbes, the *Daily News* "special," riding into camp upon a Cyprian donkey, which, he says, took four hours to get over the five miles from Larnaca to the camp, and on the return journey lay down to rest, and was left enjoying a peaceful slumber, Mr. Forbes making his way back on foot.

ARCHITECTURAL ANTIQUITIES

The Cathedral at Famagosta is a remarkably elegant example of the French Gothic style of the fourteenth century, with a noble west front flanked by towers. Unlike most French and English cathedrals, it has no transept; however, both France and England present examples of large churches which are not erected upon a cruciform plan—for instance, the Cathedrals of Nantes, Bourges, and Llandaff. It is a common mistake to attribute to the Venetians the many beautiful churches which are to be found in Cyprus; but it is impossible to conceive anything less Venetian in character than the three noble churches of Famagosta; St. Sophia, Nicosia; and Delapais. The two former are thoroughly French in construction and detail; whilst the last named is undoubtedly the work of an English architect—at least, so far as its noble cloisters are concerned. These are fine examples of pure English Gothic of the fourteenth century. The nave of the church appears to be of an earlier date, resembling what in England is called the "Transition" style—a kind of architecture in vogue during the reigns of Richard the First and John; but, as this style was common to England and France, it would be difficult to say at once which country may claim the nave of the church at Delapais. With regard, however, to the cloisters, shown in our sketch, there can be no doubt, as tracery of a similar design to that in the arch above the Sarcophagus is to be found in several churches in the north of England, and is not to be seen anywhere in France. The ancient Sarcophagus shown in our illustration is Roman work. As is the case at Arles and elsewhere, it has probably been *re-used* in mediæval times—an example which the English Government followed in making use of Wolsey's sarcophagus to serve as a receptacle for the body of Nelson. "The Mosque of Mahomet's Nurse" is a building erected by the faithful to the memory of the Arab woman Halima, to whom the infant Mahomet was intrusted by his mother in order that he might have the benefit of the pure air of the desert. The child remained with her until five years old, and in after years the Prophet repaid her care by always exhibiting towards her every token of respect and affection.

ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS, III.

> Water, water everywhere.—COLERIDGE.
> All is water.—THALES.
> I wish I were a tittlebat, a winkle, or a whale.—ARABS TRIVIALIS.

THAT an English family could have been in
under
through
over
across
up to the ankles
in } water

on the self-same day seems improbable, but I think my diary will prove it.

Not to allude again to those unfortunate *baths*, when Lilly and I were up, we sat looking out of window at the chimney-pots and roof in front of us, wondering if it would ever hold up. It never did; so that we were forced to take a couple of cabs, which we directed to the Trocadéro. Lilly, whose pencil is never out of her hand, must needs try and make a sketch in the cab. Of course it is all *wibbly-wobbly*, and streaked with rain besides. I can't see anything in it. But the spectator must imagine himself in it, and then let his imagination supply the rest.

Now, at the Trocadéro we held a cabinet council as to what should be done, considering the weather. We held it by Gérome's statue of the Gladiator. Papa, who is Cæsar Imperator, and proposes and disposes as it seemeth best to him, said that as it poured with rain, and as *fish* were the only creatures not put to personal inconvenience by the rain, we should court the society of the fish, and assimilate their habits as much as possible. In a word, that we should pass our day in the AQUARIUM.

On the way there we turned aside and walked under the *Cascade.*

A capital idea to imitate the Falls of the Giesbach here! But Art cannot supply the scenery of Nature. In place of the Swiss rocks and fir-trees, we see now only the Café Espagnol Bottega, with its flag-poles, through the *glaze* of water. Art can make the stones overhead watertight, but cannot keep out the spray, which makes mamma, who is wearing her waterfall-fringe bonnet, put up her umbrella, and the Cuirassier yonder pull off his helmet.

We were taking this spray in at the pores while we philosophised about Art and Nature, when Charlie descried two Chinamen, whose pigtails suggested an irresistible comparison with our *plaits.*

(This boy's mission seems to be simply and solely to chaff, as he calls it, his sisters).

I grant you that the plait is horrible. Why should a pretty girl's face end in the unsightly tail of a skate? Besides, it doesn't suit me. I am obliged to wear it because it suits Lilly, and mamma wishes us to be uniform. Still to be compared with Chinamen, and to have it suggested by a copy-book text that the Chinaman accepts as a compliment our following his fashion of fan and pigtail, is very trying to sisterly affection.

Then we wade to the Aquarium. And here is another precious sketch to describe. We had to stand out in the rain, ankle deep in mud, while it was being done. And now I defy anybody to make head or tail of it.

But that's just the peculiarity of the original! As *you look* down into the Aquarium through *one* of its light-holes, fish and men are so mixed up that you can't tell which is which.

Ghostly figures of odd fish, Johnny Dories and Anne Chovies, sail silent past the window.

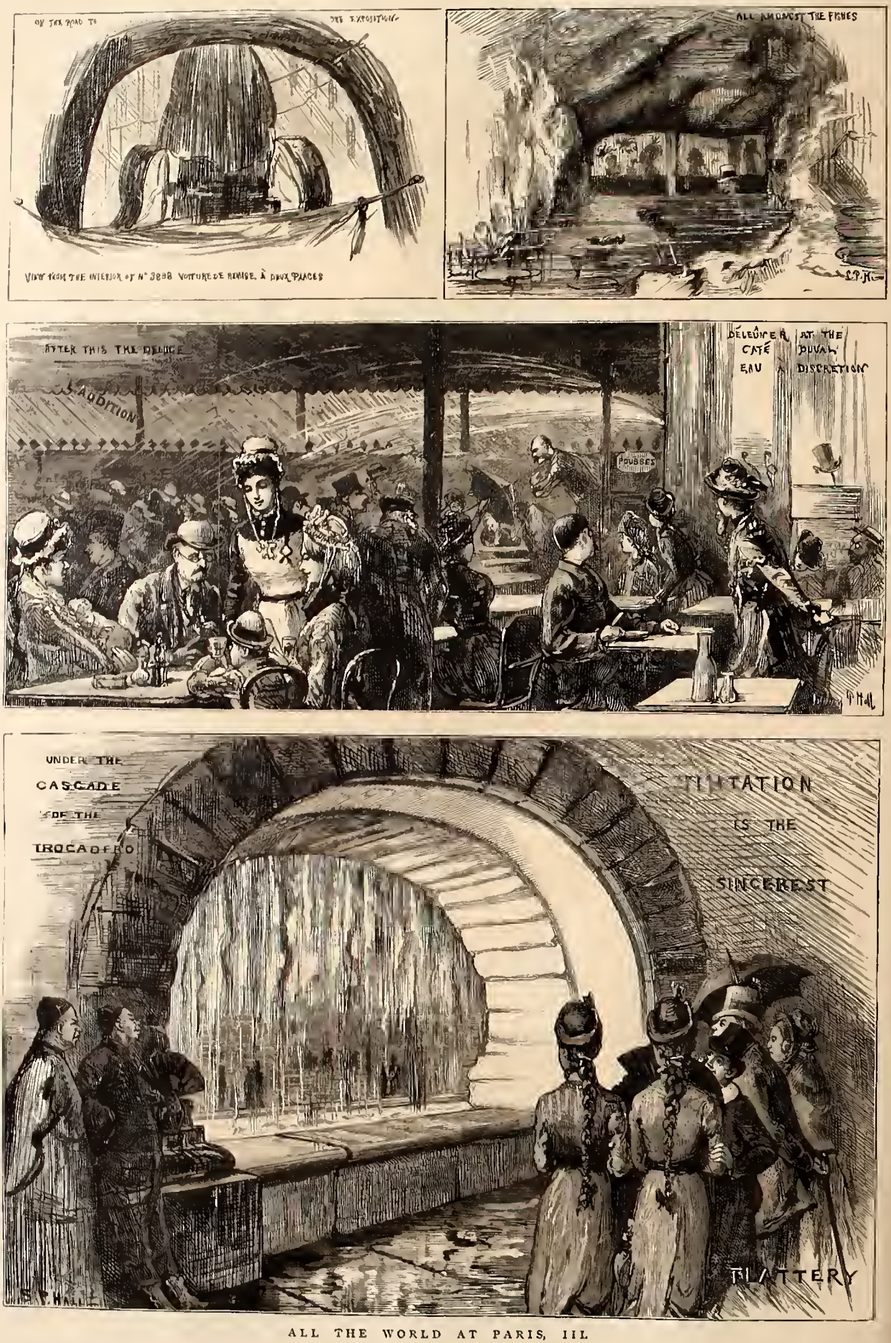
The water of the pond outside comes right up to their heads, and lazy carp flop against an old gentleman's gills and goggles.

We stayed amongst the fish until we *felt* we must rise to the surface and nibble something, sardines and silver *spoons* preferred. All the other cafés were being blown away. The waiters wound their napkins round their necks, and the Chinamen their pigtails. (Verily, Paris was, indeed, Lutitia Parisiorum—a city of mud). The flags all sank half-mast high, weighed down with rain.

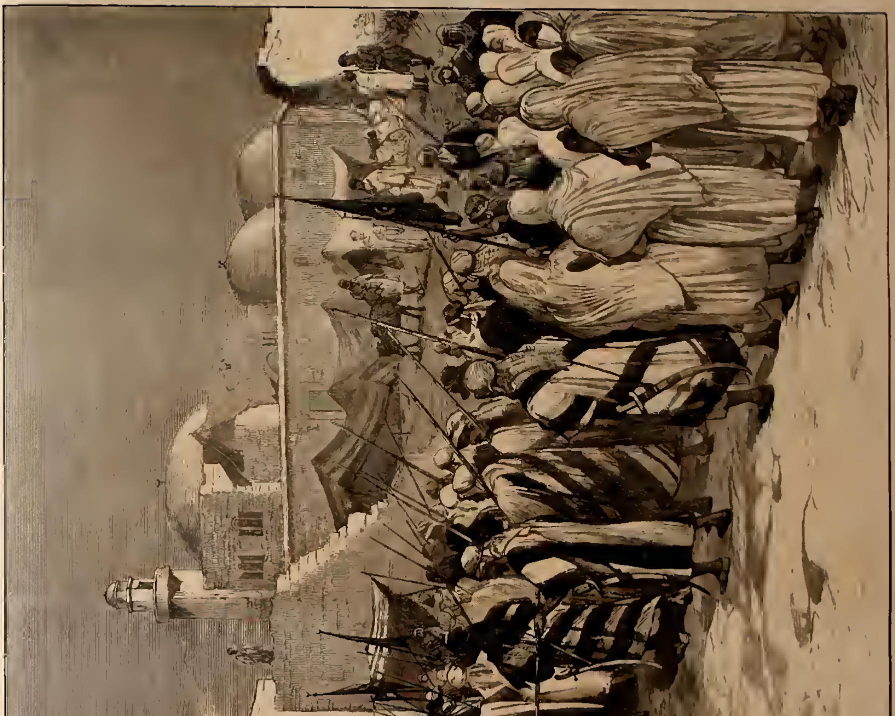
On we plodded till we reached the Café Duval, and here the climax of our misery awaited us.

We had taken comfortable places near the kitchen. We had a very pretty girl, in mob cap and apron, pencil and book in hand, an arrangement in black and white, to wait upon us, and the sardine, long expected, was just served.

We were comforting ourselves by the reflection that people outside were intensely wretched—when bang! a water-pipe burst and syringed us and the rest near us as if we were all on fire. "Eau à discretion!" You ought to be ashamed of yourself for


ON THE ROAD TO THE EXPOSITION
VIEW FROM THE INTERIOR OF N° 3838 VOITURE DE REMISE, À DEUX PLACES
ALL AMONGST THE FISHES
S.P.H.
AFTER THIS THE DELUGE
ADDITION
DÉJEÛNER AT THE CAFÉ DUVAL
EAU À DISCRETION
S.P.Hall
UNDER THE CASCADE OF THE TROCADERO
IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY
S.P.HALL

ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS, III.



AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND, III.—PILGRIMS FIRING SALUTES AT THE REPUTED TOMB OF MOSES—"NEBY MUSA" laughing, sir. "My word," said Charlie. "Hang it!" said papa. And as for mamma, Lilly, and I, we might have said anything.

AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND

III.

THE burial-place of Moses, we are told in the last chapter of Deuteronomy, was where he died "in a valley in the land of Moab over against Beth-peor," but, it is added, "no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." Nevertheless between Jericho and the Dead Sea there is a Mahomedan shrine, "Neby Mûsa," which dates from the 13th century, and which Mahomedan tradition gives as the site of the great law-giver's tomb, and which accordingly is periodically visited by numerous Mussulman Pilgrims and fanatical Dervishes.

"Continuing our journey," writes our artist, "we went to Neby Mûsa, or Tomb of Moses, which is annually visited by Muslim pilgrims, some on their return from Mecca, and also by Arab tribes from all parts of Syria. During several days, about the middle of April, fanatical mobs camp in and about the ruins of the mosque and walls, within which is supposed by Mahomedans to be the Tomb of Moses. On the approach of fresh bands of pilgrims, salutes are fired from the mosque with old flint-lock guns and pistols. This is answered by the approaching Arabs or Turks, who beat drums and cymbals as they come up; their women generally marching in the rear, singing and clapping their hands. Each pilgrim discharges his gun in the air on entering the gate of the mosque. After the pilgrimage is over they return to their homes, pass through Jerusalem *en route*, and muster at the Mosque of Omar."

"AMONGST ALIENS"

A NOVELETTE by Mrs. T. A. Trollope, is continued on page 160.

"PEACE AND WAR"

THIS engraving shows H.M.S. *Thunderer* and the schooner-yacht *Malora* off the Isle of Wight, the idea of the artist being to show the contrast which exists between the light and graceful sailing vessel and the ponderous and apparently unwieldy bulk of the ironclad. From an æsthetic point of view, we imagine that no one would hesitate to prefer the beautiful yacht which "walks the water like a thing of life" to the ugly nondescript which, we believe, is known even amongst sailors as the "flat-iron;" but, in this age of utilitarianism, beauty must give way to power and strength—at all events for such purposes as the *Thunderer* is intended to serve. Besides there is undeniably a poetic fitness in the association of grace and beauty with "Peace," and the linking of "War" with repulsive deformity of shape and awkwardness of movement.

M. J. MASSENET

THERE have been but few instances of such a rapid rise in the musical profession as that of the popular composer in France, M. J. Massenet. Born at Montaud (Loire) on the 13th of May, 1842, he was a pupil at an early age of M. Ambroise Thomas, the Principal of the Paris Conservatoire, and so indefatigable was young Massenet in study, under the composer of *Mignon*, *Hamlet*, &c, that the aspiring student soon won the chief prizes for the pianoforte and organ, fugue, harmony, and composition, completing his scholastic triumphs by gaining "Le Premier Grand Prix du Rome," in 1865, which may be called the European "Riband" of music. M. Massenet lost no time in profiting by his studies in Italy and Germany, as already in 1868 he produced his *Suite d'Orchestre*," at M. Pasdeloup's Classical Popular Concerts at the Cirque d'Hiver; this work was followed in the same year by a choral symphony, entitled *Pompeii* executed at M. Arban's concerts. His first operatic venture was the setting of a one-act piece, *La Grande Tante*, the chief characters sustained by Mdlle. Heilbron and M. Capoul, at the Salle Favart. The composer's career, interrupted by the events of 1870, during which he was on military duty, was renewed in 1871, when his "Suite d'Orchestre," No. 2, illustrating Hungarian scenes; his *Poème d'Avril* (six songs), *Poème Pastoral*, his *Poème du Souvenir*—all cycles of melodies—were published, followed by his *Scènes de Bal*, *Roman d'Arlequin*, &c. His opening essay of a three-act lyric drama was at the Opera Comique, in 1872, *Don César de Bazan*, a subject so charmingly treated by the late Vincent Wallace, under the title of *Maritana*. This production, much admired for its orchestration, only secured M. Massenet a *succès d'estime*, but in January, 1873, the advent of a thorough master was recognised by his incidental music to the tragedy *Les Erinnyes* ("The Furies"). This play is an adaptation by M. Leconte de Lisle of the Greek *Eumenides* of Æschylus, one of his Trilogy, the *Agamemnon* the *Choephoræ* (*Electra*), and the *Eumenides* It was a most trying task for the young fresh musician to follow Mendelssohn in the illustration of Greek music as in the *Antigone* and in *Œdipus*; the more daring, indeed, was the attempt, as Mendelssohn, writing touching the proposal to him to set the choruses of the Trilogy, pronounced it to be a "most difficult and, perhaps, impracticable problem." M. Massenet, however, in ten numbers of the two acts—the first called *Klytaimnestra*, the second *Orestes*, has composed a score of remarkable power and picturesqueness, and characterised by classical elevation, and even at times grandeur. The music, after a long run at the Odéon, was given at the Théâtre Lyrique, in 1876. The *Erinnyes* was the precursor at the Odéon, on Good Friday (April, 1873), of M. Massenet's first attempt in the sacred school, an oratorio, or rather sacred drama, *Magdeleine*, with scenic effects, costumes, &c. This work created a great sensation, Madame Viardot Garcia appeared therein for the last time on the lyric stage; it was subsequently given at the Salle Favart, with Madame Carvalho and M. Gueymard, the tenor. A second specimen of sacred music was *Ève*, entitled by the poet, M. Louis Gallet, a *Mystère*, which was first performed at the Cirque des Champs Elysées in March, 1875, before a rare assemblage of artistic celebrities, amongst whom the most enthusiastic in applauding the music were MM. Gounod, Reber, Colonne, Wieniawski, Sarasate, Duvernoy, Pasdeloup, &c. M. Massenet had, indeed, passed the Rubicon by his last triumph; and the commission was awarded to him to compose a grand opera for the National Theatre. In April, 1877, came the important event, the realisation of the composer's aspirations, the production of his *Roi de Lahore*, the libretto by M. L. Gallet, in the New Grand Opera House, with such a *mise-en-scène* as can only be witnessed in Paris. Mdlle. Reszke, M. Salomon (tenor), and M. Lassalle (baritone), enacted the principal parts. The opera has had a long run in the French capital, and will be one of the attractions of the Exhibition. Italian adaptations have already been brought out in Italy at the Regio (Turin) and the Apollo (Rome), under the composer's direction, and when the opera has gone the round of Europe it will doubtless reach London; it was only after four years that M. Gounod's *Faust* was given here. M. Massenet is commissioned to compose an opera expressly for the Milan Scala; and he has a third oratorio in MS., *La Vierge*. The enthusiastic reception of his Shakespearian scenes (*The Tempest* and *Macbeth*), at the St. James's Hall, during the recent season, and of the numbers from his *Roi de Lahore* and his *Erinnyes*, at the Crystal Palace, which were conducted by himself, evidenced the high appreciation by English audiences of his compositions. M. Massenet was nominated Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, in 1875, by the French President; he is a Member of the Committee of Inspection of the National Conservatoire and of the Academy of Fine Arts. The future of the young and gifted musician will be watched with an interest which is not confined to his native country.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Pierre Petit, 31, Place Cadet, Paris.

THE LATE M. GEORGES BIZET

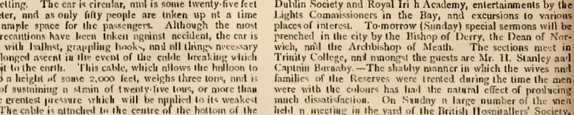
THE success of the late Georges Bizet's opera of *Carmen*, which was produced with such signal success at Her Majesty's Theatre in June last with Miss Minnie Hauk as the gipsy heroine, has excited considerable interest in the works and career of this talented composer, who died at the early age of thirty-seven in 1875. M. Bizet from the first showed unusual promise of musical talent, and we learn from M. Gustave Chouquet's article in the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" that he was a brilliant pupil and laureate at the Conservatoire from 1841 to 1857. He studied composition under Halévy, whose daughter he afterwards married. Before winning his "Prix de Rome," he produced an insignificant operetta, *Docteur Miracle* (Bouffes Parisiens, April, 1857); and after his return from Italy, composed *Vasco de Gama* (1863), which did not gain him much credit. At the Théâtre Lyrique were performed *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*, in three acts (September 30, 1863), and *La Jolie Fille de Perth*, in four acts (December 26, 1867). *Djamileh* (May 22, 1872) was not successful, but the interludes to *L'Arlesienne* (September 30, 1872), and his Overture "Patrie" were received with applause. Bizet's last effort was *Carmen*, which was produced at the Opéra Comique on March 3, 1875. This highly gifted composer and very talented pianist died almost suddenly on June 3, 1875. Much was expected from him. He was a musician of superior abilities, though his vocal style is deficient in ease.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Etienne Carjat and Co., Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, Paris.

BRITISH SAILORS AT TOPHANEH

EVER since the Crimean war Jack, or rather "Johnnie Bono," has been a great favourite with the citizens of Constantinople, and Mussulman and Jew, Greek and Armenian, are one and all ready to bestow a good-natured smile upon the frolicsome tar as he lolls about the narrow steep streets of Galata and Pera; while the contrast between his clean and cheerful countenance and the dull heavy faces of the Russians, who have so recently been parading the streets of the City of the Sultan, together with the notion that the British fleet would ultimately come to the relief of Turkey and the Turks, and the sudden disclosure of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, have made him more popular than ever. Nor does Jack the less approve of the alliance, as, with an Englishman's leaning towards the weaker side, he shows a decided liking for the Turk, and occasionally, as in our sketch, manifests his approval of Lord Beaconsfield's policy in a very decided manner. Tophaneh, we may add, is a water-side quarter of Constantinople adjoining Galata, and is chiefly renowned for its cannon foundry and stores (*Top*, cannon; *Haneh*, foundry), from which its name is derived.

THE MONSTER BALLOON AT PARIS

M. GIFFARD's gigantic captive balloon which is now making daily ascents in the Place de Carrousel is the largest aërial machine which has ever been constructed, and is more than quadruple the size of the captive balloon at the Paris Exhibition of 1867. M. Giffard's balloon is 180 feet high, and towers above the surrounding buildings of the Tuileries and Louvre like a great cupola. The balloon is mainly composed of layers of muslin, linen, and vulcanised india-rubber, the whole being enclosed in a huge netting. The car is circular, and is some twenty-five feet in diameter, and as only fifty people are taken up at a time there is ample space for the passengers. Although the most careful precautions have been taken against accident, the car is fitted up with ballast, grappling hooks, and all things necessary for a prolonged ascent in the event of the cable breaking which attaches it to the earth. This cable, which allows the balloon to ascend to a height of some 2,000 feet, weighs three tons, and is capable of sustaining a strain of twenty-five tons, or more than twice the greatest pressure which will be applied to its weakest point. The cable is attached to the centre of the bottom of the car, and, as shown in the accompanying diagram, is carried under a pulley, and through a tunnel to a huge winding drum, which is worked by two engines of 300 horse-power, and to which an ingenious automatic air break is attached. The pulley (H) is so arranged as to be capable of moving in every direction, so that to whichever point the wind directs the balloon, the pulley yields to the controlling force. From the height to which the balloon ascends a picture of the surrounding country can be obtained for some sixty miles round, while the view of Paris is changed according to the direction in which the balloon is blown by the wind, as it is capable according to the breeze of describing an immense circle. There are two escape valves for the gas attached to the balloon, one (B), placed at the mouth, which acts automatically upon the slightest expansion, the other being on the summit, and under the control of the aeronauts, who by the way are MM. Eugène and Jules Godard and M. Camille Dartois. The charge for the ascent, which lasts about twenty minutes, is twenty francs—not an exorbitant fare when it is considered that M. Giffard has spent more than 20,000*l.* upon his aerial infant.



AA, Cable.—B, Lower Automatic Escape Valve.—C, Car.—D, Winding Drum.—E, Hand Lever of the Engine.—H, Pulley under which the Cable passes.—S. Balloon.

DUBLIN ILLUSTRATED

A SPECIALLY-WRITTEN descriptive account of Dublin is commenced on page 169.

NOTE.——In acknowledging the source from which the illustrations of Cyprus contained in our issue of last week were taken, we should have said that they were from sketches (not photographs) by Mr. Dominic Colnaghi.

HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.—Sir H. Drummond Wolff, who has been gazetted a Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael, has left London to commence his work as our representative on the European Commission, to which, by the Berlin Treaty, is entrusted the reorganisation of Eastern Roumelia. The Earl of Donoughmore accompanies him as Assistant-Commissioner.—Mr. Roebuck has been honoured by Her Majesty with a seat in the Privy Council.—The Ministerial fish dinner took place at Greenwich on Wednesday; Lord Beaconsfield did not attend, but Lord Salisbury was present and was greatly cheered by the crowd which assembled on the landing-stage. The Premier left town for Hughenden earlier than was expected, but the vicar and some of his tenantry met him at the gate with hearty cheers.—A sporting contemporary is responsible for the statement that the man who called out "Traitors!" at the Guildhall reception is now lying dangerously ill from the mal-treatment which he received. It states that he had his nose broken and an eye gouged out.—Sir J. D. Astley, M.P., has been speaking to his constituents on the Eastern Question. He is sorry that we did not go to war; and, if reported correctly by the local newspaper, he is at least candid in saying why. "One reason why he was anxious to have a go, was that he had a boy who was just coming of age, and who wanted a commission in the army. If there had been a good war, and a number of soldiers had got killed off, they would be wanting men so badly that he would probably have got his commission without passing any examination." Perhaps we had better not trust ourselves to comment on this declaration.—Mr. Forster, M.P., has very properly declined to deliver himself bound hand and foot to the Bradford caucus, but means to appeal to the electors of the borough direct.—Telegrams from the principal cities in Australia have been received by the Earl of Beaconsfield, complimenting him for the part he took in the Berlin Congress, and congratulating the Government on the preservation of peace.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The naval review at Spithead on Tuesday, in presence of Her Majesty, was sadly marred by wind and rain, the weather being so bad that the projected manœuvring was abandoned. The Queen has since sent a message to the officers and seamen of the Squadron, expressing her satisfaction with the inspection. We reserve our account of the day's proceedings until next week, when we shall give a number of illustrations in connection with the event.—The despatch-boat *Lively* has been behaving in a manner far more lively than agreeable. On Wednesday, after landing a party at East Cowes, she "slewed round" and got into collision with the Royal yacht *Alberta*, which she badly damaged. Soon afterwards she ran into a private yacht, which immediately sank (fortunately there was no one on board), and finally ran ashore. All this happened in broad daylight and calm weather!—It is proposed to appoint a Special Committee to consider the question of the defences of Cyprus.—The opening *soirée* of the British Association was held in the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, on Wednesday evening, when Mr. W. Spottiswoode, the President, delivered the inaugural address dealing first with the purposes and prospects of the association, and afterwards the condition and tendencies of science. There will be no lack of entertainment for the assembled *savants*. The Mayor gives a banquet, there will be a garden party at the Viceregal lodge, conversaziones by the Royal Dublin Society and Royal Irish Academy, entertainments by the Lights Commissioners in the Bay, and excursions to various places of interest. To-morrow (Sunday) special sermons will be preached in the city by the Bishop of Derry, the Dean of Norwich, and the Archbishop of Meath. The sections meet in Trinity College, and amongst the guests are Mr. H. Stanley and Captain Burnaby.—The shabby manner in which the wives and families of the Reserves were treated during the time the men were with the colours has had the natural effect of producing much dissatisfaction. On Sunday a large number of the men held a meeting in the yard of the British Hospitallers' Society, and much angry feeling was exhibited. One man called out "We will not respond again," a declaration which, however unpatriotic, can hardly be wondered at under the circumstances. The Society have resolved to continue the relief to those men who have not been reinstated in their employment, and a second meeting was to have been held on Thursday.—On Monday Mr. Henry Irving laid the foundation stone of the Harborne and Edgbaston Institute, and was afterwards entertained at luncheon in the Masonic Hall, Birmingham, when he delivered an address on "Education and the Drama."—On Saturday, the contents of a Post Office van attached to a mail train, caught fire while on the way from London to Reading, and a ton weight of newspapers were destroyed.—On Monday a fire broke out in Chester Castle, but was quickly subdued, the more fortunately having regard to the fact that the building is only separated by a guard room from "Cæsar's Tower," which is now used as a powder-magazine for the military of the north-west of England.

THEATRES

THE play entitled *The Woman of the People*, now performing by Madame Beatrice and her company at the OLYMPIC Theatre, is so far superior to the common class of melodramas that it presents a story which is steadily pursued from the rise to the fall of the curtain, and that the scenes of terror and excitement which are inseparable from a play of this kind are not introduced like the duel and precipice scene in the unfortunate play of *Vanderdecken*, merely for their terrific and exciting qualities, but form strictly part of the development of the plot. This is a distinction important to be borne in mind; for it will, we believe, be found that the frequent failure of romantic dramas in recent times has arisen chiefly from the reliance placed by the writers on exciting situations, without regard to any purpose which they fulfil as parts of a regularly constructed fable. The truth is that there has been in this respect an advance in the public taste, insomuch that it is difficult now to understand how the melodramas which, a generation ago, attracted audiences even at our leading theatres—such plays for example as *The Wood Demon* and *Castle Spectre* of Matthew Lewis, or *The Cataract of the Ganges*, could ever have received a patient hearing. *The Woman of the People* is a rather coarse but pretty close rendering of a play that has been for the last thirty years a stock piece of the French theatres, under the title of *Marie Jeanne, ou la Femme du Peuple*, and has already furnished some scenes in a popular drama known by the title of *Janet Pride*. Its theme is the trials and miseries which may be brought upon a worthy woman by the intemperate habits of a husband not originally depraved or wanting in affection; and, though other threads are interwoven with this element in that ingenious way which is peculiar to the French authors, M. d'Ennery and his colleague, M. Mallian, and the destiny of the humble hero and heroine is inseparably associated with other sorrows, trials, and misdeeds, the actors in which move in a higher sphere of society, the life and adventures of Bertrand and Marie are always kept in sight from the day of the double marriage in the Près St. Gervais on which the curtain rises down to the final unravelling of the intricate tale. If the test of probability be applied to the leading incidents; if the spectator pauses to inquire whether Marie's child when, in despair of rescuing it from destitution and neglect, it is deposited by the mother in the box of the Foundling Hospital, would be likely to be stolen immediately by a scoundrel in a long cloak who wants a baby for purposes of fraud and deception; or if he should consider too curiously the chances of Marie being sent to a madhouse because she afterwards claims her own offspring, then no doubt it would be difficult fully to enjoy the performance; and we fear that the final redemption of Bertrand from his overpowering vice is an incident which demands an even larger measure of faith. But when a romantic drama is skilfully constructed, and the story is of a genuinely pathetic kind, as it in this instance—audiences are not much disposed to apply tests of this sort. There is, at least, no glaring absurdity in the play, and we may add that, though its list of personages comprises a good many wicked people, there is nothing to object to either in the details or in the moral of the piece. Unquestionably a spectator who can enjoy a play of this class will be interested in the performance at the Olympic, for the part of Marie is represented by Madame Beatrice with a great deal of force and passion of an unexaggerated kind, and her company generally is by no means wanting in talent.

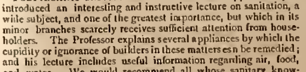
ADELPHI.——On Saturday evening last a crowded audience assembled at this theatre to witness the first appearance of Mr. Henry Neville as Pierre Lorance in the powerful drama of *Proof*. The part is one which thoroughly suits Mr. Neville's style, and his fine conception of the French soldier may be pronounced completely successful.

MESSRS. MASKELYNE AND COOKE have closed the EGYPTIAN HALL for their annual three weeks' vacation. The entertainment will be resumed on Monday evening, September 2nd, when "Labial," the second member of Mr. Maskelyne's automaton orchestra, will be introduced.

Mr. Sothern will reappear at the HAYMARKET Theatre on Thursday next in his old and most famous part of Lord Dundreary.

A new dramatic version of Victor Hugo's romance, "Les Misérables," will be produced on the 7th September at the DUKE'S Theatre, which house has undergone repairs and redecorations.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.——Professor Pepper has just introduced an interesting and instructive lecture on sanitation, a wide subject, and one of the greatest importance, but which in its minor branches scarcely receives sufficient attention from householders. The Professor explains several appliances by which the cupidity or ignorance of builders in these matters can be remedied; and his lecture includes useful information regarding air, food, and water. We would recommend all whose sanitary knowledge is not very great to pay the lecturer a visit.



THE READER

"THE PHILOSOPHY OF WAR," by James Ram (C. Kegan Paul and Co.).—Three-and-twenty years have come and gone since the Laureate, in mid-fever of the Russian War, breathed forth his scorn for the shop-keeping temper which is the outgrowth of a protracted peace. The world has had wars enow since then, and the warlike spirit has grown apace. There are philosophers who hold the common phrases about waste of human life for so many humanitarian platitudes, and many—not philosophers at all—who greatly doubt if peace in every case, except the case of self-defence, should be the first object of an Imperial Power. But Mr. Ram, in his *bizarre* but clever essay, goes a long way beyond this. War, he maintains, is "one of the good things of the world," the appointed process by which Nature (which is by no means a beneficent Power in the sense of desiring the greatest happiness of the greatest number, but one, on the contrary, "red in tooth and claw with ravin"), eliminates the weaker and less worthy, and brings about the improvement of the race by the battling together of the strongest. In the "balance of power" Mr. Ram has no belief. It is a mere trades-unionism in disguise, keeping back those who are most worthy to gain the most. Were he a Russian he would dream of Constantinople night and day. Being an Englishman, he would fain see the English breed the masters of the world. He would make every Englishman—middle-class Englishmen more particularly—a man of war. He even looks with some degree of jealousy on the enlistment of Indian soldiers in our service in the East. The four hundred millions of Chinese are a puzzle to him. He would not, he admits, start off to cut their throats. But he would "open China," whether they would or no—*tant pis* for the Chinese if the proceeding be disagreeable to them. That "happiness of the people" on which advocates of "peace at any price" sometimes dilate is quite, he holds, a misleading notion. The whole world "turns on the pivot of adversity," and it is only for its sufferings and its battles that its story is either interesting or improving. We drop even a novel when everybody is made happy. There is but one writer in the country who, as in "Tancred," can keep us awake over a romance of prosperity, and that writer is now Prime Minister. Of course in all this there is a good deal that is purely eccentric. Mr. Ram has, indeed, to pause at times to assure his readers he is writing neither paradox nor burlesque. But there is a good deal, too, which is really clever, and which, though by no means wholly true, bristles with quaint, unpopular half-truths.

No thirst like this for worldly honour inspires the heroes of Canon Farrar's eloquent five Lenten Lectures (Macmillan and Co.) on "Saintly Workers," or the five chief classes of men who through long centuries have endured all things for the Cross as (1) Martyrs; (2) Hermits; (3) Monks; (4) Friars; (5) Missionaries. Sympathetic, rather than severely critical, in the treatment of his subject, Canon Farrar delights to dwell on points of agreement, not of difference, in groups including such widely opposite types as Heber and St. Dominic, Allen Gardiner and Francis Xavier; above all, to bring into the clearest light, amidst the lesser varieties of time, and circumstance, and fashions not always worthy of imitation, the self-sacrificing spirit of the Christian saint, the disinterested devotion to their Master, the pure love for their fellow men, conspicuous alike in martyrs like Ignatius journeying Rome-ward through the cities of Asia to face the lions of the arena, in missionaries from Columban to Coleridge Patteson, from Xavier to Henry Martyn, in preachers like Lacordaire, of a humility greater even than their eloquence, or in monks who in the darkest ages spend themselves freely to restore, according to their light, the discipline of the Church, like Benedict of Nurscia, or brown-robed Francis of Assisi. Were it only as shifting scenes from Church history, these lectures will quite repay attentive perusal.

A fifth edition of the "Englishman's Guide Book to the United States and Canada" (Longmans and Co.), with a special chapter—a little, perhaps, *couleur de rose*—on the hunting and fishing-grounds of the New World, speaks well for the popularity of the handy little volume with travellers bound for the Far West. As a portable hand-book for an outline tour—to be supplemented here and there by local guides—it seems excellent alike in plan and execution.

Fresh food for the inquiring mind on travelling thoughts intent is also provided by the three latest additions to Mr. E. Stanford's excellent collection of guidebooks to the beauties of England. Does the tourist wish a complete acquaintance with the land of Tre, Pol, and Pen, let him follow the itinerary so exhaustively drawn out by Mr. W. Tregallas in the "Tourist's Guide to Cornwall," and he will find scarcely a spot of interest unnoticed. Starting from Plymouth the author takes his reader the whole circuit of the county to Launceston, and sketches a trip from Pensance to the Scilly Isles. The accompanying map is on an unusually large scale, but the difference between the routes by rail and those by carriage roads is not sufficiently distinct. Should the holiday-maker, prefer inland scenery and stately English homes to bold sea and rugged cliffs, the "Tourist's Guide to Derbyshire" will meet his views. This volume is on a different plan, as Mr. J. C. Cox makes Derby the starting-point for all expeditions, and divides the excursions into those practicable by road and by rail. He adds plentiful descriptions of Chatsworth and Haddon Hall, and somewhat fuller information respecting hotels and charges. Further north, wolds, dales, and watering-places have their turn in the "Tourist's Guide to the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire," by G. P. Bevan. Although not possessing the same interest from a manufacturing or picturesque point of view as the West Riding, the present districts own but little inferior attractions in the numerous pleasure-resorts on the eastern coast and the scenery of the northern portion. The excursions are hardly so well mapped out as in the preceding volumes. Each guide contains a brief general description of the respective county, its history, geology, and other features, and is commendably small enough to add little weight to the pocket or the knapsack.

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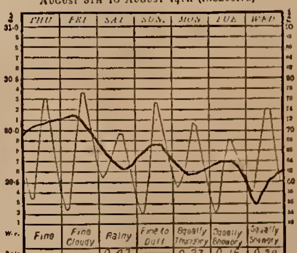
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

AUGUST 8TH TO AUGUST 14TH (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum [illegible] day, with the (approximate) time at which they [illegible] to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period was at first fine; but on Saturday, the 10th inst., it broke up completely, and since then heavy showers, strong squalls, and occasional thunderstorms have prevailed. The wind on Tuesday, the 13th instant, blew very strongly from the south westward over the Channel and southern parts of the kingdom, attaining the force of a fresh gale in several places. Temperature has not been high, but the air at times has been very close, and the sun rays, when shining between the showers, very hot. The barometer was highest (30·13 inches) on Friday, the 9th instant; lowest (29·19 inches) on Wednesday, the 14th instant; range, 0·94 inches. Temperature was highest (77°) on Friday, the 9th instant; lowest (54°) on Sunday and Tuesday, the 11th and 13th; range, 23°. Rainfall: Total fall, 1·19 inches, on four days; greatest fall, 0·42 inches, on Saturday, the 10th instant.

Scraps

A STATUE OF LAMARTINE is to be inaugurated with considerable festivities at Mâcon, his natal town, to-day.

A NEW PROVINCIAL MAGAZINE, entitled *Bicycling*, has been published at Newcastle-on-Tyne. It bears the appropriate Shakespearian motto, "Then may I set the world on wheels," is edited by two amateur bicyclists, and contains a variety of bicycling information.

PRINCE BISMARCK HAS BEEN WEIGHED!—Admirers of the "man of iron" (and who is not in this age of iron?) will be interested to hear that the scale turned at 243 lbs. 100 grammes, exactly 40 lbs. heavier than in 1874—a result, it is said, which did not appear wholly to please the illustrious statesman.

BRITISH ENTERPRISE IN CYPRUS is showing signs of its wonted activity already, and from the list of new companies registered, the particulars of which are given weekly in the *Investors' Guardian* newspaper, it appears that within the past fortnight six companies, with an aggregate capital of four millions one hundred and forty-five thousand pounds have been registered for the purpose of carrying out operations in connection with the island.

LAW COURT REFORM is somewhat needed in the Mofussil, if we are to credit a correspondent of the *Indian Daily News*, who, commenting on the administration of justice there, states he once had occasion to go to a court of justice, as a witness. He found the magistrate cross-legged, smoking a "hubble-bubble," picking his teeth awhile, and hearing three cases simultaneously. And as there was no Bible to be found on the premises, he had to be sworn on a Johnson's Dictionary.

THE PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS in certain parts of India still continues, and in the *Times of India* we read that they are swarming between Cadgoody and Coopum. The engine-drivers state that the wheels of the engine slip in crushing their slimy bodies. One driver told a Bangalore contemporary that he saw a heap of locusts near Malloor, which looked from a distance as high as the brake-van of the train, and that in passing through the heap, the fire-box of the engine became choked with the pests!

THE EXHIBITION OF WORKS ENTERED FOR THE NATIONAL ART COMPETITION was opened on Tuesday, in the Exhibition Galleries, South Kensington. They number about 1,400, which have been selected from 138,045 sent up from 142 Schools of Art throughout the kingdom. The subjects of the competition are figure drawing and modelling, painting in oil and water colours, and design especially as applied to manufactures. The prizes awarded are gold medals, silver medals, bronze medals, prizes of books, and the Princess of Wales' Scholarships, which are awarded to the two female students who take the highest prizes of the year in the national competition.

THE MUCH-VEXED QUESTION of payment for "lights" at Continental hotels has been the subject of a curious trial in Austria, and we learn from the *Fremdenblatt* that a traveller was summoned before the Tribunals for having taken away the candles which he had been charged for. In vain the traveller pointed to his receipted bill, where there was entered "lights, half-a-florin;" the Court delivered judgment in favour of the hotel-keeper, upon the ground that a traveller in paying for "lights" pays for the illumination of his room, and not for the materials employed. For instance, the hotel-keeper might use gas instead of candles, but all the same would, of course, be entitled to charge for "lights."

"COACHMAN'S LIVERY" is the title of the present fashionable colour across the Atlantic, the hue being also known as "hazel nut." Another freak of fashion is a pocket-handkerchief bearing the portrait of the owner, "so as to avoid loss," it is said; while, if we are to believe the *Christian Union*, "a Gospel garden" is the latest religious novelty in New York. It has been started by an energetic clergyman, named Stephen H. Tyng, and consists of a large room furnished with a fountain, floral baskets, urns of plants, and whatever will give it an inviting appearance. To the ceiling are attached long linen fans, which are kept all the time in motion and supply a cool and refreshing atmosphere. Here Mr. Tyng holds his services.

THE COFFEE PUBLIC-HOUSE ASSOCIATION, 40, Charing Cross, announce that they are enabled by one of their members to offer a prize of 200*l.* for an essay on the providing, on an adequate scale, of Halls or other places of resort and recreation for the working classes, the arrangements to include the sale of refreshments, but not of intoxicating drinks, so as to supply the requirements of the people in that respect, and to realise a profit to meet at least current expenses. The object of the donor of the prize is, not only to draw general attention to this subject, but also to elicit suggestions as to the agency by which an undertaking of such magnitude may be most suitably and effectively carried out. The date fixed for sending in manuscripts is March 1st, 1879.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF LONGEVITY has been communicated to us by Mr. William Colmer, the Secretary of the Indigent Blind Society, who writes as follows:—"During the last few years many instances of deaths have been recorded of Centenarians, but none, I venture to think, more striking than the following:—Thomas Budgen, a resident in Spitalfields, who was blind, died on the 4th inst. at the age of 104, and I have just attended his burial at Manor Park Cemetery. He was born on the 27th July, 1774, married at the age of twenty-nine, and lived with his wife in the same room for sixty-one years. His wife, who was three years younger than himself, died thirteen years since at the age of eighty-eight. For seven years past the Indigent Blind Visiting Society has done all in its power to promote both his spiritual and temporal welfare. The only surviving issue is a widow daughter, aged seventy-three."

LONDON MORTALITY continues somewhat high, and the deaths during the last two weeks have numbered 1,877 and 1,694, being respectively an increase of 85 and a decrease of 183 [illegible] 219 and 65 above the average, and at the rate of 27·3 and 24·7 per 1,000. The fatal cases of diarrhœa were 371 and [illegible] an increase of 13 and a decrease of 127. [illegible] 18 and 13 deaths from small-pox (a decrease of 7 and 41); [illegible] and 77 from whooping-cough (a fall of 12); 26 in both weeks from scarlet fever (a [illegible]); 21 and 32 from fever (a rise of 11); 19 and 14 from measles (an increase of 7 and a decrease of 5); and 6 and 11 from diphtheria (an increase of 1 and 5). The births registered numbered 2,659 and 2,241, being 269 above and 112 below the average. The mean temperature was 60·5 and 65·9 deg. (1·8 and 3·9 deg. above the average); while the registered sunshine was 30·7 and 54·5 hours out of the 107·8 and 105·2 hours during which the sun was above the horizon, being thus at the rate of 28 and 52 per cent.

"Turning round, we saw a stranger standing behind us in the open doorway

AMONGST ALIENS

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

AUTHOR OF "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

Signor Sandro came, and he brought with him a companion. I was not pleased to hear this announcement that my old *maestro* was not alone. The presence of a stranger was particularly distasteful to me at that moment, and I had a strong opinion that he would take up Signor Sandro's time and attention, of which I was greedy. However, there he was, and there was no help for it, and Signor Sandro assured me that his friend would not trouble us.

"Why, Maestro," said I, "this is something new. *You* picking up a new acquaintance, and consenting even to make an excursion to Tivoli in his company! What does it mean?"

"Am I such a bear, such a misanthrope, such a curmudgeon, that I can't make friends with a stranger? Is that what you mean, Caterina?"

"Something like that," I answered, saucily. "Only for 'can't' read 'won't.' You know one word makes the most important difference in a text sometimes. But tell me about this man. I'm sure he can't be a common person, or you would never have consented to travel with him."

The implied compliment pleased Signor Sandro mightily. He was perfectly frank and open in showing that it pleased him, and observed with much simplicity that he was glad to find I had at least appreciated that point in his character, namely, a contempt and dislike for the conventional and commonplace. "You don't altogether appreciate me, Caterina," he said. "You set up your judgment against mine, in all sorts of cases, but——"

"Never in Art, Master!"

"Never in Art? Well, no. I suppose not. You do allow me to know something about painting, I believe. But in knowledge of the world, now—in the conduct of life—you stick to your own opinion with an obstinacy—but, *già*, all the English are obstinate. Rodolfo is as obstinate as a buffalo."

"Who may Rodolfo be?"

"Ah, I forgot, you don't know his name. I don't know it either. At least I can't say it, so I call him Rodolfo."

"Master, you're talking Chinese! I'm bewildered. Please to explain?"

Then Signor Sandro did explain, and this was his explanation. The stranger whose acquaintance he had made, and whom he had brought with him to Tivoli, was an Englishman who had come to his studio, and pleased the old artist by some intelligent observations on his pictures. They had got into conversation, and then the stranger pleased him still more by his enthusiasm on behalf of the unity and independence of Italy, and his praises of Garibaldi. He had himself shouldered a rifle under the command of the patriot soldier, on hearing which Signor Sandro had at once embraced him—considerably to the Englishman's surprise and discomfiture, as I gathered. Their acquaintance ripened rapidly, however, and their good understanding had certainly not been impaired by the fact that the Englishman had purchased a picture of Signor Sandro. It was a work that had long lain in the studio, and which my poor master had despaired of selling at all—the scene from Livy of Mucius Scævola before Porsena. Often had I heard Signor Sandro sigh as he looked at this picture on which he had lavished all his best skill, and which was really a fine thing. And then he would snort disdainfully, and shake his head, and cry out upon the debased taste of the day, and declare that it was worse than useless to aim at high, historical art, and that what the world liked was portraits of theatrical costumes, with a mannikin inside them, devoid of grandeur, poetry, or ideas. And now he had sold his Mucius Scævola at a fair price. I was overjoyed, and congratulated him heartily. "Well, Maestro," said I, "I won't grumble at your Englishman any more since he has shown such right feeling."

Signor Sandro declared that his Englishman was a most wonderful man. He had been all over the world, was self-educated, and with great natural taste for artistic things. "He taught himself Latin, used to read Virgil and Horace, puzzling them out line by line, when he was keeping sheep in Australia! Think of that, Caterina! And he can read our poets too; has some cantos of Dante by heart, although he pronounces it—Ah, *Dio grande*, how he massacres the *dolce favella* when he tries to speak it! But no matter, he is a fine fellow is Rodolfo," said my old master, emphatically.

"And what *is* his name, pray? since it certainly is not Rodolfo!"

For all answer Signor Sandro pulled a visiting card out of his pocket-book, and handed it to me. On the card was printed in common square type, "R. Rutherford, Scaur Cottage."

"Oh," said I, "Rutherford!"

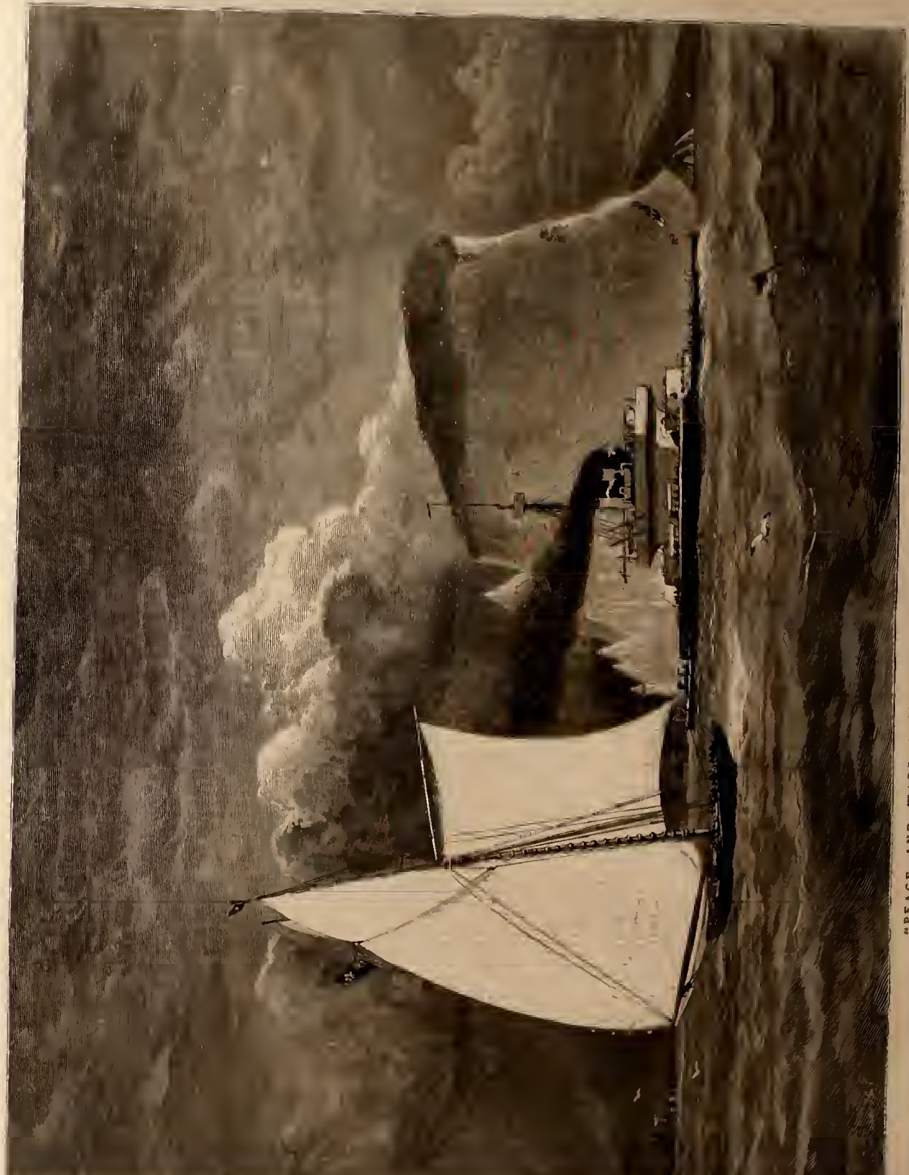
Signor Sandro looked at me with a *naïve* admiration, akin to that felt by the traditional Cockney, who was struck with surprise at hearing the little children in Boulogne speak French so glibly. "*Caspita*! How quick you say it," exclaimed Sandro. "But what a language! Who is to pronounce it?"

Then he began to ask about Lucy. We were alone in our sitting-room, he and I. It was early, and Lucy was not yet up, but I expected her to make her appearance every moment. I proposed taking a little walk with my master, so as to have an opportunity of speaking to him uninterruptedly. So, leaving word with Sora Nanna that I should return, in case my sister asked for me, I put on my hat, and Signor Sandro and I went out together. We took our way along the terrace road leading to the Villa of Varus. All was still, peaceful, and beautiful in the fresh morning air. When we came to a part of the road where there is a semi-circular stone parapet commanding the wide view, I stopped, and, leaning on the low wall, gave Signor Sandro a brief recital of all that had passed since we had left Rome. I had considered the question beforehand, and had resolved that it was best to confide in him. His goodwill I did not doubt; and if I mistrusted his discretion, or rather his power of fully sympathising with my view of the case, I still thought that less pain and annoyance to Lucy would arise from his being forewarned, than from allowing him to speak to her under the impression that we were still on good terms with the Corleoni. Lucy could not feign; and it would have been cruel to lay the burthen on her of explaining how matters stood.

In a few minutes I had to acknowledge to myself that I had not done my old master full justice in hesitating to trust him. Nothing could be better than his way of taking my confidence. He spoke of Lucy with the most chivalrous delicacy and tenderness. All his best qualities were roused on her behalf. And I own that his withering scorn of Don Vittorio was a cordial to me. I had had to suppress my own indignation against him in talking with Lucy to such a degree that it seemed to take a weight from my heart to be able to utter my full sentiments to a sympathising listener. As to the Princess, he was evidently surprised and puzzled by her behaviour. He agreed with me that she could not have been ignorant of what was going on, and that her assertions on that score were a mere pretence. "No, no; if Don Vittorio was in the habit of frequenting the schoolroom, depend on it the Princess Olympia knew it. She is no simpleton. We must do her that justice," said my master. And he could not be brought to see—or, at least, to say, for he repeated the current phrases of his countrymen rather from the lips than the heart—that some measure of simplicity would have been the only possible excuse for the Princess's conduct; and that since she had been aware from the first of her son's pursuit of Lucy, her affectation of surprise and horror when it suited her to avow the knowledge of it to my sister was a base and cruel piece of hypocrisy. I believe that in his heart he did loathe such treachery, but so great is the power of a conventional phrase that "simpleton" sounded in his ears a worse reproach than "liar."

Another thing struck me with surprise in his reception of my narrative, and that was the power to injure us which he seemed to ascribe to the Princess Corleoni.

(Continued on page 182)



"PEACE AND WAR"—A SKETCH OFF THE NEEDLES, ISLE OF WIGHT

FOREIGN

THE EASTERN QUESTION.——The Austrians are gradually completing their occupation of Bosnia, but their progress is still vigorously contested by the insurgents, who have proved no mean combatants, and have inflicted considerable loss on the Imperial troops. Thus there has been some really hard fighting. Marshal Philippovich advanced on Maglai on the 5th inst. to avenge the murder of the Hussars, and drove the rebels back to Zepce, where, on the 7th, he completely routed the enemy after a severe engagement, taking prisoners a whole battalion of Anatolian Redifs. Hadji Loja himself is said to have commanded at Zepce with a force of 6,500 men, including many Turkish regulars, but, after a vain attempt to retain the Vranduk-Zenica defile, he was compelled to retire on the Bosnian capital, Serajevo. As to Maglai itself, the inhabitants had prudently fled, and Marshal Philippovich found only a few Christian families, although he has since captured and shot several of the rebels concerned in the massacre. After imposing a fine of 5,000*l.* on the town, and proclaiming martial law throughout the province, the Marshal moved southwards to Vitez, to join the Duke of Wurtemburg. In his turn the Duke had entered Banialuka without the slightest opposition, and had signally defeated the insurgents both at Varcar-Vakuf and Jaice, while on Sunday he peacefully occupied Tmvnik. The united forces expect to be joined by Marshal Jovanovic from the south, and will then march upon the headquarters of the insurrection, Serajevo, and the Austrians look forward confidently to spending their Emperor's birthday (Sunday) in the town. Hadji Loja has strongly fortified the surrounding positions and commands some 100,000 men, while he has not paid the slightest attention to the "decisive instructions" telegraphed by the Porte, stating that the Austrians come as friends, and "all resistance is therefore pernicious and useless;" but the Provisional Government inside Serajevo do not sympathise with the insurgent chief, and are anxious for the arrival of the Austrians. Indeed, it is said that the inhabitants only join the insurgents because they are compelled to do so by Hadji Loja, who goes about inciting revolt everywhere. According to the latest report, Hadji Loja has given up the idea of defending Serajevo, and has fled into Albania. In the Herzegovina Marshal Jovanovic is reorganising the Government at Mostar, where the authorities had all been killed by the rebels, and has also occupied the small town of Stolac, to which the former Turkish commandant of Mostar had retired. A very serious check, however, has been sustained by the Austrians at Tuzla, near Svornik, on the Servian frontier, General Szapary being forced, after two days' fighting, to retreat on Gmeanica, owing, he asserts, to the failure of the transport service and to the lack of provisions. This conflict having taken place so near the Servian frontier, there is some suspicion that the Servians are lending a helping hand, especially as a Servian corps of observation is said to have been posted on the Drina. Meanwhile the Emperor of Austria is grievously disappointed at the opposition encountered, and the Porte has sent Mehemet Ali to pacify the provinces, thus pointing to an improved condition of the negotiations between Turkey and Austria.

The departure of the Russians from before CONSTANTINOPLE seems at length at hand. Forty thousand men, including the Imperial Guard, are to embark for Odessa to-day (Saturday), and the remainder of the army will afterwards vacate San Stefano and the neighbourhood, gradually falling back upon the lines of Eastern Roumelia, where fifty thousand men will be maintained. Adrianople is to be vacated in six weeks; and General Todleben considers that all the Russians will have left by the end of October. Before his departure from San Stefano General Todleben will hold a review of a hundred thousand men. Matters are not so satisfactory in ASIA. The Sultan, at the request of the Czar, has at length ordered the immediate evacuation of Batoum; but the population are reported to have risen against the Russians, while the Lazis at Trebizond are as obstinate as ever, and continue to declare themselves under English protection. Erzeroum and Bayazid are to be vacated by the Russians on the withdrawal of the British fleet from the Sea of Marmora.

ROUMANIA is becoming more reconciled to her Bessarabian spoliation; and the advantages of the Dobrudja are already being pointed out by a strong party. As to SERVIA, she has been celebrating the arrival of the war trophies at Belgrade, and is contemplating great festivities in honour of her independence, which is to be formally proclaimed on the 22nd inst. The real national festival, however, will not be held until December.

There is little news from CYPRUS, save contradictory reports of the health of the troops. Sir Garnet Wolseley has gone into camp near Nicosia, where the inhabitants have petitioned for Greek to be declared the official language, but they have been told that English must be used. The Indian regiments have commenced re-embarking for their return home.

FRANCE.——Perfect quiet in affairs political and social, continues to prevail in France. Even the usual amount of speech-making during the vacation is lacking at present, and M. Gambetta has refused to respond to an invitation from Marseilles, giving his would-be hosts only a few fresh hints on the necessity for unity, concord, and disdain of provocation amongst the Republican party. The Minister of Public Works, however, has been going the round of the Channel ports with a view to improving the harbours, and speaking at a banquet given him at Havre, declared that the Government was devoting itself to the development of the country's prosperity, and to the conversion of its opponents into auxiliaries. One auxiliary has certainly been gained in M. de Fourtou, an ex-Minister of May 16th, who has joined the Republican side, but the Liberals do not welcome him very heartily, and are busy grumbling at M. Dufaure for the recent changes in the magistrature, which they do not consider sufficiently sweeping. These changes, however, have seriously annoyed the Conservatives, who are further enraged at their ill-success in the elections for the Councils-General, only one candidate having hitherto obtained a seat.

The cab-strike in Paris has come to an end, and the Compagnie des Petites Voitures has yielded to the men's demands. The cabmen are now to work on the *feuille* system—*i.e.*, the drivers will be paid a fixed salary, and their fares entered on a schedule, instead of the former plan of compelling them to bring in 32 fr. per diem. Numbers of cabs reappeared in the streets before the conclusion of the strike, but the quality of the driving was most questionable, as anyone who could hold a rein was eagerly welcomed by the cab-proprietors.—Exhibition gossip is plentiful. There has been a fresh accession of Royal visitors, and more are expected for the distribution of prizes on Sept. 18th. Mr. Canliffe Owen has been entertained at a dinner by the Australian Commissioners, whose hearty compliments were paid to France, the Prince of Wales, and everybody concerned with the Exhibition; successful experiments have been made with the telephone between Paris and Versailles; a horse show will open on the 1st prox., and a grand lottery is being organised, part of the proceeds to be devoted towards helping the poorer classes to visit the Exhibition, and the rest to the purchase of prizes for the ticket-holders. A million of one franc tickets will be issued.—Several fresh Congresses have opened, the most important being the International Monetary Conference, presided over by the Finance Minister, M. Léon Say.—The Parisian regattas, which have never been held since the fall of the Empire, take place on the Seine to-morrow (Sunday); and the only theatrical novelty is an operetta at the Renaissance, *Les Bijoux de Jeannette*, by a new composer, M. A. Godard.—A grand anniversary mass in memory of M. Thiers is to be celebrated at Notre Dame on Sept. 3rd. The Ministers and the Diplomatic body will be present, and deputations will be sent from every department which had at any time elected the ex-President.

GERMANY.——The negotiations between Prince Bismarck and the Vatican have as yet produced no definite result, although the new Pontifical Secretary of State, Cardinal Nina, is anxious to pursue his predecessor Franchi's policy; and the Nuncio Masella, now at Kissingen, is said to have declared that the gulf between the Prince and himself was neither so wide nor so deep as had been imagined. It appears probable that no special convention will yet be drawn up, but a tacit agreement will be made, the May laws being differently applied in future. Parliament meets on the 9th prox., and it is hoped that the Emperor will be well enough to resume work early in autumn. He continues to benefit by his stay at Teplitz, and intends to be present at the September manœuvres at Cassel.—Since Nobiling's attempt 563 persons have been arrested for insults to Emperor William, and 521 of these have been sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, while five committed suicide before their trial. The Bill against Socialism has been laid before the Federal Council. It contains some stringent measures against the Social Democrats, stating that their meetings, associations, and publications are prohibited, laying down penalties for various offences, and creating an Imperial Bureau for questions relating to public meetings and the press.

INDIA.——Violent rains have set in throughout the country, and have done considerable damage both to the crops and to the water-works, the water-supply of Bombay being threatened by a slip in the Oolsee Tunnel. Famine accounts are good in British India; but in Cashmere there is terrible distress, and no travellers are to be allowed in the country. The great topic in India, however, is the advance of the Russians in Central Asia, as a Muscovite Mission to Cabul has been warmly received by the Ameer of Afghanistan, who gave a grand review in their honour. An English Mission to the Ameer is going to leave Peshawur for Cabul next month, under the charge of Lieutenant-General Sir Neville Chamberlain. Should the Russian expedition in Central Asia occupy Vakhan, which is said to be one of the six khanates whose occupation is aimed at by the Mission, the distance between the English and Russian frontiers will be reduced to 325 miles; while the roads from Vakhan over the intervening plateau to India are easily passable in summer. The Emir of Vakhan is a feudatory of the ruler of Afghanistan.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The appointment of Cardinal Nina as Pontifical Secretary is favourably regarded in ITALY. Nina, who is sixty-six years of age, is a man of moderate principles and considerable tact, though little known to the outside world.—In SPAIN the *Phylloxera* has appeared near Madrid.—In the UNITED STATES a terrible tornado has visited Wallingford, Connecticut, killing 21 and injuring 50 persons, and destroying numerous buildings; while a railway collision occurred at Steubenville, Ohio, where 15 persons were killed and 50 injured, many of the sufferers being British immigrants.—CANADA is delighted at the prospect of her new Viceroy, and has meanwhile been indulging in an Orange riot at Ottawa, suppressed after some trouble.—Celestials in VANCOUVER'S ISLAND are to be taxed 8*l.* a head.—In CHINA the Chefoo Convention with England has been signed. It provides a suitable apology and an indemnity for the murder of Mr. Margary at Yunnan, permits the establishment of British officers in Yunnan after 1881 to watch the state of trade, introduces reforms in the official intercourse between Britain and China, and, amongst other alterations in the conditions of trade, promises to open four new ports, a promise already fulfilled.

THE COURT

THE principal members of the Royal Family are still in the Isle of Wight, where Her Majesty continues her daily walks and drives with the Princess Beatrice, while Prince Leopold takes an occasional sail in the *Alberta*. On Saturday Viscount Barrington, the Vice-Chamberlain, presented an address to Her Majesty from the House of Commons, and in the evening the Royal dinner party included Lady Abercromby, the Rev. J. and Lady Florence Blunt, General the Right Hon. Sir Thomas and the Hon. Lady Biddulph. On Sunday the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold attended Divine Service at Osborne, the Rev. J. St. John Blunt, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, officiating. On Monday Lady Abercromby, the Earl and Countess of Wilton, Lord and Lady Colville of Culross, and Rear-Admiral the Hon. F. Foley dined with Her Majesty, and on the following day Her Majesty, the Princess Beatrice, and the Duke of Connaught embarked on board the *Victoria and Albert*, and inspected the Particular Service Squadron at Spithead, Prince Leopold viewing the proceedings from his own yacht, the *Alberta*. We reserve however, a detailed account of this until next week, when we shall publish numerous engravings illustrative of the event. On Wednesday Her Majesty held a Council. The Queen will leave the Isle of Wight for Scotland next week, and on her way thither will stay from Saturday to Monday with the Duchess of Roxburgh at Broxmouth Park, near Dunbar. From thence her Majesty will go on to Balmoral, passing through Dundee, where the town authorities are preparing to give Her Majesty a suitable reception.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their children also remain in the Isle of Wight, and on Saturday the Prince was present at a garden party given by Count Batthyany to the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Eaglehurst Castle, at the entrance of Southampton Water. On Monday, the Prince and Princess and their two sons went to Southampton and laid the foundation stone of the Wilberforce Memorial Church, after which the Royal party adjourned to the Deanery grounds, and took tea with the Rev. Canon and Mrs. Wilberforce, returning to Cowes early in the evening.—On Tuesday the Prince and Princess accompanied the Queen in the *Victoria and Albert* during Her Majesty's inspection of the Fleet—the Prince wearing the uniform of the Naval Reserve.

CHURCH NEWS

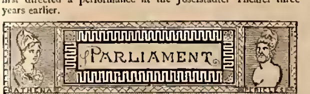
THE ST. ALBAN'S RITUAL CASE.——Mr. Mackonochie has achieved another triumph over his prosecutors, or "persecutors," as he would doubtless call them, the Court of Queen's Bench (that is, the Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and Mr. Justice Mellor, in opposition to Mr. Justice Lush) having decided that the whole of the proceedings in the case before Lord Penzance are null and void in consequence of the non-observance of certain methods of procedure. The effect of the judgment is that when Mr. Mackonochie has been once condemned for illegal practices, and has undergone the punishment awarded by the Court, he can at once resume those very practices and can only be again punished, if at all, by means of a *de novo* prosecution as lengthy and expensive as the first, and so on with the third, fourth, or four hundredth breach of the law, until the patience or purse of one of the litigants is exhausted. It is true that the Lord Chief Justice added that such summary jurisdiction as was claimed would be "exceedingly useful in order to prevent erratic clergymen from setting the law at defiance and retaining benefices in a Church the rules and ritual of which they habitually disregard, if the Legislature should think fit to confer it." But law-making is a slow process, and now that the session is over the Ritualists can at least have it all their own way for another year.—Speaking on Wednesday at a meeting of Ritualists at Willenhall, Mr. Mackonochie, who was loudly cheered, said it was with a certain amount of gratification that he felt that he was free from pressure for a time. It was satisfactory to have a definite rest, and none the less so that the Lord Chief Justice, in giving judgment, had not only prevented the particular suspension in question from being served, but had also swept away all previous sentences of suspension.

VARIOUS.——Cyprus has been added to the See of Gibraltar, and the Bishop will visit the island during the autumn.—The strife at St. James's, Hatcham, still continues. A fortnight ago a portion of the congregation interfered to prevent the clergy and choir walking in procession around the church, and last Sunday there was an angry discussion between the Rev. Mr. M'Coll and the churchwardens respecting the use of incense *before* the service, and Mr. Fry declared that on Sunday next (to-morrow), the people would attend in hundreds to prevent the practice.—The case as to the religion of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Agar-Ellis came, on appeal, before the Lords Justices last week, and was postponed to November, each parent promising, in the meantime, not to take the children to church without the consent of the other.—The seventy-first conference of the New Jerusalem or Swedenborgian Church was opened at Salford on Tuesday. Nineteen ministers and sixty-seven representatives signed the roll, the Rev. Wm. Bruce, of London, being elected president. The reports showed that there were sixty-three societies connected with the denomination, which possesses 4,842 members.—The Rev. George Gilfillan, of Dundee, the well-known minister of the United Presbyterian Church, died on Tuesday after half-an-hour's illness. He had preached on the previous Sunday on the subject of "Sudden Death."—The Marquis of Bute has given 4,000*l.* towards a fund for the erection of a Roman Catholic cathedral in Dundee, to commemorate the re-establishment of the Bishopric of Dunkeld, which ceased about 292 years ago.

MUSIC

COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.——The concerts this year, up to the time at which we write, would seem to be more than usually successful. The directors are carrying out their pledges to the letter. The Beethoven Symphony every Monday is not a mere bait for amateurs of the "high school," but a genuine attraction. The No. 2 (D) on Monday last was listened to with quite as much interest by the audience generally as the No. 1 (C) on the Monday previous, and moreover, was quite as well played under the direction of Mr. Arthur Sullivan. The second classical concert, on Wednesday, was even better than the first, and among the most noticeable features was a wonderfully fine performance of Mendelssohn's A major symphony (the "Italian"). No little of the effect produced was due to the judicious *tempi* given by Mr. Sullivan to each of the four movements—*tempi* which the illustrious composer himself would have approved. The new pianist, Madame Montigny Rémaury, is an artist in the strictest acceptation of the word. The high repute she enjoys in her native country has been affirmed on more than one occasion by her performances here. She possesses all the requirements that go to proclaim a mistress of her art—the purest, nay almost infallible *Technique*; a crisp and elastic touch; a tone that at once satisfies the ear, together with a power of graduating it which is one of the rarest gifts; an expression all the more attractive because, though deeply felt, it is never affected, never overdrawn; an execution apparently equal to any task she may undertake. Thus briefly we have summed up the qualities that make the playing of Madame Montigny Rémaury as satisfying to the initiated as it is attractive to the uninitiated—who know not why and care not wherefore, so long as they are pleased. That both sections of the musical community, amateur and connoisseur, are pleased with Madame Montigny is shown in the loud and unanimous applause invariably greeting the gifted French lady's performances. The fact of her playing with equal ability Mendelssohn's impetuous *Capriccio Brillante* in B minor, absurdly called *Rondo*, seeing that it has nothing of the *rondo* form, and the first of Beethoven's concertos, so full of Mozart-like radiant simplicity and grace (as distant from Nos. 4 and 5 as the North Pole from the South), proves that her talent is not only special but versatile. Her success in the one, as decided as her success in the other, was further borne out by her facile and brilliant execution of a *gavotte* by Silas and a *tarantella* by Wehli. We owe it in justice to Mr. Sullivan and his admirable orchestra to state that we have never heard the accompaniments to Mendelssohn's *Capriccio* and Beethoven's concerto given with more strict attention, accuracy, and point. By the way, we are glad to observe that Mr. Sullivan finds it expedient to have recourse to Auber for his lighter overtures. Models in their way, they at once put the audience in good humour. They constitute a mine, too, by no means easy to exhaust. The "selections" since our last have been from *Faust* and *Un Ballo in Maschera*, in both of which the band of the Coldstreams, under Mr. Fred Godfrey's direction, act important parts. Miss Rose Hersee and Madame Patey, two of the most distinguished artists, have been added to the already strong list of singers, and the vocal selections have been varied and attractive. Mr. Cellier—three movements from whose Symphony in G, played with remarkable spirit, engendered a desire to hear the omitted first *allegro*—now conducts the whole of the second part so ably that there is little cause to regret the non-appearance of M. Métra.

WAIFS.——The great violinist, August Wilhelmj, leaves for New York on the 10th of next month.—The handsome building in the Palmengarten, the pride of Frankfort-on-Maine, where such admirable concerts used to be given, amid such pleasant surroundings, was burnt to the ground on the 10th inst. This catastrophe follows with ominous quickness upon the burning of the Stadt Theater in the same city.—Mr. Carl Rosa has returned from Paris, having secured the acting-right of *Piccolino*, the opera which gained for its composer, M. Guiraud, the price of 3,000 francs, awarded by the French Academy to the best musical work produced during the last three years.—It is reported that Mdlle. Sangalli, *danseuse d'élite* at the Paris Grand Opera, is about to abandon *entrechats* for *roulades*—Terpsichore for Euterpe—in plain English to become a singer instead of a dancer.—The new grand organ erected by Cavaillé-Coll in the Trocadéro was inaugurated by the well-known organist, M. Guilmant. Amateurs complain that the programme was by no means worthy the occasion; but, seeing that the most trivial *ad captandum* effusions alone excited any interest among the vast crowd, while the masterpieces of J. S. Bach and Handel were listened to—if, indeed, they can be said to have been listened to—with profound indifference, M. Guilmant seems to have estimated with tolerable judgment the musical capacity of his probable audience (admitted *gratis*, by the way).—The lowering of the orchestra at the Cologne Theatre, in accordance with the plan originally suggested by Wagner, and carried out by that wholesale reformer with unbending severity during the memorable performances of the *Ring des Nibelungen* at Bayreuth, seems to have met with approval from many amateurs, but with disapproval from as many others. The members of the orchestra are all against it, which, to those who remember the sweltering days of August, 1876, in that out-of-the-way Franconian town where Wagner has built his home, can cause no surprise.—It is said that not a few of the chief operatic managers of Germany intend going to Paris for the purpose of attending the first representation of Gounod's long-expected *Polyeucte*. Donizetti's *Poliuto* (*Les Martyrs*) is by this time pretty well forgotten; but those who still retain some memory of it are curious to learn in how different a manner the eminent French composer may have treated the subject. After the *quasi*-failure of *Cinq Mars*, the composer of *Faust* owes his many admirers a new success.—The bronze medallion belonging to the monument of the great dramatic composer, Gluck, erected in the chief cemetery of Vienna as far back as 1846, has been stolen—in all probability by the same nocturnal marauders who, not long since, despoiled the tomb of the incomparable Mozart.—Meyerbeer's *Africaine* seems to be going the round of the civilised world. It has lately been produced at Seville, the city of the Figaros, Bartolos, Basilios, Rosinas, and Almavivas, and, although Spain is jealous of Portugal, and Vasco di Gama was a Portuguese, with extraordinary success.—M. Maurice Strakosch has arrived in London from Norway. His new and youngest *protégée*, Mdlle. Stella Faustina, appears to have been everywhere successful.—The 70th anniversary of the well-known song-composer and conductor, Heinrich Proch, was recently celebrated at Vienna. Proch, who had been connected with the Imperial Opera House since 1840, first directed a performance at the Josefstädter Theater three years earlier.



PARLIAMENT was prorogued on Friday with the usual ceremony. As a matter of fact so many members had during the past fortnight taken the opportunity of proroguing themselves that the House of Commons had been reduced to an almost ludicrous condition in point of attendance. Under any circumstances it is difficult to keep a House together after 12th of August. But this year the 12th of August arrived and found both Houses sitting after a session which had been extended at the other end by three weeks. The desertions were accordingly more than usually extensive, and in these latter days it has required all the persuasions and authority of the Ministerial "whips" to keep together the number requisite to make a House, and maintain a majority. The only "burning" question remaining unquenched in this last week of the Session related to Ireland, and the prolonged attendance of Irish Members has never been a matter about which the "whips" have felt it necessary to display much anxiety. As long as the Irish Sunday Closing Bill remained on the orders, and whilst the Intermediate Education Bill was yet incomplete, Irish Members were certain to remain in town.

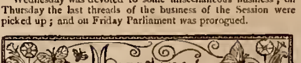
The monotony of the closing days of the Session was varied on Saturday by the sitting set apart for the Irish Sunday Closing Bill. This measure, which has been a sort of legislative football throughout the Session, had at length been kicked within sight of the goal. By dint of desperate fighting in the dead watches of the night, the united and determined minority opposed to the bill had been beaten back, and the measure awaited only its third reading. There was a time when this ultimate success was seriously threatened. The Government long ago found it necessary to promise to support the Bill. But, oddly enough, it found in the Treasury Bench a determined opponent in the Minister immediately concerned with it. Mr. James Lowther, the Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, has conscientious scruples about interfering with the freedom of the people, more especially in the direction of drinking freely on Sundays. Many a Minister in his position would have dissembled his feelings, and, yielding to Cabinet authority and the exigencies of the political situation, would at least have remained silent. Mr. Lowther, to his credit be it recorded, is not a man with whom such a course is possible. If he likes or dislikes a thing the audience he addresses is pretty certain to be informed of his predilection. Thus, during the debates on the Sunday Closing Bill, the House of Commons has been amused by the curious spectacle of a member of a Ministry pledged to carry a particular measure frankly proclaiming his hope that the measure would fail to pass.

Mr. Lowther's honest prejudice and the somewhat clamorous opposition of Mr. Denzil Onslow notwithstanding, the Sunday Closing Bill made its way through the House of Commons, and stands in the not too extensive list of Bills which have received the Royal Assent. There has been a great deal of sound and fury in the Opposition, but when it has been brought to the test it has been found to signify nothing. The opponents of the measure have known exactly how far they might go, and they have had the good sense not to waste their own energies in an attempt to exceed those limits. Thus, though there has been a good deal of bluster throughout the week when the probability of a Saturday sitting was mentioned, when the sitting was actually held the third reading was agreed to after the principal opponents to the measure had fired a last shot over the grave of their hopes. Of course absolutely nothing was left to say on the subject. But that is not a condition of affairs which precludes members of Parliament from making speeches. The friends of the Bill resolutely refused to open their mouths, and when half-a-dozen speeches from their little band of opponents had been duly delivered one last division was taken, and, amid such cheers as the half empty House could raise, the Sunday Closing Bill passed its last stage in the House of Commons.

On Monday, the Irish Intermediate Education Bill occupied the House throughout the whole of the melancholy sitting. This is a measure on the efficacy of which all parties are, by a rare unison, agreed, and it might reasonably have appeared that the Bill should pass without a repetition of the debate which took place on the second reading. But a new political combination has been evolved in the House of Commons in the presence of this Bill. Mr. Charles Lewis and Mr. Newdegate have united their forces, Mr. Lewis scenting concurrent endowment in the Bill, and Mr. Newdegate espying the cowl of the Jesuit under the nineteenth century hat of possible Commissioners. Mr. Lewis, who had made an able speech on the second reading, repeated it on the stage which occupied the House on Monday, and Mr. Newdegate, to his increasing dolour, was more than once called to order by the Speaker for wandering to Maynooth and other remote places whilst discussing the Bill. But in the end, which came about one o'clock in the morning, the Bill passed, and Mr. Newdegate's life is saddened by a fresh sorrow.

On Tuesday the Indian Budget was brought on, the customary emptiness of the House being cultivated by the fact that at the same hour the great majority of the members who had remained in town were getting wet at Spithead, whilst watching the Naval Review. It is more than probable that but for the accident that a Royal Commission was in possession of the House of Lords (a fact which, *per se*, constitutes a House in the Commons), we should have witnessed the ignominious spectacle of the House of Commons being unable to discuss the Indian Budget, because they could not get forty members to make a show of listening at the outset. Mr. Stanhope, who confirmed the impression of his ability by the manner in which he discharged his duty in making the annual financial statement, spoke in the presence of thirty-five members, a number which marked the high tide of attendance during the evening. Sir George Balfour and Sir George Campbell—the latter unquestionably a high authority on Indian finance—succeeded in further reducing the attendance, and there were many perilous moments during which Mr. Biggar, had he been maliciously disposed, might have brought the proceedings to an ignominious end by counting out. Of course much virtuous indignation was expressed at this state of things; but, to tell the truth, it does not greatly exceed the average condition of matters, thirty being rather a full attendance for an Indian debate.

Wednesday was devoted to some miscellaneous business; on Thursday the last threads of the business of the Session were picked up; and on Friday Parliament was prorogued.



II.

IN the *Contemporary Review* we have a paper from Mr. R. A. Proctor, on the New Crater in the Moon, said to have been discovered by Dr. Klein, of Koeln, in the lunar region called the Sea of Vapours. Mr. Proctor admits that it would be remarkable if previous astronomical observers had failed to notice a crater really existing where one now assuredly exists, nevertheless it seems his contention that the crater may have been always in its present position, though there may have been causes, some of them enumerated by him, which prevented it from being distinguished. In any case he thinks the existence of the crater is not due to any fresh volcanic action in the moon, but simply to mechanical changes.—The article by Mr. Walter James, M.P., on "The Parochial Charities of the City," contains some information rather startling to "outsiders." There are one hundred and twelve parishes in the City, with an aggregate income of 101,380*l.*, a large part of which—we may probably say at least one half—was intended orignally for the benefit of the poor, and for charitable purpose within the parish. But many of these parishes have now no poor, and some hardly any resident population at all, and the revenues are administered by the churchwardens and overseers at their discretion for miscellaneous objects. Mr. James's suggestion that each City parish should be united to some populous metropolitan district, where genuine "poor" are to be met with in swarms, seems worthy of attention.—Under the title of "The Scot," Professor Blackie protests with lively indignation against "a class of small thinkers in London," who are bent upon obliterating all the most marked national characteristics of Scotland, and turning the country into a mere copy of England. We did not know that such a nefarious design was entertained by anybody, and trust that it may meet the fate it deserves, and that Scottish nationality may weather the storm; even though, perhaps, we are hardly prepared to admit, even on the authority of "a philosopher like Lord Brougham," that Scottish speech is "a pure and classical tongue, on no account to be regarded as a mere provincial dialect." It will a little surprise some of us to find Professor Blackie enumerating among the qualities most conspicuous in the Scot "a deep sense of the humorous," but we fancy that by the "sense of the humorous" he means that Scotch "wut" which the Southerner is apt to find somewhat ponderous and dreary.—The Abbé Martin gives us a paper on the reasons which hinder the Ritualists from becoming Roman Catholics, which does not seem to us to throw any fresh light upon the subject; but is noticeable all the same for its amiability and generosity of tone, and recognition of much that is excellent and attractive in the Church of England; and from Mr. R. Stuart Poole we have a paper on "Cyprus: its Present and Future," valuable in every way, but especially valuable for its account of the archæological riches of the island, which, "like Assyria, is a land of buried cities."

In *Blackwood* we have a sketch of the great Prince Bismarck, "By One of His Countrymen," chiefly interesting for the picture it gives us of the German Chancellor in his home life. The Prince, with all his proclivities in the direction of blood and iron, seems to be what is called in advertisements "a thoroughly domesticated" person, fond of his wife and children, and adored by them in return, delighting in country life, and an ardent admirer of nature.—Some recollections of Miss Cushman, the great American actress, are decidedly worth reading, and in "Summer in the Hills" we have a celebration of the supreme joys of grouse-shooting in the Highlands, and of the perhaps minor, but still keen, delights to be found in wanderings in the Cumberland Hills, the South Downs, the Pyrenees, or the Alps, with a good deal of spirit, and in the jovial rollicking tone that seems somehow proper to *Blackwood*.

The *pièce de résistance* in *Macmillan* is Mr. Hamilton Lang's interesting sketch of Cyprus, full of important information as to the country, its inhabitants, its capabilities, and its administration, the result of nine years' residence in the island as Consul. It would be impossible in the brief space at our command to do justice to such an article, and, besides, it has been so freely quoted in the daily press that we may "assume" a considerable knowledge of it on the part of our readers.—Mr. Laing Meason gives us his four years' experiences in the Turkish service as Commandant of the Police of the Lebanon, to which office he was appointed in 1861, under Daoud Pasha, the Christian Governor of the Mountain, and the first Christian who had ever been elevated to the rank of Pasha. The paper is well worth reading, but will hardly please those who still continue to cherish romantic ideas on the subject of Eastern Christians.—In "The Child in the House" we have what seems the first of a series of "Imaginary Portraits," by Mr. Walter Pater, giving us a study of "that process of brain-building by which we are each one of us what we are," as exhibited in the mind of a singularly sensitive and imaginative child, worked out with much subtlety and delicacy of thought, and in language which betrays almost too careful an attention to "form."

In *Fraser* we have from Mr. M'Coan a very substantial paper on "The Races of Asiatic Turkey," of which he enumerates no less than ten; and some more picturesque and entertaining sketches of life "Among the Burmese."—In "A June Day's Fancies," our old friend "A.K.H.B." gives us one of his rambling and disjointed essays on things in general, which, as usual, does not come to much that we can see, but may yet please those who can find delight in genial commonplace; and Mr. Edmund Gurney, in a paper "On the Controversy of Life," attempts—we cannot say more than "attempts"—a refutation of Mr. Mallock's somewhat pessimistic views set forth in his inquiry "Is Life Worth Living?" published in the *Nineteenth Century* about a year ago.—The article on "Africa and the Africans," by Mr. G. W. Blyden, who describes himself as "a negro," may also, perhaps, have attraction for some readers.

The *Church Quarterly Review* for July contains an article on "The Dogmatic Position of the Church of England," with which the writer seems very well satisfied, in spite of the great variety of theological opinion visible within the Anglican pale, as contrasted with the comparative homogeneity of several other religious bodies. He insists that the uniformity of the Roman Communion is more apparent than real; and that "even assuming such uniformity to be a good in itself, and a note of the true Church, it was certainly neither attained, nor so much as aimed at, until within the last three centuries." The paper is written with ability; but we should recommend the author, before again speaking *ex cathedrâ* on the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, to be at the pains of learning what that doctrine really is.—"In Dante and Goethe" the two poets are contrasted as representatives, the one of the "Ages of Faith," the other of the sceptical "modern spirit,"—we need hardly say, very much to the disadvantage of the latter; and the papers on "Bishop Selwyn" and "Religion in Madagascar" also call for favourable mention.

The *North American Review* is chiefly remarkable for an article on "The Failure of Universal Suffrage," by Mr. Francis Parkman, which gives clear and powerful expression to the discontent and almost despair with which educated and thoughtful Americans regard the working of their political system, now that it is so largely controlled by those two influences, unknown in the days of its first founders—"an ignorant proletariat, and a half-taught plutocracy." And no better proof of the grave charges brought by Mr. Parkman against the present state of things in the United States could be given than the paper, brimful of political and financial rant and rubbish, which, under the title of "The Outlook," we have here from Mr. Wendell Phillips, who, nevertheless, is looked upon, we believe, in America as a politician of mark.

In *All the Year Round* we have a most entertaining little essay on the curiosities of Advertising, with some extraordinary examples. Here, for instance, is a triumph in the way of abbreviations. "Baker's to let; crowded part; doing seven sacks besides small goods; could be easily doubled; no Sunday trade, but can be done; and bakings would pay the rent." Or, again, "Tie hands wanted, used to Dukes," by which, it seems, we are not to understand peers of the realm, but a particular class of neckties. The paper entitled "Among the Dukeries" is also very readable "padding," and we note that Mrs. Cashel Hoey commences a new story under the title of "All or Nothing."

In *Scribner's Magazine* we have some good papers, as the sketch of Vera Cruz on the Pacific, the paper on the late William Cullen Bryant, and his home at Cummington, and the "Glimpses of New England Farm Life." And these and many others are copiously adorned with illustrations which in artistic excellence seem to us decidedly above those contained in any other magazine of the day. The little picture at p. 514, for instance, styled "A Glimpse of November," is really admirable.

There is not much that calls for notice in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, unless it be an article by Mr. Grant Allen on "Hellas and Civilisation," which lays much stress on the importance of the commercial element in Hellas in helping to make Greek culture and Greek history what they were.—Mr. Dutton Cook tells us something of the career of Dodd, the actor who was the original impersonator of Sir Benjamin Backbite in *The School for Scandal*, and of Dangle in *The Critic*; and Captain Whyte Melville brings "Roy's Wife" to a conclusion.

The *Atlantic Monthly* contains a good paper on the present condition of the Stage in Germany which may be read with interest; and in "Social Notes," we have sundry little essays on topics of a social and educational character, some of which contain useful suggestions, though none have much claim to literary excellence.

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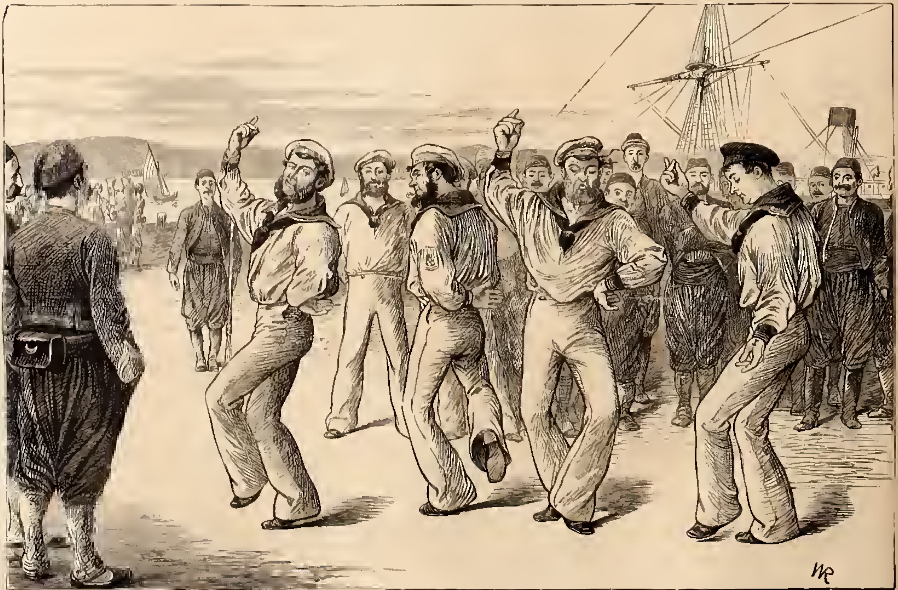
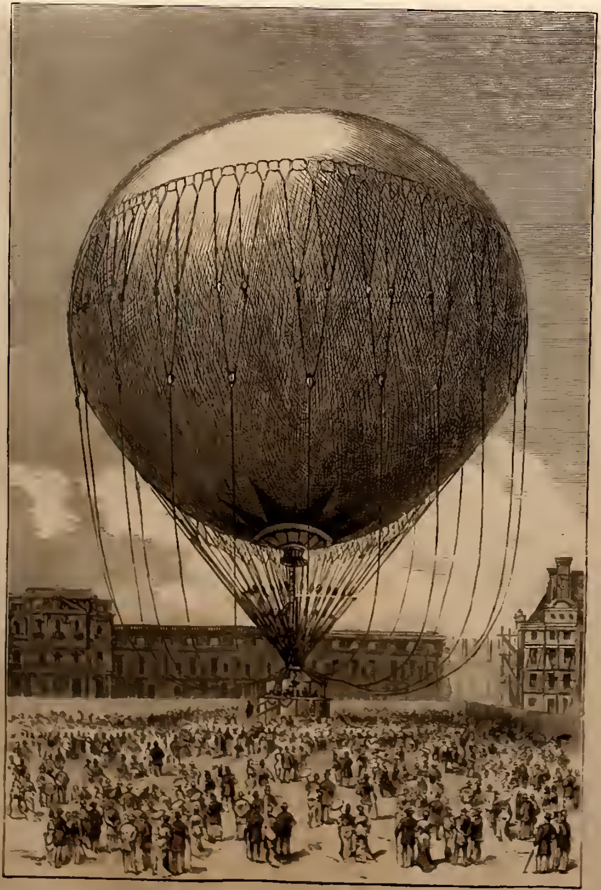
THE MANUFACTURE OF PORCELAIN IN JAPAN is yearly increasing in quantity and quality, and is now one of the principal industries of the Empire. Porcelain was first brought prominently into use in Japan by the introduction of tea ten centuries ago. Tea-drinking, however, threatens to be superseded by the consumption of Lager beer, as a large brewery has been established at Tokio under the superintendence of a Japanese, who has been studying brewing in Germany for some years, and is now intended to train his compatriots in the process.

M. J. MASSENET
Composer of the "Roi de Lahore"

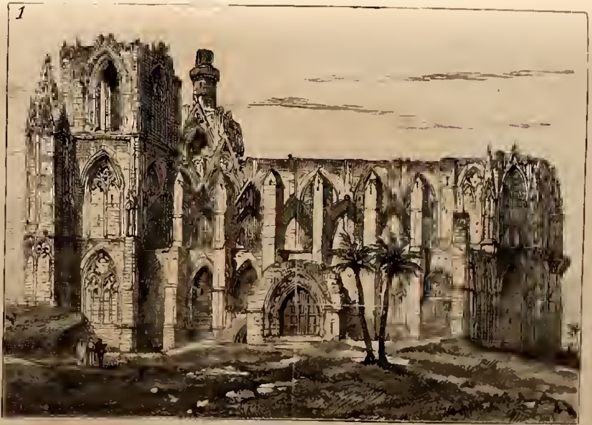
THE LATE M. GEORGES BIZET
Composer of "Carmen," recently produced at Her Majesty's Theatre

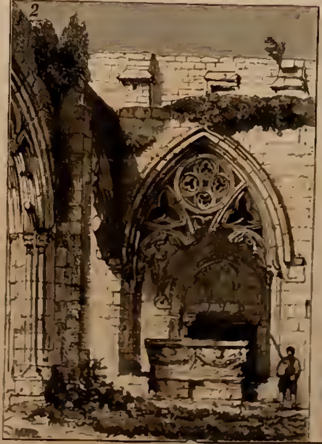


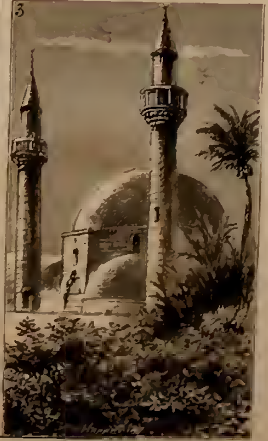
"THE ALLIANCE IS APPROVED!"—BRITISH SAILORS DANCING IN THE ARSENAL YARD AT TOPHANEH, CONSTANTINOPLE



THE PARIS EXHIBITION—THE MONSTER BALLOON IN THE PLACE DE CARROUSEL







1. The Cathedral at Famagosta.—2. A Sarcophagus at Delapais.—3. The Mosque of Mahomet's Nurse.

THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS—SOME ARCHITECTURAL SKETCHES

RURAL NOTES

THE CROPS.——Although the weather has been very changeable during the past fortnight, it has been, on the whole, variable for the husbandman. The thunderous rains have not retarded the progressing of cutting and sheaving to any very injurious extent, so far as we have seen on our travels through large tracks of country, and have heard from correspondents in widely different localities. We do not remember a season in which the produce of the land was being so rapidly garnered. In the early districts many of the fields have been already cleared, and the others stooked ready for carting into the barnyard, or stacking in the homestead, or most convenient situation on the farm. The wheat crop, as we learn from a large number of returns from all parts of England and Wales, published in the *Agricultural Gazette*, is much better than was reaped either in 1876 or 1877, and will be quite an average of a good crop, while barley and oats will not be up to the mark. Our contemporary thus states the matter from the reports:—Wheat, over average, 47; average, 115; under average, 36. From 205 reports on barley we find 28 above average, 89 average, and 88 under average. Oats are reported upon by 208 reporters, 46 of whom give over average, 103 average, 59 under average. From 140 reports on beans, we find ten over average, 88 average, and 42 under. Peas are reported 8 over average, 76 average, and 54 under. Although these figures do not show superabundance, it is gratifying to know that in the case of wheat especially they are healthier far for farmers than last year, when, taking the percentages, this cereal was 71 under average, while this year it is 18. With the present low price of wheat farmers require a "fillip" in the quantity and quality of the produce to keep them from utter depression. The root crops are looking very well indeed, and potatoes, which have rarely been attacked by disease, promise to be a heavy yield.

FOREIGN LIVE STOCK FROM AMERICA.——It is quite evident that American farmers find it more profitable to send in their cattle to this country alive rather than in sides and quarters. During last week there were sent to the London market alone over 2,000, and every one of them arrived in capital condition, and some of them were of quality nearly as prime as any of our English beasts. In the first months of the year the imports of live stock fell off somewhat, but in the course of the last three they have increased greatly, chiefly owing to American importations. The total number of cattle received up to the end of July was 104,602, in round numbers 30,000 more than in the corresponding term of the previous year. Strangely enough, the increased numbers did not reduce prices, but increased them per head 1*l.* 2*s.*, the relative values being 22*l.* 1*s.* and 20*l.* 19*s.* The amount we paid for live stock, including sheep and swine, in the seven months was 3,921,539*l.*, and for dead meat 8,100,630*l.*, a total of 12,022,169*l.*, which is decidedly too much for a country so well adapted for the rearing and feeding of cattle and sheep. But until thorough security of tenure exists, and restrictive clauses in leases are abolished, land in this country can never yield its full increase either in the production of stock or corn.

MISCELLANEOUS.——If ever there was a man to whom the term may be applied of being ubiquitous, it is Mr. John Thornton, of shorthorn renown. Having "polished off" England for a time in the way of disposing of long-pedigreed and high-priced cattle of this aristocratic breed, he runs across the Channel to Ashfield, County Cork, to sell off a selection of Mr. Downing's herd, which are of pure lineage, the originals having been secured at large values, and of the Booth's, Killerby, and Warlaby blood. On the 23rd he is in County Meath, selling the bulk of Mr. Richard Chaloner's herd—a gentleman who has done very much to promote the breeding of shorthorns in Ireland, and whose name, when he exhibits, appears prominently in the prize lists of the principal Agricultural Shows in Ireland. Four days after Mr. Thornton is in the far North of Scotland, dispersing the entire herd of the late Mr. Gordon, of Cluny, a herd made celebrated by the fact that many of its progenitors came from the stock bred by the famous Captain Barclay, of Ury—who was a thorough farmer, as well as an athlete and admirer of the P.R.—and in two days more he is in the Isle of Man, "running down" Shorthorns there. —Mr. Mechi has chosen his epitaph, which all lovers of agriculture will pray may not be inscribed upon his tombstone for many years to come. It is a Scriptural one and appropriate, from 2 Chronicles xxvi. 10: "He Loved Husbandry."—There has been a good deal said in the papers lately about dis-horning cattle; and latterly the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have taken the matter up, and heavy fines have been inflicted on one or two dealers. The practice is very common in the North with cattle, and in the South of Scotland with Cheviot sheep; it has been so for generations, and no cruelty has been complained of. It has been found that horned cattle worry and gore each other, and, consequently, they do not feed so well. One vicious wretch has power to disturb a whole shed full of cattle and drive them off their feeding. Mr. Mechi has written to say that he agrees with the practice of dis-horning. He purchased some Irish cattle robbed of their horns, and "he found them, unlike the Irish cattle generally, quiet, good-tempered, and good doers."—A very interesting corn sale took place at Mr. Prout's farm, at Sawbridgeworth, Herts, last week—the interest over ordinary crop sales being that, for thirteen years, Mr. Prout has continuously grown corn crops without the aid of any other than artificial manures, as he keeps no stock. Year by year he sells the straw of his farm, which most cultivators would consider precious bad farming; but he finds it profitable, and 10*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* for wheat, 9*l.* 15*s.* for barley, and 8*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* an acre for oats, and no trouble nor expense with them, in a year like this, are by no means condemnatory of Mr. Prout's style of farming.—Last year the judges appointed by the Royal Agricultural Society of England could find no self-binding reaping machine of sufficient merit upon which to bestow the gold medal; this year, after careful trial, they have given it to Mr. M'Cormick, for a machine of American construction.

SPORTING

THE TURF.——Some excellent racing was seen at Lewes on the Friday and Saturday of last week, and the meeting after many vicissitudes has established itself as one of the most popular of the year. Among the two-year-olds which showed at it may be mentioned Lord Hartington's Assegai, who won the Lewes Stakes, and Mr. Ellam's Marshal Scott, who beat a good field in the Astley Stakes. Curiously enough, the last named winner not fetching the reserve price put upon him at Mr. Ellam's annual yearling sale he was left on his owner's hands. So much for the judgment of critics of young stock. Julius Cæsar made short work of Rhidorroch and Leopold in Her Majesty's Plate, and consequently was strongly fancied for the Stakes on the following day, being made equal favourite with Rylstone. But, whether owing to infirmity of temper or some other cause, he could make no fight of it, and Rylstone repeated her last year's victory for Lord Hartington. It is not often that a lady appears on the turf as a runner of horses, but on the second day Mrs. Drewitt's Lady Mostyn took both the Hamsey Welter and the Town Plate, running kindly enough and showing somewhat of her old speed.—Most of the aristocratic supporters of the Turf have given up racing till Doncaster, or at least till York, and are either in their yachts, at their shooting-boxes in Grouseland, or scampering over the face of the earth. Hence the visitors to Egham and Windsor this week were mainly holiday folk, or inveterate punters who are never happy unless they are either winning or losing money. There was very good racing, as indeed there generally is on historic Runnymede, though not as many first-class animals put in an appearance as was expected, the two-year-olds for the most part being a second rate lot. The best field on the first day was that for the Stand Plate, there being eleven runners. Bishop Burton was elected favourite, but he had nothing to do with the finish, which was left to Preciosa and Tribute, who passed the post in the order named, the latter having to put up with another second on the following day in the Prince of Wales's Plate, in winning which Bishop Burton recompensed his followers. The Baron's Stakes for Two-Year-Olds only brought four runners to the post, of whom Captain Paget's Polpetti, the least fancied of the quartette, turned out the best.—The St. Leger market shows no great alteration, Beauclerc, after a slight show of opposition, having again returned to the top of the tree. As a two-year-old his performances were far ahead of those of any other animal, and it seems generally admitted that if he continues to stand training and gets to Doncaster safe and sound he will be made a very warm favourite. It is reported that an attempt by some scoundrels to "nobble" him, in his stable, a few days ago was frustrated.

CRICKET.——The Canterbury Week was a great success from every point of view, and, according to the fitness of things, the Kent cricketers came off with flying colours. Playing Thirteen against Eleven of England, they beat them eight wickets—in a style, too, which intimated they would have been a match for their antagonists with the sides even. In the first innings of Kent, Lord Harris, who has done so much to revive cricket in the county, scored 93, and Hearne 83. In the next game against the M.C.C., twelve a-side, Kent did equally well, winning by nine wickets, Mr. F. Penn scoring 51, and young Hearne again distinguishing himself with 60 (not out). For his excellent all-round play in both matches a subscription was made for him on the ground, and a good round sum was realised.—Torrents of rain prevented the return match between Yorkshire and Lancashire being played out at Fartown, near Huddersfield; and rain also necessitated a draw between Surrey and Middlesex at the Oval; though, as the latter had 341 runs to get to win, and had lost five wickets in getting 120 of them, it is not too much to say that Surrey had far the best of it. The return between Sussex and Yorkshire resulted in a victory for the Northern county by 226 runs, Sussex making the miserable totals of 35 and 24.—Gloucestershire has beaten Notts by 109 runs, the only large score being Mr. Moberley's 52 for the former.

AQUATICS.——If a grand dinner can properly come under the heading of this paragraph, be it recorded that such an event has been held at the Alexandra Palace in honour of John Higgins, the champion professional sculler. About 120 guests sat down, among whom were a large number of our best oarsmen, professional and amateur. During the evening the champion cup, presented by the proprietors of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, was handed to Higgins.

SWIMMING.——The tenth annual struggle for the Mile Amateur Championship came off in the Crystal Palace late on Saturday last, and for the fifth time in succession was won by Mr. H. Davenport, of the Ilex Club. He did the distance in 31 min. 15¼ sec.

YACHTING.——The Royal Victoria Yacht Club began its regatta on Wednesday, when the Ryde Town Cup for yachts of all rigs was won by H. F. Barclay's *Ada*, beating the *Corisande*, *Jullanar*, and two others.

◆

LEGAL

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——The charge of libel brought against *Truth* by Mr. Demetri Lambri was again before Alderman Sir W. Rose on Monday, when Lady Sebright was one of the witnesses. The Alderman expressed his intention of sending the case for trial, and severely criticised some of the private clubs which had been alluded to in the evidence, and which, he said, were nothing better than gambling hells of the worst description.—Mr. Charles Sugden is a very unfortunate and most forgiving man. Last week the fellow who tried to get money of him by threatening to publish an article in the newspaper, was brought up for trial at the Central Criminal Court, and Mr. Sugden attended, only, however, to withdraw the charge. At the very time that he was engaged in this act of mercy towards one rogue, another was ransacking his lodgings at Brighton, from which he carried off 55*l.* in bank notes and 50*l.* worth of jewellery. The thief was caught, and Mr. Sugden, on declining to prosecute, was politely informed that he had no option, and was accordingly bound over to give evidence at the Sessions.—Last week a County Court action was brought against the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society by an ex-African Missionary, who had been compelled by failing health to return to this country. A nonsuit was entered on the ground that the Secretary, being a servant of the Society, was not responsible.—A man named Grant has been sentenced to three month's imprisonment for shooting at some boys who were bathing in the river opposite his employer's grounds at Twickenham.—Three keepers of the Gloucester Lunatic Asylum were last week tried for the manslaughter of one of the inmates, a man seventy years old, who seems to have had an epileptic fit, and to have died of injuries he received during a struggle with the keepers, his breast bone and several of his ribs being broken. These injuries were never reported by the keepers, and another patient stated that they had used most brutal and unnecessary violence to the deceased. Mr. Justice Manisty, however, pointed out that such evidence coming from a lunatic was "somewhat suspicious," and the result was a verdict of acquittal. —The other day the Recorder of Dublin committed a juryman for appearing in court "dressed in a disreputable manner." The offender's attire is not described in the report, but the statement that he is a "dog-fancier" conjures up visions of a velveteen coat, with ample pockets, cord breeches, thick boots, a flaming red neckkerchief, and a slouching cap, or, perhaps, a white hat, with a black band.—The Tichborne claimant has written from Portland to Mr. Guildford Onslow, stating that he is about to petition the Home Secretary to make his two sentences concurrent, or otherwise, to order him to be tried for forgery. "If I am Arthur Orton I have committed forgery on each and every petition, for I have signed my own name to them. I shall do all I can to get a fresh trial on my liberty."—Mr. Albert Simpson, J.P., of Garstang, Lancashire, has been doing a little stone-breaking in the workhouse yard. He thought it singular that very many casuals preferred to be sent to prison rather than perform the tasks allotted to them, and so he determined to try the work for himself. He laboured incessantly for five hours, and when he had finished the heap he was thoroughly exhausted, and his hands were raw and bleeding. The experiment may possibly have the effect of lightening the work for those who do it not from choice but from necessity.—Lord Truro's assertion in the House of Lords on Monday that "there were several respectable pawnbrokers who kept upon their premises a smelting pot in order to remove all possibility of the property which might be brought to them being subsequently identified," is indignantly denied by Mr. Attenborough, and Mr. C. Jeans, the Chairman of the Pawnbrokers' Protection Committee. The former says that during the forty years which he has been intimate with the trade no licensed pawnbroker has had such an appliance. Mr. Jeans gives an equally direct denial, and hints that "the Committee will take further notice of the assertion."—On Sunday night a dispute arose between some Roman Catholics and Protestants travelling by rail from Newry. In the *mêlée* which ensued a Protestant named Gough was shot dead. When the train arrived at Portadown the police searched every passenger, and arrested two who carried revolvers.—An old woman in the workhouse at Tredegar has confessed that forty-five years ago she murdered her illegitimate child, a week old, by giving it a large dose of Godfrey's Cordial, and that after her marriage she disposed of two more in the same way. Her conscience, after slumbering for nearly half a century, seems to have suddenly awakened, for she states that she could no longer rest without confessing the crimes.—On Tuesday last week as Dr. Rowland Hill, the Bishop of Sodor and Man, and Mrs. Hill, were taking a carriage drive, one of a group of navvies standing at the roadside threw a large stone which struck the lady on the forehead. The Bishop jumped out of the carriage and chased the ruffian, who told him that he had a knife, and threatened to "let him have it." A gentleman named Harrison and two policemen arrived on the scene in time to aid in the arrest of the scoundrel, who has been committed for trial on the double charge of assault and threatening to stab. Mrs. Hill is not seriously injured, but is suffering from excitement and fright.—On Monday, a man whose name is unknown, died in St. Thomas's Hospital, from the effects of a pistol-shot wound, supposed to have been self-inflicted, as a revolver was lying close by the spot on which he was found by the police. He was conscious when taken to the hospital, and gave two names and addresses, neither of which were correct.—On Tuesday a man named John Oliver committed suicide in Hyde Park. He mounted the parapet of the bridge over the Serpentine, and fell or jumped into the water after shooting himself through the heart with a revolver. Death was instantaneous.—On the same day a young man and a young woman were seen walking together at Hampstead by a coachman, who a moment afterwards heard two shots fired, and running back found them both lying dead, shot through the head. It appears that they were sweethearts, and had known each other some time, but nothing is known of any quarrel or other cause for the act.—At Cardiff, a woman who is said to be in receipt of a liberal income from her husband, who is abroad, has been committed for trial for the manslaughter of her child by starvation. It was stated in evidence that her children were so neglected that they often fought with the fowls in the street for the garbage which was cast to them.—Another woman is also committed for trial for neglecting her infant, which, though six months' old, weighs only six pounds. Such cases almost make one doubt the theory of instinctive maternal affection.—On Wednesday a man charged with committing some petty thefts from shops, claimed the sympathy of the magistrate on the curious ground that thirty-seven years ago he was a railway carriage inspector, and had saved the life of the "greatest man in England, the Earl of Beaconsfield," by discovering some defect in the train in which he was about to travel. The case was remanded.

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A list of members forming any deputation, or names of persons or officials proposing to attend, to be sent on or before the 22nd inst. to
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HOWTH CASTLE, DUBLIN BAY

HISTORY

DIM AS THE PAST HISTORY OF THIS CITY may at first appear, to the careful investigator the task of picturing her annals becomes easy and delightful from the discovery on every hand of testimonies teeming with dramatic incident, collected and preserved under every vicissitude by loving and patriotic hands. When the explorer in the present beautiful city finds records of her earliest foundation in Celtic, Dane, and Norman, as well as ancient churches, guarded with wondrous care, he can scarcely realise that Dublin was pillaged by Danes, sacked by native princes, and seized over and over again by English armies, that she was, in fact, for seven centuries the victim of almost incessant war.

In legend and in song we have ample indication that the oldest capital of Ireland was not Dublin, but Tara, a city built on a hill in the County Meath, twenty-five miles more inland than Dublin. The seaboard of Dublin and Meath were in the time of Ptolemy, who lived A.D. 140, occupied by a tribe called Eblani, and their headquarters were at Eblana, a district which was the site on which the present city of Dublin now stands. The date of A.D. 448 is that given as the year in which St. Patrick, coming from Brittany, landed at Innispatrick, and made his way to Dublin, where, it is said, he made many converts to the Christian faith. His baptisms were celebrated at a well on the south side of the city, hence called St. Patrick's Well, and near which the cathedral was afterwards built. He does not seem to have passed much of his life here, but proceeded to Armagh, and founded a Bishopric, which later on became the primacy of Ireland. In 838 the Ostmen, or Danes, arrived in the Liffey with a fleet of sixty ships. Once landed, the Danes made a settlement on the north shore of the Liffey, and having shown an intention to remain simply as colonists or peaceable subjects of the Irish princes, were permitted to erect houses of hurdles and clay, and to build walls round about them. The country at the north side of the city was designated by the native Irish as Fingall, or the land of the white strangers, and at the present day Finglas forms a part of Dublin. A short time afterwards another colony of Danes settled on the south side of the city, and their quarter was known as Dubhgall, or country of the black strangers. The whole

THE CUSTOM HOUSE

DUBLIN ILLUSTRATED

district at the mouth of the Liffey was known to the ancient Irish as *Bally-Ath-Cliath-Duibhlinne*, "the town of the ford of hurdles on the Blackwater." The Danish settlers called their joint territory by the name Divelin, and hence we get the title of Dublin—the town which in a few years assumed, and has ever since retained, the dignity of a capital. For three centuries afterwards the Danes held possession of their territories, and no formidable effort was made to expel them permanently. In 853 Aulaffe Sitric, having arrived with a very formidable fleet in the Liffey, was elected King of Dublin; the neighbouring Irish princes made a truce with him, and for the first time the city was placed in a thorough state of defence, and fortified at every point.

From this period to 1014 battles were of repeated occurrence; no Irish King succeeded in dislodging the strangers. The Danes had now became most numerous, and explorations of remote parts of Ireland, and even incursions into Wales, were undertaken by them. The ever-memorable battle of Clontarf took place in this year 1014, and Aulaffe Sitric, King of the Danes, was, after a long and obstinate engagement, utterly routed by Bryan Boru.

The Danes fled to Dublin and Howth, where they confined themselves for many years, purchasing quietude by the payment of vast sums in tribute to Dermot, the King of Leinster. It was during this term of repose that they erected in Dublin the churches which to this day testify to the love of religion and art that prevailed amongst them.

Ireland was now divided into five kingdoms, Leinster, Connaught, Ulster, Munster, and Meath, and in the middle of the 12th century the two most formidable of the five sovereigns were Dermot Macmurrough, King of Leinster, and Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught. It was a subject of contention which of these sovereigns had the strongest claim to be recognised as the supreme dictator of Ireland, and constant wars were waged with a view of having supremacy in this respect decided. In the midst of these conflicts King Dermot immersed himself in a wellnigh unsurmountable trouble by running away with the wife of O'Rorke, Prince of Breffni, and daughter of the King of Meath. The disconsolate O'Rorke hastened to the home of Roderick O'Connor, Dermot's greatest rival, and having enlisted his sympathies, an army from Connaught marched upon Leinster to annihilate the amorous king. Dermot, finding himself powerless to resist, sailed to Bristol, thence to France, and prostrated himself before Henry II., who was engaged in a war in that country. He related his story to Henry, and besought him to assist him in driving back the King of Connaught, "Which, if it should please him in his goodness to do, he, Dermot, would acknowledge King Henry to be Lord, and serve him faithfully all his life as his vassal." The ambition of Henry to add Ireland to his dominions became evident early in his reign, when he appealed to Breakspear (Adrian IV.), the only Englishman who ever occupied the Papal throne, to put in motion the edict of Constantine, which permitted him to assume a right in the disposal of islands, and throw over them the protecting mantle of the Catholic Church. The Pope issued a Bull in 1156, yielding to Henry's solicitations, and, when Dermot appeared in France, the English sovereign did his best to carry his own desires into execution. He could not, however, then spare an expeditionary army from the Royal forces, so contented himself with issuing Letters Patent, granting all his subjects in Britain permission to raise a knightly army, and to undertake a war in Ireland under the cover of the Flag of England.

How few of those who love or sing the Irish melodies know that one of them, "The valley lay smiling before me," is the song of the bereaved husband, O'Rorke, and that in the stanzas is told the story which caused Ireland, through a woman's unfaithfulness, to lose her independence.

> There was a time, falsest of women!
> When Breffni's good sword would have sought
> That man, through a million of foemen,
> Who dared but to wrong thee *in thought!*
> While now—O degenerate daughter
> Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame!
> And through ages of bondage and slaughter,
> Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Dermot grew weary waiting for the aid of King Henry, and made touching appeals to the Barons of Wales, who themselves were much exasperated by incursions of the Danes from Dublin. The first to come forward was a penniless soldier of fortune, son of the Earl of Pembroke, Richard, surnamed Strongbow. But dauntless and adventurous as was this knight, he hesitated for many months to trust his fortune to the Irish nation. He came at last, in response to this poetical letter from Dermot:—

> We have beheld the storks and the swallows. The birds of summer came, and with the warning of the tempest they returned, but neither gentle gale nor furious blast has blest us with thy long-wished-for presence.

THE ENGLISH IN IRELAND

With the assistance of Robert FitzStephen and Maurice FitzGerald, the scions of two Welsh families of distinction, with other knights of good account, Strongbow embarked with a small army in three ships, the conditions being that if Dermot regained his kingdom Strongbow should be the heir of his dominions and receive in marriage Eva, the daughter of the King. All the other leaders of the expedition were promised portions of the conquered territories. They landed at Baun (County Waterford), and within two years the allied forces of Dermot and Strongbow completed the conquest of the whole of the East of Ireland, and captured the city of Dublin. Maclise has in a magnificent picture depicted the marriage of Strongbow, who had then become Earl of Pembroke, with Eva. The ceremony was conducted outside the walls of the city of Waterford with all the splendour of those mediæval times. After Strongbow's battles, in one of which he defeated 90,000 men from Connaught, none in Ireland dared to oppose themselves to the English.

Jealous of the successes of his knights, Henry II. hastened to inform them that the time was now come when he should himself assume the sovereignty conferred upon him by Adrian IV. Accordingly he set sail in 1172 from Milford Haven with 4,000 men, and landed at Waterford. No hostile force opposed him, and during the whole of his journey to Dublin he was received by chieftains desirous of doing homage. After entering the capital he caused an immense wickerwork pavilion to be erected, and beneath the regal canopy here all the great Irish nobles of the time took the oath of allegiance.

His Majesty passed the Christmas in Dublin, but his stay was not protracted, he having had to hasten away to appease by Royal penance the indignation excited in Rome, as well as in England, by Becket's murder. The leaders of the army who came with the King from Milford Haven were granted manors and other tracts of land confiscated from the people, and as if this was not in itself sufficient to make His Majesty detested in the eyes of his new subjects, he gave the inhabitants of Bristol permission to inundate and make their own of Dublin. His most ungracious act of all, however, was to form the "English Pale."

The result of this barbarous exclusiveness was that Dublin within the Pale was filled with the remnants of Danes and Irish, as well as with the recently imported colonists, all of whom were guided and governed by the British law. On the other side of these chilling barriers, living as they had lived before, with this alteration, that they were now all subjects, were warriors and princes, and bards and peasants, who bowed to the Royal power, but who refused to sanction the proud invader's right to scorn their passions or obliterate their laws and learning, their piety and national character.

The more reason the Irish had to be sick and sorry at the hands of their King, the more industrious and vehement grew the musicians and the bards, and the only grateful memorials of this wretched time are the melodies inspired by the wrongs this musically gifted and romantic people endured. The state of the country for centuries after this period could not have been more unpropitious; complete lawlessness prevailed, and the proceedings within the English Pale afford no relief to the gloomy picture of barbarity without it. No wonder that Burke should exclaim that a spirit of hostility to the Irish began before the distinctions of Protestant and Catholic were known to the world.

VICEREGAL GOVERNMENT

Hugh De Lacy, Lord of Meath, was the King's representative the year after the invasion. The galleries of the Castle Chapel are ornamented with oak panels, each one of which is engraved with the arms of the Lord Deputies or Lord Lieutenants who have resided in Dublin; the first of all the panels bears the date 1173, and contains the device of De Lacy; it is a simple cross, an exceedingly primitive piece of heraldry when compared with the escutcheons of modern governors. De Lacy was succeeded by John, son of King Henry, who, at a Parliament held at Oxford in 1177, was declared Lord of Ireland. He arrived in Dublin with a train of young noblemen, all of whom were so disgusted at finding no regal residence prepared for them that John, when elevated to the English throne, was easily induced to make a grant for the erection of a castle.

Henry VIII., when Duke of York, was possessed of the nominal title of Lord Lieutenant, but the duties of the office were entrusted by him to Sir Edward Poynings, the celebrated author of Poynings' Law, which restricted legislation in the Irish Parliament to measures that had first been approved of in England. Henry VIII., more than any of his predecessors, startled the country by the activity and watchfulness of his government. His religious innovations were especially remarkable, and among many other monasteries dissolved was that of All Hallows', which was founded by Dermot, King of Leinster, on what is now the site of Trinity College.

Parliaments were held in Dublin at St. Mary's Abbey, where the Four Courts now stand, in the life of this monarch, and the King, by the statutes he sanctioned, and notably by the Act declaring the estates of all absentees forfeited, showed how much he desired to behold in Ireland "a magnificent nobility, a resident gentry, a commonalty well-fed, and industry flourishing." In his reign, however, the Irish did not cease from insurrection, the boldest instance of which led to the execution of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, "Silken Thomas" as he was styled, from the golden fringes used on the horses of himself and his followers. In return for the valour of the citizens in putting down what was really a revolt of the Lord Deputy himself against established authority, Henry gave them the lands of All Hallows; and Queen Elizabeth, when she ascended the throne, solidified and enhanced the value of this gift of her father by founding on the same ground, amidst the din of arms and the tumult of civil war, the University of Dublin.

The soldiers of James I. dealt more vigorously than the unfortunate Earl of Essex had done with the turbulent Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, and a plot to seize Dublin having been discovered by some secret papers that found their way into the Castle, their vast estates in Ulster were confiscated, and a number of City Companies (which exist to this day) were formed in London for planting new colonies in that fertile country.

James had a passion for improving Ireland, but there was a large mixture of evil in his plans. One of the longest and now busiest streets of Dublin, "James's Street," was founded during his administration. In 1613 a Parliament was held in Dublin, the first after a lapse of twenty-seven years, and there was a protracted struggle between the Protestants and Catholics as to the election of Speaker. A Protestant having been elected, the Catholic party seceded from the Commons, and the bitterness engendered by this quarrel being encouraged by the successful attempts of the Scottish nation to obtain the freedom of their religion led to the general and terrible Revolution of 1641 in Ireland.

THE REBELLION OF 1641

As years went by the Rebellion underwent a strange metamorphosis, for on the invasion of Cromwell the armies of Owen Roe O'Neill and Sir Phelim O'Neill, the commanders against the Royalists, made peace with them and joined them, and together, but in vain, they sought to drive the Parliamentarians from the land. In the midst of the Rebellion Charles I. was executed, and the conflicts, which had lasted eleven years, were brought to a close in 1652 by the triumph of the Protector.

After the restoration of Charles II., the Duke of Ormond was Lord-Lieutenant, and then may be said to have sprung into existence those scenes of gaiety and splendour which have been the theme of many a story of the Irish Court.

It was, however, when James II. was on the throne that the magnificence of the Castle festivities burst into their rarest effulgence, for then the Queen of Beauty, the Duchess of Tyrconnel, *née* Miss Jennings, reigned as Lady Lieutenant, and surrounded herself with handmaidens, among whom were her own daughters, whose loveliness and rank attracted devotion and homage from all classes of society in Ireland.

The King himself came to Dublin from Kinsale, in 1688, with his vast army of French and English soldiers. He came, however, as a fugitive, and, although he had time to hold a Parliament, he had speedily to set off for the Northern cities, where the people, with all possible zeal, were declaring for the Prince of Orange. William landed at Carrickfergus, on June 14th, 1690, with an army of 36,000 men, chiefly Dutch troops. Nearly all the North sided with him, and in less than three weeks he challenged the King face to face on the banks of the Boyne. After the battle, which all the world knows put an end to the Stuart dynasty, James made the best of his way to Dublin Castle, where he slept one night before sailing for Brest. A few days afterwards William himself came to Dublin, and Hume says that he treated the inhabitants with considerable harshness. Nevertheless, neither the "Ungracious and ungrateful little Dutchman" nor his army were molested on their way to St. Patrick's Cathedral, where a splendid service in thanksgiving for the victory at the Boyne was celebrated, and in 1701 the citizens had so far forgotten any little severity he may have displayed towards them as to raise an equestrian statue in his honour on College Green.

After the misery and depression of the Rebellion and the war between James and William came the Penal Statutes, the object of which was to bar the estates which repeated confiscations had given the Anglo-Protestant colonists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries from ever descending to Catholic hands. The Particular Act to enforce this was passed by the Irish Parliament in 1703. But it has been shown in many a speech of oratorical and truthful splendour that the Parliament from 1688 to 1782 was a mere cypher named by Government, without any reference to national feeling.

From the Restoration the Parliament sat in Chichester House, which stood on what was afterwards the site of the Houses of Parliament, and it was within this building the struggle for the Legislative Independence of Ireland began.

INDEPENDENT IRELAND

The first meeting in the new Houses of Parliament, College Green, was held on the 5th October, 1731, and the words of request and warning commenced at Chichester House now developed into the most vehement attacks upon the petty tyrannies of the Government and the malaria which enveloped the Public Departments. In the midst of this suspense and suffering of the country the Irish volunteers began to be formed, and the feeble and infatuated Ministry of England looked with helpless consternation at the giant spectre they had contributed to raise. "They broke up," says a contemporaneous writer, "in their own weakness and their successors handsomely conceded what it was no longer practicable to withhold, and recognised Ireland as a Free Nation, with a Legislature Independent and Supreme." The declaration of surrender to the Irish Parliament was made on the 16th of April, 1782, before an excited House, filled in every part with members, volunteer officers, ladies of rank and beauty, and the leading citizens.

The Parliaments which followed were distinguished by the eloquence of Flood, Grattan, Perys, Malone, Burgh, Hutchinson, Fitzgibbon, afterwards Lord Clare, and the embryo Duke of Wellington, but somehow or other Ireland, acting thus alone, was not even yet at peace or prosperous; and even Grattan, after a trial of some years, was forced to exclaim that the Independence was an attempt to unite the hoary decrepitude of the old jobbing Ministry and the Borough Parliament with the dignity, the expectations, the exigencies, and the feelings of what was emphatically called Young Ireland.

The hearts of this Young Ireland party were fired by the French Revolution; and in 1798 their deeply-planned scheme of establishing a Republic in Ireland was set in motion by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Theobald Wolfe Tone, Bartholomew, Seeling, M'Cormick, and many others. The Rebellion, which was widespread through the Province of Leinster, lasted a year. It was especially vigorous in Kildare; for, owing to the hostility of the Fitzgeralds to the Government, and the open avowals of the unfortunate Lord Edward, the inhabitants vainly believed that their natural chief, the Duke of Leinster, would be with them, and that the cause of the Rebellion was his cause. His Grace commanded the Dublin Contingent of Volunteers at the time, and it is to be remembered to their honour that it was these loyal Volunteers themselves who broke the back of the Rebellion and saved the country. It was crushed by an army of nearly a hundred thousand men at a cost of sixty thousand lives. The death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, from wounds received in the struggle, which accompanied his arrest in Thomas Street, has been so often described in song and story that it need not now be repeated.

THE UNION WITH GREAT BRITAIN

Three years after the union with Great Britain, Dublin was again plunged into a condition of alarm and panic by the Insurrection of Robert Emmett, the son of an eminent physician, and himself a student of Trinity College, and a barrister. It was attended with melancholy, and, to some extent, serious consequences; for on the day that Emmett's desperate followers rose to seize the Castle, the carriage of the Chief Justice Lord Kilwarden passed along the street in which they were collected, and, against all the entreaties of the leader, his Lordship and his son were murdered. "He died," writes Mr. Phillips, "like a judicial hero, covered with pike wounds, and fainting from loss of blood; his last words were, 'Let no man perish in consequence of my death, but by the regular operation of the law.'"

Since those days there have been other *emeutes* directed against the Government, the most notable of which was the Fenian outburst of the 5th of March, 1867, in or near the capital; but none have spread to the serious limits of the Fitzgerald and Emmett conspiracies.

The city, which before the Anglo-Norman invasion was confined to the neighbourhood of the Castle Hill, and was little more than a mile in circumference, had at the time of the Union in 1800 so much increased in size that the diameter from east to west, or north to south, was three miles, and the circumference nine. In Elizabeth's time houses began to be built of wood, and bridges were thrown across the Liffey; but it was in the interval between the Revolution and the Union that the size, wealth, and splendour of Dublin received so extraordinary an impetus, and this is attributed, among other reasons, to the cessation of war, liberal Parliamentary grants to public and other utilitarian buildings, the removal of impediments to trade, and the extension of literature and science, encouraged by the sudden appearance of men of genius, patriotism, and learning.

On the 1st of January, 1801, the Imperial ensign was for the first time displayed from the Bedford Tower of the Castle, signifying the ratification of the Union; and although from that period the mansions of the nobility (there being no longer a necessity for the attendance of Peers in a Dublin Parliament) began to be sold and put to commercial rather than hospitable uses, the now compulsory and continued residence of a Viceregal Court not only prevented industry from flagging, but gave encouragement and strength to the development of manufactures and arts. The disappearance of the disabilities which had for so many centuries to be borne by the Catholic population of Ireland, and the admission of their just claims to equality in every rank of society and almost every position of authority in the land, the commercial enterprise which followed the establishment of lines of steamboats and railways, and the gradual recognition in her own country, as well as abroad, of Dublin as a capital, where education, refinement, and trade became annually more manifest, has contributed to so vast an augmentation in the number of her citizens, streets, and beautiful buildings, as to entitle Dublin now to rank as the second city of the Empire.

With all her attractiveness, Dublin has not yet tempted the reigning family to have a Royal residence in her midst; and, indeed, even in respect to the visits of sovereigns, she is far behind Scotland, and several of the less important towns of England. And it is not for want of a joyous welcome the Royal Family remain away from this romantic and beautiful country. She was never visited by George I., George II., or George III.; but when George IV.—the first King of England who ever trod the Irish soil without an army—came to her shores, the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. They called a town and many streets in Ireland by his name, and placed a monument where he stood to say adieu to this much-neglected country. The same honours followed the visits—few and far between—of Queen Victoria; and when the Princess of Wales drove through Dublin, in 1868, there was a greeting in store for her more spontaneous, loving, and loyal, than in any other city hailed her advent. It was with no half-hearted exuberance and gratitude that doves were gently lowered into her carriage by excited multitudes gathered on the housetops, or that the people hung up, across the broadest thoroughfare she passed along, a silken banner, with these words, in letters of gold, upon it—

> Celt and Norman and Saxon are we;
> But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee.

THE CASTLE OF HOWTH

THIS beautiful pile is a combination of modern architecture and ivy-clad ruins of the old Baronial Hall, erected by the founder of the family, that Sir Amoricus Tristram who "among a thousand knights might be chosen for beauty and heroic courage, for humility, and courtesy to his inferiors, yielding to none but in the way of gentleness."

This chivalrous soldier effected a landing at Howth in 1177, and after a battle at the Bridge of Ivora, vanquished the no less gallant native warriors who opposed him. In recognition of his valour and triumph Henry II. granted him the lands of Howth by tenure, and made him an Irish Baron.

The walls of the Castle of the Tristrams alone are standing, and the policy of the family in maintaining the walls of the ancient Palace alongside of the present residence has resulted in effects of startling and romantic picturesqueness. Antiquaries hold these crumbling sculptured walls in high veneration; but it is not their age alone that makes Howth Castle so interesting, so much as the traditions, true or false, of this lonely Palace which its position on the verge of the Irish Sea is calculated to foster. Lastly, history has made it known that the St. Lawrences are one of the very few families in all Ireland who have held their estates and homes uninterruptedly since the Reformation. After the Rebellion of 1641, the estates of many noble families, including those of the Flemings, Plunketts, Sweetmans, Hacketts, Fagans, and Archers were forfeited; but the St. Lawrences, the Lutterells, the Talbots, and Barnwalls were not so dishonoured.

The family name was changed from Tristram to St. Lawrence, in consequence of an oath taken by a member of the family when conducting a battle against certain invaders of Ireland on St. Lawrence's Day, that if success fell to his arms he would assume the title of the Saint. The sword used by this soldier on this momentous day now hangs in the new Castle, and, like all ancient Irish mementoes of the kind, is an object much admired for the richness of its workmanship. The fifteenth Baron of Howth was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and married "Joan," a daughter of the Duke of Somerset—an alliance which enables the family to claim descent from Edward III. The sixteenth Baron never swerved from his loyalty to Henry VII., when Ireland was crazed about the pretentious Lambert Simnel, and for his adherence was confirmed by Charter of the King in the lands and title of Howth for ever. On the 13th September, 1767, George III. elevated the twenty-seventh Baron of Howth to the dignity of *Earl* of Howth and Viscount St. Lawrence, in consideration of the long and faithful services of his ancestors.

THE BAY OF DUBLIN

CRESWICK, the painter, remarked of Dublin Bay that, in an autumnal sunrise, it presented the finest prospect of nature he had ever seen. Lady Dufferin has written,—

> Oh, Bay of Dublin! my heart you're troublin',
> Your beauty haunts me like a fever dream:
> Like frozen fountains that the sun sets bubbling,
> My heart's blood warms when I hear your name.

And Denis Florence M'Carthy admits that, having explored the whole of Europe, the foreign seas had no more beautiful inlet, no such

> Matchless wonder of a Bay

to show him.

If you should happen to make the sixty miles' journey from Holyhead in summer—in the morning, too, just

> As the daylight splendid
> Comes breaking o'er the sea—

I should like to hear your ejaculation as the mail boat, steering in from the open waters, passed the islets of "Lambay" and "Ireland's Eye," and then rounded the precipices and brown slopes of the Hill of Howth. Here on the right you would see a long silver strand stretching back for miles until, like one of Turner's pictures, the glittering ray became lost in the dark haze of the city. A little to the left, apparently standing out alone in the sea, is a lighthouse. It is *not* alone, however, for as you draw near to it you will find there is a breakwater of considerable length behind it, also running back to the city. Between the strand and this lighthouse flows the Channel, up which go the steamers bound for Dublin. If, however, you are on the mail-boat, your anchorage will not be in the River Liffey, but far away on the left, in the Royal Harbour of Kingstown. This, although the Bay is five miles wide, you have also seen looming in the distance, as your four-funnelled leviathan steamed past Howth and the Kish light-ship. But it is not till your wonder at the nearer enchantments has exhausted itself that your eyes become fixed on the many miles of handsome marine villages, screened at the back by long ranges of undulating mountains which, at the Kingstown side of the Bay, sweep upwards from the limit of the waves. The sailors tell you which hill is Kippure, and which Ballinascorny, and which the far-famed "Sugar Loaf," the lovely peak that overlooks St. Kevin's bed in the Lake of Glendalough and the sweet Vale of Avoca.

TRADE AND POPULATION

WHEN making his survey of the handsome Docks which line the River Liffey, Mr. Gladstone was surprised beyond measure by the activity he witnessed, and declared Dublin the busiest capital in Her Majesty's dominions after London.

Bright as is the prospect of trade at the present time, it may be expected within a few years to undergo great augmentation, for numerous docks and warehouses and an immense hotel are now in process of construction, at a cost of 100,000*l.*, at Holyhead, for the sole purpose of developing the commercial relations between England and Ireland. Intercourse is maintained by the shipping of Dublin with Norway, America, and Russia; but the cross Channel trade is the most important of the port industries, Great Britain furnishing a most extensive market for all sorts of Irish produce, especially cattle. The Customs Duties collected at the Port of Dublin amount to over 900,000*l.* a year.

Though a small city, Dublin is the seat of many thriving manufactures. In ancient days the staple industry was that in woollen goods, including the frezes worn so generally by the people; and in 1792 so many as five thousand persons were engaged in working woollen looms in the "Liberties." This trade has, however, decayed, and the commercial reputation of Dublin is now more displayed in the poplin, linen, and paper manufactures. The linen manufacture was originated by the unfortunate Lord Strafford when Viceroy of Ireland, who gave 30,000*l.* of his private property to establish it. He encouraged the importation of flax seed from Holland, erected looms, and placed skilled foreigners over them. A public grant of money was given by Queen Anne to build a Linen Hall, the capacious building in which sales, though greatly diminished, are still continued; the export value from Dublin of these linen yarns and manufactures alone exceeds 10,000,000*l.* annually.

The city is also celebrated for its porter breweries and whiskey distilleries. Of the latter Ireland possesses thirty as against nine in England, and most of these are in Dublin. Scotland is in reality the "whiskey country," having now in existence no less than one hundred and thirty distilleries. There is, however, a considerable quantity of "mountain dew," or "poteen," with its tempting aroma of turf flavour, still produced among the wilder districts of Ireland; for by a return issued in a recent year I find that one hundred and seventy-six persons were tried for selling untaxed spirits, as against one case in Scotland and eight in England.

The inland trade from Dublin is carried on chiefly by several railways, three of which have vast *dépôts* and termini at the North Wall. The revenue produced by railways in Ireland is largely augmented by there being no passenger duty. There are two canals—the "Grand" and the "Royal"—which, starting from north and south of the Liffey, encircle the city, and proceed thence to Mullingar and the Shannon, and by means of these an extensive trade in bricks, timber, turf, and coal is maintained.

The population of Dublin at the taking of the census in 1871 was set down at 267,717; but an estimate made by the Registrar-General, in 1876, gave it an increase of 150,000 more.

The registered emigrants from the city which, some five years ago amounted in one year to 3,000 odd, were in 1876 reduced to 700.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE

As the steamer takes you up the River Liffey past the spacious Quays, the most remarkable object which meets your eyes is the Custom House. It is a colossal and beautiful structure, surpassing in magnificence the Custom House of London, having four fronts built of Irish granite and Portland stone, with handsome balustrades running along the summits. In the centre is a lofty dome, on the cone of which is a figure of Hope.

The old Custom House of Dublin was situated in a more inland position, Essex Street. But, in 1794, in consequence of the rapid increase in the prosperity of the city, the Irish Parliament voted half a million of money to build the present edifice, and Mr. Gandon, who designed the Post Office, and other of the more important public buildings, was appointed architect. Only the Dublin business of the Customs and Excise is now transacted here, the Customs for the rest of Ireland being now dealt with by the General Board in London. Various other departments of the public service, however, such as the Stamp, Fisheries, and Woods and Forests Offices, now carry on duties here.

THE PHŒNIX PARK

ALTHOUGH it does not possess the tall and ancient trees which give so much beauty to Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, the Phœnix Park is considered by many to be the fairest and grandest of all enclosures of the kind in the British islands. It lies to the west of Dublin, and covers the enormous space of 1,753 acres; of these 160 are occupied with the demesne surrounding the Viceregal Lodge. Ethnologists tell us that the name "Phœnix" is derived from the Irish word "Finniske"—"a spring of clear water." This term, which may be intended as a figurative description of this salubrious rendezvous, in process of time has been corrupted into Phœnix, and this name has been the more lastingly ensured to the Park by Lord Chesterfield, who, when Lord-Lieutenant, erected therein a Corinthian pillar of Portland stone, on the abacus of which there is a neatly chiselled Phœnix, represented as if fluttering forth from the flames surrounding it. No one can penetrate so far into the Park without perceiving the extraordinary beauties with which the scene is embellished. No park in the immediate vicinity of London can boast of possessing a drove of deer; yet here, on all sides, short-horned antelopes, with skins of black and dun colour, are browsing on emerald grass, or gracefully skipping at lightning speed amidst the trees. Not so far distant as to appear even separated from the Park, sweeping upwards, till they reach almost to the blue clouds are the Dublin mountains. From no point of the metropolis but this is the long range of the Dublin mountains so imposing, and in all weathers their grandeur is apparent. When good Queen Bess directed that a park should be made here, a design not completed till Charles II. was on the throne, the deer and the mountains were the staple attractions; but the work of later generations has added the features for which it is now more famous. The Viceregal Lodge, originally the mansion of the Park Ranger, Mr. Clements, has, since the Union, been the summer palace of the Viceroy. It is a long, white, two-storied building, and though insignificant in stature, contains apartments sufficiently numerous and capacious for the assemblage of a Court. Not many hundred yards from the Viceregal residence is that of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, which is also surrounded by a demesne. In the Phœnix Park also are residences and buildings for the use of the Ranger, the Royal Hibernian Military School, the Head-quarters of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and the Ordnance and Trigometrical Survey Department of Ireland.

The Wellington Memorial, which commemorates the victories of the most illustrious soldier Ireland has produced, is an obelisk of granite, so lofty as to be visible from every part of the city. The pet scheme of Lord Carlisle, to have a people's garden within the Park, has been carried out within the last fifteen years, and the citizens of Dublin have shown their gratitude by placing a statue of his Excellency in its midst. The Zoological Society of Ireland have also their "gardens" here, and the enclosure owned by them contains an expansive lake, which is an advantage that the kindred societies of London and Paris cannot boast. The many "corkscrew" roads flanked by well-stocked plantations of pine, and sycamore, and holly, and more than one natural lake, help to render a drive through the less public byeways of the Park always a pleasant one.

There is one portion of the Park which has been cleared of trees for the purpose of holding reviews of the Dublin garrison. There is another plot, also bare of foliage, not far distant from the review ground. It is the first object of interest pointed out to you by your danger-loving carman, famous in history as the sward whereon all the more notorious of the Irish duels have been fought, and called by the name of the "Fifteen Acres."

SACKVILLE STREET

CARLISLE BRIDGE is, like London Bridge, the first from the sea over the great river of the city, but there is no other likeness, and the crossing of Carlisle Bridge does not entail upon you a spectacle of warehouses, neither are your ears deafened with the roar of waggons and the screaming of engine whistles. On the contrary, on either side of the bridge are wide and very handsome streets, filled with lofty houses, and lined with splendid shops. Of the two thoroughfares direct from the bridge, Sackville Street, on the north side of the Liffey, is the grandest. There is, indeed, no wider, or in point of vista, no more beautiful street in Europe. It has sometimes been compared with the Broadway of New York, but there is much more airiness and lightness and grace about Sackville Street than in the bustling highly-coloured boulevard of America. And these effects are not produced by an absence of that animation which one expects to find in the centre of a capital, for there is abundance of it here, but the street is so expansive, like the great and busy Square at Alexandria more than anything else, and the houses and public buildings dwarf all street objects into such diminutiveness, that light Irish cars may be dashing past you, tramcars may be turning the corners of the streets on their way to the terminus at the base of Nelson's Pillar, and coal drays in lines may be swiftly moving towards the ships moored to the quays, and yet neither all these, nor the hundreds of people on the broad pavements convey to you ideas of crowding or of that overwhelming ponderous business activity you get in either London or Liverpool. It is the grace of the place that is its principal charm. In no other street in the world will you at certain hours of the day see so many young and beautiful women promenading up and down between the trees (which afford some shelter as well as much ornamentation to the pathways), and the pleasant shops, and if these do not attract your gaze you have public buildings with Ionic columns to glance at, and hotels—quite mansions o' hotels—and not those with flaming posters, glaring forth from chimney stacks and side walls, and, lastly, you have right in the centre of this street the Nelson Column with the gallant admiral standing bareheaded at the top and leaning against a capstan, and not, as on the London monument, against a tiny coil of rope—as if any one could gain support from that! If you want to take in all the picturesqueness at once you must stand on Carlisle Bridge and look down the roadway till your eyes meet the Rotundo and the church spires that seem to pierce the sky above the houses at the Denmark Hill end of Sackville Street. You will at once admit that it is no wonder this magnificent avenue is the favourite street of the citizens of Dublin, for you can see nothing before you but taste and beauty and prosperity.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

THE colossal structure, which once formed the Irish Houses of Parliament, naturally awakens in the breasts of Irishmen a deeper interest than any other building in Dublin. For it was within these walls that rapt audiences of the peers, noble ladies, and intelligent citizens for more than half a century listened to the orations of Fitzgibbon, Hely-Hutchinson, Grattan, Flood, Egan, Curran, and many other most distinguished orators and lawyers. And it was here, in 1782, that the independence of the Irish nation was declared amidst what has been described as the most thrilling scene in the country's annals. In former times the ground upon which this Legislative Palace was raised had been occupied by a nunnery, and when this was demolished a mansion was built on the site for Sir Arthur Chichester, Lord Deputy of Ireland, and ancestor of the Marquis of Donegal. From then until early in the eighteenth century "Chichester House" was used by the Parliament and the Council for their sittings, and it was within these walls that the plot of the Rebellion of 1641 was betrayed by a drunken servant of one of the Peers. A move was afterwards made by the Parliament to the Blue Coat Hospital; and there it sat periodically while the present edifice was in course of erection.

To more than one artistic mind has been attributed the design of this fabric, but inasmuch as the name of Sir Edward Lovet Pearce is found on all of the original plans, it may be inferred the construction was chiefly due to him. Be this as it may, there is ample testimony that the formation of the building was directed by the taste of the Irish members, and the cost ([illegible]*l.*) met by their most liberal support. The form of the edifice is semi-circular. It occupies nearly an acre and a half of ground. The chief entrance was beneath the grand portico in College Green, and this, the principal front, consists of a lofty colonnade of the Ionic Order extending round three sides of a quadrangular recess.

The Royal Arms are boldly cut in the tympanum above the entrances, and the apex surmounting this is embellished with the statues of "Hibernia," "Fidelity," and "Commerce." On the side of the building facing College Street is another portico of great beauty, which gave a separate entrance to the House of Lords.

The architecture here is quite of another character, and becomes Corinthian. This variety of style is said to be in accordance with the wish of the Peers, who considered that the mixture of the two styles, Ionic and Corinthian, would produce a richer and altogether more exquisite effect.

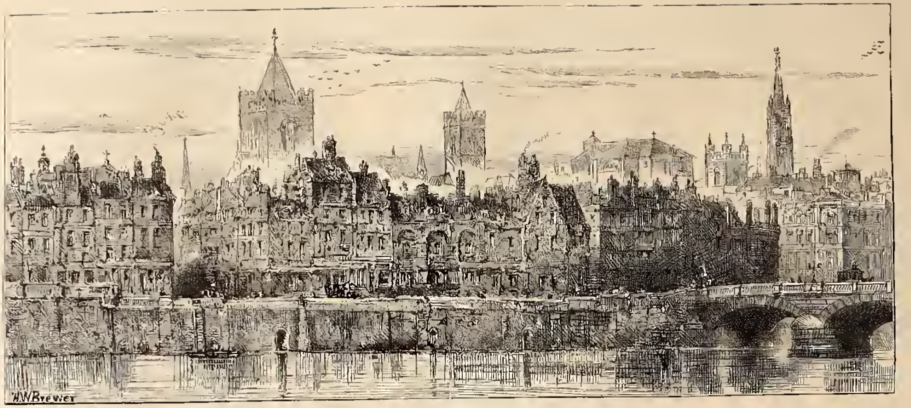
This frontage is composed of six magnificent Corinthian columns, the apex on which is also adorned with statues. These represent "Fortitude," "Justice," and "Liberty." A handsome circular wall, with various alcoves inserted in it, connects the two Corinthian and Ionic porticos. This, which, like the rest of the building, is of Portland stone, was added when the buildings became the property of the Bank of Ireland.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

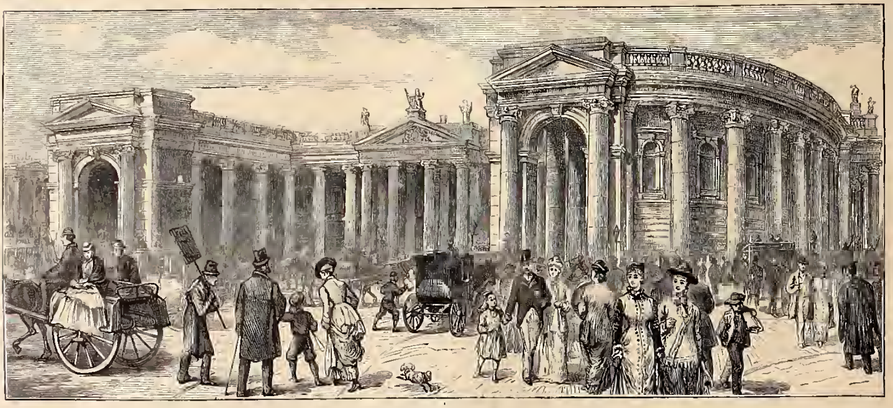
THE chamber used by the Peers is little altered since the Parliament sat, and is now the Board Room of the Bank. It is a majestic, though not by any means a capacious apartment; and the recess, which was occupied formerly by a canopy of crimson velvet, where the Lord Lieutenant "used to sit, surrounded with more splendour than His Majesty on the throne of England," is now filled with a full-length statue of George III., the monarch who granted independence to Irish legislation. On the mahogany walls are hung two famous pieces of tapestry, the work of Thomas Baillie, of Dublin, depicting the Defence of Derry and the Battle of the Boyne. Various articles of furniture from both of the Legislative Chambers have been distributed away from the places they once adorned. The chair of the Speaker of the House of Lords is now an ornament in the Royal Irish Academy, Dawson Street, and that of the House of Commons is possessed by the Royal Dublin Society in Kildare Street. The magnificent chandelier of the House of Commons now hangs from the ceiling of the Examination Hall in Trinity College; and the mace used in the Commons has been left as an heirloom by John Foster, the last Speaker of that House, to Lord Massareene, his grandson.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

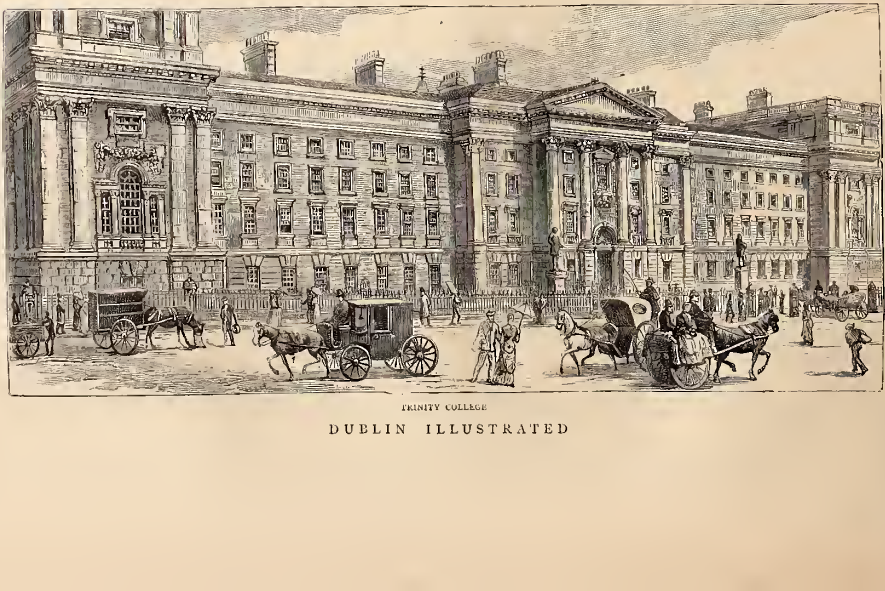
THIS chamber, originally circular in form, had to be, despite



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL AND THE SYNOD HOUSE FROM THE LIFFEY



THE BANK OF IRELAND



TRINITY COLLEGE

DUBLIN ILLUSTRATED

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL

COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE

THE CHAPEL ROYAL AND TOWER

VIEW IN PHŒNIX PARK

DUBLIN ILLUSTRATED

its great beauty of design, rebuilt, to meet the exigencies of the Bank, and the present cash office, though a noble hall, bears no resemblance to the magnificent Rotundo of the legislating days. In the years 1802-3 the old House of Commons was used as the principal Art Gallery of Dublin; and among other artists exhibiting here was John Comerford, the eminent miniature painter. It was in 1804 that the Bank of Ireland, then itself an institution of twenty years' standing, became the purchasers of the Parliament House for a sum of 40,000*l.* and the payment of an annual rent of 240*l.*

A wit of the day, hearing of the transformation that was about to take place, gave vent, in the following squib, to his opinion on the subject:—

If, as it is by some asserted,
This house be to a bank converted;
What most we want will then be there,
Instead of what we best can spare.

COLLEGE GREEN

THE Palladium of the Irish people, the "Place de la Concorde" of Dublin, now possesses not a single blade of grass to remind one of its old existence as a green. The adornment which is conferred upon it by the near presence of the Irish Parliament House and the College is in these days rendered still more attractive by a number of graceful statues. When the biography comes to be written the fame of the Praxiteles of modern times will be traced in the two famous places of the world where his most numerous achievements in statuary are concentrated, namely, the Maidan of Calcutta and College Green.

Burke and Goldsmith look down the grand avenue of Dame Street from the College, and facing them, in the centre of the Green, stands Grattan. A few yards further on in the direction of the Castle is the much-abused equestrian figure of King William, of "glorious, pious, and immortal" memory. This statue, erected to commemorate the Battle of the Boyne, has often been a source of contention between the Orange and Catholic parties, and on several occasions since its elevation in 1701 has been the object of contemptuous attack. On one occasion an attempt was made to file off the King's head, and on another a painter was employed to cover the horse with tar and whitewash the King, on which occasion, when his work was finished, the painter fastened his bucket to the head of the horse, producing a most grotesque effect when the citizens woke up next morning. In 1836 His Majesty was blown by gunpowder clean off his horse, and, the statue being of lead, much difficulty was experienced in soldering him together again. Happily of late years all manifestations either of undue adulation or disrespect have been abandoned, and recently some elegant lamps have been placed round the statue, and the monument picked out with black and gold, which embellishments render it a really picturesque object.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS

JUST a century ago the Old College Green became famous as being the place of rendezvous for the then recently-formed Volunteers. The history of the formation of the Volunteer Force in Ireland, told briefly, is as follows:—The spirit of volunteering was occasioned by the appearance in 1760 of a small band of Frenchmen who landed at Carrickfergus and took the town. The people around Belfast flew to arms, and Lord Charlemont described them when mustered as being a very formidable body. They were drawn up in regular divisions, and each had its own chosen officers, and formed in martial army. Some were armed with old firelocks, but the greater number with what is now known in Ireland as the pike and in Scotland as the Lochaber axe. It resembles a scythe fixed longitudinally to the end of a long pole. The Government of the day seemed inclined, or compelled, to encourage the movement for Volunteering thus started, and they certainly seemed to have very little means at hand for repelling an invasion, for England's armies were at that time fully occupied in America, so that it is not surprising that the Volunteers increased in numbers rapidly. On the 6th October, 1778, the first Regiment was formed in Dublin. The uniform was blue, with blue facings, edged with scarlet and brass buttons. The Duke of Leinster was elected Colonel, and became very popular. The great day of the year was the 4th of November, and on each anniversary of this date the various corps of the City and County of Dublin paraded on St. Stephen's Green. The Force established a newspaper called *The Volunteer's Journal*, which upheld its motto, *Libertas et Natale Solum*, so well that its publisher was indicted for high treason. But the movement gained strength, and in the Irish House of Parliament, when in 1782 the Independence of Ireland was declared, a special vote of thanks was passed to the Volunteers, and it is recorded that on this occasion the streets from the Parliament House to the Castle were lined with Volunteers in uniform bearing arms. After peace had been declared, an attempt was made to disband the Force by tempting the men to join a new Association, partaking of the character of a national militia, and called The Fencible Regiments; but the attempt failed, and it was not till the Volunteers got disunited amongst themselves on the question of admitting Catholics to rights of election that the popularity of the force began to decline. At one time it numbered nearly 100,000 men.

DUBLIN CASTLE

IT was John the "Landless," son of Henry II., who first conceived the need of a Castle for the City of Dublin. To use his own words, "It was to be raised in a competent place, as well to curb the city as to defend it."

The fastness, for such it was, though commenced in 1205, was not completed until fifteen years afterwards, when the Royal founder had been dead four years. The fortress had its dungeons, drawbridge, prison, treasury, and a mill, for the convenience of the garrison. State records tell us that a judicial combat by the sword has been fought within the walls of the Castle, and in presence of the Archbishop and Justices. From time to time Parliaments and Courts of Law were held here, and, more or less, the Castle has always been the depository of the archives of the city. It was not until Queen Elizabeth's reign it became a Viceregal residence.

"The competent place," selected by King John's deputy, Meyler Fitz-Henry, for the site of the fortress, was on the brow of a hill, at the south side of the river, and in the centre of the diminutive capital of those days. The Castle, as it now stands, no doubt, retains much of the form of King John's design, but the greater portion of the edifice has been renewed and enlarged, the latest addition being the Chapel Royal, an exceedingly tasteful Gothic building, completed in 1814. Partaking as they do of the character of a citadel, various portions of which have been added at different epochs, the Castle buildings present an unsymmetrical and gloomy aspect.

Once within the splendid marble vestibule, or the painted and gilded portions of the Castle, however, the mind is no longer weighted with the solemn memories suggested by the towers and bastions without. The more magnificent chambers of the interior are a Council Hall, hung round with portraits of all the Lord Lieutenants since 1798, and St. Patrick's Hall, built by Lord Chesterfield—that Lord Lieutenant, whose creed, in the pleasant but wrong old times, was that there was no sin except "a breach of good manners." It is in this gorgeous apartment that the *levées* and drawing-rooms and balls are held, including that last *fête* of the Dublin season, St. Patrick's Ball, at which the ladies are bound by Viceregal law to attire themselves in costumes of Irish manufacture.

It would be almost impossible to say to how many uses parts of the Castle lend themselves in the present day. In one of the halls the degrees of the Queen's University are annually conferred. In other sections all the principal Government departments are located. So mixed is everything in Ireland of the serious and the gay, that outside of these official quarters a motley group of careless lads and lasses, inspired by the cheerful music of the military bands, collect each morning and witness the ceremony of the troops relieving guard.

In the Upper Castle Yard is situated the famous Birmingham Tower, formerly used as a prison for State criminals, and from whence many a poor sinner has been led to execution. The most noted structures in the Lower Castle Yard are the Chapel, the Bedford Tower, which is the official residence of the Dean, and the Record Tower, in which are deposited the archives of Ireland. Ulster King-of-Arms, Sir Bernard Burke, C.B.—whose splendid literary achievements in developing the heraldry of Ireland have won for him a patriot's fame and an European reputation—resides here, and is the honoured guardian of these genealogical treasures.

THE CHAPEL ROYAL

The interior of the chapel reveals a picture of the richest architectural beauty. The galleries are of polished Irish oak, and the panelling in them displays carvings of the coats of arms of all the Governors of Ireland since the landing of Henry II. There are a large number of exquisitely-painted windows. On these also the escutcheons of the Lord Lieutenants are portrayed. Over the altar is a magnificent oriel window; and the painting here, representing an episode in the Saviour's life, is the work of an eminent Dutch master. It was bought in Flanders by Lord Whitworth for 400*l.*, and presented by him to the Chapel.

THE FOUR COURTS

THE noble building (or series of buildings) known as the "Four Courts" is situated, like the Custom House, on the quays. Like the Custom House, too, there is over the central portion of the structure an immense dome, light green in colour, which reminds one of an Eastern Mosque. The "Hall" beneath this dome, and from whence doors lead into the different Courts, is a scene of the greatest excitement during Term time—barristers, solicitors, and clients all carrying on their conferences while standing on the marble floor. The frontage of the Courts towards the river is exceedingly imposing. Solemn gateways, surmounted with the emblems of the Law, balustrades of stone running along the top of the walls, and Corinthian columns supporting the dome, all enhance the stately character of the architecture of this temple to Irish justice. The "Four Courts" were completed in the year of the Union, and cost 200,000*l.* In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the Law Courts were removed from Dublin Castle, and there are records proving that at this time the Irish Bar, owing to the abolition of the Brehon Laws and the general insecurity of titles, had risen to great importance.

From the law reports that survive it would appear that the business of the Bar was well done. The age of Irish eloquence, the results of a sterner time, had not arrived, but something of the purity and grace of style conspicuous in the works of Burke and Goldsmith had found its way into the Irish forum. In Henrietta Street, not a stone's throw from the "Four Courts," is situated the Irish School of Law, corresponding with the Temple in London, and known as the King's Inns.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL

SITRIC, the founder of the Cathedral, was a Dane, but inasmuch as Ireland became the country of his adoption, as he reigned over Dublin for many years, and for all we know died in it, he may be considered a Dane by birth only. The structures, and they are many, said to be designed by so-called Danes, may all be held to be the work of "settlers," and not of the Ostmen proper, who too frequently came and went as robbers, and pillaged and destroyed churches and palaces and whole districts, whenever they were permitted to make an entrance into them. The "Danes of Dublin" were, however, a settled colony, who relinquished the life of Vikings, made a city, erected fortifications, and fought in many a bloody war for its protection. It was in 1038 that Sitric, with the aid of Donat, Bishop of Dublin, ordered the erection of the Cathedral. The church was over and over again enlarged by the addition of smaller chapels, but in 1120, in the same year that St. Patrick's Cathedral was built by Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin, that prelate so altered and renovated Christ Church that it became in almost every detail a new erection. Early in the present century it was described as a "lumpish cruciform pile with a wide tower rising a little more than high enough over the intersection of the nave and the transept to make the whole mass seem hunchbacked." It will be in the recollection of our readers that Mr. Henry Roe, the well-known Irish distiller, has within the past two years restored this splendid ecclesiastical building at a cost of more than 200,000*l.* He entrusted the work to Mr. G. E. Street, and that architect has made the Cathedral one of the most perfect specimens of Early English architecture in this kingdom. He has as far as possible adhered to the designs of its founder, and has added a new Synod House for the use of the Synod and the united dioceses of Dublin, Glendalough, and Kildare. Mr. Roe has given a further sum of 20,000*l.* for the sustentation of the clergy and the choir. The traditions of the fabric are full of interest. A Parliament was held within the walls by Henry VI. in 1450, and it was here that the impostor, Lambert Simnel, was crowned as king in 1487, the crown used on this occasion having been borrowed from a statue of the Virgin in the neighbouring church on Cork Hill. It has for generations been believed that the bodies of Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, and his wife, Eva, daughter of Dermot, King of Leinster, were interred here. Doubt, however, has recently become somewhat pronounced on this point, and Canon Finlayson, who is about to publish a work on the Cathedral, quotes heraldic authorities in support of his idea that the arms on the tomb are not those of Strongbow but of one of his followers, Fitz-Osbert. The Canon also agrees with the view that the mutilated stone supposed to have represented Eva is in reality Strongbow's son, who was cut in two by his father as punishment for his cowardice. Leland, in his history of Ireland, remarks that there is an inscription in Gloucester Cathedral, intimating that the body of the Earl of Pembroke was interred in the Cloisters there. It is only fair to Canon Finlayson to add that in his book he quotes the following words from Giraldus Cambrensis, the author of the "Conquest of Ireland:" "The earl was interred in Christ Church, and his funeral obsequies were performed by Archbishop Lawrence O'Toole." While these lines are going to press I am informed that Mr. Street, in making within the past few weeks some excavations, has unearthed a stone figure undoubtedly of a woman, and no doubt the savants of the British Association will be invited to give their opinion in respect to Mr. Street's idea, that this figure is that of the long-lost Eva.

STRONGBOW'S TOMB

The tomb of Strongbow has become the more famous in consequence of a custom set in motion by the Dean and Chapter that tithes should be paid to the clergy on the stone. The monument consists of a square pedestal, on the top of which lies the form of a warrior in chain armour, with legs crossed, Crusader fashion; there is also besides this figure the mutilated form before mentioned. Above the tomb a stone with the following inscription engraved upon it has been let into the wall:—

THIS : AVNCVENT : MONVMENT : OF : RICHARD : STRA
NGBOWE : CALLED : COMES : STRANGVLENSIS : LORD : OF :
CHEPSTO : AND : OGNY : THE : FYRST : AND : PRINCYPALL : INVADER : OF :
IRLAND : 1169 : QVI : OBIIT : 1177 : THE : MONVMENT : WAS :
BROCKEN : BY : THE :
FALL : OF : THE : ROFF : AND : BODYE : OF : CHRISTES : CHVRCH :
IN : ANº : 1562 : AND :
SET : VP : AGAYNE : AT : THE : CHARGYS : OF : THE : RIGHT :
HONORABLE : SIR : HENRY : SY
DNEY : KNYGHT : OF : THE : NOBLE : ORDER : L : PRESIDENT :
OF : WALLES : L : DEPUTY : OF
IRLAND : 1570.

Other tombs of great interest are those of Sir John Stevenson, the musician who wrote the Irish melodies to Moore's words; of Robert, nineteenth Earl of Kildare (premier earl of Ireland), of Lord Lifford, Lord Chancellor of Ireland; of Richard Laurence, Archbishop of Kildare; of Bishop Lyndsay of Balcarres (Bishop of Kildare and Dean of Christ Church); of Dr. Mathias, of the Arctic ship *Enterprise*; and of Archbishop Comyn, restorer of the Cathedral. It was in Christ Church that the liturgy of the Reformation was first read in Ireland in the English tongue. For many years there was much jealousy between the two Cathedral Churches of Dublin, but in 1300 the differences were removed by the grant of a distinct precedence to Christ Church. Since the passing of the Church Act of 1869, however, Christ Church has been made the Cathedral of the Dublin diocese, but St. Patrick's has been declared to be the national Cathedral of Ireland.

TRINITY COLLEGE

IN the days of Elizabeth the broad distinctions between the Church and the Law now recognised had no existence. Archbishop Adam Loftus, to whom the University of Dublin is said to owe its origin, filled at different times the offices of Archbishop of Dublin and Lord Chancellor. This remarkable man, ancestor of the Marquises of Ely, came from England as Private Chaplain to Thomas, Earl of Sussex, Lord Deputy of Ireland in the early years of Elizabeth's reign. In the course of his long public career it was observed that he took a warm interest in a College which was at that time attached to St. Patrick's Cathedral, and to which scholars from many parts of Ireland came for their education. As the citizens had possession of the lands of the obsolete Priory of All Hallows, under grant of Henry VIII., the idea at length seized them that these lands could be applied to no better purpose than the establishment of a University, and with this object they offered them to Loftus. His lordship lost no time in making the desire of the people known to the sovereign, and in 1591, eight years after the foundation of Edinburgh University, the Charter was issued for the erection of

Unum Collegium—Mater Universitatis,

words which imply that other colleges were intended in time to be added to "Trinity."

The College began its existence unostentatiously with Adam Loftus as Provost and three Fellows, James Fullerton, James Hamilton, and James Ussher, afterwards one of the greatest ornaments of the Church in Ireland. In some years which followed it was so poor that examinations for scholarships could not be held, at other times all educational work had to be suspended on account of the tide of war flowing through the city. When James II. was assembling his forces in Dublin for his unfortunate campaign in the north, Trinity College became his arsenal, and was placed in a condition of defence. The chapel of that period became a magazine, and the library and chambers of the students were broken up and used as lodgings for the troops or as cells for His Majesty's prisoners. Again, when the Insurrections of 1798 and 1803 broke out, the entrances to the University bristled with the muzzles of cannon. Even as late as the time of the Fenian disturbances, the plan of utilising the College as a fort or barrack engaged the thoughts of the chiefs of the garrison, and on one particular evening in 1867 I remember well a troop of Hussars being brought within the College precincts, and that the bright uniforms of several officer guests were conspicuous that evening at the College ordinary amidst the sombre gowns of Fellows and Pensioners. It is, indeed, the eventful character of her history, as well as the brilliant lustre her more distinguished scholars have shed upon the place of their education, which have made "Old Trinity," a title to be mentioned only with pride and affection by Irishmen in whatever quarter of the globe they may be sojourners. That the scholars of Trinity whose fame has become European are not few in number is manifest when to the memory at once occur such names as Ussher, Berkeley (to whom Pope attributed every virtue under Heaven), Leland, the Magees, Swift, Butler, Goldsmith, Burke, Plunket, Curran, Moore, Malone (Editor of "Shakespeare"), Barry Yelverton, Lord O'Hagan, Todd, Lord Cairns, the present Lord Chancellor of Ireland (Ball), and Lecky.

The adversity which visited the University in her early days strengthened her, and, once her reputation became precious to the nation, benefactions flowed in from every quarter. Over and over again the English and Irish Parliaments have voted her magnificent grants in estates and money. King Charles, on his restoration, gave her all the lands in the southern countries forfeited by disloyal tenants. King William, in commemoration of the Battle of the Boyne, endowed her library, Queen Anne gave 5,000*l.* to build a new one, and one of the provosts, Dr. Baldwin, dying at the ripe age of ninety-two, bequeathed to the College the whole of his fortune of 80,000*l.* With these and a thousand other gifts, public and private, the University has increased century by century in wealth as well as usefulness. But with all her present wealth she is one of the most frugal of Colleges. This is shown in a remarkable way by recent statistics, which place it beyond doubt that Trinity College is maintained, and accomplishes her work with eminently satisfactory results, with an income of little over 60,000*l.* a year, or one-tenth that of Oxford. The three Fellows who sat round the old Provost to advise him in the Elizabethan days have since developed into a Senate, which comprises seven Senior and twenty-six Junior Fellows, all of whom, unlike their colleagues at Oxford and Cambridge, are allowed to take unto themselves wives, and, in order that they may support their wives in comfort and dignity, are permitted to hold their Fellowship till they die. There are thirty-one Professorships, including chairs for oratory, music, and the development of the Irish language, and all, save those for Divinity, are now open to candidates of every religious denomination.

ARCHITECTURE OF THE COLLEGE

The principal front of the University buildings is in College Green, and this, with the old Senate House, which is at right angles to it, gives to this open space a majestic appearance not to be rivalled by any other of the beautiful views in Dublin. Within the College boundaries are four quadrangles which extend backwards for more than a quarter of a mile. All of these contain lofty stone residences. Behind these, again, extending another quarter of a mile, is the College Park, wherein is held the famous Annual Athletic Meeting, always graced by the presence of the Lord Lieutenant and the fashionable world of Dublin. In the centre of the two front quadrangles is a beautiful campanile, raised through the munificence of Primate Beresford. The bells of this structure correspond in their boom with those of St. Paul's, London. When the excavations were being made for the erection of this campanile, some stone coffins and part of the old priory were discovered. The human remains were re-interred beneath the cloisters in the present chapel, where also may be seen the coffins of nearly all the provosts.

THE LIBRARY

Three picturesque structures, the Dining Hall, the Examination Hall, and the Chapel (the two last being in the Corinthian style) occupy positions in the Campanile Square, and here also is the Library, supported by a long Italian piazza. The work of stocking this institution with books was undertaken at the time when the Bodleian was being furnished, and as it is one of the libraries to which a copy of every volume published in the United Kingdom is sent, the collection is of the highest value. Probably the rarest curiosities are a gigantic map of Ireland, containing 1,500 sheets, and which is admitted to be one of the greatest geographical achievements in the world; the Book of Kells, beautifully illuminated by Irish monks of the earliest times; the Book of Armagh; the complete library of Baron Fagel, which was purchased by the University for 8,000*l*.; Dugdale's "History of the Churches and Abbeys of England" (an entire volume in this series is devoted to St. Paul's Cathedral), and the "Antiquities of Mexico," a work which cost the editor, Lord Kingsborough, 30,000*l*. to prepare. The galleries of the library are adorned with busts of the celebrities of the College. The Chapel and the Examination Hall contain portraits by old and modern masters of the same worthies, as well as of the illustrious foundress, and several of the chancellors.

THE PROVOST'S HOUSE AND OTHER STRUCTURES

Outside of the main buildings in a private garden to the right is a substantial classical-looking mansion used since the days of Hely-Hutchinson (the only lay Provost of the college) as the residences of the Provosts. The collection of paintings which are hung round the reception rooms here include works by Gainsborough, Guido, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. There are several museums within the college precincts, and also a gymnasium, a school of medicine, and a racquet court. The Medical School of Trinity College is the only one in the kingdom which enforces the taking out of a degree in arts as well as in medicine before the pupil can obtain his diploma.

THE LIBERTIES

SURROUNDING the Cathedrals of Christ Church and St. Patrick's are the "Liberties," a district which was formerly the seat of the woollen trade of Dublin, as well as the quarter of the aristocracy. The spirit of destruction has passed over it all, and if you enter any of the old houses now you will find the strange spectacle in store for you of stately mahogany doors giving you admission to vast chambers filled only with poor and wretched inmates. Up to the time of the Union the neighbourhood held up its head, and the young bloods of James's Street, Skinner's Row, and Meath Street, patrolled the streets at night, "pinking" men who went between the wind and their nobility. After 1800, the old dignity of the place and the trade rapidly declined, and at length—thirty years ago—the Liberties became from end to end the abomination of desolation in Dublin. Since that period, however, happier signs have appeared. Distilleries, breweries, and timber yards have sprung up in many directions, and neat red houses, the homes of the men employed in these hives of industry, are now being rapidly and plenteously built on the sites of the old mansions.

It was thought that, when Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, whose vast brewery now covers several hundred acres in this district, restored in 1865 the Christ Church Cathedral and the place of sepulture of Ireland's most illustrious dead, the Corporation of the city would have constructed handsome avenues about it, but this has not been done, and visitors stand abashed when they see so beautiful and stately a pile in the midst of a network of squalid laneways. The Dublin Corporation are wanting in that enterprise so common in Paris, where it is an every day occurrence to raze line after line of old buildings to the ground in order to make on the space one splendid boulevard.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL

THE Cathedral owes its origin to John Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin, who, in 1190, is said to have selected this site because there was here in ancient days a well, and some say a church, which had been used by St. Patrick. The steeple and the spire, which is low, and of the square extinguisher pattern, are growths of later periods. The Cathedral has had an eventful history. It has been used for the Courts of Law, and over and over again for a military barrack and a prison, and it was so sacrilegiously despoiled and damaged by arrows in 1492, when the Fitzgeralds, who were for the Yorkists, quarrelled with the Ormonds, who were Lancastrians, that the Holy See, as an atonement for the outrage, commanded the Mayor of Dublin to walk every Corpus Christi day barefoot through the city.

It has been the scene of many splendid ceremonies. The Prince of Orange attended here with his army to return thanks for the victory at the Boyne, and within these walls George IV. and our own Prince of Wales have been present (the latter as recipient of the honour) at an Installation of Knights of the Order of St. Patrick. The principal monuments in the Cathedral are those to the memory of Swift and Stella, of the great Earl of Cork, the lawyer's clerk of Elizabeth's reign, who rose to be a peer and one of the wealthiest landowners in Munster; of Curran, the orator, of Charles Wolfe, author of the "Burial of Sir John Moore;" of Archbishop Whately; of Lord Mayo, Governor General of India; of Dame St. Leger, who was married to four husbands, and yet died at the age of 37; of Captain Boyd, of H.M.S. *Ajax*, drowned at Kingstown Harbour in trying to save the lives of shipwrecked sailors; of Carolan, the last of the Irish bards; of Sam Lover, painter, poet, and novelist; of Rev. James Henthorn Todd, DD., the biographer of St. Patrick, and a host of other distinguished men.

THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY

YOU have a desire to mount these steep steps in Dawson Street, and to examine the mysteries of the Academy, an institution which might by Londoners be imagined to be a depository of paintings and sculpture, whereas it is, on the other hand, a depository of antiquities, and intended for the development of science and polite literature.

Beware! Pause and examine yourself first, for no unruly heart of unbelief should pass this threshold. If you are credulous prepare for the marvellous. You will soon learn that this is the receptacle of all the secrets of Ireland, the home of her greatest treasures, the favourite haunt of Archæologists, Alchemists, Historians, Goldfinders. If you are as fortunate as I was, you will be received by a genial curator, Captain MacEniry, who appears to have given up much of his life to the study of antiquities. He is the symbol of history itself, so vast is his store of information, and possesses that grace and sturdy confirmatory finish in delivery which History, to be attractive, ought to have. For instance, in such a homely unexcited way did he convey the intelligence to me that Ireland was once the land of elephants and black bears, that, such is the imitative faculty in man, I accepted the statement without astonishment.

It was well I did, because he proceeded to show me many skulls of these animals recovered from the Irish peat-fields, and no other explanation of their presence there but his has at present seen the light. Of course, it is possible some ancient book may yet turn up which will inform us that a boat from Noah's Ark drifted to this country, or that some menagerie travelling about in the olden days for the delectation of the Irish kings got swamped and swallowed up in the bog.

This jesting merits reproof, for, indeed, the collection in this Academy is one of permanent value and interest, and not, as cynics might fancy, all old bones, bog butter, musty scrolls, and dubitable relics of the nobles and ecclesiastics of the past. "For almost everything here," my guide tells me, "we have confirmatory records," and then he shows me hundreds of ancient books (including the *Cathach*, a manuscript in the handwriting of St. Columba, and the *Domnach Cuigid*, containing St. Patrick's own copy of the four Gospels), the earliest of which are written in the Latin language but in Irish character, and the latter ones Celtic in both character and narrative. I don't think there is any record which makes it known who owned the long and unwieldly canoes formed of scooped-out trees which occupy the expansive crypt beneath the buildings. They are so primitive that they must be prehistoric, and are large enough to have been the barges in which the Phœnicians came centuries and centuries ago from Syria to trade in the Western seas.

THE BROOCH OF TARA

Neither is there any record to show to whom the Tara brooch belonged. It is a pennanular ornament with a filagree chain attached, and was found at Drogheda, near the site of the ancient capital. From the quantity of solid gold, and the exquisite character of the tracing and enamelling contained in it, all antiquarians agree that it belonged to some king, or damsel attached to the ancient Irish Court, and hence it received its name. The enamelling is opaque, the art of making which lies buried with the early Celts.

THE CROSS OF CONG

In the room with the Tara brooch are three other relics of still greater interest—the Ardagh Chalice of white metal, adorned with gold filagree and enamel; the Cross of Cong; and St. Patrick's Bell. The Cross is the identical one, as inscriptions upon it prove, made to receive the piece of the true Cross which was sent over by the Pope (when he was introducing Catholicism into Ireland) to O'Connor, King of Connaught, in 1123. It is of large size, and no doubt meant to be carried at the head of an army or religious procession. In the centre is one of the boat-shaped crystals so common in all the ancient metallurgic relics of Ireland said to have been brought as talismans from the Holy Land. No finer specimen of the goldsmith's work has been preserved in any European country, and it is the more valuable as exhibiting the perfection of Irish Art at a period when it is commonly imagined that the whole country was lost in barbarism.

ST. PATRICK'S BELL

The Finn Faideah, or "sweet sounding" bell of St. Patrick, was rung by hand. It is of bronze, quadrangular in shape, and enclosed in a golden shrine, the work of which bears date the eleventh century, and an inscription there written upon it traces the antiquity and ownership of the bell itself. It formed one of the three palladiums of the Bishop's See, "The Bell, the Crozier, and the Book," and was used not only to summon people to prayer, but to enforce oaths, honour, funerals, and cure diseases.

OTHER CURIOSITIES

The Library and the room containing the bequests left to the Society by the widow of Thomas Moore are filled with other treasures of the rarest kind. One of these is the original letter which brought to a close the long controversy as to the authorship of "The Burial of Sir John Moore." "I have completed the burial of Sir John Moore," writes Wolfe to his friend, John Taylor of Clonouth, Cashel, "and will here inflict it upon you. You have no one but yourself to blame for praising the two stanzas, that I told you, so much." Then follow the verses with many words erased and new ones written above them, showing that even in their final revision the poet took pains to be satisfied. There are scores of other autograph letters from such celebrities as Dean Swift, Sheridan, Basho, Curran, O'Connell, and Moore, one of the more remarkable being a letter from James I. It is in French, and contains an egregious blunder in the gender of a noun.

THE MARLBOROUGH STREET SCHOOLS

THE National Department of Irish Education, whose chief object is to maintain schools in every part of Ireland, is located in Marlborough Street, a thoroughfare parallel to Sackville Street, on the north side of the Liffey. The land on which the buildings are raised formed originally the gardens of the town residence, "Tyrone House," of a former Marquis of Waterford. The buildings, though unpretentious, are substantial, and suggestive by their number and size of the important functions entrusted to them. Old Tyrone House is chiefly used for the offices of the Executive Commissioners, a building to its right is the Training Establishment, in which upwards of one hundred and eighty teachers are trained annually for the work of conducting model schools. In the background are three juvenile schools, that in the centre, surmounted by a turret and clock-tower, being for infants; while those which lie north and south of it are the boys' and girls' schools respectively. More than three thousand pupils of all denominations were entered on the rolls of these seminaries last year. Primarily intended for the poor, these schools have, from the general superiority of the education given in them, attracted large numbers of children from the middle classes. For these a higher scale of fees has been devised. Not merely are drawing, singing, and the use of the sewing machine here taught, but those who can afford to pay reasonably can learn the harmonium, the piano, and even modern languages, from competent teachers. In another building are the "practising schools," commanding an attendance of from sixty to a hundred pupils, and presided over by one teacher and an assistant. These are designed to exhibit what an ordinary rural national school, managed by local parties, should be in its arrangements and discipline. In the garden in front of the schools, and facing the Catholic Pro-cathedral on the other side of the street, there is in course of erection a statue, by the Irish sculptor, Farrell, of the late Right Hon. Sir Alexander Macdonnell, Bart., who, as Resident Commissioner, guided the Administration for more than thirty years.

THE ALBERT AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTION

ABOUT three miles from Dublin is the Model Farm called after the Prince Consort, and which is another institution under the control of the Commissioners of National Education. One hundred and seventy young men are being trained here, on a farm of one hundred and eighty acres, in the science and practice of agriculture—a pursuit which is of the highest importance where the cultivation of the soil, as it is in Ireland, is the great business of life.

ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN

MERRION, FITZWILLIAM, and MOUNTJOY SQUARES, surrounded as they are by the town residences of the aristocracy, are always pointed to as embellishments of which any city might feel proud, but there is one square in Dublin larger than any of these, or of any square in Europe, and known as St. Stephen's Green. This enclosure, which occupies a whole square mile, is through the munificence of Sir Arthur Guinness, who is about to spend 5,000*l*. upon it, shortly to be thrown open to the public as a park, and hundreds of workmen are now engaged in forming a lake, and making the place in other respects more suitable to its new purpose. The Green was formerly the Tyburn of Dublin, several malefactors having been gibbeted therein. It boasts two statues, one of George II. on horseback, and the second of Lord Eglinton, Lord-Lieutenant in 1852, and again in 1858-9.

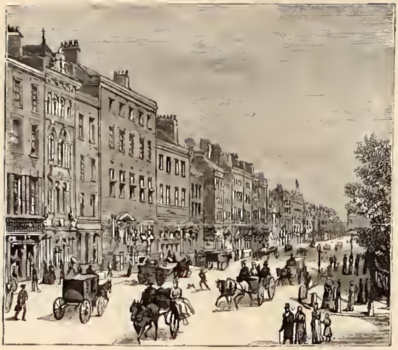
The buildings of the Catholic University, the Royal College of Surgeons, the College of Science, and the Wesleyan College form portions of the lines of fine houses on each side of the Green. The Guinness family also have a mansion here, and in turning one of the corners at the south side you will find before you the Exhibition Palace, which under the management of Sir Edward Lee is an unvarying source of amusement to the people of Dublin.

ST. MICHAN'S CHURCH

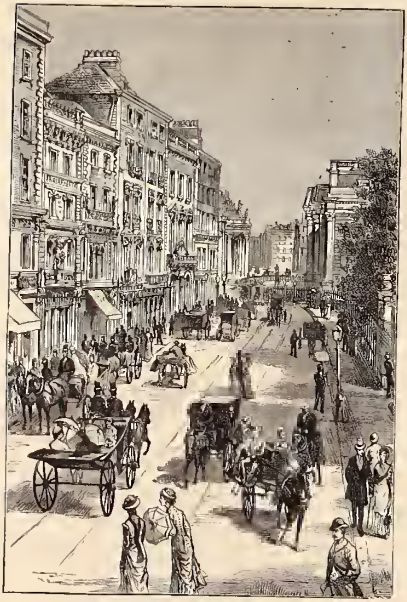
THERE is no doubt but that the principal monuments still left in Dublin of the Danes bear the date of the eleventh century, from which fact we may infer that at that period they were most numerous, and had most complete mastery over the capital. Their taste seems to have been pronounced in the direction of sacred buildings. Christ Church Cathedral was raised in 1038, and in 1095 tradition informs us that St. Michanus built the church which became the cathedral for the whole of Dublin, on the north side of the Liffey, just as Christ Church was the cathedral on the south. Mr. Gladstone, when recently in Dublin, thought St. Michan's Church the most characteristic specimen of native architecture he had seen. It is situated at the rear of the Four Courts, and its magnificent square tower is a most conspicuous object above a neighbourhood of low-sized houses. Next to the Liberties, this parish is the poorest and shabbiest in the city, and the pilgrimage to this church, so interesting as a national as well as an antiquarian relic, has to be made through narrow streets filled with shops and tenements of a hopelessly wretched character; old clothes are dangling from triangular lines at the windows, and potatoes, soap, hair-oil, and farthing candles are the principal merchandise bartered in this populous haven of indigence. And yet it is not all decrepitude and want, for there are one or two good iron foundries, and droves of cattle are constantly pushed through the streets to a market-place called by the somewhat grandiloquent name of Smithfield. The church, in addition to its antiquity, is otherwise most interesting. The vaults beneath the edifice are one of the marvels of the age, possessing antiseptic qualities of such effectiveness that about a score of bodies interred centuries ago are preserved so remarkably that the form and feature of life is easily distinguishable. The skin is in most cases intact, the teeth have not fallen from their places, and in some instances ribbons, stockings, and other portions of the adornments and coverings of the corpses still envelope the perfect though discoloured heads and limbs, as though moth and dust and worms did not exist. The prince, the peer, the patriot, and the poor all lie here together, and could the relatives of the departed themselves come to life again they could have no manner of difficulty in picking out their own kinsmen, or verifying the manner in which they died. The wonderful effect produced is attributed to two causes; first, they say that the graveyard was built on the site of an old forest, that the soil is in fact a bog, and every visitor to the Royal Irish Academy can satisfy himself of the wonderful preserving property inherent in the peat soil of this country; secondly, it is believed that the vaults are built with Phœnician lime, which becomes so dry and hard that no destructive agent can penetrate through it. One of the vaults has been purchased by the Leitrim family, and here, only the other day, were placed with his kinsmen the remains of the late Earl, the melancholy and brutal character of whose death sent a shudder through the land. The rector, the Rev. T. Long, who has himself expended large sums of money in renovating and beautifying the edifice, has given me a list of the principal vaults, which are scattered over the ground without the building. One of these contains the remains of Robert Emmet; no inscription is yet written on the long plain slab, as it was his wish that no epitaph should be written over the place of his burial, till Ireland should "again be free." The organ within St. Michan's is the one on which Handel played his "Messiah" for the first time; it was removed from Fishamble Street Theatre, the scene of the great composer's performance. The parish registers date back to the year 1636, and the church plate, which is very beautiful, to the year 1676.

THE PRO-CATHEDRAL

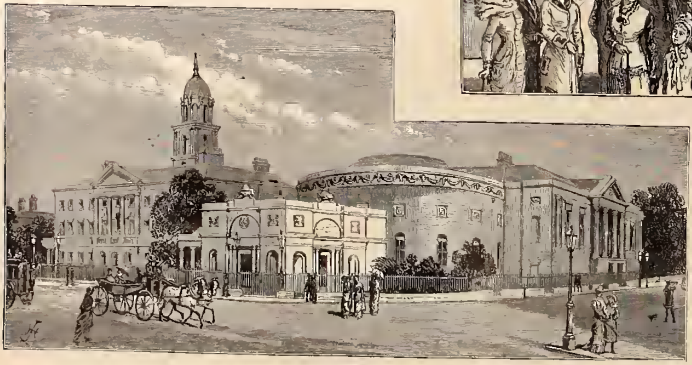
THE Roman Catholic Pro-Cathedral of Dublin, situated in Marlborough Street, is built in the Grecian style of architecture. In this case it contributes all the characteristics of sublimity of conception, beauty and symmetry of proportion, and that



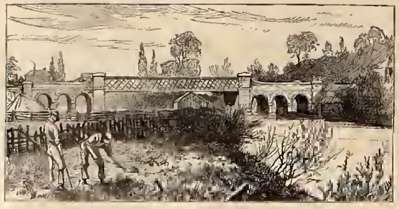
ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN



GRAFTON STREET



THE ROTUNDO



NEW RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE LIFFEY

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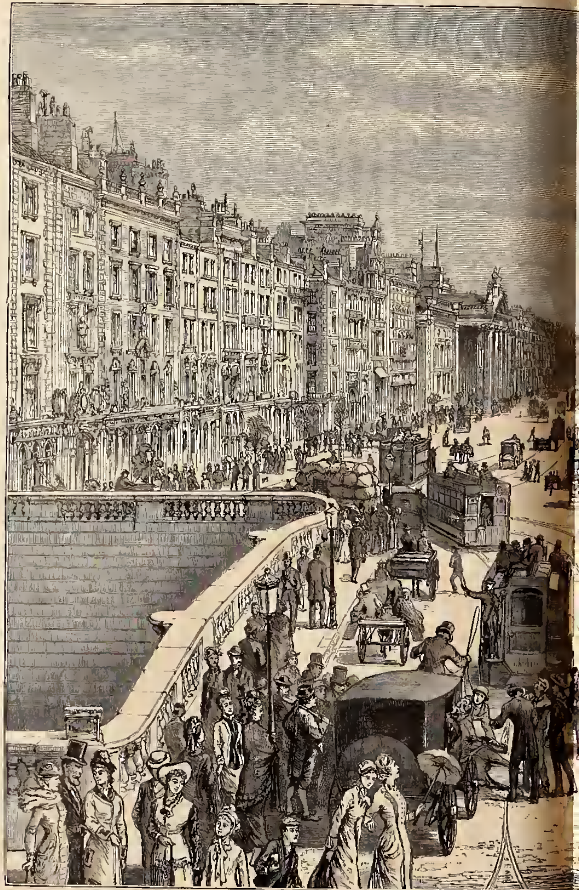

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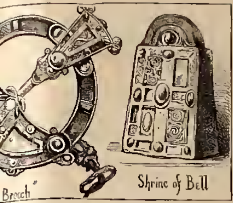
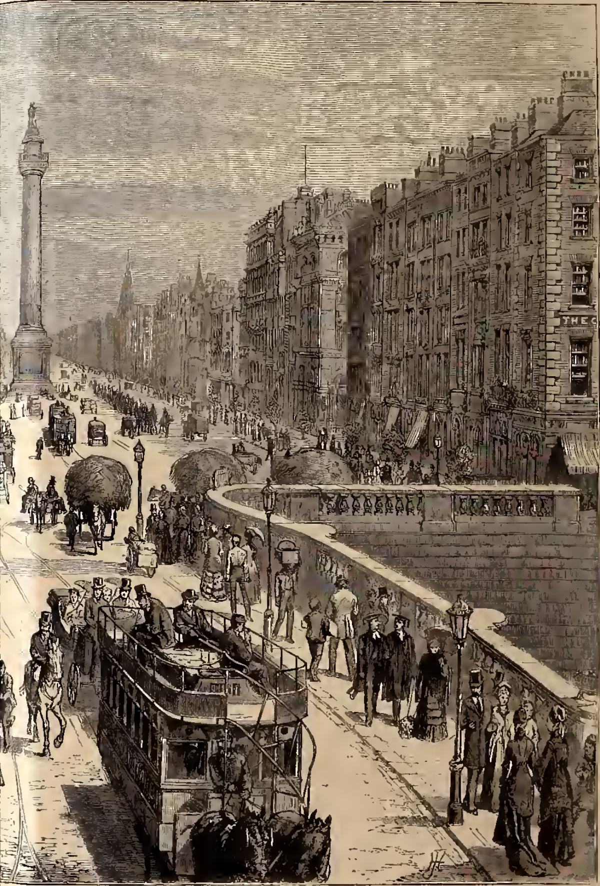


THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY

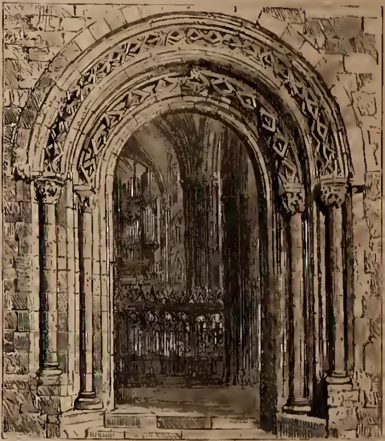
NEW TUNNEL UNDER PHŒNIX PARK

NEW RAILWAY STATION AT NORTH WALL



FROM CARLISLE BRIDGE

CRYPT IN CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL



NORMAN DOORWAY IN CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL

EGAL LODGE

THE FOUR COURTS

D–VIEWS IN THE CITY

reverential solemnity of air which harmonise with the mystic functions of religion. The Cathedral consists of a lengthened nave and side aisles, divided by stately rows of massive Doric columns, supporting an architrave and entablature, and an arched ceiling surmounted by a lofty dome. The high marble altar was executed by Turnerelli. In the concave apse of the ceiling over the altar the Ascension of the Saviour is represented in relievo, and is an original spirited and highly admired work of art, full of expression, and designed by the Irish sculptor, John Smith. There are two porticos, built by Archdeacon Hamilton. The church was designed by Mr. John Sweetman, of Raheny. It cost 50,000*l.*, and stands on the site originally occupied by the city mansion of Lord Annesley. The site and house were purchased in the year 1803 for the sum of 5,100*l.*, but the committee, from want of funds, were unable to commence the erection of the church for twelve years after. During that interval the mansion was rented for a barrack at 300*l.* a year to Government. Until the close of the last century the chief Catholic Episcopal parish of the city was that of St. Nicholas of Myra, Francis Street, but was changed for St. Mary's of the Immaculate Conception by Archbishop Troy. This Pro-Cathedral was the first majestic church erected by the Roman Catholics of Ireland after the repeal of the penal laws, and its erection was an era associated with many most memorable events in their modern history. The first stone was blessed and deposited on the 14th of November, 1815, the feast of St. Lawrence O'Toole, by the Archbishops Troy and Murray. Curran, the great orator and eloquent advocate of the Catholic claims, was present on the occasion, and in the course of his speech used the words, "I rocked ye in your cradle, and come here to-day to see ye step forth in your manhood." Archbishop Troy died in 1823, and, though the church then was not entirely completed, his obsequies were observed, and were the object of the first funereal functions celebrated within the fabric. The church was dedicated and opened for worship on the 14th of November, 1825, by Archbishop Murray, assisted by nine Bishops, and in presence of a congregation of 3,000 persons, who on that day contributed 2,371*l.* to the Church Building Fund. The dedication sermon was preached by the Bossuet of the age, James Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. The Bishops were entertained at dinner on that evening by 300 gentlemen, presided over by Sir Thomas Esmonde, and amongst the distinguished company were Sheil and O'Connell. The functions of religion are celebrated in this church with all the grandeur and solemnity of the Roman ritual under the presidency of His Eminence, Paul Cullen, Cardinal Archbishop. Dr. Cullen was born on the 29th April, 1804, and created Cardinal on the 22nd of June, 1866. He is the first Irish Cardinal.

GLASNEVIN

GLASNEVIN is the Campo Santo of Ireland. Here the remains of the orators, statesmen, and patriots who during the past fifty years have won the affections of their native land, and the respect of the world, have found a quiet resting place. The cemetery, which is about two miles north from Sackville Street, was established through the instrumentality of Daniel O'Connell and the Catholic Association. A piece of ground, only 3½ acres in extent, was bought at Golden Bridge for the interment of Catholics, but in a short time, finding this too small, the Association bought twelve acres of the present cemetery, and gradually extended it, till it now contains fifty-nine acres. On entering the enclosure by the old gateway numerous long avenues crossing each other in all directions, planted with dwarf Irish oak, cedar, and palm trees meet the eye. Curran Square, so called because the remains of John Philpot Curran are placed here, borders on the gateway. Curran's monument is very beautiful, and is a *fac-simile*, by Papworth, of the square sarcophagus over the Scipio family at Rome. Here also are the tombs of Edward Ruthven, M.P., and Lord Chief Justice Monahan. On the Long Walk, in a bare spot of ground, the grass being worn away, sixteen feet square, lie the bodies of Terence Bellew M'Manus, Colonel O'Mahony, and Sergeant M'Carthy. The vista shown by this walk is very beautiful, and Mr. Gladstone during his visit expressed his admiration of the scene. On one of the cross walks is a plain monument commemorating the fidelity and virtues of Anne Devlin, the faithful servant of Robert Emmett, who could neither be bribed, nor forced, to yield up the hiding place of her master. A magnificent Celtic cross, the largest in Ireland, marks the last resting-place of John B. Dillon, M.P. for Tipperary. Just opposite this the tomb of Eugene O'Curry, one of the compilers of the annals of the Four Masters, is marked with a very handsome Celtic cross, but how different have the remains of another and the chief of the compilers been treated by the public! The body of John O'Donovan, LL.D., lies in the old O'Connell Circle without a sign to show its last resting-place.

Advancing to the new O'Connell Circle, on the right hand side is the cenotaph in memory of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, the "Manchester Martyrs." Before entering O'Connell's crypt, underneath the Round Tower erected to his memory, there stand three monuments sacred to the memory of Monsignore Yore, Dr. Spratt, the great temperance advocate, and "Honest Tom Steele," the faithful friend and supporter of O'Connell. The remains of the late Sir John Gray, who was a Protestant, lie in No. 8 vault, in the O'Connell Circle, but it is intended to remove them, and place them beside Monsignore Yore's monument. The crypt is the great object of interest. O'Connell's remains were left in the old O'Connell Circle for twenty-five years and were only placed where they now rest in 1869. The tower has an elevation of 150 feet. The crypt beneath it is tastefully decorated and coloured and on the walls are the patriot's famous words, "My heart to Rome, my body to Ireland, my soul to heaven." At the east of the tower is the tomb of William Dargan, the Irish Railway King and the promoter of the Dublin Exhibition of 1853. It may be mentioned that the Emperor of Brazil, on seeing O'Connell's sarcophagus, said it was fit for a monarch, and his *aide-de-camp*, at His Majesty's express wish, collected some grass and daisies from the mound surrounding the tower, for the Emperor to keep as mementoes. The new Mortuary Chapel erected at the back of the tower, but which will be in front when the entrance on the Finglas Road is finished, is a fine piece of sculpture. It is built of Dalkey granite and carved in Romanesque, in the style of ancient Irish architecture, the eaves being supported by the heads of Irish and English kings. The most simple tomb in the cemetery, and yet one which appeals keenly to the senses, is that of John Hogan, the sculptor. It is a plain marble slab, with only the words "John Hogan" upon it. Another interesting monument is the unassuming stone marking the grave of the great scholar, James Clarence Mangan, who died 21st June, 1849. There are five old watch-towers in the walls encircling the cemetery, which were erected for men to watch the graves during the time when body-snatching was carried on. Another reminiscence of this period is an old dog yard, where the committee kept, as late as 1852, a pack of bloodhounds which were let out in the grounds at night.

The Botanic Gardens are close to the cemetery. The ground occupied by these was famous before it came into the possession of the Royal Dublin Society, who bought it from Tickell, the poet, for 2,000*l.* One of the walks was planted under the direction of Addison, Tickell's friend, and is still known as Addison's Walk. It was here, tradition says, that Tickell composed his ballad of "Colin and Lucy." In this neighbourhood also lived Dr. Delany, F.T.C.D., a bosom friend of Dean Swift and Stella; Sir Richard Steele, Thomas Parnell, the poet, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

CELEBRATED MEN

DANIEL O'CONNELL

MR. GLADSTONE, during his recent visit to Dublin, complained of the absence of a statue of Sheil, the "most striking orator he ever listened to," but a much more remarkable omission is apparent in the absence from the thoroughfares of a statue of the Liberator, Daniel O'Connell. This want, however, will soon be met by the erection in Sackville Street of a splendid monument, on which Foley devoted the later years of his life. This will be placed at the north side of Carlisle Bridge, and will thus occupy the middle distance in the splendid Boulevard, which, when the widening of the bridge is completed, will extend from the College to Nelson's Pillar and the Rotundo. The memorial will consist of a granite pediment, projecting from the four corners of which will be figures of the winged Victories, "Patriotism," "Fidelity" holding the mariner's compass, "true, as the needle to the pole it loves," "Courage" and "Eloquence." Rising from the centre, there will be a drum surrounded by fifty figures chiefly representing the poets, clergy, and peasantry of Ireland, but one exquisitely chiselled female figure larger than the others is the impersonation of Ireland, her left arm resting on a harp, and her right raised aloft, directing the attention of her beholders to the statue which graces the apex of the structure. This is of bronze, and is said to be as like O'Connell as the statues of Burke and Goldsmith are like their originals.

This remarkable man, who for nearly half a century was the tribune of the people, the incessant advocate of their religious and political liberties, was born on August 6, 1775, on the verge of the Atlantic, in the County Kerry. He obtained his earliest education outside his home from a hedge schoolmaster. At thirteen he was sent with a brother to a school in Cork, and thence to the University of Louvain, the College of St. Omer, and the Douay College. The two boys, in returning from Louvain, crossed in the steamer from Calais with John and Henry Sheares, two brothers afterwards executed for treason in Dublin, and they then discovered how much aglow the hearts of these other youths were with the flame of the French Revolution. Their daring utterances, however, did not infect the O'Connells, however deeply impressed they may have been even then with the injustice under which their own country suffered, and Daniel's famous expression, "He that commits a wrong gives strength to the enemy," became the axiom of his life. Although frequently carried away by the enthusiasm of worshipping crowds assembled

> By the Royal hill and the haunted rath,
> By the hallowed spring and the holy well,

to hear from him "golden words of deathless speech and lightning flashes of immortal wit," he often verged on the limits the law allowed, but did not overstep them. He was called to the Bar at the age of twenty-three, and before he was thirty-five was recognised in Ireland as the leader in the political movement on behalf of Catholic Emancipation. It is matter of history, and does not need repetition now that, having won religious freedom for the people, he did not rest from his advocacy of their other rights, and plunged with all his unparalleled zeal and pertinacity into the Reform agitation. Later on arose the movement for a Repeal of the Union, in the course of which more than a million people on two or three occasions formed his auditory, his main argument for which was that the Government of Ireland was one of broken promises.

"How often did I preach patience to you, calm you, and entreat you to listen to the promises of England? You obeyed me; you were quiet and silent; and Ireland wanted to receive from England as a magnanimous boon that which she might have demanded as her own just right. But England has never availed herself of the opportunity which I promised her for displaying her greatness and her magnanimity. When I and Ireland were silent, she forgot her promises, and the old wrongs were continued."

It has been said of him that the warmth of his heart was ever reflected on his face, and that, looking at that sunny countenance, you could never, were it not for his oratory, believe he had a grievance. His great affection for his sons, all of whom, when their father, growing old and feeble, still persevered in advocating the cause of the people, stood by him, showed how noble were the qualities animating his inner soul. His love for the people, for the Catholic Church, for his children, were all imbued with a blamelessness of thought, and with a Christian fervour which gave him fortitude, when, after his long life of excitement and applause, he found himself dying, as he wished to die, on the threshold of the Holy City. A few days before he passed away he wrote a letter, in which he paid back, in sweet words of gratitude, the debt he owed his mother:—"I am the son of a sainted mother, who watched over my childhood with the most faithful care; she was of a high order of intellect, and what little I possess was bequeathed me by her. Her last breath was passed, thank Heaven, in calling down blessings on my head, and I valued her blessings since. In the perils and the dangers to which I have been exposed through life, I have regarded her blessing as an angel's shield over me, and as it has been my protection in this life, I look forward to it also as one of the means of obtaining hereafter a happiness greater than this world can give."

JONATHAN SWIFT

Dean Swift was born in Hoey's Court, off Werburgh Street, at the house of his uncle, a barrister. This court, which is no longer to be found in the directory, was the *locale* of eminent lawyers at this period. Mrs. Pilkington has, in the memoirs of the Dean, edited by her, stated that the early youth of this great genius did not promise the bright day of wit which afterwards enlightened the world, and that he was refused his College degree as a dunce. The early failures of Swift, whose words afterwards

> Drew audiences
> And attention still as night,
> Or summer's noontide air,

have by himself been attributed to poverty and the neglect of friends. The "Monarch of the Liberties and King of the Mob," as he styled himself, was kindly of heart as he was great in intellect. Although penurious in some things, and tenacious of spending money, he often lent to his poor parishioners round the Deanery of St. Patrick's 5*l.* out of his slender income of 600*l.* a year, taking it back as the poor could pay it in shilling instalments. He was blunt in conversation, and frequently felt surprise at his hearers' toleration of his unceremoniousness. His relations with "Stella" (Esther Johnson), whose studies he directed, and to whom he has borne so much testimony of her purity, cultured understanding, fidelity, and every quality desirable in a wife, have never been satisfactorily explained, nor can his later acquaintanceship and the early death of the unfortunate "Vanessa" leave him blameless. An early engagement to a sister of a college chum, which he cancelled by his coldness, conduct he afterwards regretted deeply, is said to have had something to do with his later great reluctance to enter the marriage state. He possessed almost every attribute to awaken sentiment in a woman's heart, a dignified person, an unfailing supply of *jeux d'esprit*, a nervous flow of language on every topic, but he had withal a coldness of temper and a mercenary cautiousness with regard to women, and these failings also may have contributed to keep him a bachelor. Canon Leeper, who is about to publish a historical sketch of the National Cathedral of St. Patrick, has permitted me to copy a note or two of his in relation to this strangely gifted man. He writes that "to increase the annual income of St. Patrick's was the Dean's favourite object, and with this in view he gave up all the fines which were tendered to him for the renewal of leases. The records of the Cathedral show with what ability, industry, and zeal he attended to its interests, carefully and formally appointing a Sub-Dean whenever he left home, and being most particular in seeing that the Cathedral officials scrupulously performed their respective duties. He expended considerable sums out of his own pocket for the garden near the Deanery, which he called "Naboth's Vineyard." Though he was no lover of music, he celebrated St. Cecilia's Day in the Cathedral with a concert, and in *Carson's Weekly Journal*, published in Dublin in 1731, it is stated that on the last Cecilia's Day, "Mr. Purcell's 'Te Deum' and Corelli's Concerto were performed." The Dean also towards the close of his life laid out a share of his fortune to found in Dublin a hospital for "fools, fanatics, and idiots." There was universal lamentation over him when he died in 1745, at the age of seventy-eight, and no Churchman in Ireland was ever so popular and beloved. When he was dead all classes of the people flocked into the Deanery House, and forced their way up to the very bedroom where he lay. "Happy were they," says Sir Walter Scott, "who first got into the chamber, and procured by bribes to the servants locks of his hair to be handed down as sacred relics to their posterity."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Whilst London has not a single statue to the memory of English poets Dublin possesses one of Moore and another—the infinitely superior work in point of art of the two—of Oliver Goldsmith. Goldsmith's statue stands in front of the University in which the poor sizar's early studies were pursued, and in the same garden is a statue of Edmund Burke, Goldsmith's contemporary within those classic walls. Goldsmith, who was born at Longford, has himself observed that though he made no great figure in mathematics, which was then and is now a study in greater repute than any other branch of learning in the University, he could turn an ode of Horace with the best of the scholars. On leaving Dublin he studied physic at Edinburgh, but a short time afterwards went to London where he was employed as a school usher, later on as a corrector or reader for the press, and then as a journalist. His brilliant essays on "The Present State of Polite Literature," and his narrative after a tour of Europe on foot of "the Citizen of the World" secured for him a reputation which reached its full blazonry on the publication of "The Traveller" and "The Vicar of Wakefield." This "Poet, Physician, and Historian," as Johnson's epitaph in Westminster Abbey describes him, died in London, on April 4, 1684, so that in half-a-dozen years the centenary of his death will have come round. He died of fever, "made I am afraid," writes Johnson, "more violent by uneasiness of mind." His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. The last four lines of "The Deserted Village:"—

> That Trades proud Empire hastes to swift decay,
> As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
> While self-dependent power can time defy,
> As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

were not written by Goldsmith, but by Johnson.

EDMUND BURKE

The father of Edmund Burke was an eminent solicitor who resided at 33, Arran Quay, on the south bank of the Liffey, and in this house, which is still standing, the future statesman was born on New Year's Day, 1730. The solicitor was a descendant of a distinguished Irish family, the De Burghs, and his wife, Miss Nagle, of Cork, traced her ancestry to Edmund Spenser. Thus on both sides, the young Edmund had progenitors of name and fame. Many of his early years were passed away at his grandfather's (Nagle's) country seat on the banks of the southern Blackwater, and perhaps the lovely scenery here, and the poetic associations arising from the contiguous homes of Spenser, Raleigh, and Essex, inspired and fostered in him much of that splendour of imagery which his political career in England afterwards displayed.

GRATTAN

Dublin owes its statue of Grattan, one of Foley's choicest achievements, to Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., that gentleman having handed over 300*l.* collected for a testimonial to himself, as the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a memorial of the Irish Senator. Henry Grattan was born in Dublin, for which city his father was Recorder and Member of Parliament, in 1746. He was "short in stature, and unprepossessing in appearance. His arms were disproportionately long. His walk was a stride. With a person swaying like a pendulum, and an abstracted air, he seemed always in thought . . . . . how strange it seems that a mind so replete with grace and symmetry, and power and splendour, should have been allotted such a dwelling for its residence. . . . It was the victory of mind over matter."

The Irish Parliament in recognition of Grattan's services to his native land generously voted him a vote of 100,000*l.* Of this, however, he only accepted 50,000*l.*, and this sum he bequeathed on trust to the citizens of Dublin in case of failure of issue.

WELLINGTON

Sir Bernard Burke has satisfactorily proved, after much doubt on the subject, that the Duke of Wellington was actually born in Dublin at Mornington House, 24, Merrion Street, now the office of the Irish Church Temporalities Commission. Though the fact of the Duke's family being for 600 years settled in Ireland was sufficient virtually to make him a true and *bonâ fide* Hibernian, still a lamb is not a wolf, though it is born in a wolf's fold, as O'Connell used to say. Canning, though not born in Ireland, often repeated the expression. He, at least, never failed to own himself an Irishman. The Duke's mother was Anne, eldest daughter of Viscount Dungannon, his father that noted musician, Lord Mornington, composer of the celebrated glee, "In Cool Grot," and many other songs and chants. Lord Mornington held the Professorship of Music in Trinity College, Dublin, and was the founder of a most successful Amateur Musical Society, composed of the nobility and members of professions then resident in Dublin. At Eton the future Duke was called a slow boy, too slow for learning, too moping for football. He received his first commission in the 73rd Regiment at eighteen years of age, and sat in the Irish Parliament for Trim when past twenty-one. It was in the Netherlands, when Colonel of the 33rd Infantry, that he first gave promise of his strategic abilities by the handling of his regiment in saving Abercrombie's column from being destroyed in that inglorious campaign. It was said that it was from the errors, not the successes, of his superior officers that Wellington learned his great generalship. Like most distinguished men, his faculties were not limited to the one *rôle*. He became during the intervals of peace Ireland's Chief Secretary, and his whole career proved him as skilful in the Council Chamber as he was daring and invincible in the field. He was the hero of an interesting occurrence in the House of Commons, when all his honours of Marquis, Viscount, Earl, and Duke were announced at the same time. It was at Dublin Castle, however, when a dashing captain and aide-de-camp, that he is said to have passed his happiest days, though so hard pressed for money to support his necessarily expensive life that he was glad to accept a loan of cash from his bootmaker with whom he lodged on Aston's Quay, and whom he did not forget to pay in after years with gratitude

THOMAS MOORE

Next year the people of Dublin will have to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Moore, the natal day of Ireland's poet having been May 28, 1779. The house in which he was born, No. 12, Aungier Street, Dublin, is still standing, and the shop in connection with it is still used for the provision business, over which John Moore, the poet's father, presided. The people of Dublin have not followed the example of their London neighbours in affixing medallions on the buildings where celebrities were born, but the birthplace of Moore is singularly marked, some admirer having placed his bust in a niche half-way up the *façade*. From his childhood Moore seems to have given promise of his future fame, for Herbert, the portrait-painter, speaks of him at five years old as being a precocious and entertaining little fellow, who had even then put away his toys, and whose repeated request was to have parts of Shakespeare recited to him. He entered college at sixteen, and, having joined the Historical Society, became one of its turbulent, as well as most eloquent members. His versatile mind, intelligent countenance, his patriotism, and last and most marked of all, his talent as a musician and composer, won him on leaving the University friends in every step of the social scale. He was then, to quote Leigh Hunt, as delightful a person as one could imagine. "His sort of talent has this advantage in it, that being of a description intelligible to all, the possessor is equally sure of present and future fame." His Irish melodies introduced a revolutionary and refining phase into the history of music and the lyrical literature of the kingdom. Luttrell, indeed, recorded what was almost analogous to a fact when he wrote

> I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung,
> Can it be true, you lucky man?
> By moonlight in the Persian Tongue
> Along the streets of Ispahan.

An exceedingly unprepossessing statue of Moore was inaugurated during Lord Carlisle's Viceroyalty in College Street, facing the Bank of Ireland. This is still permitted to be an eyesore in the city. A relative of the poet, I believe, or at all events a sculptor of the same name, executed the work, but a comparison with any of the written descriptions, or with such paintings as that of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in the Royal Irish Academy, of Moore will reveal how woefully unlike the original the statue is. As you look at the Lawrence portrait every word of Willis's description of his friend occurs to the mind. "His mouth is the most characteristic feature of all. The lips are delicately cut, slight and changeable as an aspen: but there is a set-up look about the lower lip—a determination of the muscle to a particular expression, and you fancy that you can almost see wit astride upon it. It is written legibly, with the imprint of habitual success. It is arch, confident, and half diffident, as if he was disguising his pleasure at applause, while another bright gleam of fancy was breaking on him. The slightly tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression, and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates." Moore's remains were interred at Devizes in Wiltshire, near that "Sloperton Cottage" from whence many of his brightest poems were dated, and where the poet and his wife Bessie lived together happily for so many years.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS

IN this sketch of the Irish capital, made necessarily brief by smallness of space, it is impossible to give any more extended account of the churches than we have done, neither can we deal with such corporate buildings as the City Hall and the Mansion House, nor with the hospitals in the number and capaciousness of which Dublin is peculiarly gifted. Nor can anything beyond mere mention be said of such deserving and interesting scientific institutions as the College Observatory at Dunsink (presided over by the Astronomer Royal for Ireland), the College of Surgeons in Stephen's Green, the King and Queen's College of Physicians; or the various schools of medicine, the preponderance of which latter places Dublin in the highest position in the minds of the faculty. There are, however, two or three institutions, the functions of which are of such a general nature, and which are always so eagerly sought out by visitors, that a few words must be said about them.

THE COLLEGE OF SCIENCE

This institution, which is situated on the east side of Stephen's Green, is a continuation of what was once the "Museum of Irish Industry and School of Science." When first founded, the Museum was simply exhibitional, and was formed on the model of the London School of Mines, then in Craig's Court, but now in Jermyn Street. Subsequently, when Dr. Lyon Playfair was one of the Secretaries in the English Department of Science and Art, the courses of lectures which used to be delivered in the Royal Dublin Society House were transferred here. A particular branch of the present course of studies is chemistry. To aid the development of this study a laboratory has been added, and under the present Professor of this science the College has made much advancement, several of the pupils having gone from it to England, and there gained the highest chemical honours the London University can bestow. In 1864 a Select Committeee advised that the Exhibitional Functions of the Institution should be handed over to the Royal Dublin Society, in whose buildings a national museum on the plan of South Kensington will soon be inaugurated. The title of the Stephen's Green establishment then became "The College of Science," and the whole of its duty is now instructional. The College costs the country 7,000*l.* a year.

THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY

In the year 1731 two gentlemen named Madden and Prior started a society for the advancement of "Husbandry and other useful Arts." With their own capital the Institution was inaugurated, but as prizes were offered for progress in the linen manufacture and industrial and agricultural exhibitions were promoted by the Society its usefulness became most manifest. The first cattle show which ever took place in Dublin was held on the ground where now stands the Theatre Royal, part of which, that in Hawkins Street, was built by the Madden and Prior Society. For this building as well as for other philanthropic efforts of the Society the Irish Parliament voted a handsome annual grant. When George II. was on the throne the Society became a chartered Institution, and assumed its present title. Its duties have also been enlarged, and it now not only fosters husbandry and literature, but science of all kinds and all the useful arts. The present building in Kildare Street is historically famous, having been for a long period the town residence of the Dukes of Leinster, and was celebrated for the festivities carried on there, as well as for the notable escape of Lord Edward Fitzgerald from the town major and his officers by means of a spiral staircase. In 1815 the Royal Dublin Society bought this House for 20,000*l.*—it had cost 80,000*l.*, but the then Duke of Leinster sold it at a sacrifice, seeing it was to be used for such benevolent purposes. You are reminded of this great family on entering the grounds, by seeing a venerable old man, Mr. Boshall, the head gardener, whose father, grand and great grandfather have each acted in the same capacity to Ireland's premier Duke. The gardens, called the Leinster Lawn, of which he now has charge are small, but very ornamental. In the centre of the green slopes rises an equestrian statue of the Prince Consort. There is also here a statue of the "Irish Railway King"—Dargan—and a bust by Farrell of the greatest of late Irish composers—Balfe.

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY

This building was erected in 1823—when also the Society was incorporated—by the munificence of Mr. Francis Johnston, its first President. He has been succeeded in the Presidential chair from time to time by Martin Cregan, George Petrie, Catterson Smith, and Sir Thomas Deane. At present the chair is held by T. A. Jones, who was one of the chief contributors to the Exhibition this year. In 1829 the Royal Hibernian Academy opened their first Exhibition, to which George Petrie contributed "Ardfinnan Castle," one of his largest and finest works—as he did in each succeeding year pictures of historic interest, and illustrative of the antiquities and ancient legends of the country. Amongst the more famous contributors from time to time have been Sir Martin A. Shee, Maclise, Mulready, Turner, Stanfield, and other eminent artists. Like other chartered Associations, the Hibernian Academy is the embodiment of several minor societies of Irish artists. The Hibernian Academy is the Burlington House of Dublin, and the Summer and Winter Exhibitions are, as in London, objects of considerable interest.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY

At the close of the Exhibition of 1853, which was held upon the Leinster Lawn, Merrion Square, a number of influential citizens, admirers of Mr. William Dargan, assembled together with the object of establishing a memorial of this gentleman, whose enterprise and patriotism were shown not alone in respect to the Exhibition, but also in originating and developing all the great railways in Ireland. A sum of 6,000*l.* was collected, and with this a colossal Art Gallery was erected at the northern end of the Lawn, and a statue of Mr. Dargan, the work of Mr. Thomas Farrell, was placed in front of the structure. No sooner was the building of the gallery, which it was intended to call the Industrial Institution, begun, than the Government handsomely came forward with a large annual grant. The building, when completed in January, 1864, was opened as the National Gallery of Ireland. It assumed the character of a separate Government department directly under the Treasury like the London Gallery. It differs, however, from the latter, in that its governing body is larger, and partly of a representative character. The chief executive officer is the director, the present occupant, Mr. Henry Doyle, having held the office since 1869, when he was elected to succeed the late Mr. George Mulvany, the first director. The collection is remarkable for its comprehensiveness, comprising, in addition to a singularly fine selection of casts from the antique in its sculpture hall, one large gallery of original paintings by the old masters of various schools, and five smaller ones, divided as follows:—1, Modern Pictures; 2, Water Colours; 3, National Portrait Gallery; 4, A Loan Collection of Pictures; 5, Original Drawings by the Old Masters, Engravings, Autotypes, &c. The collection, as a whole, may fairly claim a place amongst European Galleries of the second rank, and it contains at least a few pictures of the chief schools, which might not unworthily find a place in those of the first. In the Italian schools may be mentioned the double portrait by S. Bellini and Georgione, the Holy Family by Ghirlandago, the Predella by A. del Sarto, the St. Sebastian by Caravaggio, the portraits by Moroni and Tintoret, and the unique, Fête at Rome, by Panini. In the Dutch and Flemish the choice examples of Cuyp, Van de Velde, Teniers, Ruysdael, P. Potter, and Bega, and in the Spanish, the Infant St. John, and the portrait by Murillo, the singular St. Jerome by Morales, and a good Ribera. In the modern room, though a certain prominence is given to native artists, such as Maclise, Danby, O'Conner, Shee, there are several fine pictures by Wilkie, Roberts, and Leslie, &c., and a few by foreign painters. In the Water-Colour Room will be found represented all the great masters of that branch, the fifty-two sketches by Turner being a loan from the trustees of the Turner Bequest. The National Portrait Gallery is fortunate in the high standard of merit that has been preserved in the pictures, independent of the interest of their subjects. One of the most delicately finished works is a portrait of Lady Morgan, "The Wild Irish Girl." Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Lawrence, are all represented worthily. This will suffice to indicate the general character of this interesting collection, I will only add that the Gallery has developed rapidly, though gradually, into its present position, and that it is not nearly so well known as it deserves to be. It would well repay a visit to Dublin, although the city possessed no other attraction.

THE DUBLIN STAGE

The city has since the seventeenth century been famed for its dramatic and musical taste, and to this day every effort of dramatic genius is encouraged in Dublin. Edmund Kean, Miss O'Neil (afterwards Lady Beecher), Richard Jones, William Farren, senior, and a host of other dramatic stars were born in Dublin. In 1742 Lifford, Woffington, and Garrick acted together, and the rush to see them caused an epidemic which was known as "Garrick fever." Macklin and Quin afterwards displayed their native talent on the Dublin boards. Handel played his "Messiah" for the first time on the organ of Fishamble Street Music Hall, in April, 1741, for the benefit of two hospitals. This music hall, or theatre, as it afterwards became, had a long and remarkable career. All the celebrated actors, including Vandermere, who visited Dublin during its existence, performed there, and masquerade balls, Lord Mornington's concerts, and State lotteries have taken place within its walls. The theatre building stills stands, but is no longer used for the exhibition of dramatic art, but for the sale of hardware and agricultural implements.

The first theatre established in Dublin was, however, one in Werburgh Street, opened in 1633, by John Ogilby, one of the secretaries or writers who came to Ireland in the suite of Lord Wentworth. The Smock Alley Theatre, the next in order, maintained popularity for over a hundred years, and here Earl Strafford caused Shirley's comedy of the *Royal Master* to be played in 1637. Some years later, Ogilby having returned from service in the Royal Army, was appointed Master of the Revels to the Viceregal Court, a post which conferred on him the privilege of watching over the interests of the drama. In the presence of the Duke of Ormond one of Corneille's plays, in which Mrs. Phillips, "the matchless Orinda," took the leading part, was put upon the stage, and the dance and other tunes played between the acts were the composition of this versatile manager. When the news of the marriage of the Princess Mary with William of Orange reached Dublin, the Duke of Ormond and all the nobility went in great splendour to the play, and to this day the Lord-Lieutenant often presides at a "Command Night" in the theatre, on which occasions the buildings are filled with ladies in the richest toilettes and officers of the garrison in uniform. In 1785 Macklin, who was then ninety-five years of age, played at the Smock Alley Theatre. On the night of his benefit the excitement was too much for him and in the second act of *The Man of the World*, he had to be assisted from the stage, on which he never again appeared.

Towards the close of the 18th century, Crow Street Theatre was built. The lessee of this house was for some years Mr. Thomas Sheridan, father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and uncle of J. Sheridan Knowles. Mr. Sheridan was a great advocate for the development of music and the drama. He frequently presided at public meetings for this purpose, and one of his favourite performances was the recital of Dryden's Ode on the power of music. In *his* day it was considered a tempting feat to be able to illuminate the theatre with *wax*. The *new* Theatre Royal, in Hawkins Street, still the premier playhouse of Dublin, was opened on January 18th, 1821, on the occasion of George IV.'s visit to the metropolis. It acquired an unexpected notoriety in the following year, when some ruffian taking advantage of Lord Wellesley's state visit flung a bottle into His Excellency's box; a tumult, hence known as the "bottle" riot, ensued, but no one, I believe was killed. The first manager was a retired officer, Major Cole, who assumed the name of Calcraft, and the estimation in which his efforts to maintain legitimate drama was held may be understood when it is known that he was an especial favourite at Dublin Castle. Mr. John Harris, of London, subsequently became lessee of this theatre. The building has a *façade* of Portland stone without, and attached to the interior, which is in the form of a lyre, there is a capacious saloon, like that at Drury Lane, supported by Ionic pillars. This theatre and the "Gaiety" Theatre off St. Stephen's Green are the most important of the Dublin playhouses in this day, and they are both the property of Mr. Michael Gunn, whose cultivated musical tastes render him a popular lessee. There is a third theatre, formerly known as the "Adelphi," but later still as the "Queen's," in Great Brunswick Street, and here many public favourites, notably the great impersonators of the two Dromios (the Brothers Webb), Robson, Miss Neilson, and Miss Furtado had some of their earliest successes.

THE CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE

As the Irish are the most communicative race in the world, and none are more full of pleasantry than the people of Dublin, you will not have arrived on the quays ten minutes without discovering much about them. Your carman you will find cannot be morose or silent, and after breaking the ice by telling you the jaunting-car was made for conversation and the "cimintin' of friendship" will dash off a description of his countrymen something like that given by Lady Morgan's sister:—

> We 're swarming alive
> Like bees in a hive,
> With talent and genius and beautiful ladies,
> We've a Duke in Kildare
> And a Donnybrook Fair,
> And if that wouldn't plaze yez, why nothing would plaze yez.
> We've poets in plenty,
> But not one in twenty
> Will stay in Ould Ireland to kepe it from sinking
> They say they can't live
> Where there's nothing to give,
> Och! what business have poets with 'atin' and drinking

If you come provided with letters of introduction you will have every opportunity afforded you of mixing in a society ever mirthful, and in which no rooted sorrow can show itself. You will find, then, that this people is ardent for information, poetical in their imagination, unrivalled in humour, always, even under the shadow of despair, sanguine, tender in their sympathies, constant in their attachments, tenacious of respect, and urbane and gracious, even when they are in the depths of poverty.

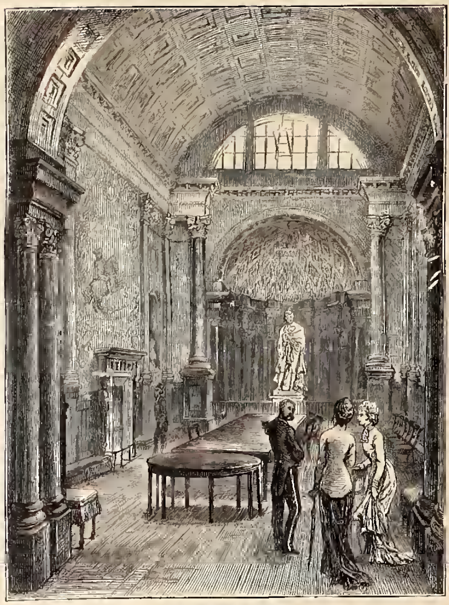
> Such a country for growing you ne'er did behold,
> We get rich when we're poor; we grow hot when we're cold;
> And the girls say that bashfulness makes us grow bold,
> We always grow young, but we never grow old.

The greatest charms of all are the simplicity, the kind-heartedness, and the education of the citizens. More than any other race Irishmen are cosmopolitans in thought as well as speech, and there is no political subject in which they do not take a warm interest, no new book about which most of them will not know something. There is little or none of that aptitude for business which makes English cities so full of merchant princes, but if Dubliners have this failing, they have ambition in other respects. They love learning, and cultivate generosity and charity towards all the world. These qualities make them especially respected by their *employés*, and indeed one can infer that wealthy men would be abundant if there really was money in the country to allow it to be possible.

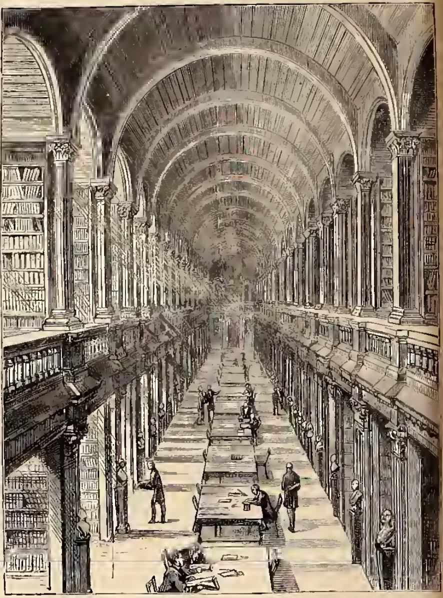
It is true you will not see splendid horses and equipages in the streets in anything like the profusion visible in London, for the greater portion of the nobility, small a circle as they are, reside at the seaside suburbs which encompass Dublin, or on their estates in the country, and the large upper section of the middle class who live in the squares do not, as a rule, keep carriages, but prefer the jolting of the cars. Such luxuries as hired broughams, or a four-in-hand, are next to unknown in Dublin.

Dublin even more than London is a garrison city. Barracks, some of them magnificent in style as well as size, for cavalry and infantry abound, and the officers quartered therein being hospitably entertained at balls and dinner parties by the citizens, their presence lends considerable animation and brilliancy to Dublin society.

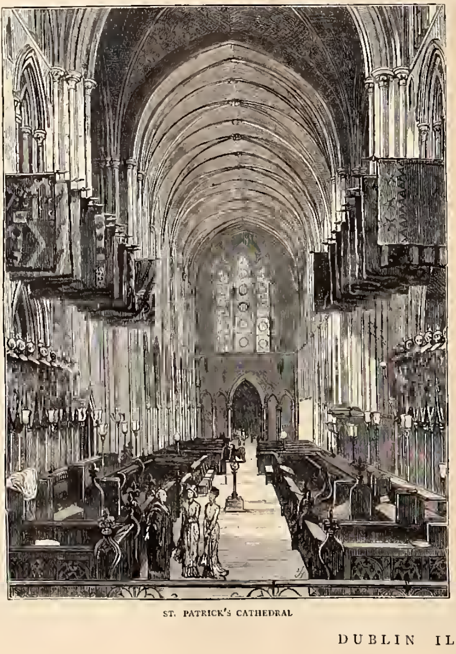
GEORGE WHELLER



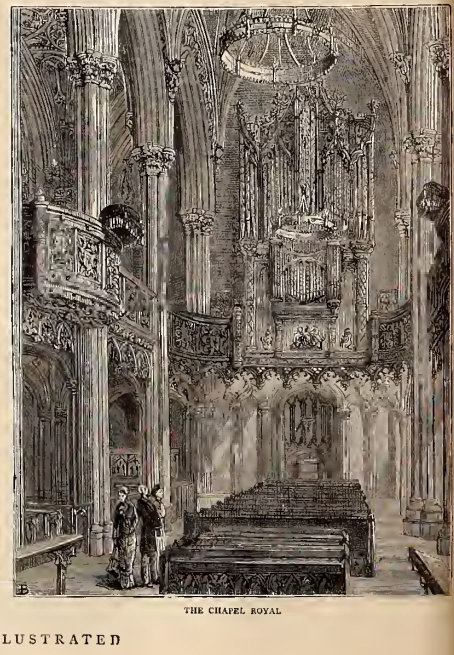
OLD PARLIAMENT HOUSE



THE LIBRARY, TRINITY COLLEGE

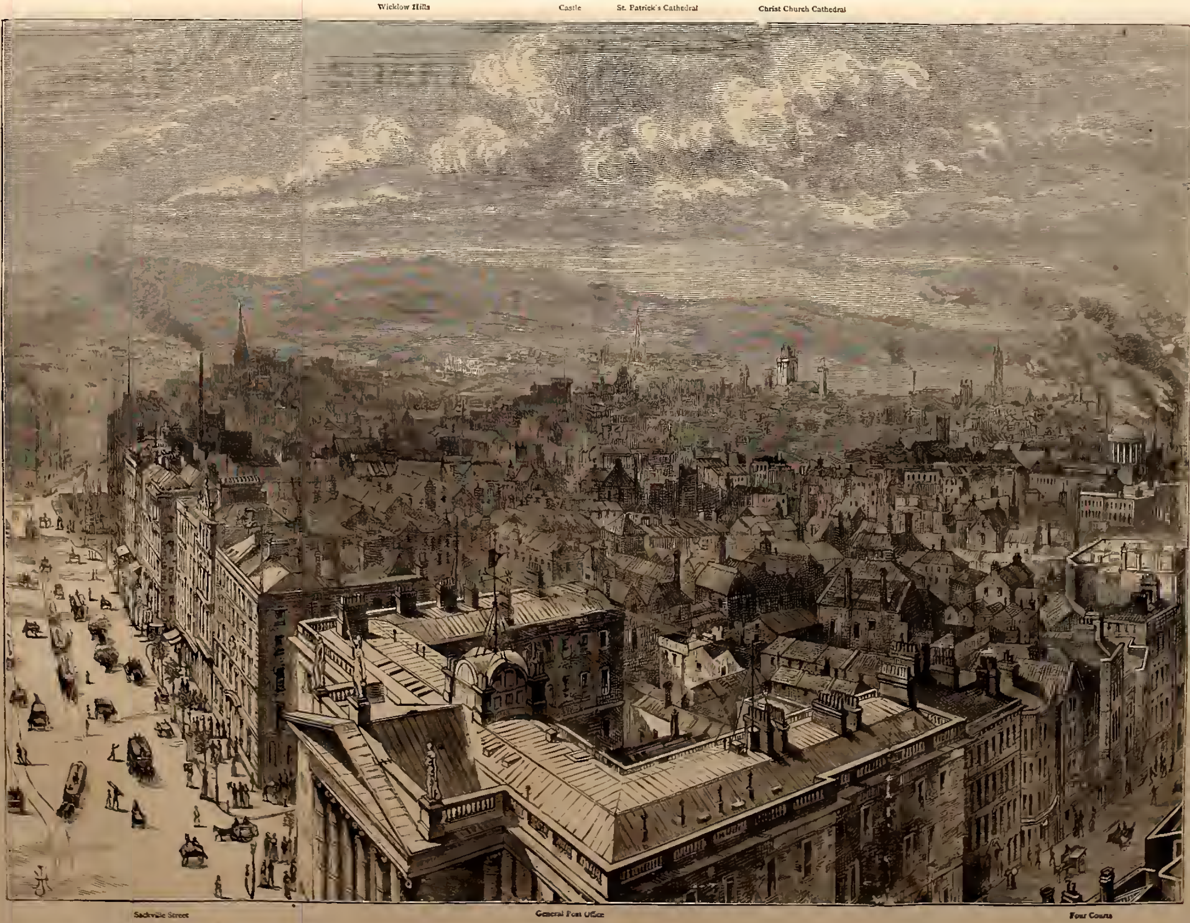


ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL



THE CHAPEL ROYAL

DUBLIN ILLUSTRATED



DUBLIN ILLUSTRATED—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF NELSON COLUMN

(Continued from page 160)

That part of the matter had troubled me not a whit. But it clearly troubled him. He had vague ideas in his mind of plots and cabals, and calumnies artfully propagated, which inspired evident uneasiness. And yet Signor Sandro was no coward, morally or physically. But he had that singular characteristic which seems to be in the blood of so many Italians—a kind of suspicious credulity, which makes them prone to expect a stab in the dark. And, despite all the proverbial saws about judging others by ourselves, my own observation has convinced me that many an honest man in Italy is ready to impute the vilest dishonesty to his neighbours.

"But what," said he, pondering, with his chin in his hand and his elbow propped on the wall, "what does it all mean? Chiappaforte is at the bottom of it, depend on that. He is not so attentive for nothing. He still hopes to get Lucia's fifty thousand francs."

"It's an odd way of ingratiating himself with my sister, to be a party to this cruel insult. But I acquit Monsignore of having laid that mine. I am convinced from his manner that the Princess has acted on her own judgment, and that her violence was displeasing to Monsignore."

"Her means may not have suited him, but doubt not that the end she aims at is the same as his."

"Of course neither of them would have liked Don Vittorio to marry Lucy. That I understand."

"Marry her! Child, child, not one of the party ever dreamed of the possibility of such a thing. But why let matters go so far? Why let the selfish brute entangle the girl's feelings, and go near to break her heart! Some motive there must have been. Even Chiappaforte I suppose doesn't delight in evil for evil's sake. And as to the Princess—she used to have a good heart, and although she has turned bigot I cannot believe she's wicked."

"True," said I, bitterly, "she *has* wonderful black eyes and eyebrows, and, since you have not seen her for many years, the impression of her Juno-like bust and arm remains vivid in your memory."

"Caterina!"

"Master, it stings me too sharply to hear you talk about that woman's 'good heart.' What good thing did she ever do that you can tell me of?"

He looked up and then down uneasily. "Well, well," he said, almost meekly, "perhaps I judge her too leniently. I remember her when I was a lad, you know. I used to go to her father's house. She was wonderfully handsome, the true Roman type."

My heart a little smote me when I saw him bend his grey head in a deprecating manner; and still more it smote me when he suddenly turned, and, taking my hands, said kindly, "*Caterina mia*, you're a good girl, a brave girl! You must have suffered, my daughter. I understand, I understand. And to bear up all alone—to have such a burthen laid on your shoulders! Very young shoulders they are to carry such weights. You have such an old-fashioned steady air of wisdom, that one forgets sometimes you are but twenty-four years old."

The tears gushed from my eyes, and I saw the yellow road and the olive-trees and the distant plain dancing in a mist of prismatic colours. But I was unspeakably grateful for Signor Sandro's sympathy. "A word in season, how good it is."

As we walked back to the town my kind old master made me a confidence in return for mine, and a very unexpected one it was. He revealed to me that he had conceived the idea that Mr. Rutherford (whom he persisted in calling Rodolfo) might possibly fall in love with Lucy and marry her, and push my fortunes in the world of Art, and, in short, prove a most admirably opportune and effective *Deus ex machinâ* to get us out of all our troubles.

"For mercy's sake, Master, do not breathe a word of this kind to Lucy!" said I, quite taken aback.

"No, no, no fear; leave me alone to manage it! But is it not a fine chance? An excellent idea of mine? Eh? *Dio grande*, you're as silent as a stock or stone!" He burst out in one of his irritable, impatient tempers, and scolded me all the way home for my 'cold-bloodedness.' I humbly represented that we English—at any rate in my rank of life—were not accustomed to have marriages arranged for us by third persons in that business-like way, that under any circumstances the idea of such a proceeding would startle Lucy and disconcert her, but that in her present state, with the most sensitive fibres of her nature still quivering from a cruel blow, Signor Sandro's project could have but one result if it became known to her, namely, to make her hate and shun the sight of Mr. Rutherford. And, lastly, I said—this *very* humbly, knowing that it would make poor dear Signor Sandro terribly cross—that I did not, for my part, wholly approve of such schemes, and that one ought to know a man's character very much more intimately than my master could know Mr. Rutherford's before one ventured to recommend him as a husband! Signor Sandro was very cross, as I had foreseen; and in trying to put aside the discussion, I said, "Well, Master, we need not quarrel about it at any rate, for in all probability Mr. Rutherford will never have the remotest idea of marrying Lucy." And that made Signor Sandro crosser than before!

However, he recovered his temper as soon as he saw Lucy, and was so sweet, gentle, and tender in his manner to her that I loved him more than ever. Indeed, my only fear was lest he should be too gentle and sympathising, and so overset Lucy's self-command. He kept looking at her so pityingly when he thought she did not see him, and whispering to me, "Poor little lamb! poor little lamb!" Lucy was shy with him at first. She had always professed herself afraid of Signor Sandro. But, with more tact than I should have given him credit for, he quickly found the way to make her talk freely and eagerly: he spoke of my work, and praised it. It was an instinct of the heart which made Signor Sandro touch that spring.

We went into the bare, brick-floored room on the basement storey which was dignified by the name of my studio. And Lucy quite brightened up as she did the honours of my pictures, pulling out sketch after sketch, and descanting on their merits and their being "so *exactly* like the places" or "the people," and reserving to the last, as a grand climax, my study in oils of Monica, which she turned with its face to Signor Sandro with an air of triumph.

Poor *maestro*, he had been all sugar over my sketches, echoing Lucy's words of praise with a suavity worthy of Monsignor Chiappaforte himself, and forcibly restraining several criticisms which I absolutely saw hovering on his lips. I, who knew every turn of his face, understood very well what was meant by the twitching of his mouth, and the drawing together of his bushy grey eyebrows. But Lucy was quite content with his spoken acquiescence in her admiration of "Catherine's beautiful drawings."

I own that, when the canvas with Monica's head on it was turned from the wall, I felt very nervous and anxious. I had striven hard to do my best in it, and I attached great weight to Signor Sandro's verdict. I felt sure that, say what he might, I should not be deceived as to his real opinion of the picture; and so as Lucy presented it to him I stood by with a beating heart. There ensued several seconds of silence. Lucy's face fell. She had expected a burst of admiration. But I breathed a sigh of relief, for I knew that my master's attentive, silent, frowning scrutiny meant approbation. He was interested in the picture: too much interested in the picture to think of administering sugar-plums of praise to please Lucy. As we three stood mutely there, Signor Sandro looking at my picture, and Lucy and I looking at him, S'ora Nanna's hoarse harsh voice suddenly broke the silence by announcing "*Ecco un Signore*," and, turning round, we saw a stranger standing behind us in the open doorway, whom Signor Sandro saluted as "Rodolfo."

CHAPTER XIV.

The stranger was presented to us—I cannot say in due form, for Signor Sandro, not to mention the fact that he was utterly unable to pronounce the Englishman's name, paid very little regard to "due forms" of the merely conventional kind, at any time. But we were made to understand who he was.

It cannot be denied that the revelation of my master's project with regard to this unconscious Briton made me look at him with a very different degree and kind of interest from what I should have felt had the revelation not been made. I had resolutely declined to join in Signor Sandro's airy castle-building, but nevertheless, when the subject of our morning's conversation appeared before me in the flesh, I confess that I could not feel quite cool and indifferent. I observed the man with all my eyes and with all my mind.

The first remark which occurred to me was, "How intensely English!" And when he shook my offered hand and said, "How do you do?" I felt an odd sensation which inclined me to laugh, and yet brought the tears into my eyes. And then I remembered that I had not grasped an Englishman's hand, nor received an Englishman's greeting, since I parted from my brother at Southampton two years ago. I had seen and heard numbers of my countrymen, in the streets and the galleries, and the churches and the museums of Rome; but I knew none of them. They neither spoke to me, nor looked at me, nor cared for me; and now this hearty pressure of the hand, this frank, cordial voice, and homelike accent, made an impression on me entirely disproportionate to their everyday character;—only that such things had not been everyday matters to Lucy and me for a long, long time. The second mental remark that I made about Mr. Rutherford was that he had by no means the air of a Mæcenas. He looked simple, almost rustic, and had his fair share of British ungracefulness of movement and gesture. He was younger than I had expected, looking not more than five-and-thirty at the most, with a fresh hale tint on his face—the peculiar red hue of a fair skin tanned by exposure to the weather—as if he had lived on an English down or a Scotch moor all his life, instead of having been baked in all sorts of scorching climates, as Signor Sandro told me had really been the case. He had a shock of sandy hair, and sandy whiskers. His upper lip and chin were clean shaven, and enabled me to see the characteristic mouth. It was in his case a *very* characteristic mouth. When closed it looked tight and stern, with a resolute tension of the muscles at the corners, and the upper lip, although it curved markedly when seen in profile, was decidedly too long to be handsome. But the moment the lips parted that mouth became sweet and tender, and the smile was made singularly brilliant and attractive by a double range of square, white, and even teeth. In these fine teeth, and in the winning frankness of expression when he spoke, lay all Mr. Rutherford's claims to good looks. The rest of his features were ordinary, and even coarse; and his light blue eyes neither large nor finely shaped.

So much for what he said to the eye. To the ear he addressed a rather loud and well-toned voice, with a decided and strong provincial accent—a North-country accent I felt sure, although I could not pronounce of what particular county. In a word, a greater contrast could not be imagined than he presented to Don Vittorio Corleoni's refined type of masculine beauty, graceful ease of movement, and town-bred *nonchalant* elegance. Don Vittorio looked, not only as if he must appreciate artistic things, but as if he were kith and kin with half the gracious heads of young men which live on the canvas of a Raphael, or a Titian, or a Giorgione. Mr. Rutherford clearly belonged to another order of beings. I wondered within myself whether the contrast was not as great between the two men in inward and spiritual grace, as in outward and visible signs!

I had plenty of leisure to make these observations, for after the first salutations, Mr. Rutherford began discussing my picture, in Italian (fairly correct, but barbarously pronounced!) with Signor Sandro, and in English with Lucy; and I stood a little in the background looking and listening with an amount of involuntary interest, which was entirely due to my old master's castle in the air, and which I was half ashamed of myself for feeling. A little to my surprise, Lucy seemed to take to our new acquaintance at once. She chatted with him quite at her ease, and pointed out to him all the merits of my study of Monica, with her adorable air of simple gravity, like an earnest child. I say that this surprised me because—always shy with strangers—she had recently shrunk morbidly from every one except myself and Monsignor Chiappaforte.

Presently I proposed that we should go into the sitting-room, and Mr. Rutherford, taking this perhaps as a hint that we should be glad to be rid of his company, shortly afterwards went away. But before he did so we had agreed to make an excursion to the Villa of Quinctilius Varus that afternoon. The men and I were to walk and Lucy was to have a donkey, and we were to lounge or ramble as seemed good to us. Signor Sandro lingered behind for a few minutes to ask us what we thought of "Rodolfo." "*I* like him very much, Signor Sandro," said Lucy. "And I think he has very good taste in pictures."

"Seeing that he has bought one of the Master's, and has praised mine, *we*, at all events, are bound to agree in that opinion!" said I. But Signor Sandro was almost cross with me for saying it, and would allow of no irony on the subject, but insisted that Lucy was quite right, and that she showed much more common sense than I did, and declared that for his part he had never met with an amateur who possessed a better judgment in art than Rodolfo.

"Oh, but don't you know, Signor Sandro," said Lucy, "that Catherine always is sarcastic if people praise her pictures, and never will believe a word they say?" And then she and my master scolded me in concert. This novel alliance between Lucy, who had been wont to declare that Signor Sandro did not half appreciate my wonderful talents, and the old painter who usually criticised my work in the most unsparing manner, amused me not a little. "Well, well," said I, laughing, "I will make a point, in future, of giving implicit credence to all eulogiums, and treating corrections with the contempt they merit. And I have no doubt the result on my painting will be admirable! For the present you must allow me to go and attend to my work." And I went back to the studio.

I had not been there five minutes before Signor Sandro put his head in at the door to tell me that he and Lucy were going off together to the Villa d'Este, as it was such an exquisite morning, and meant to sit and bask in the sunshine, and look at the view, and do nothing, until lunch time. So they departed, and left me to my work. And I cannot deny that I felt more hopeful and light-hearted than had been the case since our arrival in Tivoli. Sympathy and kindness and praise (although I took the latter with several sobering deductions) were pleasant and exhilarating. But what exhilarated me most of all was to see Lucy shake off her listless apathy of look and manner, and talk and smile and flush up in something like her old eager way. I had Monica for an hour to put the last finishing touches to my study, and she with her quick observation—which always reminded me of that instinctive kind of recognition a dog has of human expression—remarked that I looked cheerful to-day; adding in an explanatory tone, "not so dull and downcast, you know!" I suppose that seeing me in what she considered an unusually pleasant humour moved her to be confidential. At all events, after some fidgeting and hesitation (purposely designed to attract my attention) she said abruptly, "I like you."

"And I like you, Monica, if you will but sit still."

This checked her for a moment; but then she said, looking up at me with unaffected, serious interrogation in her splendid eyes, "Don't you like me at all, when I move about?"

"Not nearly so much as when you're quiet," I answered. But I could not help smiling; and the smile neutralised the chill of my words. Monica jumped up and took my hand and kissed it. "I do like you!" said she. Then, lowering her voice, "I like you better than the Signorina Lucia. Yet she's the prettiest. And she never scolds me. You scold me. And yet——," here she broke off, as though perplexed to discover the cause of this phenomenon of her liking me the best. Fortunately the sitting had come to an end, and I was beginning to clean and put away my palette and brushes; so I let Monica talk on and bob her head about and gesticulate as much as she pleased. She came close up to me, and looking scrutinisingly into my face, said in a whisper, "I can tell you a secret. No one knows it. Not even grandmother. She'd be frightened. If I told you, would you tell again?"

"That depends on circumstances," I replied.

"Would you swear not to tell?"

"Certainly not, Monica."

A pause.

"Would you tell if you had promised not to?"

"*If* I had promised, I should keep my word; but I don't mean to promise until I know something more as to what your mighty secret is."

My firmness and air of indifference irritated, and yet in some odd way seemed to attract her. She paced once or twice up and down the room, and then suddenly stopping in front of me again said, "I should like to tell you, because I felt better after I told you about that demon, that prince with the gold chain, and the gold hair on his face. You said I should, and I did. It lifted the weight from my heart. And now I have a weight—here—like a stone."

"Is your secret about—that prince, Monica?" I asked, as coolly as I could; but I felt my pulse suddenly quickened.

"No. Not about him. About—you wouldn't tell, to bring any one to harm, would you?"

There was a tremulous eagerness in her tone and she looked at me imploringly.

"Whom should I tell? And how could any secret of yours bring any one to harm?"

"Ah—h—h?" (with a long-drawn sighing exclamation). "It could though!"

"Well, Monica, you must either trust me outright, or hold your tongue. I will help you if I can, but I bind myself by no promises beforehand." And here I put my last brush in its place, and turned as if to leave the studio. Monica caught at my dress and detained me. "Stay," she cried, "I will trust you. I make bad blood when I keep things to myself. And I have no one else. I dare not tell grandmother."

I returned, and seated myself. "I listen, Monica," I said. She bolted the door inside, and then said in low quick tones, "I have seen my brother Pasquale. He has been about in the hills by Olevano. Two days ago he came to Monticelli, and so he heard I was here. And he came in the evening and waited about and he saw me, and I did not know him at first, but then afterwards, when he spoke a bit, I knew him. He said, 'Don't tell grandmother, because she's old, and she'd be frightened and upset, and let out the secret, or else she'd want me to go and see her, or else she'd try to come and see me. So just hold your tongue.' And I have, haven't I? Only to you, you know. Pasquale said, 'Don't tell any of our people, because I don't know who I can trust.' But then you're a foreigner. You're different. You *are* different,—ain't you?"

She was evidently a little uneasy at having disobeyed her brother's injunction; but on the whole her trust in me predominated over her uneasiness. For my own part I was by no means pleased to be made the recipient of such a confidence, nor yet at the confidence itself. I heartily wished Signor Pasquale out of the neighbourhood. From all that Monica had told me—and still more from all that she had refused to tell me—when we first talked of her brother, I was convinced that the latter had for years been leading a lawless, if not a criminal, life; and I felt that he was a very undesirable neighbour in any peaceful community. I asked her what had brought him into those parts, and how long he intended to remain there. To the first question she answered that she did not know; that she thought he had friends in the neighbourhood of Olevano; that he might be looking for work, for aught she could tell. To the second she replied that Pasquale was going away from Monticelli (a tiny townlet on the summit of an isolated hill not far from Tivoli) almost immediately;—perhaps to-morrow, perhaps even to-night. This was a welcome assurance to me, and I willingly gave Monica the promise she craved for, that I would reveal to no one the fact of her brother's visit to Tivoli. Thereupon she became quite cheerful, and even boisterously gay; began to dance a *salterello* to the accompaniment of her own finger and thumb loudly snapped in rhythm, asked when we were to make our promised excursion to Monte Gennaro, remarked that she had seen "that Englishman" in the town with Professor Santi, announced in a trenchant style that he was ugly and she didn't like him, and then burst into a peal of wild laughter.

I had to check this ebullition of high spirits, and bid Monica take her departure. She did so with undiminished good-humour, kissing my hand violently, and saying, "Ah, how right I was to tell you! The weight is gone from my heart! It makes bad blood for me to keep a secret. But now I shall always tell you everything—everything!" And with this dismaying announcement she ran off down the street, singing at the full pitch of her strong strident voice.

(To be continued)

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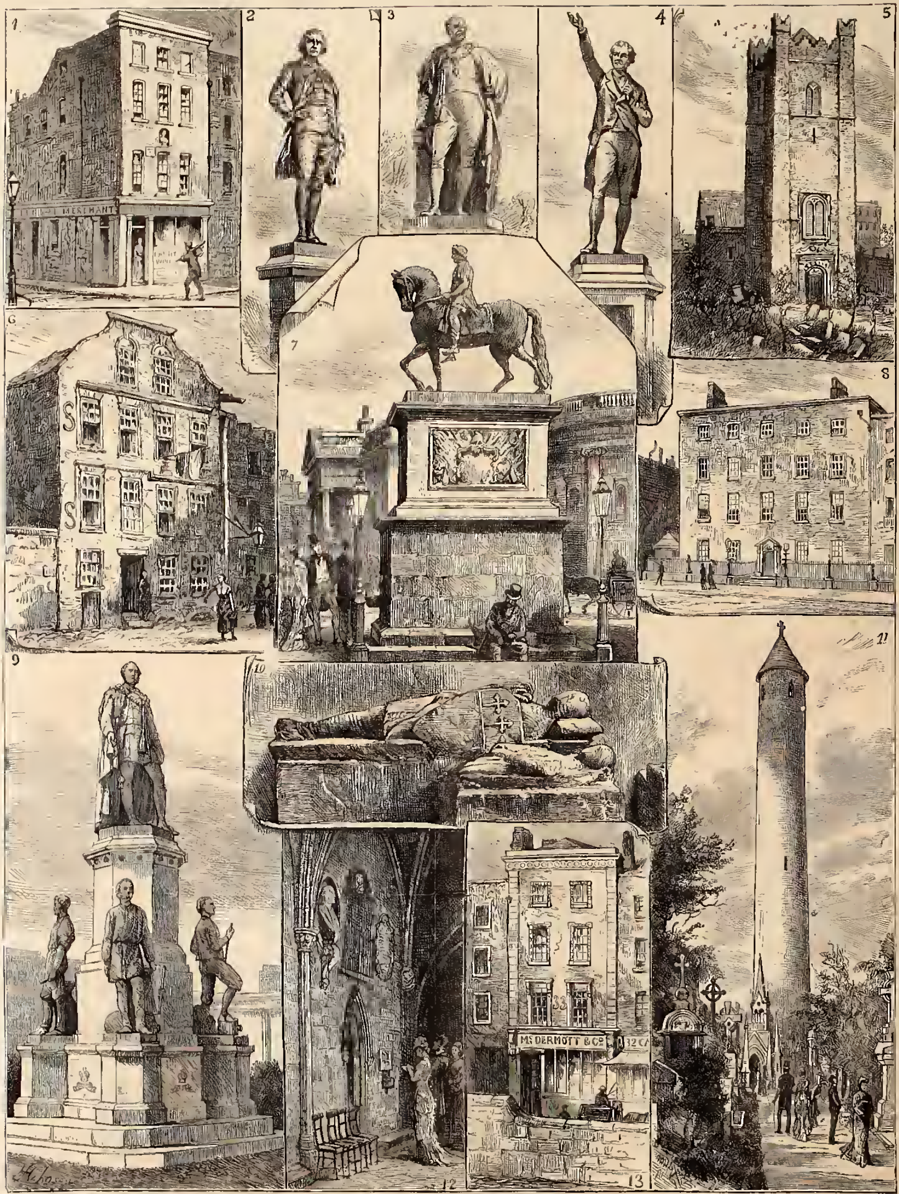

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DUBLIN ILLUSTRATED—STATUES AND ANTIQUITIES

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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Printed on Thin Paper for Foreign Post

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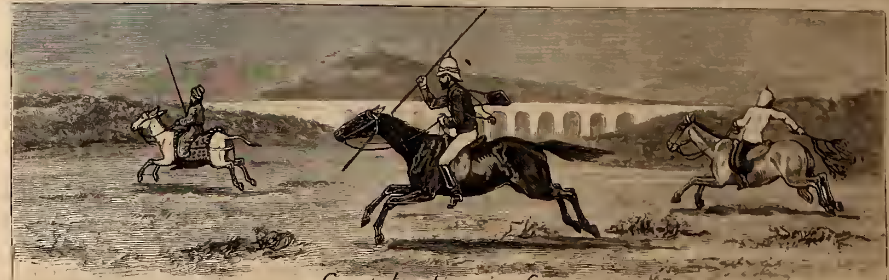

Camp hunting in Cyprus

Landing horses at Larnaca

Building the pier at Larnaca

THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS—SKETCHES AT LARNACA

Topics of the Week

THE AUSTRIANS IN BOSNIA.——The Porte has been much blamed for its dilatoriness in coming to an agreement with Austria, but its course has been exactly what ought to have been anticipated. Austria was commissioned by the Congress to occupy Bosnia for a time, and the Sultan is fully within his right in insisting that he shall be told how long it is proposed that the occupation shall last. After all, however, the difficulty does not rest with him; the Begs of Bosnia form the real obstacle to the advance of the Austrians. Whether the Porte is willing to see its subjects severed from it or not, they are by no means willing to go. Their obstinacy is said to be explained by their fondness for ancient abuses, but this certainly does not exhaust the question. The Mahomedans of Bulgaria have had small reason to congratulate themselves on the triumph of the Christians. Savage Bulgarians, encouraged by equally savage Russians, have been inflicting on the unhappy Turks of that province the most horrible cruelties; the evident design of Russia being to exterminate, if she can, the Turkish population. We do not believe that Austria would adopt any such barbarous policy. She is a civilised State, and will not disgrace herself by cold-blooded brutality. But the Bosnians may be excused for having no such confidence. The supreme fact for them is that the Austrians are Christians, and Russia has made the very name of Christianity hideous and loathsome to them. Of course there can be no question as to the way in which the struggle will end. Austria must win, let her victories cost what they may; and she will not now even pretend that the occupation is to be temporary. She will claim Bosnia as her own by right of conquest, and the Begs will have to get on as they best can under her rule. For our part, we have little doubt that her settlement in this new province will ultimately be for the advantage both of Bosnia itself and of Europe, since Russia will clearly understand that she cannot make another move towards Constantinople without reckoning with Austria. But the scheme has been badly executed. Austria should have come to an understanding with the Porte while the Congress was sitting; and the army of occupation ought to have been so powerful that resistance to it would have been obviously hopeless.

INCORRIGIBLES.——What is to be done with Ann Smith and Margaret Malcolm? The former, aged sixty-five, has just been convicted at the Liverpool Borough Sessions of stealing, and it appears that since the year 1839, when she was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for a similar offence, she has spent almost the whole of the last forty years in undergoing various sentences. As the Recorder said, "She would probably be always before the Court, for as soon as she got out of gaol she began committing an offence of precisely the same description as before." The latter lady, a married woman, aged forty-five, was brought before the magistrate at the Westminster Police, a few days ago, on the charge of being drunk and disorderly, and it was stated that she had been in custody something like fifty times for this offence; her husband, a hard-working man, having paid little less than 200*l.* for her in fines during a course of years. She had joined a teetotal society some little time ago, but soon relapsed into her old ways. It is no libel to say that these two ladies belong to the "incorrigible" class, on whom fines and imprisonment have no more effect than pouring water on a duck's back. Surely society ought to be able to do something to protect itself permanently against such persons, and to protect them from themselves. With all respect to what is called "the liberty of the subject," we are strongly of opinion that the only way to deal with them is to withdraw them from society altogether. This, of course can only be done by fresh legislation, and we can see no good reason why this should not be effected. For this class of persons institutions, which should be something of a cross between prisons and workhouses, might be established, and a certain number of convictions be the qualification for internment therein. We do not say that internment for life should be the sentence, but "during Her Majesty's pleasure," in the reasonable acceptation of the phrase. Certain privileges might be accorded to prisoners after a certain period of probation and unmistakeable evidence of reformation. The inmates of such institutions would, in most cases, be eventually happier in themselves, and their cost to society would probably not be greater than it now is through the expense of repeated prosecutions.

MIDDLE CLASS SCHOOLMASTERS.——A good many people have been giving their opinions this week as to the propriety of submitting middle-class schools to inspection. The majority of schoolmasters seem to object to the suggestion; and they are probably right. As inspection is not deemed necessary in the case of the other professions, it would tend to lower the position of the higher class of teachers, and to prevent men of independent character from adopting the calling. At the same time, middle-class schoolmasters ought to remember that lawyers and doctors are placed under restrictions from which they are at present free. Society insists, and very properly insists, that before a man becomes either a doctor or a lawyer he shall give evidence of fitness for the duties. Anybody, on the other hand, may become a schoolmaster. It is true that of late years the general character of the middle-class schools has been greatly improved; perhaps some of those recently founded will compare favourably with similar institutions in any part of the world. But there are still many schoolmasters who have started schools, not because they have much love for this kind of work, or special aptitude for it, but because they are unable to make their way in any other mode of life. The results are, of course, disastrous. Boys entrusted to such men are not really educated; they receive a smattering of knowledge without intellectual discipline, and no attempt is made to raise their moral standard above a certain dull respect for the proprieties. This state of things ought to he no longer tolerated. A teacher's work is in every respect as important as that of a lawyer or a doctor; and it should be a grave offence to undertake it without adequate preparation. If charlatans were excluded from the profession by a series of rigid examinations carried on by competent authorities—examinations adapted to a properly graduated system of instruction—there would, we believe, he no necessity for subsequent inspection. The tone of the whole class would be raised; and the active competition which goes on between rival schools would keep most of them up to a fair level. We do not think there would be much difficulty in arranging for some such test as that for which we argue. The materials for a thoroughly satisfactory system already exist; they only need to be efficiently organised.

GLEANING.——This is a seasonable topic, but of late years unfortunately the system of modern agriculture has come into conflict with the old custom of gleaning which has prevailed more or less among all nations since patriarchal times. The Mosaic law, which among its injunctions and precepts contained many provisions in favour of the poor, enjoined the farmer not "to gather the gleanings of his harvest," but to leave them for his needy neighbours, and from time immemorial this has been the custom throughout the country. The introduction, however, of reaping machines has raised a question as to the rights of the poor, or, at least, as to the propriety of the farmer dragging his wheatfields with a horserake before the gleaners are admitted. The poor and their champions maintain that such dragging is an invasion of their time-honoured, and, as some hold, their legal, privileges; but there are really no substantial grounds for the complaints made. Many of the reaping machines, though they do their work expeditiously, scatter twice and thrice the number of ears the hand-reapers do after the olden and almost exploded fashion, and consequently the farmer must needs have recourse to the rake. Whether this be a hand-rake or a horse-rake, against which latter the gleaners and their advocates raise such an outcry, matters not; the farmer must get in what he can, or rather what pays him, of his crop. As to the legal or common law right of gleaners, simply they have none, as was decided years ago before Lord Loughborough and other learned judges after a long argument. It is simply on sufferance that they enter the farmer's fields. This is how matters really stand. We are not wanting in sympathy for the poor, and should regret if the old custom of gleaning were to disappear. It is part of the poetry of the harvest, which we cannot afford to dispense with in this prosaic age. The poor families in a parish often manage to realise some pounds' worth of corn during the gleaning season, though against this must be set a considerable wear and tear of clothes, to say nothing of occasionally getting wet through to the skin. On the other hand, as those conversant with life in country parishes are aware, the gleaning season has a tendency to encourage lawless habits. Women in herds become unusually bold, and raids into fields before the corn is carted are of common occurrence. Hence farmers in many districts have threatened to exclude the gleaners from their fields altogether.

SOLDIERS AND SOCIETY.——An interesting controversy has been going on as to the manner in which soldiers are treated by English society. They assert that their uniform subjects them to insults from which they would be exempt if they wore plain clothes, and we fear there is a good deal of truth in the complaint. Privates and non-commissioned officers are not allowed to sit in the stalls of a theatre, and we believe they are forbidden to walk within the sacred precincts of a certain Metropolitan Bazaar. The Chaplain to the Household Brigade at Windsor declares that even in church the soldier is sometimes made to feel his inferiority. A non-commissioned officer in the Blues—a "most respectable, well-connected man"—was on one occasion, "with some hesitation," shown into a pew already occupied by a butcher and his wife. The soldier was accompanied by his wife and child. This invasion was too much for the feelings of the worthy butcher, who, with his better half, instantly got up and rushed out. Perhaps the prejudice is to some extent due to the fact that the army was at one time drawn from the lowest strata of society; we suspect, however, that it is also caused by the snobbishness of the British public. It is well known that, as a class, soldiers are now as well-behaved and worthy of respect as any other section of the community, but it pleases Englishmen to regard them as holding lower "rank" than shopkeepers. A more egregious blunder could not be committed. It is impossible for this country to have recourse to the conscription; so that our only chance of having a good army is to make the service as attractive as possible. Yet we do our utmost to convey the impression that only a scapegrace or a downright rascal would degrade himself by donning the national livery. The French, the Germans, and the Russians adopt a very different policy; and if our pride would allow us, we might take a useful lesson from them without having the least desire to imitate their general military system. It has been suggested that if officers wore uniform in private life the uniform of the men would soon be more respected. We are inclined to agree with this view, and the Commander-in-Chief might do worse than take the proposal into consideration.

SWIMMING BATHS——The Hon. Secretary of the London Swimming Club, which has done so much of late years to promote the practice of swimming by giving gratuitous lessons in the art, has called public attention to the lamentable lack of open-air baths and swimming facilities in the metropolis. The baths, in most cases connected with washhouses, established by parochial authorities under the provisions of the Act of Parliament, are generally but poor affairs, and in summer, when a dip in the water is most attractive, are so laden with hot and, in some instances, impure atmosphere, that even those most anxious to learn to swim shrink from using them. We quite agree with Mr. J. G. Elliott that what are wanted are open-air baths; and these might easily be provided in the waters of our public parks, such as Regent's Park, Hyde Park, St. James's Park, and Victoria Park, to say nothing of floating baths on the Thames, after the fashion of those on the Seine at Paris, the Neckar at Heidelberg, and other Continental rivers. They would not disfigure the water on which they were placed, if a little taste were exhibited in their construction; and, after their original cost, a penny per head from the bathers would probably cover the working expenses. Years ago we were promised floating baths on the Thames, but practically nothing has been done to supply them. Open-air gymnasiums have very properly been provided in most of the parks, but for the convenience of bathers little has been done, as the limited accommodation on the Serpentine and in Victoria Park is so curtailed by restriction as to hours as to become almost useless. On the Trent at Nottingham there is a bathing shed which is sometimes used by two thousand persons at a time; and in London such arrangements could he increased twentyfold. In the recent debate on the Education vote Mr. Hubbard suggested that each school receiving State aid should have a swimming bath attached to it. This would undoubtedly be a move in the right direction.

THE AMERICAN NATIONALISTS.——Now that General Butler has deserted the Republicans and gone over to the Nationalists, the latter party is likely to attract rather more attention than has hitherto been given to it. The General, if not a man of much intellectual ability, has plenty of energy, and he is as unscrupulous as any of the famous demagogues of history. A party with which he associates himself, therefore, is sure at least to make some noise and to excite a little temporary alarm. The leading principles of the Nationalists are that public debts ought to be repudiated, and that a Government acts shamefully that does not issue an unlimited quantity of greenbacks. These dogmas do not, however, exhaust the creed of the party, many of whose members think that workmen have a clear right to be virtually maintained by the State, and that production ought to be artificially regulated for their benefit. The movement is essentially the same as that which is now giving the German Government so much trouble; but we shall be greatly surprised if it becomes as dangerous in the United States as it is in Germany. The circumstances of the two countries are altogether different. German workmen are so accustomed to see the State interfere with private life that they may be excused for thinking that, if it chose, it might make everybody well-off; but in America the State has so little to do, and does that little so badly, that no important class can ever wish vastly to extend its functions. Then, while the German Socialists will be forced henceforth to carry on their propaganda in secret, all parties in America are encouraged to give full expression to their grievances. Thus American revolutionists are constantly exposed to argument and banter; and in a free country both methods of attack are certain sooner or later to exercise a powerful influence. What is still more important, the tremendous military system of Germany weighs heavily upon industrial energy, so that there is but little hope of a return of prosperity during the present generation. The Americans have unlimited land at their disposal, and there can be no doubt that in a short time trade will once more be in a flourishing condition. In these circumstances Socialism must be regarded as a natural growth in Germany, but as an artificial product on the other side of the Atlantic. It will continue to worry Prince Bismarck and his successors; Mr. Hayes and those who come after him will probably never be seriously disturbed by its manifestations.

THE POOR CLERGY.——The recent annual meeting of the supporters of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation reminds us of the lamentable state of things which still exists in the Church of England in consequence of the large number of small benefices, which, though called "livings," are only so by a figure of speech and on the well-known *lucus e non lucendo* principle. Those below the value of 250*l.* per annum are still reckoned by thousands, notwithstanding the various agencies at work for their augmentation. The people of England almost unanimously hold that a married clergy is preferable to a celibate; and it is evident that the clergy themselves endorse this view. The result, however, is the existence of hundreds of families of highly educated and sensitive gentlemen scattered throughout the land attempting to live on an income which hardly suffices for first-class mechanics, and the frequent involvement in the cares and heart-breakings connected with straightened means. It is little less than a national disgrace that hundreds of the clergy of the National Church should annually be compelled to seek aid of such a Society as that mentioned, and even accept parcels of old clothing which friends kindly send to the offices of the Corporation in Southampton Street, Strand, for distribution. What the number of the clergy is that thus seeks relief from the Society every year may be gathered from the fact that in the last twelve months the sum of 6,565*l.* was distributed in grants varying from 5*l.* to 25*l.* each, the average being, we believe, from 7*l.* to 10*l.* This is a sad revelation, and should lead the lay members of the Church to take more urgent steps than they have yet taken to rectify the crying evil. When we consider the wealth of the country there ought to be no great difficulty in raising the value of every living to at least 300*l.* per annum. In the meanwhile charitable persons cannot do better than contribute to the funds of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, which we are glad to notice has received an extra amount of support during the past year. Canon Farrar endorsed the claims of it at the meeting in question, when he said "He knew no instance of any Society which was supported at such small working expense, or with so small a means of appealing to the public." It is on these grounds among others that we willingly advocate it.

NOTICE.——*With this Number is published an* EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, *entitled*, "THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD—FIRING THE ROYAL SALUTE ON BOARD H.M.S 'HERCULES.'"——*The Half Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 196 and 405.*

AMUSEMENTS

LYCEUM THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, at 8, MARY WARNER. Messrs. Fernandez, Billington, E. Lyons, S. Johnson, Archer, Pinero, &c.; Misses Virginia Francis, Sedley, St. John, and Miss Bateman.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—Every Evening (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, FAIRLEIGH'S BIRTHRIGHT. Messrs. Newbound, J. B. Howe, Drayton, Lewis, Reeve, Towers, Pitt, Hyde; Mdlles. Bellair, Rayner, Mrs. Newham, and Miss M. Henderson. MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. Cyrus Bell, Miss Millie Howse, Brothers Dare. To conclude with THE WOLF OF HORNSEY WOOD. Messrs. Reynolds, Rhoyds, Bigwood; Mdlles. Adams, Brewer, Summers, &c. Wednesday, Mr J. B. Howe's Benefit.

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THE CANTERBURY.—The following Company is now appearing:—Benedetti (the Sword Swallower), Fred Coyne, George Leybourne, Henry Verrall, Jessie May, Fred Wilson, Dutch Daly, Rosa Lasseur, and Miss Hickin. "Snow Ball" Ballet, supported by Mdlles. Ada, Broughton, and Powell, and Comic Ballet, supported by Mdlles. Knight, Youngman and a numerous Corps de Ballet.

THE CANTERBURY.—EVERY EVENING a New Fairy Sketch, entitled THE NIGHT DANCERS, in which Miss Nelly Power and Mdlle. Bartoletti will appear, supported by a numerous Corps de Ballet.

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28th Aug. . . .	dep. 11.30 a.m. .	dep. 11.40 a.m. .	arr. 12.50 a.m.
29th Aug. . . .	dep. 6.45 p.m. .	dep. 7.0 a.m. .	arr. 7.5 p.m.
30th Aug. . . .	dep. 6.45 a.m. .	dep. 7.0 a.m. .	arr. 7.5 p.m.
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Our Illustrations

THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS

WE have here some more sketches from Larnaca and its neighbourhood. In the first a couple of cavalry men, accompanied by a native guide, are scouring the district in search of suitable camping ground for the little army of occupation. The place ultimately chosen was Chiflick, distant from Larnaca about five miles, and the gallant 42nd settled down at once, regardless of the mosquitoes, sand-flies, and other insect-pests which there abounded. The published statements respecting the healthiness of the spot, and indeed of the whole island, are of such a contradictory character that we can only hope that the brighter side of the picture may prove the most truthful. The construction of the "Duke's Pier," so called because the work was carried on under the immediate superintendence of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, was effected very rapidly, a number of the timbers being bolted together on the shore and afterwards floated into position and fixed to the piles upon which the superstructure rested. The disembarkation of the men and horses, an operation of some difficulty as the transports were fully half a mile from the shore, was also conducted by the Duke of Edinburgh, and was performed in such a thoroughly efficient manner as to evoke special commendations from the chief authorities.

KHELAT

WHAT is popularly known as Beloochistan includes a large tract of country about 400 miles long and 350 wide, which has Afghanistan for its northern, the Arabian Sea for its southern, Scinde for its eastern, and Persia for its western boundary. It is a region of undulating mountains, wide sandy plains, and narrow fertile valleys, through which run two great lines of communication known as the Bolan and Malla Passes. For sixty or seventy miles from the sea the general level rises very gradually, but afterwards more rapidly, until it attains an altitude of over 3,000 feet. In winter the cold is as intense in these highlands as is the heat of summer in the plains. Kelat is the capital. The whole commercial and political importance of Beloochistan is owing to the passes running through it between India and Central Asia. There are eleven altogether, but the Bolan is the chief of all. It is the shortest route from Candahar and Herat to India, and is the natural outlet to the ocean of the great and growing trade of Central Asia. It is perfectly practicable for artillery, and its western entrance is so narrow and precipitous that it could be readily defended against vast odds by a few determined men. The significance, therefore, of the closer relations which have been drawn between the Government of India and the Khan of Khelat will be readily understood. A British force will henceforth occupy Beloochistan; and the engraving which we give of the Fort of Khelat will convey to our readers more vividly than any written description an idea of the great strength of one of the positions it will have to hold. Except that Alexander passed through it, and that Nearchus sailed along its coasts, Beloochistan has no connection with the history of the development of the world's civilisation; nor even any annals of its own until the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But now that a railway to the foot of the Bolan is on the point of construction, and a line of telegraph has already been constructed to Quettah, Beloochistan is sure at last to be roused out of the deep sleep in which for centuries it has been plunged.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "NAUTILUS"

THIS little vessel which has just traversed the Atlantic in forty-five days is manned by two brothers, named Andrews, respectively a pianoforte maker and a joiner, who have never been to sea before, but have only undertaken coasting trips in fishing boats. Although not the smallest boat which has performed the voyage—that honour being claimed by the *City of Ragusa*—the *Nautilus* only measures some nineteen feet in length, is a little over six feet in breadth, is two feet three inches in depth, and draws six and a half inches of water. She is decked throughout, with the exception of a small aperture for entrance, and was ballasted with fresh-water casks, which were filled with sea-water as they became emptied. The *Nautilus* and her adventurous crew left City Point on June 7th, but next day were obliged to put back to Beverley, owing to the damage sustained through a heavy gale. On June 12th, however, the little vessel fairly started on her voyage which, although arduous, was altogether not unenjoyable, though, as the elder brother remarks in his log, "Keeping your eyes on the compass throughout a foggy night and watching for lights, blowing fog-horns, wet and cold, without relief, watching the seas as they follow you, thinking now and again you might strike a log which would make a hole through your half inch cedar, is a novelty not altogether to be desired." Heavy weather and fogs were encountered during a great portion of the voyage; but several vessels were spoken with—the captain of an English schooner insisting upon the two brothers dining with him. On July 28th a storm drove the *Nautilus* up the St. George's Channel, and in the evening Bishop's Rock was sighted. Next day the two brothers attempted to weather Lizard Point, but failed, owing to a strong north-easterly wind, so they put back into Mullion Cove, and, for the first time, landed on British soil. The *Nautilus* has now gone to Paris—the original intention of the brothers Andrews being a visit to the Paris Exhibition.

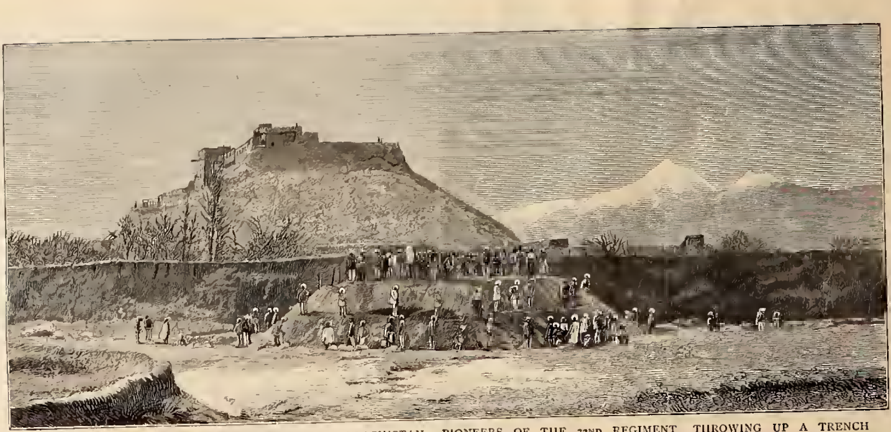
THE GEORGE MOORE MEMORIAL BUILDINGS

THESE buildings have been recently erected at Pinner in connection with the Commercial Travellers' School, with which they have been designed to harmonise, and in memory of the late Mr. George Moore, the well-known philanthropist, who was the treasurer, and who took great interest in the Institution. The view shows the new buildings and additions only, which comprise an infirmary of two floors, as distinct as if they were separate buildings; a large laundry, in which water is the motive power instead of steam; and a fine swimming bath. New dormitories occupy the whole of the centre of the main building; but the principal feature is the central gable of the infirmary, which contains a bust of the late Mr. Moore, surrounded with a floral border, beneath which is a panel and *bas relief* representing Mr. Moore distributing prizes to the children, the whole executed in Della Robbia ware, and set in a black marble moulded frame, with panels right and left containing the arms of Mr. Moore and of the Institution, and fauna and flora of the neighbourhood. The architect is Mr. Thomas Ed. Knightley, of Cannon Street, City. We must not forget to add that the appeal for funds made by Mr. Hughes (the present treasurer), Mr. Moore's partner, was answered by 17,000*l.*, a most unprecedented sum.

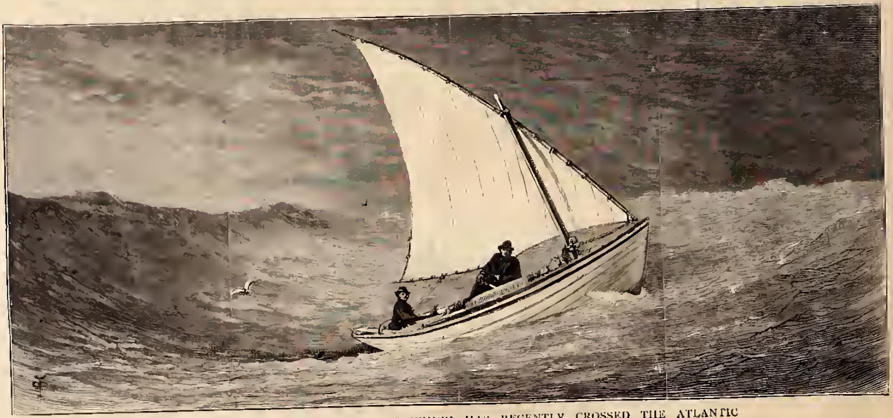
LOCUSTS IN SOUTHERN INDIA

"THE famine is virtually over," writes the artist, "most of the rice crops are reaped, but Southern India is visited by a plague of locusts. In the districts of Madura, Tinnevelly, Mysore, and on the Neilgherries enormous flights of locusts have appeared; but as yet they have confined their ravages to the pastures and young paddy. According to an Arabian legend a locust said to the Prophet Mahomet, "We are the army of the great God, we produce ninety-nine eggs; if the hundred were completed we should consume the whole earth;" and as they require less than one month to deposit and hatch their ninety-nine eggs, what an utter wilderness the most luxuriant lands would be reduced to, when they are said to occupy a country from three to seven years, and to live on the leaves and bark of the bitterest trees, after everything else green has been devoured. The only hope for the poor distressed land is, that before the three or seven years are completed the monsoon will destroy the whole army.

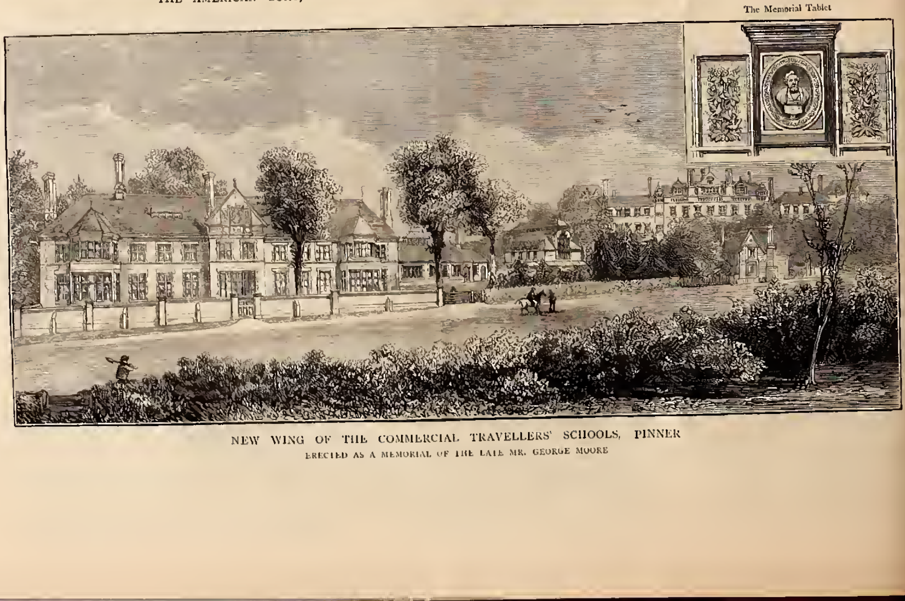
After having eaten all the green crops in the Madura district, flights of locusts appeared on the grass hills of the Western Ghauts. Towards the middle of March, on a still sultry day, cries were heard of "They are coming! They are coming!" from the herdsmen, and seeing the cattle rushing about in all directions, it was supposed that a tiger had caught a cow; but on going out of doors, a thick mist was seen creeping up over the grass hills; it fluttered down like a fall of snow in silver flakes into the valley. Millions and millions of locusts seemed to be trying to force their way northwards, but a slight breeze springing up, drove them southwards; for an hour and a quarter they flew over the valley in countless numbers, clouding the light of the sun, and filling the air with the rushing sound of falling water. This swarm must have been two miles in length,



FRONTIER DEFENCES OF INDIA—KHELAT, BELOOCHISTAN: PIONEERS OF THE 32ND REGIMENT THROWING UP A TRENCH

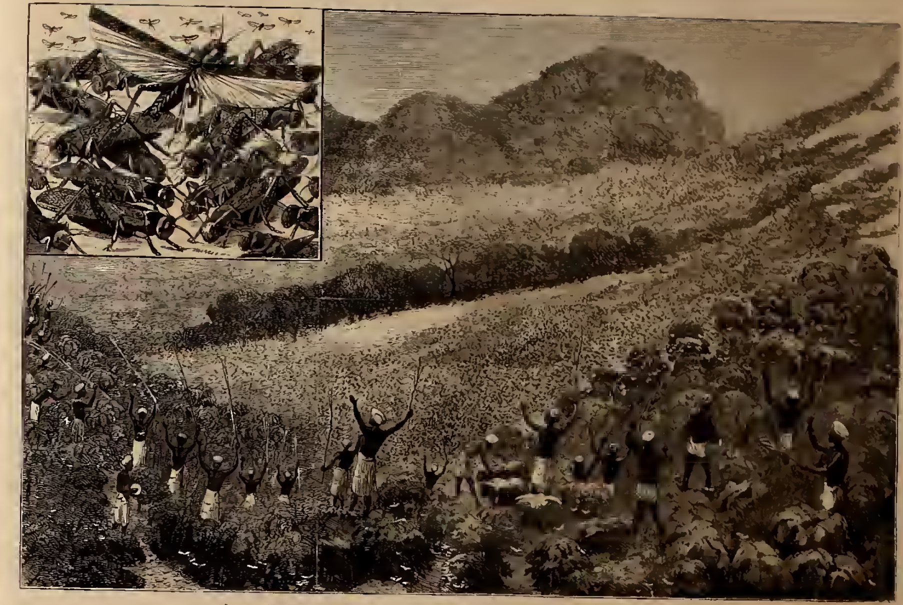


THE AMERICAN BOAT, "NAUTILUS," WHICH HAS RECENTLY CROSSED THE ATLANTIC



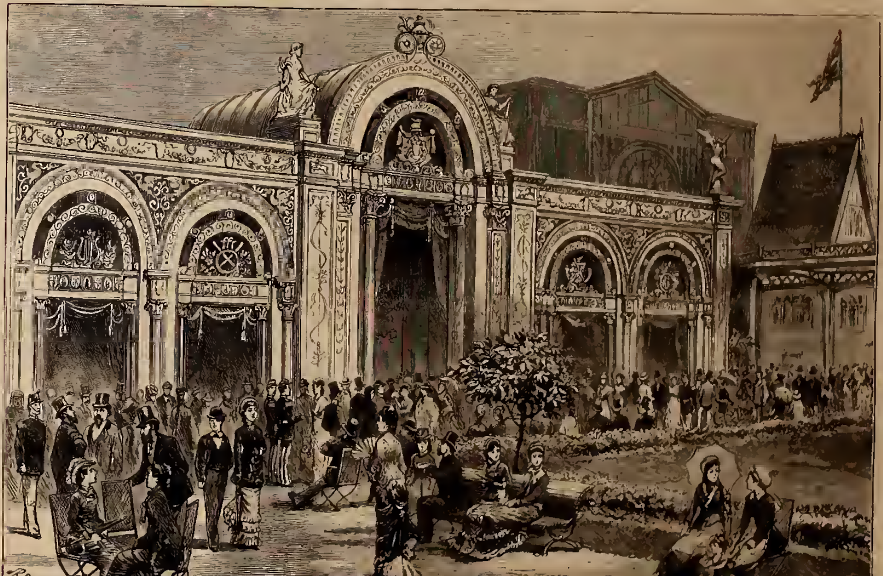
NEW WING OF THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' SCHOOLS, PINNER

ERECTED AS A MEMORIAL OF THE LATE MR. GEORGE MOORE



1. Locusts Searching for Green Blades of Grass.—2. Coolies Driving Locusts from a Coffee Plantation.

THE PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS IN SOUTHERN INDIA



THE PARIS EXHIBITION—ITALIAN FAÇADE IN THE "STREET OF ALL NATIONS" the locusts flying so close together that there did not seem to be space enough for them to use their wings; along their course the whole ground was turned to a dull brown colour by the numbers which fell out of the ranks to rest on the way. While they rested they were far from idle, but fell to hunting in the parched grass for any green blades that had managed to keep alive during the hot weather. In my first sketch the locusts are struggling with each other for any green morsels that could be found in the centre of the tufts. In Sketch No. 2 coolies are driving the locusts out of a coffee plantation with tom-toms or native drums and sticks; the coffee being in bud, it was feared that should the flight settle there would be little chance of any of the flower spikes escaping. The noise of seven tom-toms and of about fifty coolies shouting and howling, while they beat the bushes with sticks, drove off the stragglers which rose in clouds before the line of men, and joined the great swarm, as the wind drifted it southwards over the hills. Firing a gun, loaded with fine sand, into the line of flight of the locusts, killed hundreds and often made them change their course."

THE PARIS EXHIBITION—THE ITALIAN FAÇADE

THE sample of Italian architecture in the International Street of the Paris Exhibition can hardly be termed so successful as many of the other *façades*—as, for instance, the Austrian and Belgian constructions. Still, as a whole, the effect is not wholly unpleasing, the *façade* being composed of one large arch flanked by two smaller ones on either side, supported by green and white marble columns, and embellished with various mosaics and terra-cotta decorations.

TROUT-FISHING—THE FIRST CAST OF THE SEASON

AT this holiday season, when half the London world is taking its holiday on the moors, by the sea-side, or on the banks of well-stocked trout or salmon streams, our engraving of "The First Cast of the Season" will recall to many of our piscatorial readers the discomforts, and yet the intense delights, of that brief spring holiday which enthusiastic disciples of the rod rarely fail to afford themselves, when the close season comes to an end, and they are once more free to visit their old river-side haunts and tempt the wary "monarch of the stream" with a March Brown. Indeed, to many a man his spring holiday is infinitely more enjoyable than his autumn leisure, and so evidently thinks our artist, who writes:—"What sunny memories we corner in the month of April! The cold east winds have ceased to blow for awhile, the primroses and anemones are all in bloom, there is a balminess and freshness in the air, and the sap of life mounts quickly in our veins. Books, easels, pictures, the companions of the winter's cold—no more of them. Let us take down the fishing-rod from its dusty shelf, the reel and fly-hook from the drawer. We will don our wading-stockings, all stiff and creaky from disuse, sling on a pannier, and hie us to the stream. As we wend our way, the cuckoo, though mute yet, plays across our path, and surely yonder is a swallow flitting round the ash-tree at the gate; beyond that sandy bank covered with stiff blossoms of the meadow-dock is the stream, and now we stand upon its brink and watch the waves of liquid amber pouring over the stones—the weeds, the misery of later months, telling in their germ-like stains of green upon the gold. Now then, like good fishermen true, no hurry or impatience, but a pipe, 'dulce est decipere in loco,' a pipe of contemplation and hopeful anticipation, of observation keen and workmanlike as well. The blue dun is up, but he sails quite unmolested on his way; and yet we heard a tinkling splash under the willow like the rise of a heavy trout. What is the reason? Ah! we have it now. There goes a March Brown, sitting jauntily upon the water, his wings cocked up like the sails of a tiny felucca. We said there; but where? He is clean gone and out of sight, sucked under, no doubt, and swallowed. Now for it, we have had pipe enough, and he who means to work must work without a pipe. We have had what is called in racing slang the straightest of straight tips for our 'first cast of the season.'"

"AMONG ALIENS"

A NOVELETTE, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, is continued on page 196.

THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD

THE review of the Particular Service Squadron, which was held last week in the presence of the Queen, though marred as a public spectacle by the prevalence of rain and haze, was none the less an event of significant importance, and naturally attracted many sightseers. All along Southsea Beach and Haslar Wall there was a thin fringe of spectators, while the water around the Fleet was thickly dotted with yachts and other vessels of all sorts and sizes. The number of vessels to be reviewed was not large; there were twenty-six in all, and they were drawn up into two lines, called respectively the Port and Starboard Divisions, the former consisting entirely of vessels of the turret and monitor class, whilst the latter was composed exclusively of broadsides. The Squadron, which was under the command of Admiral Sir Cooper Key, was manned by gallant fellows almost exclusively drawn from the Coastguard, and the entire fleet was ready, if need be, to go to sea on "particular service" at a moment's notice. The proceedings of the day commenced with the embarkation, on board the *Euphrates*, of the members of both Houses of Parliament, who were brought from London by special train, and the simultaneous embarkation of the other privileged visitors on board the various ships to which they had been invited. Most of these, after leaving the harbour, had time to inspect the wreck of the *Eurydice* before the hour at which Her Majesty was expected to leave Osborne. At noon a Royal salute was fired from all the vessels at Spithead and in the harbour, and the ships were dressed, those about to proceed outside with masthead flags only, while the vessels which were to remain stationary dressed in rainbow, with the flags extending from masthead to masthead.

Her Majesty left Osborne about three o'clock, and as she stepped on board the *Victoria and Albert* from the Royal barge the Royal Standard fluttered at the masthead, and the answering salute of the Fleet, though inaudible at that distance, was visible in the flashes of fire from the guns and the smoke, which floated away in magnificent clouds towards the east. The *Victoria and Albert* now steamed away towards the fleet, while in her wake followed the Royal yacht *Osborne*; then the *Enchantress*, with their Lordships the Commissioners of the Admiralty; then the *Fire Queen*, with the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Fanshawe, flying his flag at the main; then the *Euphrates*, with the Lords, Commons, and a large number of peeresses and lady commoners; then the *Vivid*, with the foreign representatives, and the *Dasher* and *Britomart*, with half-pay naval officers and officers of the garrison. In this order the little flotilla passed between the two divisions of the fleet, the crews of the broadsides manning yards, and those of the turret ships and monitors the turrets, and decks; and cheering lustily as Her Majesty passed by.

Until the *Victoria and Albert* had almost reached the flagship it was still doubtful whether the fleet would or would not be ordered under way. Everything was in readiness, steam was up, the signal to undress the ships in the event of proceeding to the eastward was prepared for hoisting, and men were told off to let the cables slip at a moment's notice. Just as the Royal yacht, however, approached the *Hercules* a signal was made to "negative slip" in consequence of the weather, and a second signal announced that Her Majesty would not steam between the lines on her return. The flotilla now proceeded round the *Warner* lightship, the *Victoria and Albert* making a wide circle in order to allow the *Euphrates* to get round easily. The flotilla of yachts was followed by a magnificent fleet of yachts in full sail, steamers, and dockyard craft.

As the Royal yacht approached, the Queen made the following signal to Admiral Key—"Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen is much pleased, and regrets extremely that the bad weather has prevented the evolutions." There was more manning yards and saluting as the *Victoria and Albert* steamed away towards Cowes, Her Majesty herself making the signal to fire. The ships undressed at nine o'clock at night in the midst of a downpour of rain. The whole fleet was brilliantly illuminated, the masted vessels burning long lights at the lower and topsail yardarms, and on the bowsprit and taffrail, sending up six rockets simultaneously; and the turret ships burning eight long lights, one at the bow, another at the stern, and the remainder at conspicuous positions, ending with a discharge of rockets. One of the most interesting features of the review was the performance of Messrs. Yarrow's torpedo boats, which went rushing about in all directions at an amazing speed. They are built of steel, and are each 35 feet long by 11 feet beam. They carry engines of 420-horse power, of which every part is made hollow for the sake of lightness, and their maximum speed is twenty-one knots an hour. They were originally built for the Russian Government, and are constructed to carry only spar, or outrigged torpedoes.

ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS, IV.

See page 202.

NOTE.——Our Dublin Supplement. We omitted to state last week that our artist desires to express his thanks to Sir Bernard Burke, the Lord Mayor, Dr. Shaw, of Trinity College, and Mr. L. Pearson, for the great courtesy and assistance he received from them during his stay in Dublin.

CORRECTION.——Colonel Henry Basevi writes to us as follows:—"In your sketch of the life of the Right Hon. Lord Beaconsfield, K.G., you have made one small error which I shall feel much obliged if you will correct. You say 'Isaac Disraeli married in 1802 *a sister of George (Joshua) Basevi, the well-known Hebrew architect*, to whom Cambridge is indebted for the fine Fitzwilliam Museum.' Isaac Disraeli married a sister of George (Joshua) Basevi, who lived at Brighton, and was a deputy-lieutenant for Sussex, and *father* of the George Basevi, the architect, whose son I am proud to be."

HOME.

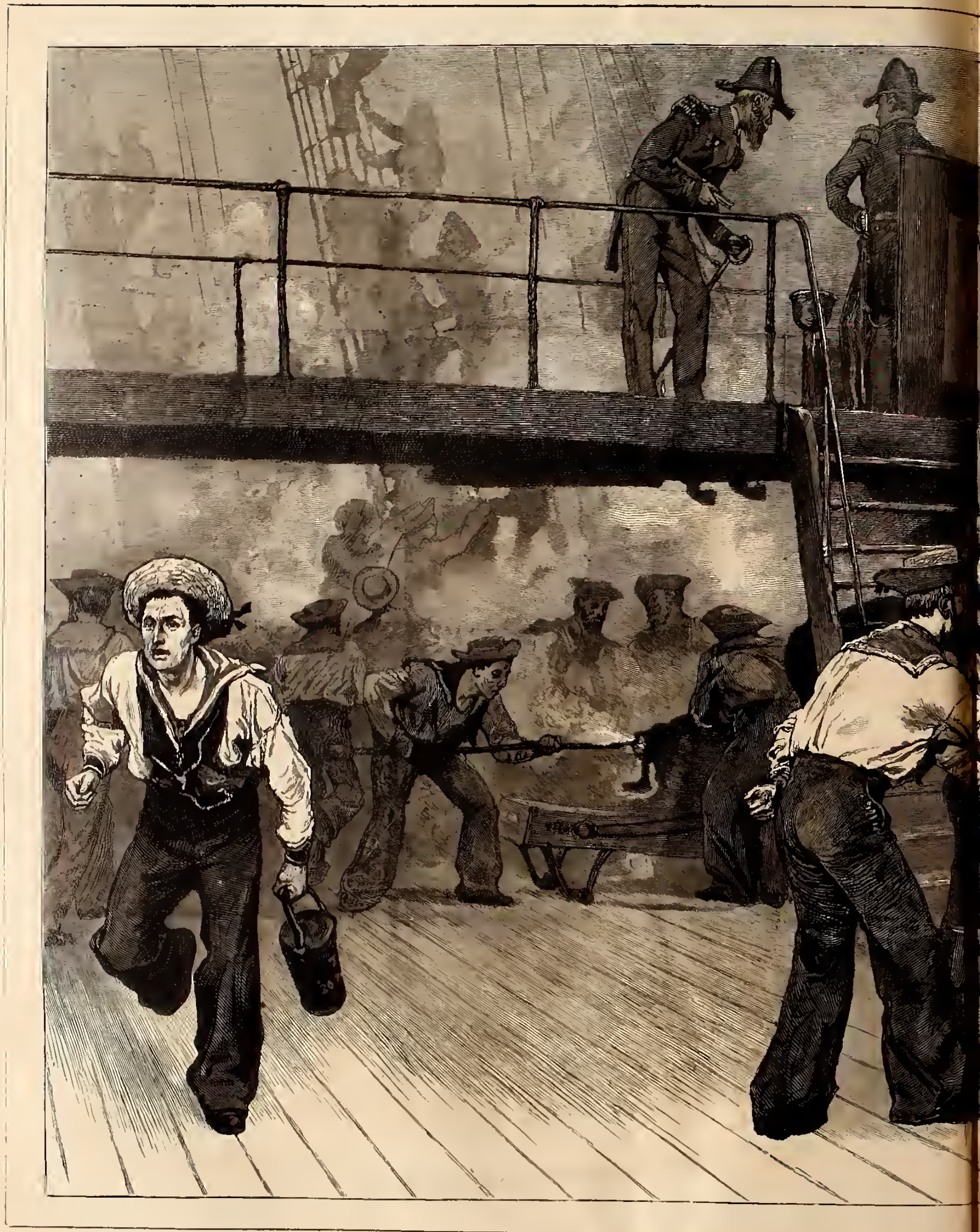
POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——The Session is over, and all the Ministers have left town. The Earl of Beaconsfield has been to Osborne on a visit to Her Majesty the Queen.—On Wednesday Mr. Cross, Lord Sandon, and Colonel Stanley were entertained at a banquet given by the Mayor of Liverpool, in recognition of the fact that three representatives from Lancashire have seats in the Cabinet. Mr. Cross defended the foreign policy of the Government, and said that not only had our honour been maintained, but there was every reason to believe that our strength and position were now appreciated, and that peace would be permanent. Colonel Stanley, responding for the army, praised the readiness with which the country and the colonies had offered their services in the event of their being required.—Under the title of "The Berlin Treaty and the Anglo-Turkish Convention," the Liberal Central Association have republished Mr. Gladstone's speech in support of Lord Hartington's motion in the House of Commons.—The Eccleshall Conservative Association have sent an address to Mr. Roebuck congratulating him on his appointment as Privy Councillor, and expressing their admiration of the "manly, patriotic, and honourable course he has pursued on the Eastern Question, which it feels has materially assisted in bringing the matter to a pacific conclusion, whilst, at the same time, it has upheld the dignity and position of Great Britain."—At a Home Rule demonstration, at Glasgow, on Saturday, resolutions were enthusiastically adopted to the effect that no concession but a National Parliament in Ireland would be accepted; that it was contemptible policy to release Irish rebels only when dying from inhuman treatment in prison; and that the Irish of all creeds should unite to obtain Ireland's rights.—On the same day Mr. Joseph Arch addressed a meeting of Liberals at Dudley, and replying to certain strictures which Lord Dartmouth had passed on him at a Conservative banquet recently held in the neighbourhood, said that he had never written to *The Times* speaking of revolt if the farmers ever introduced more machinery. "Instead of being a Republican, as he had been charged with being, he was the best Conservative subject Her Majesty had, for he wanted the rights of working men as well as of other people conserved, and he wanted to see the peace, welfare, and happiness of England conserved." A resolution was passed condemning the Anglo-Turkish Convention as being unnecessary for the protection of any legitimate British interest, and as indefinitely increasing the already great responsibilities of the country without any adequate compensation; and declaring that the Eastern policy of the Government has been the cause of an expenditure which is lavish and oppressive, and which ought to be reduced.—A meeting in support of women's Suffrage was held in Dublin on Saturday under the presidency of Lord Talbot de Malahide. One speaker said that the time would come when women would hold seats in Parliament, but another declared that there was no connection between the question of allowing women to vote, and that of permitting them to sit in Parliament, although he believed that their presence there would greatly add to its life and animation.—It is rumoured that Miss Helen Taylor will be a candidate for Southwark at the next election. Of course she would not be admitted even if returned, and it is doubtful whether the returning officer could legally accept the nomination.—The nomination for the Argyleshire seat vacated by the Marquis of Lorne took place on Tuesday, the candidates being Lord Colin Campbell (L.) and Mr. J. Wingfield Malcolm (C.)—On the same day Mr. S. Rathbone Edge (L.) and Mr. C. Donaldson Hudson (C.) were nominated for the vacancy at Newcastle-under-Lyme.—Mr. John De Morgan, the Tichbornite and Commons Rights agitator, is anxious to become a candidate for Leeds. On Tuesday he attempted to address a meeting on Woodhouse Moor, but in some way offended the mob, by whom he was so roughly handled that he had to fly to the police-station for shelter.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN DUBLIN.——The sectiona work of the meeting began on Friday, Professor Ingram discoursing on "Economic Science;" Dr. John Evans on "Geology, and the Theory respecting the Probable Effects of a Change in the Position of the Earth's Axis;" and Sir W. Thompson in the Geographical Section. The chief items of Friday's proceedings were Professor Huxley's lecture on "Anthropology;" Sir J. Lubbock's interesting account of the "Habits of Ants;" and a remarkable lecture by Mr. Romane on "Animal Intelligence." On Saturday little work was attempted, the majority of the *savants* joining the excursions. One party visited Malahide Castle and the Earl of Charlemont's seat, Fairview; another went to Bray Head and lunched with the Earl of Meath; others to Maynooth Catholic College, and Carton, the seat of the Duke of Leinster, Phœnix Park, Howth, Dublin Bay, and Glencree. In the evening the Lord Mayor of Dublin gave a banquet in the Round Room of the Mansion House, his lordship being supported on his right by the Lord-Lieutenant, and on his left by Mr. Spottiswoode, the President of the Association. On Sunday special services were held in the cathedral and in most of the churches. The Bishop of Derry and the Dean of Norwich preached in the recently-opened Christ Church Cathedral; Archdeacon Reichel preached twice in St. Patrick's Cathedral; Mr. Griffiths in the York Street Congregational Church; and Dr. Mullens at Kingstown. In the evening the usual devotional service, with which Dr. Gladstone's name has so long been associated, was held. Monday opened with a breakfast at the Zoological Gardens. Mr. Robert Harley read a curious and learned paper on "The Stanhope Demonstrator, or Logical Machine;" Captain Burton one on the "Land of Midian;" and Mr. E. Preece discoursed on "Telegraphy." On Tuesday honorary degrees of LL.D. of Dublin University were bestowed on Mr. Spottiswoode and twelve other members of the Association, a temperance meeting was held, and in the Sections various subjects were dealt with, the most interesting being Major Wilson's paper on "Cyprus," and Dr. Rae's on the "Best Route to Attain the North Pole." The day closed with a *soirée* at the Royal Irish Academy. On Wednesday the final meetings took place, and Thursday and Friday were devoted to more excursions. Next year's meeting is to be held in Sheffield, and Dr. Allman will be the President.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The bronze medallion of the Royal Humane Society has been awarded to Miss Fanny Helder, the young lady whose daring rescue of a drowning girl we last week alluded to in our "Topics."—The thirty-fifth annual congress of the British Archæological Association is now in session at Wisbeach.—The *Eurydice* is still lying on her starboard side, and, as soon as weather permits, an attempt will be made to shift her over, so that the remaining leakages may be caulked. Seventy-nine bodies have been recovered from her, and it is expected more will yet be found between decks.—On Saturday an iron ship, lying in the London Docks to receive cargo, suddenly capsized and sank, carrying down with her three barges which were lying alongside. Fortunately no lives were lost, but twenty men were thrown into the water. She now lies on her broadside with half her keel visible, and is being dismantled preparatory to being raised by derricks. The accident is remarkable, especially as the vessel is stated to have had on board twenty tons more ballast than usual.—The despatch-boat *Lively* appears determined to distinguish itself. On Saturday, in Portsmouth Harbour, she collided with a small boat which got entangled with one of her paddles, but at last got free without much harm being done.—On Friday last Lieutenant Von Zubovitz, of the Hungarian Army, performed a novel feat in the Thames. Mounted on horseback, with an india-rubber saddle inflated with air, he swam down the river from Westminster to Limehouse. The saddle, which is his own invention, keeps the rider dry above the waist, and is intended for crossing wide and rapid rivers where no bridges exist.—Mr. Girling and her community of Shakers are again in trouble, having been turned out of the field in which they have been allowed to camp since 1876. They and their goods are now upon the roadside, but the police have given them notice to move on.—The poll which is to be taken at Manchester upon the Thirlmere Water Scheme is expected to cost 1,600*l*.—Professor Baynes, editor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and his wife narrowly escaped being killed at St. Andrew's on Friday last. They were returning from a drive, and were at a steep part of the road when a runaway horse and cart ran into the carriage. The carriage was wrecked and the driver seriously injured, but Dr. and Mrs. Baynes escaped with a severe shaking.

SPORTING

THE TURF.——We are still in the by-weeks of racing, though what is called the old-fashioned meeting at Stockton has produced some excellent sport, and the running on the Port Meadow at Oxford has been by no means dull. At the former gathering Lord Zetland, as became a Yorkshire magnate, was to the fore, and the Aske banner was borne to victory not a few times. His lordship won the Biennial named after his house with Allegra, the Cleveland Stakes with a Speculum-Mysotis colt (how these Speculums are winning!), and the Wynyard Handicap with Necklace. Lord Durham supplied a surprise in Datura for the Tradesman's Handicap, to the discomfiture of Mars and Constantine, the favourites in a small field. Tiger Lily, not blessed with the best of tempers, followed up the success of last week by taking the Great Northern Leger, while Coromandel II. scored in the Lambton Plate and Lantern Fly in the Harewood Plate. The Hardwicke Stakes, another two-year-old contest, fell to the favourite, Falmouth, Mr. R. C. Vyner, who had but bad luck at the meeting, running second with Mausoleum. Cleopatra, who has recently scored something like half-a-dozen victories, added yet another by winning the Selling Stakes on the second day.—The St. Leger begins to get very interesting as regards market operations, Beauclerc having been backed within the last few days for a heap of money at a little over 4 to 1. If he can stand his preparation up to the day, it requires no prophet to intimate that half the price, and perhaps less, will be taken on the 11th of next month. Still, let it be noted that the knights of the pencil seem to have plenty of money to lay against him. Brown Bread, a rare stayer in his time on the turf, has joined the majority. It will be remembered that in 1865, as a three-year-old, he won the Northumberland Plate carrying 6st. 2lb., the famous Caller Ou, who was then "aged," being second with 9st.—Kincsem, which being interpreted we believe means "Darling," the heroine of the Goodwood Cup, won her thirty-eighth successive victory in the Deauville Cup on Sunday last.—Mr. George Payne, one of the veterans of the English Turf, has been lying dangerously ill for some days, but at the time of



THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD—FIRING

HE ROYAL SALUTE FROM H.M.S. "HERCULES"

making this note is reported better. There would be a general rejoicing in racing circles were he to recover and once more appear on the scene in which for so long has been a chief figure.

Cricket.——There has been plenty of activity in the cricketing world since our last. One of the most interesting matches has been that between Gloucester and All England at the Oval. Last year it may be remembered that the county won, but on Saturday last the verdict was for England (hardly a representative team) by six wickets. With the exception of Mr. W. W. Read's 43 (not out) for England there were no large scores. By a curious coincidence Gloucestershire scored exactly the same number in both innings—viz., 118, Mr. W. G. Grace making the highest figures, 25 and 29.—The Australians take but little rest, and they must be a "wiry" lot of men to get through so much cricket and so much hospitality as falls to their lot. Again they have shown themselves superior to a crack county, their match with Lancashire at Old Trafford having been drawn considerably in their favour.—We are glad to see that the Parisians have not given up cricket, as Paris in a single innings match is recorded to have scored 71 against the 75 of the Anglo-Parisians.—To return, however, to inter-county cricket, which attracts most attention, a notable defeat of Yorkshire by Middlesex at Sheffield is to be recorded. The Northern County scored 94 and 110, but the Middle-Saxons with the substantial aid of Mr. A. J. Webbe's 94 and Mr. T. D. Walker's 59, to say nothing of Mr. Pearson's 41, put together 298, and won the match in one innings by 94 runs.—Derbyshire is not making the headway it promised a few years ago, and has had to succumb to Notts by seven wickets.—At the Oval, Kent was in great form both in batting and bowling, 211 and 244 being the figures of the two innings. Surrey marked 159; but the match was eventually drawn, though greatly in favour of Kent, which has perhaps shown the best cricket among the counties this season.—At Cheltenham, where there is a vigorous attempt to establish a cricket week like that at Canterbury, Gloucestershire made short work of Sussex, winning in one innings by 24 runs. The Sussex men in their first attempt only managed to mark 29, of which Charlwood got 15.

Yachting.——The regatta of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club concluded on Saturday last, the *Vol-au-Vent* winning the forty tons race, with the *Old Arrow* second, and the *Vanessa*, the thirty tons.

It is not perhaps generally known that whip cracking is a recognised sport and field of rivalry in some districts. It has, however, its heroes and champions, and evidently James Giddings is one of them, for he publicly announces that he "will crack any man that may come into the Uppermill Square on Saddleworth Wakes, on Saturday, August 24th, for 5*l.* a side, the best of fifty-one strokes. A twenty-one foot whip to be used."

THEATRES

Mid-August is the period of the year when the stream of theatrical enterprise has attained that almost stagnant point which is known to navigators as the slack of the tide, and this is the point at which we have now arrived. Already there are signs of the forthcoming season. One theatre has even the courage to announce a new piece to be produced next week, and Mr. Sothern has ventured to return in his old immortal character of Lord Dundreary. Some weeks, however, must yet elapse before the business of entertaining the public by theatrical performances will begin in good earnest, and we may, therefore, take advantage of this opportunity to glance back at the productions of our dramatists and the achievements of our managers during the past twelve months.

Unhappily the retrospect yields no great ground for consolation to those who are anxious for the time when our drama, once pre-eminent, shall regain something like a respectable position. One such play, however, as Mr. Wills's *Olivia*, and one such interpretation of a worthy work as that which Mr. Hare, by the aid of his own good taste and the talents of his company, has afforded, ought to go a long way towards redeeming our theatrical credit, or at least towards reviving our hopes of better days. Thoroughly dramatic, admirably acted, and put upon the stage with rare art and exquisite judgment, *Olivia* is likely to be even more important from its influence upon dramatic and histrionic art than from its own inherent claims to admiration. Lord Lytton's posthumous drama, *The House of Darnley*, produced at the same house early last season, unfortunately failed to establish equally high claims; though its subject, wanting as it was in freshness, was treated with all the skill of its distinguished author. The **Prince of Wales's** Theatre has unfortunately relinquished, not perhaps without good excuse, that search for good English comedies in which in other days it was not altogether unsuccessful. Adaptations from the French like *Diplomacy* are not, it must be confessed, quite satisfactory, except perhaps from the purely mercantile point of view. A certain unreality attends every attempt to convert a piece of M. Sardou into a story English life; and the adaptors of *Dora* have not escaped, and perhaps could not possibly escape, this difficulty. Any way, the success of *Diplomacy* has no great bearing on the question of the condition of the English stage. At the **Princess's** last autumn, Mr. Byron produced a melodrama entitled *Guinea Gold*, which comprised too many offences against common sense for lasting success; though Mr. Wills's *Jane Shore*, which was absurd enough, has enjoyed here a large measure of success; and a more wild and disconnected melodrama still, entitled *Queen's Evidence*, seems at this moment to present attractions that are proof against the depressing influences of a summer season. Between the production of these two pieces Mr. Ross Neil's *Elfinella* was brought out on the same stage, but the work was too delicate and poetical for a successful result, at least without a more refined and generally adequate interpretation than the piece unfortunately received.

The **Adelphi** Theatre has not done much of late to sustain its old reputation as the house of romantic drama. Mr. Paul Meritt's *Golden Plough* lacked interest in its story, and was not redeemed by any power of creating character. Mr. Burnand's version of *Une Cause Célèbre* was deservedly more successful. *Proof* is, indeed, a very good dramatic play, and, since Mr. Neville has succeeded to the part of Pierre Lorance, the representation leaves little to be desired. At the **Haymarket** Mr. Rowe's American comedy-drama, appropriately entitled *Brass*, established nothing but the over-weening assurance of the author, who was also the representative of its leading character. Mr. Gilbert's *Engaged*, on the other hand, was a thoroughly original and amusing, though somewhat extravagantly whimsical, piece. This year Mr. Sothern has appeared at this house as *The Crushed Tragedian*, an impersonation which in his hands did not please English audiences. He was more successful in Mr. Byron's comedy, *The Hornets' Nest*—a work of no very great merit, but certainly not dull. Miss Neilson's Shakespearian performances at this house can hardly be regarded as dramatic events, for though the histrionic genius of that lady is unquestionable, they have been little more than "star" performances. No failure so complete as that of Messrs. Wills and Fitzgerald's *Vanderdecken* has perhaps occurred on the **Lyceum** stage since Mr. Irving's name was first associated with that house; but the causes of the disaster were unhappily only too manifest in the palpable melodramatic arts and the pretentious literary claims of the play. Mr. Irving's really fine performance of Louis XI., however, deserved greater popularity than it achieved. Jingle in "Pickwick" was but a poor refuge for Mr. Irving's talents. On the whole, the Lyceum system seems to be breaking down; and some decent attention will therefore probably have to be shown at this house to that uniform standard of excellence which is beginning to be appreciated by English audiences. The **Olympic** Theatre has not, on the whole, been flourishing of late. Mr. Wilkie Collins's *Moonstone*, in spite of its boasted observance of "the unities," was a poor and trivial, not to say absurd, production. Mr. Gilbert's *Ne'er-do-Weel* prospered neither under this name, nor under the revised and amended title of *The Vagabond*. Mr. Reade's *Jealousy*—a version of an old piece of M. Sardou's, and Messrs. Taylor and Merill's *Love or Life*, founded on one of Crabbe's tales, were equally unsuccessful. Nor can the public verdict in these instances be questioned. Madame Beatrice's recent appearance here in the *Woman of the People* marks a slight improvement, the drama, which is adapted from the French, being a good one of its kind, and fairly acted. At the **Opera Comique** a Lancashire drama, by Messrs. Hatton and Matthison, entitled *That Lass o' Lowrie's*, showed some faculty for dramatic writing, and introduced a very fine piece of acting in Miss Leclercq's impersonation of the heroine. An elaborate spectacular drama, entitled *Russia* did not help to raise the somewhat fallen fortunes of the **Queen's**; a version of M. Sardou's gloomy drama *Patrie* and the *Omadhaun* were hardly less unfortunate; and Mrs. Rousby's subsequent appearance in the play of *Madeline Morel*, by Mr. Bandmann, though heralded by a squabble and an examination in the adjacent Police Court, failed to excite the least enthusiasm.

A passing mention will serve in the case of Mr. Frank Marshall's *Family Honour*, at the **Aquarium**; Mr. Burnand's *Family Ties* at the **Strand**; and Mr. Wills's *Nell Gwynne* at the **Royalty**; but something more is due to Mr. Burnand's *Our Club*, an ingenious and amusing comedy, brought out with success, and likely one day to be revived at the Strand. Mr. Byron's *A Fool and His Money*, supported by Mr. Toole, also afforded genuine amusement to audiences at the **Globe**.

Beyond these pieces, and the burlesques and extravaganzas, which are confessedly of an ephemeral character, there is really nothing deserving of notice in the past twelvemonths' theatrical record. Our two "patent" houses—**Drury Lane** and **Covent Garden**—though still enjoying special privileges, on the plea of their important influence on dramatic art, have really done nothing deserving even of an allusion. Pantomimes or spectacular dramas, and these of a poor kind, have been the staple of entertainments at Drury Lane and Covent Garden; though the latter theatre being now only reckoned among playhouses, by virtue of a short season during the Opera vacation, may fairly claim to be exempted from a portion of this reproach.

Astley's.——The management of this theatre have introduced some changes in the representation of the equestrian drama *Mazeppa*, Miss Josephine Fiddes (succeeding Miss Lisa Weber in the principal character) and a "fiery untamed steed" from the Ukraine forming the new attractions. *Rookwood* has also been revived, the enlivening scenes of Dick Turpin's famous ride to York being represented in a manner entirely to the taste of a large audience. A very gracefully performed skipping ballet, by the Sisters Rosa, is introduced into *Mazeppa*.

Polytechnic Institution.——The directors, as is their wont, seizing upon current events of interest as means of instruction and amusement combined, have just made some important changes in their programme. Mr. W. H. Golding delivers a very good lecture on the island of Cyprus, sketching its history from its first occupation by the Phœnicians to the present time. It would be as well, however, if Mr. Golding were to reserve his Turcophobist outbursts for a more fitting occasion. The wreck of the *Eurydice* gives Mr. J. L. King an opportunity of illustrating by a series of very admirable views the peculiarities of the coast of the Isle of Wight, and the method by which the ill-fated ship was raised. Some interesting experiments in blowing up sunken vessels by electricity, and raising them by means of air pumped into them, are shown in the tank with the assistance of the diver—much to the astonishment of the seal, who looked as though he didn't like it. The directors are about to make an important alteration in the Science Department. Whilst Popular Science will not be neglected, it is intended to establish a high-class school of Practical Science in all its branches. For the occupancy of the Laboratory the Directors have selected Dr. Edward B. Aveling, who intends forthwith to establish classes for practical instruction in all the science subjects required for the University, Government, and other examinations.

The Canterbury Hall.——The mimic siege of *Plevna*, which met with such great success at this elegant and comfortable place of entertainment, has at last been withdrawn to make room for a Fairy Sketch, entitled *The Night Dancers*, by Mr. F. W. Green, a *morçeau* half ballet half burlesque, with an extremely slight plot, which reminds one of the story of *Lurline*. Miss Nelly Power, as Prince Rupert of Rheinstein, displays her versatility as singer and dancer; and Madlle. Bartoletti, who appears as Coraline, the Queen of the Night Dancers, is an accomplished *danseuse* and *figurante*, and is supported by a *troupe* of ballet ladies of more than average ability. Mr. Bertram, too, deserves praise for making as much as possible of the very small part of Peppitypop, the Prince's dumb valet. Among the other attractions are another ballet, called *Northern Stars*, several popular vocalists, Benedetti, the marvellous sword-swallower, whose interior economy must be very different from that of an ordinary man, and Alexandrini, a muscular gentleman, who executes plate spinning *à la* Mr. Maskelyne, and performs some wonderful balancing feats with balls, sticks, bottles, and other things.

The Medallion of Temple Bar, which is to be presented to each member of the Corporation, will be about four inches in diameter, bearing round the rim the inscription, "Temple Bar, erected 1672, demolished 1878. This effigy of it was struck from the lead formerly on the roof." On one side of the medallion appears a representation of the structure, Strand side, the gates being closed. The name of Sir Christopher Wren appears at the base of the "bar" upon a scroll.

Scraps

Windsor Castle.——Until the return of Her Majesty from Scotland in November the State apartments will be open to the public on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. The Albert Memorial Chapel is open every Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

A New Scientific Expedition is to be despatched to the South Pacific, and the *Alert*, one of the Arctic ships, is now fitting out in the Medway, and will shortly be ready to commence her voyage. She has already been commissioned by her old commander, Captain Sir George Nares, K.C.B.

Bristol has paid a Tribute to the memory of the late Miss Mary Carpenter by erecting a handsome marble tablet, surmounted by a large-sized medallion profile of the great lady philanthropist, in the Cathedral. The memorial has an inscription recording Miss Carpenter's labours in England and India.

London Mortality decreased last week, and 1,517 deaths were registered against 1,674 during the previous seven days, a decline of 177, being 59 below the average, and at the rate of 22.1 per 1,000. There were 9 deaths from small-pox (a decline of 5, a lower number than that registered in any week since last November), 268 from diarrhœa (a decline of 83, being 28 below the average), 190 of which were infants under one year of age, 10 from measles (a decline of 4), 27 from scarlet fever, 11 from diphtheria, 60 from whooping-cough (a decline of 17), and 17 from different forms of fever (a decline of 15). There were 2,421 births registered, exceeding the average by 21. The mean temperature was 62·2 deg., or 0·3 deg. above the average in the corresponding week for the 60 years, 1814—73. The duration of registered sunshine was 41·1 hours, the sun being 102·3 hours above the horizon.

Water Boots are the last means by which adventurous Americans elect to cross the British Channel, and on Monday afternoon a gentleman named Fowler, a resident of Bordeaux, landed at Sandgate having, according to his own statement, crossed over from Boulogne in this convenient foot gear, which he terms a podascophe. It consists of a pair of small skiffs about 15 ft. long and a few inches in width, composed of indiarubber cloth, which are inflated with air, joined together by light iron stays, leaving a space of about 6 in. or 8 in. between them. In the centre there is a small piece of board, on which Mr. Fowler stood and paddled. He performed the journey in 11h. 30m., the sea being tolerably calm. He was accompanied by a steamer, the *Petrel*, and with the exception of a little bread and coffee took no nourishment. On arriving at Sandgate he appeared to be considerably fatigued, but recovered sufficiently to return to Boulogne by that evening's boat.

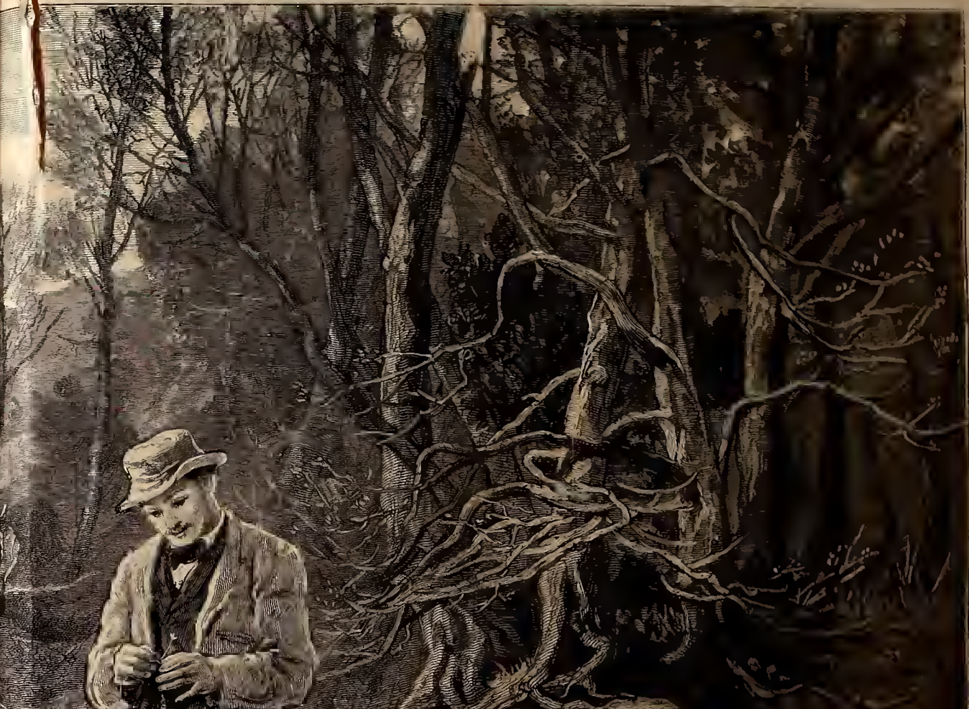
A Very Simple Calculating Machine was described by Mr. Spottiswoode in his opening address to the British Association, which has been constructed by Professor James Thomson. This instrument, by means of the mere friction of a disc, cylinder, and ball, is capable of effecting a variety of the complicated calculations which occur in the highest applications of mathematics to science. By its aid it seems that an unskilled labourer may in a given time perform the work of ten skilled arithmeticians. The machine is applicable alike to the calculation of tidal, of magnetic, of meteorological, and perhaps also of other periodic phenomena. It will solve differential equations of the second and, perhaps, of even higher orders. And through the same invention the problem of finding the free motions of any number of mutually attracting particles unrestricted by any of the approximate suppositions required in the treatment of the lunar and planetary theories is reduced to the simple process of turning a handle!

A somewhat objectionable Colony of Baboons is reported by the *Times of India* to exist in a village only eight miles from Calcutta—Augurpara, on the Barrackpore Road, about three miles north of Cossipore. A colony of two or three hundred baboons took up their quarters in the village some six or eight months ago, and have made it almost uninhabitable. They are great brutes, we are told, four feet high, and as savage as wild beasts. They attack children, and even full-grown women without fear, and have set up a reign of terror over the people, going in and out of their houses as they please, and levying free rations upon the plantains, guavas, mangoes, and other fruit growing in their gardens. The people are afraid to shoot them, as the whole colony would attack them instantly. The police will not interfere, and the village is not merely robbed to death by these apes, but is in such a state of insecurity from budmashes that the miserable villagers have sent a deputation to Calcutta, imploring that their condition may be represented to the Government.

Type Setting in China and Japan must be somewhat arduous labour. In our own and most other countries of the world, except China and Japan, the language is written by means of an alphabet of separate letters. Among the Celestials and their next-door neighbours, on the other hand, each word has a distinct character. The compositor's difficulties in either instance are obvious almost at a glance. In setting up this note, he has the letters conveniently arranged before him in what is known as the "case." But in Japan, according to a contemporary, a full fount of type comprises 50,000 characters, of which 30,000 are in constant use, and for 20,000 more there are frequently calls! Instead of being compactly arrayed before him the type is disposed about the composing room on racks, and the unfortunate compositor has to wander up and down the room setting his "copy" and stretching his legs. It is for this reason that it is impossible to apply the system of single character words to telegraphy that that inestimable boon is denied to the inhabitants of Japan and China.

The Telegastrograph is the last electrical novelty reported from the United States. By means of this instrument—at least, so asserts the inventor—people can eat and drink at a considerable distance from their actual food. The *modus operandi*, as detailed by the *Globe*, is very simple. A dainty dish is placed in a receptacle connected with a powerful battery. To this latter wires are attached equal in number to the expected guests, and of sufficient length to reach to their respective abodes. At whatever hour is appointed for dinner each guest places his wire in his mouth, and forthwith tastes the full flavour of the *plat* at the other end. The same is the case with wines, which convey their alcoholic effects through the wires, along with their distinctive flavour. The best point of all remains, however, to be mentioned. No sooner are the wires disconnected from the battery than the surfeited recover their appetites, the intoxicated return to their sober senses, and the feast remains nothing but a happy memory. It is not stated whether the viands and liquids disappear during the meal.

TROUT FISHING—THE FIRST



CAST OF THE SEASON

FOREIGN

The Eastern Question.——Turkey's delay in carrying out the Treaty of Berlin is arousing universal discontent, and the English, French, and German representatives at Constantinople have been obliged formally to remind the Porte of the necessity of immediately fulfilling her engagements. This delay acts most unfavourably upon Austria, for the Bosnian insurrection is evidently still supported by Turkey, notwithstanding her professed pacific messages to her Bosnian subjects. The Austro-Turkish Convention has not yet been signed, and the Austrians declare that unless Turkey rapidly alters her attitude no one will hear of an eventual restitution of Bosnia. In Hungary also there is considerable excitement about the heavy losses sustained by the Hungarian regiments in Bosnia, and the Pesth press even accuses the "Vienna Camarilla" of sending the Magyars to the slaughter with the object of securing their extermination. It is plain that the Austrians had not expected so much resistance to the Bosnian expedition; Marshal Philippovich did not obtain the full number of troops he demanded, and it has only now been decided at Vienna that extraordinary measures shall be taken for the prompt extinction of the insurrection. Meanwhile Serajevo has at length been occupied, but the worst part of the task still lies before the Austrians, as the country south of Serajevo is most unsuited to regular warfare, and the bands of insurgents scattered over the south-eastern portion of the province are strong and desperate. Marshal Philippovich had a very severe but successful engagement on Friday week at Han Belalovac, on the road to Visoka, where Marshal Tegetthoff subsequently defeated the Bosnians on Sunday, and on the following day Marshal Philippvoich captured Serajevo after a fierce struggle, in which women and the wounded fought furiously, the Austrians being fired upon from the houses. The inhabitants of Serajevo had been commanded by Hadji Loja to blow up the town rather than admit the Austrians, but they did not execute the order, thus showing that the Christian population received the troops gladly enough. As to the Mussulmans the insurgent chief had evidently warned them to expect no quarter, and they accordingly resisted to the utmost, contesting the city street by street. The insurgents retired southwards, and amongst them Hadji Loja, who has ordered his followers to hang every Austrian commander they may capture. The other divisions of the Austrian troops have had their share of the conflict. General Szapary, defeated last week at Tuzla, was obliged to retire to Doboj, on the Bosna, where he has been repeatedly attacked, but has managed to repulse his assailants. Banjaluka was also attacked, and was only saved by the arrival of reinforcements from Gradiska, while there has been a skirmish before Livno, in which both sides claim the victory, and a serious engagement at Liubinje, near Stolatz, in the Herzegovina, which resulted in a decided Austrian defeat. Nothing has been heard of Marshal Jovanovic at Mostar, and it is supposed that the insurgents have intercepted his communications. There are rumours that the Christian inhabitants have taken up arms under their old leader, Peko Paulovich, but this rising is believed to be due solely to the severity of Marshal Philippovich at Maglai, as the Christians in general are most favourable to the Austrians, and loyal demonstrations took place at Berbir, Banjaluka, and other towns, on the Emperor's birthday. The two bordering Principalities are acting most circumspectly at present. Prince Nikita has recommended the Herzegovinian chiefs to submit; while Servia has issued stringent prohibitions to her subjects against assisting the insurgents, and even avoided the concentration of two army divisions for the Independence festival on Wednesday, lest she should be laid open to suspicion. This festival was kept with great rejoicings, and Prince Milan issued a proclamation recapitulating the events of the Servian war and declaring the Independence of the Principality.

The Russians have not yet left San Stefano, but the British fleet will start immediately for Gallipoli when General Todleben withdraws from Tchataldja, retiring still further to Besika Bay when the Russians quit Adrianople. A farewell review was held by General Todleben on Sunday, at which numerous Turkish officials and the Diplomatic Body were present; but the ceremony was marred at the close by the attempt of a young Greek to shoot General Todleben. The General escaped unhurt, and the Greek was captured; but the event created a very painful impression, following, as it did, the assassination of the Russian Chief of Police at St. Petersburg two days previous. General Mesentzoff was stabbed in the street by two persons, who got off in the confusion and, less fortunate than his predecessor General Trepoff, died the same evening. This assassination is a further significant proof of the disaffection existing throughout Russia, and which is particularly manifested at Odessa, where disturbances have arisen owing to a recent Nihilist trial. The Czar is going to visit Odessa.

Returning to Turkey, the European Commission which is to organise the Government of Eastern Roumelia meets at Constantinople on the 13th prox., and the Commission for Bulgaria will assemble on the same day. The Rhodope Commission has returned with a sad list of atrocities practised by the Bulgarians and Russians on the Mussulman inhabitants of Bulgaria, and there can be little doubt that the accusations are well founded. The Rhodope insurrection continues.—Matters are no better in Asia, where the Lazis reiterate their refusal to give up Batoum and have formed four strong entrenched camps. The Turkish Governor has, however, told the inhabitants that the Russians will enter on the 27th inst., and that vessels will be ready to take away all those who wish to leave.—Greece continues to look anxiously for the Turkish answer respecting her frontier alterations, and Turkey has sent a Note to the Powers, virtually rejecting the Greek demands, alleging that no really national insurrection has broken out in Thessaly and Epirus since 1829, and that Greece's professions of moderation in the late war ill accords with her negotiations with Russia during the campaign.

The reports of fever among the troops in Cyprus appear after all to have been well founded. The fever is of a light and not dangerous nature, but it has been severe among several of the regiments, the soldiers being predisposed to illness by the excessive heat, which has been specially felt in the bell tents used by the forces. The Indian contingent will probably be despatched finally by the 20th inst.

France.——The Republicans have scored another triumph by their success in the Councils-General, which assembled on Monday. They now command a majority in fifty-five out of eighty-five departments—a striking mark of progress since last autumn, when they had a majority in thirty-nine only, and an earnest of success for the Liberals in the January Senatorial elections, which, as we have repeatedly mentioned, are materially influenced by the Councils-General. Another feature of these elections is the defeat of the Bonapartists, as the Constitutionalists, changing their tactics, gave their votes to the Republicans rather than to the Imperialists. Indeed, in the Department of the Oise, where the Duc d'Aumale is president, and Liberals have hitherto been unable to obtain a place, the Republicans are now in the majority. The Conservatives are still thoroughly disunited, although they have constituted a central Conservative Committee, in which Bonapartist influence preponderates, but they have entirely given up their idea of a manifesto on the Senatorial elections, as the sections of the Right could not agree upon its terms. Accordingly they will concentrate their energies on a series of small local committees, and are likely to be easily beaten on this ground by the Liberals, who have a superior organisation. The Ministry, also, is paving the way for victory by instituting extensive public works to prove the value and stability of the Republic. M. de Freycinet's tour round the seaport towns has resulted in grandiose schemes for improvements and enlargements of the ports and railways, the creation of canals and roads, and the reclamation of waste lands, which will charge the country with an annual outlay of 20,000,000*l.* for ten years, while enemies to the present *régime* whisper that these plans are but baits to dazzle simple provincials into Republican ways of thinking. M. de Freycinet is to lay the first stone of the Boulogne New Deep Harbour on Sept. 3rd, in commemoration of the anniversary of M. Thiers' death; and a further mark of respect to the late statesman has been paid by the Minister of the Interior, who has put off an official dinner he had fixed for that day. The Government were not so complimentary to the memory of Lamartine, as they sent no one to the unveiling of the poet's statue at Mâcon last Sunday. The Académie, too, was unrepresented, much to the annoyance of the Mâcon public; but the ceremony went off very well nevertheless, there being the usual processsions, speeches, illuminations, wreaths, and banquet.

In Paris the Exhibition continues the centre of interest, owing to a yet further influx of tourists, and the arrival of deputations of teachers and students from the provinces. The Festival of the Assumption—one of the chief Parisian holidays—brought 111,995 visitors. The Palais de l'Industrie is being prepared to hold 23,000 persons for the distribution of the Exhibition prizes on the 18th inst., the Salon having closed on Monday. There will be *fêtes* on the three following days, including a review, illuminations, concerts, and a display of the Versailles fountains. The Anthropological Congress is the latest opened at the Trocadéro, and the Peace Congress begins on the 26th, while the Monetary Conference is still sitting. A Museum of Decorative Art has been opened in the Palais de Flore at the Tuileries. It contains some fine ancient and modern pictures lent by amateurs, and is to remain open till October, the proceeds being devoted to founding a permanent institution for decorative art on the plan of the South Kensington Museum. Some curious acoustic experiments have been made with the captive balloon, some musicians having been sent up while the rest of the band played below, and the strains from the balloon were found perfectly distinct.

Germany.——Hodel was beheaded on the 16th inst., his execution being the first which has taken place since 1865. Up to the last moment it was thought that the sentence would be remitted, and Hodel himself certainly expected imprisonment, not death, but he died with characteristic coolness. The severity of the Government Socialist Bill is condemned by most moderate people. Prince Bismarck will personally defend the Bill in the Reichstag, where, by-the-bye, the number of Socialists reaches 9, being 3 less than in the last House. Meanwhile some United Social Democrats and Guelphs have been creating disturbances during the elections at Harburg in Hanover.

Italy.——The Italians are still grumbling at their treatment by the Berlin Congress, and the journals are full of sympathy for Greece, the *Opinione* urging the Government to support the Hellenic claims. One party asserts that the Italians should endeavour to extend trade with Cyprus, while others recommend the Government to look at home and develop the unnoticed resources of Sardinia before speculating abroad.—There has been a fanatical rising in the province of Grosseto, where an ex-Garibaldian carter, Lazzareti, has been preaching a new religion, declaring himself the embodiment of Christ entrusted with human redemption. A Republican demonstration which he organised caused the interference of the police, and Lazzareti was killed.

India.——The English mission to Afghanistan is entirely occupying public attention, and there is a general feeling that the quiet unaggressive policy of the Indian Government, instead, as had been intended, of impressing Shere Ali, has made him despise the British and favour the Russians, whose display of military power in Central Asia has probably induced him to contemplate a Russian alliance. The Ameer's reply to the British proposal to send the Mission is now being awaited, and Sir Neville Chamberlain, a good linguist and excellent tactician, seconded by Major Cavagnari and an escort of 300 sabres, is ready to start from Simla. Their departure will, however, probably be delayed, as the Heir-Apparent of Cabul has died suddenly. The last important mission to Cabul was that of Sir Alexander Burnes in 1837, when the British Envoy returned unsuccessful, leaving the Russians in favour with the Ameer; but it is currently believed that Sir Neville Chamberlain will persuade Shere Ali to listen to reason, and induce him to sanction the establishment of a permanent British Embassy at Cabul. If successful, the mission will return by Quetta and Candahar. On their side the Russians have published a semi-official denial that their movements are in any way threatening to England, declaring that the mission had only been despatched when war was considered imminent with England. There is no news, nevertheless, of the four Moscow divisions now in Central Asia abandoning their advance, and Lieut.-Colonel Maeff has accomplished a thorough survey of the Hissar district in the south of Bokhara, being the first European who has visited the province, while in Turkestan the Kirghiz have sent a flattering address to General Kaufmann, the Mussulmans showing their loyalty by subscribing to the volunteer fleet and the Red Cross Society, and the official journal noting that "fresh testimonials of goodwill have been elicited by the probability of a rupture with England and an advance into Afghanistan." In India proper the heat continues specially severe, the trains in Scinde being compelled to run at night, while eighteen persons died of sunstroke in one week.

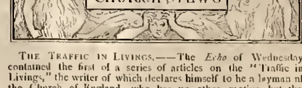
Miscellaneous.——In Belgium the King and Queen kept their silver wedding on Wednesday. There were great *fêtes* at Brussels, the great event being the presentation to the Queen by the women of Belgium of a diamond crown bought by a 2½*d.* subscription. The King and Queen have also been to Bruges to unveil a statue of Jan van Eyck, when there was a slight disturbance by the Clericals. A bad accident through the bursting of a dock-gate has occurred at Antwerp, four persons being killed and numerous vessels destroyed.—Yellow fever is devastating Louisiana, and the mortality exceeds any yet known from that disease in the United States. The epidemic is especially virulent in Grenada, where few recover, and the inhabitants are leaving the city in flocks. Whole families are swept away, and there is little medical attendance. New Orleans, Memphis, and Vicksburg are also suffering terribly.—In South Africa the insurgent Chiefs Gongabele and Umfanta have been sentenced respectively to death and penal servitude for life.

THE COURT

The Queen and Princess Beatrice were to leave the Isle of Wight yesterday (Friday) evening for Dunbar, whence Her Majesty will go to Broxmouth to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe until Monday, and then proceed to Balmoral for her usual autumnal visit. In the mean time the Isle of Wight has been the resort of nearly all the members of our Royal family, together with the King and Queen of Denmark. The Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse, the Hereditary Grand Duke and the Princesses Alix and Marie of Hesse, arrived at Osborne at the close of last week, and on Saturday afternoon the Grand Duke and Duchess drove out with Her Majesty and Prince Leopold, while the Princess Beatrice drove to Carisbrooke Castle with the Hereditary Grand Duke and the Princesses of Hesse. On Sunday Divine Service was conducted at Osborne House by the Rev. Canon Prothero in the presence of Her Majesty and the Royal Family. In the afternoon the King and Queen of Denmark, the Princess Thyra, and the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Her Majesty. On Monday morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, the Grand Duke, Duchess, and Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse witnessed a series of torpedo experiments in Osborne Bay, Admiral Fanshawe, C.B., Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, and Admiral Sir A. Cooper Key, K.C.B., being in attendance, as also Commander Arthur Wilson of H.M.S. *Vernon*, the torpedo school-ship at Portsmouth, who conducted and explained the various operations. In the afternoon the Queen, with the Grand Duchess of Hesse and the Princess Beatrice, drove to West Cowes and visited the King and Queen of Denmark, and in the afternoon the Earl of Beaconsfield, who had arrived from Hughenden, had an audience of Her Majesty, and subsequently joined the Queen's dinner party. On Tuesday morning the Queen walked out, and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse and their children took leave of Her Majesty, and left in the *Alberta* for Portsmouth on their way back to Eastbourne—the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold accompanying them to Portsmouth. Next day the Earl of Beaconsfield left Osborne. According to a telegram in the *Pall Mall Gazette* Her Majesty will visit the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Coburg next month.—The Queen has sent the Ladies' Order of the Star of India and the insignia in diamonds to the Queen of the Belgians by Lord Torrington on the occasion of the King and Queen's silver wedding, and the Prince of Wales has been represented at the wedding by the Marquis of Hamilton.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been entertaining the King and Queen of Denmark and the Princess Thyra, who reached London yesterday (Friday) week, being met at Charing Cross by the Prince of Wales. After staying the night at Marlborough House, the Prince and his royal visitors went down to join the Princess in the Isle of Wight. The Princess of Wales met them at Portsmouth, and the whole party crossed over to the island in the *Osborne* amid a Royal salute from the flagship and the garrison battery, and the guardship at Cowes. The King and Queen of Denmark are staying at Lisburne House. On Sunday morning the King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales attended Divine Service on board the *Osborne*, where they remained to luncheon, after which they visited Her Majesty at Osborne House. On Monday, the King and Queen and the Princess went to see the torpedo experiments mentioned above, and the Prince of Wales went on board No. "419," one of Messrs. Yarrow's torpedo boats, and carefully examined all the machinery, going down himself into the somewhat cramped engine-room, braving with every appearance of real enjoyment the showers of spray thrown up by the vessel when driving at full speed against wind and tide.—On Tuesday the Royal party went out for a sail in the Prince of Wales's yacht *Hildegarde*.—The Prince of Wales is trying the experiment of introducing grouse on the moor at Sandringham, apparently with a fair chance of success.

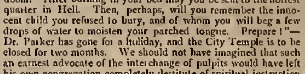
The Duke of Connaught has gone to Potsdam in order to attend the wedding of the sister of his betrothed, the Princess Marie of Prussia and Prince Henry of the Netherlands.—The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are still at Coburg, where the Duchess is expecting her confinement, and where Dr. W. S. Playfair, F.R.C.P., has gone to be in attendance.—The Duke of Cambridge and the Princess Louise and her husband are staying at Kissingen.



CHURCH NEWS

The Traffic in Livings.——The *Echo* of Wednesday contained the first of a series of articles on the "Traffic in Livings," the writer of which declares himself to be a layman of the Church of England, who has no other motive but the advancement of that Church, and the purging it of a system that has been already condemned by half a dozen of the Bishops, in language quite as strong as any that could be used by her enemies. He says that the information which he purposes to give was not sought for any idle purpose, or merely to find matter for a newspaper article. "It was gained with the intention of exposure, and with the hope of doing my little towards spoiling the market of a detestable traffic. That a very considerable portion of the Church, and the advanced High Church party to a man, heartily abhor the system cannot be denied; but it is equally true that the canker of spiritual merchandise has eaten deeply into the vitals of the Church, and continues to spread year by year. The reason that there is so comparatively little indignation on the subject is, that the whole system is smothered up in semi-secrecy. It is in the hope that daylight may help to put to flight those unhallowed practices that this account is penned. A Royal Commission is about to sit upon the whole subject of the sale of livings. Several Churchmen have agreed that they shall have no excuse for being unacquainted with the extent and details of the business, and, as a proof of the *bonâ fide* nature of the statement here made, it may be mentioned that the original of every letter, document, and list will be placed in the hands of the Secretary of that Commission."

VARIOUS.——The *City Press* says that the churchwardens of St. Vedast, Foster Lane, are about to resume their prosecution of the Rev. T. P. Dale. The Bishop of Exeter has been appointed under the Queen's sign manual to take up the case, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London being unable, as the patrons of the church, to act in the matter. The "representation" consists of thirteen lengthy statements, accusing the rector of making unlawful additions to the ornament and furniture of his church, of using unlawful decorations, and of failing to observe the ordinances of the Common Prayer-book.—A very large congregation assembled at St. James's, Hatcham, last Sunday, but no incense was burnt, and the service was not in any way interrupted. A strong body of police kept order outside the church.—On Monday the Rev. Arthur Tooth entertained about 1,000 members of the Church of England Working Men's Society, with their friends, at the Orphanage, Croydon, and in replying to an address alluded to his recent visit to the United States where, he said, the Catholic movement in England was watched with great interest. If success came it would not be so much because they were in the right, as that the other side was wholly and hopelessly in the wrong. With the repeal of the Public Worship Act they would get rid of the aggrieved parishioner, and then, perhaps, peace, if not success, would crown their efforts.—The *Record* announces that a liberal friend of the Church Missionary Society, well known for his previous gifts, has offered to transfer to the Society a capital of 35,000*l.*, the interest to be used for special objects in the development of the native Church of India.—24,000*l.* of the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund has been apportioned by the Distributing Committee amongst seventy-nine hospitals and sixty-two dispensaries. The balance of the sum collected, which was about 25,000*l.*, will be carried over to next year's account.—The Glasgow Protestant Missionary Society have petitioned the local magistrates to enforce the laws against begging by "Sisters of Mercy." They affirm that "it is a public scandal, and outrage upon the very idea of fair play, that poor, naked, hungry, shivering women should be driven away from the door and taken to the police office, while well-fed, well-clothed women attended by a servant should be permitted to beg."—The Brighton School Board has lost its only lady member, Miss Caroline M. Ricketts, who is about to visit China as a evangelical missionary. She has been presented with a testimonial consisting of a handsome writing desk and a purse of 60*l.*—The Vicar of Stoke, who recently declined to read the Burial Service over the body of an unbaptised child, and who contends that the Rubrics give him no option in the matter, says that the published accounts of the "scandal" are exaggerated, and complains of the receipt of a number of anonymous letters, of which the following is a specimen:—"Monster!—This is to give notice that when you least expect it your house will be burned while you are in it! This warning is given only that you may prepare for your eternal doom. After burning in your bed may you be sent to the hottest quarter in Hell. Then, perhaps, will you remember the innocent child you refused to bury, and of whom you will beg a few drops of water to moisten your parched tongue. Prepare!"—Dr. Parker has gone for a holiday, and the City Temple is to be closed for two months. We should not have imagined that such an earnest advocate of the interchange of pulpits would have left his own congregation completely destitute of spiritual instruction for so long a period.



New Music

MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.——An operetta of the very lightest material both as regards the *libretto* and the music is *The Spectre Knight*, written and composed by Messrs. James Albery and Alfred Cellier, at the same time it is admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was intended, namely, to pass away an hour pleasantly. We can conscientiously recommend it to the attention of our musical readers who are at a loss to amuse their young friends during the autumn in a country house. The cast requires one soprano, two mezzo ditto, a tenor, baritone, bass, and *no* chorus; the scene a haunted glen; time "the educated will perceive, the uneducated will not require to know," so say the author and composer. This operetta was first produced at the Opera Comique, London, last February, and achieved a fair success.—Moderately good specimens of their species, well adapted for the schoolroom, are the first three Nos. of "Six Pensées Dansantes" for the pianoforte by Alfred Cellier; Nos. 1 and 3 are the best of the group.

MESSRS. WITT AND CO.——Of a series of very cleverly written pianoforte pieces by Heinrich Hofmann, "Album Leaves," two charming little bits entitled "Träumerei" and "Am Bache" are the best, both are so fresh and original.—"Akrostichon in May," "Dreaming," and "Rivulet," are almost as pleasing.—Two "Valses Caprices" are halting and unworthy the pen of a German composer who has done full justice to a second series of "New Hungarian Dances."—Brilliant and showy enough to please the general public is "Satanelle," a pianoforte piece, by Mortier de Fontaine.—"Eglogue," by R. Fuchs, is a short and tuneful *morçeau* for the pianoforte.

MESSRS. SIMPSON AND CO.——"Simpson's Easy Method of Playing the German Accordion or Melodion," professes to "enable any persons to teach themselves to play, although utterly unacquainted with music." This little work contains several popular hymn and song tunes, and will materially assist would-be executants on the above-named instruments.—No. 1 of "Simpson's Flute Gems," a series of favourite melodies, operatic selections, &c., arranged for the flute by Benjamin Wells, A.R.A.M., contains admirable arrangements of "Home, Sweet Home" and "Where the Bee Sucks," both with variations.—W. T. Wrighton has brought out a new edition of "The Waggoner," with an extra verse.—"The Cyprus March," by J. Meissler, is the first, and probably the best, of a series to come, good, bad, and indifferent.

MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.——A very pleasing melody and poetical words are combined in "Tell Her I Love Her So," a tenor song of medium compass, written and composed by F. E. Wrotherly, M.A., and P. de Faye.—Two well-written pianoforte pieces for school use are "Sanctuary," and "Still Waters," by Charles Oberthur. They are styled "Musical Illustrations Suggested by Pictures in the Royal Academy."

MISCELLANEOUS.——"Seven Hymn Tunes" (with words), composed by W. Greenwood, are of unequal merit. Nos. II. and VII., settings of "Sun of My Soul" and "Far from My Heavenly Home," are the best of the group; the others are but replicas of worthier models (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—A bombastic song, which will find but little favour beyond the limits of the 38th Middlesex Volunteers, to the colonel of which regiment it is dedicated, is "The Volunteers' Motto: 'Peace if We May; War if We Must,'" written and composed by Dr. Guy, F.R.S., and J. W. Elliott (C. Jefferys).—Tuneful, though wanting in originality, is "Turkish Retreat March," by Wm. C. Levey (Joseph Williams).—"Hochzeits Walzer," composed by Count Beust in honour of the silver wedding of the King and Queen of Saxony, are very much above the average of music composed for special occasions (F. Ries, Dresden).—The same cannot be said of "The Pavilion Waltzes," by J. Cooke, jun., which are commonplace in the extreme (Messrs. E. Donajowski and Co.).—"My Darlings Three," written and composed by Messrs. Clement Scott and C. Levey, has already won public favour when sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, and is sure of a warm reception whenever and wherever it is well sung (Messrs Boosey and Co.).—By the same *collaborateurs* is a graceful narrative song, "The Broken Rose," compass from C below the lines to E on the fourth space (Messrs. Enoch and Sons).—The words of "Romance and Reality," by M. A. B., are so poetical that they should have inspired Mr. C. Levey to something better than the hackneyed music to which he has adapted them (Lyon and Hall).

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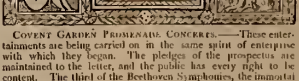
RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THE author of "Feuillemorte, and Other Poems," by Percy Gordon (Longmans), shows a considerable amount of feeling, and some little pictorial power, but has yet much to learn of the technical part of his art. His metres often seem to be more than he can manage—*e.g.*, in the dedication, and still more in "The Voyage Home," in which latter one must also take objection to such a cockney rhyme as "shores" and "draws!" The principal piece contains some pretty descriptions of Thames scenery, and seems to have been composed under the influence of the Poet Laureate's "Maud;" but "My Tower" is little more than a poor imitation of "The Palace of Art." One or two of the smaller pieces, such as "Dee-side," are better, because less ambitious.

"The Romance of Love," by Robert Miller (C. Kegan Paul and Co.), does not, as a whole, rise above mediocrity, but contains here and there some melodious, if not very original, songs, of which perhaps the best is one at page 59, "When Lucy I to love began." It is intended to illustrate "the course of common life's love," so that the absence of any positive story may be more easily condoned than the use of so hackneyed a line as that of Cowper's at page 74, without quotation marks! To be sure the adjective is altered, so that it has some claim to originality.

The tragedy which forms the opening piece in "Guzman the Good, The Secretary, and Miscellaneous Poems," by R. J. Gilman (Victoria Press), is founded on an incident in Spanish history which, pathetic as it is, is scarcely strong enough to sustain the interest through five acts of rather poor blank verse. The story is the old one of Alonzo de Guzman's defence of Tarifa against the Moors, and the murder of his only son through the treachery of Don Juan. The treatment is not strong; and the same must be said of the second play, which is a domestic drama of the time of Charles II. of England. Of the minor pieces, "Love-song," at page 216, is very pretty; and the verses on the burning of the *Goliath* training-ship deserve notice as having originally appeared in *Punch*, illustrated by Mr Tenniel.

If "The Exchanged Identity," by W. A. Chandler (E. W. Allen), be not a bad joke at the public expense, it is difficult to see what end could be answered by the publication of such trivial jingle embodying so preposterous a story. The author seems to have had curious and unusual experiences of critics.—The intention of "Stones of England," by Winslow Boulding (Bemrose and Son), is excellent, and the writer has attained to very tolerable management of the Spenserian stanza. The poem is a sort of apotheosis of the many celebrated men and women who are buried in Westminster Abbey, with incidental references to others who might be thought entitled to tombs therein. The historical views are not much in advance of Goldsmith and Pinnock, and one would be curious to know where the author has met with men who called Shakespeare "obscene." They must have been strange mortals. Otherwise it is a meritorious little work, and not too pretentious.—The "Selected Poems of Matthew Arnold" (Macmillan) will be welcomed by admirers of his verses, since the volume contains some of the author's best-known pieces, such as "Tristram and Iseult," "The Forsaken Merman," the fine ballad of "Saint Brandan," and some of the best of the sonnets. It makes an elegant little book.—"The Diver: with Notes," by the Rev. Frederick K. Harford, M.A., Minor-Canon of Westminster (Bickers and Son), is another attempt, and far from an unsuccessful one, at an English rendering of Schiller's glorious ballad. Personally, we prefer the late Lord Lytton's version. The German text is appended, and the introduction and notes are most interesting and show careful research; whilst the genealogical tables will be useful and curious to historical students.



Music

COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.——These entertainments are being carried on in the same spirit of enterprise with which they began. The pledges of the prospectus are maintained to the letter, and the public has every right to be content. The third of the Beethoven Symphonies, the immortal *Eroica*—which was to have been "Buonaparte," but from which we are told that, upon hearing the news of Napoleon's having taken the purple, the composer indignantly tore away the title-page, exclaiming, "He shall not have my symphony!"—was just as admirably executed, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, as its two precursors, in C and D. Again the times of each movement were so judiciously taken by the conductor that clearness and precision were as noticeable in the performance as unflagging spirit. Although this great work takes up no less than three quarters of an hour, it was listened to with marked interest by a crowded audience, the promenaders for the most part appearing to be quite as much pleased as the tenants of stalls and boxes. At the third "classical night" (Wednesday) the symphony was Haydn's famous old "Military," which, though time has dealt with it less leniently than with either of the other grand symphonies in the same key (G), can never be unwelcome, when so effectively rendered as on the present occasion. At the same concert Madame Montigny-Rémaury, who had already added the second and most difficult concerto of Mendelssohn (D minor) to her successes, was quite as happy in the A minor concerto of Schumann, which she played magnificently, accompanied by the orchestra in perfection. No applause could have been more genuine and unanimous than that which greeted the conclusion of the performance. On Monday the fourth Symphony of Beethoven (B flat) is to be the conspicuous feature of the orchestral selection.

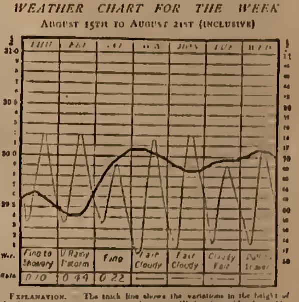
NOTES FROM PARIS.——M. Lecocq's comic operetta, *Le Petit Duc*, has passed its two-hundredth night at the Renaissance. The receipts for the two hundred performances amount to 851,234 francs. Meanwhile *La Folle de Madame Angot* has been reproduced at the Folies-Dramatiques for the delectation of visitors, native and foreign, to the "Exposition Universelle." *Hamlet* has been revived at the Grand Opera, but—much to the detriment of M. Ambroise Thomas—with no Faure for Hamlet, no Christine Nilsson for Ophelia. M. Bouhy, as the one, and Mdlle. Daram, as the other, seem, nevertheless, in a certain degree to satisfy the public, while there is but one opinion about the excellence of Mdlle. Bloch, in the character of Queen Gertrude, which she looks well, sings well, and acts well. The operas at present alternating with *Hamlet* are *L'Africaine*, and M. Massenet's *Roi de Lahore*. Organ "recitals" are now the chief sources of musical attraction at the Trocadero. Not only M. Guilmant, but M. Eugène Gigout and M. de Lange, Professor at the Cologne Conservatory, have performed on the new grand organ, built by Cavaillé-Coll, which, the more it is heard, the more emphatically are its fine qualities proclaimed. The programme of M. de Lange's first "recital" was decidedly superior to anything that had preceded it, comprising not only examples from Bach and Handel, but from Mendelssohn's admirable six sonatas. That the organ music of Mendelssohn, who combined the contrapuntal mastery of the old school with all the charm of modern fancy, all the devices of modern ingenuity, carried away the palm, even in the face of Bach and Handel, is admitted on every side. In fact, Mendelssohn, the greatest organ-player of his period, was also the greatest composer for the organ. How he also contrived to become the greatest pianist, as well as the greatest composer for the pianoforte, in the course of his too brief career, it is difficult to explain.

WAIFS.——Our gifted countryman, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, has been elected a correspondent member of the "Société des Compositeurs" in France—a distinction which was communicated by the President in a highly complimentary letter.—The Hamburg Philharmonic Society is about to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its existence by a grand musical festival to last three days. The programme is selected from the works of Handel, Bach, Mozart, Cherubini, Weber, and (let us hope, although the name is not mentioned) Mendelssohn, who was born at Hamburg, the then great, free Hanseatic town, on the 3rd February, 1809. The dates of the musical performances are fixed for the 25th, 26th, and 28th of next month—a hint for visitors to the Continent who may be taking their holiday at that period. Madame Montigny-Rémaury, the accomplished French pianist, her engagement with Messrs. Gatti having expired, quits London for Paris to-day. Her stay here has been so agreeable to all whom she has charmed with her playing, that its brief duration gives the greater cause for regret. She will doubtless return to a country where her merits have been so warmly recognised, and if she is not heard at the Monday Popular Concerts this coming winter, Mr. Arthur Chappell is hardly the far-seeing director we have always taken him to be, and in fact which, for some twenty years, by his able and spirited management, he has proved himself.—It is, we believe, now certain that M. Guiraud's *Piccolino*, should Mr. Carl Rosa (as all amateurs hope) give a series of performances at one of our London theatres next spring, will be the leading novelty.—The committee of the Glasgow Orchestral Concerts seem to be at a loss for a conductor. Dr. Hans von Bülow, according to the *Glasgow Herald*, "does not see his way" to accept the post; and if that be the case he shows wisdom in declining it. The committee are now in treaty with various foreigners, as if there was no such thing as an English conductor. Of course Dr. Sullivan could not under any conditions again accept the place he once so honourably filled; and Mr. Weist Hill, "our English Costa," as he has been justly styled, would hardly enter into the heads of the Glasgow burghers. Herr Richter, of Vienna, the great Wagnerian conductor, has been invited, and so has Sir Michael Costa (fancy Sir Michael!); but both turn a deaf ear to earnest solicitations. The matter now rests between Herr Max Bruch and Herr Tausch, who, the *Glasgow Herald* informs us, "is a gentlemanly musician." Does that convey a sly admonition to the occasionally over-energetic Dr. Hans von Bülow? Signor Randegger, we understand, will go to Glasgow to direct a performance of his cantata, *Fridolin*. "Qui va et loin y reste" (Who knows?)

◆

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

AUGUST 15TH TO AUGUST 21ST (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.——The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.——The weather during this week, as far as the south-eastern parts of England are concerned, has been cloudy and rather [illegible] Thursday and Friday, the 15th and 16th, were wet and thundery [illegible] Saturday, the 17th instant, showed a considerable improvement, and [illegible] south-west winds prevailed on all these days. On Sunday, the 18th [illegible], however, a change occurred; the wind shifted to the eastward, the sky assumed a very rainy appearance, but the rain did not fall. [illegible] remained in this state until Wednesday evening, the 21st instant, when a slight shower fell in some parts of London, but soon passed off. [illegible] has been cool, and Saturday, the 17th instant, and Tuesday, [illegible] instant, were even cold for the time of year. The barometer was highest ([illegible] inches) on Sunday, the 18th instant; lowest ([illegible] inches) on Friday, the 16th instant; range, 0·[illegible] inches. Temperature, in the shade, was highest ([illegible]) on Thursday ([illegible]), Friday ([illegible]), and Monday ([illegible]); lowest ([illegible]) on [illegible]day morning, the 18th instant; range, [illegible]. [illegible] Total fall in the week, [illegible] inches on three days. Greatest fall in one day, 0·44 inches, on Saturday, the 17th instant.

I was surprised and mortified to see her eyes closed and her head drooping—in a word, she had fallen asleep.

AMONGST ALIENS

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

AUTHOR OF "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

Monsignor Chiappaforte called to see me that afternoon just before luncheon time. I say, advisedly, to see *me*, for he was aware that Lucy was out. He told me he had seen her going to the Villa d'Este.

"I am come to bid you farewell, Signorina," he said. "I leave Tivoli to-day."

I felt no regret at this news, and affected none. Monsignor, however, did not intend that his adieux should be very brief, for he set down his well-brushed ecclesiastical beaver (such a contrast to the dust-laden head-gear of Don Gregorio!) on the table, and seated himself in an arm-chair. I had no choice but to sit too.

"I was glad," he began with an amiable air, "to see our dear Lucia looking cheerful and like herself, as she passed me this morning. She seems to have quite recovered her spirits, eh?"

"I cannot relieve the Princess Corleoni's conscience—still less her son's—so far as to say that, Monsignore."

"Ahem! No, eh? Ah! Not *quite* recovered her spirits? Poor little thing!"

Monsignore's compassionate tone was belied by a certain twinkle of satisfaction in his eyes. I was convinced that, for some reason unknown to me, he preferred Lucy's sadness and depression to her smiles and cheerfulness. After a second or two, finding that I did not speak, he proceeded:

"The old man with her looked like an artist—a painter, I suppose?"

"Professor Alessandro Santi, Monsignore."

"Oh, *really!* Dear me! So that was Santi, eh? Aha! A man of great talents, I believe."

"I wonder you did not recognise him, Monsignore."

"Recognise——? I am not aware that I ever had the honour of Professor Santi's acquaintance. I don't easily forget my friends, either. Does he say he knows me?"

"Oh, he certainly knows you. And he imagines you know him; but he never said you were *friends*."

"Oh! Ah, yes, yes; I think I remember that in the '59 we were brought into contact once, respecting a—a—political matters. At—Perugia, I fancy?"

"At Perugia, Monsignore."

"Just so! Santi, I have some idea, is a Perugian?"

"He is a Perugian, Monsignore."

Then Monsignore dropped that subject: the events which liberal Italians speak of as the "massacre of Perugia," and faithful Churchmen, I suppose, deem a creditable page in the history of the Papal Army, did not furnish an agreeable topic to discuss with heretical me. He resumed airily, "And the other gentleman—evidently an Englishman—is he by any chance your brother come to pay you a visit?"

"My brother is in South America, Monsignore."

"So I understood from our dear Signorina Lucia; but it was possible he might have arrived unexpectedly, you know. Ah! The gentleman is *not* your brother? No; I see. Not your brother."

"Not my brother, certainly. Lucy left the house with Signor Sandro. He is like a father to us both, the kindest and most benevolent of men."

"Ahem! Really? Ay, ay, that is very pleasant for you. So you don't know who the Englishman was who was walking with them towards the Villa d'Este? Indeed, he went into the gardens with them. Don Gregorio chanced to see them, and happened to mention the fact to me. He has a great regard for Lucia, has Don Gregorio. Poor man—an excellent, well-meaning person, and in his way I don't know a more valuable priest for a country parish than Don Gregorio. So you cannot at all tell who this English stranger might be, eh?"

I could scarcely restrain a smile, although I was irritated too. "Oh, Monsignore," I said, brusquely, "if you are anxious to know, I can in a measure satisfy your curiosity, but only in a measure, for the gentleman is a stranger to me. The Englishman whom you saw with my master and my sister, and whom Don Gregorio watched into the Villa d'Este, must have been a certain Rutherford, who is fond of art, and has bought a picture of Professor Santi, and has come to see Tivoli in his company. Now you have all I can tell you about him."

"Bought a picture of Santi, has he?" returned Monsignor, without manifesting the least discomposure at my uncivil bluntness. "Aha! he must have money, our friend the Englishman! What you tell me is really very interesting. Well, Signorina, I must say farewell. I shall be in Rome this evening, and shall see the Princess Olympia either to-night or to-morrow morning."

He stood waiting, hat in hand, and looking at me as if he expected me to speak, but I did not.

"The Princess will ask me about Lucia, I know. In spite of what has passed, I am sure the Princess cannot divest himself of her great interest in Lucia. I shall explain to her that our sweet little girl erred in ignorance and inexperience. You will not agree with me, perhaps, but——"

"Pardon me, Monsignore! In that opinion I entirely agree with you."

"I am delighted to hear it, Signorina, and not at all surprised, for I have unbounded faith in your sagacity and good sense, when you allow them fair play."

He looked greatly surprised, nevertheless, and scrutinised my countenance with a quick disturbed glance from his eyes, whilst his mouth was at "set fair," as usual.

"Ignorance of evil and inexperience of treachery lead people to err in their judgment of such men as Don Vittorio Corleoni. Lucy so erred. We have all to expiate mistakes as well as faults in this world. Her expiation has been somewhat severe."

"Ah, well, well, your bitterness is perhaps not unnatural. My dear Signorina, believe me there is but one antidote to such bitterness, but one effectual balm for angry and resentful feelings. Our dear Lucia has sought that antidote not in vain. It lies in the teachings and the consolations of our holy religion."

"It is a pity, Monsignore," said I, "that the antidote was not applied to the bitter and angry feelings of the Princess Corleoni before she outraged my sister."

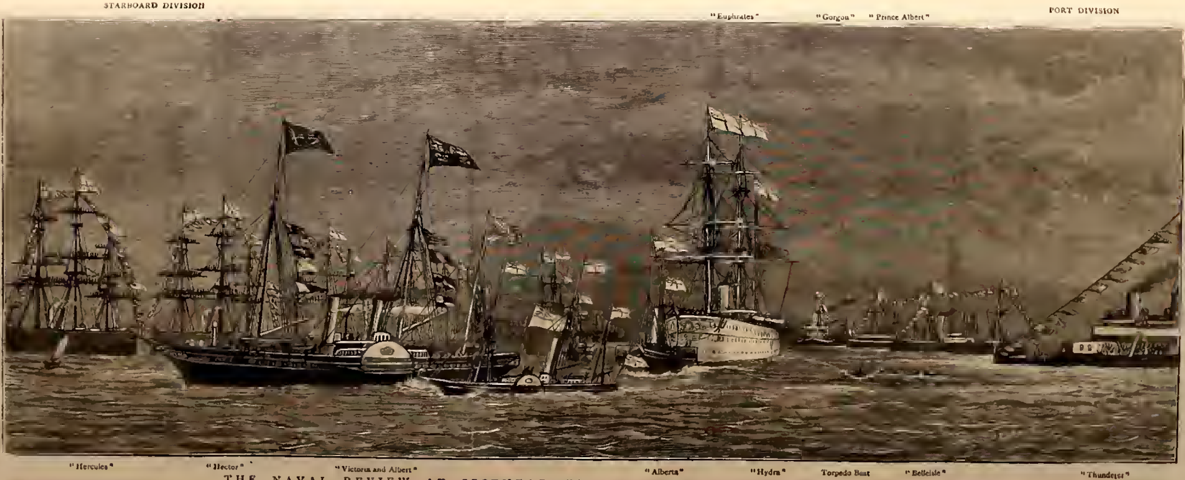
He flushed a dark, angry red, and answered with an appearance of being flustered, which I had never seen in him before, "The cases, Signorina, are widely different. There is no comparison, there can be no comparison between the Princess Corleoni doing her duty as becomes a mother, and—and—a woman of elevated rank, and the disappointment and chagrin of—persons in your position."

"No comparison whatever, Monsignor. Only I should have thought your antidote ought to be efficacious in all possible cases—even in an 'elevated rank.' However, as to that, you are perhaps the best judge."

"You—you speak with a scoffing tone which is highly irreverent—nay, irreligious. I cannot discuss the matter with any one who adopts that tone. It is wicked, absolutely wicked, to talk so!"

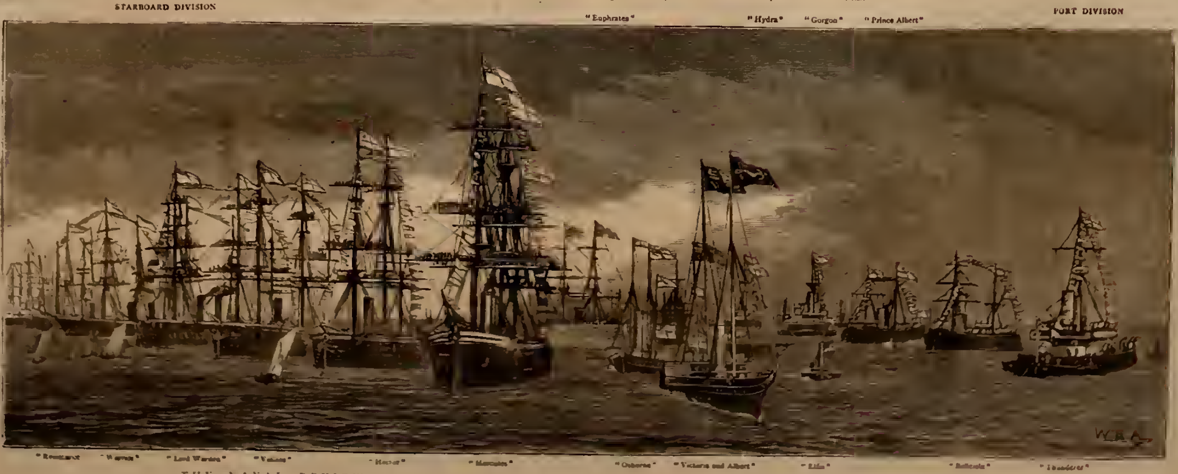
"That, Monsignore, closes the discussion, as you say; although in truth 'discussion' is not the right word for our talk. In such cases your Reverence will always have the advantage; since, although you may have nothing to advance against your opponent's arguments, it will always be open to you to declare with the authority of your calling, that those arguments are wicked."

"I could not have believed," said Monsignor, almost stammering with anger, "that any young woman in a respectable position could have been so—so audacious—so lost to all sense of veneration and modesty! This is the teaching of your *liberal* friends—of Signor Alessandro Santi and his peers. Mercy of Heaven, it is frightful to think of young minds being poisoned by such doctrine! I speak of Lucia, not of you; for I fear you are too hardened and self-sufficient already to be made worse even by the commu-



THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD—THE ROYAL YACHT LEAVING THE FLEET

Signal Flying—"Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen is much pleased, and regrets extremely that the bad weather has prevented the evolutions."



THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD—THE ROYAL FLOTILLA PASSING THROUGH THE LINES

(Continued from page 196)

nications of such a rebellious and irreligious man as Santi. A firebrand he always was. He has been marked as a disaffected and dangerous fellow for the last thirty years. And if right were done he would be in the galleys at this moment! No wonder that young women forget the modesty of their age and sex, who keep the company of such a character."

"Well, Monsignore," said I, coolly, "whatever I may have forgotten, your Reverence's memory has been wonderfully and suddenly refreshed as to Signor Santi. It is not many minutes since you professed to know nothing about him."

But I was not to enjoy my sex's prerogative of the last word. Chiappaforte, having once given his temper the rein, allowed it to run away with him entirely, and seemed rather to enjoy the gallop. He scolded, he stormed, he anathematised me, and Signor Sandro, and a great many other persons, in very choice Italian, declared that he could not have believed that any one—still less a young woman—would have ventured to speak to him with such unparalleled insolence and brazen audacity, and after a warm panegyric (which, unlike his praises in general, I must own appeared to be thoroughly sincere) on his own talents, virtues, and hierarchical dignity, he marched out of the house, with his round face fiery red, and his keen eyes sparkling with fury.

"Well," thought I, "Monsignore has thrown away the scabbard with me, at all events. I don't believe he will ever again think it worth while to disguise his antipathy towards me; and that is one thing gained!"

In truth, Monsignore's wheedling smoothness was far more distasteful to me, and made me far more uneasy, than his open enmity. And I cared so little for anything he could say to or of me personally, that I was able to receive Signor Sandro and Lucy with a quite unruffled brow when they returned.

Instead of sitting down to partake of our simple fare, as I asked him to do, my master brought me an invitation which he begged me to accept. It was from Mr. Rutherford, who sent his respects, and hoped the ladies would do him the honour to eat their luncheon as his guests, out at the Villa of Quinctilian. He had sent on a donkey with a basket of such fare as the inn afforded, and he thought it would be pleasant to take our meal there under the olive-trees.

I hesitated. "I don't much like accepting this kind of invitation from a total stranger," said I. "It's very well to make our excursion in Mr. Rutherford's company; but to put him to any charges in the matter is quite another thing. And—in short, I don't like it."

"Nonsensical pride!" cried Signor Sandro. "It's merely a very natural and proper attention on Rodolfo's part."

"I object to accepting favours to which I can make no return," I said.

"Favours! A bit of bread and meat and a glass of white wine. Yet you gave me my coffee this morning, and expected me to take it as a matter of course. What would you say if I were to begin reckoning up the cost?"

"Ah, that is altogether different, Master; and you know it. If Mr. Rutherford were a poor artist like myself, I should not hesitate a moment."

"*Per—Giove Capitolino!* you are the most perverse creature! If a man has to count every *soldo*, take his hospitality as a matter of course. When you're quite certain that he will never feel the difference whether two people or ten eat at his board,—oh, then we mount on our high horse, and 'cannot accept favours.'"

"I think, Catherine," put in Lucy, timidly, "that it would look rather overstrained to refuse Mr. Rutherford. It is such a simple matter after all, and no doubt he would like to eat his luncheon out there, and he could scarcely do so whilst we sat by and looked on and refused to partake of it—could he?"

"Oh let her alone, *piccina!*" said Signor Sandro, "once she takes a thing into her head, she is as obstinate—I know nothing obstinate enough to compare with her."

"Come, come," I answered, "it is not worth expending so much powder and shot about; if you would like it, Lucy——"

"Yes, dear, I should."

"Then let us say, 'Yes, please,' instead of 'No, thank you.' I don't want to seem proud or pedantic."

Lucy kissed my cheek, and turning smilingly to Signor Sandro, said, "Ah, you don't know Catherine when you call her obstinate; she is only firm in a good cause. As for me, she spoils me, and has spoiled me with kindness all my life."

She seemed so cheerful that I determined not to cloud her newly-returned brightness by telling her of my interview with Chiappaforte. The day was brilliant; sweet, fresh, and yet soft, with the delicious softness of a Roman spring. The little change, the break in the monotony of our lives, apparently even the society of this stranger (although, as I have said, Lucy was usually apt to shrink shyly from strangers), combined to raise my sister's youthful spirits. She was outwardly the gayest of the party when we set out, and only one who knew her as profoundly, and watched her as anxiously, as I did could have detected the occasional fits of abstraction, the wandering eye, the unconscious sigh, the mournful droop of the mouth, which came ever and anon to chequer the smiling serenity of her mood. Still, to see her alert and interested in anything, even fitfully, was unspeakably delightful to me; it presaged the complete return of her old joyous, happy temper.

Lucy rode on a donkey, and although the driver of the beast, a ragged boy who was an old acquaintance of mine in Tivoli, accompanied us, yet Mr. Rutherford walked the greater part of the time beside Lucy, holding her donkey's bridle, and every now and then stopping him at a peculiarly fine point of view in order that Lucy might enjoy it. For, as he truly observed, the main object of both steed and driver was to scuttle along to the end of their journey, and both had a mechanical routine way of performing the jaunt which it required some strength of will and arm to interrupt at unaccustomed places. Signor Sandro and I walked on soberly side by side; now before, and now behind the others. And whenever we were out of earshot my master took occasion to exult in his own sagacity, and to point out to me how pleasantly Lucy was chatting and smiling with 'Rodolfo,' and to inform me that the latter had already confided to him (Signor Sandro) that he thought Miss Lucy, one of the sweetest and most interesting-looking creatures he had ever seen.

"Ah, Master," said I, gravely, "let us beware lest we do mischief where we mean to do good. Such sentiments as you want to encourage ought never to be interfered with by a third person unless on very strong and tangible grounds. I should be sorry if Mr. Rutherford were to be deceived into fancying that Lucy's manner towards him means anything more than the natural simple sweetness which she shows to every one. Believe me, however smiling she may look, however blithely she may speak, the old wound is not healed. It would quiver agonisingly at the slightest touch."

"Humph! Caterina *mia*, I like our *piccina*. She's a dear little girl. But—all women are not as steadfast, and—let us say obstinate, eh?—as yourself."

"But, Master——"

"No, no; not many of them are as obstinate as my self-willed pupil," interrupted Signor Sandro, at the same time patting my shoulder tenderly. "And as to Rodolfo, let him take care of himself. He's no fragile blossom to droop at a young lady's frown. Men's hearts are pretty tough nowadays, I fancy."

I looked at Mr. Rutherford, towards whom we were advancing during this conversation. The donkey had, for some private reason of his own, suddenly mended his pace, and carried Lucy and her squire some distance ahead of us. They now paused for us to rejoin them, and as I saw the Englishman's strong, sturdy figure, his cheerful, frank face, and general air of self-reliant vigour, I owned to myself that he did not look much in danger of pining in love-sickness. And I told myself, moreover, that it would be indeed a foolish and overstrained punctiliousness which should make me anxious about his peace of mind, at all events as yet. So I cast care to the winds, and, exhilarated by the loveliness of the day and the scene, determined to enjoy the passing hour with a thankful spirit.

CHAPTER XVI.

After we had wandered about the ruins of the villa, peeped into the tiny church dedicated to the Virgin, and called La Madonna di Quintiliolo (an odd reminiscence of Horace's Pagan friend!) climbed a little up the slopes behind it, and gazed at the magnificent view from all these points, we sat down under some secular olive trees, whose roots descended into the marble vaults of the ancient mansion, to eat our luncheon. It was a very good luncheon, we thought; but Mr. Rutherford's North Country notions of hospitality were by no means realised. He complained of its being but a poor kind of snack, although when we had all eaten heartily there was enough left to furnish an abundant meal for the donkey boy and for the man who had driven out another donkey, a sort of sumpter beast laden with the hamper full of good cheer.

It was not only in providing food for us that Mr. Rutherford had shown his thoughtfulness, however. He had brought a couple of stout plaids for us to sit on, and insisted on rolling up his own great coat into a cushion to support Lucy's shoulders as she leant back against the trunk of an olive. Then he asked if a cigar would be disagreeable to us, and receiving our ready permission to smoke, he stretched himself on the coarse herbage, resting his elbow on a little hillock all overgrown with wild flowers, lit a very fragrant cigar, and declared himself to be quite comfortable. For a while we talked in Italian; but presently Signor Sandro got up, and strolled away, saying that he should take another look into the church. Mr. Rutherford offered to accompany him, but Signor Sandro opposed his doing so, and finally confessed that feeling somewhat sleepy, he should take a short nap within the shelter of the church, as he was afraid of falling asleep in the open air. "If I don't appear before, call for me when it's time to turn homewards, which I suppose will be in about half-an-hour or so," said Signor Sandro. And he walked away, carrying his voluminous cloak in readiness to wrap himself up when he should leave the genial sunshine of the outer air for the chill gloom of the little church.

"It's odd how afraid the Italians seem to be of the open air," observed Mr. Rutherford. "I should have thought that the Professor might have enjoyed his nap better here in the sunshine, with his cloak for a pillow."

"Ay," said I, "but when open air means bad air, *mal 'aria*, as it does here too often, you cannot wonder at their dreading it. You have probably no experience of the malady called Roman fever?"

"Nor personally of any other fever, so far as I know," he returned, smiling, and knocking off the ash of his cigar. "But I have seen the effects of a cognate malady to Roman fever, belonging to an elder branch, though, what you might call the head of the fever family, in South America. And a very ugly customer he was. By the way, Miss Lucy, hadn't you better wrap that plaid a little closer round you? The great precaution is to avoid getting chilled, I believe."

"Oh, I am quite well taken care of, thank you," said Lucy. "No fear of that not being the case where my sister is."

I thought this not a very gracious way of receiving Mr. Rutherford's well-meant attention, but he seemed to take it with perfect good humour, merely casting a quick look at me, and smiling a little to himself.

"Never mind wrapping me up—I give quite trouble enough as it is—but tell me about South America. How long is it since you were there?"

"Five years."

"Ah, then you cannot have come across our brother. He is in Brazil. He went there two years ago. But tell us about the places and people there. We can fancy him among them."

Mr. Rutherford good naturedly began to comply with Lucy's wish. He talked of his travels in South America and the scenes he had witnessed there, and the people with whom he had been brought in contact. I was struck not only by the good sense exhibited in his discourse—for that I should have been prepared—but by the vein of poetic feeling and fancy which ran through it. Nothing beautiful or romantic seemed to have appealed to him in vain. Despite his simple exterior and homely accent it was impossible not to recognise that he possessed a poetic imagination, and that, moreover, he had cultivated it by very extensive reading. Whenever he warmed to his subject—as, for example, in speaking of the natural beauties of those luxuriant countries—he poured out innumerable quotations from poets old and new (most of whom I only knew by name, and many not even so), not with the slightest air of pedantry, but as if those were the most appropriate words to express his thoughts, and as if they rose to his lips spontaneously. I listened with the greatest interest; and turning my glance on Lucy at one point of Mr. Rutherford's description of a Brazilian forest, was surprised and mortified to see her eyes closed and her head drooping—in a word, she had fallen asleep. His eyes met mine, he ceased speaking, and I felt my cheeks grow red and hot.

"Hush! never mind, Miss Wilson," he said, in a low voice. "She is tired, poor child—excuse me, but she seems so like an innocent, gentle child! More than ever now that she is sleeping. My palaver has soothed her like a lullaby. Don't disturb her for the world. Let me throw the corner of the plaid over that branch to shade her face from the sun—so! Now we will move just a yard or two off lest our voices should awaken her."

It seemed to me that Mr. Rutherford must either be extraordinarily benevolent and sweet-tempered, or else really inclined to be in love with Lucy. For certainly it was rather trying to be commanded to narrate adventures and make descriptions, and then in the very midst of a glowing period to find your audience nodding to sleep instead of being absorbed in listening. "But when a man is in love I suppose he finds everything that his idol does well done and charming. And on the hypothesis of his cherishing a little tender sentiment for Lucy is his unruffled good humour to be accounted for, very easily."

Thus ran my thoughts—swiftly, as thoughts will run. And yet at the same time I struggled to resist the conclusion they pointed to, being ashamed of the influence which Signor Sandro's matchmaking project had already gained over the tenour of my speculations.

"She is not strong," said Mr. Rutherford, speaking under his breath, and looking over at Lucy.

"She has been ill lately," I answered; "but formerly, although not robust, as you see, she always had good health."

"Do you think the climate of Italy agrees with her—with you both?"

"Yes; I think so. For myself I believe any climate would suit me."

"What, even the rugged north? I fancy you would find England bleak after this Roman sky."

"You speak as if I were an exotic needing a hothouse. You forget that I am an Englishwoman born and bred, and that it is but two years since I have been living under alien skies."

"*Cœlum, non animum, mutant,*" murmured Mr. Rutherford. "You keep an English heart, Miss Wilson."

"I own I love my own country better than any other."

"In short you are a prejudiced Briton, eh?"

"Perhaps. But I have noticed very often that those who affect cosmopolitan principles, and declare that 'one country is as good as another—and better!' are tolerably indifferent to everything but their own individual ease and comfort. Citizens of the world and universal philanthropists I look upon with suspicion."

"You think that charity ought to begin at home, and stop there!"

"I think that the charity which is reared at home will be stronger on its legs and have a chance of travelling farther than any other sort."

"Well, I have been travelling and knocking about the world pretty well ever since I was eighteen; and I have found good and bad everywhere. As the Italians say, '*Tutto il mondo è paese.*' But yet I own that whenever I thought of my bleak Cumberland fells something seemed to tug at my heartstrings. And when I went back to my old home last year the first sound of the rough Northern tongue brought the tears into my eyes."

"And you would not part with those feelings, although they may have cost you many a melancholy hour, to enjoy the most philosophical immunity from prejudices in favour of your own kith and kin."

"Kith and kin!" echoed Rutherford, rather sadly. "I have few of my kith and kin left to be prejudiced for. Very near to me, none. An old great-uncle, my grandfather's younger brother, still lives a bachelor on the farm he inherited nearly sixty years ago, and of Rutherfords who call cousins with me there is no lack. But father, mother, and sisters are all dead and gone. You cannot think, Miss Wilson, what a delight—not altogether unmixed with sadness—it has been to me to be admitted to the society of my countrywomen this afternoon. You cannot tell how grateful I am to you and your sister for consenting to come. I love travel and the excitement of new scenes as well as most men; but to one who has once known the sweetness of women's influence in his home, 'tis but a dreary business to lounge from coffee-house to coffee-house, from inn to inn, hearing nowt but gruff voices, and seeing nowt but bearded faces."

When Mr. Rutherford spoke with any emotion—as he did now—his North-country dialect came out strongly; and I fancy that as he became more at his ease with me, he ceased to keep any watch over his accent. To my ears it was not unpleasing, but had something hearty and homely in it which I liked. He asked about my brother, what his business was, and how he was prospering, and gradually, as we talked, I was led to tell him our simple history—barring always any allusion to poor Lucy's love story. That was her secret, and I felt bound to keep it sacred. A shadow fell across the grass at our feet, and a loud voice called out, "*Corpo di Bacco!* Why, if I had not waked of myself, it seems we might have stayed here till sundown, and all died of fever. Come, come, march! Where are those lazy donkey boys and their beasts?"

Signor Sandro's voice wakened Lucy with a start, and then my master began to scold us all round for allowing her to fall asleep in the open air, and to prophesy dire consequences from our carelessness, at which, however, Lucy laughed incredulously. "Signor Sandro," said she, "I don't believe a word of your croakings,—not one word. What, up here on this hill side, with the air so sweet and pure, and the grass as dry as if it had been baked in a lime-kiln; to talk of fever and malaria! And, besides, I was only just dozing; I had not closed my eyes five minutes when you came up."

Rutherford, who was behind her, gave me a comical look with raised eyebrows, when she said this; but, at the same time, laid his finger on his lip as a hint that we were not to undeceive either Lucy or Signor Sandro as to the duration of her slumber. Whilst he bustled off to see after the donkeys, and whilst Signor Sandro was insisting on pinning a warm shawl more closely round Lucy's shoulders before she mounted, I looked at my watch. To my amazement it marked four o'clock. We had been sitting under the olive trees more than an hour, then.

Our progress homeward was made in the same order as in the morning. Mr. Rutherford walked by Lucy's bridle, and my master and I trudged along side by side. Signor Sandro was full of "Rodolfo's" praises as we walked. Was not he a good fellow,—frank—honest—kind—sensible? A pearl of Englishmen! And without that coldness which was well known to be a British characteristic. Rodolfo had enthusiasm!

"And why not?" returned I. "Enthusiasm! There's no lack of that amongst my countrymen, as I've often told you, Master."

"Yes; you have often *told* me so, *Caterina mia!*"

"Well, and what does your own observation tell you? Trust to that, and never mind the cut-and-dried commonplaces which people repeat one after another, like parrots."

"Ah, child, I own that Rodolfo has warmth of feeling; but he is an exception. Look at the hard, cold phizzes of half the Englishmen you meet in Rome. Eyes like steel, and mouths that seem to shut with a spring."

"The warmth is concentrated in the heart, Master; not wasted in fizzing fire-works."

This was an old dispute of ours, and we carried it on till we were close at our own door, where, indeed, Lucy had already arrived, and was being lightly lifted from her saddle by our new friend.

"Listen, Caterina," whispered my master, plucking at my shawl to detain me. "You ought to ask Rodolfo to come and drink a cup of tea with you this evening, in the English fashion. It would only be right and becoming."

Under other circumstances I should not have needed the hint; but Signor Sandro's unlucky project with respect to this stranger made me shrink from any appearance of hunting after his company. I hesitated, saying, "Oh, I think the poor man has had enough of us for one day." But as soon as we reached the doorway, where Lucy was awaiting us, she said to me, "Oh, Catherine, I have made Mr. Rutherford a promise which you must help me to fulfil. I have told him that if he will come here about eight o'clock, with Signor Sandro, he shall have a cup of good tea,—what the Italians call 'English tea,'" she added, turning to Mr. Rutherford with a smile; "but I warrant you it was grown in China. We brought it with us from Rome. It is, I think, the sole luxury Catherine allows herself."

Of this speech Signor Sandro only caught the word "tea," which he understood, and repeated with an imitation of the English pronunciation, lengthening out the vowel, "*Tee, tee*, yes; it is very good, your *tee*,—not that I ever drink it."

I was half inclined to be vexed with Lucy for her over-zealous hospitality; which was unreasonable on my part, for if any hint of that which was in my old master's mind had reached her, I well knew that the cordiality of her behaviour to the Englishman would have been frozen to death in a moment. Mr. Rutherford stood for a second looking at me, and then said, "Oh, no; thank you. I think I had better not intrude on you this evening. Miss Wilson looks a little tired, and Miss Lucy, too, may need rest."

"Rest! I have been resting whilst you others were walking, and I am all the better for the sweet, fresh air. No, you must come! Must he not, Signor Sandro?"

"Certainly, certainly. I will bring him."

"But Miss Wilson does not seem to—to—approve," murmured Rutherford, in what certainly seemed a disappointed tone. Thus appealed to, I could do no other than add my personal request to my sister's invitation, and so we parted, with the agreement to meet again in a few hours.

"Why, Catherine, I never saw you so inhospitable," exclaimed Lucy, as soon as she and I were alone in our sitting-room. "The poor man looked dreadfully mortified that you did not second me by a word."

"Well, you see, dear,—I hope I have not been inhospitable, but—there's no use in being too lavish of your company to a total stranger. Besides, he might not think it polite to refuse our invitation, although he might not particularly care to come."

Lucy stared at me. "I don't understand why you should think so, Catherine," she said. "He seemed most pleased and grateful when I first asked him. And all the way home he has been telling me how he had enjoyed the afternoon, and what a delight it was to him to have some ladies' society. He's a good, simple-hearted man. I like him very much. And why should we not all be sociable and pleasant together, Catty dear?"

"Well, darling," I answered, kissing her fair forehead, "we *will* be sociable together, then. And as pleasant—as circumstances will permit."

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THE SESSION OF 1878

The Parliamentary Session which came to a close with last week will live in history not only as one of the longest, but one of the most important. Its importance was achieved, however, rather by what it witnessed than by what it accomplished. It has lived through a settlement of the Eastern Question, and assisted at the ratification of a "peace with honour." The preliminaries of this peace have formed the subject which has mainly occupied the attention of Parliament, and the principal subject of controversy between the two sides has been the somewhat unusual manner in which the Government have dealt with Parliament. The habit was formed of taking decisive action upon momentous topics, and when all was done, coming to Parliament ostensibly to ask for its appproval, but really to obtain what in older political times was known as a Bill of Indemnity. By this process was accomplished the vote of credit of six millions, a considerable portion of which sum had already been expended. In this way the Fleet was sent to the Dardanelles, in this way the secret agreement was entered into with Russia, and in this way Cyprus was annexed, and England pledged to establish good government in conjunction with the Turk in Asia Minor. These matters, as they arose in succession, had led to animated debates in both Houses of Parliament. The Opposition had protested, and Mr. Gladstone has outshone his most brilliant fame by the speeches he has delivered, more particularly the one which illumined the dulness of the debate on the last series of Lord Hartington's Resolutions. But argument and eloquence have proved of no avail against a substantial majority, and party contests in Parliament have been a series of crushing defeats for the Opposition, and of increasing triumphs to the Ministry.

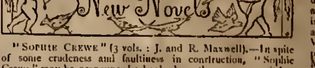
One peculiarity of the Session has been the turning of the tables by the House of Lords in the matter of comparative attractiveness as a debating assembly. The departure of the Prime Minister from the House of Commons immediately invested the House of Lords with a strong popular interest. Lord Beaconsfield has always, under all circumstances, been interesting, and he has lost none of this attribute since he became a Peer. His speech, on his return from the Congress, was admittedly a failure. But it is no new thing that Lord Beaconsfield should fall short of expectation when he comes to deliver a great speech. His forte is the delivery of a few brilliant remarks interspersed in the debate. He is always heavy when weighted with facts, or when he feels in particular degree the burden of responsibility. In addition to the normal attractiveness bestowed upon the House of Lords by the accession to its ranks of the most brilliant politician of the day, circumstances have combined to centre public interest on the Upper Chamber. It was the House of Lords that furnished both the British Plenipotentiaries at the Berlin Congress, and in addition to the presence in the Upper Chamber of the Prime Minister, there was to be found there the Foreign Secretary. The Marquis of Salisbury possesses, though in considerably less degree, that peculiar quality of arousing personal interest which is exceedingly rare. The noble Marquis is sure to say something pungent when he speaks, and there is nothing more agreeable to the House than pungency. Here again accidental circumstances have combined to increase the interest felt in Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury. The defect of two Cabinet Ministers, rumours of which disturbed the earlier portion of the Session, came to a crisis with the resignation of Lord Carnarvon, and the excitement was renewed and increased when this was followed by the severance of Lord Derby from the Ministers with whom he had been so long and so prominently associated. The personal statements of the two secessionists created the profoundest excitement, and filled the House of Lords with an eager throng of listeners. In fact, all the dramatic interest of the Session is centred in the House of Lords, and the House of Commons has suffered accordingly.

One of the facts accountable for this phenomenon has been that the unexpected is now never looked for in the Lower House. The element of surprise has been wholly absent from its debates. It has been generally known beforehand who would speak, and pretty generally guessed what he would say, whilst the result of the division was a foregone conclusion, being safely predicted within ten or a dozen votes. The speaking has been of the usual kind under similar circumstances. Hon. members have felt bound to deliver speeches which nobody cared to hear, and dreary hours have been wasted night after night pending the coming of the proper epoch of the sitting when the stars of debate might appear. Among these latter the brilliancy of Mr. Gladstone's eloquence shines in unrivalled splendour. It is generally admitted that his speech on Lord Hartington's resolutions, made at the close of the Session, has not in modern Parliaments been excelled, even by himself. No new speaker has come to the fore in these debates, and, indeed, the Session, as a whole, has not been productive of fresh aspirants to fame. The only man who has made any marked success is Mr. Stanhope, who, by the shifting of the Ministerial cards, has found himself placed in the position of the Under Secretary for India, where he has acquitted himself in a manner to raise the highest expectations. But on neither side has any new star shown itself above the horizon.

The Irish members opened the Session with their accustomed liveliness, and upon extended lines. Last Session they ran the risk of finding themselves in dangerous contact with the rules of the House, by attacking particular Bills and prolonging their opposition beyond all bounds. This Session they determined to evade authority by exaggerating the privilege of members to discuss at great length all questions that come before the House. This they did with a success that greatly aggravated the Government, and seriously obstructed the progress of business. Up to the end of June they pursued these tactics, with the result that many of the most important Votes in Supply were postponed, and no one could say when the Session might come to an end. At this epoch, however, a change came over the scene. The Government devised a scheme of Intermediate Education in Ireland, which was baited with the magnificent bribe of a million sterling, to be taken out of the Irish Church funds, and appropriated to the encouragement of education. This scheme met with an unexpected amount of approval at the hands of the Irish members. They at once accepted it, and abstained from further obstruction. The last weeks of the Session have proved almost uneventful, the House being recalled from absolute monotony by the Major, who, just before leaving for Ireland, managed to defy the Speaker, snap his fingers at the Chancellor of the Exchequer, roar down the speaker, and, generally to bully the House—all which he retracted next day.

As to business actually accomplished, this is the pennyworth of bread to the intolerable quantity of sack. Parliament has passed a Cattle Diseases Bill, which is very unlike the measure introduced by the Government. A Highways Bill has also been added to the statute book; but the County Government Bill and the Valuation Bill, which Mr. Sclater-Booth had hoped to run with it, were abandoned. The same fate awaited the Bankruptcy Bill and the Criminal Code Bill. The Factory Acts Amendment Bill, the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, the Intermediate Education Bill, the Scotch Roads and Bridges Bill, and the Bishoprics Bill comprise the main results of the long and laborious Session.

On the whole the Session has been one of Speeches of Members rather than of Acts of Parliament.



"Sophie Crewe" (3 vols.: J. and R. Maxwell).—In spite of some crudeness and faultiness in construction, "Sophie Crewe" may be pronounced a book above the average, as it has the merits of taking us a little off the beaten track of novels, and of introducing us to some characters who, though none of them excite much sympathy, and one or two are eminently disagreeable, are yet drawn with naturalness and vigour. As to the plot, it would take quite a column to set forth its complications, even if thus we could hope to make clear to others what we must admit we imperfectly understand ourselves, so we must be content to leave the reader to unravel it by his unaided efforts. Not a few of the incidents we come upon strike us, we must say, as far-fetched and improbable. It is at any rate contrary to received notions that a young mother, who has for some weeks had the care of her own baby, should suffer another child to be substituted for it by the nurse without detecting the difference. Then Ellen Foster's flight, from the husband for whom she has as much affection as it is in her to have for any one, with the man for whom she has no affection at all seems without sufficient motive, and a most unlikely step for such a woman to take; nor is the subsequent intensity of remorse for her folly, which kills her off in the course of a few months, by any means in keeping with the conception we had been previously led to form of her character. We should have expected, also, that the eminent London solicitors who had been instructed by the millionaire, Reuben Hurford, to prepare him a new will, and had forwarded it to him in the country only a day or two before he came by his end, would, on his sudden death, have communicated the fact to his family, as they must have supposed that the document they had drawn up was to supersede previous testamentary dispositions. We might find fault, too, with the occasional hardness and levity of character which somewhat blunt the edge of our interest in Sophie Crewe, the heroine; but this criticism, perhaps, is hardly legitimate, as it may have been no part of the author's intention that she should be regarded as anything but an imperfect specimen of her sex. But, with all its shortcomings, the tale has an attraction in that it deals with other sides of a man's life besides his love affairs; its interest is well sustained, and the reader's attention is not suffered to flag. Altogether, it is a book with so much promise of future power that we shall look for its author's second performance with some little curiosity.

"Sebastian," by Catharine Cooper (Macmillan).—There is some very excellent workmanship in this story, though the humour which the author undoubtedly possesses has rather a tendency to degenerate into mere foolishness and broad caricature. Prebendary Jellicoe, or "the Bishop," as he is called by his intimates and worshippers, the godfather whom it is poor little Sebastian's hard fate to have held up before him as patron and model, is a personage fortunately as impossible as he is unpleasant, and the author's treatment of him is far from happy. But the picture of the Gould household—the poor, stunted, and wholly unlovely lives of the Rev. Amos and his wife, burdened by many cares and narrow means, and the little Sebastian growing up a repressed and misunderstood child, with his poor childish brain overweighted, and his natural bright growth of fancies kept in check, by that load of book-learning which it is beyond his strength to grasp and assimilate—is drawn with skill and truth of feeling, so that we cannot help entertaining a liking for "little Amos," as the parson is styled by his brother clergymen, poor creature as it must be owned he is. Sebastian's love-story, too, when the time arrives for him to have one, is interesting and prettily told, even if some of the incidents in connection with it make large demands upon our credulity. The book is one that may be read with considerable enjoyment; all the more so because Miss Cooper has had the good sense to confine herself to a single volume.

"In a World of His Own," by Mrs. F. G. Perkis, author of "Disappeared from Her Home" (3 vols.: Remington and Co.).—We are here made to follow the fortunes of one Llewellyn March, who is introduced to us as "artist, poet, musician, and sculptor, possessing all outward gifts of beauty, all inward gifts of mind and soul: honoured by men, beloved by women, and heir to a large estate and half a million of money"—and, we may add, with certain peculiar views as to a future life which would have qualified him to take part in the recent discussion provoked by Canon Farrar's sermons. But things rapidly begin to "go contrairy" with this seemingly favoured personage. He resigns the estate and the half-million, which do not seem rightfully to belong to him, and by so doing loses the lady-love who has no fancy for living on 300*l.* a year; and then, having joined the French as a volunteer, is very nearly losing life itself at Gravelotte. How in the end, after much suffering, and many perils and hair's-breadth escapes, he succeeds in winning the true wife for him, and the estate and half-million of money to boot, we must leave the reader to learn, if he feels that way inclined. The tale is put together with a fair share of ingenuity, and, as novels go, is readable enough.

"Roy's Wife," by G. J. White-Melville (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall).—Major White-Melville's new story is slight, but readable and fairly entertaining, as his tales nearly always are. We should have thought, however, that when a sensible man approaching middle life, like John Roy of Royston Grange, had made up his mind to take to wife such a woman as Nelly Burton, who, beautiful, affectionate, and full of natural refinement of soul as she is, is not exactly a lady by birth, has for many years been assisting her aunt in the management of an hotel, and receives the declaration of his passion with a "Lor!" he would not have been so unreasonable as to take deeply to heart such matters as his wife's ignorance of the rules of social precedence, and deviations from the conventional ways and phrases of society. How, from such causes as these, an estrangement grows up between the pair long before they have been married a year; how Roy is led to cherish unworthy suspicions of his wife's fidelity, and insults her by proclaiming them; how she leaves his house, and he meditates obtaining a divorce; and how, partly through the interposition of judicious and warm-hearted friends, the misunderstanding is cleared up, and the husband and wife are made happy in each other, there is no occasion for us to tell in detail here. The author's pictures of fashionable life are drawn with all his wonted skilfulness and happiness of touch, and the loves of Hester Bruce and Lieutenant Collingwood Brail, R.N., form an effective and interesting bye-plot, even if we think the lieutenant somewhat over-nautical in his speech for an officer of Her Majesty's Navy of these days when enjoying his leave on shore.

"Eliot the Younger: a Fiction in Freehand," by Bernard Barker (3 vols.: Samuel Tinsley). This book impresses us as the work of a shrewd, thoughtful, and well-read man, with a good deal of genuine humour, but with much yet to learn with regard to the right method of telling a story. Dick Eliot's father, the man of intellect and wit, who is married to the most uncongenially literal-minded of women, and lives in the midst of a rural society to whom his quiet sarcasm is an unknown tongue, is a very natural and well-executed conception, reminding us not a little of some of the personages we come upon in Miss Austen. Very good, too, are Oscar Dale, the able man who wishes to pass for a mere idler, the cynical Oglevie and his daughter Margaret, and—not least—the five Draycott children, playing "at amphitheatres, and gladiators, and early Christian martyrs ('in the reign of Diocletian,' put in Dora, glibly)." For Dick Eliot, the hero, we must confess that we do not care much at any time; and the history of his self-chosen destitution in the streets of London is but a variation on a theme somewhat overworn long ago. We must say, too, that some of the details of Miss Phoeba Langham's London life are given with a minuteness that is hardly edifying, and that here and there in his jokes Mr. Barker sails a trifle too near the wind. Of jokes, indeed, of one sort and another, the book is full, and we may pretty well apply to the author himself the description he gives of one of his *dramatis personæ*:—"Continuously punning, he said many good things, and many more indifferent ones." But, in spite of some forced fun and clumsiness of construction, the novel is decidedly an amusing one, and leads us to think that the author may do much better on some future occasion.

"Both in the Wrong," by Mrs. J. K. Spender, author of "Mark Eylmer's Revenge," &c. (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). Mrs. Spender continues to make steady progress as a novelist, and in strength, interest, and judicious self-restraint on the part of the author, her new story seems to us even superior, perhaps, to "Mark Eylmer's Revenge," which was itself a marked advance upon those earlier tales in which she certainly laid herself open to some unfavourable criticism. The worst that can be said of the novel is that it is rather two stories than one, and we like the Elmore family, who play so prominent a part in the earlier chapters, so much that we cannot but regret that they should virtually vanish from the scene with the close of the first volume. It is with the second that the real interest of the piece commences, and this turns on the curious courtship and married life of the couple who, as husband and wife, are so decidedly "both in the wrong" in their action towards each other. The history of their jarring moods, fierce quarrels, and final reconciliation is for the reader to learn, and we shall content ourselves with saying that both Harry Walsham and his wife, Hermine, seem drawn with vigour and fidelity to nature. The same may also be said of Magdalen Hayward, the girl who, we suppose, is to be considered the true heroine of the tale, though her part in it is comparatively subordinate. The novel is worth reading, and in every respect will compare favourably with much of the current fiction of the day.

"Kingsdene," by the Hon. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, author of "Kilcorran" (2 vols.: Bentley).—Had we closed our examination of this book at the end of the first volume—a course to which, we admit, we felt strongly tempted—we should have pronounced it altogether trivial and commonplace. But with Vol. II. a very marked change for the better sets in, and the story of how the young wife succeeds in winning the love of the husband who has married her with nothing more than a calm regard for her, and whilst still sore at heart from the faithlessness of a former flame, is told with a skilfulness that arouses our interest, though the theme is one that can hardly boast of novelty. On the whole, then, we think that "Kingsdene" must be held successful as a novel of its class—of course not a high one—and it at any rate contains some two or three very fairly effective scenes.

We have also received "Sir Aubyn's Household, a Plain Unvarnished Tale," by Sigma, author of "Fan" (Samuel Tinsley), a story which may be recommended as not without merit or interest to those in search of "something to read," and of which we do not see that more need be said.

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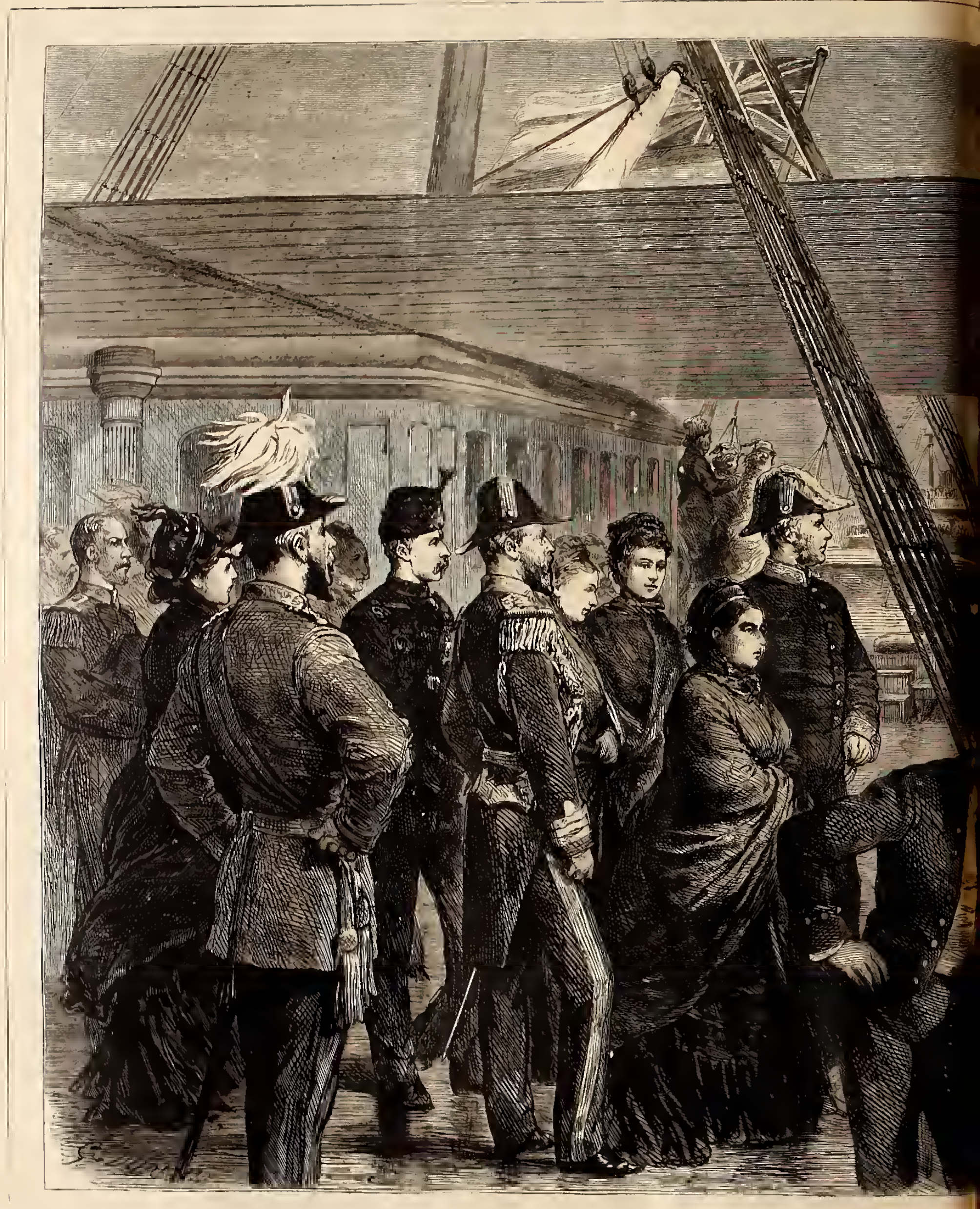
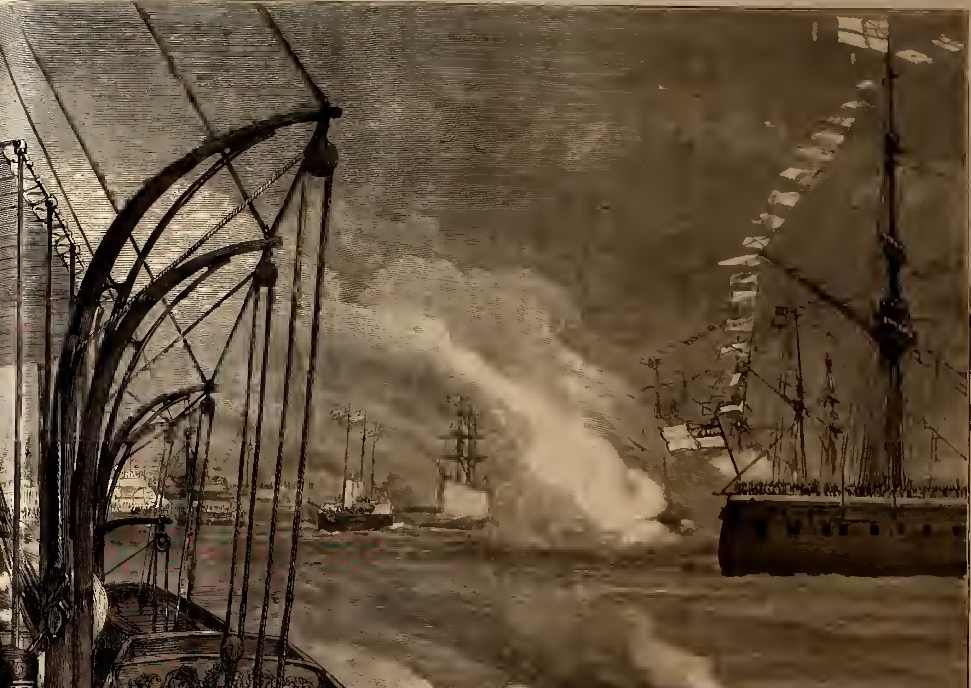
Dr. Schliemann's Homeric Tastes lead him to furnish all the members of his household with classic names. Thus, according to a Transatlantic journal, his daughter is named Andromache, and even his two maid servants are styled Penelope and Briseis.



THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN



BOARD THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" INSPECTING THE FLEET

HOSPITAL EXPANSION

There is no subject of social economics at the present day that possesses a greater degree of importance than that remarkable expansion of the Hospital system which has been witnessed during the last fifteen years, and which is especially active at the present time. In the internal management of our great hospitals there has been a manifest advance, still leaving, however, something to be desired. The rule is that of gradual and general improvement. The services of sisters and ladies as nurses are increasingly brought into requisition. Several new hospitals of a truly national character have been added of late years to the old foundations, and there is at present a remarkable movement in favour of extending their benefits to the middle classes.

The main intention of hospitals is to meet the wants of the poor who, through accident or the sudden incursion of disease, are disabled from work, and unable to meet the expenses of sickness. Though the fact that our hospitals command the highest medical and surgical ability, and are admirably furnished with all the best methods and appliances, it has often happened that the poor labourer has received greater help and assistance than the poor gentleman. We have known cases in which the curate and the barrister have been glad to creep into hospital beds, assured of attention and treatment which they could not easily procure at home. One suggestion which has been lately made is that there should be special wards for the accommodation of persons who are able to pay for the accommodation which they receive, or to erect a Home Hospital for the middle classes. There is one special form of disease peculiarly demanding sympathy for which a peculiar provision has happily been made. The misfortune of insanity often falls with terrible severity on the middle classes. There is frequently hardly a middle place between a pauper lunatic asylum and expensive establishments where the charges frequently amount to several hundreds a year. This has often pressed with cruel severity on the families of professional men with limited income. Through the munificence of Mr. Holloway, a magnificent structure has arisen close to Virginia Water, which has been erected at his sole cost, and where the patients will simply have to defray the necessary expenses which they would incur in their own homes. It is to be hoped that this example will be followed until a sufficient number of such institutions is provided to meet the urgent need.

Hospital expansion has witnessed the origin and progress of several entirely new classes of hospitals, the Cottage, the Convalescent, the Children's Hospital. Cottage Hospitals are an institution which first came into existence about twenty years ago. They are now overspreading the whole country in a very remarkable manner. The rise and progress of this movement forms a very interesting chapter in the annals both of philanthropy and of medicine. The Cottage Hospital does not possess all the methods and appliances of the large metropolitan hospitals, nor yet the medical and surgical staff which can only be found in great cities. But it possesses special favourable features which the large hospitals are imitating, as in the case of the new Hospital of St. Thomas. There is no doubt that a larger amount of cures takes place in private practice than in hospital practice. The atmosphere of a large hospital causes what is called Hospitalism, a condition of air and temperature unfavourable to health and provocative of disease. The Cottage Hospital avoids this. It ensures quietude and privacy. Abounding in small towns and villages it frequently gives easy and immediate access to cases when a journey to a distant hospital or infirmary might be impracticable. The movement has had an extraordinary degree of success. The first was established at Cranleigh, about twenty years ago. It was a genuine cottage, which at the cost of fifty pounds was converted into a small hospital for six persons. The second was, we believe, at Warminster. Lord Bath gave the land; an unusually large garden was attached; clergymen volunteered their help as visitors and chaplain, and good ladies acted as visitors and matrons. These Cottage Hospitals have now a science and system of their own. They are managed at a much smaller comparative cost than the large hospitals, and the methods of managing them and sustaining them have in the course of time been simplified and improved. They well deserve separate consideration.

Convalescent hospitals are a happy addition to the old Hospital system. It very frequently happened that cases of illness and accident, which apparently prospered during hospital treatment, fell back after the removal of the patients to their homes. Nor was the reason far to seek. They were often removed from spacious rooms and ample diet to poor food and squalid surroundings. It was thought that the object should be not only to discharge a patient as technically cured but return him as a sound cured member to society. It was thought, therefore, that the Hospital might well be supplemented by the Convalescent Hospital. The remedial effect of an entire change of scene and climate have been beneficially manifested in thousands of cases. The first hospital of this kind was at Seaford in Sussex, very much on the plan of a Cottage Hospital; but now many of these institutions have assumed a peculiar character of their own. One of the London Companies has established a magnificent place at Bognor, and the Sanatorium at Weston-super-Mare is famous through all the West of England. We are glad to see that there are several institutions of this kind for poor gentlewomen in some of the seaside watering-places.

During the last quarter of a century, and especially during the latter part, the subject of hospitals has received a great stimulus and a remarkable expansion. The list which we have already given might be further extended if we enumerated the special hospitals which have been erected in order to meet special forms of disease. Nearly all these institutions, excepting a few which are more or less endowed are, "supported by voluntary contributions," a noble British phrase which has its place of honour all over the country.

The Children's Hospital is a favourite institution. Many are the presents of books, pictures, and toys which are sent up from happy homes to these charming little infirmaries. The movement began in Great Ormond Street; it was followed by the Evelina Hospital, and now many towns, we might especially particularise Brighton and Gloucester, have these hospitals. It is very interesting to visit them. The rooms are very pictures for neatness and comfort; the little ones, often hardly able to realise the gravity of their ailments, seem positively to enjoy themselves very highly; their relations and friends come to see them, and many are the friends and visitors who take a special interest in such cases. Many a young life which would otherwise have been lost or lapsed into a hopeless state of disease has been made useful and happy. In these hospitals children receive a constant scientific treatment and an amount of personal attention which would have been impossible at their own homes.

It will be seen, therefore, that during the last twenty years there has been a progressive development of our hospital system. It ought always to be borne in mind that the interest of the public are inseparably bound up with the interests of the hospitals. The latest improvements, all the methods and experiments of surgical and medical science, are watched and tested in these great institutions. We might considerably have added to the list if we had included the special hospitals for special kinds of disease. Armed with the knowledge acquired at the bedsides of his patients the medical man goes forth to practice his art in general society. The good which society renders to the hospitals is thus returned by the hospitals to society. The more perfect, the better appointed, the better classified they are, the greater is the reflex influence on the profession and on the country. So true it is that "those who water are watered again," and in showing kindness to others bring blessings upon themselves.

F. Arnold

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"FRUITY"

This is not a discourse upon port wine, tannic acid, tartrate of potash, and gout, but to a certain extent, upon gooseberries, currants, strawberries, and the like; and if it takes the form of a plaint, and expresses regret for the good old times, it is because there is reason. Now there are two gooseberry seasons—the one when newspaper editors miss the columns of talk poured forth in the Houses of Parliament, and are fain to seek for every-day facts to fill up the space. This is the time when the much-laughed-at paragraphs appear about the enormous gooseberry so many inches round, and so many ounces in weight, that was gathered in Mr. Tompkins' garden—a paragraph that goes the round of the provincial papers, like that relating to the shower of frogs. There is also the gooseberry season pure and simple, when gooseberries in their unripe state are gathered, basketed, sent to market, sold, and finally appear at our tables in the form of pie or tart. These are the fruits which succeed the soft, sub-acid, succulent leaf-stalks of the rhubarb—suggestive name, redolent of sick bed and nauseous potion—the leaf-stalks of a plant that has been tortured into untimely growth and abnormal bulk, until it has become a vegetable vagary, wonderfully unlike its uncultivated ancestor, the *rheum*, in its native state.

Now, has it ever occurred to anybody that while our seasons have gradually seemed to grow later, as if the annual clock had been pushed on a month, so that we get our frosts in January and February instead of December, our March weather in April, our May in June, and the like, fruits and vegetables, by the force of competition and the desire to be first in the market, have been dragged to maturity much earlier than of old. The result is that we are favoured with them during an exceedingly brief period, and then, one succeeding another at a terribly rapid rate, the fruit season is over before it should have culminated by Nature's laws, and housekeepers are reduced, like the busy bees, to the preserves they have stored in those well-known glazed white earthenware cells known as preserve-jars, but, to the youthful mind, as jam-pots loved and dear. There is good in this, of course; it incites the frugal mind, and induces household honey-gathering from the open flowers while they last. But what would the bees say if, by constant forcing, they found that their flower-time was reduced one-half, and, almost before swarming time, the workers came back to the hive with the announcement to her majesty the queen that flowers were over for the year?

And yet this is the case with the tart-producing and dessert-providing growths of the garden, and by this is meant the great market gardens that supply our towns. For here is the case: cook comes up for orders, and says the greengrocer is below, when naturally a conversation takes place with that "chief of nature formed to please, fit to converse, and keep the keys"—in other words, the mistress of the house. She says in spring-time, "I think, cook, we will have rhubarb tart again." "Can't, mum: Mr. Timmins says as it's gooseberries now, and rhubarb's over." In a very short time the tune changes to "There's no more gooseberries, mum; but red currants is in;" and almost before the red currant stain has had time to grow ruddy where the juice was spilt upon the tablecloth, black currants are there to make a deeper dye. Raspberries, that used to come so late—those wondrously-flavoured beehives of crimson hue, that came, thimble-like, off a delicate white finger on the parent cane, fruit that required such delicate gathering, but which yielded itself so gracefully to the seeking hand, and then endowed the palate with a flavour that one dares the vaunted mangosteen or durian of the distant East to equal if it can—the raspberries, we repeat, that used to come so late, now dart into the market to make a fugitive stay, and then they are shouldered away by the plums. Who would quarrel with plums, so long as they are the luscious greengage, or the pearly purple-tinted globes, with a furrow down the side—those wondrous skinsful of delicious pulp that used to drop into our hands when the tree was shaken, and then, if parted, allowed the stone to fall out clean and dry? No one, in their turn; but they are now dragged into the market immature and hard, to make an ephemeral visit, short as was that of the cherries, and, ere one has time to renew one's acquaintance, they are gone, and for weary, weary months it is always apple pie. Certainly, as the cookery-books say, there is "another way," and the pie may become a pudding, boiled in a basin, or the slippery sphere rolled out of a cloth; or the George the Thirdian problem—a dumpling with the apple inserted whole. Even the apple turnover may be had for a change—the Charlotte, the fritter, the jelly; but it is *toujours pommes* for many long months, to an extent that reminds one ever of the unhappy days of school, when apple pudding boasted two-inch crust, and sugar was not supplied, like French white bread, *à discrétion*.

Fruit, then, by forcing, and this hurried rush to market, is being made to resemble the flowers of the cistus—a one-day pleasure, and then it is gone. The only exception to this is the strawberry, of which growers have had the wisdom to cultivate various sorts for succession; while this year we have been flooded with those of foreign growth, well ripened, and tolerably good, but tasting strongly of the basket, faint with travel, and looking languid where they should be bright and scarlet. But even the strawberry of English growth seems to have degenerated of late years. It has grown big and bulky, elephantine in its proportions; but it is as the huge drayman to the well-knit little man—all bone and muscle. There is no stamina there. It is watery and soft; but the firm delicious flavour of its ancestor of five-and-thirty years ago is wanting; say forty years ago, when the cry through the streets was "Hautboys!" and Myatt's "Elton pine" was a something to come; when strawberries were strawberries, and you bought the crammed and bursting pottle, so redundant at the top, and so fine—and deliciously empty at the bottom. Truth to tell, the strawberry pottle was a delusion and a snare, and too often its contents were on the road to unsugared jam; but it must be owned that earlier growth and increase of size have not improved the strawberry of these later days.

Then the jam-making—those mysterious witcheries of picking fruit and stirring it in a scoured cauldron of copper, with such piles of loaf-sugar. Those scenes of enchantment over the charcoal fire lasted through the summer, when one's childhood was held spell-bound over the saccharine scenes, when the incantations were performed, and we grew sticky in finger and in face; were replete with skimmings, and watched with awe, after the cauldron scene and the last stir, the summoning of the spirits which were poured in plates to bathe the discs of foolscap, cut and nicked so neatly, to fill up the tops before the final tying down of jars, upon whose drum-head tops cabalistic characters soon appeared, before they stood in ranges on the store-closet shelf. Perhaps they stood true, perhaps they developed a pearly fungoid growth; but they were always suggestive to one's mind of roley-poley puddings, save and except those little pots of black currant jelly, which whispered "powder puzzled in a spoon." Preserving now is a rush that the fruiterer says is caused by the weather, when it is really brought about by the competition of trade. Farmers hold back their corn or hay; why should not market-gardeners their crops, and grow later varieties? The answer is, "They would be out of season," and this is so, for fashion rules in fruit as it does in flowers and dress. Efforts are made to produce vegetable abortions before their time; but the trials, save as preserves, to keep fruit late are few and far between. "Why," we say to the greengrocer, "should we not have currants and raspberries now this month?" "Well, you see, sir," he says, "rasps is out and currants isn't in." True; but they should be, for in plenty of country gardens they will abound. The fact is, that it is not the fruit, but the times that are out—of joint.

G. Manville Fenn

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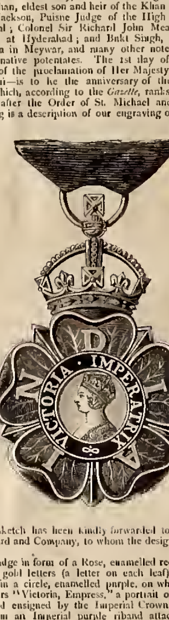
THE NEW ORDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE

This new Indian Order has been instituted in order to commemorate the proclamation of Her Majesty as Empress of India, and is intended for rewarding Indian officials, and in a great measure as a mark of distinction for various Eastern Potentates. The Viceroy is the Grand Master, the Members of the India Council are *ex officio* members for life, and C. U. Aitchison, Esq., C.S.I., has been appointed Secretary. The first batch of nominations numbered fifty, and first amongst them is Meer Mahmood Khan, eldest son and heir of the Khan of Khelat; the Hon. L. S. Jackson, Puisne Judge of the High Court of Judicature, Bengal; Colonel Sir Richard John Meade, K.C.S.I., the Resident at Hyderabad; and Bukt Singh, Rao Bahadur, Rao of Bedla in Meywar, and many other noteworthy Indian officials and native potentates. The 1st day of January—the anniversary of the proclamation of Her Majesty as Empress of India at Delhi—is to be the anniversary of the institution of the Order, which, according to the *Gazette*, ranks "next to and immediately after the Order of St. Michael and St. George." The following is a description of our engraving of the badge, of which the sketch has been kindly forwarded to us by Messrs. R. S. Garrard and Company, to whom the design and execution is due:—



A gold badge in form of a Rose, enamelled red, charged with INDIA in gold letters (a letter on each leaf), having in the centre, within a circle, enamelled purple, on which is inscribed in gold letters "Victoria, Empress," a portrait of Her Imperial Majesty, and ensigned by the Imperial Crown in gold, worn pendant from an Imperial purple riband attached by a gold brooch at the top.

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ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS

Chapter IV.

Nos nisi damnose bibimus, moriemur inulti.

I feel almost too unwell to write, and we are all in the same plight. I cannot explain it except by using Charlie's vulgar expression, "mixing one's liquors."

We have *mixed our liquors* to-day to a frightful extent.

We were in such high spirits, too, when we started for the *Exposition* this morning. It was fine, and we were to explore all the cafés of nations.

Why, oh why, did we feel in honour bound to taste all their drinks?

It was unwise (mamma said so at the time) to begin with liqueurs at the Dutch Café at eleven o'clock in the morning. The glasses were tiny (not near as deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee), but they were very strong for their size. It cost us dear, too, in another way, for it spoilt our muslin dresses. Everything was sticky—chairs, tables, walls. We were like butterflies caught in a tub of honey.

Meanwhile Lilly was in ecstacies. "Oh, that delicious old brass chandelier! Oh, those sweet green and blue bottles! those lovely tiles!" she kept exclaiming. "Might we not be in an interior by de Hooghe?" "And, above all, the costume of those *Hollandaises!* Look at their complexions, pure white and vermilion! Skins such as those Rubens and Gerard Dow used to paint."

"My dear," said Papa, "look sharp with that sketch."

A walk from the Low Countries to Russia isn't far enough to clear one's head, or make one thirsty, especially if you stop, as we did, at the Hungarian Café to hear the Gypsies' band.

Here we were obliged to pay our footing by drinking a bottle of Tokay.

"Why need we have drunk it?" Because papa and mamma didn't like to see it wasted.

Never shall I forget that music, or the effect it had on the company round!

"I shall make a sketch here," whispered Lilly, "and call it 'Music hath Charms.' That priest there entranced, those people spell-bound, those faces beaming with all that is divine in man, all will come in."

With a touch of her pencil she transferred the godlike into the brutal. They knew they were being sketched, and shot glances at us which were simply *fiendish*.

"Quel joli talent!" We were *moved on* to Russia.

"We must taste the *Kvas*," said Charlie. "Mr. Hepworth Dixon drinks nothing else," said mamma. "It is described as a refreshing drink," said Lilly.

This was only to induce us to stop a minute. She was already *wrapt up* in the costume of a real Russian girl who was flirting with three or four Frenchmen.

Scratch away, Lilly, in your sketch-book; you will soon find your model not a Tartar, but a Frenchwoman *à la Russe*.

Alas, then, are all the costumes we see merely make-ups?

Nearly all.

Look, for instance, in at the door of this "Café de Tunis," and tell me how many of the musicians on the divan understand the legend over their heads.

"Entrez," said a horrible, old *French* waiter with a fez on, "and don't stop up the doorway. Come in or go away."

"Perhaps," said mamma, "a cup of coffee might settle the Maraschino, and the Tokay, and the Kvas."

"The very thing," said papa. So we go in.

Rummy cups (Charlie), with no handle, stuck into egg-cups, and the horrible old French waiter ladling the coffee into them.

Such coffee! thick as puddle! (mamma). With a sediment deep as the mud at Greenwich!

Nevertheless it has a flavour, and with all thy grounds, Tunisian coffee, I love thee better than thine English counterfeit.

As to the music, it was unintelligible to Western ears, but it seemed abominable. Its excellence depended on the difficulty of its production, as with us. The mortal agony on the face of the singer proved this.

"Children," said papa, "we may as well be hung for sheep as lambs. Let's have another cup in the 'Café de Maroc.'"

This time we mount a staircase, paying a *franc* at the bottom. An Antinous, half French, half African, leads us each to a little pearl table and a seat. The egg-cups are brought on Moorish trays of brass.

It was delightful.

"To think," said mamma, "that I should find myself and my family in such a disreputable place as this, in front of that disgusting old, fat, half-naked, polygamous Turk, and those black ruffians without boots!"

These men were making soft music.

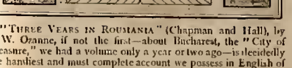
Presently a little girl, in Moorish dress, but in accent thorough-bred Parisian, began to dance.

Lilly began to sketch, of course, and the girl quickly discovered it. She said the portrait of her papa was not nice enough. Her papa was the fat, disgusting, polygamous man. Then the fat man wanted to see it. Then the negro (he was "King Coffee" here) ordered us to go out, declared that we stopped business. That they wouldn't perform till we did go out.

And go out we did.

Whither should we go! We fly to the friendly shelter of those high-backed wicker chairs. Each seizes one like a hermit crab, and we turn them testudo-wise against *all the world in Paris*—for we were ill and cross and not fit to be seen.

P.S.—Papa has just received a telegram from the man who turns the handle of the boot-cleaning machine to say that he has brushed another pair of boots clean off the trees. I have to lend a pair of mine.



THE READER

"THREE YEARS IN ROUMANIA" (Chapman and Hall), by J. W. Ozanne, if not the first—about Bucharest, the "City of Pleasure," we had a volume only a year or two ago—is decidedly the handiest and most complete account we possess in English of a country and a people more talked about than known. Ethnologically and historically, the Wallach and the Moldavian take a place by themselves in the map of Eastern Europe. Claimed by the French as members of the Latin race, pronounced by the Germans to be a variety of the Slav, they are more probably a cross between the two, but with a stronger affinity to the former, the originally Daco-Rouman element having, like the Celtic, the valuable power of assimilating to itself most foreign admixtures. Their history runs in a line of its own, parallel to, but distinct from the Serb and Magyar chronicles, whose heroes are Stephen Dushan and John Hunyades. It betrays throughout a sneaking kindness—by no means altogether unreciprocated—for the Turk, not, indeed, as the best of possible neighbours or rulers, but as a good deal better than Magyar, Pole, or Muscovite. A bold and warlike race under their native Woivodes, Michael the Brave, Vlad the Impaler, Basil the Wolf—a chief still memorable for a simple code of laws in which "love" is emphatically pronounced an extenuating circumstance for a variety of crimes—often at war with one another, more often with their neighbours on every side, now in alliance with the Emperor, now making submission to the Sultan, the Moldo-Wallachians were always gravitating towards the Osmanli. Under the later rule of the tyrannous effeminate "Phanariote Hospodars," submissiveness increased as warlike virtues gradually decayed. In 1821 the Wallach rises of his own accord to put down Ypsilanti and the Hetairia. In 1828 and 1848, and again in 1853, he submits to Russian occupation only in deference to *force majeure*. Even last year, despite the personal ambition of Prince Carl, it was almost an accident—a cup of tea, say some, poured out for M. Bratiano by the Czarina—which brought about the Russo-Roumanian Convention, in lieu of the plan for combined defence which Sir Stephen Lakeman was simultaneously negotiating at Constantinople. Chapters of history, however, or on the types of the population—the half-French Boyard, the peasant who might have just stepped out of the Dacian group on Trajan's pillar, the wandering Tsigane, the hardy Szekler from the Hungarian side, the Bulgarian gardeners and road-menders, the odious Jew who has everybody in his books—are only a portion of Mr. Ozanne's volume. As interesting to the full are his descriptions of the features and the products of the country, its manners and its customs, its national *fêtes* and family ceremonies. Few countries equally out of the beaten tracks, despite an abominable climate for nine months in the year, perpetual fevers and not infrequent attacks of cholera, possess greater attraction than Roumania for the foreign resident, thanks partly, we are inclined to think, to the *beaux yeux* of the Wallachian ladies, and the determined love-making, much facilitated by a law of divorce, unparalleled in Europe for laxity and popularity. On its political future, under its Hohenzollern ruler—the pawn pushed forward by Prince Bismarck, twelve years ago, to the furthest corner of the European chess-board—Mr. Ozanne declines to speculate; though placed as it is between Austria and Russia he fears it cannot but fall eventually to the latter. Meanwhile we most heartily commend the volume as a store-house of information about lands which will always play an important part in the final settlement of South-Eastern Europe.

Like Mr. Ozanne, Dr. Henry Ling Roth, author of "A Sketch of the Agriculture and Peasantry of Eastern Russia" (Baillière, Tindall, and Co.), writes with the authority of an old resident in the districts he describes—the Trans-Volgan provinces of Samara and Simbirsk, in the heart of the famous "Black Earth" region, which Russians, with some little exaggeration, pronounce the finest soil in the whole world. Though a volume, strictly speaking, for the agriculturist, given up to statistics of varieties of soil and modes of culture, farm buildings and farm implements, sheep, cattle, and horses on the steppes, systems of land tenure, and Government training institutions, these sketches also contain much to interest the general reader. Very striking, for instance, is the opening description of the steppe country after the melting of the snows, when all the plain is one deep sea, and the water-courses where the turf is thin work ever-deepening ravines out of the ground, or in the long droughts of a "hungry summer," when the dew ceases to fall, and the thermometer sinks at times as much as sixty degrees in the night; and very interesting the accounts of the change in the ways of living that has set in here and there since the emancipation of the serfs. Dr. Roth is careful to quite an unusual degree to speak of nothing which he does not know thoroughly, and thus his volume, if it loses in bulk, gains equally in trustworthiness.

The painful conviction that "to the 'general reader' the political history of England during the last century and a half is a sealed book," has induced Mr. H. D. Adams to come to the rescue with the two sturdy volumes which, under the title of "English Party Leaders" (Tinsley Brothers), endeavour to combine a general survey of English politics from the reign of Anne to the Repeal of the Corn Laws, with biographical notices of the seven men whose names, though not all in the strictest sense "Party Leaders," will first occur to every reader of British history:—Walpole, the elder and the younger Pitt, Fox, Burke, Canning, and Peel. The ignorance which Mr. Adams deplores can hardly spring from deficiency of standard works, for of set histories, casual essays, biographies, correspondence, bearing on the matter, there is literally *embarras de richesses*. Much more must it arise, we fear, from dull indifference or sheer dismay at the accumulation of authorities to be worked through before the subject is fairly mastered. We can scarcely say that on either supposition Mr. Adams quite supplies a definite want—piquancy to stimulate the indifferent, or masterly condensation for the timid student. As a fairly careful summary, however, of salient points in British constitutional history, not unrelieved by occasional "tit-bits" from memoirs of repute, or from ephemeral publications of the period, his volumes are by no means without value, above all, for lives which, like those of Fox and Canning, require even for a superficial survey the study of a tolerably voluminous literature. They may do better service still if they allure their readers to labour for themselves in the same fields from which Mr. Adams has been gleaning for their amusement.

There is a *naive* presumption about the Hon. A. S. G. Canning's "Religious Strife in British History" (Smith, Elder, and Co.), which almost disarms one by its very innocence. Fresh, so we must infer, from the study of a number of books, among which Cassell's History of England, Scott's historical novels, and the inevitable Macaulay appear most prominent, and deeply pressed with the undeniable fact that "devout and sincere men," disciples of the Gospel of Peace, have waged war on one another with a bitterness far exceeding any they would have displayed had their opponents been common sinners, Mr. Canning favours us with a little *résumé* of our religious battles, bloody or bloodless, from the Reformation down to Catholic Emancipation, seasoned as he goes on with blameless moralising and historical comments of less or greater accuracy. There is no harm in it, but why has it been published? Written by a Brahmin after a year or two in an English College, it would be praiseworthy, and even interesting. As a contribution by an Englishman to historical literature it needs a justification which, we confess, we have been unable to discover.

It is but a fragment of the story of the siege which is told us in the late Col. Reynell Pack's "Sebastopol Trenches" (Kirby and Endean), nor can this fragment now hope to attract as eager listeners as it would have done when those personages of the Crimean War—the comments upon whom delayed its publication from motives of delicacy—were still fresh in public memory. Yet the plain soldierly tale of day and night work in the trenches, of the change of plan and the mismanagement in details which marred the first attack on the Redan, or of the fatal fewness of veteran soldiers among the rank and file, has interest for us still—an interest even greater, it may be, for the military than for the civilian reader.

The possibility, doubtless, of another Siege of Stamboul in 1878 suggested to Mr. Eaglestone "The Siege of Constantinople, 1453" (Tinsley Brothers) as a subject for a *novelette*, to which the ill-starred loves of a Varangian warrior and the sister of the Ottoman Sultan should supply the necessary underplot. The attempt to rival Gibbon is decidedly rather daring than successful. But the love-story is a graceful trifle enough; while flashing scimetars, and giant forms, and eagle glances, and curling lips abound to an extent which should satisfy the youngest reader.

The sketches of hunting, coaching, &c., contributed by Mr. F. F. Whitehurst during the last two seasons to the columns of *Bell's Life* and the *Daily Telegraph*, and now reprinted under the appropriate title of "Tally Ho" (Tinsley Brothers), will be found very excellent specimens of their class, though that class, we fear, is one which requires a special training to appreciate. It is a little curious, indeed, that the noblest of our field sports should be the hardest to describe without being tedious. The simplest scribe can generally write pleasantly of angling and shooting, though the scene be merely the canal bank or the rabbit burrows in the sandhills. Our best writers about hunting—unless, like the author of "The Adventures of Mr. Sponge," they give free rein to caricature—seem scarcely able to describe two "runs" together without much making-up from a queer *mélange* of ancient road-book and new Court Circular. Mr. Whitehurst, too, is by no means free from these besetting sins, though with the good excuse that he is writing for the papers. To the credit side of the account we must place a judicious variety in the "meets" described, from the orthodox "Shires" to the Exmoor stag-hounds, and from these again to the harriers of the Isle of Wight, and a multitude of "chirpy" anecdotes, of which some may interest a wider circle than that of the mere lovers of horse and hound.

Of a stout pamphlet of merely local interest, "The Hill Country of Alabama, or the Land of Rest" (E. and F. N. Spon)—an account of the iron and coal fields of Alabama, neatly illustrated with an ingenious map of the railway lines converging on this favoured spot from various quarters of the Union—we are scarcely qualified to speak. We may say, however, that it appears under the auspices of the English Committee of Alabama Eight per Cent. Bonds, and of the Alabama Great Southern Railway Company (Limited).

"Fat and Blood, and How to Make Them," by Dr. S. W. Mitchell (Lippincott and Co.), suggests, by its very title, its American origin. Not by the sires and matrons of Old England—whose *embonpoint* never ceased to provoke the sarcasms of the fastidious Hawthorne—are such directions generally needed. There can be little doubt, however, that meagreness, where it exists, is the worse evil of the two, and in the case of delicate girls a symptom often of serious ill health; and for such cases Dr. Mitchell's mode of treatment—based on the combination of rest, systematic feeding, and *passive* exercise—will be found, we think, extremely valuable.

Neat shilling editions of two famous works, "Paley's Evidences of Christianity" and "Butler's Analogy," edited, with introductions and analyses, by the Rev. F. A. Malleson, M.A. (Christian Knowledge Series: Ward, Lock, and Co.); a most readable little manual for Science Schools, "Elements of Physiography," by Professor D. T. Ansted (W. H. Allen and Co.); and a "First Latin Writer" (Rivingtons), by G. L. Bennett, Head Master of the High School, Plymouth, based on the lines of the Public School Latin Primer, and on the whole happier than such exercise-books often are in its selection as pieces for translation of passages fairly interesting in themselves and not too obviously put together for the express purpose of being put back into Latin, hardly require further commendation.

We have received from our old friend *Mr. Punch* "The Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G.," a selection from the cartoons that have appeared in the pages of our contemporary, in which the Premier and his doings are represented with more or less pungent satire. The series commences in 1845, and Mr. Disraeli's attacks on Sir Robert Peel form the subject of the opening cartoons. Then the "Protectionist" scheme is made fun of, and we find him represented as Gulliver in the fields of the Brobdingnag farmer. Passing on to 1857 we find Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone as "The Balancing Brothers of Westminster," in relation to Mr. Disraeli's amendment to the Budget, in which he was supported by his Liberal opponent. It is easy to see in what direction Mr. Punch's bias tends, else, why are several well-known cartoons omitted, whose subjects and treatment are more favourable to the Premier than those here presented.

We have received from Messrs. F. W. Bacon and Co. two new maps illustrating the Berlin Treaty, and showing very clearly the alteration in the European boundaries thereby made. We think, however, they would have been more complete if the Asiatic changes had also been represented.

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DOT!

O HAD I but a fairy yacht,
  I know quite well what I would do—
I soon would sail away with Dot!

I'd quickly weave a cunning plot,
  Had I but fairies for my crew—
O had I but a fairy yacht!

I'd soon be off just like a shot,
  Far, far across the ocean blue;
I soon would sail away with Dot!

What happiness would be my lot,
  With nought to do all day but woo—
O had I but a fairy yacht!

To some sweet unfrequented spot—
  If I but thought that hearts were true—
I soon would sail away with Dot!

I'd sail away, not minding what,
  My friends' approve, or foes' pooh-pooh—
O had I but a fairy yacht!

For name or fame care not a jot,
  I'd leave behind no trace or clue—
I soon would sail away with Dot!

Forgetting all, by all forgot,
  I'd live and love the whole day through—
O had I but a fairy yacht!

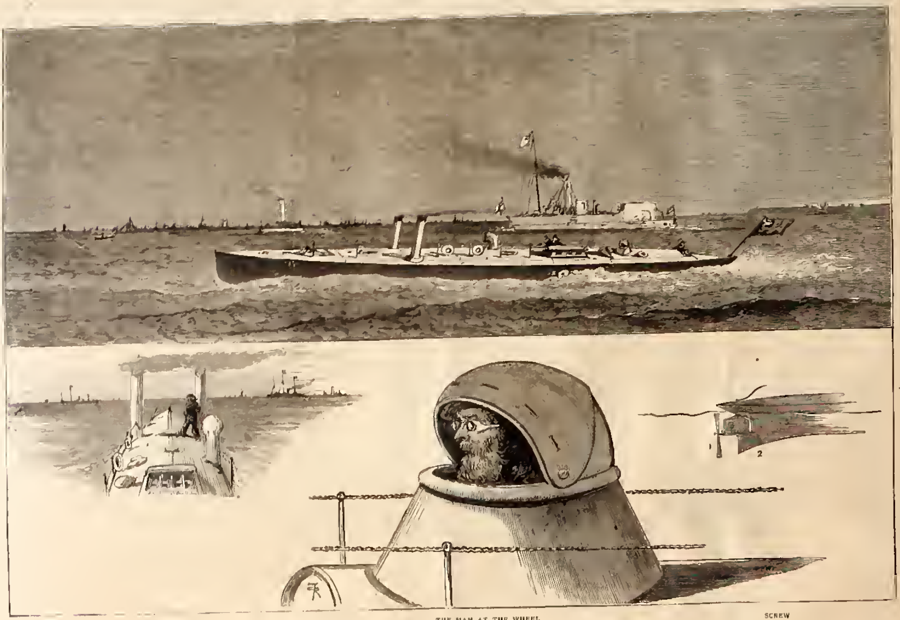
In distant lands I'd build a *cot*,
  And live alone with I know who—
I soon would sail away with Dot!

I'd start at once—O would I *not*?—
  If I were only twenty-two—
O had I but a fairy yacht
I soon would sail away with Dot!

COWES, *August, 1878* J. ASHBY-STERRY

Books Received

Testimonies to the Efficacy of Hydropathy. W. Tweedie and Co.
Gill's Life of E. A. Poe. Chatto and Windus.
The Eastern Question. Major-General H. H. [illegible], C.B. Chapman and Hall.
The Bubble Reputation (3 vols.). Catharine King. Hurst and Blackett.
Collecting Butterflies and Moths. Montagu Browne. [illegible]
Illustrated Waverley Novels: Antiquary. [illegible] Marcus Ward and Co.
The *Novelette*, Part III.
North British Railway. J. M. Douglas. [illegible], and Co. [illegible] Jewry.
Songs of Béranger. W. Young. W. [illegible]
A [illegible] Tour in the Land of the Gael. Alex. [illegible]
Third Report of the Society for the Protection of Animals Liable to Vivisection.
Bradford Joint Committee. Further Report of the Proceedings. James [illegible] and Son.
Royale St. George. Charing Cross Publishing Co.
Domestic Medicine and Hygiene. Dr. W. J. Russell. W. H. Everett.
Chambers' Index to [illegible]



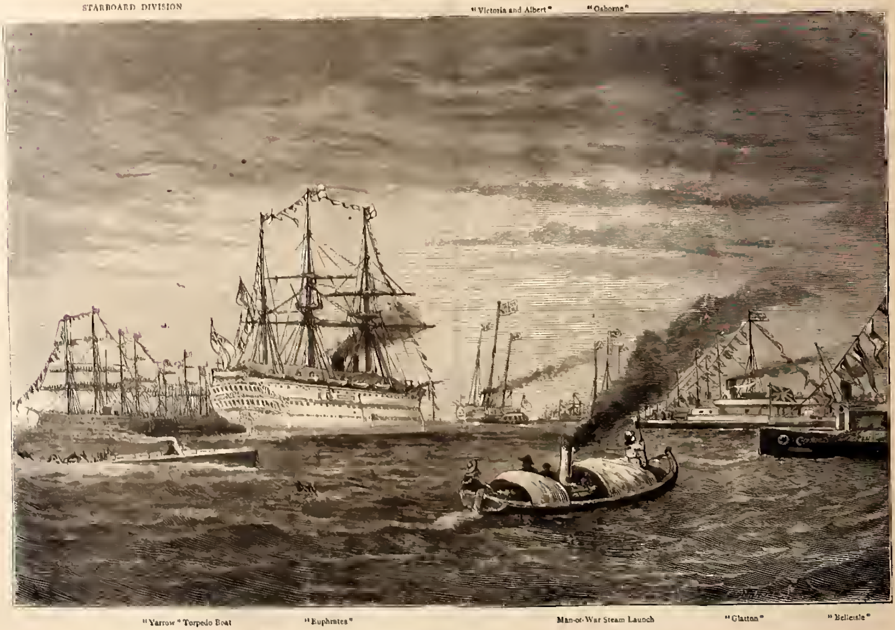
DECK VIEW

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL

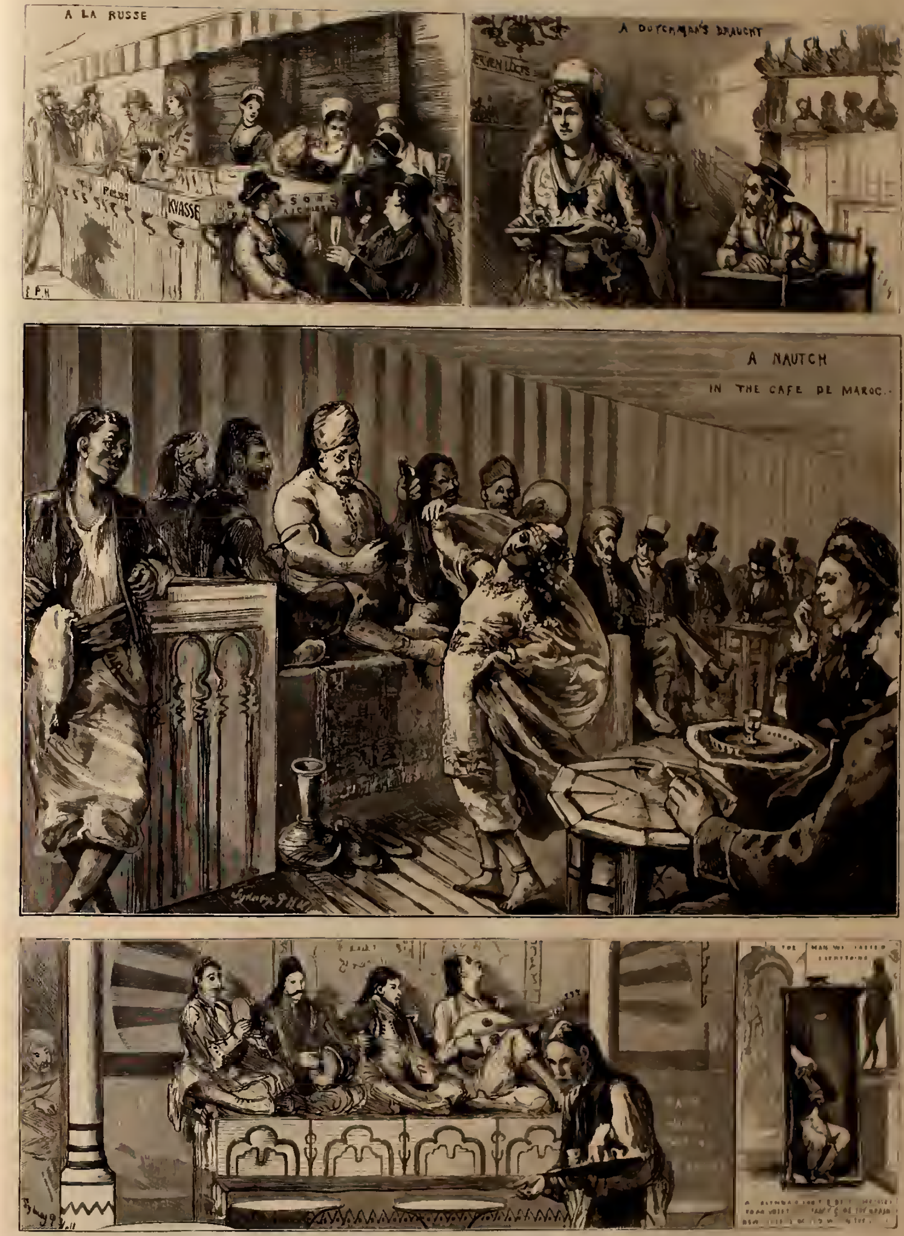
SCREW

1. The Propeller.—2. Keel brought down to protect Propeller.—3. Balanced Rudder.

THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD—THE YARROW TORPEDO BOATS



THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD—H.M.S. "EUPHRATES" WITH THE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSES OF LORDS AND COMMONS ON BOARD



ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS, IV.

LEGAL

THE ISLE OF MAN BANK ROBBERY.——The bulk of the money stolen by Gray, the late cashier at the Bank of Mona, has been recovered, the convict having placed a full confession of the robbery in the hands of Mr. Laughlin, the lawyer who defended him on his trial. On Monday Mr. Laughlin communicated with the police, and the result was that search was made in the grounds attached to the residence of Mrs. Barrie, to whose daughter Gray had been engaged, and 1,985*l.* in gold was found beneath a tree. On Tuesday the search was resumed at Mill Mount, the country house which had been occupied by Gray, where at the bottom of the garden a sum of 2,000*l.* was found buried, and in front of the house another heap of gold (2,372*l.*) was discovered, just hidden beneath the surface of the earth. The bags in which the coins were packed had rotted away, and the money had become so mixed with the soil as to necessitate careful sifting. It is stated that the whole of the missing money, with the exception of 15*l.*, has thus been recovered. The details of the convict's confession are not published; but it is stated that they bear out in a most striking manner the evidence given at the trial by Mr. James Greig, the accountant of the bank. Gray says that he conceived and carried out the robbery entirely without accomplices. The story told by him about being attacked on the highway and robbed of the keys of the bank was of course pure fiction invented for the purpose of diverting suspicion from himself.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——After a lengthened inquiry before the local magistrates, Mr. Edward Clarke, one of the guardians of the poor of the parish of Edmonton, has been committed for trial upon five charges of fraud and forgery. He is accused of having appropriated large sums out of the public funds, and to have made the accounts apparently correct by presenting bogus contractors' accounts to his fellow guardians, none of whom entertained the slightest suspicion of him. The trial will take place at the Central Criminal Court, and meantime the accused has been admitted to bail, 4,000*l.*—Last week the manager of a coal-mine at Astley, was fined ten pounds for a breach of the Mines Regulation Act. The Inspector of Mines had visited the mine, and found cavities in the roof in three places, all containing gas, within a space of thirty feet. There was a naked light at the bottom of the shaft, which the inspector caused to be extinguished, and he had the men withdrawn. He said that he believed no one would have come out alive if the gas had ignited. The fireman, for not having made a full and true report, was fined 20*s.* These fines seem absurdly light in view of the serious nature of the offence for which they are supposed to be punishment.—The Treasury have undertaken the prosecution of John Holt and Elizabeth Ohlsen, who have been committed for trial at Liverpool on a charge of perjury, alleged to have been committed during the hearing of a "spiritualistic" divorce suit.—A fraudulent bankrupt who, to avoid paying his creditors, married a wife and settled all his property upon her, was last week convicted and sentenced to eight months' imprisonment.—At the Middlesex Sessions the other day a charwoman, aged sixty-one, was sentenced to four months' hard labour for a very singular robbery. The prosecutor, a coffee-house keeper, being annoyed by organ-grinders in front of his house, threw a lump of sugar at one who came to his door, and in doing so dropped a sovereign and a half-sovereign. The latter was soon recovered; but the larger coin could not be found, and the prisoner, who had been standing by, was accused of having picked it up. She denied having done so; but on the way to the police-station she remarked, "It would be curious if it were found in my apron," and in the apron it was found. Her defence was that the coin must have been jerked into its hiding-place without her knowledge; but the jury thought otherwise, and therefore convicted her.—At Hinckley three naughty boys, each aged eleven years, have been sentenced to a week's imprisonment and a whipping, for breaking open the missionary boxes at the church schools and stealing the contents. The robbery was committed on a Sunday during Divine service, the young thieves being amongst the congregation, but leaving before the service was finished in order to effect their purpose.—A policeman of the V division, attached to the Wimbledon district, and who has been in the force some fifteen years, last week met his death in a mysterious manner. On the Thursday, when he returned to the station, after being on duty all night, he appeared to be just recovering from the effects of drink, his face was injured and bleeding, and his staff was missing. He appears to have told the sergeant and the divisional surgeon that he had fallen down, and had not been assaulted; but his wife states that he told her he had been ill-used, and that some one, not a soldier, had taken his staff away. He died on the Friday night, and the coroner's inquiry has resulted in an open verdict. The staff has not yet been found.—There was some serious rioting at Lurgan on Monday. At Ballyblough, a very Protestant part of the town, two policemen who had arrested a man for using party expressions were set upon by a mob of some hundreds, who stoned and kicked them, and who afterwards broke the barrack windows, and had to be charged by the police at the point of the bayonet. Seven or eight persons were arrested. At a place called Dall's Mill, near Banbridge, some Protestant bands were passing a Roman Catholic part, when they were attacked with stones, and in retaliation fired on the people, and wrecked many Catholic houses. The *Manchester Guardian* tells of a man who has just sold "a lease" of his wife to another man who had become enamoured of her. The original price demanded was 10*l.*; but, through the friendly arbitration of a publican, half that sum was accepted. The couple had been separated from each other for two years, the husband having taken offence because one night, when he went home intoxicated, his *cara sposa* punished him by the application of a huge mustard plaster as he lay asleep.—The Chester magistrates on Saturday had before them a number of assault charges arising out of a curious case. Some time ago a married woman, the mother of six children, had eloped to America with a young man of twenty, who, after spending all her money, deserted her. She returned home last week, and her arrival was celebrated by a noisy crowd, who burnt her in effigy. The police were called to quell the disturbance, and one over-zealous constable laid about him vigorously with a stick until his sergeant ordered him to desist. The defendants were all bound over to keep the peace, and the constable has been suspended.—Some startling revelations were made the other day at an an inquest on the body of an illegitimate infant, which had "died by suffocation from want of fresh air." The grandparents and their four children all lived in one small room in a court off Gray's-inn Road, and it was stated that there were even worse cases of over-crowding in the neighbourhood, notably one in which two men, three women, and six children were the joint occupants of a single apartment.—The Bishop of Sodor and Man has written to the papers to remove the impression that it was a Manxman who threw the stone at Mrs. Rowley Hill the other day. His lordship says:—"The inhabitants of the island are peculiarly peaceful and well conducted. They have their faults, no doubt, as is the case with all; but I do not believe that there is a native of the Isle of Man who would have been guilty of such a dastardly act. The man is one of a very rough set of navvies imported from Glasgow for the construction of a new line of rail in the neighbourhood. What his motive could have been I am at a loss to understand. He was a stranger, and had received no provocation. He was certainly not drunk. He threw the stone, which was of considerable size, not accidentally, but with deliberate aim."—The Dublin newspapers contain a sensational narrative alleging dangerous insanity on the part of Mr. Justice Keogh. It is said that on Tuesday morning last, while in an hotel near Brussels, he attacked his valet, Curran, with a razor, inflicting two severe slashes across the ribs on either side of his body. The valet's cries brought assistance, and the Judge was disarmed and placed under restraint. The servant is in a fair way of recovery.—On Monday, at an inquest held on the body of a little girl, aged eight, who had been drowned in the Wye, near Buxton, it was stated that five men had stood watching the unfortunate child as she was carried down the stream, and made no effort to rescue her, although the water at that spot was not more than two feet deep. The coroner said that it was one of the most "peculiarly heartless" cases he had ever investigated. Such conduct was cowardly, contemptible, and mean to a degree, and he hoped most sincerely that it would never again be his duty to speak of a similar proceeding by beings who were a disgrace to any community. It was a painful case in every respect, and he hoped that if those men had either heart or soul, the thought of their conduct would occasion bitter reflection for years to come.—The statements made in *Truth* to the effect that a number of gambling hells existed at Brighton, at which persons were drugged, cheated, and robbed, was discussed by the Brighton Town Town Council on Wednesday, when the police stated that the allegations were absolutely untrue. Mr. Alderman Lamb, however, said that it was well known that for a long time a house in the town had been kept open for the purpose of fleecing simple young men; and a Mr. W. J. Smith informed the Council that he had been annoyed by touts inviting him to go in and gamble at several houses in the King's Road. The Mayor declared that he would rigorously prosecute all offenders who could be got hold of; and the Chairman of the Watch Committee said that every endeavour would be made to secure a conviction.

BIRTHS.

On the 14th inst., at Campden Lodge, Park Village East, Regent's Park, the wife of RICHARD [illegible] of a son.

On the 17th inst., at 14, Stamford Street, Blackfriars Road, the wife of Mr. W. KELLY of a son.

SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for SEPTEMBER,
Price 7d., contains
"AT THE MASQUERADE." From the Picture by W. C. T. Dobson, R.A.
THE PARIS EXHIBITION. With Seven Illustrations
THE HIGHER LIFE IN ART. By Wyke Bayliss, F.S.A.
ARTISTS' HAUNTS—SARK. With Five Illustrations
PICTURES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION—THE BRITISH SCHOOL. By Henry Blackburn. With Thumbnail Sketches
SIR JOHN GILBERT. With Portrait and Illustrations of Two Characteristic Works
HORSES IN RELATION TO ART. With Two Illustrations
THE ROYAL ACADEMY. With Engravings and Thumbnail Sketches
ART NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER, &c.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for SEPTEMBER,
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CORRESPONDING WITH GOVERNMENT. By a Government Clerk
THE LIVERY COMPANIES OF LONDON.
A SUMMER EXPERIMENT IN COOKERY.
A CURIOUS MIDNIGHT CUSTOM
HOW TO LISTEN TO MENDELSSOHN'S "HYMN OF PRAISE."
TWO WHITE ROSES. With Music.
OUR HIGHLAND TOUR
THE MORTGAGE-MONEY.
CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS
HOW TO EAT TO LIVE. By a Family Doctor.
THE GATHERER.
TIME SHALL TRY. Serial Story
WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH. Serial Story.
&c., &c.

THE QUIVER for SEPTEMBER,
Price 6d., contains
THE GOEL OR KINSMAN REDEEMER.
THE CEMETERY AT SIOUT IN EGYPT.
THE BEHOLDING ALL THE WORK DONE UNDER THE SUN
THE LAST WORDS OF THE BOOKS OF GOD
THE PROPHET OF THE JORDAN.
OUT-OF-THE-WAY PACERS. By Rev. A. Brown
"MY GOD, AND IS THY TABLE SPREAD." With Music.
CHRIST'S TEACHING ABOUT RICHES AND POVERTY.
A NEW LEAF IN LIFE.
PHILIP VAUGHAN'S LIFE-WORK. Serial Story
THE SISTERS OF DUESBURY DENE. Serial Story
&c., &c.

LITTLE FOLKS for September,
Price 6d., contains—
THE MICROPHONE, AND HOW TO MAKE ONE
SOMETHING ABOUT INSECT-FEEDING PLANTS
THE WAR OF THE "ROSES"
THE CHILDREN'S GARDENS.
PRETTY WORK FOR LITTLE FINGERS.
THE STORY OF TWO UNFORTUNATE PRINCES.
OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.
OUR MUSIC PAGE
PAGES FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.
OUR PUZZLE PAGES
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
LITTLE HINGES. Serial Story.
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CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN; and all Booksellers.

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Rich Coloured Velveteens, 50 different shades, 27 in. wide, 2s. 10½d. a yard, former price, 3s. 11½d.
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THE GRAPHIC

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1878

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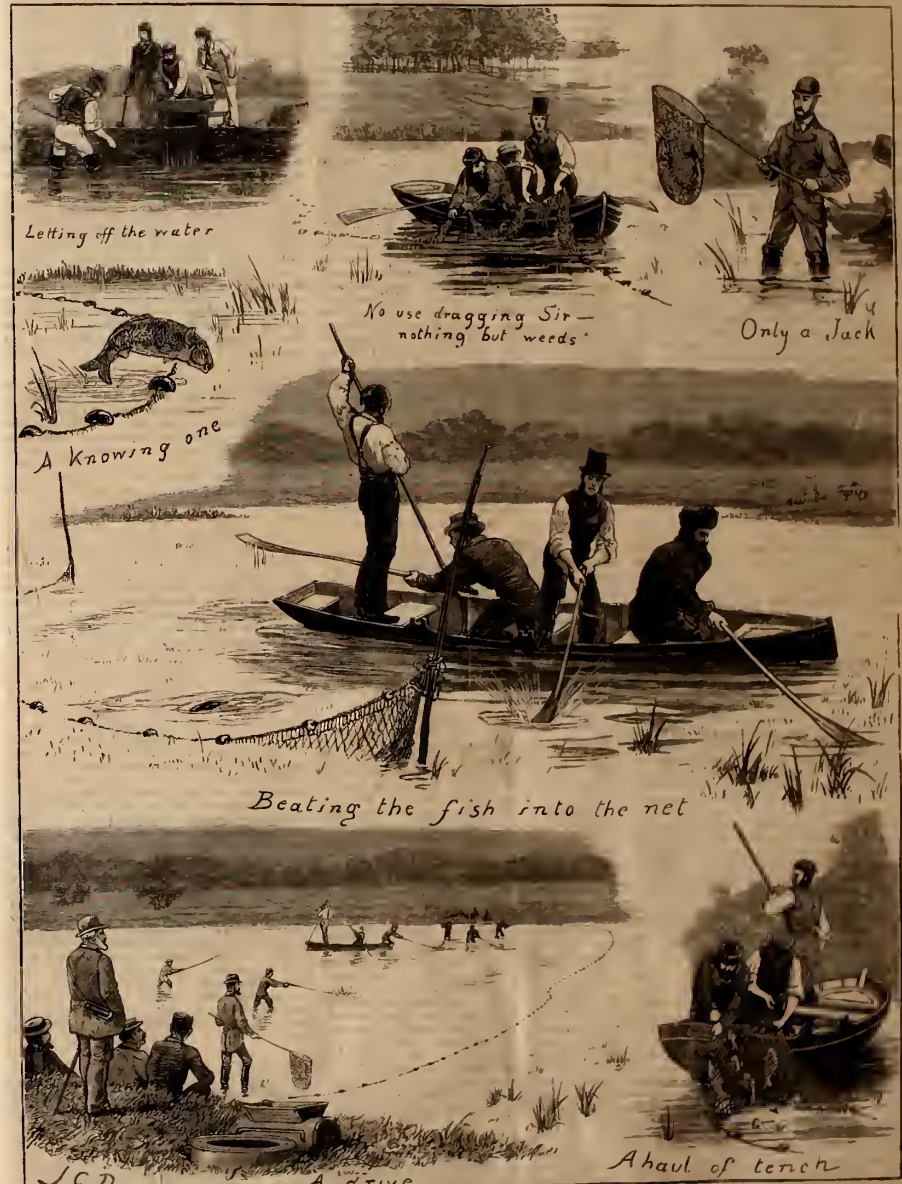

FISH PRESERVATION—NETTING CARP AND TENCH IN THE PONDS OF BUSHEY PARK FOR STOCKING THE THAMES

Topics of the Week

TURKEY AND ENGLISH COUNSELS.——It is stated that England has begun to act with decision in accordance with the Anglo-Turkish Convention. The Porte, we are told, has been formally advised to appoint a gendarmerie for the maintenance of order in Asia Minor, to establish appellate tribunals with European assessors, and to reform her whole system of taxation. If these provisions were carried out, the inhabitants of Asia Minor would, indeed, have good reason for gratitude to this country. The war unsettled society in every part of the Turkish dominions, and there can be no doubt that in remote towns and villages there is an enormous amount of disorder of which no rumour reaches the Western world. An efficient gendarmerie is, therefore, the most elementary of all the necessities of Asiatic Turkey at the present moment. Even this, however, would be a comparatively light boon if it were not accompanied by the appointment of proper appellate Courts. The Turks have never been good administrators of justice. They have a number of excellent laws, but they enforce them irregularly, acting too often on the caprice of the moment, or causing the scale to fall in proportion as it is weighted by the gold of suitors. English residents in Asia Minor are agreed in maintaining that a Turkish subject can only on rare occasions feel sure that his cause will be determined solely in accordance with the evidence. Mahomedans and Christians alike suffer; the former, perhaps, more than the latter, since there are fewer rich Christians than there are rich Mahomedans. New appellate tribunals, therefore, would command no respect without European assessors; but with them something like order might ultimately be expected to emerge from the existing chaos. As to the reform of taxation, almost any system would be better than that which now prevails; and a real improvement would inevitably lead to the encouragement of native enterprise. The question is, Can the Porte be trusted to give effect to these fine schemes? It is said to have formally assented to them; and we fully believe that it means well. But the impulse caused by recent disasters will soon be spent, so that, if we are to achieve anything worth achieving, we must do it without unneccessay delay. If we could make a genuine beginning, more than half our difficulties would be overcome, for we should then have the people on our side. As yet they cannot realise that anything is to be done for them, and they have not the spirit to act independently. But were good tribunals actually at work, this alone would exercise a powerful influence. The population would have an inducement to improve their position, and to insist on their rulers thinking of something more than their own selfish interests.

ST. PARTRIDGE'S. The First of September falls this year, as our Irish friends would say, on the Second, and so the poor "little brown birds" will have a day's grace, though many thousands will hear the village bells for the last time on Sunday next, as their music will be wafted over the stubbles and green covers. To all intents and purposes then Monday next is "the First," and, as far as can be gathered from reports, the partridge season is likely to show as good sport as the grouse. But it may once more be asked why in this country we insist on "the First" being an unmoveable feast. Our foreign friends certainly manage some of their affairs better than we do, and show considerable common sense in regulating the opening day of the shooting. No hard and fast day like the 1st of September exists. Not later than the 12th of August authentic information as to the condition of the game and the clearing of the crops is forwarded from the provincial authorities to the responsible Minister, who thereupon decides the date of the opening day, it being understood that not less than seven days shall intervene between the publication of the fixture and the celebration of the festival itself. In Belgium they are even more minute, and one half of the little kingdom has generally a different day fixed from that selected for the other half, so that by simply crossing the river Meuse an enthusiastic sportsman may enjoy two "Firsts" within the same twelvemonth. There is obviously a good deal of reason in this arrangement, which we fail to imitate. Several evils are thereby avoided. You neither find yourself incurring the maledictions of tenants by trampling through uncut crops in search of a marked covey, nor witnessing the murder of the innocents by some so-called sportsman, to whom a partridge is a partridge if it be no larger than a sparrow. Again, should the season result in an early harvest, and strong coveys give warning that it is full time to be up and doing, there is no sinking into your armchair with a sigh of disgust to count the evil days which must necessarily elapse before the fatal First of September. It only needs that sportsmen should take some definite steps to express their wishes on this matter, and then, notwithstanding the "Conservative reaction" of late years, there would be no very great difficulty in obtaining some modification of the present Medo-Persian law.

ENGLAND AND AFGHANISTAN.——Serious alarm has been caused both in England and in India by the Russian mission to Cabul, and a great deal of advice is being thrust upon the Government with respect to the policy it ought now to pursue. One piece of counsel which has come from many different quarters is that we should take the opportunity of Abdoola Jan's death to urge upon the Ameer the propriety of his recognising Yakoob Khan as his successor. It is impossible to feel sure that this is wise advice. Yakoob Khan was at one time believed to have a friendly feeling towards England, but we do not know what may be his sentiments now. The fact that we have not procured his release may have permanently turned him against us, in which case we should, by favouring him, be injuring our own interests. Besides, it is not absolutely certain that if he were set free be would be Shere Ali's successor. The chances, indeed, are that he would obtain the throne, but there are other claimants, and circumstances might arise which would prevent him from holding his own. We should then, of course, if our cause were identified with his, find in the new ruler a bitter and persistent enemy. On the whole, the Indian Government will probably conclude that its safest plan is to interfere as little as possible in the internal affairs of Afghanistan. Shere Ali is an independent sovereign, and he naturally resents any claim on our part to dictate to him the course he shall adopt. At the same time England cannot allow Russia to go on intriguing in a country so close to our territory. If her influence were to become predominant in Afghanistan, a heavy blow would be struck at our authority in India, and it is not too much to say that a war with Russia would be rendered absolutely unavoidable. There can be little doubt that a permanent English mission will now be settled in Cabul, and if this is done there should not be much difficulty in thwarting the schemes of the Russians. The Ameer has as little desire to see his country annexed by the one Power as by the other, and nothing would bind him and his people to us more readily than the assurance that they will be left to settle their own business in their own way, but that if they are attacked from without they will be defended with the whole force of the British Empire.

DROVERS.——The Drovers' Benevolent Institution, which has recently been holding high festival at the Alexandra Palace, is an Association which must command general sympathy on the ground that one of its chief objects is the general improvement of a class of men whose occupation in itself is not surrounded with the most humanising influences. That it has effected great good during its existence may be fully and thankfully admitted, and no doubt a considerable number of drovers belonging to it are men who perform their work honestly and humanely. But all who take special notice of the driving of the flocks of sheep and herds of cattle through the metropolitan streets on Mondays and Thursdays cannot but feel that the majority of drovers are still most wantonly cruel. They still beat and prod the unfortunate animals under their charge most unmercifully, and suffer swarms of small boys armed with sticks to do the same, and scenes of the grossest cruelty are being perpetually enacted, as if there was no such Association as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in existence. Moreover, as if conscious of their wrong-doing, not one out of every half-dozen drovers one sees wears his metal badge in such a way that the number on it can be seen, the badge being turned so that the face of it is between his arm and his side. But after all there is some excuse to be made for the drovers, for they have a most difficult work to perform, and of which it might almost be said that it requires a loss of temper to carry it out efficiently. Our system of private slaughter-houses, and the necessity of driving cattle from Copenhagen Market to all parts of the metropolis, must be blamed for much of the cruelty that is enacted. An Act of Parliament long ago arranged for the abolition of these private slaughter-houses after a certain period, but unfortunately they have been suffered to remain under the provisions of a more recent Act. This is a matter for regret for several reasons. Notwithstanding the most stringent regulations concerning them, they are dangerous to the health of the localities in which they are situated, the flesh of animals is deteriorated by the exhaustion they suffer while being driven to them, they involve needless cruelty in the slaughtering of the animals, and the meat can neither be properly dressed or kept, under the limited accommodation they afford. There is a hope, however, that the enforcement of the present strict regulations by the local authorities will eventually cause a movement among the slaughterers themselves to demand a further development of the system of abbattoirs, which amend many of the evils complained of, and minimise the cruelty of drovers.

MARSHAL MACMAHON AND THE REPUBLIC.——The enemies of the French Republic have been spreading a report that Marshal MacMahon intends to resign after the Senatorial elections, or when the Exhibition is closed. There does not seem to be the least foundation for the rumour, and the obvious intention of these who invented it is to create a feeling of insecurity throughout France. They are intensely annoyed that Republican institutions have worked so smoothly, and they hope that if there were some uncertainty as to the tenure of his office by the Marshal, a little difficulty might be thrown in the way of the predominant party. It is significant that their tactics have altogether failed. France has paid very little attention to their outcries, and has exhibited no anxiety. This is, no doubt, partly due to the general conviction that the Marshal likes his post too well to give it up in haste. If he had meant to resign, he would unquestionably have done so when the last Ministry was ignominiously turned out of office. He had then placed himself in opposition to the country, whereas now he acts in hearty accord with it, and knows that be enjoys general respect and confidence. This does not, however, exhaust the secret of the national calmness. It is still more due to the belief of the majority of the people that even if a new President had to be elected there would be no serious disturbance. Some jealousies would, of course, be excited. The chances of M. Grévy, M. Dufaure, and M. Gambetta would be eagerly canvassed; and the extreme Radicals would have a strong temptation to insist on the adoption of what their opponents condemn as a violent policy. But the vast mass of the Republicans have of late years learned many profitable lessons; they realise, above all, the necessity of not playing into the hands of the Imperialists by encouraging disorder. Hence the possibility is that, if Marshal MacMahon were to retire, a successor would step quietly into his place, and that the Republicans would keep to the same lines as those they now follow. That France is at last convinced of this fact, and has good grounds for her conviction, is the best possible guarantee for the permanence of the system which has been established after so much strife and bitterness.

GAMBLING AT BRIGHTON.——The propriety of the modern Baiæ has been shocked at the allegation that gambling of a most pronounced kind has been going on within its precincts at more than one house established for that express purpose, and that touts are employed to inveigle "pigeons" within them to undergo the process of plucking. The Corporation, as becomes a virtuous body, is indignant, and, because some of the details of the accusation are not strictly substantiated, seems inclined to repudiate the charge as a myth. One of the Aldermen, however, knows better, and mainly in consequence of his personal statement further investigation is to be made. In the mean while other evidence has been adduced which leaves the matter in no doubt; and after all there is nothing surprising in the facts elicited, for Brighton has always been only too ready to imitate and exaggerate the follies and vices of the metropolis. It is a mere truism to say that Englishmen are the most inveterate gamblers in the world, though their gambling assumes a variety of forms which pass for legitimate speculation. But recent revelations indicate that the vice has of late years been increasing, and running in old channels which were thought to have been long blocked up. True that the neighbourhood of St. James's Street does not abound with those establishments which a generation ago were so common and known by a name not fit for ears polite, but as a recent trial has demonstrated to the general public they exist now under the modified form of "clubs" of a "proprietary" character, at which several of the old gambling games and several new ones are played for ruinous stakes. Of course, gambling cannot be put down by Act of Parliament, but facilities for it may, and it cannot be tolerated that mere gambling-houses, practically open to all comers, should exist in our midst under another name. The law is clear enough in this matter. Gentlemen may gamble in their own houses and in *bonâ fide* clubs among themselves on equal terms, but where there is a regular banker, one who "holds the bag against all comers," and this person practically the proprietor of the house, then the house becomes in the eye of the law "a common and disorderly house," and so liable to prosecution. A few days ago the police made a raid on a gambling house in Whitechapel, and captured a large batch of gamblers. They were all fined or imprisoned, and their names given in the police reports. Let such a raid be made further west, and the question tried as to the legality of some of these "clubs." Probably we shall hear something of this matter when Parliament meets again.

THE REFORM OF EGYPT.——There is at last some ground for hope that Egypt is to have a bright future. The mere fact that the Khedive has consented to give up to the State his vast lands is of immense significance. These lands have hitherto been tilled, for the most part, by forced labour, which means an almost incalculable amount of human misery. Forced labour will now be virtually abolished, and the lands which are surrendered will offer a splendid field for free and energetic enterprise. The appointment of Nubar Pasha as Chief Minister, and of Mr. Rivers Wilson as Minister of Finance, is perhaps of even greater importance, since it implies that the

Khedive intends to carry out in earnest the recommendations of the Committee of Inquiry into his revenues. The present system of taxation in Egypt is abominable. It crushes to the earth the poorer classes, and dries up the very sources of national wealth and progress. Such men as Nubar Pasha and Mr. Wilson will certainly not allow this state of things to last much longer, if they are invested with real power; and there is every reason to believe that their authority will be genuine. We have not, indeed, much faith in the generosity or wisdom of the Khedive; but he has, at any rate, a keen apprehension of his own interests, and he must see that thorough-going reform is the only means by which he can hope to retain his palaces and honours. Should constitutional Government be established, and the financial administration be placed on a just basis, Egypt will become prosperous, and a patriotic feeling will grow up among all sections of the community. England will rejoice at this result, not only from humane motives, but for her own sake. It is clear that we are more deeply interested than any other nation in the political destinies of Egypt. To us it is of vital importance that it should never fall under foreign domination, and if it were ever threatened with this fate we should be absolutely compelled to interfere and to annex the country. We do not want to annex it, however, partly because we should prefer not to wound France, but mainly because we have already more territory than we know very well what to do with. Our chief hope must be that the people themselves will be ready to resist any attempt at conquest. And they will be so if their country is made pleasant to them, if they obtain institutions of which they can be proud, and which will enable them to develop in peace their great resources. They will then be eager for independence, and we shall have the best possible allies in our determination to keep open the direct route to India.

REFRESHMENTS AT RAILWAY STATIONS.——The announcement that a leading railway company is about to thoroughly consider the whole question of the re-organisation of the refreshment-rooms at its stations, with a view to the interests of the travelling public, will be received with general satisfaction. As a rule refreshments of all kinds on our railways are second rate and intolerably dear, while the variety is very limited. This is particularly the case with effervescing and non-alcoholic drinks, which are almost invariably bad, though charged for according to the tariff of first-class hotels. In no Continental country, which has claims to be considered civilised, are the arrangements for hungry and thirsty travellers so bad as is our own. In France, Germany, Austria, and Italy, the railway authorities seem to take a pride in seeing that their clients are well and cheaply catered for; a remark which applies also to America. However, it is never too late to mend. The railway company at home which first puts these matters on a better footing will not only earn the gratitude of its own special passengers, but of all travellers, for other companies, if only for very shame's sake, will be obliged to follow the good example.

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Our Illustrations

STOCKING THE THAMES WITH CARP AND TENCH

See page 219.

THE ROYAL SILVER WEDDING

THE festivities at Brussels, in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of the King and Queen of the Belgians, extended over several days. The Belgian capital was decked out in all the glory of the national colours, which were noticeable everywhere, whether the decorations took the form of flags and banners, or of wreaths and garlands; and all the residents and visitors felt it incumbent upon them to display their patriotism by wearing ribbons and rosettes of the same hues. The King and Queen had a hard week's work of it. On Monday, after visiting Bruges, they were present at a banquet; on Tuesday a multitude of diplomatic deputations were received, and another banquet was given; and there were more receptions on Wednesday, though that was supposed to be an "off day." Thursday, the actual anniversary of the wedding, opened with a religious celebration at the Church of St. Gudule, at which Cardinal Deschamps and five Belgian Bishops officiated, and the *Te Deum* was sung. On their return to the Palace their Majesties received the Provincial Councillors, listened and replied to their address, and then retired to lunch. Next came the great event of the day, the procession of upwards of two thousand Belgian women, led by Madame Auspach, the wife of the Burgomaster of Brussels. These were charged with the pleasing duty of presenting the diamond crown and suite of lace, the subscriptions for which though limited to a maximum of twopence halfpenny had produced nearly 5,000*l.* The crown is

very elegant but very small, and is intended to be fixed in the hair. In front is a large diamond, worth 2,000*l.*, the gift of one of the Belgian Consuls abroad. For some days these articles were on view at the Hotel de Ville, and out of the payments of ten centimes each person for admission the poor were given a dinner. The representative women of the Communes assembled in the Park, and advanced across the grand alley to the Palace, under the marshalling of some male officials of the Communes. The King, wearing a General's uniform, and the Queen a costume of the national colours, maize-coloured silk, black lace, and scarlet velvet bonnet, took up their positions behind the small table on which the presents were laid. Madame Auspach advanced, and in a few graceful sentences told Her Majesty of the desire of the Belgian women, there represented by delegates from every city, town, and village in the kingdom, to offer to their gracious Sovereign some slight tokens of their affection and respect on so joyful an occasion. The Queen briefly returned thanks, and then the deputation began to defile past, the King and Queen bowing to each lady delegate as she went by; and the procession taking fully half an hour to go by. During the day the Marquis of Hamilton presented the King with a magnificent silver covered cup, sent to His Majesty by the Prince of Wales, and Lord Torrington, on the part of Queen Victoria, handed to the Queen a letter conferring on Her Majesty the Ladies' Order of the Victoria and Albert and the Insignia in diamonds.

At night there was a general illumination of the city, and their Majesties attended a banquet given by the Councillors-General. On Friday there was a review of the Civic Guard on the Place du Palais; and in the evening, when the weather brightened for a short time, the King and Queen, who had given a banquet, and held reception at the Palace, were serenaded by some of the associations which were to have taken part in the monster torchlight procession which had been countermanded on account of the rain.

Saturday was the children's day. All the Communal schools of Brussels, strengthened by deputations from every provincial school in the kingdom, paraded before their Majesties. They were copiously provided with banners, and each school brought to the Queen an offering of flowers in a basket.

Marie Henriette Anne, Queen of the Belgians and Archduchess of Austria, is a daughter of the late Archduke Joseph Antoine-Jean of Austria. She was born at Buda Pesth on the 23rd of August, 1836, and was married to Prince Leopold, now King of the Belgians, in August, 1853. Our portrait of Her Majesty is from a photograph by Ghémar Brothers, 27, Rue de l'Ecuyer, Brussels.

CHARACTER SKETCHES AT BRUSSELS

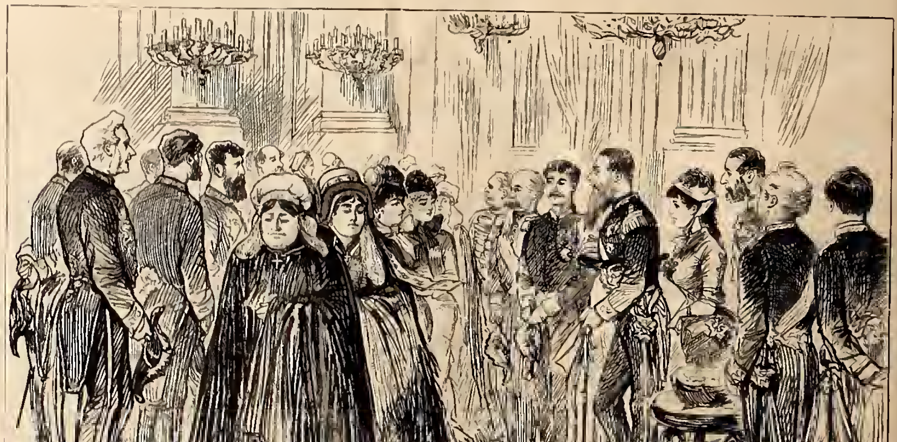
THE group of "fair women" which forms the first sketch will give a good idea of the diversity of head gear to be found amongst the peasantry of Belgium. Many of the head dresses are exceedingly handsome and valuable, some consisting of priceless lace and quaint old gold ornaments, the latter mostly heirlooms for many generations. Next we come to a very familiar object in the streets of Brussels—Flemish milkwomen and their patient canine steed, carefully muzzled, according to law. The dog depicted is somewhat unusually small for his work—they are usually big, strong brutes, as muscular as Shetland ponies. The gallant Civic Guards drinking the health of their King and Queen need only a passing mention; nor does the well-known figure of the Belgian lace girl require any detailed description. The next figure, a Brussels dandy *à la quête* for subscriptions to a pet school, is frequently seen throughout Belgium and France. Possibly he has undertaken the task as a penance; but, more probably, he is accompanying some fair and charitably disposed damsel. The Waterloo coach is one of the chief features of Brussels, at least to Englishmen, who never fail to hasten to the great battle-field, and rarely come away without some "really genuine relic" of the "famous victory."

THE LATE QUEEN CHRISTINA OF SPAIN

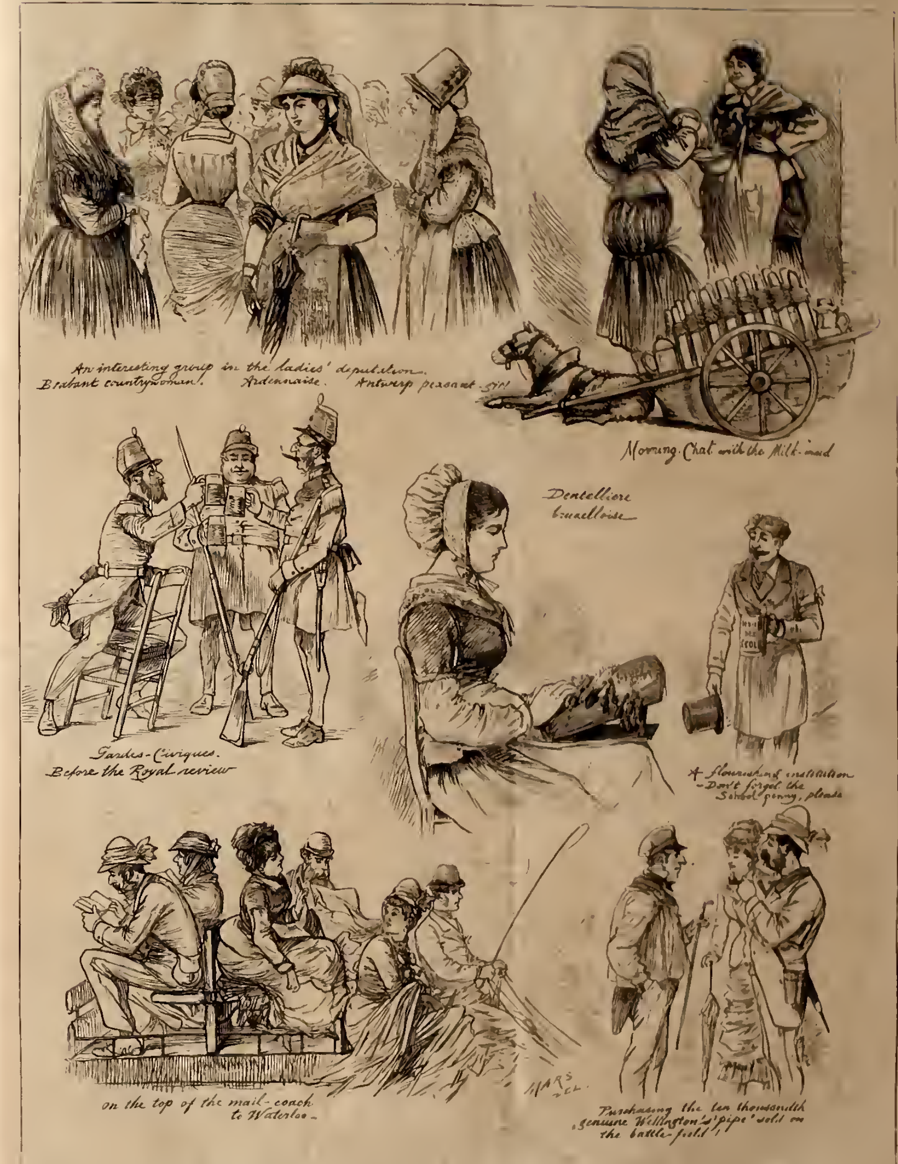
THE death of the once famous Queen Dowager Christina of Spain, who for the past thirty years has led a peaceful, domestic, and almost forgotten life, has recalled to mind a stormy epoch of European history—an epoch when who should or who should not be the ruler of the peninsula, or even the husband of that ruler, was made the subject of endless internecine intrigues and negotiations, and which once nearly brought about a breach between France and England. Indeed, in modern days no woman has ever taken so prominent a part in the political history of Europe, nor has been able for years together, like Catherine de Medici, to maintain her power by skilfully pitting her various antagonistic factions against each other. Queen Christina was every inch a Bourbon, being the child of Francis I., King of the Two Sicilies, and of his second wife, Maria Isabella, the daughter of King Charles IV. of Spain. Queen Christina was born in 1806, received a liberal education, and a capital training in outdoor sports, and in 1829 was married to King Ferdinand VII. of Spain, being his fourth wife. Her elder sister had also married a younger brother of the King, and the two women speedily acquired such an influence over the mind of Ferdinand, who was then in feeble health, as altogether to eclipse his eldest brother, Don Carlos, who, in the event of the

THE ROYAL SILVER WEDDING AT BRUSSSELS—MARIE HENRIETTE, QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS

MARIA CHRISTINA, QUEEN DOWAGER OF SPAIN
Born at Naples, April 27, 1806, Died at Havre, August 21, 1878



THE ROYAL SILVER WEDDING AT BRUSSELS—PROCESSION OF BELGIAN WOMEN DEFILING BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN


An interesting group in the ladies' deputation.
Brabant countrywoman. Ardennaise. Antwerp peasant girl
Morning Chat with the Milk-maid
Dentellière bruxelloise
Gardes-Civiques. Before the Royal review
A flourishing institution — Don't forget the School penny, please
ÉCOLE
on the top of the mail-coach to Waterloo
MARS del.
Purchasing the ten thousandth "genuine Wellington's pipe" sold on the battle-field!

THE ROYAL SILVER WEDDING AT BRUSSELS—CHARACTER SKETCHES

King having no son, was reckoning upon the succession to the throne. The King, however, in 1830, abrogated the Salic law by which no woman could sit on the throne of Spain, and later in the year Queen Christina gave birth to a daughter, Maria Isabella (the present ex-Queen), who was at once proclaimed Princess of the Asturias. Shortly after, however, the King became seriously ill, and, under pressure from the Church party, restored the Salic law; but, on getting better, once more yielded to the influence of his wife and her sister, and again abolished the restrictive statute, so that, on his death in 1833, the Infant Isabella was proclaimed Queen, the Queen Dowager Christina being appointed Regent by the King's will until Isabella's eighteenth year. Then ensued a fierce struggle between the Liberals or Constitutionalists, with whom Christina identified herself and her daughter, and the Absolutists, who espoused the cause of the King's brother, Don Carlos. The result was the well-known and terrible five years' civil war between "Christinos" and "Carlistas," which was conducted on both sides with almost unprecedented horrors and cruelties, and which was ultimately ended by the victories of the Christino general, Espartero, and the treachery of the Carlist chief, Maroto. Tranquillity being restored in 1839-40 by the "Peace of Verzara" and the flight of Cabrera, the Queen Dowager became alarmed at the Radical attitude of her own supporters, the Liberals, whose ultra measures were highly repugnant to a Bourbon mind, and with whom she had by no means led a peaceful life during the stormy period of the five years' war, a period which, although supported by France, England, and Portugal, she found fraught with pitfalls and dangers in every direction. Now that peace was restored, the Madrid political parties split into various subdivisions. After numerous Ministerial crises the Queen Regent, who favoured the Church party, found herself compelled, three months after the end of the war, to withdraw to France, leaving the Regency in the hands of her Prime Minister, Espartero, who had been forced upon her by the Progressista faction. Three years later (1843) Espartero himself fell through the intrigues of the French party, who supported Queen Christina, and this was followed by the Cortes declaring Queen Isabella to have attained her majority, although she was only just thirteen years old. Queen Christina then came back to Spain, and with consummate skill ruled over the mind of her daughter and her Ministers, and was practically the sovereign of the country, though eminently unpopular, her nickname being *La Mala*, the Evil One. Then ensued the historical intrigues between the Courts of England and of Louis Philippe as to who should be Isabella's consort, and as the English Court showed a very determined attitude in opposing the French King's wish to make his fifth brother, the Duke de Montpensier, king-consort of Spain, Queen Isabella married her cousin, Don Francisco d'Assisi, the Duke having to be content with her younger sister, Maria Louisa. It is curious to note how nearly Louis Philippe's wish that his line should sit upon the throne of Spain was realised by the marriage of the Duke's daughter to King Alphonso. These marriages added to the unpopularity of the Queen Dowager, and in 1847 she finally left Spain for France, where she has since, with occasional visits to Rome, lived in retirement with her husband, Don Fernando Muñoz, the Duke of Rianzares, a private soldier whom she had raised to the rank of Chamberlain, and whom she secretly married three months after King Ferdinand's death, and has devoted herself mainly to the education of her daughters, who have all married Italian noblemen Queen Christina, however, undertook a journey to Spain last year to be present at the wedding of her grand-children. She died on the 21st inst. at Havre, after a brief illness.—Our portrait is from a photograph by E. Neurdien, 28, Boulevard de Sebastopol, Paris.

THE BOMBAY VOLUNTEER RIFLES

This corps was only established in August last year, but it is supported in the most enthusiastic manner by the European residents in the district. It has a strength of about 600, forming six companies, with an additional company at Poona 120 strong, and 200 cadets. It is armed with Martini-Henry rifles of the latest pattern, and the uniform consists of a scarlet tunic, with blue collar and cuffs braided with silver; and blue trowsers, with helmet and puggree. The honorary Colonel is Sir R. Temple, K.C.S.I.; the Commandant is Lieut.-Colonel J. M. Sexton, and the Adjutant Lieutenant I. J. B. Dunne. The corps possesses a good band and has its own shooting range at Coorla near Bombay, where the members diligently practice, and with such success that it is not unlikely that they may one day send a picked team to take part in the Wimbledon competition. In May, when the native troops were ordered to Europe, a number of men, headed by Captain Weir, volunteered for active service.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION

THE BASKET-CHAIRS

Why cannot something of this sort be introduced into England? At every ordinary sea-side resort there are certainly seats provided on the beach for visitors, where ladies who object to repose on the shingle or sands can spend the morning with their work or a book; but then they are exposed to the full glare of a July or August sun, or, should there be a breeze, to the discomfort of having the various materials of their work-basket scattered about the neighbourhood, or the leaves of their novel suddenly turned over before they have completed a page, to say nothing of running imminent risk of toothache or neuralgia by having one cheek uncomfortably cool while its fellow is scorched to a cinder. In these chairs, which are in constant use in many continental watering-places, and with which the grounds of the Paris Exhibition are bountifully studded, the occupant can shelter himself from both sun and wind, and many an invalid or convalescent might thus be enabled to enjoy the outdoor air with a minimum of danger.

THE DUTCH HOUSE

Here we have the interior of one of the rooms in the Dutch House, with a group of women in their national costume, preparing to take a baby to church for the important ceremony of christening. The child is carefully covered over with a quaintly-coloured shawl, while its mother and her attendants are decked out in all their picturesque finery for the occasion. The room and its inhabitants represent life at Hindeloopen, Friesland, and the whole interior gives an admirable idea of a dwelling in that district. There is a dado running round the room of the characteristic blue tiles, representing scenes of canal and rural life; while on the right is a huge bed, let into the wall, like a monster berth in a steamer's cabin. There is a charming old clock in the corner; close by is the baby's cradle of painted wood on a stand. The fireplace is singularly picturesque; while in glass-panelled cupboards is quaint old china which would make the mouth of the mildest of china-maniacs water with envy.

"AMONG ALIENS"

A Novelette, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, is continued on page 217.

"HER LAST SACRAMENT"

Such a scene as this needs little description; but we may say that Mr. Stocks has treated a difficult subject with unquestionable success, as all who saw this picture in the recent exhibition of the Royal Academy will readily admit. The excellent painting of the rustic interior, the careful grouping of the attendant relatives, the reverential attitude of the clergyman, the expression on the face of the aged moribund, momentarily lit up by a ray of sunshine, are all worthy of high praise.

LIFE IN MANITOBA, BRITISH NORTH AMERICA

In these sketches our artist gives us some interesting glimpses of life in the Far West. One of the best kinds of sport to be had in those wild regions is shooting the sheep of the Rocky Mountains, a pastime calculated to test the physical strength and nervous courage of the hunter, who must be prepared to follow the trail patiently and perseveringly over difficult and dangerous bits of rugged and mountainous country before he gets a sight of his quarry. After hours and perhaps days of careful stalking, now climbing a precipitous rock, now struggling through a dense jungle, and anon creeping round the face of some high cliff, upon a narrow ledge, below which yawns a fearful chasm, he at last gets a "flying shot," and brings down his game. The next thing is, of course, to pitch one's tent, and seated on a mossy bank, enjoy one's pipe, while the faithful Indian guide cooks some "mutton chops for supper." "Art Critics" shows the delight and interest with which the Indians regard *The Graphic*, especially when the engravings depict scenes with which they are familiar. Finally we have an Atnah "Medicine Man" or doctor in the act of performing his incantations. These doctors are never consulted until the patients are at the point of death, when their friends carry them in blankets to the "Medicine Man." In our engraving a sick woman has been placed on the ground, her relations form a half circle at her feet, and a pan of water has been placed near her head. The medicine man begins to dance round her, first muttering, then singing, and as he gets more excited, he shouts and yells! The Indians believe the illness (or evil spirit) is thus driven out of the sick woman into the water in the pan, and they carry her home firmly convinced that she will recover.

CYPRUS—A NATIVE DANCE

"The subject of my sketch," writes the artist, "is a dance on the recruiting ground in Nicosia. It was taken a few months ago. While the recruiting for the Sultan's army goes forward these dancers are employed, so that by their gymnastics and wild war-songs, they may attract probable recruits to the ground, and infuse into them a spirit of patriotic enthusiasm. The Turks in Cyprus responded well to the calls for troops to serve the Padishah up to quite a recent date; but, on the whole, the Cypriotes are a quiet, inoffensive, agricultural people, and possess no very strong ambition for martial glory. The ground shown is also used as a market-place, and is in the strictly Turkish quarter of the town. The sketch was taken at considerable risk, as at the time the Turks objected to see a stranger with a pencil and sketch-book in his hand."—We are indebted for the sketch and the above description to Mr. Charles Fullwood.

THE CAPE WAR: FINGOES VIEWING THE DEAD BODY OF SANDILLI

Sandilli, the last of the Gaika chiefs, and the leader of the late rebellion by this tribe, was killed by a bullet which entered his right breast, but it is not known who fired the shot. His body was found some days afterwards, nearly all the flesh on the left side of the face having been eaten by wild animals. Sandilli lingered some days after he had been shot, and the news of this circumstance, and also of his death was given by Gadu (a Councillor of Sandilli's) who gave himself up and led Captain Langtry (of the Colonial Forces) to the spot where the body was found. The remains were subsequently brought to Isidingi, where they were identified and buried. A large number of Fingoes were present, and Commandant Shermbriicker, by the aid of an interpreter, pointed out to them the consequences of rebellion. They passed the body, which was laid out in a shed, one by one; each man making a lunge at it with an assegai, as if he would like to have stuck it into the body The Fingoes executed a war dance to commemorate the fall of their great enemy. By the death of Sandilli, and the subsequent capture of Edmund and Mautanziena (his two sons), the rebellion, as far as the Gaikas are concerned, may be considered at an end. —The sketch from which our engraving is taken, is by Lieut. G. E. Giles, R.A., to whom we are indebted for the above particulars.

AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND, IV.

BRITISH SYRIAN SCHOOLS

"The numerous Christian schools" (writes our artist), "French, German, American, and British, form a most interesting feature in a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

"In the City of Damascus alone there are more than fifty schools, some Moslem, others Jewish, and others, again, established by the different branches of the Christian Church Greek Church, Roman Catholic, and Protestants of various denominations—several of these latter are under the management of the British Syrian Committee."

"The head-quarters of British Syrian Schools are situated at Beyrout, and are presided over by Mrs. Mott. On my visit to the establishment I was much surprised to find such large and handsome buildings, so far superior to many of our charitable institutions at home. There are schools for infants, for blind girls, and a training-school for Bible teachers. In this section especially, I am told, a great deal of good work has been done. The pupils are mostly Mahomedan women, taught by English ladies; and the pupils eventually become teachers themselves and, visit the numerous harems in the town and about the Lebanon villages to read and lecture to the fair inmates. In many instances their husbands have in time taken a lively interest in their education, and have been much surprised in listening to many passages from the Bible, 'the best history of their country,' from the fair lips of their wives.

"It is surprising with what accuracy of pronunciation the little scholars speak English and sing Moody and Sankey's hymns. Though it was vacation time when I visited the schools, a choir was collected from those who still remained: that was, indeed, charming but strange in the land of the slow-going Turk.

"Another institution, which I must mention before leaving sunny Beyrout, is the Ottoman Bank, which is lodged in a large quadrangular building near the quay. It is not only that one replenishes his exhausted purse in this establishment, but we get a whole budget of news from Europe, and, if one is lucky enough, to take Turkish coffee with the genial manager, Mr. Christian, we may come away with a complete knowledge of the Lebanon, its beauty, resources and history, since the days of the Crimea, up to the occupation of Cyprus by British troops."

OLD ST. PAUL'S

See page 223.

THE WILBERFORCE MEMORIAL CHURCH

The Church of St. Mary at Southampton, which is now in process of reconstruction as a memorial of the late Bishop of Winchester, of and which the Rev. Canon Wilberforce, a son of the deceased prelate, is rector, is situated in a very poor and densely crowded part of the town, where church accommodation is greatly needed. Canon Wilberforce was naturally anxious to connect the new building with the memory of his father, and was fortunate in securing the interest of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, by whom the dedication stone was laid on the 12th inst. The town was of course *en fête*. The Prince and Princess, with the two sailor Princes, came direct from Cowes, and were received on landing by the Corporation, and of course an address was presented. They then drove through the decorated streets to the church, where the Bishop of Winchester and Canon Wilberforce were awaiting them. These took part in the religious service which preceded the ceremony, and the proceedings were concluded by the presentation of subscription purses, which were brought up and laid upon the stone in front of the Prince by a number of ladies, some of whom were quite little girls. Their Royal Highnesses subsequently took tea with Canon and Mrs. Wilberforce, and on their way back to the pier, escorted as before by a troop of the Hampshire Yeomanry, they were again enthusiastically cheered. In the evening there were illuminations and fireworks, and Canon Wilberforce entertained the workmen employed on the building at dinner.

The total cost of the church will be 18,000*l*.; the portion now in course of erection, which will include chancel, chancel aisles, transept, and one bay of the nave, will cost 10,000*l*., of which 1,000*l*. is still wanting. The new structure is to be attached to the body of the old building until sufficient funds are collected for the completion of the whole work.

Order of the Indian Empire.——With reference to the announcement in our issue of last week respecting the Order of the Indian Empire, we take this opportunity of giving a correct list of the ordinary Companions of the Order, which, it should be stated, consists at present of only one class; the "Councillors of the Empress" (comprising the members of the Governor-General's Council, certain leading Indian Chiefs, Governors, and Lieutenant-Governors), being extraordinary members thereof:—Mir Mahmud, Khan of Khelat, L. S. Jackson, Esq.; Colonel Sir R. J. Meade, K.C.S.I.; Rao of Bedla; J. Muir, Esq.; D. Brandis, Esq.; Zemindar of Mandasa; C. A. Turner, Esq.; Mir Ali Khan, of Lus Beyla; G. C. Paul, Esq.; Chief of the Sarawan Brahuis; Lieutenant-Colonel O. T. Burne, C.S.I.; Chief of the Jhalawan Brahuis; R. K. Puckle, Esq.; Surgeon-Major W. Jameson; Syud Wilayut Ali Khan; Colonel W. G. Mainwaring; Rai Bahadur Rajendra Lala Mitra; Surgeon-General J. F. Beatson, M.D.; Deputy Surgeon General J. T. C. Ross; N. R. Pogson, Esq.; W. W. Hunter, Esq.; Colonel C. S. Hearn; Lieut.-Colonel E. C. S. Williams, R.E.; Rai Bahadur Kristodas Pal; Major-General A. Cunningham, R.E., C.S.I.; Rear Admiral J. Bythesea, C.B., V.C.; Morarji Gokuldass; Colonel B. Walton; Lieut.-Colonel H. Moore; Tiruvarur Muttuswami Aiyar; Colonel W. Gordon; Khan Bahadur Saleh Hindi; D. Graham, Esq.; Surgeon-Major T. G. Hewlett; Cettepaliem Ranga Charloo; Colonel C. M. Macgregor, C.S.I.; R. Berkeley Shaw, Esq.; J. G. Buhler, Esq.; Bapu Diva Shastri; P. Carnegy, Esq.; T. M. Gibbon, Esq.; E. R. Lethbridge, Esq.; Babu Bhudev Mukerji; G. Smith, Esq.; J. H. Rivett-Carnac, Esq.; Captain the Hon. G. C. Napier; R. Bocquet, Esq.; J. B. Knight, Esq.; Pundit Nain Singh. Officers of the Order: Secretary, A. C. Lyall, Esq.; Registrar, Sir A. W. Woods.

HOME.

Political Affairs.——On Monday, Mr. Mundella, M.P., delivered, or rather attempted to deliver, his annual address to his constituents at Sheffield. The meeting was held in the open-air in Paradise Square under the presidency of the Mayor. Some 12,000 persons were present, and, though Mr. Mundella's supporters were in the majority, the minority was sufficiently strong to render it impossible for any speaker to be heard. Howls, groans, and cheers, and all sorts of indescribable noises rent the air, and the confusion was at one time so great that the Mayor resorted to the extreme measure of naming the most prominent disturbers, who were youthful members of respectable families in the town. Mr. Mundella, after vainly endeavouring to obtain a fair hearing, addressed himself to the reporters, but his speech was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the increasing intensity of the clamour, but Mr. Mundella declared that he would attend every ward meeting, and insist upon a hearing. They had silenced his voice in a discreditable manner, but they should have it five times as much. A vote of confidence was declared by the Mayor to be carried, but this decision was loudly disputed by his opponents, who intend holding a meeting on their own account on Monday next.—On Tuesday Mr. Mundella received a deputation from the Sheffield Butchers' Association, who presented him with a vote of thanks for his successful action with regard to the Government Cattle Bill. In replying, he referred to the improvement which had been effected in the measure during its passage through Parliament, and said that the result would be a large supply of foreign cattle at a reasonable price. Had the Bill passed as introduced, meat would have reached famine prices.—Speaking at an agricultural dinner at Whitehaven on Tuesday, the Right Hon. G. A. F. Cavendish Bentinck, M.P., said that the fact of the Government having done so little of late was not entirely due to the Irish Obstructionists. It was the young members who were to blame. New men should listen, and try to learn the business of Parliament as far as possible, but it appeared to be the aim of every one to see how soon he could talk; how soon his speeches could be taken down by shorthand writers, and how soon he could get them transmitted to his constituents. When remonstrated with for so doing, these young members replied, "My constituents will think nothing of me if I cannot make a speech." He advised them to give it up, and do as their forefathers had done—wait, and only address the House upon what they knew something about. Then they would be listened to with respect, and it would be for the public good.—Lord Dartmouth has written a letter to the *Daily News* in response to the challenge thrown out by Mr. Joseph Arch, to which we referred last week. His lordship says that although he cannot fix the exact date, he has a distinct recollection of letters appearing in *The Times*, in which Mr. Arch either wrote, or was reported to have publicly spoken, to the effect that if the farmers employed more agricultural machinery the result would be a revolution, and wrote or said exactly the contrary within a few days, thereby causing the other correspondent of *The Times* to inquire whether he was to believe his eyes or his ears. In a subsequent letter his lordship gives the date of the publication of these letters, with extracts from them justifying his original statement.—The result of the election at Newcastle-under-Lyne has taken both parties by surprise. The late member, Sir E. Buckley, did not resign until the last moment, and the Liberals were so unprepared for a contest that it was thought the seat would be uncontested, the Conservatives, of course, having their candidate ready in the person of Mr. Donaldson Hudson. The Liberals were beginning to despair, but Mr. Rathbone Edge came to the rescue, and has beaten his opponent by 1,330 votes to 990. The borough has never before had two Liberal members. The election caused excitement, and when the figures were declared the victors manifested their enthusiasm in a very boisterous manner.—The polling for the county of Argyle took place on Tuesday amid much excitement. On Wednesday, after the votes were counted Lord Colin Campbell, the Liberal candidate, was found to have polled 1,462, against Colonel Malcolm's 1,107.—Major O'Gorman has, since his return to Waterford, stated that he will not again seek the representation of the constituency.—The rumour that Mr. Plimsoll was about to retire from Parliament is said to be without foundation.

THE DISBANDED RESERVES.——On Tuesday Lord Shaftesbury presided at a meeting of the Committee of British Hospitallers, held to consider the means that ought to be adopted for the assistance of the men who have been reduced to necessity through their engagement in the Reserve forces. Resolutions were passed to the effect that the alacrity with which the men of the Reserve forces had responded to the call to arms deserved national recognition, and that it devolved upon the nation at large to see that they were rewarded by at least being enabled to regain their former positions. A Relief Committee was formed to collect subscriptions.—On Wednesday a number of the Reserve men attended at the Guildhall and made statements concerning the Relief Committee, which we sincerely hope are not true. The spokesman of the party declared that he had mixed with 3,800 Reserve men, and knew of none who had received any money relief. He himself had been twelve times to the office, and got nothing but a small quantity of provisions. Alderman Figgins expressed sympathy with the men, and gave each member of the deputation 5*s.*; but expressed no opinion as to the conduct of the Relief Committee, which, we hope, will be inquired into without delay. Such names as Miss Nightingale, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Marquis of Exeter, and Lord Ashley, who are among the patrons, *ought* to be a guarantee that public confidence is not misplaced.

MISCELLANEOUS.——Experiments with war-balloons have been commenced at Woolwich, and will be continued for several months. The War Department has appointed a Select Balloon Committee, consisting of Colonel Nugent, R.E.; Professor Abel, Chemical Department, Royal Arsenal; Colonel Noble, Director of Works; and Lieutenant Watson, R.E.; and if their report is satisfactory, war-balloons will be adopted into the service, balloon-trains established, and officers of the Engineers instructed in their use. One feature of the experiment will be the floating of five balloons at one time over London, at distances of five miles, and the trial of a system of communication by signals.—On Wednesday the *Eurydice* was successfully moved on to her port side, and during the operation twelve more bodies came to the surface. The starboard side of the hull has been damaged by resting on the fluke of an anchor. On the same day the court-martial was opened on board the *Duke of Wellington* flagship, Admiral Fanshawe presiding. The two survivors, Benjamin Cuddeford, able seaman, and Sydney Fletcher, ordinary seaman, were formally placed upon their trial; but as soon as they had given their evidence they were discharged, and other evidence was gone into, the avowed object being to assign an acceptable reason for a sailing frigate of previous good reputation suddenly heeling over and settling down with 308 out of 310 of the ship's company on board. The proceedings are expected to last several days. Admiral Fanshawe has issued a circular expressing his unqualified admiration of the skill, energy, and determination with which the raising of the vessel has been accomplished by Admiral-Superintendent Foley and the officers under his orders, and the cheerfulness and patience shown by divers, seamen, and other workmen who have been employed.—Operations have been commenced with the view of raising the *Grosser Kurfurst.* On Monday one of the divers, who had remained one hour and a half below water, had a fit of apoplexy immediately after his dress was taken off. He became totally unconscious, and died soon after.—On Thursday last week Lord Sandon opened a new branch of the Liverpool Sailors' Home, and afterwards distributed the prizes on board the training ship *Indefatigable.* His lordship, addressing the boys, advised them to do their duty to the utmost, in the firm conviction that they would not go unrewarded. Eulogising the noble character of the institution, he said, "We hear of reformatory ships in rather large numbers, but ships for lads of untainted character are very few; and how pleasant it is to think that the lads we see before us are lads of unspotted character, whose only misfortune in life is that before they came on board this ship they had not many friends and were not very well to do in the world."—The storm of Saturday last did much damage in various parts of the country. In many parts of London the houses and streets were flooded. In Bishopsgate Street two men were killed and several others seriously injured, by the collapse of a newly-built arch beneath which they had taken shelter from the rain. At Peckham, a servant girl was struck blind by lightning; and at Nottingham three persons were drowned while attempting to land from a boat which was capsized by the breaking away of the river bank, which had been undermined by the floods caused by the recent heavy rains.—Two fatal fires, attended by circumstances of more than usual distressing character, occurred on Monday. At Hackney two young children were burnt to death in a room in which they had been locked by their mother whilst she went on an errand. A lodger forced the door, but was beaten back by the flames and smoke, and the firemen, who got in through the window, were badly scorched. A woman who lived in a room above, jumped from the window and injured her spine in the fall. The other fire, which was attended with the loss of four lives, occurred at Birmingham. There was considerable delay in the arrival of the fire-escape, and the ladders placed against the house did not reach to the window at which Mr. Dennison and his wife were standing, and only Mr. Dennison was able to descend. When the fire-escape arrived a policeman mounted it and took Mrs. Dennison's infant from her, but let it fall in descending, and it subsequently died from its injuries. The fire escape took fire, and Mrs. Dennison fell into the street and was killed. A sister of Mrs. Dennison and a servant were burnt to death. Several persons displayed great bravery in their endeavours to save the inmates of the house, and some of them sustained severe injuries; but the police appear to have been utterly powerless to maintain order, the crowd being so panic-stricken that, although Mrs. Dennison threw out blankets, and asked that they might be held for her to jump into, the request was not complied with.—On Saturday a coal-laden steamer, which started from Cardiff on the previous day, put into Falmouth in a disabled condition, the result of the explosion of her cargo, which had been battened down while wet. The captain was killed, and several of the crew badly injured.—The Shakers are still upon the highway at Hordle, although a gentleman has lent them a field to cook in. Mrs. Girling was taken before the magistrate on Saturday, and ordered to remove her goods within a few days. On Sunday a Wesleyan minister paid her a visit, and tried, of course in vain, to persuade her to rejoin the denomination of which she formerly belonged. None of her followers have seceded since the eviction, although they are in great distress and have no shelter. Mrs. Girling ascribes to a special interposition of Providence the fact that the storm did not visit the district.—On Saturday Mr. Charles Maples, of Liverpool, who has frequently contributed sketches of current events in that city to the pages of *The Graphic*, was drowned while bathing at Rhyl, where he and his family had been staying some weeks. He was drowned within a few yards of the pier, and in view of many promenaders. A man on horseback tried to rescue him, but unfortunately failed in his efforts.

SPORTING

THE TURF.——The old Royal City of York has witnessed during the week an almost unprecedented gathering of Turfites, gentle and simple, giving ample evidence that the county of broad acres still adheres most faithfully to its love of horseflesh and racing. To see the latter, and to hear the latest news *re* the St. Leger, Turf magnates in shoals left their shooting-boxes in Scotland and their yachts on the south coast. Little, if anything, was wanting to make the meeting a most enjoyable one, the weather being fine, the course good going, the class of horses competing above the average, and the racing certainly first-rate. Some special excitement, too, was added to the first day in the shape of the hearing by the Jockey Club of the objections raised to two horses belonging to Mr. Bowes, which had recently won races, on the ground that, having been entered by Mr. Bowes' head man, who is in the forfeit list, they were disqualified. It certainly seemed a rather ungenerous objection to make, as Mr. Peart only acted as the agent of Mr. Bowes, as he has done for years, and it is some satisfaction to know that the Turf authorities had no difficulty in dismissing it as untenable. A contrary decision, it is hardly necessary to say, would have been a flagrant outrage on common sense. The first race was a terrible blow to backers, as Glengarry, whom many fancied for the Leger after his display at Ascot, was beaten in the Produce Stakes, though the odds of 100 to 15 were laid on him, and he had Fordham on his back. Immediately afterwards almost any odds could have been had against him for the Doncaster race. In the Yorkshire Oaks Lord Falmouth's Jannette, with 4 to 1 on her, won in a canter from Strathfleet and Carrillon, and became a better favourite for the Leger, treading very closely on the heels of Beauclerc. His lordship, however, had to put up with a second in the Convivial for Two-Year-Olds, as his Ringleader, though made a hot favourite, could not beat Mr. J. Dawson's Falmouth, who showed such good form last week, and established Glenlyon's reputation as a sire though he never carried silk. But on the next day his lordship had his revenge, for his Wheel of Fortune, evidently "the flying filly" of the season, beat Falmouth by half-a-length. They both carried a 7lbs. penalty in a field of thirteen for the Prince of Wales's Stakes; and in the pair we probably have the best colt and filly among the two-year-olds yet shown. Major Stapylton, who keeps a small but select stud, scored twice on the Tuesday with Swordknot and Star and Garter, and Mr. Gee, with Claudius, took the Biennial. The Great Ebor Handicap brought eleven to the post, Strathmore, Jagellon, and Caerau being most fancied in the order named. After a fine race the last-mentioned beat Jagellon by a head. At the close of the day's racing Beauclerc became a better favourite for the Leger, and, as we noted last week, he will see very short odds indeed if he comes sound to the post after a good preparation.

CRICKET.——The cricket of the Kent men seems rather variable, for after showing most favourably against Surrey at the Oval, they received a one-innings and 56-runs' defeat at the hands of Lancashire. For the latter Barlow and Royle made 43 and 81; but no large score is to be recorded on the side of Kent.—Lancashire, however, has fallen an easy victim to Gloucestershire at Clifton, the latter winning by eight wickets, owing mainly to the excellent bowling of Mr. W. G. Grace and Mr. Gilbert. In the two innings the latter took nine wickets for 106 runs.—Surrey has again gone to the wall in the return match with Notts, who won by 139 runs. The Surrey men in their two innings only put together 53 and 92. The Australians continue their victorious career, and seem to improve as the time draws on for their departure. The Eighteen of Scarborough had no chance with them, being defeated by one innings and 46 runs. Spofforth, whose bowling seems now at its best, took twelve wickets for 111 runs, and with his bat made 64.—A still more meritorious performance was the Australian victory over Eighteen of Hastings and District, who were also beaten in one innings with 47 runs to spare. This is perhaps the best game our visitors have played, when it is noted that among the Hastings team were the crack Kent players, Lord Harris, the Hon. Ivo Bligh, F. Penn, and J. Cunliffe. For the Australians Bailey made 106. Spofforth's bowling was irresistible. In one over he bowled three wickets in succession, and in five overs obtained nine wickets for 7 runs.—The Australians commence a match on Monday next against "the Players" at the Oval, but there seems a little difficulty in arranging the team of the latter.

AQUATICS.——The North country oarsmen, Boyd, Lumsden, Nicholson, and Elliott, have arrived in London to take part in the Thames International Regatta, at which they will be opposed by two crack London fours. News comes that Trickett, the Australian sculler, has so far recovered from his accident as to have been out in his boat.

YACHTING.——At the Torbay Regatta, the *Jullanar* has scored another victory in the Schooners' and Yawls' (forty-one tons and upwards) race, the *Florinda* being second. The Cutters' (not exceeding forty-one tons) match fell to the *Myosotis*, while the *Maggie* took the prize for the smaller vessels.

A NEW ORDER FOR LADIES has been founded by the Sultan. It is entitled the "Nishan Shefakat," and has been offered to Mrs. Layard, but Lord Salisbury has declined to authorise her to accept it.

Scraps

AN INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION will henceforth be held at Munich every four years, beginning with 1879.

SIGNOR VERDI IS WRITING A NEW OPERA—*Montezuma*. The work will be in five acts, and will be produced at the Scala, Milan.

A MAMMOTH has been found at Bois de la Batie, near Geneva. No such fossil has been discovered in the Canton since 1786.

"ENGAGEMENT BRACELETS" are amongst the latest fashionable novelties across the Atlantic. They are fitted with combination locks, of which the husband in prospective keeps the key.

A RAILWAY IN THE HOLY LAND will soon be an accomplished fact, according to the Constantinople *Al-Jawaib*, which states that a mixed company has obtained a concession for laying down a railway between Jaffa and Jerusalem.

MONT BLANC has at last been ascended from the Italian side, and four Italian Alpine excursionists, MM. Vaccarone, Costa, Nigra, and Broschi, have succeeded in reaching the summit from that quarter, an achievement which has hitherto been attempted in vain. They descended, however, on the French side.

THE PARIS "FIGARO" of late has shown a very fair knowledge of England and things English, but its London correspondent, in translating the humorous bill of fare of the recent Ministerial whitebait dinner, cannot conceive why the guests should be bidden to eat after "Ye Hungarie Manner," which he renders as *à la Hongroise*. "Pray, *how* do the Hungarians eat!" he asks.

A CURIOUS NAVAL RELIC is lying off Monterey, California, where at low water may be seen a part of the wreck of a vessel, formerly the *Natalie*, the ship on which Napoleon Bonaparte escaped from Elba sixty-three years ago. The old vessel, now slowly going to pieces in the Pacific, brought to California, in 1834, from Mexico, the colony of Hijar, whose members intended to settle in what was then Sonoma County. Not liking Sonoma, they returned to Monterey, where, like the vessel, they have gradually broken up.

OPIUM CULTURE in India does not appear to suit British energy, if we are to believe the *Times of India*, which remarks that John Bull has been growing opium at Bodicote, near Banbury; but, unlike the Indian cultivator, does not appear to think that the finest occupation in the world is to squat on his haunches for the livelong day and scrape poppy heads. He has shaken his head, and declared that if somebody does not invent something to do all that sort of thing by steam, he will have no more to do with it. So, after all, a propensity for sitting still at the lowest possible charge is a qualification not without value.

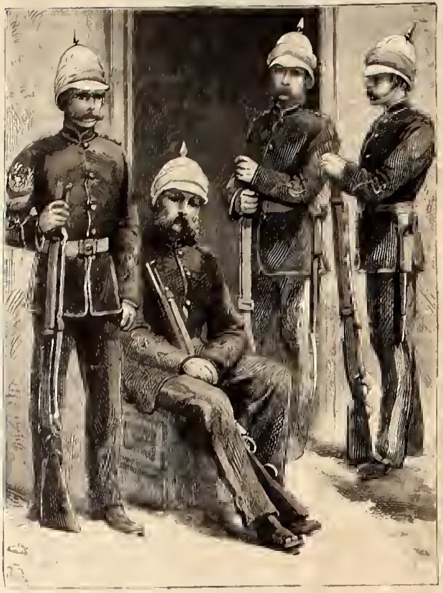
LONDON MORTALITY further decreased last week, and 1,411 deaths were registered against 1,517 during the previous seven days, a decline of 84, being 75 below the average, and at the rate of 20·9 per 1,000. There were 74 deaths from whooping-cough (an increase of 14, exceeding the average by 38), 201 from diarrhœa (a decrease of 67), 131 being children under one year of age, 10 from small-pox, 24 from scarlet fever (a decline of 3), 10 from measles, 16 from different forms of fever (a decline of 2). There were 2,491 births registered against 2,451 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 145. The mean temperature was 61·5 deg., or 0·7 deg. above the average. The duration of sunshine during the week was 21·5 hours, the sun being 99·4 hours above the horizon.

A CURIOUS VERSION OF RIP VAN WINKLE exists in a Japan legend:—"A young man fishing in his boat on the ocean was invited by the goddess of the sea to her home beneath the waves. After three days he desired to see his old father and mother. On parting she gave him a golden casket and a key, but begged him never to open it. At the village where he lived all was changed, and he could get no trace of his parents until an aged woman recollected of hearing their names. He found their graves a hundred years old. Thinking that three days could not have such a change, and that he was under a spell, he opened the casket. A white vapour rose, and under its influence the young man fell to the ground. His hair turned grey, his form lost its youth, and in a few moments he died of old age."

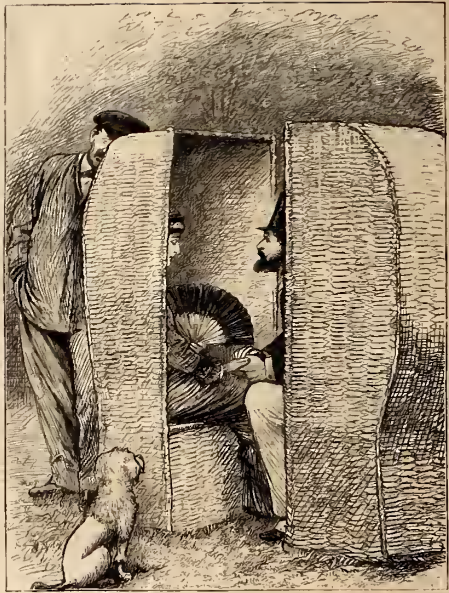
THE SUCCESS OF THE REPUBLIC IN FRANCE seems somewhat to have soured the temper of a certain verger of Nôtre Dame, who, according to a correspondent of the *Daily News*, while showing a party of sightseers over the cathedral, instead of pointing out the objects which all had paid to see, went off into a tedious diatribe against the Republic. An Englishman of the party remarked, hoping to put an end to the philippic, "Why talk against the Government of your country? Why, I see 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,' on your own portal." The whole party cried, "Hear, hear." The verger angrily replied, "That formula is a lie! There can be no such thing as liberty, equality, and fraternity. Unless you were a Communard you would not object to my observations. Communards have no business here."

THE COLONY OF VICTORIA AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION has a special interest in collecting hints and suggestions for its own International Exhibition which is to be held at Melbourne in 1880. To interest the French as well as the British public in the coming "world's fair," the *Illustrated Australasian News* has brought out an entertaining special number for the Paris Exhibition, containing some excellent views of Melbourne and the other principal towns of the colony, in addition to sketches of various local industries and manufactures. Amongst the engravings a large panoramic view of Melbourne and a reproduction of the successful design for the Exhibition buildings are particularly noteworthy. The accompanying letterpress gives a brief history of the Colony, its climate, institutions, and the advantages offered to colonists, besides describing the illustrations, and is in both French and English, with a few brief notes in German and Italian.

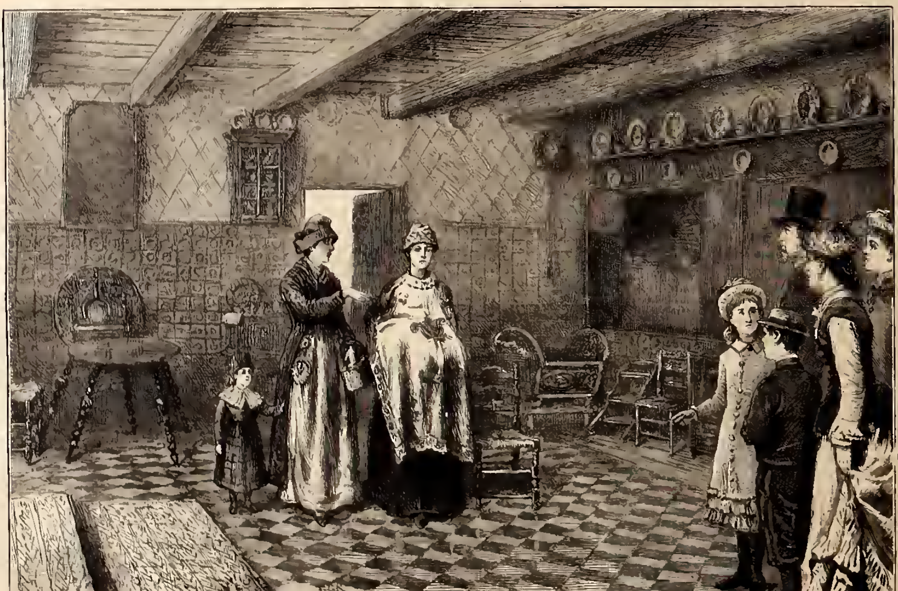
AN URGENT APPEAL for disused books and periodicals for seamen has been forwarded to us by Commander William Dawson, R.N., who writes:—"Merchant ships going to sea require many thousands of books, pictorial papers, &c., weekly. Thanks to the press 80,777 second-hand books, magazines, and illustrated papers have been placed on board ships within the year by the Missions to Seamen Society, 11, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C., having been sent to this office in sacks, hampers, or boxes, by rail or carrier, by those who read your paragraph. These include 2,800 disused bibles and prayer books, and 9,205 hymn-books, which are very useful for services at sea, and many thousand *Graphics*. Our supply is, however, exhausted, and our fifty-eight lay chaplains and fifty-five chaplains and readers working afloat in forty-three harbours and roadsteads would be thankful if your readers would place our small book [illegible] on their church boards, and collect old books and *Graphics* from their neighbours for seamen."



THE BOMBAY VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS—A GROUP OF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS



THE PARIS EXHIBITION—BASKET CHAIRS IN THE GROUNDS: THE "OLD, OLD STORY"



THE PARIS EXHIBITION—THE DUTCH HOUSE: PREPARING FOR A BAPTISM IN FRIESLAND

All at once the Princess got up and stood in front of me, with her hands forcibly clasped together and pressed against her breast.

AMONGST ALIENS

BY FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

AUTHOR OF "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

"YOU must not imagine that I was asleep all the while in the Church of the Madonna di Quintiliolo," said Signor Sandro, puffing away very contentedly at a long, thin, black cigar, with a straw in the middle of it, which he had the bad taste to prefer to one of Mr. Rutherford's good Havanas. The latter would not smoke, but sipped his tea, and declared it excellent. It was so sweet and mild an evening that we had left one of the windows open which looked into the tangled, weed-grown garden, and the last beams of the setting sun poured into the room with a warm and golden lustre. They burnished Lucy's wavy curls as she lay on the couch, and brought out the delicate beauty of a bunch of hyacinths which stood in an earthenware pitcher on the table near her. They transfigured even the S'ora Nanna's hideous blue and yellow wall paper, and the bare brick-floored room with its rare scraps of common drugget disposed here and there, and its spindle-shanked stiff chairs, covered with faded red worsted damask, until the whole had somehow an air of pleasantness and peace. And it was all the doing of the blessed sunshine! Or nearly all: for Mr. Rutherford remarked that the place had a home-like look, which he attributed to our influence,—Lucy's and mine. The effect was attained by very simple means, at any rate. Two or three books, the dainty white hyacinths in their brown pitcher, a few of my sketches pinned against the wall, a clean white cloth on the tea-table, and Lucy's tortoise-shell work-case with her mite of a silver thimble in a separate little velvet house of its own, were all the materials we had at command in the way of decorative furniture. But I have wandered away from Signor Sandro's remark, with which I began this chapter.

"No," said he again; "I didn't sleep above a quarter of an hour by my watch."

"And what were you doing then, Professor?" asked Mr. Rutherford.

"Why, I got into conversation with the sacristan, a talkative fellow who seemed to like to let his tongue wag. He does not very often have the chance of a chat out there, I dare say; and what do you think he told me?"

"That he wanted a franc, I suppose; at least that's what those fellows generally tell *me*—unless when they want two!"

"Dear Rodolfo, he knew better. I'm not a foreigner—and, moreover, I'm a poor devil—and, moreover, I'm an artist—all of which my friend the sacristan knew very well. No, not, not a word did the fellow say about francs; I should have liked to catch him at it. I gave him six soldi to get a draught of wine, and he thought himself well off, I promise you."

"But, Signor Sandro, what did he tell you? I was in hopes we were going to have a story," said Lucy.

"Ay," returned my Master, "it *is* a story, and—"

"Stop, stop!" cried Lucy, clapping her hands, "we must hear it properly. Catherine, do get S'ora Nanna to clear away the tea-cups before Signor Sandro begins, or she'll come stamping in in the middle; and then, please to give me my sewing. I always enjoy a story better when my fingers are busy. There's a dear Catherine. And you take your knitting and look comfortable and *home-y*. Signor Sandro has his cigar, and, besides, he is the story-teller; but you, Mr. Rutherford—what shall you do?"

"I will turn over those sketches if I may. I can listen and look at the same time; that is, if Miss Wilson will permit?"

"*I* permit, Mr. Rutherford," said Lucy; "as to Catherine, she will tell you her sketches are not worth looking at if you ask her. I mean to have everything my own way this evening." Then with a sudden submissive look like that of a little child, she put out her hand to me and said, "You don't really mind, do you, Catty dear?"

What a sweet winning creature she was! I caught an expression in Mr. Rutherford's face as he looked over at us, which seemed to show that he thought her so, at all events. But he withdrew his eyes when they met mine, and began to turn over the portfolio full of my sketches—a very heterogeneous collection.

"Well now," said Signor Sandro, good-naturedly humouring Lucy's fancy, "now for the story! The sacristan at the Madonna di Quintiliolo told me that the folks about Olevano have been in a great fright and fuss lately in consequence of the appearance in their neighbourhood of—what do you think?"

"*Phylloxera* in the grape-vines? Cattle plague?" suggested Rutherford.

"*Che!* Another guess matter, than grape disease or cattle-plague. Brigands, my friend! Brigands, with guns and pistols and knives in their belts. What think you of that for a 'sensation,' eh?"

"Brigands near Olevano, Signor Sandro?" cried Lucy; "oh, I can't believe it!"

"Well, it's very startling, but not altogether unheard of. Some years ago—oh, it may be ten, or fifteen, the time flies so swiftly—there were three or four fellows who committed robberies thereabouts. They had come up from the Abruzzi, having by some miracle been hunted out in earnest by the gendarmes there. And so they gave the folks at Olevano a taste of their quality; but I don't think they found it altogether a favourable place for their exploits."

"Not a happy hunting-ground, eh?" said Rutherford.

"Why, no; they got peppered by a couple of dare-devil painters—an Englishman and a German—who laid a sort of trap for them, and enticed them into the garden of a house they thought empty, and which they meant to rob, and then fired on them from the windows. Since that time I have always heard that the neighbourhood of Olevano was as safe as the Piazza di Spagna."

"But is it sure," said I, "that the sacristan was not exaggerating or romancing? What grounds had he to go on?"

"Exaggerating? Oh, I suppose he was exaggerating; doubtless he was not speaking the exact, simple, severe truth, like one of your *Quakers* (by which Signor Sandro meant Quakeress), but there is something in it. He spoke of a band of marauders armed to the teeth; now that may mean three or four—or perhaps even no more than one or two—ruffians with a knife apiece, and a rusty pistol among them. But still, that robbers have been about among the hills is certain. The sacristan gave me chapter and verse: Prince [illegible] *father* was stopped as he was driving home in his little *calessino*,* and robbed in broad daylight."

"Miss Wilson looks really fatigued," said Rutherford, suddenly. "I reproach myself with having lured her so long after a tiring day."

Lucy turned her head towards me, and exclaimed, "Catherine, dear, what is the matter? You are deadly pale!"

"Are you not well?" asked Rutherford, whose voice had caught an echo of the anxiety expressed in Lucy's.

"Yes, I am quite well—perfectly well; and if I look pale I cannot help it! It is the strong sunlight, perhaps."

I was vexed that the sudden shock of surprise and alarm which I had felt on hearing of the robbers, should have betrayed itself in my face. Not that I had the smallest personal apprehension with regard to them, but the thought rushed into my mind at once that Monica's brother must be connected with these lawless vagabonds, and that their presence in the neighbourhood of Olevano but too clearly accounted for his return to these parts. After a minute or so I remembered that Monica had told me her brother was going away immediately. By this time he was probably away far from Tivoli, and if my surmise of his being connected with the brigands were correct, he had doubtless gone off with them to a considerable distance. After such an exploit as robbing Prince [illegible] agent, they were not likely to remain in the immediate neighbourhood.

"Why, Caterina," said my master, taking his cigar out of [illegible] mouth, and looking at me with intently knitted brows, "you're not made nervous by my story, are you? *Per Giove!* I didn't know you could be frightened! But it looks like it, I declare. Lucia is as bold as a lion in comparison."

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* A light, two-wheeled vehicle in use among the [illegible]

"I'm not at all ambitious of being supposed impervious to fear, Master; but, as I am neither Prince Pozzodoro—nor Prince Pozzodoro's *fattore*—I see no particular reason why I should dread the robbers. They would never be stupid enough to carry me off, for no one would ransom me who could, and no one could who would!"

"Then you *are* tired, my daughter, for you look very white and fagged."

"Not a bit, Master, not a bit! Pray don't let any one suppose that our pleasant excursion has done me anything but good."

Mr. Rutherford had already risen to go away, but I saw so much loving anxiety on my account in Lucy's face, that I exerted myself to induce him and Signor Sandro to remain. Lucy had a mandoline which she played, and I got it down, and to its accompaniment she and I sang one or two little duets, popular songs of Naples and Tuscany. Then Lucy insisted on my singing alone some pathetic old Scotch ballads which she liked. And Signor Sandro shook his head and declared that such ditties sounded only like "*roba da chiesa*," as who should say "psalm tunes," and that there was no melody or beauty in them at all; and he begged us to wind up with "Santa Lucia," in order that he might go away with some pleasant sounds in his ears, and he and Mr. Rutherford (who had a good mellow baritone voice) joined in the chorus, and so our evening ended very harmoniously, and even gaily, after all.

I was astonished, on thinking over it, after Lucy had gone to bed, at the quickness with which she had glided into the manners of friendly intimacy with Rutherford. He seemed to have some spell to pierce the cloud of sadness which had dimmed her bright face during these last weary weeks. She not only talked with him and listened to him, but even smiled on him with somewhat of her old sunny, happy look. In a word she seemed perfectly at her ease with him—she who was so shy with strangers at her best and who lately had almost trembled at the sight of a strange face. Might there be a hope that this Englishman should drive away the image of Don Vittorio from her mind like a bad dream?

Early the next morning, before Lucy was dressed, there came a basket full of wild flowers and ferns, with the compliments of the "Signore Inglese." He must have been far afield and betimes, to gather them. They were covered with dew, and so exquisitely fragrant that they perfumed all the room when I set them in front of my sister's place at the breakfast table. Whilst I waited for her to come down I sketched them in water-colours on a scrap of paper. And as I took the portraits of the sweet fragile blossoms, I said to myself half involuntarily, "Surely, surely, something more than mere civility and politeness has moved this man to take so much trouble, and pay her so delicate an attention."

CHAPTER XVIII.

We had settled among ourselves to make the promised excursion to Monte Gennaro and Horace's Sabine farm at the end of that week. Monica had sent word of our coming to her aunt at Licenza, and the ponies were ordered to carry us up the mountain. The weather continued to be delightful, and to grow more delightful day by day, and I for one looked forward to our little journey with the pleasantest anticipations. Mr. Rutherford, meanwhile, took the opportunity of paying a visit of a few days to Rome.

Our trip was to be made on Saturday. On the previous Thursday morning I received a packet and a letter, both forwarded to me from Rome by the landlady of our lodgings there. For a moment I looked at the packet with some curiosity, but almost immediately I guessed by its shape what it contained, and my guess was right. It contained a pair of hand-screens such as those I had done for the famous bazaar, which Donna Laura's friend, Madame de Clavigny, had commissioned me to paint for her. I had finished, and sent them to her just before starting for Tivoli; and, to say the truth, had reckoned on the price of them to pay part of our expenses there. Now, here they were returned on my hands, without a word of explanation save a message pencilled on the outside of the parcel, saying merely that Madame de Clavigny must decline to receive the screens. "This is the Princess Olympia's doing," thought I. I had half a mind to insist that Madame de Clavigny should pay me for my work, which had been executed in accordance with her express directions. But I reflected that I had no written order to show, and that my bare word as to the nature of the bargain would avail me but little.

Together with the parcel had come a note, as I have said. It was addressed to "Miss Wilson," in an English handwriting, and bore a huge and undecipherable monogram, blazing with gold and scarlet. On opening it I found it was meant for Lucy. These were its contents:—

"Mrs. Ranville Egmont Jones regrets that the result of her inquiries from the ladies referred to is not such as to induce her to engage Miss Wilson as daily governess for her daughters."

"Number two!" thought I. The "ladies referred to" were the Princess Corleoni and a certain Mrs. Elphinstone, a great friend of the Princess; and the lady who wrote the note and bore the title of Mrs. Ranville Egmont Jones had nearly settled to give poor Lucy a six weeks' engagement beginning at Easter. Her change of intention was also clearly owing to the influence of the Princess Olympia.

I cared little for the loss of Lucy's promised pupils. My sister would scarcely be strong enough by Easter to undertake giving regular lessons. But I could not help being struck by the immediate fulfilment of Signor Sandro's prophecy that the Princess would do her best to ruin us and drive us out of Rome. "And truly," I thought, "if we were living in the 'good old times' which I have heard Mrs. Elphinstone affect so much to regret, the Princess might probably succeed in her endeavour. As it is, I think she is biting a file."

Nevertheless the whole matter vexed me, because I knew it would hurt Lucy's sensitive and affectionate spirit. There was a great comfort, however, in reflecting that by good luck the first shock of these new annoyances had fallen on me rather than on my sister. Lucy need know nothing about them until she was stronger and more cheerful, and until the lapse of time should have taken away much of their power to hurt her. I was again surprised, and almost ashamed, to find how inevitably the image of Mr. Rutherford came into my visions of brighter days in store for Lucy. However, I reflected that my visions could do no harm so long as I kept them to myself, which I was very resolutely minded to do.

Apart from Lucy's trouble—if any portion of my life *could* be apart from her sorrow—I had reason to be content and cheerful. Signor Sandro had given me what from him was high praise for my study of Monica, and had encouraged me to set to work on the picture I had conceived, whilst he was near at hand to help me with his advice. I had sent two very small and unpretending works to an Art Exhibition held in my native town, and just after Signor Sandro's arrival in Tivoli I had got a letter from the secretary telling me that not only were my pictures accepted, but had both been sold on the first day that the exhibition was opened to the public. Altogether I had much to give me serenity for the present and hopefulness for the future.

I was alone in my studio, and had begun to sketch in the first outlines of my picture. It was a delicious Spring morning. The perfume of violets and the cheerful chirp and twitter of little birds came in at the open window; and as I worked I hummed to myself an old-fashioned ballad about the "Miller's Daughter on the Banks of Allan Water." What with the chirp of the birds and my own singing, I did not hear the opening of the door, but some one entered and advanced close to the easel, and, looking up, I found myself face to face with the Princess Corleoni. She was dressed in black, and had a black lace veil thrown back over her close bonnet and fastened beneath her chin;—a style of head-dress which did not soften the masculine severity of her outline. Her skin was sallower than ever, her brilliant eyes somewhat sunken, her whole aspect expressive of harassed anxiety and angry discontent.

I was amazed to see her there, and no doubt I looked so, for she said, "I do not wonder that you are surprised. Of course you are surprised. I wish to have a few words with you in private."

All my smouldering indignation flamed up at the sight of her haughty face, and the sound of her arrogant voice. "I do not wish to speak with you," I said. "I think you have behaved with great harshness and cruelty. Only this moment I have received proofs of your persecuting spirit towards my sister and me. I have my bread to earn, Madam, and I refuse to give up my working hours to you, or to allow you to disturb my mind and make me unfit to work at all."

She was evidently unprepared for this, and stood looking at me irresolutely, like one who has received an unexpected check, and is deliberating on the next move to be made. I turned to my canvas and went on sketching, though with a very uncertain hand, it must be owned.

"Do you absolutely refuse to speak with me, then?" asked the Princess, after a pause. "I have come from Rome on purpose to have an interview with you, Miss Wilson."

I laid down my brush, and placed a chair for her. "Be pleased to be brief, Madam," I said.

"Will you not sit?" she asked.

"No."

"I must avail myself of your offer of a chair; for I have had a great many troubles to shake me of late, and to remind me that my prime of life is past, and that old age is overtaking me quickly."

She was not old in years,—scarcely fifty, I believe; yet it was true that she was greatly changed and aged within the last few weeks. I stood opposite to her, partly leaning against the empty terra-cotta stove, and waited until she should speak again.

"You are feeling angry with me," she said, beginning with a slight effort, "because of that letter which I wrote to your sister. Monsignor Chiappaforte told me how angry you were."

"I should have thought there needed no one to tell you that, Signora Principessa. Your letter was *intended* to hurt and wound."

"You do me wrong!—But I have not come to talk of that. Only—I must say this one word: I wrote as I did because I considered it to be my duty. It was a painful duty, although you probably may refuse to believe it."

"No doubt it must have been painful to confess your son's bad conduct. For no amount of casuistry can prevent your seeing that he behaved treacherously—even if not to Lucy, at least to you. *I* say, to both."

She passed her hand wearily across her forehead, and made this unexpected answer: "He is behaving badly to me now; very badly, undutifully, cruelly! Miss Wilson, I have come to ask you to help me to bring him back to his home and his duty."

I was so utterly taken aback by this, that I literally could not answer her, but stared at her with a passing suspicion that she had lost her reason. What could have happened to bring the Princess Olympia to *me* with such a petition? She did not keep silence long. Reserve was unnatural to her, as to most of her compatriots. She could, and did, assume it on occasions, and for certain definite ends; but it never was the result of any shyness in displaying her emotions to the world. And now, moreover, she was evidently, as she had said herself, shaken by trouble, and eager to gain assistance in prosecuting her purpose, even at some cost of dignity.

"You know that my son has quarrelled with me?" she said.

I answered that I had not known it, nor had heard anything about him for some time past. Upon this she looked so incredulous that I repeated my statement emphatically.

"Oh, yes," she continued, speaking in a rapid, excited way, "he has quarrelled with me—with *me*—the mother who has devoted herself to his best interests ever since his birth. And in his anger with me he has chosen to offend the Campograssos. His marriage will be broken off, after all the years of thought, and care, and pains I have expended on the alliance. I have had it in view ever since little Clelia Campograsso was ten years old! You *must* have heard of it," she continued with growing agitation. "Although the engagement was not yet formally announced, all Rome knew that they were intended for each other!"

She doubtless believed what she said; for the extension of the social horizon which had come to pass in these latter years by the mere influx of population from all parts of Italy to the capital was unrecognised by her and her immediate friends. They lived on in their narrow and self-imposed limits, supposing themselves to be still the focus and central point of Roman life.

"And how does all this concern me, Madam?" said I, when she had made an end.

"*Gran Dio!*" she exclaimed, getting up and walking about the room, with quick irregular steps, "could any human being have believed in such phlegm, such indifference? Are they made of stucco, then, these English?"

As she spoke, the door opened and in came Signor Sandro, who stopped short on seeing a stranger. He did not recognise his beautiful Princess Olympia of former days. But she knew him instantly, and hailed him by name. "Ah, Santi, is that you? Come in, come in. Shut the door. Fasten it. I don't mind you, but I want no one else to interrupt us."

Even when she spoke, he was evidently at a loss to know who she was. But a certain little imperious gesture of the hand, with which she bade him shut the door, seemed suddenly to recall her to his memory. It was a habitual gesture with her, and a characteristic one.

"Donna Olympia!" he exclaimed, looking from her to me in undisguised astonishment.

"Ah, you didn't know me at first? I am changed, of course. Years, Santi, years change us all;—and sorrows."

"Your life has not had a great share of sorrow, Donna Olympia—Principessa, I should say," returned Signor Sandro. He kept looking at her as if he were trying to discern the beautiful young Olympia of long ago in this faded, haggard, harsh-browed woman.

"Not a large share of sorrows! We have had sorrows enough for a century within the last few years! We have seen revolution and irreligion and blasphemy triumphing over all that is sacred. Injustice and oppression rule in high places. Souls are decoyed to perdition. Our sovereign is despoiled and imprisoned. Ah, Santi, I should think that many of those who entered on this path of ruin with the cry of patriotism and liberty in their mouths must bitterly repent their error by this time!"

"We won't talk about these things, Principessa," said my master, with a gentleness and moderation I had scarcely expected from him. But I almost fancy that some suspicion of the Princess's sanity flashed across his mind, as it had flashed across mine. Her appearance in my studio was so utterly unexpected and surprising, her manner was so excited, that the suspicion was really not unnatural.

However, after a minute or so she seated herself, and, assuming a more collected demeanour, began to repeat to Signor Sandro what she had told me as to her son's quarrel with her and her fear lest his marriage engagement should be broken. She entered into fuller details respecting the latter than she had given to me; pointing out how she had negotiated and manœuvred and schemed to bring the engagement to pass; how the great wealth of the Campograssos made them presumptuous and exigent, and difficult to deal with; with what masterly policy she (the Princess) had overruled all objections and got rid of all difficulties in order to secure the heiress for her son; and how all her admirable combinations had been threatened with utter ruin by the sudden and lamentable rebellion of Don Vittorio, who had left the Palazzo Corleoni, and gone away without telling his family whither.

"It does not answer, after all, to play your game with live chessmen," thought I to myself. "The pieces may at any moment develop a disconcerting will of their own."

"Now, Santi," said the Princess Corleoni, "*you* know the world, and you know our habits and social views. You are a Roman born and bred, and you understand these things, as perhaps a foreigner cannot. And I want you to confirm what I say when I tell this young lady that, come what may, let his engagement go on, or be broken, let Vittorio behave as badly to me and his father as can possibly be—still there is not and never has been, and never will be, the remotest chance of his marrying her sister."

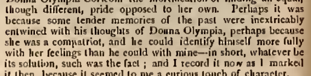
"And, Signor Sandro," said I, "although you don't know many people of my class and country, you do know me well enough to believe me when I say that there is no effort or sacrifice I would shrink from to prevent my sister being married to such a man as Don Vittorio Bastiani-Corleoni."

There was a dead silence. I noticed at the time—notwithstanding the excitement of very unpleasant feelings—that Signor Sandro looked at me as though he thought I had been too hard on the Princess in making that speech. His conscience and his judgment were wholly on my side, as I well knew; and yet I am sure that at that moment he would have had me spare Donna Olympia Corleoni the mortification of finding an equal, though different, pride opposed to her own. Perhaps it was because some tender memories of the past were inextricably entwined with his thoughts of Donna Olympia, perhaps because she was a compatriot, and he could identify himself more fully with her feelings than he could with mine—in short, whatever be its solution, such was the fact; and I record it now as I marked it then, because it seemed to me a curious touch of character.

All at once the Princess got up and stood in front of me, with her hands forcibly clasped together and pressed against her breast.

"Then tell me where he is," said she.

(To be continued)



"Friendship," by Ouida (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus).—One is half-inclined to believe that it was "Ouida's" intention here to give a moral lesson to her admirers by showing them that a novel may be brimful of naughtinesses, and at the same time unspeakably and intolerably dull. As a literary work, "Friendship" stands nearly as much below the worst of her previous stories as its immediate predecessor, "Ariadne," stands above the best. When we have said that we have here two or three finely-drawn pictures of Rome and the scenery around it, and a few touches showing the author's old insight into the "seamy side" of passion—particularly of passion as it enters into the life of the artist—we have pretty well said all the good of the book that there is to say. It is wholly without plot or incident, almost without anything that can be called an attempt at the exact and careful delineation of character; and a great part of its inordinate bulk is taken up with long-winded, and in the main clumsy and pointless, tirades against the hollowness and baseness of Society—that Society which, according to "Ouida," is so willing to condone and wink at vice in those strong enough to browbeat it, clever enough to flatter it, or, better still, rich enough to be able to amuse it, and give it good dinners, and so ready to decry and slander the pure and lofty souls who treat it with the neglect and contempt it deserves. The story is, perhaps, hardly to be called "immoral," for there is certainly no attempt in it at throwing over vice that fascinating glamour by which, in Burke's words, it "loses half its evil by losing all its grossness." On the contrary, the grossness, coarseness, and foulness of evil are here only too painfully conspicuous. Indeed, we think it possible that the book might even have a deterrent effect on some "frisky matron," with nascent proclivities towards what the world, it seems—if you are well born enough or rich enough—calls "friendship," but which receives a different name in the Commandments. All the same, such a result does not seem to us to excuse or palliate the means employed for bringing it about. We must altogether protest against being called on to contemplate such a creature as the Lady Joan Challoner, who may be said to be the foremost figure here—a woman unchaste in thought and word and deed, coarse, dishonest, violent, and vulgar, a Messalina always, and a tyrant, a virago, a liar, a slanderer, or a hypocrite, as the occasion may require. And her lover—or, should we say, her "friend"—the Prince Ioris, is, if not so hateful, even more despicable and contemptible; first, in having suffered himself to be fascinated by such a woman, and then for lacking the spirit and manliness to throw off the yoke he finds so galling, though by his silence and submissiveness he is doing a cruel wrong to the great artist Etoile, the tender and noble-hearted woman he really loves. The whole theme of the book, in fact, is in the highest degree offensive and distasteful, whilst, for the most part, it is as wearisome as it is unedifying. That the world we are here introduced to is a mere travestie of any "society" actually existing in England, Italy, or anywhere else is, we should say, self-evident. As has already been pointed out by one critic, if "society" really were what "Ouida" affects to consider it, it would long ago have fallen to pieces from very rottenness.

"The Notary's Daughter," &c., by Lady Georgiana Fullerton (2 vols.: Bentley).—We are very glad to have again to welcome a tale by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, well known some quarter of a century back as the author of "Grantley Manor" and "Ladybird," and an accomplished novelist, who comes before us much less often than we could wish. It is true, however, that the present tale is very far from being altogether her own work. "The Notary's Daughter" is, as Lady G. Fullerton says, "done into English," that is, partly translated, partly modified and "adapted," from a French story, called "Un Mariage en Provence," by Madame Leonie d'Aulney, whose full sanction has been obtained for the alterations and additions here introduced into it. The work seems to us to have been very successfully performed, and the result is that we have an extremely fresh, pretty, and attractive tale of French provincial life. The pretty Rose Lescalles, daughter of the well-to-do and influential notary, M. Toussaint Lescalles, of Ciotat, a little seaport on the Mediterranean between Toulon and Marseilles, is married—entirely to suit the mutual convenience of the heads of the two families—to the Baron George de Védelles, younger son of the Count de Védelles, of the Château de la Pinede, a large landed proprietor of the neighbourhood. Rose is far too good a French girl to refuse to obey her parents' will in the matter of her marriage, but has almost a superstitious horror of her young husband, whose peculiarities have procured him the reputation of being a "fada," that is, only half-witted. How this union, which begins with utter indifference on the one side, and much more than the "little aversion" recommended by Mrs. Malaprop on the other, is rapidly transformed into a love match, we need not tell in detail, and will only say that Rose soon makes the discovery—but not till after she has plainly shown her feelings towards him—that George de Védelles is no "fada," but a genius, who is only supposed imbecile because his family have not had the wit to understand him. The characters of both husband and wife are drawn with much naturalness, grace, and delicacy of touch; and almost better than either of them is that of Denise de la Pinède, the high-born young beauty who, in obedience to a "vocation" received as a child, leaves the world and becomes a Sister of Charity. The tale is one of unusual excellence; and very good also is the companion piece, which fills the larger part of the second volume, "The House of Penarven," which is a simple translation from the French of M. Jules Sandeau.

"Life and Adventures of an Unfortunate Author," by Himself (Samuel Tinsley).—This is supposed to be the autobiography of a man of vast genius and vaster ambition, driven by privation, disappointment, and the failure to achieve his dreams of fame, to suicide. The tale is not without some signs of power and ingenuity, but is altogether too rhapsodical and exaggerated in style and character to be pleasing, and the "Unfortunate Author" might have won more sympathy for his sufferings if they had not to so great an extent seemed due to the unreasonableness of his desires. If the author will curb his flights of fancy, and try his hand at some theme more within the range of ordinary experience, we might not be unwilling to meet him again.

We have also received "Sophia," by Jane Ashton (Samuel Tinsley), a book whose faults are certainly not in the direction of wildness or extravagance. It is carefully written, and characters and incidents are natural and probable enough; but the story is throughout so tame and insipid that it fails to arouse our interest.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

THE MICRO-TASIMETER—THE ELECTRIC LIGHT

ANOTHER marvellous physical instrument has been born of Professor Edison's active brain—namely, a micro-tasimeter, or measurer of infinitesimal pressures. This instrument is due to certain phenomena which became evident during experiments with the same inventor's Carbon Telephone. It relies for its action upon the variation of electrical resistance caused by variations of pressure upon a button of carbon. Figs. 1 and 2 show it in elevation and in section respectively. It consists of a base-board (C), to which the supports A and B are attached, A holding the carbon button D, which is fixed on a disc of vulcanite. The whole is connected with a Galvanometer, in which the results are recorded by the movements of a needle.

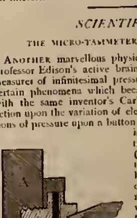


FIG. 1.

It is said to be so extremely sensitive that if a strip of mica or hard rubber be fixed within it, the heat of the hand, held some inches away, will affect either substance in a very sensible manner. It will therefore be observed that the new apparatus is also a measurer of infinitesimal amounts of heat. Hitherto, for this latter purpose, an instrument called a Thermopile has been used, but possibly it may be altogether superseded by this new device of Professor Edison's. Although the Tasimeter has not yet been subjected to any test on this side of the Atlantic (our description being condensed from an account which appears in the *Scientific American*), we learn from independent sources that it successfully figured among the many marvellous contrivances which were used during the late eclipse, to add to our incomplete knowledge of solar physics. By its help the presence of heat-waves was detected in the radiation from the corona. The heat radiated from the fixed stars has already been made manifest by means of the Thermopile, but the Tasimeter is said to be capable of much greater sensitiveness, inasmuch as its inventor hopes by its aid to weigh their light.

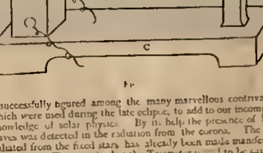


FIG. 2.

Professor Edison's undoubted genius has stamped itself upon various inventions, of which the Phonograph is perhaps the most remarkable. But his friends are, perhaps, too ardent in their admiration for him. For rumours are abroad respecting instruments which he is perfecting which fairly take one's breath away. We need only mention one of them. He is credited with having devised a small glass globe, which contains within itself a complete electric light apparatus. The ball is to be swallowed by a living person, in order that by the brilliant light emitted within him the operations of digestion, &c., may be rendered visible through his outer skin. Such a literal rendering of the process known as "seeing through a man" has, perhaps, never occurred to anyone save the originator of a certain musty conundrum relating to an invalid with a *pane* in his back. The swallower of the apparatus would surely surpass in courage the proverbial partaker of the first oyster. But, perhaps, after all, the task would be easier than the one we are asked to perform in swallowing the bare announcement of the matter.

The question of electrical illumination for streets has, however, passed beyond the region of vague conjecture, for the system has, as many of our readers have doubtless witnessed, been established in Paris, in the Avenue and Place de l'Opera. The Jablochkoff system there in use is one of many which are represented in some form or another at the Exhibition, and, from the prominent attention it has received, we may assume it to be one of the best.

The old plan of obtaining the Electric Light from battery power has long ago been discarded, except for lecture-room purposes, where such a light is only wanted occasionally—the expense and trouble being too great for more ordinary uses. Then came the invention of the Magneto-Electric Machine, in which the electricity can be generated wholesale so long as the machine is kept in rapid motion. But here another element of expense comes upon the scene, in the shape of a steam-engine to furnish the requisite motive power. Moreover, one machine was only capable of feeding one light—in other words, the current could not be sub-divided and dealt with in detail, as in the case of gas. Another difficulty found in electric illumination was the necessarily complicated character of the lamp itself, or—as we should say in speaking of gas—the burner.

Our readers are no doubt aware that the actual light is obtained by furnishing the ends of the two wires from a source of electricity with pencils of carbon. The manner in which these carbons have until lately been placed is shown in Fig. 3. They are attached to a box containing a clock movement—the complicated nature of which may be judged when we explain the conditions necessary to keep the light alive. In the first place, the upper carbon is consumed far more rapidly than the lower one, so that both must be moved towards one another at different speeds in order that the actual light may be kept stationary. Moreover, in the event of the light ceasing to burn, the two points must be made to touch one another before the current can be re-established. The Electric Lamp, in fact, was until lately a most complicated and delicate piece of mechanism, and withal a very expensive one. But in June last year M. Jablochkoff brought forward his Electric Candle, which at once showed that there was a means of burning the Electric Light without a complicated lamp.

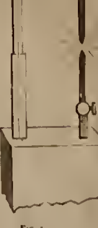


FIG. 3.

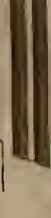


FIG. 4.

The Electric Candle as now used in Paris is shown in Fig. 4. Its simplicity is evident when compared with the older form of lamp which is shown by its side. It consists of two pencils of compressed carbon placed side by side, instead of being one above the other, as in the older system. They are divided by a narrow strip of plaster of Paris, but connected at the top by a narrow bridge of carbon. The electric current is supplied to the two carbons, the circuit is completed by the connecting bridge, and a brilliant arc of light is established between them. The plaster partition is a non-conductor of electricity, therefore the two carbons are effectually insulated from one another throughout their length, but directly they begin to burn the plaster in its incandescent state becomes a conductor at the point of fusion, and therefore the plaster and carbons burn down together like a veritable candle. The difficulty that will perhaps present itself to our readers, that one carbon would still be apt to consume more rapidly than the other, is got over by causing the machine which supplies the electricity to give an alternating current—*i.e.*, each candle is alternately positive and negative several times in a second—their rate of consumption being by this means exactly equalised.

One Jablochkoff candle of the size found most convenient in practice lasts for a little over two hours, but by an automatic shunt, the burnt out candle is immediately replaced by a fresh one. Each lamp—covered with an opal glass globe to correct the intense glare of the light—contains four candles, which one after the other are brought into circuit. The shunt consists of a bent lever somewhat like a common bell-crank. Its upper arm is furnished with a platinum wire which rests against the base of the carbon pencils. When the candle burns down to the place against which the wire leans the arm falls over, as it has no longer any support. Its lower branch immediately makes electrical contact with the next candle; and the same operation is repeated as each pair of carbons becomes exhausted.

The possibility of electric illumination is now reduced to a question of pounds, shillings, and pence. The Chelsea Vestry have been enterprising enough to send their surveyor to Paris to inquire into this important part of the matter, and his report has just been made public. It endorses the opinion of all who have carefully studied the subject. The light can be burnt with economy to illuminate large areas where one or two machines will suffice to supply the force required. But in streets, where the lamps are far apart necessitating either many machines or immensely powerful ones connected by long lines (for the power decreases much if the light be far from the source of its production) it is not applicable until it appears in a much improved form. The cost of lighting [illegible] Street with gas is 2s. 1½d. per hour, with the plant already in existence. To light the same thoroughfare by the Jablochkoff system would cost 1l. 4s. per hour, in addition to an immediate outlay of nearly 5,000l. Of course there is no comparison between the brilliancy of the one light as opposed to the other, but the outlay would not be justified just now, when the whole question is on its trial.

For some nights past the Strand has been effectively lit up by some electric lights contained in globes which are hung outside the Gaiety Theatre. The principle on which they are worked is known as the Lontin system. We have not now space to enter upon an examination of the merits which its promoters claim for it, but we shall revert to the subject at a future time.

It is evident, with so many workers in the field, that the day is not far distant when electric lighting will form an important industry. It cannot entirely supersede the use of gas, although in a great measure it must supplant it. Meanwhile the gas companies may take the wise precaution of reducing the price of that of which they have the monopoly, and people will not be too anxious to welcome their rival. That they can easily afford to do so is proved by their balance sheets, without entering into consideration of the fact that the by-products of their manufacture have lately become so valuable that little or no waste is left upon their hands.

T. C. H.

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STOCKING THE THAMES WITH CARP AND TENCH

IT is now about eighteen months ago when the Thames Angling Preservation Society, on the suggestion of Mr. Francis Francis, the well-known author of several works on angling, originated a movement for increasing the stock of carp and tench in the metropolitan river, with which it was then only scantily supplied. The movement was so far successful that Messrs. Francis Francis and W. H. Brougham, who undertook the management of it, turned into the river at Twickenham and Teddington twenty-four carp and fifty-three tench from the pond of Mr. Gustav [illegible], at Twickenham Common; twenty-two carp and thirty-nine tench at Kingston, sixteen carp and four tench at Thames Ditton, and fifteen carp and thirty-three tench at Hampton, from the ponds of Bushey Park and the Home Park; thirty carp at Sunbury, and seventy carp at Walton Reach, from the ponds of Osterley Park. Most of the carp were from 3lbs. to 14lbs. each, and the tench from 1½lbs. to 3lbs. each. Several of these fish were taken out of the Thames last season by the anglers, and there were some instances of the larger carp having been hooked by the anglers who were unable to land them. On the netting of a piece of backwater at Hampton about three months ago, to recover some stray fish, there were found a brace of the tench which were turned in last year, and as these two fish were male and female it was, perhaps, a pity they were removed with the other members of the finny tribe into the natural stream of the Thames, and not allowed to remain. The neighbourhood of Teddington Weir, a few years ago, was famous for its stock of carp, and both there and at Kingston some great piscatorial triumphs have been achieved, several of the riverside hostelries possessing good specimens of these fish. At Kingston, where the unsportsmanlike practice of snatching goes on amongst a very low class, numbers of fine carp have been caught within the last year or so, and openly sold in the streets; but steps have been taken this last week to check the disgraceful practice by staking the places where they haunt, and covering the stakes with tenter hooks. The Committee of the Thames Angling Preservation Society, having obtained a renewal of the order from Her Majesty's Office of Works to net the Heron Ponds of Bushey Park, arrangements were made for that purpose on Monday, the 3rd of June, under the superintendence of Mr. M. H. Blomey, and with the assistance of Messrs. Alfred Nuthall, Thomas Hiscock, H. J. Allred, Russell Knapp, and W. H. Brougham, the keepers employed being those of the Thames Angling Preservation Society and the Thames Conservancy. Mr. Frank Buckland, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Salmon Fisheries, kindly supplied one of his largest salmon nets for the occasion, but it was found very much too small, and, in addition to this, the ponds were excessively low, and choked up with weed. Two attempts were made to drag certain portions of the water, but netting was found utterly impracticable, as on each occasion the net came out rolled up like a thick rope. It was then decided to fix the net in the centre of the pond, and endeavour to drive the fish into it, as shown by one of the illustrations, which was rather an interesting process; but whilst the big carp could be seen rushing in the direction of the net, they managed to escape the destructive engine by diving underneath. Some additional nets were sent for in order to unite them together, so as to reach right across the pond, the interval being filled up by supplying the men with refreshments, and the visitors, of which there was a numerous throng, availed themselves of this opportunity to refresh the inner man in a kind of pic-nic fashion, which they appeared more thoroughly to enjoy than the netting. At length the nets arrived, and it was the work of very little time to put them together, and get them into the water, all who were engaged in it being thoroughly in earnest, those in the boat beating the water with all their might, and others with their high boots in the water in vigorous glee, landing net in hand ready to secure any fish that might come in the way of it, but their services were not required, as the sly old carp was a great deal too many for them. The netting of what is called "The Wick Pond," from its nearness to Hampton Wick, only resulted in the capture of a brace of tench, there being a marked contrast from the time it was netted at the beginning of last year under the direction of Mr. Francis Francis, when in one haul after lifting the net frequently over the stakes, there were landed twenty-two carp of about 8lb. each, and quite as many got away from the sides of the net. The operations, after "The Wick Pond," extended to the piece of water close by called "The Shoulder of Mutton Pond," where the process of driving into the net was tried three times in different places, the entire result being an addition of only three brace of fine tench. If any carp had been taken, they were intended to benefit the Shepperton waters of the Thames, but arrangements are being made to stock the remaining portions of the river with an increased supply of carp and tench at the end of the present year, when the ponds will be free of weed, and with no chance of failure.

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RIDES FOR INVALIDS have been established in some of the cities across the Atlantic, and we read in the *Christian Union* that this charitable movement, inaugurated some years since by the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, has grown into an established summer charity. The object is to provide a few hours of sunlight and genuine recreation for those among the poorer classes whose lives are sunless and secluded by reason of disease or feebleness. Last year the committee were able to furnish carriage rides to nine hundred and twenty persons, chiefly women and children, selected from the hospitals, and to continue the good work by the distribution of fifteen hundred horse car tickets, allowing, in many instances, whole families to make excursions into the country by means of the open cars. The example is certainly well worth following in this country.

HER LAST SACRAMENT:—"THIS

FROM THE PICTURE BY A. STOCKS,

O IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME"

IBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY

"DIPLOMATIC SKETCHES," by an Outsider.—I. Count Beust (Bentley and Son).—Among statesmen who have just missed being great, there are few greater than Count Beust. But yesterday—so near in time, so far away in political situation—Bismarck and he seemed equal names in the ranks of the European diplomacy. To-day, it is almost by an effort we remind ourselves that the genial Ambassador to the Court of St. James's was the writer fifteen years ago of those curt despatches to the English Foreign Office, which might not (said Bismarck) have been written at all had Saxony possessed a sea-coast; that nine years back the same M. de Beust—no longer Saxon baron, but hereditary Count of the Austrian Empire, and chief worker in the reconstruction of the defeated of Sadowa and possible ally of still undefeated France—was the man upon whose "Yea" or "Nay" depended the Franco-Austrian alliance; or that but seven years have passed away since, yielding to the rancour of an opposition which only the effacement of the Minister could induce to submit to the triumph of his policy, he withdrew, it might almost seem for ever, to the peaceful shade of a respectable ambassadorship. Much of this, no doubt, is ancient history now, so far at least as regards that earlier period in which M. de Beust won his diplomatic spurs; the period of the silent and bloodless struggle between Austria and Prussia for supremacy in Germany, of the conflicts of the "Gross-Deutsche" with the "Klein-Deutsche Idée," and of the vain attempts to bring about a Tripartite Union in the same "Bund" of the two great Powers and the group of smaller States; the period at every stage of which one blunder the less on the part of Austria, one turning of a straw from the outside might have long postponed or prevented altogether the coming transformations of '66 and '71. But much, too, has a direct bearing on the politics of the day, and more especially on that Eastern Question which Count Beust himself was, perhaps, the first to re-introduce in its latest shape by his action in the matter of the Servian fortresses in '67. As an estimate of the ex-Premier's true rank as a statesman the "Outsider's" sketch may strike some readers as exaggerated praise. Honest and clear-sighted as he has often shown himself Count Beust has hardly given proof of the supreme power—so fully possessed by Bismarck and Cavour—of making others see as clearly as himself and act precisely as he would have them do. But it is a thoroughly able and connected survey of a period and career that well deserve the closest study, garnished besides with anecdote and information which often savour of something more than a mere "outsider's" knowledge.

"Lucretius," by W. H. Mallock—the newest volume of "Ancient Classics for English Readers" (Blackwood and Sons)—well maintains the high reputation of this excellent series. Few writers of the older world can claim as close affinity as Lucretius with certain types of modern thought—the affinity, as it were, of the careless, defiant, speculative boy-poet, for the subtler doubts, the scientific sense of an insoluble mystery everywhere around, which characterise the matured man. In Lucretius we seem to hear—across the gulf of nineteen hundred years—an echo of our own materialist creed; a song of doubt, lighter in its note, less conscious of difficulties in the way, less equipped with scientific arms, but in its general conclusion much the same, or even tending more directly to the goal, just as it knows less of the halts that come from wider knowledge, the sadness that is inspired by an enlarged conscientiousness, the recoil of super-subtle reasoning upon itself. As a poet he holds (for a bard of the highest order) a position absolutely unique in literature. Too much in earnest to sacrifice philosophic precision to verse, he will write page on page which, but for the metrical form, would be purest prose, then burst half unexpectedly into passages unsurpassed for poetic power in the whole range of Latin literature. To Lucretius, alike as poet and as philosopher, Mr. Mallock's volume does ample justice; in its analysis of the great poem in which his philosophy is embalmed, as in its comparison of his pre-scientific materialism with the deeper and more complex scepticism of our nineteenth-century philosophers. The prose translations are from the scholarly version of Professor Munro. Those in verse, by Mr. Mallock himself, seem equally (with a very few exceptions) adequate and tasteful.

"Lucullus; or, Palatable Essays" (Remington and Co.), two volumes of which the major part appeared some years ago as separate papers on the "Oyster," the "Lobster," and "Sport and its Pleasures," can hardly have been corrected up to date, or the author would not have brought down upon his head a general outcry of indignation for discoursing at length in his opening chapter on the pleasures of fine natives "at sixpence a dozen," a price which indigent *gourmands* who cannot do without their oyster-sauce are rather apt to associate with mussels. This stumbling-block, however, left behind, it is fair to say that the remaining pages are everywhere readable, and on many points extremely useful. There is a recipe, for instance, for partridge pie, and another for cooking snipe, which of themselves would atone for many errors. Then there is an eloquent vindication of the hare, unjustly slandered by an Irishman of the last century as "being little worth, because, being naturally so fearful, she is never very fat;" and some chapters on the small birds which Frenchmen call *gibier*, and Englishmen do *not* call game, as to which we can only hope they will tempt no one to kill Cock Robin for "his delicate and bitter flavour," or to slaughter nightingales, after the manner of old Rome, for the sake of their rare and curious tongues.

If "Stanhope Memorials of Butler," by W. M. Egglestone (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), tell little that is new about a famous man—of Butler, beyond a signature or two in the parish books, and a sermon that *may* have been his, there is no memorial of any sort, far less any characteristic memorial, at Stanhope—they give at least some pleasant pictures of the fat Weardale Rectory in the olden time, when Bishops of the County Palatine were veritable Princes of "the North Countree." The records of the Rectors of Stanhope, of a great suit with the lessees of the lead-mines (settled fortunately for the Church before the time of the unworldly Butler), which made the living one of the richest in the kingdom, and of the "24 substantial men" by whom all the parish affairs were regulated, are interesting even in themselves. Taken together with the pretty illustrations of village and of valley, they furnish out a most suitable companion for the stranger who may chance to ramble through the scenes amid which the "Analogy" was composed, and the famous "Rolls Sermons" first thought out.

We must hand over to the artist or the amateur the pungent criticisms entitled "English Landscape Art in the Year 1878" (Deighton and Dunthorne), which Mr. Alfred Dawson publishes for the third successive year on the landscapes exhibited at the Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, or by the Old and New Water-Colour Societies. Moreover the criticisms are for the most part of a kind that can be only followed catalogue in hand, and with a lively recollection of the paintings severally censured or approved. Mr. Dawson's complaints of sketchiness in some cases and of a realism which gives simply the effect of photography in others, though somewhat strongly put, are not, we fear, without their justification.

Plain, practical, rather broad in tone, "Ten Short Sermons" (W. Ridgway), by N. R. Smith, M.A., must be ranked above the average of discourses thought deserving the honour of print. The sermon entitled "The Dark Glass" may be cited as a fair specimen of the tone of thought that animates them throughout.

A new and revised edition of "Ocean and Her Rulers," by Alfred Elwes (Griffith and Farran), a well-arranged and prettily-told history of the chief maritime Powers of the world, from the Phœnicians, who manned the fleets of Xerxes, to the British sea-kings of the present century, needs no commendation to the youthful reader. We might add that there are many chapters—*e.g.*, those on the navies of Pisa, Venice, Genoa, and Holland—to which even older students might not unprofitably make occasional reference.

Under the title of "The Physical System of the Universe" (Daldy, Isbister, and Co.), Mr. S. B. J. Skertchley has given us a striking outline of physiographical science, based, not on the enumeration of facts or details, but on the examination of the earth as an integral part of one great universe, whose changes past and present can all be reduced to the action of heat on matter in its various forms, whether solid, liquid, or gaseous. Many of the later chapters, more especially those on the condition of the earth's interior, on the probable antiquity and duration of our system, on mistaken theories of the glacial periods—Mr. Skertchley is himself an enthusiastic follower of Dr. Croll—or on the enormous and generally under-estimated changes brought about by sub-aerial denudation, are admirable examples of sound reasoning and extensive research. As a manual for the student the utility of the volume is much enhanced by the brief recapitulation of results at the close of every chapter.

Few writers are so competent to describe existence across the Channel as the author of "The Member for Paris," whose life-like sketches of French men and manners are familiar to most readers. Alike in the palace, the office, and the provincial cottage, in political, social, and military affairs, little escapes his caustic pen, and under a thinly-veiled disguise few Gallic celebrities have remained unnoticed. Thus the second series of "French Pictures in English Chalk" (Smith and Elder) possesses the usual features of its predecessors—the easy, chatty style, combined with plentiful satire and a strain of Bonapartism—and the whole volume is eminently readable and amusing. In a few pages the author can construct a story which, in less skilful hands, would have been drawn out indefinitely, and the very charm of his writing lies in the conciseness and brevity with which he presents his subject, each character rendered sharp and clear by a few touches.—French society of a less respectable type is illustrated by Mr. A. E. Hake in "Paris Originals" (C. Kegan Paul). Here are the celebrities of the lower orders, those queer types to be met with in back slums, pursuing varied and odd industries; but they are mainly well-known characters, and Mr. Hake has not endowed them with any particular novelty. He speaks, however, from genuine experience, and has a keen eye for seizing the salient points of his subject. The illustrations by L. Richeton degenerate in most cases into caricatures.

"Tales from the Old Dramatists," by M. E. Browne (Remington), is a laudable attempt to familiarise general readers with the famous plays of such old-world authors as Congreve, Dryden, Otway, and Addison. Disclaiming all design of imitating Charles Lamb, Mr. Browne gives a brief and straightforward summary of the plots of eight noted dramas,—amongst which are *Cato*, *Venice Preserved*, and *The Mourning Bride*,—describing the characters and their chief exponents, and giving occasional extracts to illustrate the authors' style. As these plays are now never represented, by reason both of their length and their unfitness for present taste, while they are rarely read by any but genuine students, this book will be really useful to many desirous of some slight acquaintance with the literature of the English stage.

Under the title of the "Human Eye" (Hardwicke and Bogue), Dr. R. E. Dudgeon, already known to science as the constructor of an ingenious air lens for enabling divers to see under water, gives us a clear and not on the whole too technical an account—though on this latter point the estimates of unlearned reader and of scientist occasionally differ—of the mechanism of vision, and of the artificial lenses which assist its power. The sections on the changes in the eye through age, and of the comparison of the eye-muscles in man with those in the lower animals, may be noticed as especially interesting.

In "Clergyman's Sore Throat" (Gould and Son), Dr. C. B. Shuldham, himself a practical public lecturer, has put together a most useful treatise on the diseases of the throat and windpipe through over-exertion or mismanagement of the breath in speaking, no less than "on the art of breathing, and general hygiene of the voice." These last two sections, even those who do not hold the homœopathic rule of *similia similibus curantur* can hardly fail to pronounce excellent. More particularly may they be commended to those public readers and singers who know too well how slight a cause, while not absolutely incapacitating, can effectually destroy, for the evening, the delicate quality of a famous voice.

"Automatic Arithmetic: a New System of Multiplication and Division," by John Sawyer (George Bell and Sons). This is a very ingenious method, by which problems in these particular branches of arithmetic can be worked without any mental labour worth mentioning. It also possesses advantages over the use of Logarithms, both in point of accuracy and in the number of figures used, and in cases of multiplication and division by a large number of figures a considerable economy of time is gained, together with a greater certainty of a correct result than is the case with the ordinary methods. The tables of Logarithms in general use are only calculated to seven decimal places, but by Mr. Sawyer's system operations can be carried far beyond that limit.

Readers not wholly tired of the East will find in a little pamphlet, "The Armenians and the Eastern Question, with Text of the 'Memoires' addressed to the Cabinets of Europe, &c." (E. Stanford), a temperately written plea for the most numerous and important—though Mr. Palgrave *does* deny them the title of a nation—among the Christian races of Asia Minor. Stanford's "Map of South-Eastern Europe and Armenia to illustrate the Treaty of Berlin," is a capital shilling's worth, in which all the recent changes in the Turkish Empire are discernible at a glance.

We have also received from Mr. James Wild a very admirable map of Cyprus on a scale of about five miles to the inch. It is very clear and distinct in its delineation of roads, rivers, towns, villages, &c., and, besides the geographical map includes smaller maps, showing the geological and agricultural features of the island, together with plans of the chief cities and roadsteads.

THEATRE ROYAL, WAPPING-WAY

"ON Saturday evening will be presented at this theatre for the first time a new and original domestic melodrama of thrilling interest, entitled *Rubies and Rags; or, a Work-Girl's Perils.* Cherry Plampton, a pretty and virtuous young needle-woman; Sir Dazzler Hawkmoth, a profligate scion of aristocratic birth; Jackal Jem, a heartless scoundrel and a lion's provider; Mealy Mike, a kind-hearted baked-potato man, a true, though humble friend to the poor, &c., &c. Boxes, 1*s.*; Pit, 6*d.*; Gallery, 3*d.*"

The evening above mentioned was a warm one, but the enterprising lessees of the Theatre Royal had not miscalculated their prospects of a crowded house. The theatre afforded accommodation for at least fifteen hundred persons, and within a quarter of an hour of the doors being opened it was filled from floor to ceiling. The audience, which had been drawn entirely from the immediate locality, was of a decidedly mixed character, the costermonger element mustering in force. Prominent, too, in pit and gallery were many young men, lank and lithe, who wore neckerchiefs limp and wisp-like as an eel-skin, and who were remarkable for a curious oleaginousness both of clothes and skin, suggestive of an easy slipping out of the grip of a policeman.

The most fastidious manager, however, could not desire a more attentive or a more appreciative audience. The opening scene discloses Cherry Plumpton, the pretty and virtuous young needle-woman, attired in white muslin, trimmed with pink bows. Her attic is but meanly furnished—indeed, besides the chair she sits on and the table she works at, it appears to contain nothing but a pair of bellows and a canary bird in a cage. She sings, however, and stitches away at a tremendous rate, and is supremely happy. Then comes a tap at the door. "Come in," cries Cherry, cheerfully; and in he comes—Sir Dazzler Hawkmoth. Like all profligate scions of noble birth of the nineteenth century, he wears a tunic of Lincoln green, laced with gold, and hunting-boots, and a three-cornered hat of crimson velvet heavy with bullion trimming. Sir Dazzler starts. Pardon him, he has made a mistake—has been wrongly directed. He is in search of an old dame—his old nurse, in fact, who is residing somewhere thereabout, and is, he has heard, in sore distress. Cherry says something complimentary respecting his kindness of heart, and Sir Dazzler remarks on Cherry's beauty. Cherry blushes, and hides her confusion under an offer of chickweed to her canary. Sir Dazzler follows up his success. He draws from his finger a ring, the diamond in which from its size should be worth about three hundred pounds, and offers it to her, at the same time clasping her in his arms, and exclaiming, "Sweet girl! jewel of my a-hear-r-r-t's core! be mine!" The effect is electrical, Cherry's virtuous indignation is instantly aroused, and she proceeds to revile the scion of noble birth in such withering terms that he visibly cowers and shakes at the knees. "What," cries Cherry, holding up the diamond ring, and addressing the gallery, "what is this glittering bauble compared with the priceless gem of virtue!" It was the first applauding outbreak since the drama opened, and it was a rattler. The coatless young costermongers, as with one voice, roared "Bray-vo!" Grey-headed men of sinister aspect were seen to wink hard with both their eyes and repress the visible tear; even the slippery young fellows in the pit, speechless in their admiration for the ennobling sentiment, thrust their fingers in their mouth and whistled shrilly.

Sir Dazzler slinks out of the house, gasping with rage, and in the next act is found still in green velvet and hunting-boots in the tap-room of a public-house of call for robbers and ruffians of reckless enterprise in whispered converse with Jackal Jem. Sir Dazzler hands the latter gold, and the Jackal hisses "She shall be yours," and forthwith whispers the baronet that the dastardly deed shall be accomplished. Sir Dazzler expresses his assent, and they part. Barely have they done so when Mealy Mike emerges with his steaming stove and his glowing charcoal fire from behind the taproom door, where he has been an unobserved listener to the dastardly compact. Mealy Mike knows Cherry Plumpton, and in a serio-comic manner, and during the eating of one of his own scalding hot baked potatoes, he relates a moving story of how Cherry once nursed a little daughter of his through a dreadful fever. Mealy Mike swears to deliver the virtuous work-girl from the machinations of her enemies. The third act discloses the arch villain and the lion's provider, Jackal Jem, stretched on a wretched pallet in a miserable house. His face is chalked to a ghastly hue, and his rascally head swathed in a wisp of dirty white rag. Jackal Jem, however, is only shamming sick. He sits up in bed and chuckles in a ruffianly manner at the artful trap that is set to catch the artless Cherry, whom, it seems, he has sent to, imploring her to come and nurse a miserable penitent wretch, sick well nigh to death, and despised by all the world. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughs the awful villain, "and presently she'll be here, and Jackal Jem and Sir Dazzler Hawkmoth will square their little account!" The detestable impostor drinks from a rum bottle, concealed beneath his pillow, and then comes a knock at the door, and he hastily conceals it, and, with a dismal groan, bids the knocker enter. It is the tender-hearted Cherry. She approaches the ruffian's pillow to whisper consoling words into his ear, when, with a savage laugh, he starts up, seizes on her, and gives a shrill whistle. Instantly there emerges from a cupboard Sir Dazzler Hawkmoth, still in green and gold, and carrying a hunting-whip. "Ha, ha!" he cries, mockingly; "now, my pretty scornful one, you are mine, and no earthly power can save ye!" He is mistaken, Mealy Mike can! All unsuspected that philanthropic baked-potato vendor has lain concealed under the bedstead. With an exultant cry, he crawls out, seizes on the horsewhip, and lays on to the Jackal as well as the base baronet, while the audience applaud frantically, and evince by their behaviour their delight that vice should be frustrated and virtue protected.

But there is another act yet, Cherry Plumpton is in the hands of the police! Sir Dazzler has accused her of stealing his diamond ring, and she is sent to prison for three months. It is winter time when she is released, and snow is falling fast, night time, too, and Cherry, weary and famished, sinks down by the wayside. But succour is at hand! Mealy Mike is making his way home with his can and his fire, and has sold out all but two "mealy ones," reserved for his own supper. By the light of his fire he discovers poor Cherry. He kneels by her side and chafes her cold hands, and as soon as her senses return presses on her acceptance the two reserved mealy ones. With her head on his lap, and her white face well exhibited in the cheery light of the charcoal fire, he feeds her with hot potato to slow music. The picture is affecting. Sobs are heard in the boxes, sniffing is audible in the gallery, and even the sleek-looking young fellows in the pit snort undisguisedly, and stay the trembling tear with a corner of their eel-skin neckerchiefs.

But suddenly there is a commotion, and a crowd is observed coming down the road, and bearing in its midst, on a litter, a gentleman clad in green and gold. It is Sir Dazzler Hawkmoth, who has just met with a terrible railway accident in which Jackal Jem was smashed all to bits. The procession halts just opposite the spot where Mealy Mike is still playing the part of the Good Samaritan. Sir Dazzler on the stretcher with a shriek recognises the pallid female form on the ground. In feeble accents he summonses the generous baked-potato man to his side. Mealy Mike obeys, leading the shivering Cherry by the hand. Sir Dazzler, with a painful effort, withdraws from his bosom a heavy pocket-book, and presents it to her. "This! this!" he gasps, "will make some amends! Virtue you already possess, now I give you wealth! But say, oh, say! Can you forgive me?" She can and does, and so does the baked-potato man and so do the audience, and Sir Dazzler dies and the curtain falls, and everybody is made happy. JAMES GREENWOOD

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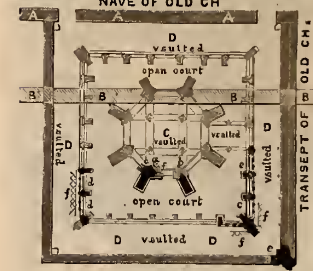
RECENT DISCOVERIES AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

A SHORT time back it was decided that the burial-ground surrounding St. Paul's Cathedral should be converted into an ornamental garden. The alterations necessary for the carrying out of this project suggested to Mr. Penrose, the learned and able architect to the Dean and Chapter, that the opportunity which he had so frequently desired of making a search for any remains that might exist of the ancient Cloisters and Chapter-house, delineated by Hollar in Dugdale's "History of Old St. Paul's," had at length arrived. Following as nearly as possible the situations suggested by Dugdale's plan, a series of excavations were made in the ground immediately to the south of the nave, bounded on the east by the west wall of the south transept. This search has been most richly rewarded, for not only have the foundations of the Cloisters and Chapter-house been to a great extent disclosed, but even the richly-moulded basement of the buildings, and the complicated and elaborate bases of the shafts and columns which supported the vaultings, have been found to exist in a sufficiently perfect state to suggest to any student of Gothic architecture the date, style, and general character of the beautiful buildings which formed such noble appendages to the old Cathedral.

One of the most remarkable facts brought to light by these discoveries is the proof that we have hitherto been entirely in error as to the site of the old Cathedral, and, singular to relate, the plan published by Wren himself, showing the relative positions of the old and new Cathedral, is thoroughly incorrect, and we can only suppose that the scheme shown in that plan, and so implicitly relied upon by subsequent architectural writers, was abandoned, as that plan represents the axis of each of the two buildings running obliquely to one another, whereas these discoveries have proved that they were parallel, if not identical, as shown in Dugdale's plan. The Cloisters of old St. Paul's surrounded a small quadrangle, the north side of which was formed of a portion of the south aisle of the nave of the cathedral, the east side by the west aisle of the south transept, while the other two sides were formed by two lofty walls. The Cloisters surrounding the court were of two stories in height, and were lighted from the interior of the courtyard by large perpendicular windows, the lower tier of which were unglazed. The Chapter-house, which was octagonal in plan, stood in the middle of this little court or quadrangle; like the cloisters, it was two stories in height, the lower story forming a kind of open crypt, somewhat similar to that of Lincoln's Inn Chapel. This crypt was richly vaulted, the ribs being supported upon four columns, and eight responds attached to the inner faces of the great buttresses. The basement and lower portion of one of these responds has been discovered in a very perfect condition, and is represented in our Sketch No. 2; the great angle buttress, or rather what remains of it, is to be seen at the back. This respond is an example of the very finest style of the Perpendicular period, and dates from about the time of Henry IV. Fine, however, as its mouldings are, and elegant as it is in design, it is a singularly poor piece of construction, as the large moulded stones which form the facing of the work are not properly bonded into the "rubble" forming the "core" of the work, probably the thing only held together by the excellence of the workmanship, the material employed, and its great solidity.



AA, South Wall of Ancient Cathedral.—B, Ditto of Modern Cathedral.—C, Chapter House. D, Cloister. *a*, Respond and Angle Buttresses shown in Sketch 2.—*b*, Respond and Buttresses discovered in a less perfect condition.—*c*, Portion of East Walk of Cloister shown in Sketch No. 1.—*d*, Portion of West Walk discovered.—*e*, Angle of South and East Walks, where they joined the Wall of the Transept, discovered, but in a very imperfect condition.—*f f*, Remains of Pavement discovered.

The remains of one of the other eight responds has been brought to light, but is in a far less perfect condition than that shown in our sketch.

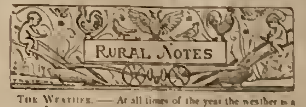
Our Sketch No. 1 represents the basement of the inner wall of the east walk of the Cloisters and its junction with the south walk; this is of two distinct dates, the earlier portion consisting of the bases of the vaulting shafts and a complicated series of very slender columns and "ogee" mouldings, forming the inner angle of the two Cloister-walks. All these are composed of magnificent blocks of Purbeck marble, and probably date from the end of the reign of Edward III., or the commencement of that of Richard II. The delicate and beautiful design, of which these formed a portion, seems to have been abandoned for that of a much plainer character and less costly material, as all the rest is executed in stone, and has simple Perpendicular mouldings.

The other three excavations have succeeded in bringing to light a portion of the west walk, which was of precisely the same character as that already described, though in a far less perfect condition; and the foundations of the outer wall, the most interesting of which is that which shows its juncture with the west wall of the south transept.

The pavement appears to have consisted of small slabs of Purbeck marble, laid in diagonal squares.

A reference to the small plan we publish, which is copied from Dugdale, will explain to our readers the position of these various portions of the building. Those parts which are blacked-in show what has been discovered; that which is left light is more or less conjectural.

We are informed that steps will immediately be taken to preserve these precious relics of the old cathedral from destruction; and we are requested to state that, until this has been done, they will not be shown to the public. H. W. B.



THE WEATHER. —— At all times of the year the weather is a matter of great interest to the farmers; but in the present month it is one of vital importance, as it makes or mars their fortunes. Seed-time is one in which the barometer is very anxiously studied, but when that era has been passed and the crops have thence passed well on to maturity, the weather during the cutting and ingathering of the corn becomes the all absorbing idea in the agricultural mind. Crops lie rich and ripe before the husbandman's eyes to-day—his reward has come, and lo! ere the next morning dawneth, when the reaper was to lay them low, the thunder storm has burst over them and battered them to the ground, twisted and tossed about in such a way that no genial breezes can lift them up again, and no mechanical reaper enter the enclosure to sever the stalks. Sadly to remark, within the past ten days we have had a series of terrible thunder storms, with deluges of rain which have levelled with the ground many fine standing crops, and have spoiled the quality of the grain that had been reaped but not carried, and where carried and stacked, not finally protected, as the Scotch would say, under "thack and rape." It is quite within the mark to say that hundreds of thousands of pounds will have been lost to the agricultural interest through the recent storms, the increased cost of cutting and deterioration in quality being taken into account, along with the fact that such weather is highly provocative and promotive of potato disease, which, we regret to learn, is now spreading rapidly throughout wide districts of country. Turnips and mangolds look well, and grass is of abundant and healthy growth, yielding good "bite" for cattle and sheep.

CATTLE DISEASE LEGISLATION.—From the first it will be remembered by readers of these "Notes" that the writer's opinion was that the Bill as introduced into and passed by the House of Lords would not receive the sanction of the Lower House, a view which turned out to be correct. Foreign stock from healthy countries are still to be permitted free entrance to this country, which is right, as it is difficult to see what our meat-consuming people could do without them. For instance, in the London market alone on Monday last there were no fewer than 1,345 foreign cattle, 930 of which came from America out of a total of 3,480. Beef was "riz," notwithstanding—what would it not have cost per pound the following day but for the presence of these animals. One good thing the Act has done, it has done away with the overwhelming mass of orders and counter orders in the Privy Council archives, which neither Privy Councillors themselves, municipal authorities, nor any other "fellow could understand," and consolidated all into a series of regulations easier of comprehension, but which are yet far too cumbersome. They are still of the Circumlocution Office genus. With reference to diseases in home cattle (the Orders take effect in October), the inevitable and intelligent "gentleman in blue," familiarly known as the "bobby," is the first person to whom it is incumbent upon the the stockowner to convey the information that his stock suffers from foot and mouth, pleuro-pneumonia, or other disease named in the schedule. This information the constable conveys to the inspector of the local authority, who determines either that the cattle are right or wrong, and segregates or slaughters as his judgment directs. If slaughtered the local authority pays to the owner three-fourths of the value of the animal, the sum not, however, to exceed 30*l.*, which would be a poor recompense in the case of pedigreed shorthorns. The other incidents in connection with these orders drawn up under authorisation of the new Act are too technical for these Notes, but they will be found duly recorded in the columns of the purely agricultural papers. Before closing this paragraph, however, we take great pleasure in noting that the Peerless fathers of the child are quite delighted with the changeling sent back to them by the Commons. They hug it to their bosoms as if it really were their own, assured that it has effected a happy compromise between the towns as representing the consuming and the farmers representing the agricultural interest!

"HARD TIMES."——In the "Chronicles of a Clay Farm," a thoroughly farming-book, although written in a style which those who know nothing whatever about "turmits" can enjoy, there are some humorous chapters about "hard times" in farming and wonderfully long faces of cultivators sketched by the late Mr. George Cruikshank. Farmers are still too much disposed to cry "Wolf" at the door when the beast is actually a considerable way off. At least such is the opinion Sir Wilfrid Lawson, expressed at the Aspatria Agricultural Society the other day. He admitted that the farmers had had a series of depressing years, but they were not quite so badly off as they wished to make out, in proof of which assertion Sir Wilfrid instanced the case of a Scotch farmer, who had determined in spite of bad times to pay his rent if it was his last shilling, and said he to his factor, when he was paying: "It is my last shilling." He then threw down a roll of bank-notes. The factor counted them, and said "There is 50*l.* too much." "Oh! ay, man," said the farmer, "I put my hand in the wrong pouch." This is a good story, but hardly applicable to the "lowness" of Scotch farmers generally.

MISCELLANEOUS. —— Lord Rosebery evidently holds a different view of the farmer's situation from that expressed by Sir Wilfrid Lawson in the joke above. He has without solicitation remitted 10 per cent. of last year's rents on the Rosebery estates.—The funds towards the 15,000*l.* or 20,000*l.* required by the Royal Agricultural Society for their show in London next year now amount to 7,300*l.*—The decrease in the extent of land under cultivation in Ireland this year, in comparison with last is 62,106 acres, but the yield of all crops will be larger than usual.—The area of wheat in Great Britain under cultivation this year was 3,218,579 acres, of barley 2,402,004; oats, 2,602,077; potatoes, 508,541; and hops, 71,791, showing an increase of about 50,000 acres in the cases of wheat and barley, and a slight decrease on oats and potatoes. The cattle numbered this year 5,738,470. Sheep 28,397,274 and pigs 2,451,437, showing an increase on both cattle and sheep as compared with the previous year.—A register of trotting horses has been set on foot. Nothing in the animal world will go down without pedigree nowadays.

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RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is a rather unusual amount of value to be found in "Among the Flowers, and other Poems," by Francis W. Bourdillon (Marcus Ward and Co.). The author is invariably musical in his utterances, and has evidently a correct ear, whilst there is a genuine air of spontaneity about his poems which makes them really worthy of the name. Perhaps the most ambitious piece in the elegant little volume is a by no means ill-written ballad called "Gertrude's Lave," but the author is unfortunate in his rather repulsive subject, and some of the minor pieces are infinitely more to our taste. Such, for instance, as "Idle Days," "Brimham Rocks, or, A New Legend of the Forget-me-not," which last is exceptionally pretty and fanciful. In a lighter strain "Ella" deserves high praise, and "The Legend of the Water Lilies" contains at least one passage, beginning "Oh, noble sun," which induces the happiest auguries for the writer's future. He is, undoubtedly, something more than a mere composer of verse.

"Lyrics and Landscapes, &c.," by Guy Roslyn (Arthur H. Moxon), does not claim any great amount of attention, although the author has attained a certain reputation, and some of the incidental pieces have already appeared in divers magazines. There is too great an air of manufacture about the verse, which is often clumsy, as in "True Words" and "The Bretby Bells," whilst "Edgar," which is the longest piece, is almost as bad as an eighteenth-century attempt at a ballad. Bishop Percy himself could hardly have written anything more ludicrously bad than

I am no ghost. I was struck down,
But I got up again
And with the three men did contend,
Till two of them were slain

At the same time, there are one or two of the shorter pieces which deserve a certain meed of praise, especially "Jilted" and "Hope and Faith."

The author of "One Hundred Holy Songs, Carols, and Sacred Ballads," original, and suitable for music (Longmans), has ardent fervour in his favour, and a good deal of sound taste, joined to mechanical skill. Strictly speaking, there is not a carol nor a ballad in the book, the nearest approach to the latter is "When Children are Sick," and the next best is "Service." But perhaps the most successful essay, amongst many which are pleasing, is "All in the city whose gates are gold," although it should be "streets" for strict accuracy.—"A Century of Emblems," by G. S. Cautley, Vicar of Nettleden (Macmillan), is an attempt in the quaint manner of bygone times, and, it must be added, a highly successful one. "The Hyæna" is exceptionally good, whilst amongst the shorter epigrams we may draw attention to "Abstinence," "History," and "Proof of Worth." The illustrations, too, deserve praise. —"Songs of Beranger, done into English Verse," by William Young (Blackwood) is a revised edition of the latest American copy. It is almost impossible that such reproductions should be more than the faint reflex of their original, but if there are any who cannot enjoy the songs in their native dress a translation may prove acceptable.—From the Clarendon Press issues a translation in verse of Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," by the Rev. Edward Massie, M.A. It may be open to question whether it be possible to execute a work in this fashion which shall, at the same time, be of practical use to students as a crib; but as a readable translation the play may serve.—A new volume of "The Lansdowne Poets" is entitled "Nature and Life," including all the Miscellaneous Poems, with many Original Pieces," by Nicholas Michell (Frederick Warne and Co.). It is well produced, if the illustrations be excepted, and will doubtless please the author's admirers.

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A LOVE SONG

Oh! heart of my heart, art thou beating
In unison sweetly with mine?
I waft from my lips this fond greeting,
And hope it will rouse one from thine.

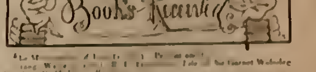
Oh! thought of my thoughts, while my glances
Would gladly annihilate space,
Dost thou, in thy sun-woven fancies
Grant me, for a moment, a place?

Oh! soul of my soul, while my spirit
Doth struggle and pant to be free,
Doth thine, too, rise sudden and stir it,
And flee like a bird unto me?

Oh! dream of my dreams, 'neath night's cover
I wander 'mid visions of bliss,—
Do dreams show to thee a dream lover,
Vouchsafe thy dream lips a dream kiss?

Oh! if it be so, though asunder,
'Tis thus we span moorland and lea;
Say, light of my eyes, need'st thou wonder
Who strung these poor verses for thee?

I. A. JOHNSTONE



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Agatha [illegible]

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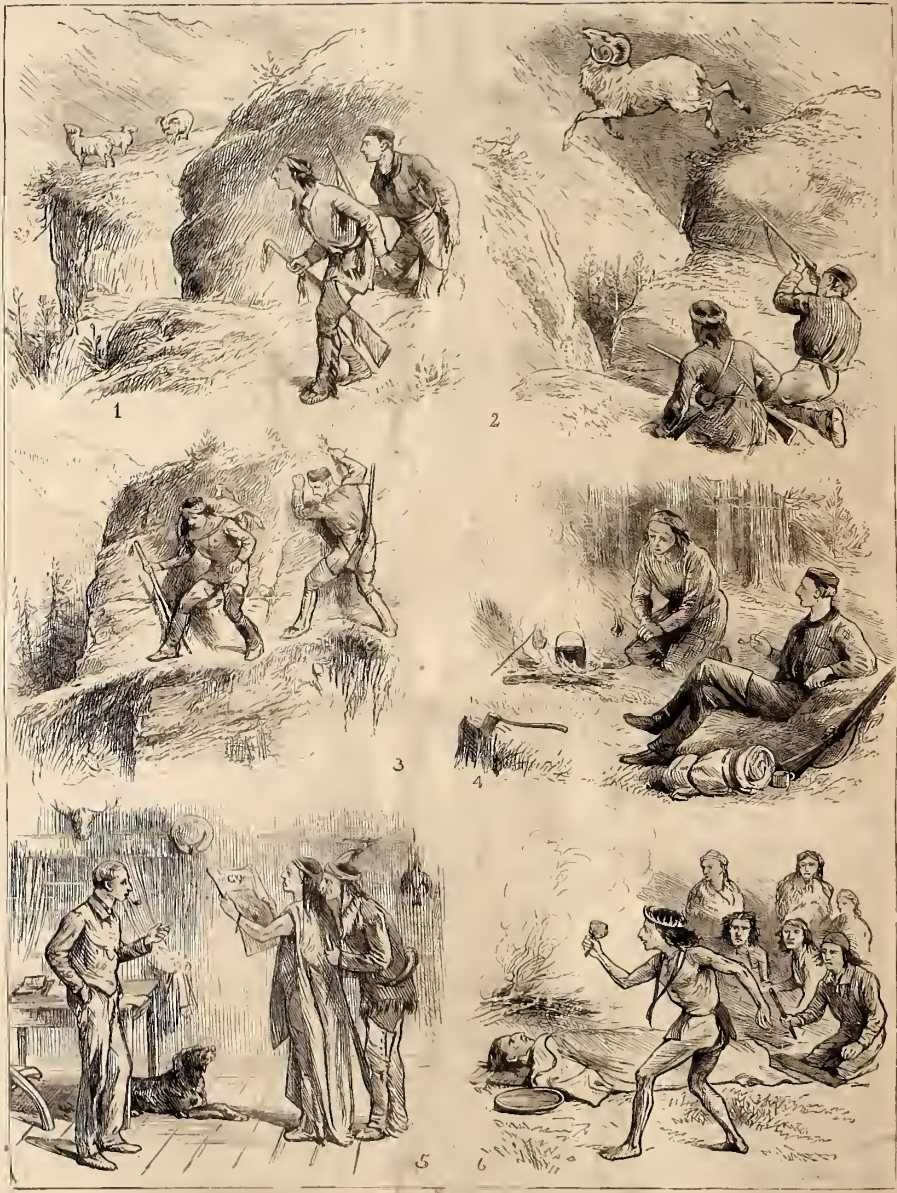
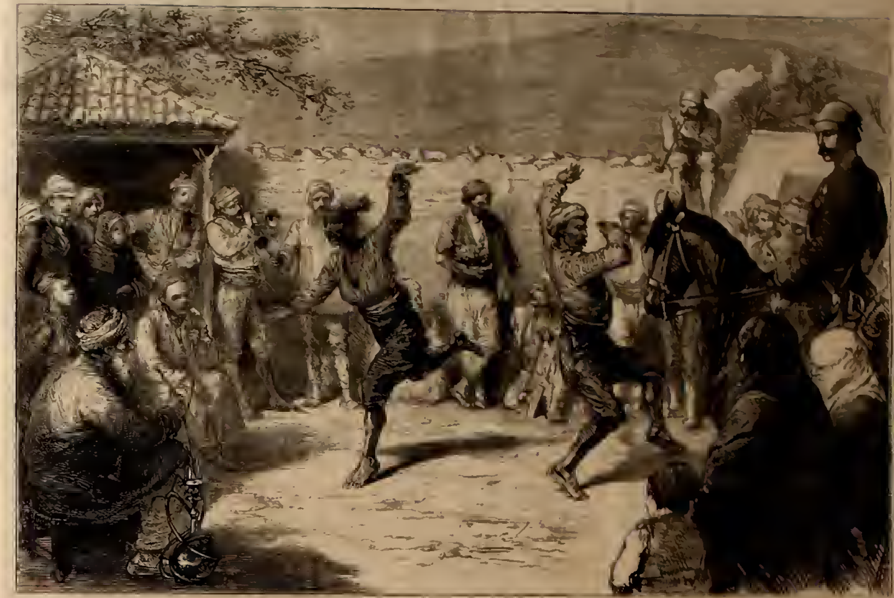
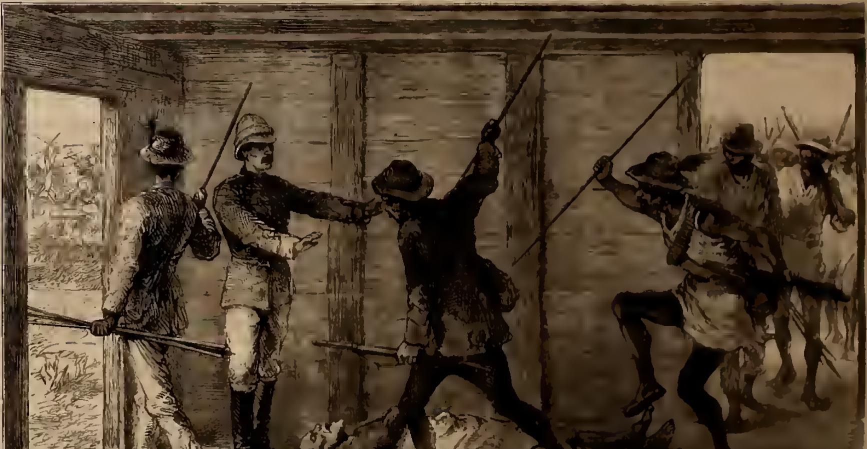
The Tragedy of *Hamlet*, according to the First Folio by Allen Park Paton. Edmonston and Co. Edinburgh



1. The Find.—2. A Flying Shot.—3. A Nice Bit of Trail.—4. Mutton Chops for Supper.—5. Art Critics.—6. An Atnah Medicine Man.
LIFE IN MANITOBA, BRITISH NORTH AMERICA



CYPRUS—A NATIVE DANCE IN THE TURKISH RECRUITING GROUND AT NICOSIA



THE WAR AT THE CAPE—FINGOES VIEWING THE DEAD BODY OF SANDILLI, THE INSURGENT GAIKA CHIEF

FOREIGN

THE EASTERN QUESTION.——The Austrians are making vigorous preparations to put down the Bosnian insurrection. A large number of fresh troops have been mobilised, thus raising the strength of the army of occupation to 120,000 or 130,000 men, with 400 cannon, and Marshal Philippovich as Commander-in-Chief. These reinforcements are seriously needed, and until their arrival the Austrians are unable to assume the offensive, as the insurgents are stated to number some 100,000, all adepts in guerilla warfare and who are materially aided by the nature of the country. General Szapary in particular is anxious to advance on the Zwornik district, bordering upon Servia, where the insurgents are in great force, while he is at present hard pressed to maintain his positions. Indeed, he was nearly cut off at Doboj, on the 23rd inst., as the enemy after a nine hours' fierce conflict had almost succeeded in destroying the pontoon bridges over the Bosna, when finally routed by the Imperial troops. Subsequently, however, General Szapary blew up his own bridges and retired to the other bank of the river, where on Monday he again defeated the Bosnians. Another Austrian success is recorded from Stolatz, Marshal Jovanovic having forced the Herzegovinians to raise the blockade of the garrison, and a skirmish has taken place before Kljuc, near Banjaluka. In several places the insurgents have voluntarily surrendered themselves, while a notorious ringleader, Hadji Jamarkovic, has been captured, but it is now asserted that Hafiz Pasha, the Governor of Serajevo, who was apparently favourable to the Austrian occupation, is one of the chief heads of the rising. Order is being restored in Serajevo, a mayor has been appointed, and a municipal council composed of eighteen citizens of various creeds, the Turkish officials are to be reinstated as soon as affairs are put straight, and the only Austrian difficulty is the scarcity and dearness of provisions. The town suffered terribly from the bombardment, and there was great loss of life on both sides, but the Austrian troops appear to have behaved very well, and to have afforded little reason for the Sultan's telegram to the Emperor begging him to command leniency towards the inhabitants. Some 1,000 insurgents were captured in the houses, and a quantity of cannon, rifles, and ammunition; several millions of paper money were also seized, while the inhabitants have since been bidden to give up all arms. The Austrian losses during the attack on Serajevo have not yet been officially announced, but it is stated that, up to the 16th inst., 976 men had fallen. Meanwhile the negotiations for the Austro-Turkish Convention continue, Count Andrassy being firmly bent on the conclusion of the agreement, but he meets with considerable opposition, and public opinion in Austria is greatly against any convention with the Porte after the recent losses in Bosnia. Servia, too, is heartily reproached, for numerous Servian regulars are declared to have been engaged at Doboj, and this covert assistance to the insurgents ill accords with Prince Milan's polite messages to the Emperor and Count Andrassy, thanking them for their support of the Servian cause at the Congress.

The departure of the Russians from San Stefano has at last begun, and the Muscovite headquarters have been moved back to Rodosto. The Imperial Guard are now leaving, although their evacuation will not be completed before the first week of October. It is hoped that the whole of the Russian forces will be withdrawn to the Roumelian lines by the beginning of December, while General Todleben will then go from Adrianople to Varna, which is not yet entirely vacated, owing to the great accumulation of Turkish stores. Turkey has now postponed the surrender of Batoum to September 6th; but the population apparently are becoming more resigned, as the Lazis, after much persuasion, have resolved not to oppose the cession, and are beginning to quit the town. Yet another fortress, which the Porte delays to vacate, is Podgoritza; and Prince Nikita, losing all patience, has begun to bombard the town.—Safvet Pasha's Note to the Powers respecting the rectification of the GREEK frontiers has aroused considerable interest this week. Although not a decided refusal to comply with the recommendations of the Berlin Treaty, the Note is a virtual appeal against the decision, producing a lengthy array of arguments in favour of the Turkish cause, and begging the Powers not to jeopardise the peace of Europe by enforcing the Hellenic claims. The appeal, however, has met with small favour anywhere, and there can be little doubt that it will be definitely rejected by the signatory Powers of the Berlin Treaty, whose duty it will now be to mediate between the two nations. While awaiting their reply, the Porte is considering a British Memorandum, commending certain reforms declared, in the opinion of the Queen's Government, to be indispensable to the reorganisation of Asiatic Turkey, amongst which are the maintenance of order by a *gendarmerie*, the improvement of the collection of taxes, and the establishment of appellate tribunals, with European assessors. The Anglo-Turkish Convention is thus making itself felt, as it is evident that these reforms are imposed upon rather than suggested to the Sultan, although it is hardly expected that they will be carried out until Turkish territory is freed from the invader. The Porte in future will be obliged to listen to the counsels of the British representative, and his policy must be directly influenced by Great Britain.—The copies of the Berlin Treaty signed by the Sultan have been presented at Berlin.

Russia is highly indignant at the report of the Rhodope Commission, which severely condemns the conduct of the Czar's army in Bulgaria, and declares that the Turks and Bulgarians will be reconciled directly the Muscovite element is eliminated. The Russian delegate refused to sign the report; while the *Agence Russe* has published a violent article on Lord Salisbury's Note to the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg respecting these atrocities, asserting that Lord Salisbury is paving the way for the encroachment of English influence in Bulgaria. The Russians, too, have sent a formal demand to ROUMANIA for the surrender of Bessarabia. This action rather upsets Roumanian plans, the Bucharest Government being desirous that the territory should be taken by force, so as to afford them a subsequent pretext to appeal against the spoliation. In ST. PETERSBURG an Imperial Ukase has been issued, ordering all future attacks on State officials to be brought before military tribunals, and tried according to the laws in force in war time. General Mesentzoff's assassin has not yet been found, but he is believed to be the same person who lately killed Baron Heyking at Kieff. A "Second Eastern Loan" is shortly to be raised, with a capital of 3,000,000 roubles, the stock to be issued at ninety-three, to bear interest at five per cent., and to be redeemed in forty-nine years.

The health of the troops in CYPRUS is stated to be improving, the worst cases being 20 severely sick out of 180 at Nicosia, and 99 in 1,666 at Larnaka; 8 men have died since landing.

FRANCE.——The resignation of Marshal MacMahon is once more being talked about, but there appears little real likelihood of such an event, and the rumour is mainly due to certain Conservative prints, which are anxious to frighten such waverers as hover on the outskirts of the Republican camp, and to win them back to Conservatism. Thus it is declared that the Marshal will resign at the end of the Exhibition, and the chances of his successors are being freely discussed, yet no hint of resignation comes from official quarters, and the Minister of the Interior took a very jubilant view of the situation in an after-dinner speech at Mortagne. As English institutions are the pet models just now in France, M. de Marcère recommended the adoption of the British custom of formally discussing politics at public meetings, and spoke with enthusiasm of the success of the Republic, styling the coming January elections the crowning stroke of the edifice, and summing up his address as represented by the single word, "confidence." The Republicans are not altogether delighted with the speech, they consider that the Minister "did protest too much," and that this war-cry of "confidence" savours somewhat of anxiety to reassure the public against any suspicion of weakness in the Government. The Ministry, indeed, according to report, intend to render an account of their stewardship when the House meets, and to ask for a vote of confidence, which M. Gambetta has promised them, while it is further said that MM. Dufaure and Léon Say will retire, the latter Minister disagreeing with M. Gambetta on financial questions. M. Waddington has been more successful in his recent oration than his colleague, and his defence at Laon of the Berlin Treaty has been generally approved. He maintained the disinterestedness of France, which had won European respect, declared that the time for judging the Treaty was not yet come, and that the French Government would concentrate all its energies to its loyal execution. The Bonapartists, on their side, have not been silent, and M. Paul de Cassagnac has even admitted that the Republic has nothing terrible about it, and that as long as it remains moderate, Imperialism has no chance. Yet eventually, he believes, Radical opinions will prevail, and then back will come the Empire. Behind Robespierre there was a Bonaparte, behind 1848 there was a Bonaparte, why not behind Gambetta?

The distribution of the Exhibition prizes has been deferred till October 21st, in order to enable the Prince of Wales to be present, and the Deputies to attend in force, as the Chamber reopens on the 28th of October. A large platform is being built in the Palais de l'Industrie for the President, the foreign Princes, and the Ministers, the Diplomatic Body and officials sitting below, and bands and a large choir will enliven the ceremony, while the Palace will be extensively decorated inside and out.—A grand Peace meeting of working men took place at the Château d'Eau on Sunday, when there was a large assemblage of English delegates, and sympathetic letters were read from MM. Hugo and Louis Blanc, resolutions being adopted in favour of settling national disputes by arbitration instead of by war.—Most provincial towns will be represented at M. Thiers' anniversary mass at Notre Dame on Tuesday, the Russian Dukes Constantine and Alexis will be there, and the ceremony promises to be very imposing, as the cathedral will be entirely hung with black, and 1,200 Orpheonists will sing in the Mass.—There is no gossip proper in Paris, and the only theatrical novelty is a stupid comedietta at the 3ième Théâtre Français, *Les Pensionnaires du Général*, by M. H. Debry.

GERMANY.——The marriage of Prince Henry of the Netherlands, brother of the King of Holland, with Princess Marie, eldest daughter of Prince Frederic Charles, was celebrated at Potsdam on Saturday, the civil marriage taking place in the afternoon, and the religious ceremony being held in the evening, and being followed by the orthodox torchlight dance. The King of Holland was present, but neither of his sons. The Dutch are much pleased with the match, and are preparing a triumphal entry into the Hague and Amsterdam for the Royal pair. No marriage has taken place in the Royal family for twenty-five years, and there is not a Dutch Princess left to preside over the Court.—The Bill against the Socialists has been amended by the Judicial Council, and now enacts that the police authorities of the various States shall have power to prohibit Socialist associations, and substitutes a Committee from the Federal Council for the proposed Imperial Bureau for the trial of Press offences.—Nobiling is to be placed in a lunatic asylum under strict supervision, in order to decide whether his insanity is real or feigned.—Emperor William has gone to Gastein.—A serious shock of earthquake was felt on Monday at Cologne, Barmen, and the Rhine districts.

INDIA.——The prospects of success of the British Mission to Afghanistan are believed in India to have been materially improved by the death of the Heir Apparent, Abdullah Jan, Shere Ali's youngest and favourite son. This lad was proclaimed heir over his three elder brothers at the instance of his mother, who aided the Ameer to regain his throne; but Abdullah was weakly and of little promise, and his death opens up an opportunity for the British envoy to effect a reconciliation between Shere Ali and his second son, Yakoob Khan, who has been treacherously kept in prison at Cabul for eight years. Yakoob dislikes the British, but, if restored to his lawful heirship by their influence, must surely be drawn towards alliance with so friendly a Power, especially as Great Britain, unlike Russia, never acknowledged Abdullah Jan as heir apparent. Yakoob's two brothers are not formidable rivals, for Ibrahim Khan is no favourite with his father, and Ayub Khan is still in exile for rebellion; but there is a more formidable pretender in Ahmed Ali, the son of Shere Ali's favourite son, Mahomed Ali, who fell at Kajbaz. The British Mission is to reach Cabul at the beginning of October, at the end of the forty days' mourning for Abdullah Jan.—Affairs have so improved in Madras from the heavy rain, that able-bodied people are being dismissed from the relief works. In Mysore the population is increasing so rapidly that the produce of the land is becoming insufficient.

UNITED STATES.——The yellow fever epidemic is growing more serious, and in New Orleans the deaths average 40 per diem. The malady is spreading up the river, and is now affecting the negro as well as the white population. Nurses and subscriptions are coming from other cities, but the suffering and alarm are intense, all the inhabitants of Grenada being either sick or dying.—A fresh correspondence on the Halifax Award to England is to be opened by Mr. Secretary Ewarts. As however, the Senate Committee recommended that the award should be paid if the President deemed it due to the honour and good faith of the nation, it is difficult to see what purpose can be served by reopening the subject. The States also propose to negotiate a Reciprocity Treaty with Canada, the Dominion to adopt the same fiscal tariff.

MISCELLANEOUS.——There has been a slight earthquake in BELGIUM.—The Khedive of EGYPT had given up his entire estates to the State, and has accepted the report of the Committee of Inquiry into the Egyptian revenues, stating that he will adopt a radical change of system, and that his country is "no longer African but European." Nubar Pasha will accordingly form a new Ministry, in which Mr. Rivers Wilson will probably take the Finance Portfolio.—In AUSTRALIA, the Victorian Parliament has assembled and intends to discuss the reform of the Constitution, so as to avoid any repetition of the deadlock of last session.—BRITISH COLUMBIA is anxious to withdraw from the Dominion if the terms of union with Canada are not complied with by May next.

THE COURT

THE Queen and Princess Beatrice are now at Balmoral, having arrived on Tuesday from Broxmouth, where they had been staying with the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe. Her Majesty and the Prince and Princess left Osborne on Friday week, and travelling all night reached Dunbar Station on Saturday morning. Here Her Majesty was received on the platform by the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, the Earl of Haddington, the Lord Lieutenant of the county, and various municipal dignitaries, and subsequently drove with the Duke and Duchess to Broxmouth. On alighting from the train the Queen kissed the Duchess, and the Duke had the honour of kissing Her Majesty's hands. Dunbar had been gaily decorated in honour of the event, and when later in the afternoon Her Majesty drove through the town, the streets were lined with thousands of people, a thoroughfare being kept by the Volunteers and Militia. In the evening the Royal dinner-party consisted of Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, and the Marchioness of Ely. On Sunday morning Her Majesty walked in front of the Mansion House, where her writing table had been sent out to Cromwell's Mound, and Divine Service was subsequently held in the dining-room, the whole of the Royal party being present, and the Rev. Mr. Buchanan, the parish minister, officiating. Her Majesty afterwards walked on the sea-shore with the sons of Lord Charles Kerr, and then drove to Dunglass Castle, the seat of Sir Basil Hall. The Earl of Haddington and General Ponsonby joined the Royal dinner party in the evening. On Monday, Her Majesty planted a cedar tree in Broxmouth Park in commemoration of her visit, and subsequently drove to Tantallon Castle, passing on her way through Dunbar, where five hundred girls strewed flowers in the Queen's path. At Tantallon Castle Her Majesty was received by Sir Hew and Lady Hamilton Dalrymple, and Sir David Baird was presented to the Queen. Her Majesty returned to Broxmouth, visiting on the way a gipsy encampment, in which the gipsy-queen Reynolds was staying. The gipsies, on hearing that Her Majesty would visit them, erected a platform, on which Queen Reynolds sat in a purple dress, trimmed with white lace, and attended by a woman with a yellow handkerchief on her head, and a bright crimson shawl over her shoulders, and two men in red coats and white vests. The Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold left for Balmoral in the evening, being seen off at Dunbar Station by the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, the town being brilliantly illuminated. On Tuesday morning the Royal party arrived at Balmoral, being received at Ballater Station by a large crowd of people and a guard of honour of the 79th Highlanders. The Queen was expected to be present at the Braemar Gathering on Thursday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales remain in the Isle of Wight, and on Saturday the Prince, with his sons and the King of Denmark, went for a trip in H.M.S. *Thunderer* and visited the wreck of the *Eurydice*. On Monday the Prince, the King of Denmark, and the young English Princes Albert Victor and George made an inspection of Portsmouth Dockyard, lunching with Admiral Fanshawe, and subsequently witnessing some torpedo experiments from H.M.S. *Vernon*. On the passage to that vessel the launch conveying the Royal party became fixed on one of the mud banks of the harbour, and the Prince and his visitors had to exchange into another boat. The Prince of Wales is expected to visit Doncaster during the races next month.

The Duke of Connaught is still in Berlin, whither the Prince and Princess Christian have also gone. It is said that Prince William of Prussia will visit Scotland for some weeks next month.—The Empress of Austria is going to Ireland for the hunting season, and has leased Summerhill House, County Meath, from Lord Langford, for her residence.—The infant Prince Imperial of Japan is dead.

CHURCH NEWS

THE NEW BISHOPRICS ACT.——On Wednesday, the Act for the foundation of four new bishopries was issued. The preamble recites that it is expedient to provide increased episcopal supervision in certain parts of England, and the four dioceses are to be Liverpool, Newcastle, Southwell, and Wakefield. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners are empowered to receive public contributions for the endowment of any of the new bishoprics, and whenever they certify to Her Majesty that the annual value of the endowment fund, with the sum to be derived from a contributory bishopric, is not less than 3,500*l.* a year, or 3,000*l.*, with contributions to raise it within five years to 3,500*l.*, then Her Majesty by order in Council may "found" the new bishopric. So long as there is not a dean and chapter of any of the four new bishoprics Her Majesty may appoint the bishop by letters patent. The new Bishops of Liverpool, Newcastle, and Wakefield are to be the subject to the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of York, and that of Southwell to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The number of bishops sitting in Parliament is not to be increased.

THE WESLEYANS AND "ETERNAL PUNISHMENT."——The *Manchester Examiner* announces that the Rev. William Impey has resigned his office as General Superintendant of the Wesleyan Missions in South-Eastern Africa. Some time ago Mr. Impey wrote to the Mission Secretaries in London expressing his inability any longer to enforce on his brethren, or on the Kaffir converts of the Mission, the "plain grammatical sense" of the words in the Methodist standards, which require it to be taught that "hell is a dark and bottomless pit, full of fire and brimstone, in which the wicked will be punished for ever and ever, by having their bodies tormented by the fire and their souls by a sense of the wrath of God." At the request of the Secretaries he came to London, and conferred with them, and the result has been that he was compelled to resign his position. His connection with the Wesleyan ministry has thus ceased after serving as a missionary for forty years.

VARIOUS.——The Rev. K. B. Godolphin Osborne, son of Lord S. G. Osborne, has resigned the living of Dunston, and seceded to the Church of Rome.—On Saturday last the Most Rev. Dr. Macarthy, vice-president of Maynooth College, was consecrated Bishop of Kerry, in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Killarney. The consecrating Bishop was the Right Rev. Dr. Crooke. Among the laity present was Lord Kenmare, who read an address of welcome to the new bishop.—Mr. Spurgeon, who is again laid up with rheumatism, last Sunday sent the following characteristic letter to his congregation:—"Dear Friends,—Up to the last moment of yesterday evening I cherished the resolution of preaching to you, and prepared a sermon accordingly, although I was in great pain. This morning I found myself quite unable to rise, for I am afflicted in head, shoulders, and neck with fierce rheumatism; and therefore I must lie still, and endeavour patiently to bear the great Father's will. I am grieved to the heart to be so often laid aside, but I am in hopes in this instance the evil will not last many days. I will be with you on Thursday if able to move. I cannot tell why these afflictions are sent, but I entreat your prayers that they may be sanctioned to my own grace, and your edification. With warmest love, your afflicted pastor, C. H. Spurgeon, per C. Spurgeon, junior."

MUSIC

COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.——A general record of the continued success of these excellent concerts would almost suffice, but that since our last some interesting things have been done which require at least a passing notice. A feature in the programme of the "English night" was an extremely clever symphony, in F, by Mr. Hamilton Clarke, which we hope, not long hence, to have another opportunity of hearing. The performance, directed by the composer, was excellent throughout, and the symphony was received with manifest favour. Two orchestral movements, "Entr'acte" and "Rustic Dance," from Mr. Alfred Cellier's *Nell Gwynne*—also conducted by the composer—were found no less attractive. Mr. Carrodus (our representative English violinist) displayed to advantage his almost unlimited powers of execution in a showy and ingeniously contrived fantasia on Scotch melodies, which created a marked sensation, and the first part terminated brilliantly with Mr. Arthur Sullivan's spirited and characteristic *Ouvertura di Ballet*. The singers were Madame Edith Wynne, Miss Marie Davies, and Mr. Edward Lloyd, and the concert was altogether one of the best of the season. At the concert on Saturday M. Paul Viardot, son of Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia (not of Malibran and De Beriot, as has been stated), played Mendelssohn's violin concerto with great applause. This is the same concerto which introduced the very promising young artist to an English audience, at a Philharmonic Concert, not long ago. Now, as then, he was most entirely successful in the *andante* and *finale*, the opening *allegro* requiring still further thought and careful study to render it all that might be wished. The second *début* of M. Viardot was quite as successful as his first. Mendelssohn's splendid overture to *Ruy Blas*, and *L'Arlesienne* by the late regretted Georges Bizet, consisting of four movements—*Prelude*, *Minuetto*, *Adagietto*, and *Carillon*—were the other instrumental pieces of importance. Had Bizet lived to become a thorough master in the art of development, there is no knowing what he might not have done with the second movement of this *suite*. It is beautiful enough, however, as it stands, while each of its companions possesses marked character. The prominent feature of the miscellaneous programme was a well made and effective "selection" from Mr. Sullivan's delightful comic opera, *H. M. S. Pinafore*—due, we believe, to the pen of Mr. Hamilton Clarke. Under the direction of Mr. Arthur Sullivan himself, the whole was admirably executed by the orchestra, combined with the band of the Coldstream Guards; and nothing could be more finished and satisfactory than the various solos for flute, oboe, clarinet, ophecleide, and cornet, by Messrs. Radcliff, Horton, Lazarus, Hughes, and H. Reynolds. A set of quadrilles, entitled *Echoes of London*, written by Mr. C. Coote, jun., formed a light and pleasing addition to the programme. With regard to Monday's concert it will suffice to state that the B flat Symphony of Beethoven was played just as finely as its three precursors, and that there was a capital performance of Auber's overture to *Masaniello*, under the able direction of Mr. Cellier. On the fourth "classical" night (we wish some other epithet than "classical" could be chosen), the symphony was Spohr's gorgeous and picturesque *Weihe der Töne* (which Mr. Sullivan should know better than to translate "*Power* of Sound"), the only overture being Mendelssohn's prelude to the *Athalie* of Racine, one of the most earnest and magnificent of all his orchestral pieces. M. Paul Viardot introduced some rather time-worn variations by Corelli ("La Follia"), which he played remarkably well; and Mr. Lazarus charmed the entire audience by his truly impressive delivery of the *larghetto* from Mozart's clarinet concerto in A. Nothing is more congenial to the sympathetic tone and phrasing of our great clarinetist than the expressive slow melodies of the most tuneful of composers. A new young vocalist, Mdlle. Stella Faustina, with a very agreeable, if not powerful *soprano*, showed great acquirement, and still greater promise, in Rossini's "Una voce," and Bellini's "Ah! non giunge," the last of which she was compelled to repeat. Mdlle. Faustina, we understand, has studied with Mr. Maurice Strakosch, who first brought out Adelina Patti. The theatre has been crowded every night.

WAIFS.——Signor Boito's *Mefistofele*, an opera, which is making the circuit of Italy, and, if report may be believed, achieves success in every town, still awaits a hearing in London. What are Messrs. Gye and Mapleson about? Are they afraid that *Mefistofele* might interfere with the deserved popularity of Gounod's *Faust?*—Abbé Liszt has been entertained with an "*aubade*" by the Pirna *Liedergesellschaft*, at Weimar.—The Fenice at Venice will open again in the autumn, under the new management of Signor Brenello, an *impresario* not unknown to fame.—Madame Montigny-Remaury left London for Paris on Sunday. The performances of this lady at the Covent Garden concerts will not be easily forgotten.—*Boccaccio*, a new opera by that lively and popular, though rather superficial composer, Herr Suppé, is to be given at the Carl Theatre, Vienna, in the winter.—Madame Trebelli has been singing at Prague. She returns to Her Majesty's Theatre, for the performances at reduced prices, the new part assigned to her being that of the heroine of Bizet's *Carmen*, a somewhat trying ordeal, more especially in a dramatic sense, after the sensation created so recently by Miss Minnie Hauk.—The announcement that Mr. Carl Rosa's London season of English Opera will be held this season at Her Majesty's Theatre, though it has taken many by surprise, is hailed with general satisfaction. Bizet's *Carmen*, adapted especially by Mr. Henry Hersee for Mr. Rosa's company, will form one of the chief attractions; but who is to be the adventurous Carmen No. 3 has not yet been made known, though Mdlle. Dolaro has been spoken of.—Madame Christine Nilsson is in Paris, but returns to England very shortly, for her tour in the country with Mr. Pyatt, in which she is associated with Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and other distinguished artists.—The Imperial Opera House at Vienna has reopened with the *Prophète* of Meyerbeer. The rehearsals for Wagner's *Siegfried*, Part 3 of the Tetralogy of the *Ring des Nibelungen*, and for Gounod's pastoral opera, *Philémon et Baucis*, are meanwhile actively proceeding. The former will be directed by Herr Richter, whom we all remember as the Wagnerian conductor *par excellence*. Both Lisbon and Madrid are in treaty with Madame Christine Nilsson for the winter, but the accomplished *prima donna* has not yet made up her mind.—Dr. Hans von Bulow has been playing at Baden Baden. He returns immediately to his post as director of music at the Theatre Royal, Hanover, where he intends bringing out the Russian Glinka's opera, *Life for the Czar*.—The most popular dramatic composer for some time past at Prague is a Czech, called Smetano, who has produced several operas at the National Theatre, and who has a new one accepted by Herr Klicka, the manager. Smetano is both deaf and dumb.—The Swedish student vocalists from Upsala have been singing with applause at the Gurzenich, Cologne, where Dr. Ferdinand Hiller reigns supreme.—Mr. Mapleson has engaged our promising countryman, Mr. Pratt, as one of the principal baritones for his New York Operatic Company.—The popular Swedish composer, Hindblad (not "Lindblad") died but recently. Lindblad has been styled, not without reason, the "Scandinavian Schubert."

THEATRES

THE management of the GAIETY Theatre is hardly to be congratulated on the production of Mr. F. C. Burnand's *Jeames*, a dramatic version of Thackeray's "Jeames' Diary," in the guise of a "new and original comedy." "Jeames' Diary," which originally appeared in serial form in the pages of *Punch*, was never to our mind one of Thackeray's happiest conceptions, and it certainly has not been improved upon by being placed upon the stage, where the inherent vulgarity of the *parvenu* footman becomes rather repulsive and wearisome than amusing, while the utter improbability of the incidents depicted, though pardonable enough in burlesque or broad farce, is apt to jar upon the spectator when spun out to the length of a four-act comedy. In a preface to the play, Mr. Burnand tells us that in adapting the story he has "availed himself of all the exaggerations of character and incident which are of the essence of the original caricature, and has merely made such alterations as seemed to him necessary in order to suit the circumstances of the present time." Thus he has enriched his hero, William Blodder, *alias* Jeames de la Pluche, Esq., by means of mining speculations instead of through the railway mania of the days of King Hudson, as a caricature of which "Jeames's Diary" was originally written; while the chambers in the "Halbany" have been replaced by a house in Mayfair. The names of the characters, however, have been retained, and the main incidents of the story, with a few exceptions, generally adhered to. To briefly detail the plot, "Jeames" (Mr. Edward Terry), a footman in service of a banker, Sir John Aldgate (Mr. Squire), with the aid of some savings and a little money borrowed from his sweetheart, a fellow servant, Mary Anne Hoggins (Miss E. Farren), speculates in some shares in a gold mine, and suddenly, by a turn of Fortune's wheel, finds himself the possessor of 50,000*l.*, and the lion of the financial world. Under these circumstances, he at once enters "Society," breaks off all relations with Mary Anne, and becomes a favoured suitor for the hand of Lady Angelina (Miss E. Muir), the daughter of Lord and Lady Bareacres (Mr. J. Maclean and Mrs. Ball). After various humorous scenes, in one of which his washerwoman grandmother (Mrs. Leigh) and his gardener Uncle Bill (Mr. E. Royce) unexpectedly visit him in the midst of his grandeur, and though insulted by his guests, are welcomed by him, notwithstanding that they have driven over from Ealing in the "wegetable cart," Jeames gets up one morning to find that his agent Warren (Mr. Elton) has decamped that his banker (Sir John Aldgate) has followed suit, that Lady Angelina has eloped, that all his shares are worthless, and that he is only saved from immediate arrest through the instrumentality of Mary Anne. Jeames, now scorned by "Society," retires to his granny's cottage at Ealing, dutifully turns the mangle, and, after due probation, is permitted to marry Mary Anne, and is presented with a public-house by Lady Angelina. Although, as may be seen, *Jeames* is by no means lacking in incident, the dialogue is frequently exceedingly dull and spiritless, and the continued aspect of Mr. Terry attitudinising grotesquely, mispronouncing ordinary words, and misplacing his "h's," ends by becoming somewhat monotonous. Still, regarded as an interpretation of the character, Mr. Terry's portrayal of Jeames was admirable, and the contrast between the hero as the *parvenu* in all the pomp and glory of fortune, and as the broken-hearted washerwoman's help striving his utmost to repay the kindness of his relatives, was really excellent. Miss Farren, also, as the good-hearted Mary Anne, deserves high praise, while versatile Mr. Royce was a most life-like market-gardener. Mr. Soutar was amusing as Jeames' enemy, the butler Screw, while a meed of praise should be accorded to Miss Eveleen Rayne, who made a good deal of a small part—Emily, daughter of Sir John Aldgate. Indeed, the acting throughout was of a very high character, but the dialogue will have to be bountifully pruned before *Jeames* can be conscientiously pronounced a success.

The revival of *Our American Cousin* at its old home in the HAYMARKET calls for little comment, beyond that Mr. Buckstone has resigned the part of Asa Trenchard to Mr. Walter Bentley, who certainly has acquired—what Mr. Buckstone never did—a mastery of the idiosyncrasies of the American accent. Indeed, though his interpretation of the character is to our mind even too unrefined for a "down Vermont" man (we have never known an American who was in the habit of walking into a ladies' drawing-room with his hat on, calling the butler "Old Hoss," and doubling him up in the stomach), it is not without power; the scene where he reads the will being admirably rendered. There is no new feature about Mr. Sothern's Lord Dundreary; and the other parts, with two exceptions, were too inadequately filled to be worthy of mention. Miss Julia Stewart, however, deserves a word of praise as simple-minded May Meredith, while Miss Edith Challis fairly represents her more pretentious cousin Florence.

At the STRAND, Mr. George Honey displays his versatile powers as a comedian in a musical extravaganza, *An Ambassador from Below*, by Robert Brough and Sutherland Edwards, and also in Andrew Halliday's comedy of *Love and Money*. In the first-mentioned piece Mephistopheles junior, "the ambassador from below," plays tricks with the connubial bliss of two newly-married couples, and much fun results from the changed demeanour of the husbands and wives towards each other when "the devil is in them." Mr. Honey, who is the central figure, is ably supported by Miss Gourlay as an *ingénue* fresh from a convent school. In *Love and Money* Mr. Honey's Major Buncombe is extremely diverting, and Miss Gourlay and Miss Telbin render very efficient aid as the two daughters, one of whom marries for money and comes to beggary, while the other weds the man of her heart, a poor clerk, who by and by succeeds to a fortune. Each piece is plentifully spiced with expressions of more than doubtful meaning, but we are bound to add that these were received by the audience with evident approval and enjoyment.

The coloured troupe, as they are called, of actors and singers who have won great popularity in the United States, are to appear this evening for the first time in London at the PRINCESS'S Theatre, in a new dramatic version of Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. "One hundred freed slaves" will, according to the announcement, take part in the performance. The company bring with them complete scenery and accessories of a picturesque and elaborate character. It is hardly necessary to say that the coloured performers will only appear in the negro parts. The part of the ruffian Legree will be sustained by Mr. Rowe, the author of the play. It is said that the most remarkable scene in the performance is the plantation festival scene, in the course of which the company will sing and perform on their instruments a great number of plantation songs and choruses, and will dance a variety of characteristic dances.

The GLOBE Theatre, which has passed into the hands of Mr. Henderson, will re-open this evening with a new domestic drama in two acts, entitled, *Rag Fair and May Fair*. The author is Mr. Mackay. The drama will be followed by *Les Cloches de Corneville*, transferred here from the FOLLY, with some new features.—Mr. Phelps is, we are glad to learn, recovering from his recent severe illness. His return to the stage is shortly expected. The season at the COURT Theatre will be brought to a close on Saturday next, when *Olivia* will be performed for the last time.—The ROYALTY Theatre, lately in the hands of Miss Fowler, is to be opened shortly, under the management of Mr. W. H. Stephens.—The DUKE'S Theatre will re-open on Saturday next, under the management of Messrs. Holt and Wilmot, whose intention appears to be to devote the house to melodrama. The stalls and amphitheatre are to be abolished; pit, gallery, and boxes are accordingly to be the only recognised divisions.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.——The success which previously attended the removal of the site of the firework display to the Japanese Village induced Mr. James Pain, the Palace pyrotechnist, to repeat the experiment on Saturday last. The entire village and grove were illuminated by coloured fires, which, with the clouds of smoke that rolled upwards, produced a novel effect, the scene looking really like a wood on fire. The display also included a revolving device commencing with a triangular form in diamond jets, changing to larger intersecting circles studded with various gems, and surrounded with circlets of crimson and gold, the whole concluding with a revolving iris wheel of great brilliancy. There was also a "Great Japanese Fire Dragon," which the visitors however were unable to see in consequence of an ill wind that blew the smoke in an unfavourable direction. An important feature of the programme is the series of English Operas which has been running some time, the work selected on this occasion being Wallace's *Maritana*. Mr. J. W. Turner as Don Cæsar earned some well-merited applause, as also did Madame Blanche Cole, as the heroine. The Nubians bade farewell to the public, shaking hands with the audience with an easy unaffected grace. To-day, Auber's *Crown Diamonds* is the opera selected.

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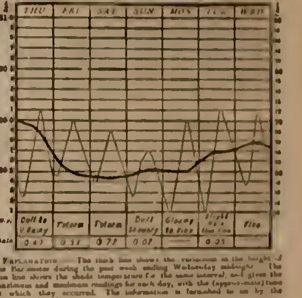
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

AUGUST 22ND TO AUGUST 28TH (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.——The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.——We have again to record a week of wet, changeable weather in which thunderstorms of unusual severity have been experienced all over the country, accompanied by large quantities of rain. The rains on Thursday (22nd), Friday (23rd), and Saturday (24th inst.), amounted to no less than 1·7 inches, and the thunderstorm on the last named day was exceptionally heavy, even in a stormy year, in and around London. Sunday (25th), Monday (26th), Tuesday (27th), and Wednesday (28th), were much finer in the south-eastern counties, but at midnight on Wednesday (28th inst.) the appearance was again threatening in the south, and on Thursday morning (29th) another thunderstorm passed over London, giving [illegible] of rain in [illegible] minutes of duration.

The barometer was highest ([illegible] inches) on Thursday (22nd); lowest ([illegible] inches) on Saturday (24th); range, [illegible] inches. Temperature was highest (70°) on Thursday (22nd) and Tuesday (27th); lowest (51°) on Monday (26th) and Tuesday (27th); range, [illegible]. Rainfall. Total fall was [illegible] inches on five days; greatest fall 0·72 inches, on Saturday (24th).

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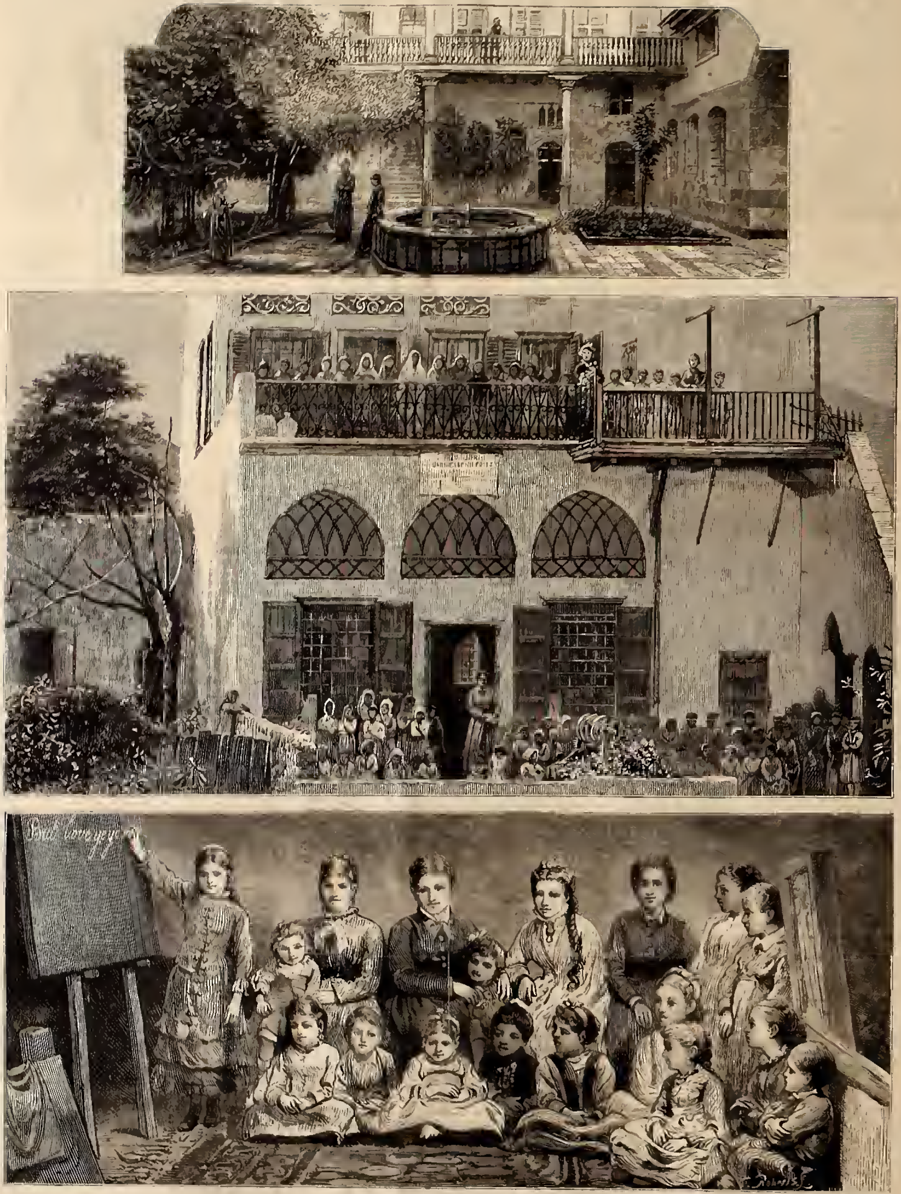
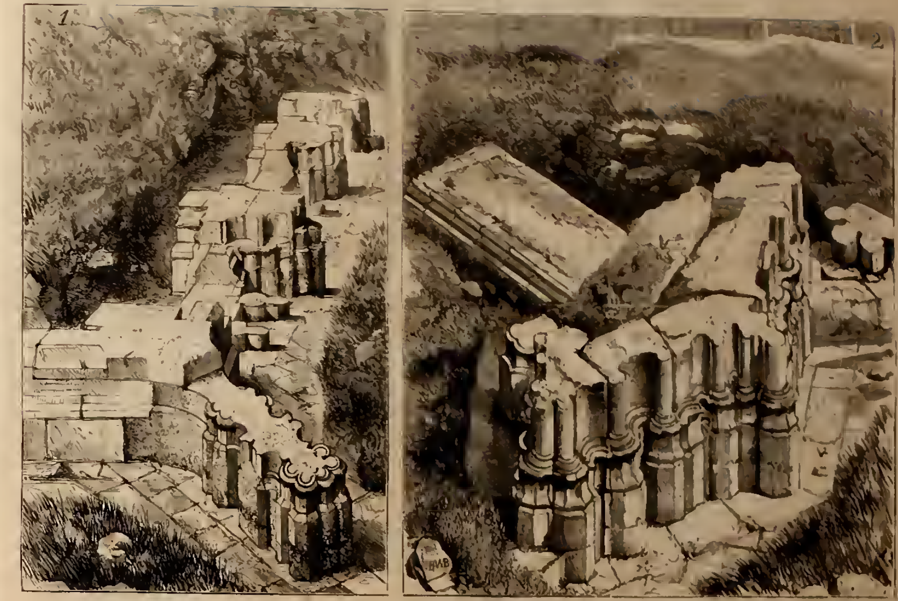
THE NOBLE REDSKINS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION are not altogether "what they seem," if we are to believe a Transatlantic contemporary, which states that "some 'real' North American Indians are masquerading at the Paris Exposition in a disguise consisting of beads, buckskin, and paint. The Parisians are led to believe that this is their native costume, whereas Americans know well enough that [illegible] Indian of the period wears an old stovepipe hat, dilapidated trousers, and a coat with a whiskey-bottle in the pocket."



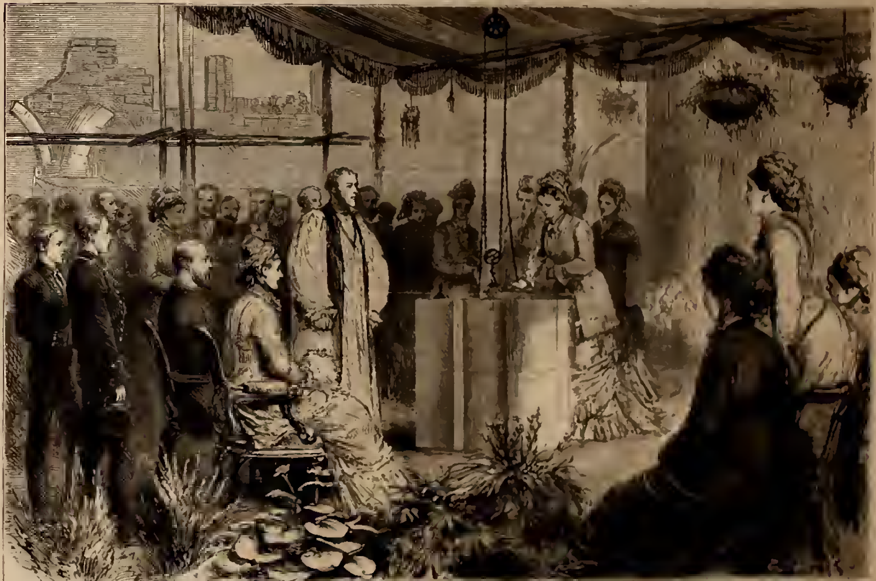
1. Courtyard of a School at Damascus.—2. The "Charlotte" Girl's School at Beyrout.—3. Girls' Class at Mrs. Mott's School, Beyrout.

AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND, IV.—BRITISH SYRIAN SCHOOLS



1. Remains of the East Walk of the Cloisters.—2. Respond and Angle Buttress of the Chapter House.

OLD ST. PAUL'S—THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED REMAINS OF THE CHAPTER HOUSE AND CLOISTERS



THE WILBERFORCE MEMORIAL CHURCH AT SOUTHAMPTON—THE PRINCE OF WALES RECEIVING SUBSCRIPTION PURSES FOR THE BUILDING FUND

LEGAL

Mr. Justice Keogh.——The *Evening Telegraph* of Dublin states that Mr. Justice Keogh had been since the last assizes suffering from a malady which, it is believed, culminated in homicidal mania. On two or three occasions lately he exhibited symptoms which led his friends to anticipate that his services as a judge would soon be closed, and they have now placed him under medical care and strict surveillance. Mr. Edward Keogh, of the Temple, however, writes that this report is premature, the learned judge's health being such as to give every hope that he will be able to resume his duties at the usual period. Some of the 'national' papers in Ireland have attacked the character of the unfortunate judge in the coarsest and most revolting language. The *Irishman* says that his fellow deceiver Sadleir, like Castlereagh, avenged his country by slaying himself, and "Men thought the patience of the Lord was long, but now, behold, we have seen Providence delayed over the greater culprit that his punishment might be the most awful of all." The *Nation* says that "Out of evil sometimes comes good. He will never again be allowed to indulge in fits of temporary insanity on the Bench. We shall have from him no more such insane performances as the Galway judgment, and the charge to the Derry Grand Jury." The *Weekly News* asks whether he will be put on his trial for the attempted assassination of his servant; complains that the Belgian police took no steps for the vindication of justice, and hints that there is a conspiracy to hush the matter up. It adds "John Sadleir killed himself, so the story goes, and now Keogh tries to kill another. The latter has not yet come to the end of the chapter. When he does he may find by experience that though 'the mill of God grinds slowly, yet it grinds exceedingly small.'" These comments have excited the greatest indignation amongst all classes in Dublin. The *Evening Mail* remarks, "Such brutal language is used, such shocking profanity indulged in, and such glaring glee fiendishly expressed, as it must pain every true Irishman to see printed on Irish soil."

The Metropolitan Police.——Another new department is to be formed at Scotland Yard, the "Public-house Register Department," in connection with which Mr. J. E. Davis, the legal adviser to the Chief Commissioner, has issued an order to the whole of the divisions within the metropolitan district, calling for returns of a most voluminous character. A report is to be furnished by the various superintendents, of every public-house on their grounds, and all particulars connected therewith. The value (approximate), the rental, and the rateable value of each house is to be given; also whether it was licensed under the old Act or new; the number of tenants it has had since the passing of the Act of 1872, what they were before they entered the business, and (in the case of those that have left the house) what they are doing now, whether the house bears a good name, or whether there have been any convictions against it or the holder of the license. The Committee of the Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society have advised the members of the trade to decline to answer any such queries. The Home Secretary has approved of the report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the pay and organisation of the Metropolitan police, and the alterations with regard to wages and promotion recommended by them will take effect from the 19th inst. The concessions thus granted are only looked upon by the men as an instalment of the good things in store for them.

Miscellaneous.——The longest Act of Parliament passed in the recent Session was to consolidate and amend the law relating to public health in Ireland. There are 294 clauses in the statute, and several schedules, extending to thirty-four sheets. The Act is divided into several parts, and treats on sanitary matters and infectious diseases. Among the penalties is one of 10*l.* for any person holding a "wake" over a person dying of an infectious disorder.—Mr. Knox, the senior magistrate at the Marlborough Police Court, has retired from the bench owing to continued illness. He was appointed about thirteen years ago.—Horsemonger Lane Gaol is to be closed from to-day (Saturday). Remanded prisoners from the South London police-courts will be sent to the Clerkenwell House of Detention, and others to Wandsworth Gaol.—M. Lambri's action for libel against *Truth* will be removed by writ of *certiorari* to the Court of Queen's Bench in the event of a "true bill" being found against the defendants at the Central Criminal Court.—Mrs. Roushy has quarrelled with her husband about the possession of their child, a girl aged eight; and each declares that the other is not a proper custodian. The case was last week heard before Mr. Justice Manisty, who ordered the child into the keeping of Mrs. Roushy's sister, with liberty to the mother to have access to it from time to time.—Mr. Scott Russell, the well-known engineer, and four of his workmen, were last week charged with committing an assault upon a solicitor's clerk who had been sent to take possession of Mr. Russell's house and lands at Sydenham on an order of foreclosure. Mr. Rook, the complainant, said that he produced the legal documents, but Mr. Russell refused admission to the men he had brought with him; and struck him several times. He was eventually ejected from the house. A cross-summons was taken out by Mr. Russell, who deposed to being assaulted by Rook while forcing a second entrance into his house. With regard to forcing Rook and his two men out, he had sanctioned his gardener to get the assistance of eight or nine men to remove the intruders, and the men engaged were ordered not to use violence, and nothing but "gentle violence" was used. Rook was followed by three men along the hall, and walked down the stairs of the back kitchen, and passed out of an open door into the road. The case was ultimately adjourned to the Quarter Sessions at Maidstone, the defendants' recognisances being accepted.—On Sunday last the police made a raid upon a gaming house in Whitechapel. They forced their way in and saw eleven men sitting at two tables on which were piles of money and cards. There was an immediate rush, some making for the door, others for the window, and some scrambling for the money on the tables. When quiet had been somewhat obtained, and the men told they were all in custody, the house was searched. Large quantities of playing cards were found. The occupant of the house, his wife, and eighteen men were arrested on Monday, and taken before the magistrate, who discharged the woman, but imposed a fine of 50*l.* on the keeper of the house, and one of 5*l.* upon each of his guests. Some of the fines were paid, but the majority of the prisoners were locked up. One of the accused said that in three weeks he had lost 25*l.* in the house at card playing.—A young man is in custody at Dover on a charge of robbing his father of 1,150*l.* worth of foreign bonds. He appears to have fallen in love with a girl whom he met in the town, and, being unable to obtain his father's consent to their union, he absconded with the cashbox and got married secretly.—The other day a "confidence trick" practitioner was cleverly checkmated by a gentleman whom he sought to victimise. They met in one of the parks, and the usual story of suddenly acquired fortune and charitable intentions having been told, the gentleman was asked to show his confidence by giving up his money for a short time. He, however, pretended that he had only an order for 1,000*l.* with him, and agreed to meet next day, and when the unsuspecting rogue kept the appointment he was given into custody. Some "Bank of Elegance" and "Bank of Engraving" notes were found upon him, and he now lies under remand on a charge of attempted fraud.—At Bristol a boy-burglar, aged fifteen, is in custody for a series of robberies committed during the past six weeks at houses the occupants of which had left home for their summer holiday. The stolen property found at his lodgings, and produced in court, consisted of books, pictures, linen, and other articles, and was valued at several hundreds of pounds. His plan was simply to break into the house and pack a portmanteau with any valuables which he could find, and then go off by tram or cab. Various house-breaking tools were found in his rooms, some sensational books, including "Jack Sheppard" and a periodical called "Jack Harkaway in America," the covers of which were adorned with engravings of revolvers and bowie-knives. The youthful cracksman is said to be respectably connected, but he has already served two years in a reformatory.—There is something in a name, after all. A man named Joseph Grimaldi was taken before Mr. Flowers on Tuesday charged with being drunk in Regent Street on the previous evening. The magistrate thought that it would be a pity that such a famous name should be disgraced by a conviction, so the offender was let off with a caution.—On Sunday night a convict under sentence of fourteen years' penal servitude for burglary escaped from Chatham Prison. He tore up the stone pavement of his cell, and made his way through some brick-work into the ventilating flue, at the end of which he removed some bricks from a wall, and thus got into the corridor, and thence to the yard, the wall of which he scaled by means of a gas-pipe which he tore from the building. All this was done without attracting the attention of the night-watchmen on duty inside and outside the prison. After regaining his liberty he is supposed to have broken into a house occupied by the engineer of the prison, and helped himself to some wearing apparel, a knife, a hammer, and an opera-glass; and subsequently to have visited a barge at one of the wharves, from the cabin of which he took some more clothing and some money. The usual reward of 5*l.* is offered for his re-arrest.—Some curious statistics are furnished by the Lunacy Commissioners of the causes of insanity, supplementary to those which were published some time ago. Out of 1,221 paralytics admitted into asylums, &c., in England and Wales in one year, it seems that the insanity of 49 was attributable to domestic trouble and bereavement, 9 to religious excitement, 76 to business anxieties and pecuniary difficulties, 1 to a love affair, 58 to mental anxiety, 6 to fright and nervous shock, 272 to intemperance, 42 to over work, 38 to sunstroke, 57 to accident or injury, 103 to hereditary causes, whilst in 178 cases the cause of insanity was unknown.

BIRTH.

On the 23rd inst., at [illegible], Upper Addiscombe, the wife of Alfred P. Young, of twin daughters.

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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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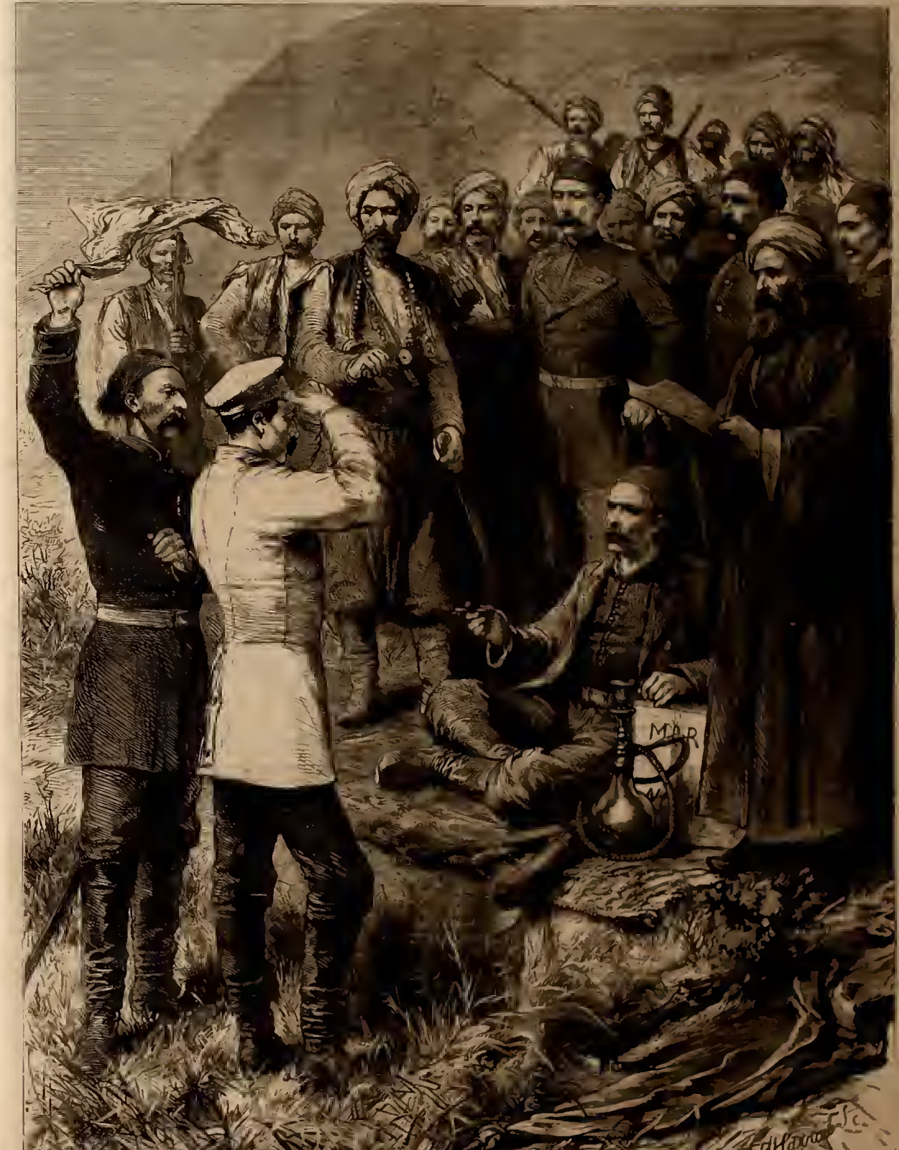

THE RHODOPE INSURRECTION—UNBLINDING THE BEARER OF A RUSSIAN FLAG OF TRUCE BEFORE HYDAYET BEY AT GABROVA

Topics of the Week

THE COLLISION ON THE THAMES.——By a curious coincidence, the inquiry into the loss of the *Eurydice* had hardly come to an end when the country was called upon to sorrow for an even more awful calamity. Scarcely a single element of horror is absent from the dreadful collision which happened on the Thames last Tuesday evening. The *Princess Alice*, with a freight of some 700 happy holiday people on board, was steaming up the river just below Woolwich, when, through one cause or another, she came into collision with an outward-bound screw collier, and within five minutes the pleasure boat went down like a stone. During the brief interval between the collision and the sinking the wildest panic seems to have prevailed on board, so that nothing could be done by the captain or crew towards saving the passengers' lives. Indeed, had every one remained perfectly calm and collected, the result could not have been otherwise than it was, as the means and appliances for saving life on board the *Princess Alice* were utterly inadequate for so many people. As to which vessel was to blame for the collision, a considerable conflict of opinion exists among those who witnessed the tragedy. We believe that the saloon boats do not very readily answer the helm, while their great length necessarily makes them somewhat slow in turning. From the account given by one of the survivors, it would almost appear that the captain of the *Princess Alice* did not see the big collier until a collision was inevitable. There must have been nearly complete darkness when the accident happened, as it was about eight o'clock, and no moon up. The question that presents itself in presence of this fact is as to whether both vessels carried the regulation lights. As a rule, sea-going steamers are very particular in this respect, but we have known the precaution postponed on board pleasure-boats until some time after darkness had set in. On the river below bridge it is commonly said that every one had better get out of the road of steam colliers, as they make room for nobody. We are not aware whether any grounds exist for this innuendo, but the utterly unaccountable nature of the accident leaves no room for doubting that there must have been the most culpable negligence on board one vessel, if not in both. A more awful calamity has rarely happened under circumstances which were apparently all on the side of safety, and it is due to those who now receive the heart-felt sympathy of the nation that the fullest and most searching inquiry should be made into the cause of the catastrophe which has wrenched from them their nearest and dearest.

PHYSICIANS' FEES.——This subject, in its various bearings, has been pretty well threshed out in our daily contemporaries, and need not here be discussed at any length. Our inclination is to side with the physicians. If a physician's opinion was worth a guinea in Queen Anne's time, it is surely worth two guineas now, not only because the purchasing-power of money has diminished, but because the modern physician has (owing to the two centuries of progress which have since intervened) a more valuable commodity to sell than the contemporaries of Radcliffe had. We suspect that the people who growl at the two-guinea fee belong for the most part to that valetudinarian tribe, who run about from one physician to another, and who are always anxious to have a fresh opinion on their case. But why should the amount of the fee which a physician considers to be his proper due be made a matter of such delicacy and mystery? In their aversion to the methods pursued by quacks, respectable medical men are apt to rush into the opposite extreme. Why should it be contrary to etiquette for a physician or surgeon to advertise his business in the public prints? Already he advertises himself by placing his name in the Post Office Directory, and still more by fixing a brass plate on his door. Why should a brass plate be the right thing, and a newspaper advertisement be utterly objectionable? They are both means of attaining publicity. As matters now stand, a man who, after years of sound health, has occasion to consult a physician, finds himself quite at a loss where to go. He neither knows the names of the best men, nor who is likely to be the best man for his special case. The local practitioner could tell him, but he does not always care to ask the local practitioner such a question. It is like asking a disengaged cabman the way to a place without hiring his cab. We think the leaders of the medical profession generally would do well to put some of their dignity in their pockets, and take means to inform the public (collectively, if they please) of their hours of attendance, the fees which they expect, and the class of ailments to which they pay special attention. If they shrink from advertising in the newspapers, why should not a board containing the above information be hung in the entrance halls of the principal London hospitals? One result, we feel sure, would be that a good deal of money which now goes into the pockets of quacks and humbugs would be earned by men who would give what the Scotch call "excellent value" in exchange for their fees.

THE SITTINGBOURNE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.——The coroner's inquest on the victims of the shocking railway accident at Sittingbourne has terminated in a verdict equivalent to a finding of manslaughter against two of the *employés*. As these men are now awaiting trial, the question of their guilt or innocence cannot be touched upon. But there are some circumstances in connection with the disaster which are open to comment. The evidence given before the coroner showed that, even if the best possible form of brake had been fitted to the express train, a collision must have been inevitable, as the train could not have come to a standstill before reaching the goods vans. Colonel Rich even gave it as his opinion that the safest course would have been for the driver of the express to put on high speed and rush his train through the obstruction. It seems, however, that had the interlocking system been adopted at Sittingbourne, and had continuous brakes been fitted to the express, the driver would have had just sufficient time to pull up before collision. A suggestion has been thrown out in some quarters that no shunting should be allowed at any station when a through train is expected. We quite agree with this opinion, so far as shunting on to the main line goes. But to stop shunting on sidings in this peremptory fashion would bring about a congestion of the goods traffic, and this might have the untoward effect of increasing the number of accidents. Nor do we make much of the proposal that through trains should slacken speed when approaching stations at which they are not intended to stop. If this nervous counsel were followed, there would soon be an outburst of public indignation against the inordinate slowness of the railways. Even as it is, the general complaint against the southern lines runs somewhat to this effect, and there would be a pretty to-do if Brighton, or St. Leonard's, or Ramsgate were removed another hour's rail journey further from the metropolis. The chief requirement on the holiday railways seems to be the doubling of the main lines within twenty or thirty miles of London. Delays are constantly being caused by the congestion of traffic within this radius, and, of all the causes of railway accidents, a want of punctuality is perhaps the most fertile.

GERMAN *versus* ENGLISH CLERKS.——The commercial clerk—unless he possesses a special knowledge of goods or markets, in which case he scarcely comes under the denomination of clerk—is rarely too well paid. Nor can he venture to try and better his position by striking for higher wages. When the masons employed at the Law Courts struck last year substitutes had to be procured from the Continent and from America. But there are so many men who can write and cipher, who can make out invoices and answer letters, that the place of a recalcitrant clerk is very easily filled up. It is for this reason, no doubt, that in many commercial houses (to the detriment of the regular professional clerks) so much of the work is done by unpaid youths whose parents send them into the City in hopes that they will there find the road to competency. But of late years the old-fashioned clerk has found himself confronted with a new and a still more formidable competitor. Foreign houses — especially German houses — have increased enormously in number. It was natural that these houses should employ clerks of their own nationality, but by degrees these German clerks have overflowed their original limits, and are now found serving English firms to the manifest displacement of home-grown quill-drivers. What are the special merits of these Teutonic invaders? They are patient and persevering, they live cheaply and are therefore ready to accept low pay, but, above all, they are excellent linguists. The great majority of them are thoroughly conversant with three languages, whereas it is rare to find an Englishman of the clerk class who understands any tongue but his own. The reason of this of course is, not that the English are naturally more stupid than the Germans, but that it is of more consequence for a German to learn English than for an Englishman to learn German. A German who only knows German is practically deaf and dumb directly he leaves the Fatherland, parts of Switzerland and Austria excepted; whereas the Briton may circumnavigate the world, he may cross the American Continent, and penetrate to the Antipodes without quitting the company of English-speaking men and women. The fact that we have an Empire on which the sun never sets decidedly tends to make us bad linguists. And if the French, like ourselves, are awkward at foreign languages, it is because they also have an Empire, not of material acres, but of art, of grace, and of wit, which extends all over the civilised world. It is, however, cold comfort to possess world-wide empires, whether intellectual or material, provided you cannot earn a living. The Frenchman in Paris finds himself elbowed out by the Belgian and the Italian, just as the Englishman in London is displaced by the German. Meanwhile, what can be done to place our clerks on a par with their foreign rivals? The only real remedy is to afford our middle classes the opportunity of as cheap and efficient an education as their German cousins receive. And surely this ought not to be impossible. Otherwise, in these days of keen competition, we run serious risk of being outdone, not merely in the counting-house, but in almost every department of enterprise.

AUSTRIA AND THE PORTE.——There are not wanting some indications that the Porte has at last determined to withdraw from any further resistance, direct or indirect, to the wishes of Europe. It is true that the projected Austro-Turkish Convention hangs fire, but, on the other hand, the resistance of the Bosnian Mahomedans appears to be languishing for the want of more effective assistance from the Turkish commanders. Away in Armenia, the conditions of the Berlin Treaty are receiving practical ratification by the withdrawal of the Ottoman forces from the territory annexed by Russia. The Lazis, too, who a little while ago were so full of fight, are now reported to be more inclined for emigration. They appear to have entertained a conviction that, in the last resort, the Sultan would give Dervish Pasha orders to retain possession of Batoum and the neighbouring territory at any cost, thus, perhaps, bringing England into the field. Fortunately, the Sultan saw the uselessness of continuing the abortive struggle, and there accordingly seems every reason to expect that Batoum will pass into Russian hands without fruitless bloodshed. While trusting, in the interests of humanity, that this may prove the case, it is impossible to help feeling profound pity and sympathy for the Lazis. Muscovite government may possibly be the most charming thing in the world, but these primitive people fail to see it in exactly that light. They prefer—it may be a strange aberration of taste—the form of rule which they and their forefathers have lived under with tolerable contentment from time immemorial. The Turkish Pasha is not, perhaps, the most capable administrator in the world, for, sooth to say, he possesses a terribly itching palm. But in this respect, a Russian general is fully his equal, while the latter has the additional demerit, in Moslem eyes, of being a pestilent infidel. If Wales were suddenly handed over, "bag and baggage" to the high-souled Shah of Persia, the sons of the Cymry would, we fancy, be mightily disposed to emigrate into England, sooner than live under the beneficent rule of that exalted Paynim. The Bosnians and Lazis are quite as strict patriots as the Welsh, and hence there will be little reason for astonishment, if they forsake their native countries before the advancing tide of Austrian and Russian civilisation. The necessity is deplorable, but submission to *kismet* seems every way preferable to a profitless slaughter of human beings, even when they happen to belong to an "unspeakable" race.

THE SO-CALLED "SILLY SEASON."——When electric telegraphs were unknown, and railways were in their infancy, there was some propriety in the time-honoured jokes about the "silly season." In those days editors did really sometimes run short of news, and so were ready to give admission to paragraphs about gigantic gooseberries and other wonderful phenomena, which they would ruthlessly have excluded during the busier months of the year. But now that steam and lightning have practically reduced the whole world to the size of a county, and when special or occasional correspondents are dotted about all over the globe, there is never any lack of news. At the same time there is, from a journalistic point of view, a good deal of difference between June and September, and, so far from September being the height of the "silly season," the newspapers are, in the opinion of many people, more interesting now than when all the world is in London. There are no public banquets with their carefully-reported speeches; there are no Drawing-rooms or Levées, with their serried ranks of proper names; above all, there is no Parliament, with its long-drawn debates. The space thus saved can be occupied with other matter, and many newspaper readers incline to think that a lively discussion as to whether a physician ought to be paid one guinea or two, or as to the true shape of a bee's cell, is quite as interesting and profitable as the name of Lady Sophonisba Jones in a portentous list of fashionables, or a platitudinarian after-dinner speech, or a Home Rule squabble in the House of Commons. Moreover, the political foreign correspondent is no longer to the fore this autumn as he was during the spring and early summer, and when we remember that the few grains of solid fact which he imparted to us were usually served up in a huge quantity of vague surmise and rumour, we do not regret that he has temporarily retired into the background, and that his place is supplied by descriptions of sundry holiday resorts. Altogether, so far from this being the "silly season," we hold that the daily newspapers display some of their most attractive features during those balmy weeks when summer is gradually gliding into autumn.

THE LOSS OF THE "EURYDICE."——The *Eurydice* Court Martial has terminated in a finding evidently attributable to the influence of the maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. It was only natural that a tribunal composed of officers belonging to the same service as Captain Hare, who were aware of how greatly that most gallant gentleman was respected and loved in the Navy, should find it impossible to say a word against the dead man. Yet the finding cannot be considered satisfactory, for it affirms that the loss of the *Eurydice* was beyond human power to prevent. In other words, that whenever one of Her Majesty's ships is caught in a squall near the Isle of Wight, she must inevitably go to the bottom. While wishing to pay every honour to the memory of as fine a seaman and as zealous an officer as ever trod a British quarter-deck, we must demur to the Court's finding that no one was to blame for the foundering of the ill-fated *Eurydice*. The facts of the case are so very simple that it does not need much nautical expertness to arrive at reasonably sound judgment. In the face of a steadily falling barometer, Captain Hare covered his ship with canvas from deck to truck, and at the same time left some of her lee ports open. This was risky work enough, in all conscience, but he increased the danger by hugging the land, so that any squall coming over the Wight could only be seen from the deck of the ship just before it struck her upper sails. And, when matters were in this perilous state, a large portion of the crew were allowed to go below, instead of remaining on deck to lend a hand at taking in sail. It is scarcely possible to doubt that the *Eurydice* would have reached Spithead in safety, had her commander adopted only one of three possible precautions. It was open to him to give attention to the stern warning of the barometer either by shortening sail, or by closing the lee ports, or by giving the land a wide offing. Justifiable pride in the seamanship acquired by his originally "ragged" crew unfortunately made him over confident, and it also may have influenced him to carry on so close to land by way of showing the smartness of his well-loved lads. Thus there is an ample field for extenuation, and we quite agree that it would be an evil thing for England if her naval commanders were to show any lack of daring. But to say that no one was to blame for the loss of the *Eurydice* seems to be stretching the *De mortuis* maxim to the breaking point.

A NEW SOCIALIST ORGAN.—England is confessedly the land of free speech, and for this reason doubtless has been chosen as the birthplace of a Socialist Revolutionary journal called *La Guerre Sociale*, the first number of which (published in French and Italian) is to appear on the 20th inst. We doubt if any Continental Government would sanction the publication of a journal preceded by such a thoroughgoing—not to say bloodthirsty—prospectus as that which lies before us, but perhaps, for the sake of attracting subscribers, the prospectus is more violent than the forthcoming journal, just as the painted lion outside the wild beast show is far bigger and fiercer than the real lion inside. The prospectus begins by frankly stating that journals are all very well, but that the musket is by far the better weapon of the two, and that mere discussion is of little avail when a cannon is pointed at your breast. *La Guerre Sociale* is intended "to plead the cause of the hungry against the full, of the workmen who ask for bread and freedom in exchange for their labour against those who lord it over the world seated on a pile of corpses." With regard to property; all property, whether consisting of land, machinery, or of other instruments of labour, is to be held in common, the right of their complete product being reserved to the producers. In this last sentence there is nothing very terrible to the political economist if it means, as we take it, that each workman is entitled to the additional value which his labour has conferred on a commodity. But when we go on to read that wages, inheritance, and usury are all to be abolished, we feel that we are stepping out of the actual world into a Utopia. Hitherto we have steered clear of theology. But the next paragraph informs us that *La Guerre Sociale*, "the foe to God, will join issue with this monstrous metaphysical conception in order to avenge Science, and to confound the band of hypocrites who by the perpetuation of this fable have for long carried on a base and scandalous traffic." When we bear in mind that the God here spoken of is God as depicted by the Roman Catholic priest, we need not be surprised at this outburst. What surprises us far more is that these modern Socialists are so oblivious of the teachings of History. Against whom would they use the muskets of which they boast? We presume they intend to use these weapons against kings and capitalists. But these words "king" and "capitalist" are capable of indefinite extension. They soon come to mean anybody who exercises any authority, or who has any property. Thus it was that the Socialists of 1793, who began by cutting off the head of a king, found themselves within a twelvemonth shedding torrents of plebeian blood. And the worst of it is that this violence is invariably followed by despotism. As M. de Cassagnac says, "After Robespierre marches Bonaparte." After the frothy absurdities of *La Guerre Sociale*, it is quite refreshing to turn to the programme of the Trades Union Congress which meets next Monday at Bristol. Here, possibly, we have Radicalism, but it is good, sturdy, English Radicalism, which courts discussion, and proposes to achieve its aims by fair argument and persuasion.

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Our Illustrations

THE RHODOPE COMMISSION

As soon as the Berlin Congress had concluded its work an International Commission was formed at Constantinople in order to investigate the grievances of the malcontents in the Rhodope Mountains, where the Mahometan inhabitants of the surrounding districts were maintaining open insurrection against the Russians, and also to inquire into the state of the refugees in the neighbourhood, and the ill-treatment which it was asserted they had received at the hands of the Russians and the Bulgarians. A Russo-Turkish Commission had already vainly tried to induce the Rhodope insurgents to come to terms, but it was thought that an International Commission composed of Austrian, German, British, Russian, French, Italian, and Turkish delegates, as representatives of the Seven European Powers, would be able to exercise a stronger influence. The Commissioners accordingly started towards the end of July for Philippopolis, but finding that the roads thence to the mountains were bad, and that considerable difficulty would be experienced in reaching the villages, they returned to Adrianople, and travelled to the Rhodope range by way of Lagos. On arriving in the affected districts they at once entered diligently upon their work of inquiry, visiting the various points, and making personal investigations into the complaints of the refugees and of the insurgents. Although the official report has not yet been published, it is manifest that the most revolting details of outrages and cruelties committed by the Bulgarians and the Russian soldiery were proved to be true, the most horrible stories of the ill-treatment of women and girls, literally by the score, and of the bayonetting of children, being related by the unfortunate refugees, while whole villages were found to have been destroyed, and their inhabitants expelled and despoiled of all they possessed. The Russian delegate left the Commission and returned to Constantinople before the inquiry had terminated, declaring his dissatisfaction at the mode in which it was being conducted, and alleging that the Commissioners were rather seeking out Russian outrages than performing the work for which they had been appointed—to ascertain the best means of ameliorating the condition of the refugees and of restoring them to their homes. In fact, the Russians had been averse to the Commission from the beginning, and had at first attempted to confine the sphere of the inquiry to outside the Russian lines. The Russian people are also highly indignant at the stories which have been published of the cruelties committed by their troops, accuse England of trying to gain popularity in Bulgaria, and are discounting the official report by declaring the Russian commanders incapable of committing such atrocities. Our sketches represent two episodes during the stay of the Commissioners at Gabrova. The first represents the reception of a Russian flag of truce by Hydayet Bey, a chief of the insurgents, and the unblinding of the Russian Parlementary. The Turkish officer unblinding the Russian messenger [Colonel Dimitrieff] is the *aide-de-camp* to Rahi Bey, and the officer sitting down is Hydayet Bey. The other personages are as follows, beginning from the right: Hadji Ibrahim Effendi, second secretary to Hydayet Bey, Skinder Bey and El Hass Bey, *aides-de-camp*, Mullah Murad, and Fesulah, the Chief of the Insurgent Cavalry. In the second sketch the European Commissioners are busy at work at Gabrova, examining the victims of Russian brutality at Kuskalar. Consul Fawcett is interrogating the unfortunates; and the remaining Europeans are the various members of the Commission.

THE TYNEMOUTH AQUARIUM

The new Aquarium and Winter Garden at Tynemouth, which was last week opened by Mr. T. E. Smith, M.P., the hon. member for the borough, has been erected by an enterprising company at a cost of about 80,000*l.*, the architects being Messrs. Norton and Mason of London. The building stands upon the precipitous cliff overlooking the Long Sands, and has a magnificent sea frontage. It has two floors, the lower being devoted to the Aquarium and the upper to the Winter Garden. The Aquarium Hall is 210 feet in length by 50 feet in width, and upon the same level are refreshment saloons, dining room, billiard room, cellar, and apartments for the attendants. In the basement beneath are an arcade of novel construction, and the heating chamber, reservoir, and engine room. The Winter Garden is above and of the same dimensions as the Aquarium, and the walls are of stone filled in with glass, the dome shaped roof being of iron and glass. The wings, which are not yet completed, will each contain an entrance-hall, supper and billiard room, with various business offices, and a high tower upon the roof of which a large water tank will be placed as a means of protecting the buildings from fire. The Winter Garden is already well supplied with choice plants of many varieties, and a grand organ has been erected at one end of the hall. The Aquarium, though by no means full, has yet a great many interesting specimens collected by Mr. Howard Birchell, the Company's naturalist, who has been engaged during the past twelve months in preparing the tanks for their reception. There are nineteen tanks in all, ten of which are filled with fresh water, and the remainder with sea water, and through these a constant circulation is kept up at the rate of 14,000 gallons per hour.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE MAIL STEAMSHIP "[illegible] CASTLE,"

which conveyed the first detachment of troops and military stores from Capetown to East London at the commencement of the Kaffir War, and in which [illegible]

THE NEW AQUARIUM AND WINTER GARDENS AT TYNEMOUTH

THE RHODOPE INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION—EXAMINING SUFFERERS FROM KUSKALAR, AT GABROVA

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP "DUNROBIN CASTLE"

BRINGING IN KAFFIR PRISONERS AT KING WILLIAMSTOWN

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

from England, is one of sixteen steamers employed by Messrs. Donald Currie and Co. in the Cape and Natal Royal Mail Services. She is 342 feet long, 38 feet broad, and 28 feet deep, has a tonnage of 3,000 tons, and was built by Messrs. R. Napier and Co., of Glasgow, the well-known Clyde builders, who also constructed her engines, which are of great power. Her average speed is twelve knots per hour, and she can accommodate a hundred first class, seventy second class, and a hundred third class passengers. The cabins are of the most ample description; every arrangement being made on board for the comfort and convenience of passengers. The dining-room is a square saloon extending across the ship, lighted from the sides and by a cupola in the centre, securing excellent ventilation.

The ladies' cabin is a commodious and handsomely-furnished apartment, and the state rooms throughout are well ventilated. On the upper deck there are extra state rooms and a smoking room, and in order to prevent the inconvenience arising from cooking on the spar deck, which is common on many vessels, the galley, with excellent bakery, butcher's shop, vegetable lockers, and other conveniences attached, is placed upon the upper deck. In the centre of the vessel an extensive promenade deck is provided for passengers.

"Bringing in Kaffir Prisoners" was an every-day incident at King Williamstown, at the time when our artist's sketch was taken. The native soldier marching proudly behind belongs to the friendly Fingoes, who have fought with us against the rebel tribes. The *Army and Navy Gazette* says that the local defences are about to be entirely re-organised by General Thesiger and his staff. The corps of Mounted Riflemen is to be resuscitated, and will consist of 1,000 men, and there is also to be a force of Yeomanry Cavalry 3,000 strong, and a Burgher Force in which every man from 18 to 30 years of age will be called upon to serve in the event of danger. The statements that the war was practically at an end in consequence of the death or capture of the principal rebel chiefs appear to have been premature. The *Times* of Tuesday last contains a letter from Kimberley dated July 31, in which the writer says that no greater mistake could be made than to think so. If we were lulled into any such idea, and for one moment lacked our vigilance, there would be a general rising of the blacks, who would then show us no mercy. There is certainly something more than ordinary in the wind, for at Litaklong the other day several of the prisoners captured belonged to tribes living hundreds of miles away. They came on business—and that business was war. If that surmise is right, we shall want about four times the number of European troops, or, what would be as good, natives from India, to cope with them. The blacks are for the most part well armed, fight well, and in some instances, I think, are commanded by Europeans. In a few of the fights I have noticed orders being sent to the front from certain points in the rear, and that is certainly not the way a native chief would carry out a battle or conduct himself during one. Again, the earthworks we took at Litablong were never planned by any Kaffir. I never saw anything like them in this country; and how could they know anything about such works?"

AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE IN THE HOLY LAND. V.

At the foot of Mount Gerizim is situated a cistern which Jews, Christians, and Muslims agree is the Well of Jacob, mentioned in Genesis xxxiii. 19. The cistern is seventy-five feet deep, and a long rope is required for the purpose of drawing water. It was formerly deeper than now. In summer it is often dry. It is seven and a half feet in diameter, and is lined with masonry. The ruins of the church once built over it (which had been destroyed by the time of the Crusaders), and the numerous stones that have fallen or been thrown into it, have probably raised its bottom. If, as is probable, this well was the scene of our Saviour's conversation with the Samaritan woman, the tradition had already attached to it that this was Jacob's Well, and that around it was the field which he purchased, and where Joseph was afterwards buried.

The modern En-Nâsira is situated in a basin on the south slope of the Jebel-es-Sikh, on the site of the ancient Nazareth. The appearance of the little town, especially in spring, when its dazzling white walls are embosomed in a green frame-work of cactus-hedges, fig and olive-trees, is very pleasing. The population amounts to some ten thousand souls, of whom about four-fifths are Christians of various denominations. Most of the inhabitants are engaged in gardening and farming, and some of them in handicrafts, and in the cotton and grain trade. In their costumes and general appearance the Nazarenes have retained many peculiarities. At weddings the women wear gay embroidered jackets, and have their foreheads and breasts laden with coins, while their riding camels are mostly caparisoned with shawls and strings of coins. As "Mary's Well" is the only spring which the town possesses, it is all but certain that the Child Jesus and his Virgin Mother were once among its regular frequenters. The motley throng collected around the large and antiquated marble trough, especially towards evening, presents a very picturesque appearance, and the interest of the scene is greatly enhanced by the thought that it is probably very similar to that which might have been witnessed upwards of eighteen hundred years ago.

We have borrowed the above description from Baedeker's Guide; our engravings are from photographs by Mr. Frank Mason Good.

"AMONGST ALIENS"

A Novelette by Mrs. T. A. Trollope, is continued on page 241.

GARDEN PARTY AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

Concerning this engraving, which is from a sketch taken in the grounds of Marlborough House, on the 13th July last, our artist writes thus:—

"The grounds at the back of Marlborough House are more extensive than is easily imagined, and contain a great many trees chestnut, lime, and elm. Above the well-trimmed box hedge which almost surrounds the garden the trees of the Mall appear, and so the visitor hardly realises that he is in London. It is well to be a Prince, and enjoy such a retreat in the heart of a great city.

"On this afternoon the sun shone out beautifully, and the sunlight alternating with the shade from the trees was most charming. At the other side of the lawn, opposite the House, was erected the tent given to H.R.H. by the Maharajah of Cashmere, and here I understood from the Prince himself that he would receive his guests. But when the first of them arrived the Princess and he were standing in the centre of the lawn, and I never saw any one enter the much-prized tent. Away to the right, at one end of the grounds, was another tent reserved for Her Majesty the Queen: at the other extremity of the grounds was the band of the Rifle Brigade. Nearer was another, but smaller band, the Hungarian Bohemian band, from the Paris International Exhibition. This band, though small, played very beautifully and with the greatest spirit, and appeared to be extremely popular. The guests began to arrive at five o'clock, and the lawn was occupied by several hundred guests till past seven. The Queen arrived about half-past five, and remained for about an hour and a half."

"MY LOVE IS LIKE THE MELODY"

The best commentary we can make on this picture is to quote Burns' song in its entirety:—

My Love is like a red, red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June;
My Love is like the melody,
 That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonny lass,
 So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt with the sun;
O! I will love thee still, my dear,
 While the sands of life shall run.

Then fare thee weel, my only love,
 And fare thee weel awhile;
For I will come again, my love,
 Though it were ten thousand mile.

SHERE ALI, AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN, AND HIS SON, THE LATE ABDULLA JAN

Abdal, descended through successive generations from an Israelitish house of the Captivity—so runs the Afghan tradition—was the founder of the Abdalli tribe. He left three sons—Fufal, Barak, and Alako. Barak was the father of Sarfal, the father of Daru, the father of Nek, the father of Ismail, the father of Kaisar, the father of Omar, the father of Mahomed, the father of Yaru, the father of Usaf, the father of Sarfraz (Payandah) Khan, the father of Dost Mahomed Khan, the late (1829-63) Ameer of Afghanistan, the father of Shere Ali, the present Ameer. Dost Mahomed had about twelve sons, of whom the best known, beside the present Ameer, are the late Afzul Khan, the father of Abdul Rahman Khan, the pensioner of Russia; and the late Akbar Khan, the assassin of Sir W. Macnaughten (Dec. 25, 1851), and contriver of the massacre of the Kyber Pass. Shere Ali, it may be remembered, was the son whom Dost Mahomed had selected as his heir, and on the death of Dost Mahomed in 1863 his brothers at first appeared to acquiesce in their father's will. Ultimately, however, Shere Ali had to fight for his kingdom with his elder brother Afzul Khan, and for some time was unsuccessful, so much so, indeed, that the latter entered Cabul in triumph on May 21, 1866, and was subsequently proclaimed Ameer. The Indian Government, however, refused to recognise him, Sir John Lawrence alleging that Shere Ali was still in possession of a large portion of Afghanistan, and in 1868 Shere Ali, on the death of his brother, was enabled to repossess himself of Cabul, and resumed his sovereignty. The Umballa Durbar of March, 1869, at which Lord Mayo met Shere Ali, is too much a matter of history to need any description here, but we may mention that during the same year Shere Ali conceived the idea of an invasion of Bokhara, from which he was only restrained by British counsels. Since the Seistan Arbitration in 1871, when by the advice of a British arbitrator a large slice of territory in dispute between Persia and Cabul was yielded to the former country, a certain coolness has always existed between the Ameer and the British authorities, which culminated in 1876 in the complete severance of political relations, and the withdrawal of the native agent. After this incident, and the refusal to permit Sir Douglas Forsyth to pass across the frontier—to quote the words of *The Times*—the British Government has maintained an attitude of "haughty passivity," until the action of the Russian Government in sending the mission which has recently been so well received by Shere Ali compelled us to despatch the special embassy, which, under Sir Neville Chamberlain, is now at Simla in readiness to start for Cabul as soon as the answer is received from Shere Ali to the letter of the Governor-General, expressing this intention. Of the present Ameer's sons, the only two whose names are generally known are the youngest, Abdulla Jan, who has just died at the age of sixteen, whose mother was a daughter of Afzul Khan, the son of a half-brother of Dost Mahomed Khan; and Yakoob Khan, who is about thirty years old, whose mother was a daughter of the Chief of Salpura, and a woman therefore of far inferior family and rank to the mother of Abdulla Jan. On the death of Dost Mahomed Khan, Yakoob Khan materially assisted his father against his brother, Afzul Khan; but finding that his father was determined to nominate Abdulla Jan as heir apparent, he became discontented, and after stirring up all manner of intrigues, in 1870, broke out into open rebellion, ending at length in his being cast into prison in 1874, at Cabul, where he is probably still a captive; for the story of his escape during the confusion following on Abdulla Jan's death is not believed in India. Abdulla Jan was recognised by the Indian Government as Shere Ali's heir in January, 1874; and now that he is dead, it has been very generally assumed that we should urge the recognition of Yakoob Khan on Shere Ali as his successor. But the time has passed for attempting to secure our hold of Afghanistan by such clumsy and uncertain intrigues. In view of the establishment of Russia in Kars, Ardahan, and Batoum, political control over Afghanistan has become more than ever important to us. It is a proverb throughout the East, that "he who would rule in India must first make himself master of Afghanistan," and only when we are in virtual occupation of Afghanistan will the people of India believe, without questioning, in the security and permanence of the dominion we have obtained over them.

THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ANTANANARIVO, MADAGASCAR

"Madagascar," says Mr. Keith Johnson in his admirable book on Africa, published in Mr. Stanford's series of Geographical Handbooks, "forms an independent kingdom under the rule of a Hova dynasty (the dominant tribe of the three which inhabit the island), and had till lately always entertained extremely hostile feelings towards Europeans and European influences, although Christian missionaries have long been stationed in the country. The last Queen was a zealous heathen, but at the coronation of her successor, Ranavalona, all the old religious observances were abolished, while the Gospel lay at her right hand during the ceremony. She was subsequently baptised, and on September 8th, 1869, all the idols of the whole nation were by her orders committed to the flames. Thus at length took root the seed of the Gospel planted here by the London Missionary Society seventy years previously. Such a thorough and rapid religious revolution has probably never been witnessed in any other part of the world."

Since the Queen and Court have embraced Christianity, Divine service has been held in the Palace twice every Sabbath, conducted by native ministers, a Christian Church has been formed, and the ordinances of religion regularly administered. This has rendered the erection of a suitable building, in which the Queen, Prime Minister, and Court may worship, necessary, and Mr. W. Pool, of the London Missionary Society, was requested to prepare plans and superintend the work. The result is the building of which we give an engraving. The chapel itself is a parallelogram, intended to accommodate some four hundred and fifty worshippers, having at its south-west corner a tower, with spire rising to the height of 112 feet, and on its east side a minister's vestry, with entrance to the platform, also a private room for the use of the Court, the Royal residence being situate on high ground immediately to the east of the church, and an ornamental bridge has been built so as to afford ready access by a staircase to the private room, and from thence to the church. A law requires that in all public assemblies the Sovereign should occupy the highest seat; hence, the erection of an elevated floor or pew was imperative. The base of this pew is of a coarse native marble, panelled, with projecting ornaments between the panels. The enclosure, framing, and panels, the staircase, the platform, altar-rails, and pillars, the canopy with its handsome soffit, as well as the base, are good specimens of native carving, and took a very long time to execute. The wood used is handsomely veined, and somewhat resembles light rosewood. The church is filled with benches of the same kind of wood, but of the colour of oak; beneath the trellis in the canopy scarlet velvet will be introduced.

The Italian style is in harmony with the surrounding buildings, hence its selection, and great freedom has been used in the work of ornamentation. The church is built with native stone, found immediately on the primary formation. It is supposed to be granite, with dull felspar crystals, having earthy matter consolidated between the crystals—one would suppose by the action of water. It is worked with chisels and chisel-shaped hammers, whose handles can easily be removed for sharpening. The natives work very creditable mouldings with these rough tools. The shafts of the columns inside the church are of a dull red-coloured clay or soapstone; the keystones, the carved band, and the frieze, with other work inside, and two large panels on the outside of the building intended to receive the engraving of a Royal proclamation, are of this material. Care has been everywhere taken that no pressure other than its own weight shall be on it; this material would seem to harden after exposure. The roof is the only one in the country covered with slates; they were quarried some five days' journey south of the capital. The arrangements of the building are for the Congregational form of worship, which form is thoroughly esteemed by the Court and people generally. The building itself exhibits the results of instruction given to the natives by the agents of the London Missionary Society, to whom they are also indebted for their knowledge of several useful arts other than those connected with buildings. The geometric stained-glass windows were supplied by Messrs. Camm, of Smethwick; the ceiling ornaments by Messrs. Jackson, London; and the organ (a fine instrument with two manuals, and two and a half octaves of foot-notes) by Messrs. Hill and Sons, London.

In the *Church Quarterly Review* for July there is an interesting paper entitled "Religion in Madagascar," from which we learn that there are more than 150 churches in the country (which contains a population of about 5,000,000) in connection with the palace church. The writer of this paper believes that before long there will be a State Church of some sort. At present, as indicated by Mr. Pool, the national feeling gravitates towards some form of Congregationalism, meanwhile the Malagasy have in their country missionaries of the most varying Christian denominations, Independents, Quakers, Anglicans, Norwegian Lutherans, and Roman Catholics, so that they have an opportunity, which was not afforded to early converts from Paganism, of examining different forms of the Christian creed, and deciding which is best suited to their own needs. With regard to Government, the Malagasy, like ourselves, have a prejudice in favour of female sovereignty. But though the Queen is nominally at the head of the nation, her husband, who combines the functions of Lord Beaconsfield and the Duke of Cambridge, really exercises almost absolute sway, being held in check only by a limited body of nobles.

THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS

Cerinia or Tzerina, the ancient Cerynea, which is supposed to have been originally founded by the Dorian colonists, under Praxander and Cepheus, is a quaint and pretty old town, or rather village, and is the only port or harbour on the Northern coast of the island, and is the place of direct communication with Karamania, on the mainland of Asia. A cluster of tall, flat-roofed houses surrounds the little harbour which, enclosed by a tumble-down Venetian mole, is just big enough to contain its dozen little gaily painted white-winged boats. With the exception of the citadel it is a small dirty place, almost exclusively inhabited by Mussulmans. The sturdy old Venetian fort gives a solid, if somewhat old world air of security to the place, and on the day the accompanying sketch was made the Turkish crescent floated for the last time over the battlements where it had reigned supreme for three centuries. The Union Jack now waves above the principal gateway over which the seamen of H.M.S. *Raleigh* have painted the words "Fort Raleigh." The F Company of the 42nd Highlanders have now removed from Chiftlik to within half a mile of Cerinia, where water is so plentiful, and the general conditions so favourable, that they have dubbed the place "Camp Edan." Behind the town a well cultivated, but hot and dusty plain, relieved by a few gaunt palm trees, gradually rises into the olive-clothed slopes which form the bases of the hills. From the swathing belt of olives the jagged peaks start up to 2,000 or 3,000 feet above the sea. Among these peaks, rugged and rock-strewn, are several old strongholds perched like eyries, overlooking the sea and commanding a magnificent view of the rich gullies and brown plains and even the misty hills of Asia Minor far away.

THE MONASTERY OF LAPAIS

About three miles from Cyrenia on the lower spur of one of the hills stands the beautiful mediæval Monastery of Lapais, built by King Hugo III. about the end of the fourteenth century. It belonged to the Latin Church, but was destroyed by the Turks when they captured the fortress of Cerinia. The abbey occupied one of the most picturesque spots in the whole island; still standing is a large hall 100 feet long by 32 in width, and 40 in height, which is supposed to have been used as the refectory. Beneath this is another apartment divided into two chambers, the vault of which is supported by massive columns. In the courtyard, piled one upon another, are two large marble sarcophagi of Roman workmanship one of which is ornamented with flowers, nude figures, and bull's heads in bold relief. Upon the lintel over the doorway are engraved three shields, one representing the Cross of Jerusalem, another the Royal Arms of the Lusignans, and the third a lion rampant. The Gothic chapel of the abbey has been partly repaired with sun-dried bricks and plaster, and is used by the resident Greeks as their place of worship, portions of the churchyard serving as their cemetery. Though now in ruins, it is lovely in its decay, and the view of it in the early morning, when the graceful building stands out boldly above its surrounding trees, backed by the shadowy mountains, is very fine.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. T. R. Swinburne, of H.M.S. *Black Prince*.

THE BOULOGNE DEEP-SEA HARBOUR

On Monday the much-talked-of *fêtes* at Boulogne will begin in connection with the new Deep-sea Harbour which is to be made to the westward of the existing port. We have already (No. 448, June 29, 1878) published a view of the proposed harbour taken from the sea, and we now give a general panorama of the forthcoming works drawn after the plans exhibited in the Paris Exhibition by the Boulogne Chamber of Commerce. The following description will fully explain the various points of interest introduced by our artist at Boulogne, Mr. V. J. Vailiant. On ascending the steep zig-zaggy lane which from the Boulevard Ste. Beuve leads to the Fishermen's Calvary on the East Cliff, and entering the enclosure of this newly re-constructed road, an extensive sea prospect lies before the spectator. In the south-west the horizon is bounded by the bluff headland, Cape Alpreck (A), and its outer defence, Fort de l'Heurt (B). The next point bears the signalling station (C) on Mont de Couppes; betwixt lies in shelter the quaint fishing village, Le Portel. In D stand the butts, where rifle practice takes place; and at the foot of the bold cliffs, and over their eastern slope, is seen Châtillon (E), partly intercepted by the Port Battery (F), which is bounded in its rear by the Creek (G), where boat-building and repairing are carried on; and on the eastern face by the beginning of the West Jetty, whose head (H) is shown by the Tide Signal Tower; while in I stands the North-east Pier Head, with its port lighthouse; and in K one of the Humane Society's lifeboats. Between the two piers is the present port channel. The large and handsome building (L) which stands in the middle of gardens (N) close to a Skating-rink (M), artificial rocks (O) which contain an aquarium, and the harbour-master's office (P), is the well-known Etablissement des Bains, which justly rank second to none of the sea-side casinos abroad; in front of it extends the splendid, smooth, level sand-beach (R), which makes Boulogne almost unrivalled as a bathing-station. The Humane Society's Receiving House (Q) shows its roof in the nearest foreground on the right.

All these parts, designated by letters, portray things as they now are. Those marked in ordinary figures record in a bird's-eye view those portions of the Deep-sea Harbour works, for which a vote of 17 million francs was taken in the Chamber of Deputies in May, and by the Senate in June, 1878. These works comprise (1) a south-west stone pier, running for 1,472 yards in a straight line from a point at the foot of the cliffs, half-way between the rifle butts (D) and the semaphore station (C); then, by means of a curved portion 218 yards in length, it joins (2) the deep-sea breakwater 654 yards long. North of this is a passage 272 yards wide, with a minimum depth of nearly twenty-six feet of water at low spring tides, (3) is a stone mole 544 yards in length, affording a second entrance, 163 yards wide, to (6) the anchorage and Harbour of Refuge, which will cover an area of 137 hectares (340 acres); 4 shows an extension (1,570 yards long) of the present north-east timber jetty. The international passenger and goods traffic is provided for by the erection, upon (5) the Steam-packet Pier, of an extensive railway station, to and from which trains will run in direct connection with the Paris, Brussels, and Calais lines, whilst general commercial purposes will be served by the ample accommodations given by (7) quays 672 yards long, and by warehouses to be built upon (8) the ground recovered from the sea. In addition to the above described works, which constitute the Deep-sea Harbour of Boulogne according to the plans laid by Mr. Stoecklin, resident chief engineer, and for which funds have been provided by the Legislature, the requirements of the fishing interest and of trade at large claim an extension of the original scheme, which will have to be provided for by further grants of State money. These additional works are indicated by Roman numerals. They include (II.) a fishing-boat harbour, with sixteen feet of water at lowest spring tides; (III.) a lock leading to (IV.) a wet dock, with a length of about 2,181 yards of available quays; (V.) ship-building and repairing yards and slips; (VI.) ground recovered from the sea which will afford building spaces for warehouses, offices, &c. X. shows the head of a lock intended to connect the future with the present port. It is meant to run through the battery (F), which will ultimately be levelled, and to open into the existing wet dock and the river Liane in its rear.

HOME.

Political Affairs.——The Solicitor-General, addressing a meeting of his constituents at Launceston on Saturday evening, spoke principally on the Eastern Question. He denounced Russia as an unscrupulous Power bent on a career of aggrandisement, and condemned the conduct of Mr. Gladstone, which, he said, he had reason to believe was disapproved of by many leading Liberals and by the great bulk of the Liberal party.—Mr. Hanbury, speaking at Longton on Tuesday, also condemned Mr. Gladstone's attack upon the Government, and declared that many men had been imprisoned for using language of a far less seditious character.—Mr. Cowper Temple, addressing a Liberal gathering at Romsey, said, that the scheme of attempting to influence the civilisation of Asia would turn out all moonshine, and that Cyprus would never be worth what we should spend upon it, much less the enmity and jealousy which its occupation had created.—Colonel Stanley, speaking at an Agricultural meeting at Lancaster, expressed his satisfaction with the present attitude of the country, which, he believed, in this hour of repose gave full credit to the Government for the good efforts they had made for the preservation of the peace of Europe.—Mr. Mundella, in part fulfilment of his threat of making his voice heard five times as much as though no attempt had been made to drown it, on Monday delivered a long discourse on things in general to a select audience who were admitted by ticket to the Albert Hall, Sheffield. The meeting passed a resolution condemning the misconduct of those who had disturbed the Paradise Square meeting; and another declaring, "That the experience which the country has had during the last five sessions of the deteriorating influences of Tory government makes it more emphatically than ever the duty of Sheffield to secure the return to Parliament at the first opportunity of Mr. Mundella and Mr. Waddy, whose candidature it hails with the highest satisfaction."—Yielding to the solicitations of the American Ambassador, the Government have remitted the remainder of the sentence on the Fenians Condon and Melody, who took part in the outrage at Manchester in 1867, when Sergeant Brett was murdered. They will be immediately released on condition that they shall not reside within Her Majesty's dominions.—Sir F. M. Williams, M.P. for Truro, died suddenly at Heanton Court, near Barnstaple, on Tuesday from the rupture of a blood-vessel on the brain, causing apoplexy. He was only forty-eight years of age.

The "Eurydice."——After twenty-three weeks of almost incessant labour the wreck of this ill-fated vessel has at last been raised, and brought into Portsmouth Harbour, where she will probably be broken up, as the whole of her hull is in a very shattered condition. On Saturday the inquiry on board the flag ship *Duke of Wellington* was brought to a close, and Cuddeford, one of the survivors, stepped forward and paid a tribute to the memory of his captain. He said, "I should like to say, before the court martial is concluded, how much we all loved and respected our noble captain. We had unbounded confidence in him; knowing that, as a sailor, he was surpassed by none, and I am sure he had the love and the respect of every officer and man in the ship, for he studied their comfort and happiness in all respects. We were proud of our captain, of our officers, and of our ship, looking upon her as admirably adapted for the service upon which she was employed." Fletcher, the other survivor, also signified his concurrence with these sentiments. On Monday the Court delivered their judgment, exonerating every one on board from blame, and attributing the sad accident to pressure of wind upon the sails during a sudden and exceptionally dense snowstorm which overtook the vessel when its approach was partially hidden by the proximity of the ship to high land. They add that the upper half ports being open was justifiable and usual under the state of wind and weather up to the moment of the sudden storm.

Miscellaneous.——On Friday last some members of the Reserve Forces' Relief Committee attended before Mr. Alderman Figgins at Guildhall, and contradicted some of the statements made on the previous Wednesday by the Reserve man Kinsman. The Marquis of Exeter had given not 500*l.*, but 15*l.* to the fund, and their total receipts had been very small compared with their needs.—Much damage to property and some loss of life was caused by the heavy gales and storms which prevailed in various parts of the country and around the coasts in the latter part of last week.—The news of the week is altogether of a most gloomy description. Besides the disasters consequent upon the recent rough weather there have been an unusual number of fatal boating accidents on the Thames and elsewhere, and to them have to be added the dreadful railway accident at Sittingbourne, by which five persons were killed, and about forty others injured. Both the guard and under-guard are to be tried for manslaughter, but, in spite of Colonel Rich's opinion, it is difficult to believe that the collision could not have been prevented had the express train been provided with continuous brakes. Then, too, there is that appalling catastrophe on the river off Woolwich, on Tuesday, when the saloon steamer *Princess Alice*, with some seven hundred persons on board, was stove in by a large screw collier, the *Bywell Castle*, and sank immediately, the majority of the passengers being drowned, although every possible effort was made to save life. The details of the occurrence, and of the subsequent scenes when the recovered bodies were brought ashore, are of the most heartrending description. As yet it is by no means clear upon whose side the blame should rest. Next week, we shall be able to give a full account of the disaster, together with some illustrations.—Another fatality is reported from Ennis, in Ireland, where a fire broke out in a house in O'Connell Square, and two persons were burnt to death and several others severely injured by jumping from the windows to escape from the flames.—Another large fire occurred on Tuesday in Thames Street, at the stores of Messrs. Price, the candle makers. It burst out about four o'clock, and burnt for six hours, although twenty-two land engines and four floating engines were throwing water upon it nearly the whole time. A barmaid employed at a public-house in the City has died from the effects of drinking carbolic acid, which she is supposed to have taken while in a state of somnambulism.—The Shakers are still on the roadside at Hordle, the authorities having granted them another fortnight in which to seek an asylum. A gentleman has offered to purchase for them the field from which they have been ejected, and Mrs. Girling has bid 250*l.* for it, but a much larger sum is demanded. On Sunday last there were many visitors to the camp, and Mrs. Girling had "a visitation of the Spirit." For nearly an hour she moved about with arms distended, with her eyes shut, and gesticulating furiously, declaring herself to be next in rank to God's Holy Spirit, of whom she was the special messenger; that the time was at hand when all enemies of Shakerism would be eternally punished; that she could see Jesus Christ, who was coming to claim His own. Somewhat of a scene ensued, the crowd, in rather strong language, expressing disapprobation at the proceedings.

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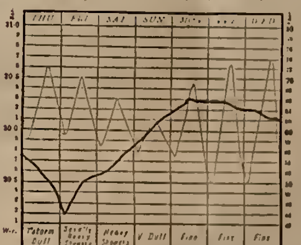
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

August 29th to September 4th (inclusive)



Explanation.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.——The weather at the commencement of the week was very stormy and unsettled. The barometer fell quickly during Thursday (August 29th) and the morning of Friday (30th), and thunderstorms, with very heavy showers, occurred on the former day, while the latter was distinguished by rough, squally, and rainy weather. During Monday (September 2nd) and Tuesday (3rd) a decided improvement occurred, and dry weather has been experienced in this part of the kingdom since the new month commenced.

The barometer was highest (30.30 inches) on Tuesday (Sept. 3rd), lowest (29.20 inches) on Friday (Aug. 30th), range 1.10 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (74°) on Wednesday (Aug. 28th), lowest (50°) on the same day, and on Wednesday (Sept. 4th); range, 24°. Rainfall. The total fall has been 1.14 inches on three days; greatest falls 0.43 inches on Thursday (Aug. 29th) and Friday (30th). Wind, variable both in force and direction; light easterly at the close of the week.

Scraps

Mrs. E. Prentiss, the well known American authoress of "Stepping Heavenward," has died at Dorset, in Vermont.

Bull-fights have been revived at [illegible], in the French Landes, where they had been discontinued since 1869. Three matadors were injured in the first representation.

The Colorado Beetle has been successfully exterminated in Prussia. Not a sign of the insect is visible in the neighbourhood of Schildau and Mulheim, where the beetle was so active last year.

Cremation becomes legal in Gotha on October 1, when the process will be inaugurated by the burning of the body of a deceased engineer in a handsome building specially erected for such ceremonies.

Luminous Watches are now being manufactured at Chaux-de-Fonds, the great watchmaking village of Switzerland. The figures on the watch-dial are submitted to a peculiar process, which renders them phosphorescent and visible in the dark if exposed for a few moments each day to the sunlight.

An "Assassins' Symphony" is projected by a German composer now at Kissingen. The work is to be divided into three parts; the first will musically illustrate Prince Bismarck's escape from Kullmann at Kissingen, the second will depict Hödel's regicidal attempt, and the third will represent the crime of Dr. Nobiling.

The Captive Balloon in the Court of the Paris Tuileries made 271 ascents in the first month of its existence, there being six out of thirty-one days when the weather prevented any experiments. Without reckoning the aeronauts and the officials, 7,750 passengers have made the ascent, and the receipts have amounted to 8,904*l.*, a large portion of which was paid by persons merely entering the courtyard to watch the departure.

A Wholesale Emigration is projected by the inhabitants of Marsala in Sicily, who have placarded their walls with an announcement that 35,000 citizens of Marsala, in view of their inability to support their burden of taxation, wish to sell their city. They hope, says the placard, to find buyers who can satisfy the cupidity of the vultures who lay waste the fair regions of Sicily, and that by emigrating *en masse* to Australia they may escape for ever the talons of the harpies.

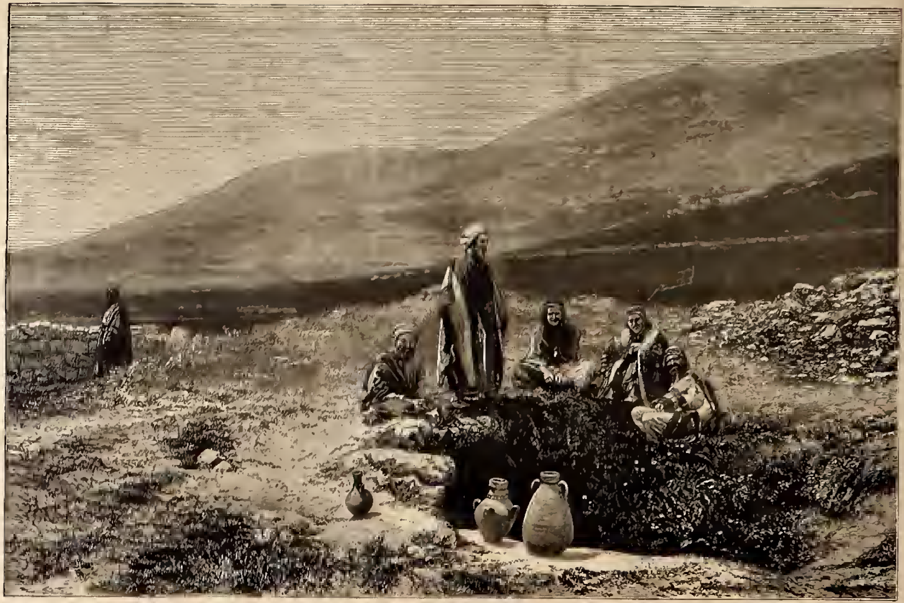
The Floral Wreaths on M. Thiers' Catafalque at the anniversary service at Notre Dame nearly covered the imaginary tomb, and the most remarkable souvenir was a curious wreath from the Italian Consul at Lille. It consisted of three circles, the outer one of black flowers, an inner one of white pearls, from which sprung white roses and foliage, and in the centre was an alabaster chapel in miniature, containing a gold cross, surrounded by ivy, roses, and lilac, and surmounted by another gilt cross, encircled by an ivy wreath.

London Mortality decreased again last week, and 1,365 deaths were registered against 1,433 in the previous seven days, being a decline of 68, and 83 below the average. There were 148 deaths from diarrhoea (a fall of 51), 50 from whooping cough (a decrease of 18, a lower number than has been registered since December), 29 from scarlet fever (a rise of 5), 23 from different forms of fever (an increase of 7), 15 from diphtheria (a rise of 1), 7 from measles (a fall of 3), and 6 from small-pox (a decline of 4). There were 2,404 births registered against 2,491 in the preceding week, exceeding the average by 34. The mean temperature was 61.8 deg., 1.7 deg. above the average, and there were 27.5 hours of sunshine out of the 96.4 hours during which the sun was above the horizon, being at the rate of 29 per cent.

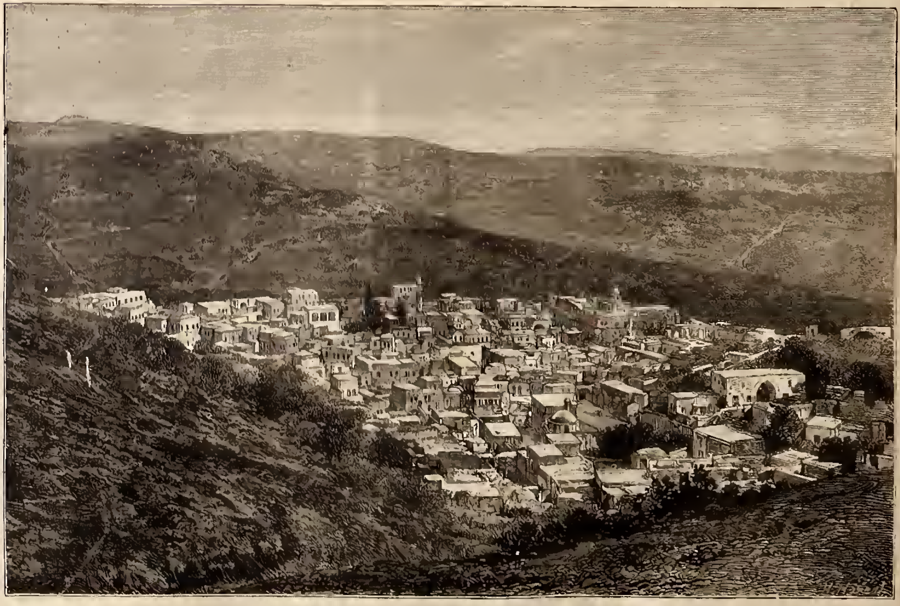
Princess Maria of Germany, the bride of Prince Henry of the Netherlands, is reported to be one of the most highly cultivated women in Germany. Devoted to scientific studies, she is also a good musician and artist and an excellent linguist, being particularly well acquainted with Latin, while directly her engagement with Prince Henry was decided the Princess began to learn Dutch. Prince Henry is remarkably wealthy, is at the head of several mining enterprises, and possesses ninety-nine estates in Holland, the law in Holland prohibiting any Dutch citizen, even the King, from possessing 100 separate properties. The Prince gave his bride a wedding present of a magnificent sapphire and diamond parure valued at 50,000*l.*, after a design in a picture by Holbein. A grand ball was held at the Potsdam Chateau to celebrate the marriage, and so many guests were invited that a battalion of soldiers was first ordered to dance in the ball-room to test the stability.

"Dublin Illustrated."——In answer to an anonymous correspondent, who impugned the accuracy of some of the historical statements contained in our descriptive sketch, Mr. George Wheeler, the author of the article in question, writes us:—"The expression 'after the defeat of Roderick by Strongbow none dared to oppose themselves to the English,' is Hume's own. See 'Student's Hume,' page 118. James II. was only present at the one great battle at the Boyne. He lost 1,500 on the field, while the Prince of Orange lost 500, 'having no army left to him he abandoned Dublin, and hastened to Kinsale, from whence he sailed to Brest on the 9th July, 1690.' It is true that the remains of his French and English and Catholic armies held Limerick, Athlone, and Aughrim, until they were stormed or starved out, but all the towns were occupied by William's troops before 1691, and James was not present at any assaults, or in Ireland at all at the time."

A Revolver-Purse is the last novelty in firearms. It has been invented by a German, Herr Frankenau, and in appearance is to all intents and purposes a somewhat bulky porte-monnaie, with the usual compartments for gold and silver. On pressing a spring, however, a trigger flies out, and the owner suddenly finds himself armed with a miniature five-shooter, the barrels of which are hidden within the frame of the purse, the outlet for the bullet being made by a valve, which also opens upon the pressure of the spring. The mechanism is certainly ingenious, as the weapon carries a five millimetre Eley cartridge, and will send a bullet some sixty yards; but we cannot help expressing a fervent hope that such an invention will never become popular. We no longer live in the days of Claude Melnotte, when travellers were politely asked for their purse or their life, and robbers nowadays are careful to attack you in a manner in which a firearm would be useless, while any attempt to introduce the Transatlantic practice of carrying such weapons about the person is one that should be most heartily denounced as being both useless and dangerous. One drawback to the revolver purse, however, will probably prevent it from being generally used—namely, its weight, which is far above what most people would care to carry about in their pockets.



SHECHEM—JACOB'S WELL (AN AUTHENTIC SITE) AND MOUNT GERIZIM



NAZARETH

AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND, V.

Mr. Rutherford came and leant up against the bole of another tree close to me.

AMONGST ALIENS

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

AUTHOR OF "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

She had scarcely spoken the words when I heard Lucy's voice in the garden. I never knew whether the Princess Corleoni voluntarily shrank back at the sound, or whether I instinctively pushed her aside into a corner of the room not visible from the window, but she was out of sight by the time Lucy came up, and standing on tiptoe—for the window was at a height of some five feet from the ground—brought her eyes above the level of the sill, and called to me. "Catherine, dear, will four o'clock be too early for our start on Saturday? Here is Mr. Rutherford come back; I told him that you were warranted to get up fresh, calm, and in a good temper, at any hour of the day or night. But he won't be satisfied until he has your own word. Who's that in the studio with you?"

"The great bear, little white pigeon," said Signor Sandro, coming forward, and leaning his elbows on the window-sill so as to fill up nearly the whole space. "The great bear, very growly, and in a very surly mood; so run off before you are made one mouthful of."

"Don't let Catherine work herself to death, Signor Sandro. She has been here all the morning, ever since—oh, long before I was up. Mr. Rutherford wants to say a word to her about the excursion. Make her come. I can't entertain him all by myself."

"I will come, darling. I will come. Go upstairs. Ask Mr. Rutherford to wait for a minute. No, no; don't stay there in the garden. Go up to our sitting-room, Lucy. I will follow you."

She went away with her usual gentle docility. And then I turned to the Princess, and told her that I neither knew, nor had any means of knowing, where her son was, and that I was astounded at her supposing for an instant that I should know.

"You are determined to be revenged on me," said the Princess, with an agitated voice. "If you do not positively know where Vittorio is, you have some clue, some information. Think: it is a mother who is in anxiety about her only son. Then if you do not know, your sister can tell me something. Let me ask Lucia."

"Not for the world," said I. "I will not have her distressed. And I must go to her at once."

"If you are afraid of my saying anything to her on religious subjects, I will promise not to do so," and the Princess absolutely took hold of my gown to detain me, with an imploring gesture. Signor Sandro came to my rescue. "Go, Caterina," said he. "I will remain with the Princess." Then turning to her, he continued, "Donna Olympia, I am in the place of a father to these young women. I know the whole story. What information there is to be given I can give you better than Caterina. And if I can help you I will. You can trust me. Go, my daughter."

He almost thrust me from the studio, and as soon as I was on the outside of the door I heard him lock it.

I joined Lucy and Mr. Rutherford in the sitting-room. They both said I looked tired, and they urged me to come out with them to the terraced walk among the olive trees overlooking the Campagna, and steep myself in sunshine and laziness. "There's an old olive tree that you promised you would sketch for me in black and white," said Lucy; "so if your conscience requires an excuse, take a pencil and paper with you, and draw my tree as you sit on the grass in the shade."

After a moment's reflection I decided to do as they wished. It was better that I should keep Lucy safely out of Princess Corleoni's way. So we three set out to walk through the dirty and narrow streets of Tivoli, towards the lovely terrace I have mentioned so often. Before quitting the house, I left word with S'ora Nanna to tell my master where we were gone. Preoccupied as I was with the Princess's visit, and her strange words and ways, I was yet not too much so to be able to enjoy the beauty of the day and of the scene. Donna Olympia had no hold on my feelings. I know not whether I am more hard-hearted than my neighbours, but I must own that I recognise in myself a large reserve fund of indifference to the opinions and sentiments entertained about me by persons whom I neither love nor esteem. Perhaps this was what the Princess had meant when she talked of the English being "made of stucco!"

We rambled on slowly when once clear of the town; Mr. Rutherford and I adapting our pace to Lucy's, which was still rather languid, and all three stopping every now and then to gaze upon the landscape flecked with flying shadows as the soft wind chased white fleecy clouds across the clear blue sky.

"Let us sit down here," said Lucy at length, selecting a sheltered spot, covered with spring grass and wild flowers. And as she spoke she spread her shawl on the ground, and seated herself. I objected that we were still somewhat far from the old olive tree she had wished me to draw, but she declared she was tired, and would go no farther. "But you won't mind walking just those few yards, Catty dear," said she in her coaxing way, "and just making that tiny sketch for me, will you? And Mr. Rutherford will walk with you to have a look at our favourite ravine. You haven't seen our ravine, Mr. Rutherford? Do go, please. And if you could bring me a few ferns—they grew in that moist place—it would be very kind."

I demurred a little at leaving her alone, but she urged it so strongly that at last I yielded, and pursued the path towards a wilder and more sequestered point which we called our ravine. I thought as we walked that Mr. Rutherford would probably not like being taken away from Lucy's side, to escort me and gather ferns. However, he complied with a very good grace.

"And what is the news in Rome, Mr. Rutherford?" said I, as we walked.

"Well," he answered gravely, "I chanced to be witness to a very painful scene there. I believe you know one of the parties concerned."

"Indeed? I do not know many people in Rome."

"I conclude that you know this man, because Signor Santi told me that Miss Lucy had given lessons in the family, and you also taught drawing there, I believe."

My heart made a great bound, and I could not help glancing round to be sure that Lucy was out of earshot. "Do you mean the Corleonis?" I asked.

"Yes; the man I speak of is the son, Don Vittorio, as they call him."

"Is he an acquaintance of yours?" I asked, wonderingly.

"No, but I have seen him several times at a club to which I was introduced by an Italian friend of mine, and I have heard a good deal about him. I hope you will not mind my saying that I believe him to be a thoroughly worthless scoundrel."

"I don't at all mind your saying so; but I am surprised that you——"

"That I should use such strong terms?"

"That you should know Don Vittorio so well."

He laughed his frank, hearty laugh. "How quaintly and quietly you say that!" he exclaimed.

"But I have a request to make to you, Mr. Rutherford, which is no laughing matter. I beg that you will not allude to this—to the family of Corleoni before my sister. I cannot fully explain to you why, but the subject is a painful one to her."

"I think I know why, and I have carefully refrained from mentioning the Corleonis before her," he answered. And then in response to my look of surprise, he said quickly, "I had heard something of the behaviour of those people to you and your sister before I came to Tivoli."

I felt hurt and distressed for a moment, but I strove to conquer the feeling. Whatever Mr. Rutherford had been told, it was clear that it had not lessened his liking and respect for Lucy. So I made an effort to regain a frank and unconstrained manner, and asked him what was the painful scene he had witnessed in Rome. "I will tell you when we reach our destination," he said. "The path is so narrow here we cannot walk abreast."

We went on in silence until we came to the ravine. It is a narrow gash in the mountain, through which a stream of water forces its way down to the plain. The sides of the ravine are clothed with dwarf oak and a variety of shrubs and brushwood, and at its mouth, where it suddenly widens out, it is spanned by a stone bridge. The spot is very picturesque: on the one hand, the upward-sloping hills scarred by the torrent, and on the other, the vast Campagna seen through a tracery of olive branches and silver-grey leaves. On the farther side of the bridge stood—and I hope still stands—a singularly fine old olive-tree, gnarled and hoary.

"Here is our tree," I said. "This will be about my point of view." And having arranged my plaid for a cushion, and placed myself, I got out my paper and pencils and began to sketch. Mr. Rutherford came and leant up against the bole of another tree close to me. He was a pace or so behind me, looking over my shoulder at the drawing, so that I did not see his face when he said, "Before I tell you what happened yesterday, I want to say a word to you on another subject."

He paused a little, and then went on: "I want to be able to speak to you with full and free confidence. But as it is, I feel that I am in the position of a mere stranger whose interference may seem impertinent."

As he here stopped again, and seemed to hesitate, I said, "I am sure you are incapable of impertinence in any case. And as to being a stranger—friendship is not always to be measured by time."

"And love still less! I want to have a better right than simple friendship, to take care of you and Lucy, and be trusted by you. Forgive me if I am too abrupt. Have I startled you? I thought you could not be quite unprepared for what I have so long been wishing to say."

"I'm afraid I am prepared for it," said I, sadly. For now that he had spoken I felt more sorry and down-hearted to think of his inevitable disappointment than I could have imagined beforehand.

"*Afraid!* Why afraid? Don't say that, Catherine."

A sudden tremor and shyness so overcame me that I was unable to make him any answer. He had never called me by my name before; and perhaps it was that,—or perhaps something in the tone of his voice,—or perhaps—— Briefly, I cannot explain why, but I fell into a trembling silence.

"Don't say you are 'afraid' to hear what I want to tell you, Catherine."

"For your sake," I stammered, scarcely knowing what I said, "I am so sorry."

"Sorry that I think you the best, and truest, and dearest woman in the world? Sorry that I love you with all my heart, dear Catherine?"

"Me!"

I dropped my pencil, which rolled away in one direction, whilst a puff of wind carried my sketch in another, and I sprang to my feet with a feeling of dizzy bewilderment. Rutherford had left his post at the tree-stem and come round to stand before me when he spoke. And he now caught my two hands in his, and held me firmly.

"You, Catherine Wilson. Whom else should I love? And what did you imagine I was going to say to you, except that I do love you, and honour you, and want you to be my wife?"

"I thought you loved Lucy," I cried, blurting out the truth in my surprise and agitation.

"So I do. But I want her to be my sister, not my wife. And—oh, Catherine, is that why you said you were 'afraid' and 'sorry'?"

"I—yes; I thought,—I feared——"

"Then you don't dislike me; you don't reject me? Catherine Wilson, tell me true, can you give me a little love in return for so much,—so much, that I have given to you?"

"I don't know. I never thought of such a thing."

"Will you think of it now, Catherine?"

"I can't think. My mind is all in confusion. I feel as if I were dreaming and striving to wake. It seems so very strange and surprising."

"I think it will surprise no one but you, dear."

"What will Lucy say,—and Signor Sandro?"

The mention of Signor Sandro recalled to me all my master's plans and projects with regard to Rutherford, and I stopped short.

"As to Lucy, she is my best friend. And she found out long ago what seems so surprising to you. And do you know what she said to me only this morning when we were walking in the garden? She said that it would make her very happy to have me for a brother."

I sank down again on my plaid, and, covering my face with my hands, tried to collect my thoughts and regain some measure of composure.

"Won't you say a word to me, Catherine?" asked Rutherford.

I looked up, and, with as much firmness as I could command, begged him to leave me for a while to my own reflections. He complied at once; taking me simply at my word in a simple-minded, straightforward fashion, for which I was grateful.

"Well, Catherine," he said, "it shall not be said that I refused the first request you ever made to me. You bid me go, and I go. It might not answer with some women, but"—shaking his head and yet smiling a little—"you have a terrible way of meaning what you say. I'll go and gather Lucy's ferns for her."

And in a few seconds he had recrossed the bridge and disappeared into the ravine with the bold, sure step of a practised climber.

When he was gone, I sat for some time with my face buried in my hands so as to shut out all external objects. I need not record the thoughts which passed through my mind, at first with unmanageable and confused rapidity, but finally with some reasonable sobriety and coherence. Whosoever has perused this simple narrative thus far will be at no loss to guess at the tenour of my meditations. I grew calm sooner than I had thought possible in the first shock of the great surprise I had had. For it was not merely the unexpected declaration of Mr. Rutherford's attachment to myself which had agitated me; it was the revulsion of feeling—the necessity in which I found myself of modifying, and changing, and re-arranging all my thoughts and views in connection with him.

However, as I have said, I regained my composure very shortly;—or at least I so far regained it as to be able to think with some clearness, and to resolve on what I would say to Mr. Rutherford. Then I pushed my hair back from my forehead and lifted my head and looked up at the blessed daylight once more; and as I did so I found a pair of very fierce and handsome dark eyes gleaming at me out of a forest of tangled locks, surmounted by a shabby peaked hat.

"Don't be frightened, Signorina," said the voice belonging to the eyes, in the accents of a peasant of the Campagna. "This is your's, isn't it?"

At the same moment a young man, dressed in the costume of the mountaineers, called *ciociari* (of which costume sophisticated specimens may be seen got up for pictorial effect, in the persons of the Roman models who haunt the Trinità de' Monti), handed to me my unfinished sketch of the olive tree which the wind had wafted away.

"Yes," said I. "Thank you."

"*Niente!*" said he; meaning that no thanks were needed. And then he seemed to be moving away in the direction of the ravine, but suddenly stopped and asked, with what seemed to me assumed carelessness, if I were going to remain there long.

"Until the English gentleman, who is with me, returns," I answered. And there was something so wild and savage in the look of the man, although his manner was perfectly inoffensive, that I was well pleased to let him know that I had a protector within hail.

"How? The *English* gentleman?" re-echoed the peasant. "Is he English,—that man with the blonde whiskers?"

"Certainly. As English as I am."

"Are you speaking truth?"

"Of course. I don't understand you, friend." To say truth I began to be very much frightened, so strangely did the man glare at me. To add to my terror, I just then caught sight of a pistol stuck into his belt, and partly hidden by his loose jacket. However, I remained quiet, looking at him steadily, although my heart thumped hard against my side the while. For a second he stood irresolute, and then we heard the voice of Rutherford as he climbed up from the ravine to the level of the bridge.

"Here are some ferns for Lucy and some flowers for you. May I come and give them to you?"

My strange interlocutor seemed satisfied that those were the tones of an English voice; for, after listening for a second, he nodded to himself sullenly, swore a deep oath, and turning round, without further notice of me, disappeared rapidly up the hill-side in the opposite direction to Tivoli.

CHAPTER XX.

RUTHERFORD came up to me with his hands full of ferns and flowers. He laid them down on the grass, and, looking at me earnestly, asked if I would now give him an answer to his question.

I told him that I would answer him with the utmost sincerity that I was capable of, that I was grateful for his attachment, and honoured by it, but that it had taken me utterly by surprise, and I was unable to say that I returned it as it deserved to be returned.

"Do you think it impossible you ever should return it, dear?" he asked, very gently.

"What am I to say? Would it be fair or right to keep you in suspense on such a subject—to bid you wait and hope, and then, perhaps, say, 'No, I find you are not so dear to me as the man should be whom I take for my husband?' I know very well that, as regards all worldly circumstances, you would be offering everything and receiving nothing in exchange."

"There is only one thing I want, or ought to want, in exchange, Catherine—the true heart of a true woman."

"Yes, and that is what you deserve to have; but I cannot tell you that you have mine yet."

"Ah," he cried, eagerly, taking my right hand between both his, "that '*yet*' is a drop of honey enough to sweeten many harsher words than you have said, or are likely to say to me!"

"But pray understand—believe that I am speaking the sheer plain truth from the depths of my conscience—I promise nothing."

"Catherine," said he, still holding my hand, and looking at me with a smile that was very tender and sweet, "I almost believe—I do begin to hope—that you have a wee bit of love for me hidden in some corner of your heart."

"I think so too," I answered simply; "only not enough."

"Will you let me ask you again for an answer to my question at the end of this week? You talked of its not being fair to keep me in suspense, and to make me wait, but would it not be more unfair to turn me off whilst you are still uncertain of your own feelings? I understand now that the very circumstance which I thought would help my suit with you has been against me. But sweet little Lucy's conversation had a special charm for me—she talked, and let me talk, of you."

"I never guessed—how could I guess?" I murmured.

"May I ask you again in a week? Meanwhile I promise not to importune you; and don't fear that I shall reproach you if you are unable to give me a favourable answer. You have been as honest as the day with me. He must be a false loon himself who could misinterpret a soul so crystal clear. May I ask again in a week? Come, a fair 'Yes' or 'No'!"

"Yes."

"God bless you, Catherine." With that he dropped my hand, and resumed his usual manner—a considerate delicacy of behaviour to which I was not insensible.

"And now," said Rutherford, "before we rejoin Lucy, I want to tell you what I saw and heard during my stay in Rome. I was in the studio of an artist of my acquaintance in the Passeggiata di Ripetta, which, as you know, borders the Tiber. We were standing at the window looking at the sunset light on the river, and the glow in the sky behind the dark mass of St. Peter's dome, when I noticed a young woman walking to and fro in a strange, agitated manner. Sometimes she stopped and looked up at the sky, or down at the river, and then began again pacing up and down, up and down, like a caged animal. My friend and I noticed her particularly, for the place was solitary at that hour, and she was the only person walking there. There was a small open carriage drawn up at a little distance, apparently waiting for some one; and I saw the coachman looking at the young woman, and evidently making some jeers about her to a groom who stood near him."

"Was the woman dressed like a lady?"

"She was miserably clad—squalid, almost in rags; but her clothes seemed to be the remnants of tattered finery, and she was very handsome, although haggard and wretched-looking in the extreme. But what struck us both was the singular air of desperation—I can call it nothing else—about her.

"Presently there came leisurely clattering over the stones from the direction of the Porta del Popolo, a horseman on a showy chestnut; he pulled up and dismounted. The groom advanced and took his horse, and the coachman of the little open carriage touched his hat. The vehicle had evidently been ordered to wait there and take him home after his country ride. 'I know that man's face,' said my artist friend, 'it is young Corleoni.' He it was, sure enough. No sooner had he sent off the groom leading his horse by the bridle, than the young woman intercepted him as he was about to step into the carriage, and began to speak to him. We could not hear what she said, but her action was imploring and vehement. Don Vittorio had started back in manifest surprise on first seeing her, but then he stood still, frowning and looking as wicked as ever I saw a man look in my days. Once or twice he tried to pass her and get into his carriage. Each time she plucked him back by the sleeve, and then clasped her hands, and was evidently pleading with him hard. I threw open the window and leaned out, and then the woman's voice being raised, I distinctly heard her say, 'I have been almost starving—*starving*, do you hear?' Don Vittorio made some reply which I could not catch, and she answered with a burst of passionate sobs, 'I know you said that if I ever came back you would do nothing for me; but why was I to be banished? I couldn't stay away any longer; I wanted to see some human being belonging to me, but they're all dead or gone away; there's not a single soul left that cares for me. Have some compassion on me, Vittorio!' And the poor creature laid her hand on his shoulder. He threw her off with brutal roughness, so that she staggered, and then he turned to mount into the carriage. For one second she stood looking at him with a face I shall never forget, and then, throwing up her arms above her head, she rushed straight down the bank and plunged into the river."

"Good God, how terrible!"

"Don Vittorio's coachman started up on the box, and gave a loud cry, but his master leaned forward in the carriage, snatched the whip from the man's hand, and lashed the horse, which set off at a furious, frightened gallop."

"Without waiting to ascertain the woman's fate?"

"Without turning his head."

"And the wretched woman?"

"She was drowned. They got the body out of the river very quickly. Some boatmen were at hand, and lost no time. There was a great tumult, and a crowd that seemed to spring out of the earth, as street crowds do. My friend and I tore down the stairs, and fought our way through the throng, and saw the poor, dripping corpse carried into a cab to be taken to the hospital. But she never recovered consciousness."

"What a horrible story! Is it known who the unfortunate woman was?"

"Originally a peasant-girl on an estate of the Corleonis in the Maremma. Don Vittorio enticed her away with him to Rome when he was little more than a boy in years, though a veteran in wickedness. It is altogether a black, black story."

"How did you learn this?"

"From an old woman with whom the wretched girl had lodged in some miserable den in the Trastevere. We saw her at the hospital. My friend and I went there to see if we could do anything for the girl, but, as I told you, she was beyond human need or human help. Ah, it is well for Don Vittorio that the institution of coroners' inquests is unknown in his country. If any public inquiry were made he would cut a mighty ugly figure."

"But do you know that he has left Rome?"

"Left Rome? When?"

Then I related the Princess's unexpected visit, and what she had said to me and Signor Sandro. Rutherford listened attentively, and then expressed his opinion that the real cause of Don Vittorio's sudden departure was to be found in the tragedy of the suicide, although he might choose to let it appear to have arisen from his quarrel with his mother. He would in all probability simply keep out of the way until the whole matter had blown over and been forgotten. Mr. Rutherford was of opinion that this would soon be the case. I asked him if he thought that the Princess was ignorant of the suicide. And he said he thought it very possible—nay, probable—that she was. No newspapers except clerical organs ever made their way into the Palazzo Corleoni, and those journals would take care to hush up a matter in which the name of so devout and noble a family was implicated.

"A miserable woman drowns himself in the Tiber. No one knows anything about her. The pious people, if they happen to see the statement, shrug their shoulders and declaim against the increase of suicide and general wickedness brought into Rome by the Italians. The next week it is all forgotten. Nay, I almost wonder at Don Vittorio's thinking it worth while to run away even for a day, except that I fancy he was seized with a sort of panic terror. It was panic that made him flog the horse and gallop off from the drowning girl."

This shocking story quite drove away any shame-faced feeling I might have had in meeting Lucy again after Rutherford's declaration. Nay, it put out of my mind for the moment my encounter with the wild-looking *ciociaro*, about whom I did not think again till we were all once more safe back at Tivoli."

As we approached the house where we lived I felt nervous lest we should come upon the Princess Corleoni, the unexpected sight of whom would, I knew, terribly agitate Lucy. Just when we were emerging from a narrow lane into the principal *piazza* of the town, a carriage dashed by us so close that Rutherford put out his arm to draw Lucy out of danger from the rapid wheels. I think he guessed who might be the occupant of it, and turned my sister in the opposite direction. It all passed like a flash, but I, who was walking a pace or two behind them, caught sight of the Princess's pale face at the window. She let the glass down, and thrust out her head to look after Lucy and Rutherford, with a softer expression on her face than I had ever beheld there before. And then she was gone. I never saw her more.

I felt so worn out with the events of the day that I shrank with a sensation of bodily weariness from the interview with Signor Sandro, who was waiting for me when I got home, stalking up and down the garden, smoking one of his favourite long black cigars with a straw in it. But the interview had to be gone through. Lucy went at once to the sitting-room, when I told her that I had a word to say to my master. "Don't put on your painting-blouse again, Catty, dear," she said. "You were at work before seven o'clock this morning." Rutherford lingered for an instant at the garden gate to ask if he might come and see us in the evening. But I said no; I must have breathing time—time not only to think, but to feel, for I was as one stunned.

"You are too tired," said he. "Pray go to rest early." And although his lips uttered not a syllable more, his voice and his eyes seemed to set the bald words to a kind of pleasant tune.

"Well, master," I said, when Signor Sandro and I were alone in the studio, "and what was the end of your interview with that high and mighty dame?"

"She is gone back to Rome, Caterina."

"I know she is gone. I saw her."

"Poor Olympia! She is sorely troubled about her son. Ah! Well, child" (rousing himself from a reverie), "it seems that that chivalrous young gentleman reproached his mother for sending Lucia away, and had a scene of great violence with her and Monsignor Chiappafotte. And then to spite his mother, he quarrelled with the Campograssos. To spite his mother, as *she* said; but I think myself he was in one of his devil's moods, and sought only to wreak his wrath and malice, let it be on whom it might. And then he is as proud as Lucifer, and believes that a Bastiani-Corleoni would confer a distinction on Olympian Jove himself by marrying into his family. And the Campograssos think as much of their fat Lombard acres as he does of his pedigree (they are not badly born, either, the Campograssos), and so, he being in the mood aforesaid, a little spark would set ablaze a big conflagration."

"But why did the Princess think it likely that *I* should know anything of her son's whereabouts?"

"Oh, it seems he threatened her that he would make matters up with Lucia. And he dropped a hint of the same sort to the Campograssos which made them furious; les they were inclined to be jealous of the fair-haired English girl already. And the Princess thought, when he took himself off in that mysterious way, that he had probably come after your sister."

With the horrible story of the drowned girl fresh in my mind, the thought of that wicked, hard-hearted man approaching my pure Lucy made me shudder from head to foot.

"But," pursued Signor Sandro, speaking with more blunt plainness than one of my own countrymen would have used to me on such a subject, "that was not likely. For as to marrying Lucia, the Princess was right in saying that he never had the remotest intention of such a thing; and he has no doubt found out by this time that there is no hope of carrying off our little white dove on any other terms."

Every nerve in my body tingled as if with bodily pain as I answered, "And it was to the wicked and lying and abominable pursuit of this man that the Princess Olympia knowingly allowed my innocent young sister to be exposed! Yes she did know it. She knew everything that went on in her house. Oh, Master, how could any woman be so base and cruel? And, in God's name, why?"

"Child," answered Signor Sandro very solemnly, "she would never have done it if she had not taken to devotion. Ah! you stare,—you don't understand. But I see it all. Partly I guessed it before, you know; and partly Olympia let drop words and hints enough to convince me. Chiappaforte marked down Lucia from the beginning. She was soft and pliant, and—had fifty thousand francs of *dote*. Just the thing for our pet convent, and a soul saved into the bargain. But perhaps it might not be so easy to detach a bright, pretty creature like that from the world. Oh, but the saints take care of their own. (They say the devil does; and I believe it!) Here is Vittorio philandering about the blonde *Inglesina*. She is a good little thing. No real evil will come of it, and if she gets a little heart-ache, a disappointment,—why so much the more readily will she turn to the consolations of religion—and the convent. There's your plan mapped out neat, complete, and all *ad majorem Dei gloriam*;—for the greater glory of God. Unfortunately there intrude unforeseen factors into the working out of the calculation. A stiff-necked sister, Anglo-Saxon obstinacy and honesty, and, now, Vittorio's outbreak of rebellion. Rather than let the broad acres of the Campograssos slip through the fingers of such well-affected children of the Church as the Corleoni, give up the nun and the dower,—and even the soul, if needs must. I made my bargain. Olympia will do our Lucia justice in the face of the world; and in return I will find out where her precious son is. I have means of doing so without scandal. The grand thing is to make no scandal. The Princess might have taken other means to get at her son, but they would have involved the confession that he had gone off in anger. Now that must not be known to the world. No washing of our foul linen in public, for mercy's sake! *Ecco!*"

I could not but observe that Signor Sandro, albeit sincerely disapproving the conduct of Vittorio (and perhaps still more intensely that of Monsignor Chiappaforte, whom I believe he secretly considered responsible for all the evil that had happened in the matter), and with equal sincerity sympathising with Lucy, yet had a certain enjoyment in being mixed up with secret machinations, and inquiries, and the rest of it. And, moreover, he was far from being entirely antagonistic to the Princess Olympia. As to her desire that her son should marry into a wealthy and influential family, that he deemed not only natural but laudable. To arrange such matters on such bases was the duty of a parent. My notions on the subject were the notions of an alien: well enough, perhaps, for sea-sundered Britons, but inadmissible for Continental civilisation. But the kind old man had our interest at heart, as he understood it. And, although I thought it misplaced, I could not but be touched by his chivalrous tenderness for Donna Olympia.

"Don't think all ill of her," he said. "She has a real affection for Lucy. Yes, yes; she has, I tell you, in spite of all that has passed. There were tears in her eyes when she spoke of her 'longing to bring that young soul into the true fold,' and how she had prayed to the Blessed Virgin for her. You know how they talk, these devout folk; but she meant it, she meant it. I know her, and I know that she meant it."

The remembrance of the pale, handsome, haggard face, with the yearning look in it, which I had seen gazing out of the carriage window after Lucy, rose up in my mind. "God knows!" I said, thinking of that look. "Perhaps she did mean it. I won't judge her so harshly as she judged us."

Signor Sandro pressed my hand. "Good girl!" he murmured. "Women ought to have some heart for each other, for I fear that we brutes of men lead them but a bad life of it. Lovers, husbands, sons, we cost them tears from beginning to end, *poverette!*"

With that he kissed my forehead and went away.

Lucy and I spent the evening quietly together. She was more cheerful than I had seen her for a long time past. In order to escape the effort of talking, I asked her to read aloud, whilst I sewed. She chose a merry tale, and laughed over it. And when we lay down in our beds, side by side, she was still talking cheerfully, and looking forward to our excursion on Saturday. After we had bade each other good-night, I determined to think out all that had happened during the day. But instead of thinking, I could do nothing but live over again the minutes I had passed with Rutherford; recalling all his looks and words, as I lay with closed eyes, as vividly as if I actually saw and heard them. "This is mere idle, feckless dreaming," said I to myself severely. "I mean to master my vagrant fancy." But just when I had taken this good resolution, I fell fast asleep. I was so tired.

(To be continued)

Books Received

The Family Novelist, Part I. T. H. Roberts and Co.
Elinor. Clara Talbot: Heredity—a Village Dialogue. Remington.
Thirlmere Water Scheme. J. M[illegible]h. E. and F. N. Spon.
Arthur Jesseson (2 vols.). J. C. Scott. Chapman and Hall.
The Iceni: a Tragedy. H. J. Snell. The Author.
Hymns and Songs, with Tunes, for Church of England Temperance Society. W. Wells Gardner.
The Daisy, Vol. III.
The Golden Legend: Edited by Alfred Aspland. Wyman and Sons.
Bookbinding at Home. Dean and Son.
The Famine in China. C. Kegan Paul and Co.
31th Annual Report of the Church of England Sunday School Institute.
The Abbey of Ross: Oliver J. Burke. E. Ponsonby, Dublin.
Collection de M. Sera[illegible]. S. Lepay et Cie., Passy.
Duty and Doctrine. Rev. S. B. James, M.A. Remnant and Son.
The Wreck of the *Grosvenor* (3rd Edition). S. Low and Co.

THE READER

"Benjamin du Plan, Gentleman, of Alais," from the French of D. Bonnefon (Hodder and Stoughton).—From the suppression of the revolt of the Camisards, the Huguenot Churches cease to fill a conspicuous place in the history of France. Protestantism, A.D. 1710, seemed indeed generally stamped out. The majority of its adherents—the men whose resolution failed them at the thought of prison or of exile—had taken refuge in a nominal conformity. Cases of "relapse" were keenly watched for and rigorously punished. Attempts to revive the "Churches of the Desert," nay even, when the storm was at its height, persistent obduracy in the Reformed Faith caused men to be sent to labour in the galleys and women to pestilential prisons like the Tower in the marshes of the Aigues Mortes. The work of the Pastorate was left to a few wandering missionaries, owing their lives from day to day to the completeness of their disguises or the nearness of the refuge-lands of Geneva or the Vaud—most prominent among them the famous Antoine Court. In the ranks of the Huguenots themselves were sects and parties—successors of the old "prophets of the Cevennes" in the shape of seers of visions and dreamers of dreams, who called themselves "the Inspired," and needed to be put down by the stern judgment of the Synod. Persecution, though relaxed after a time, was ever ready to renew its work at the first pretence, and did so again and again in '24, in '51, in '60, until it fled away at last before the first breath of the Revolution. Among the Huguenots of the South in these latter days, the nobleman of Alais, whose life has been written with loving care by M. Bonnefon, the present Pastor of the ancient town, was a burning and a shining light. Not a preacher himself, but friend and confidant of the preachers, above all of his young countryman, Antoine Court; protected for some time from the consequences of his obduracy by his high connections in the province, but compelled at last, at the age of thirty-seven, to save himself by flight; thenceforward Deputy (by nomination of the Synod) of the Reformed Churches of France at the Courts of the great Protestant Powers, he sums up in the copious letters still preserved in the Library at Geneva, or in the hands of his English descendants, with the story of his personal fortunes, the story, too, through all that time of the Reformers of Southern France. It is a narrative not undarkened by other shadows than those of Romanist tyranny—for Du Plan had enemies within the Synod for his supposed sympathy with "the Inspired" in his earlier years, in his after life from the meaner jealousies suggested by his position as collector and distributor of foreign aid to the victims of the persecutions—but a narrative well worth following in light and shade, whether as a picture of a lofty Puritan career, or as a general, but life-like, outline of a little known period in the history of Protestantism abroad.

In "Chess Openings, considered Critically and Practically" (Dean and Son), by H. E. Bird, the amateur who might be repelled by bulkier volumes of chess-lore will find an excellent and condensed account of the most approved openings in attack or defence, with examples from the great masters of the game from Steinitz and Zukertort up to those rivals of a now distant date, Macdonnell and La Bourdonnais. The appendix of variations on the openings most in vogue with leading players at the present moment will be of especial interest to the enthusiastic follower of champion matches and chess tournaments.

The pretty little volume, "Designs for Cottages and Other Buildings to be Constructed on the Patent Cement Slab System, W. H. Lascelles" (121, Bunhill Row, E.C.), "from sketches by R. Norman Shaw, R.A.," may convince the most sceptical that the patent slabs, whatever their other merits or demerits, are not incompatible with grace, as well as convenience, of design. A "Cottage Hospital," a "Seaside Bungalow," a row of "Shops for a Village Street"—to name no others—seem to us all that could be desired in the way of sound, unpretentious, but not unornamental, work.

A "Wine-Grower's and Wine Cooper's Manual," by William Hardman (W. Tegg and Co.), claims to make good a long-experienced want—the absence of any handy book in English on the chief facts about vine-growing and wine-making which the true "wine-cooper" (to use the olden phrase) should have at his finger's ends from his apprenticeship. Chemical analyses of different soils, varieties of the grape and in the modes of culture, cures for the diseases of the vine, treatment of wine when made by the various processes somewhat unjustly maligned as "doctoring," methods of measuring alcoholic strength, tests for detecting the amount of saccharine and extractive matter, and last, though very far from least, the care and management of the casks, form each the subject of successive chapters—too technical, of course, for readers not in "the trade," but indisputably useful for the young wine-grower.

Much experience of the crass Conservatism of English carriage-makers, their reluctance to move out of the old-fashioned grooves, and the growing superiority on many points of their French and American rivals has moved Mr. Henry Richardson—though not a carriage-maker—to throw together, under the title of "Notes on the Construction of Carriages" (Coultas and Volans, York), a number of stray reflections on the differences of English and American work, the proper proportion in the respective weights of the horse, the carriage, and the load, the cost per mile of every unnecessary hundredweight, the work to be got out of horses drawing separately or together, &c. This *brochure*, like the one last noticed, is strictly technical, but like it, too, it sometimes "hits a blot."

A "Soldier's Pocket Guide to Shooting," by W. G. Underhill, Sergeant Instructor, 26th Cameronians (W. Clowes and Sons), quite deserves a circulation beyond the limits of the writer's regiment. Clear, practical, and to the point, dealing with the *minutiæ* of musketry drill and target practice as only the trained instructor possibly can do, it never leaves the shooter without help or puzzles him with too much explanation. One can hardly rate too highly such an essay from the ranks in days when good soldier and good marksman are pretty nearly convertible terms.

Prettily illustrated and capitally arranged, "London School Series Readers" (Daldy, Isbister, and Co.)—a graduated course, from the Infant Primer to the Sixth Standard Reading-book with its selected passages from Kingsley and Macaulay—should be as successful in awakening the interest of a Board-School class as will the "Public School Series of Geography," in four parts, by the same publishers, in storing their memories with information at once accurate and fairly up to date.

Among manuals of a somewhat higher order a new volume of English School Classics (Rivingtons), in the shape of a neat edition of Milton's "L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, and Lycidas," by the Rev. E. Storr, with notes explanatory and etymological and brief but able memoir and introduction; among books for English readers of all ages a new edition (Hatchards) of that most entertaining specimen of verbal criticism, "The Dean's English," by G. Washington Moon, hardly require ampler commendation.

Under the title of "Newport and Cardiff as Shipping Ports; being Speeches delivered by J. C. Parkinson, J.P., and Other Gentlemen" (H. Mullock, Newport), we have an amusing résumé of the recent war between the younger and the elder of these South Wales ports for the right of independent railway communication with the inland coal [illegible], and of the controversy between the advocates of Newport and Cardiff respecting the Cefn-y-Wrach shoal outside the latter haven—a controversy in which the somewhat contradictory statements of the Manager of the Bute Docks find little mercy at the hands of his more skilful antagonist. Still all this is purely a matter of local interest. The general public will be content to say with the now victorious Newport, "There is room enough for both."

"Orationes Creweianae" (Parker and Co., London and Oxford).—Classical scholars, as well as University men, will read with interest the collection of Latin Orations, just published from the MSS. of the late Public Orator of Oxford. Dr. Michell, by whom the speeches were delivered, was for a period of more than fifty years one of the best known and most popular men in Oxford. He was also, without any parade or ostentation, as sound and thorough a Latin and Greek scholar as was ever produced at either University. It is not surprising, therefore, that these Orations should be worth publishing as elegant specimens of modern Latinity formed upon the classical models. They are sixteen in number, of which fourteen were delivered in the Sheldonian Theatre, in alternate years, from 1848 to 1876, at the Commemoration Festivals, while the other two were congratulatory or inaugural addresses, when two successive Chancellors—the late Lord Derby and Lord Salisbury—were admitted to their office. They are now edited, with very copious English notes and introductions, which explain almost every difficulty that can arise in the text, and make the whole volume intelligible, even to a very unclassical reader. An appendix is added containing a complete history of the Public Orator's Office from the time of its original institution.

The struggle of the London poor is no new theme nowadays. London's heart, jealously closed by the poor themselves from prying eyes, has yet been laid bare by visitors and missionaries, and reformers have surely learnt that the safest means of alleviating poverty is to help the poor to help themselves. Most fully is this theory borne out by "Work About the Five Dials" (Macmillan), the experience of steady labour in some of the most wretched metropolitan districts. Sad records of suffering are these—saddest of all those instances of persons raised from misery, who, either by circumstances or from innate depravity, lapse into their former condition, their last state being truly worse than the first—but avalancing how many have been restored to comfort by timely and judicious assistance. Let all who project district visiting read this book. They will find what disappointments await them, what tact, patience, discrimination, and sympathy are needed, but they will also find plentiful encouragement. Nearly every subject connected with the relief of the poor is touched upon here with thorough good sense and clear-sightedness, and we can heartily wish the authoress worthy assistants to train in the path she has so well trodden. Though following in some measure the same road as the preceding, "The Romance of the Streets," by a London Rambler (Hodder and Stoughton), relates more nearly to the efforts of the missionaries of the London City Mission. As the work has reached its seventh edition, praise is superfluous, but it may be added that the scenes are here more forcibly drawn, as the "Rambler's" researches were in a larger field, easier of access to men than to women. Messrs. Ward also send a [illegible] edition of Miss Brewster's "Em," which has already won its way to favour.

In "Domestic Medicine and Hygiene," by Dr. W. J. Russell, M.B. (W. H. Everett), the intention of the author is to describe the principal diseases in language free from technicalities in order that they may be treated by persons having no knowledge of medicine. Dr. Russell has undertaken an exceedingly difficult task, and has attempted to do too much in too small a space. It is hard to understand how any patient is to recognise with certainty the disease from which he is suffering by means of the very meagre description Dr. Russell gives of the symptoms. We doubt even if the disease were recognised whether Dr. Russell has always suggested the remedies which will most benefit his patient, for instance, under the treatment of heart disease we find no mention of digitalis. Books written with this intention are perhaps of some use in the colonies, where it is impossible always to obtain medical advice, but we think that their use is not to be encouraged where this condition does not exist. There are doubtless many simple complaints which can be well treated without necessarily calling in the aid of the doctor, and if Dr. Russell had confined himself to describing more fully some of these ailments, his book would have a greater practical value.

In "Hidáyat ul-Hukumá: A Guide to Medical Officers and Subordinates of the Indian Service," by George S. A. Ranking, B.A., M.B. (Thacker, Spink, and Co., Calcutta), Dr. Ranking may be congratulated on writing a book which will be of great use to young medical officers who on arriving in India are suddenly called on to perform various official and professional duties necessitating some knowledge of Hindustani. It is impossible for the most industrious student to become well acquainted with this language until he has been some time in India, whereas, almost immediately on arrival, he needs some knowledge of the subject to enable him to carry on his daily work. He will find Dr. Ranking's little book valuable in giving him in a few pages the knowledge he will require for immediate use. The first few pages which are devoted to grammar serve to explain briefly the structure of the language, following these are a few notes on caste and caste prejudices, together with some hints concerning the duties of a medical officer when attached to a regiment. The latter part of the book is occupied by a quantity of well-known phrases in Hindustani and English, and by a copious vocabulary. Medical [illegible] going to India for the first time should make themselves thoroughly acquainted with this little work before leaving England.

The mercantile world has received a valuable addition in "Letts's Commercial [illegible] Atlas" ([illegible]). This capital volume is [illegible] for an [illegible] cheap [illegible] thus [illegible] the latest [illegible] and [illegible], and is [illegible] devoted to a [illegible] of maps [illegible] the [illegible] and manufacturing centres of the [illegible] particularly of America and the [illegible]. There are the usual European maps, Russia and Switzerland somewhat needlessly [illegible], but the really notable features are eleven maps of America with her railway system, the space accorded to Africa and the Cape, the two sheets of Australia, with the routes of recent discoveries, and the Asiatic series, [illegible] the [illegible] through Egypt and the Red [illegible] and the East Indies; [illegible] concerning population, &c., is appended, the whole being printed with special clearness.

A GARDEN PARTY AT

ARLBOROUGH HOUSE

FASHIONS

London and Paris are delivered over to tourists, great and small, during this month, hence it is not in the Row nor in the *Bois* that we must look for the fashions, but for their preparation in the workroom of the *modistes*, and their completion at the seaside or on the mountains at home and abroad.

First as to the useful, then as to the ornamental. Experience has taught us that for hard-working holiday pleasure the lighter and simpler the costume the better; to quote the words of a little girl, "Make my frock any way, mother, but *don't* put any trimmings, I am so unlucky with them." A travelling dress may be made stylish without tearable or embarrassing trimmings. For example, a costume of bronze green, Navy blue, or wood brown Estamene serge, made thus: Skirt to touch the ground, with three large patent hooks and eyes to raise it at least three or four inches when needful; the front and top of the hem embroidered or braided in a bold pattern; jacket with a deep basque to correspond; sham outside pockets on the dress openings at the side seams, right and left, the real pockets being in the petticoat on either side made flat and very deep, capable of holding many useful things, amongst which should be included a large ice-wool *fichu*, a pair of soft kid slippers, a pair of cuffs and a collar, a fresh bright coloured bow or tie, and two or more pocket-handkerchiefs, together with a pocket-comb and three or more narrow slices of soap, the two latter wrapped in strips of fine but old linen; only those who have met with abrasions of the knuckles or elbows will appreciate the comfort of this suggestion. As to hats to be worn on mountain excursions, soft felt, with a silk band, and an eagle's feather stuck therein, are really the most serviceable for genuine work, but for picturesque effect a Robin Hood hat of green velvet, bound with a deep gold cord terminating in two gold tassels; a species of jockey-cap made in any material to match the costume wherewith it is to be worn, or in black velvet with a broad ostrich feather round it; or shaped like a Highlander's bonnet, with plumes *ad libitum*—*chacun à son gout* is the order of the day. One fact is certain—that those who would enjoy a mountain climb must cast aside all tied-back costumes.

Those of our readers who are content to settle down at a watering-place, at home or abroad, and go through the routine of three or four changes of dress daily, will find an embarrassing variety of toilettes ready at hand. Morning wrappers of cambric, batiste, or cashmere, trimmed with *torchon* or Valenciennes lace, and bows of ribbon, or strips of art embroidery, made for the most part with Watteau or treble pleats. Then for the morning promenade a costume of combined woollen materials, a mixture of plain foundation, and polonaises of delicately mixed colours, so well blended as to baffle description. A material, brought out by one of our leading firms, is Bedouin Chuddah cloth, a remarkably soft fabric, made in a variety of art colours, plain and mixed. We may remark *en passant* that Scotch plaids are struggling for supremacy everywhere; for children of either sex nothing can be prettier or more appropriate; for grown-up people, young or old, they are only admissible as trimmings, sparingly used; for example, a costume of black silk or cashmere, trimmed with "Prince Charlie," or Argyll plaid velvet, and gold or silver buttons, made thus: train skirt of black cashmere, velvet, or velveteen, cut in deep vandykes or squares, over a band of plaid poplin, the front arranged in graduated points from the throat to the hem, fastened at each point with a gilt or silver button, over a plaid velvet *plastron*; collar and cuffs to match. Jacket bodices are sometimes worn, terminating in front with a point of extraordinary depth, and carried up over the hips to the waist; they will become one in a hundred figures, and make the ordinary wearer a subject for ridicule. The polonaise and jacket bodice promise to supersede the graceful Princess robe, at least for a time. The fish-wife tunic is still in favour for serge and batiste seaside costumes; the former material is often trimmed with Indian red piping, and a wide scarf tightly swathed round the narrow skirt of Navy blue; far more graceful are the trimmings of narrow white or black braid; from three to five narrow capes are worn with these costumes. As to the batiste costumes, they are simply and gracefully made for our English seaside places; but abroad, at Homburg and Wiesbaden, for example, the most fantastic and extravagant combinations of batiste or linen foundations, trimmed with costly lace, satin, and silk, may be seen.

So-called art-costumes, which at first were inclined to run riot, have now somewhat settled down. We were recently shown a charming costume of *velours frappé* and *beige*—two shades of bronze; the same may be repeated in Navy blue, dark myrtle green, or claret colour. Some of our leaders of fashion have adopted cloth costumes, braided *à la militaire*, for morning wear—very neat and stylish they look; hats of the same material, or of soft felt, with a dark wing, are worn therewith.

The Gossamer waterproof, an American invention, will be found most useful and convenient for showery and even stormy weather; it folds up into a very small compass, and is easily carried in a gentleman's pocket, or by a lady in her hand.

The materials used for dress toilettes are remarkably artistic and elegant. For bridesmaids' dresses nothing could be prettier than a train skirt of pearl white silk with a satin stripe, a polonaise of white silk gauze, embossed with wild roses, made high to the throat and finished off with two falling ruffs of Brussels lace or tulle; a wreath of wild roses from which should fall long lappets of lace or tulle. This embossed gauze may be had in a most exquisite shade of blue, called "azuline," which is also made in satin, and when mixed with old gold colour or bronze is most effective.

To a slender figure the so-called *bébé* dress is most becoming made with a deep yoke and narrow tucked bodice, back and front, and skirt to correspond.—The same may be said of a still more trying style which is adopted, with more or less success, namely, the bodice made with a back as narrow as possible, the sleeves arranged with one or two very large puffs, high upon the shoulder, a puff at the elbow, the front with a deep yoke from which the skirt comes in small, very close pleats to the hem; the skirt at the back is arranged in a short train, the waist is confined by a a wide band; pearl white or cream coloured cashmere with a few touches of colour in cardinal red, rose pink, or blue, look very stylish.

There is little to say upon the subject of bonnets and hats, which are much the same as last month, cardinal red, wide brimmed hats and diminutive bonnets of gold are amongst the startling headgear to be seen at foreign watering-places. A simple but striking bonnet was recently worn by a lady at Homburg; it consisted of two deep folds of white soft silk gauze and a loose crown, two long ends were crossed at the back and fastened with a dark crimson natural rose and foliage; the ends were brought forward and fastened at the throat with a rose; the effect was very original.

As yet the form of jackets or mantles to be worn this autumn is not quite decided; sleeveless jackets and dolmans, to match the costume, or in black, are adopted for the present, pending something more original. For evening wear caps are superseded by wreaths of flowers fastened by velvet or ribbon bows.

Magazines

I.

The recent crisis, and the questions that have arisen out of it, still hold the foremost place in the contents of the new number of the *Nineteenth Century*. With Mr. Gladstone's article, "England's Mission," we need not greatly concern ourselves. It is but an angry re-statement of his indictment against the Ministry for their course of conduct all along, and against the constituencies who have not withdrawn their confidence from the Ministry for all his protests and warnings. But Mr. Gladstone has now made the discovery that a "blustering" foreign policy is never unpopular in this country, seeing that "the dominant passion of England is extended empire." Whatever may be thought of this truly marvellous assertion, may we once more suggest to Mr. Gladstone that, as he has taken abundant care that no one should be in any doubt as to his opinion on the late troubles and the settlement arrived at, the time has now come for him to hold his peace, or speak to us of something else?—Whether the foreign policy of Great Britain should be "Imperial" or "Economic," is discussed in a paper, which shows his customary lucidity and power, by Mr. W. R. Greg, who begins by admitting that each of the two schools or systems of foreign policy he has thus named "has a great deal to say for itself, each can be defended by very powerful arguments, each sets before itself respectable and even righteous issues." Mr. Greg says he is "not inclined to pronounce dogmatically in favour of either," and proceeds to set before his readers some of the pleas that may be urged in favour of each with evident impartiality, as far as intention goes, though from his manner of stating the case, it is clear that his judgment leans towards those "Economic" principles which guided the foreign policy of this country from 1830 to 1875. We can at any rate speak of the paper as one deserving careful study.—Mr. Grant Duff gives us in "Echoes of the Late Debate"—which he describes as "perhaps the most historical which has taken place in our times"—a very clever and often humorous summary and exposition of the principal views and opinions put forth and maintained by the Ministry and their opponents in the debate with which the Session closed, abounding in keen and pungent criticism—as when he calls the Treaty of Berlin "a gigantic bet upon the continuance of the proverbial good fortune of Austria"—but of criticism, already just a little out of date, and therefore useless. In Mr. Edward Dicey's paper, "Nubar Pasha and our Asian Protectorate," we have a translation of a very interesting Memorandum, drawn up by request by Nubar Pasha before the meeting of the Congress, on the future administration of Turkish Armenia. The principal reforms which this eminent statesman, himself an Armenian by race, deemed necessary for bringing about a reasonable degree of prosperity in Turkish Armenia, seem to be such as the appointment of governors not liable to removal at the caprice of the Porte, the establishment of a local gendarmerie, the suppression of taxation by tithes, &c. It is obvious, is Mr. Dicey's contention, that a reorganisation of Asiatic Turkey, based upon such lines as these, would not involve the gigantic liabilities and responsibilities which have been described as the necessary consequences of our Protectorate over Asia. There would be no occasion for our setting aside the Sultan and governing in his place.—Mr. G. J. Holyoake's explanation of the nature of "The New Principle of Industry"—Co-operation; and Miss Agnes Lambert's elaborate inquiry into the use of Flowers among the ancients for religious and ceremonial purposes are also to be mentioned as noteworthy articles.

In *Fraser* Mr. M'Coan gives us a valuable paper on "The Resources and Products of Asiatic Turkey," forming a worthy companion to that on its various races published in the preceding number.—In "The Multiplication of Universities" Mr. Bass Mullinger discusses the question whether reformers should aim at the remodelling of our two great national Universities, or at the creation of new and independent centres, untrammelled by traditions—deciding in favour of the former course; inasmuch as, if universities are to be centres of intellectual culture, rather than of mere acquisition, such centres do not admit of indefinite multiplication.—Mr. Hardern continues his pleasant series of papers on Burmese life, concerning himself here with the climate of Burmah—which presents marked differences, chiefly for the better, to that of the neighbouring Indian peninsula—and its varied *fauna* and *flora*; and from Mr. James Rowley we have an essay—depreciatory in its general tendency—on the "Public Career and Personal Character of Francis Bacon." Bacon, contends Mr. Rowley, was not a man to whose moral character superlatives, whether eulogistic or "dyslogistic," can fairly be applied. "Base" and "despicable," "noble" and "generous" are adjectives out of place. Morally, Bacon stood on the same level as the crowd of courtiers and politicians by whom he was surrounded; he was neither worse nor better than the rest. "The truth seems to be," it is said, "that Bacon hardly ever touches Humanity on the moral and emotional side." The paper is worth reading; and so to are the picturesque sketches—the first of a series—entitled "Holidays in Eastern France," signed with the well-known initials "M. B. E."

The best paper in *Temple Bar* is a very full and carefully-executed sketch of the career of the famous John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee. The writer does his best to hold the scales evenly; and his estimate of this greatest of the Jacobite heroes seems to us in the main a sound one, but it seems a little strange that he should scarcely refer to the splendid picture of Claverhouse Scott has given us in "Old Mortality," a novel of which he is unquestionably the real hero. The conception, all evidence seems to show, is as true historically, as it is fine and impressive artistically. We have also in the magazine another chapter of by-gone theatrical gossip on "Garrick's Rivals and Associates," especially the celebrated Mrs. Abington, the original Lady Teazle.

In *The Month* we have some remarks on the contrast between the attitude assumed towards the Anglican Bishops by the old "Tractarian" party, such as it was in Dr. Newman's day, and the behaviour of their successors the modern Ritualists.—The Rev. J. Rickaby attempts a refutation of what he calls the "materialistic" psychology of Mr. Herbert Spencer and others; and we have, too, a really learned paper on the history of the Angevin Monarchy in Hungary during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* contains the first instalment of a sort of story by Mr. G. A. Sala, the fun of which strikes us as not a little forced and sought after, as though it had been written when the author was not in a happy vein for fooling.—Mr. R. A. Proctor communicates a paper on the "First Fruits of the Eclipse Observations," which will be of interest to astronomical students; Mr. Barton Baker tells over again—and tells it well enough—the oft-told tale of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's fortunes and misfortunes; and Mr. James Mew gives us some account of those fifteen minor novels of Cervantes which, though still read in Spain, are here all but unknown even by name.

Chambers's Journal, as usual, gives its readers no cause to complain of want of variety. Among its many papers of interest we may mention as specially worthy of note the "Story of the Marquis of Montrose," by "W. C.;" the account of the Cagots of the Pyrenees; and that of the French Oyster Nurseries at Arcachon, Ile d'Oléron, Cancale, Vannes, and Auray; whilst of *Scribner's* it is this time sufficient to say that it continues to stand *facile princeps* among magazines for the excellence and high finish of its many illustrations.

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GRESHAM LECTURES, PAST AND PRESENT

There were seventeen of us when the lecture began, including one lady; and a few more droppers-in presented themselves. We entered a porch at the corner of Gresham and Basinghall Streets, and were directed by two live beadles, resplendent with gold lace, up a series of forty or fifty stone steps to the Lecture Theatre, a place capable of accommodating some four hundred persons. The hour was six in the evening, the lecturer was a Dean of the Established Church, and his subject was Geometry. He proved to us, and we endeavoured to feel gratification in the fact, that the three angles of every triangle exactly equal two right angles; together with many other triangular propositions, truthful if not exhilarating. And then at seven o'clock we took our leave.

These old-world Gresham Lectures remind us of the abuses which in past times grew up within and around the municipal and corporate privileges of the City of London—abuses very imperfectly remedied even now, and requiring unceasing watchfulness in the interest of the public. The outline of the story is tolerably well-known. Sir Thomas Gresham, the wealthy merchant who built the Royal Exchange, resided in large mansion running through from Bishopsgate Street to Broad Street. He determined that, after the death of himself and his wife, this mansion should be converted into a College or seat of learning, and endowed with the rents derivable from the Royal Exchange. By his will he made over the Royal Exchange and the mansion to the Mercers' Company and the City Corporation, who were conjointly to nominate seven competent professors to read lectures successively, one on every day of the week, on the seven subjects of Divinity, Astronomy, Music, Geometry, Law, Medicine, and Rhetoric (the physical, chemical, and natural sciences were but little cared about in those days). The lectures were to be delivered, and the professors comfortably lodged, in the mansion known as Gresham House. The salaries were to be 50*l*. per annum each, equivalent in purchasing power to 400*l*. or 500*l*. a year at the present time. The lectures were to be given in Latin, in the middle of the day, and gratuitously to all citizens who chose to attend them. Although Sir Thomas announced his plan in 1575, and died in 1579, it was not until the close of the century that the death of Lady Gresham (a grasping old woman who greatly disliked his liberality to any one but herself) permitted the commencement of the new arrangement at the mansion.

Until quite recent times, the Mercers' Company and the City Corporation cared much more for the Royal Exchange rents than for the Gresham Lectures. At first, matters went pretty smoothly. The College (the old mansion transformed) was the fixed abode of several learned men, who filled the offices of professors or lecturers, and became the centre of union for scientific and literary persons. It was under this roof that the first step was taken towards the foundation of the Royal Society, and in its rooms the first papers of the Society read. The Great Fire of London in 1666 destroyed the Royal Exchange built by Gresham, but not the mansion or College. Before the century ended, the College could boast among its Professors such men as Dr. Barrow, Sir William Petty, Dr. Hooke, Sir Christopher Wren, Briggs the mathematician, and Dr. Bull the composer.

The next century was disgraceful to the corporate and pampered Trustees of the College. They frequently left the Professors unpaid, and in 1701 petitioned Parliament to allow them to depart from many of their obligations; but this was refused. The audiences fell off; and (to use the language of one of the biographers of Sir Thomas Gresham) "the City magnates thought that any man was good enough for a dumb or non-lecturing professor; in some instances putting broken-down tradesmen, connections, dependents, or mere lacqueys into the College, in order that they (the Trustees) might draw the annual salaries which the founder had intended for the support of competent and eminent men. The institution became contemptible in the eyes of the citizens." So matters continued throughout the reigns of Anne, George I., and George II. The Trustees sold the building out-and-out to the Government in 1767 for conversion into an Excise Office. The citizens, indifferent to the reading of lectures which had become ridiculous, were equally indifferent to this demolition of the College building, and forgot or ignored the liberal intentions of Sir Thomas. To compensate the (now) nearly worthless professors for the loss of their apartments, their salaries were raised from 50*l*. to 100*l*. each. A small, dirty, dusky room, in an upper storey of the new or second Royal Exchange, was set apart for the Gresham Lectures; and there a few persons assembled, sometimes only three or four, to wonder at prosy lectures in which no spark of scientific or literary ability was displayed.

When the Royal Exchange was again destroyed by fire, in 1838, the Gresham Lectures were delivered for a time in the City of London School; until at length the present Gresham College was built and opened for the purpose in 1843.

Matters have improved in the last thirty years. But, to show how slow the improvement has been, we may advert to a letter sent to *The Times* no further back than April, 1875, by the Rev. J. T. Bell, then the Head Master of the Bluecoat School, or Christ's Hospital. He had been advised to take some of his boys to hear a Gresham Lecture or two, in Latin, as a means of improving them in the knowledge of that language, and increasing their stock of scientific and literary erudition. Mr. Bell accordingly took two of his Grecians (senior and most advanced scholars) to hear one of the lectures on Physic or Medicine. "At six o'clock, the advertised time for the lecture, we found two persons waiting. Before the Lecturer appeared three young men joined us; and ultimately the audience, including ourselves and some friends of the Professor, reached the number of twelve. The lecture, beginning at 6.15, was apparently read from a MS. somewhat illegible and unfamiliar to the Professor. It appeared to open with a short description of an eruption of variola or small-pox, and the symptoms were described with some minuteness. At 6.24 the lecturer, finding perhaps that the subject was wanting in interest, suddenly passed into 'An Inquiry on the Hindrances to Length of Life in a Populous City;' and wound up at 6.28." If the measure of time is correctly given, this wonderful Latin lecture on an abstruse subject lasted just thirteen minutes.

Such a letter, coming from a Head Master of the Bluecoat School, occasioned a little stir among the Trustees. Sir Charles Reed, a member of the Gresham Committee, wrote to *The Times* to say that several improvements were in contemplation; among which would be a rule for appointing the professors for only one year at a time, in order to afford an opportunity for introducing new blood, if necessary. We need not stop to enumerate the changes made in long gone-by years. Sometimes the lectures have been given at one in the afternoon, sometimes at six or seven in the evening; sometimes in Latin only, sometimes in English only, sometimes in both consecutively. At present, three times a year, a course of twenty-eight lectures is given, in English, and at six in the evening; four on each of the seven subjects of Astronomy, Divinity, Civil Law, Physic, Rhetoric, Geometry, and Music; and the professors for the present year are certainly competent men. Music is always the most popular of the series. If the Lectures on this subject were popular concerts and nothing more, the Hall would be filled on every occasion; but this would obviously not be a fulfilment of Sir Thomas Gresham's intentions. Still, although not a concert, each lecture engages the services of a few vocalists and instrumentalists, to illustrate the styles of music treated by the lecturer; and this gives a liveliness to the display hardly to be expected from dry scientific lectures.

Improvement is still needed. What, we may ask, is the amount of the ground-rents available for the maintenance of the Lectures? Is any, or too much, of the sum spent in Gresham Committee dinners? Will the law permit such a departure from the strict literalism of Gresham's endowment as to permit of a wider usefulness in the scope of the Lectures?

G. D.

THE LAST OF THE VULGAR DOG TRIBE

CANINE creatures of low degree have enjoyed but a short spell of peace. Scarcely three months have elapsed when, armed with cord and bludgeon, the blue-coated huntsmen of Scotland Yard cried "Havoc!" and for full sixty days, and pausing to take breath only on Sundays, kept up the exterminating chase after those unlucky dogs who could not prove by a license, duly signed by an excise officer, their right to existence. How fearfully the slaughter raged, and how terribly the ranks of the four-footed victims were thinned, are faithfully preserved in the records of the Home for Unowned Dogs at Battersea. The "Home!"—heartless mockery. For the few it may be so, but for the many it is a howling wilderness of despair, a gloomy prison, with but one outlet,—a dreadful door, which opened at intervals reveals beyond baits tempting enough to beguile even a ratting terrier, but in the shadow of which crouches the executioner with his phial of prussic acid. A grip on the scruff of the neck, a momentary sensation of glass grating against the teeth, and ——!

One might have supposed that, with that terrible massacre fresh in their memory, the authorities would not have regarded it as needful to take the field in usual force now that the dog days have come round again; but the fatal edict has again gone forth. Surely all the really houseless dogs must by this time be destroyed, and a merciful deliverance for themselves and for us. Although from a dog's view, no doubt, it seems hard that, because an animal possesses a spirit of independence superior to that of the majority of his kind, and which leads him to prefer to earn a livelihood by his own unaided exertions to licking, for meat and lodging, the hand of treacherous man, who at any moment is capable of giving some one sixpence to take and lose his affectionate quadruped companion, or even to doom him to ignominious death by drowning, with a brick attached to his neck, in order that he may evade payment of the paltry dog-tax. If matters go on as at present, the end is inevitable. All dogs, excepting those who exist in a state of abject slavery, and whose tether of liberty is a six-foot chain, stapled to a wooden prison, called a kennel, will be swept from off the face of so much of the Queen's dominions as comes within the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Police Act. The number of faithful mongrels, the scores and hundreds of dogs of lowly birth, but none the less honest on that account, and aspiring to nothing higher than back street society, will rapidly dwindle and dwindle, and in a short time their tale will be told. It does not follow that they will all proceed, by way of Battersea, to that bourne from which neither dogs nor men return. When matters grow very desperate, it is more likely that the remaining few—the mere hundred or so of clever old roadsters who have hitherto been successful in evading the machinations of their enemies—will, on the eve of some contemplated raid, hold hasty council, and in a body turn tail on and evacuate a metropolis in which their lives are no longer worth a day's purchase. But there is pretty sure to be one dog left—the last of his tribe—the sole survivor of the once lively and numerous family of the vulgar dogs of London! And if that last dog could but speak! It is said of monkeys that they could talk if they had a mind to, but that they cunningly refrain from doing so lest mankind should set them to work. We have amongst us learned dogs—and, singularly enough, it is those of humble birth and breeding, and lowly social position, who display the greatest intelligence and quickness of perception. We are all acquainted with wise creatures of the species who will fetch and carry at command, and who, without command, but out of doggish good nature and devotion and love of biped creatures, have saved many a poor drowning wretch at his last gasp in deep water. We hear of dogs who are learned in arithmetic, and of some who are tolerably good actors on the stage, and adepts at dancing; but the dog endowed with the gift of speech has yet to make his appearance. It would be strange, indeed, if he should turn up in that last left of the London vulgar dogs! Should it be so, when he opens his mouth a guilty people will hang their heads in shame and remorse. If he is able to speak, he will probably be able to laugh as well, and he will laugh us to scorn for our past foolishness. He will be able to convict us by recorded evidence. He will call for the chronicles of the Home at Battersea, and he will lay a paw, trembling more in sorrow than in anger, on the incriminating pages, and he will exclaim, "Oh, ye worthy followers of that Simon the Simple, who cut open the leathern belly of his mother's bellows to find out where the wind was hidden, behold in me the last of two hundred thousand faithful and intelligent mongrels, who once lived amongst you, and loved and honoured you; look on me, and tell me to what purpose you have slain my nineteen hundred and ninety-nine thousand and ninety-nine brothers and sisters? Your purpose was to discover the rabies that in your wisdom you were convinced lurked within us. It was there, and you were resolved to find it and to stamp it out. Did you succeed in discovering it? Ask your appointed canine-criminal investigator at Battersea! A stern man, and one rigorously resolved to do the duty imposed on him, but withal, he is just and impartial. Moreover, he is a man of skill, and with a profound knowledge of all the ills to which dog-flesh is heir. Here is his book, and this is what in effect he tells you: He has been long on duty at the Battersea home in the course of years—eighteen or more, nearly *a quarter of a million* dogs, mostly of the mongrel tribe, have passed literally through his hands, and he has found not *one* animal afflicted with rabies. You have exterminated your faithful and loving four-footed servants in pursuit of a phantom. You have cut open the bellows, and the wind is,——nowhere! Your unreasonable panic has led you altogether astray. It is not amongst my tribe that the terrible malady was abiding, but amongst those dogs that lead pampered and unnatural lives, who have little or no exercise, and who are dieted on food that rots their teeth, ruins their digestions, and brings their blood to a state incompatible with a healthy brain. Another thing, too, and one which you have hitherto strangely overlooked. What as to the 'in-breeding,' that in the human kind produces results so disastrous? Why should not the same evil effects attend restricted breeding amongst canine creatures? As for we free rovers, Nature is the only 'fancier' who takes an interest in us, and we are faithful to Nature. It is different as regards the aristocracy of dogdom. No matter whether the dandy in dogskin be a big carriage dog or a silken pet for the lap, its breed is sacred, and though the 'family circle' may be extended, strangers are rigidly excluded. The dog breeder has his pocket to consult, and though a dog from another county and precisely of the same kind be offered to him, he cannot be sure but that some dormant family blemish may not in the next generation develop itself, and he therefore rejects the new blood in favour of the old stock. 'Of course I do not pledge myself," the last of the honest mongrels would probably hasten to add, on observing the consternation his remarks had roused amongst his hearers," I do not positively say that this last hint of mine provides a key to the mystery; but, now that you have put an end to my unfortunate race and got it off your mind, it might, perhaps, be worth considering."

JAMES GREENWOOD

"*NOT AT HOME*"

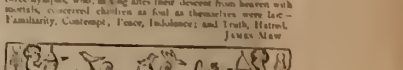
"TRUTH," says the Spaniard, "is green." This mystic utterance is supported by a pun which in our own language can be poorly represented, if we may borrow an epithet from the "Vulgar Errors" of Sir Thomas Browne, by Verity is virent. When the Spaniard makes use of it, he does not, as might be supposed, intend to convey the idea of the vigour of truth, nor of its sickness, nor indeed of its novelty; he simply desires to say that it is indigestible,—that you must not swallow much of it. That it is rather the seasoning of meat than meat itself. That, however one may grow fat on a feast of lies, no man in this world can live upon truth alone. This proverb, the aphorismatic result of the collected wisdom of years of experience, expresses a sad fact in English as well as in Castilian society, a fact to be regretted as deeply in the one nation as in the other. In our own tongue the conviction that the truth is not always to be spoken, however widely it is opposed to the suggestions of our conscience, the dictates of our morality, and the laws of our religion, is being rapidly rounded off into a proverb. A plain-spoken man, by which we may understand one who tells the truth more frequently than his neighbours, is felt to be a thorn in the side of society. Polite circles exclude him. He is cast off as an evil humour, a boil or blain on the fair-skinned surface of civilised life. He is very apt to disagree with his audience. He is not easily digested. In a word, he is green. In the glorious summer of the fashion of this world he seems to the eyes of its worshippers pale and unripe, however ripe and mellow he may seem in other eyes than ours, however fit to be garnered in that world where Truth will at last prevail, and all change of fashion be unknown.

It would never, to cull a convenient piece of slang from the counting-house, *pay* to declare to all so-called morning callers, people who profess to be our friends, and come to us solely to reveal their latent but harassing solicitude concerning the continuance of our good health, it would never pay to declare roundly to this inestimable folk that we have no time for idle talk, and so without further circumstance at all decline to see them. Marry no! such conduct would not be tolerated. So we say, or rather tell our servant to say, "Not at Home," a conventional form of complimentary expression, nailed to which many an honest truth-seeking man has suffered moral crucifixion. On the one hand Society loudly bids him be unabashed. None but a fool, says that blatant idol, could consider such a phrase, well understood by every one, and little likely to be received by any in a sense other than that intended, as a lie. It is a mere *façon de parler*. It is a social Barcelona nut which covers with a smooth shell its wrinkled kernel. We know when we give it perfectly well that we are giving two things, and that by the experienced the one will be taken and the other left. But, on the other hand, intelligence, natural intelligence, dislikes and kicks against it. Education suggests that it is scarcely consistent with Locke's definition of truth, and Conscience continually whispers, so long as she can be heard, that it stands at all events on the confines of casuistry and chicane. So much at least is certain, that few of those servants in whose mouths the sentence is almost exclusively found are sufficiently subtle to perceive the nice distinction subsisting between a falsehood and an assertion which, on the face of it, is decidedly false—our stalwart footman is seldom strong in Covarrubias, and to our kitchen vestal Escobar is commonly unknown—and it is sadly to be feared that if we countenance what she, poor, plain, uninstructed woman, cannot distinguish from the lie, known to her as a "downright wopper," or "whopper," for its orthography is undetermined, she, in her turn, and encouraged by our example will, of her own accord, utter statements respecting the voracity of our cat, in the matter of pickles or bottled ale, which no student of natural history could for one moment entertain.

On very high authority might the question of the morality of the phrase, "Not at Home," be decided, could it only be proved that it was for the benefit of the person to whom it was addressed. When the generous Rahab, with the good faith which is always to be found in those of her profession, distinctly told the king of her country that Joshua's spies, whom she had hidden [illegible] stalks, had gone out from it, she told what the most unscrupulous person must allow to be a lie, but, to Saint Augustine, her conduct was, on the whole, satisfactory. In such a case the pious father, neglecting, perhaps a little unfairly, the interests of the King of Jericho, considered solely the advantage which accrued to Joshua, and determined that Rahab's benevolence to the Jews counterbalanced her deceit to the Gentiles, and that her benignity condoned her falsehood. Thus it would seem that if the answer of "Not at home" to the morning caller could be shown to be for his or her advantage the lie, if it be a lie, would lose much of its grossness. And to show this is, perhaps, not impossible, or indeed difficult.

But the expression, "Not at home," is but a type of a large class of expressions which are either sunk in the bog of mendacity or trembling upon its borders—expressions which are exacted from us on our entrance into good society as a sort of payment before the farce. The green truth is cooked in many another guise than that of "Not at home," nor does there seem any sufficient reason, other than the frequency of its use, why the Tower of Siloam of public inquiry should fall upon this rather than any other expression of the class to which it belongs. Perhaps it were best to confess at once that politeness is not always consistent with veracity, and that every man is animated by a natural desire to avoid giving offence or incurring dislike. Plain speaking is not the only good which in this world unfortunately is followed by evil. None of us forget the unfortunate [illegible] of the three nymphs, who, [illegible] after their descent from heaven with mortals, conceived children as foul as themselves were fair—Familiarity, Contempt; Peace, Indolence; and Truth, Hatred.

JAMES MEW

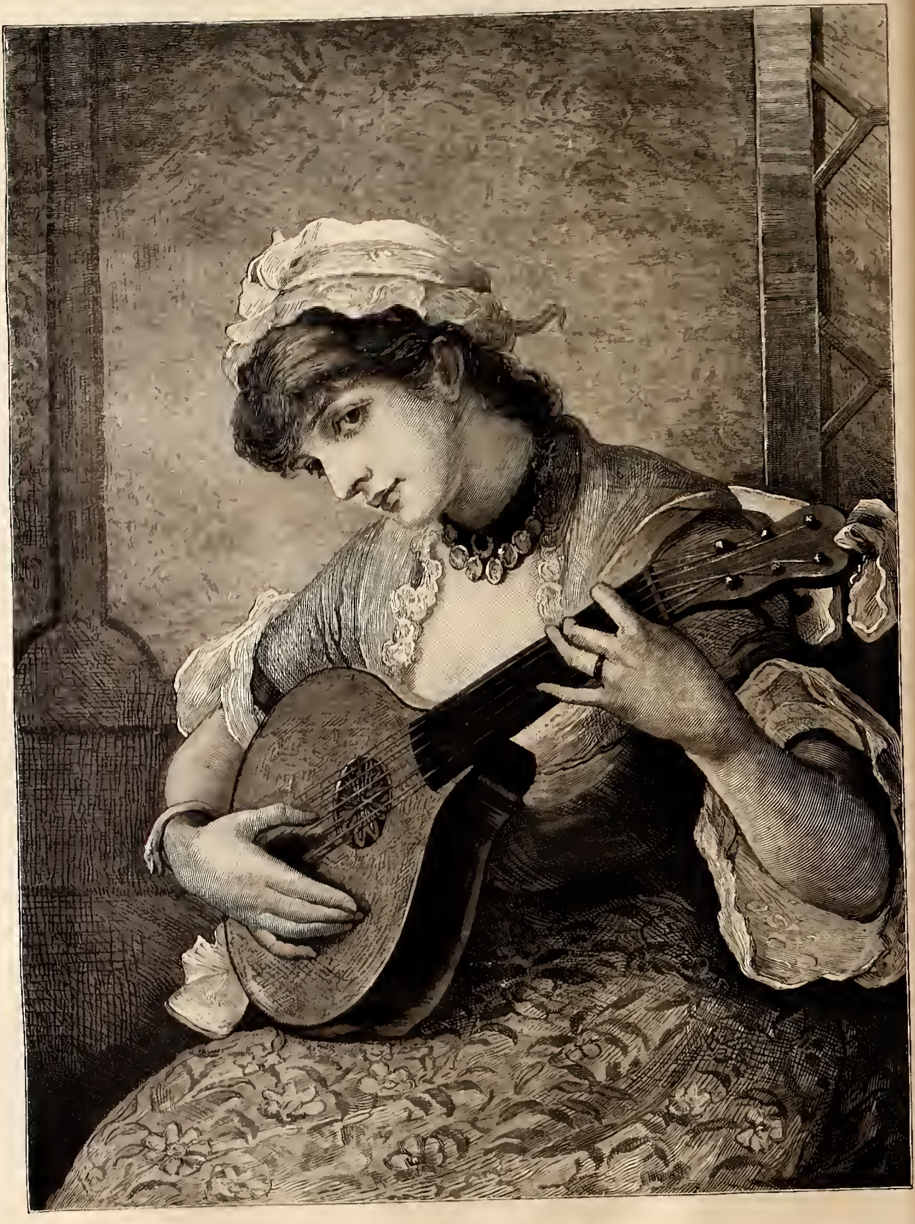


"FREDA," by the author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal" (3 vols. Bentley).—No one can hope to enjoy this book who is not ready for the nonce to cast all care for sense [illegible] and probability to the winds, for we can no more accept Freda's adventures in sober earnest than those of "Alice in Wonderland." A beautiful, wayward, light-hearted, and light-headed child of eighteen, she runs away from the husband to whom she has been married three months, who loves her passionately, but does not understand her, and irritates her by remonstrances and fault-finding, and delights her fancy by playing at being servant. Then the husband from whom she is separated is believed by her and the rest of the world to have been killed by a fall from his horse in Brazil, and, finally, she is wooed and won by him again—this time seriously—under another name, and disguised by a wig and a red beard. Other people also are brought together after the oddest and strangest fashion, and everybody all round is left very happy at the last. But, extravaganza as the book is, it is very clever, original, and amusing. Like the "Lewis Carroll" of whom she so often reminds us, the author possesses the rare gift of being able to write charming nonsense; and Freda, whether masquerading as parlour maid in the household of the respectable bachelor clergyman, whom she bewitches, against every impulse of his better judgment, into making her an offer of marriage at the end of three days—an offer she is compelled regretfully to decline, because, as she informs him, though "it sounds the nicest plan," she is married already; or reproaching herself for not having learned ventriloquism—"How useful a knowledge of it would often be through life," she says, "and yet it is neglected, while trumpery useless things are learnt with the greatest expense and trouble!" or wondering if she "should like to be a good example," and thinking that she might "for a very short time, just at first," is, if quite impossible, nevertheless exquisitely entertaining. Nor is she without really fine and noble qualities, which develop more and more as with the birth of love within her she learns at last that she has a heart and soul. The book will be delightful to those who can understand and enjoy genuine humour, and for those only could it have been intended. Let us add that some of the many little songs put into Freda's mouth are exceedingly pretty in their way.

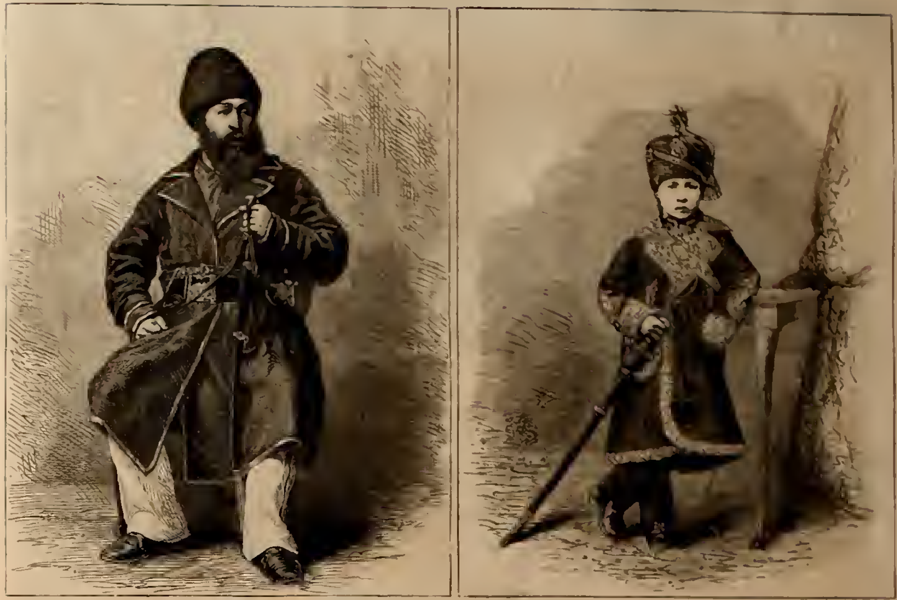
"Scotch Firs," by Sarah Tytler (2 vols. Smith and Elder).—Miss Tytler may complain that we are hard to please, as we have on former occasions charged her with a tendency to diffuseness, and must now express the opinion that "The Principal of St. Ninian's," the story which fills the greater part of these volumes, would have been much the better for expansion. There is no indistinctness in the author's conception or presentment of her leading characters—the vigorous, masterful, and somewhat "dour" Dr. Graham, Principal of the University of St. Ninian's, who is yet so tender and gentle with his invalid wife; the bright and ardent young Highlander, Professor Neil Colquhoun, the leader of the party in the "Senatus" which has set itself to resist the Principal's despotic authority; the weak and loving Mrs. Graham, whose life is so bound up in her husband; and the mysterious young lady, Miss Marget Graham, who plays the part of mistress of the Infant-school, but whom St. Ninian's gossip declares to be the daughter of the deceased elder brother of the Principal, and unrighteously kept by him out of her lawful inheritance of the [illegible]. Yet we feel that we do not understand and realise any of these as we ought, simply through not being allowed to see enough of them. Mackenzie, too, the "canny" Scotch "tacksman" and speculator, is far too well-conceived and life-like a personage to be wasted, so to say, upon a single scene; and the life of a Scotch University is so unworked a theme that we should have been glad to hear a great deal more about it than we do here. All the same, the tale is one of much excellence, and the author very skilfully succeeds in keeping her readers in the dark as to the real wrong of which the Principal has been guilty till the proper moment comes for disclosing it. It is quite in keeping with artistic fitness that the end of the story should be as gloomy as it is, though some will be inclined to regret that Miss Tytler did not relent, and allow the Principal, when he had atoned for his error, as far as atonement was possible, to enter upon a happy old age.

"Julia Ingrand," from the Spanish of Don Martin Palma, by J. W. Duffy, M.D. (3 vols. Elliot Stock).—This is a story of life in Chili by a Chilian gentleman, whose aim seems to have been to achieve the fiercest of onslaughts on the system of confession as practised in the Roman Catholic Church. Don Martin Palma is said by his translator to be himself a Catholic, but the character of his book would lead us to think that from long disuse of the observances of his religion he [illegible] forgotten what they really were. Unless the Roman Catholic Church in Chili is of a type wholly different from what it is in European countries, this story gives a very [illegible] picture of its workings. The book is the work of a man with no sort of gifts for the task of the novelist; it is but [illegible] translated; it is anything but pleasant reading; it is of exceptional length, and most wearisomely shaped and [illegible].

[illegible] BARRISTERS, who are [illegible] of the respect due to the Judicial Bench in a certain [illegible] court, undergo a very unpleasant penance. The Judge [illegible] on all barristers who appear in his Court donning full gown, wig, and bands, in the hottest weather, and if he finds the least attempt at long-winded discourses, or impertinence, he has the punkah stopped immediately—a plan which immediately brings back the suffocating lawyer to a proper frame of mind.



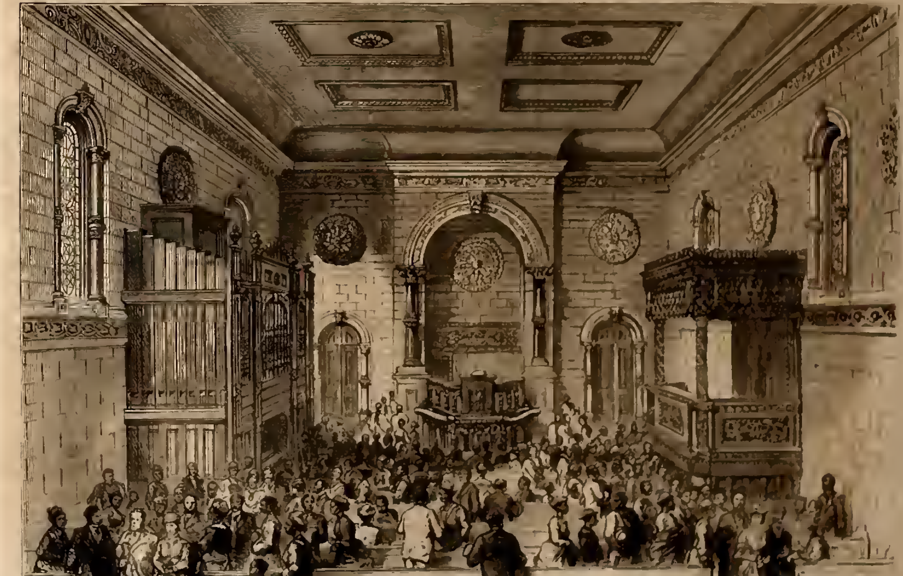
"MY LOVE IS LIKE THE MELODY THAT'S SWEETLY PLAYED IN TUNE"
FROM THE PICTURE BY J. PARKER EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



SHERE ALI
The Ameer of Cabul

THE LATE ABDULLAH JAN
Favourite Son and Heir Apparent of the Ameer of Cabul

THE ANGLO-INDIAN MISSION TO AFGHANISTAN



CHRISTIANITY IN MADAGASCAR—THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ANTANANARIVO

FOREIGN

The Eastern Question.——The capture and occupation of Serajevo by the Austrians appear to have broken the backbone of the Bosnian insurrection, and, with the exception of Eastern Bosnia, where General Szapary finds it difficult to hold his *own* at Dobjoi, the insurgent bands are breaking up and returning to their homes, while the Turkish soldiery are quietly yielding up their posts, and are being sent to Constantinople. The Austrians, however, are greatly in need of reinforcements, and there is much talk about a further mobilisation taking place which would raise their forces to 170,000 men. Thus Marshal Philippovitch, until the arrival of his fresh detachments, has confined himself to pacifying the neighbourhood of Serajevo, which he now declares to be free from insurgents, while, as we have said, Count Szapary is compelled to act entirely on the defensive, as the main body of the insurgents is congregated near Tuzla. Hadji Lodja, the insurgent leader, is seriously wounded in the foot. In the Herzegovina, General Jovanovitch is also waiting for reinforcements, but in the meantime has occupied Nevesinje and Driena, and is advancing upon Trebinje, where a pitched battle is going on between the insurgents and the Turkish garrison, who refuse to surrender the town and citadel except to the Austrians. The calm and yet determined attitude of General Jovanovitch is bearing good fruit, and is exciting universal approbation; in fact, the conduct of the Austrian troops throughout is said to be worthy of the highest praise, although at Constantinople there is a vague rumour that atrocities have been committed similar to those of which the Russians are accused in Bulgaria. The Austrians are suffering very severely from sickness, there being no climatic medium in Bosnia between the tropical heat of the plains and the icy blasts of the mountains, and dysentery and fever are rife amongst the troops. The Austro-Turkish Convention has not yet been signed, although the Turks have waived their condition that the occupation of Bosnia should be declared "temporary." The Austrians, however, now appear in no way anxious to conclude the Convention at all, and, indeed, an amicable arrangement seems as far off as ever from being concluded. There is a great feeling of irritation throughout Austro-Hungary, and the large returns of killed and wounded have roused considerable excitement.

To turn to Turkey herself, the Russians are gradually evacuating San Stefano, and transports are continually leaving the Golden Horn for the Black Sea ports. About 20,000 men have already been conveyed to Russia, and it is expected that by the end of next week the whole of the Guards will have left. The British fleet is also preparing to quit its present position, and will probably steam to Artaki, on the southern shores of the Marmora, some time next week. Thence, when the Russian evacuation is complete, the fleet will go to Gallipoli. The Porte has as yet made no reply to the Memorandum of the British Government, which was presented by Sir A. Layard last week, although numerous Cabinet Councils are said to have been sitting upon it. The Sultan, however, as a mark of esteem to Her Majesty, has presented the Queen with a handsome album containing portraits of himself and his family. The Sultan has telegraphed to the Czar complaining of the outrages asserted to have been committed by the Russians in Bulgaria, and has received a reply to the effect that the Czar hopes that the reports are exaggerated, as he would never allow such a state of things; and the Imperial commanders have been expressly desired to "watch over the security and prosperity of all." As we have stated elsewhere, the Rhodope Commissioners are preparing their reports which, owing to differences of opinion, are to be separate, instead of, as at first proposed, collective. Those of the British, French, Italian, and Turkish delegates, however, are identical. In the meantime the Rhodope insurgents hold out; and for the future a cordon of Turkish regular troops will separate them from the Russian lines. There is considerable excitement at Constantinople respecting the sentence and death by the Russians at Philippopolis of two prominent Turks, Azif Agha and Shaban Agha. The Turks argue that, according to the amnesty declared by the Czar, the men are entitled to their liberty; but the Russians pronounce them to be criminals and not mere political offenders.

In **Asia** the Turks are now evacuating Batoum in earnest, and the inhabitants are showing every disposition to accept the occupation as inevitable. Considerable emigration, however, is taking place, and the chiefs of the Lazis, having discussed the promises made by the Russians, have unanimously resolved to emigrate, and the Porte has made them a grant of land on which they may re-establish a settlement. The Porte is considering various schemes for railway and other improvements in Asia Minor, but appears to have rejected all excepting the scheme of the Duke of Sutherland, which is still under consideration.

Greece is growing impatient at the inaction of the Porte with regard to the "recommendation" by Congress that Turkey should cede Thessaly and Epirus to her, and also at not having received any answer to a Note she had addressed to the Porte on the subject, and threatens to invoke the intervention of the Powers. Perhaps this threat may be inspired by the example of **Montenegro**, whose Prince, taking the law into his own hands, commenced hostilities against the Turkish troops, who declined to evacuate the territory which Congress had assigned to him. This has brought forth a very polite Note from the Porte, stating that Mehemet Ali had been despatched to make all the necessary frontier arrangements.

From **Cyprus** there is little or no news beyond that Sir Garnet Wolseley has gone on a tour of inspection, and that the health of the troops is improving. The Turkish Government have essayed to raise a loan upon the guarantee of the revenues of the island which are to be paid by the British Government, but have failed in the attempt, as it is thought not unlikely that the British Government will itself retain the money in payment for the interest of certain guaranteed loans which the Porte has failed to liquidate.

France.——The anniversary of M. Thiers' death has been commemorated by a grand service at Notre Dame, at which some 8,000 people were present, including the Ministers, the Corps Diplomatique, some 1,300 provincial deputations, including delegates from every Department for which M. Thiers had ever been elected. (In 1871, after the war, it may be remembered that he was simultaneously elected for eighteen Departments.) The Marshal did not attend the service owing to its avowed political nature, the Republicans having apparently adopted the 3rd of September as a day of partisan demonstration in much the same way as the Orleanists commemorate the death of Louis XVI., and Bonapartists that of Napoleon III. The Paris Municipality were also officially unrepresented, but for diametrically opposite reasons, M. Thiers having incurred their displeasure by his vigorous action during the Paris Commune, while the demonstration, partaking of a religious as well as a political nature, was by no means to the taste of such "irreconcileable" gentlemen. The service was in every way impressive, the Cathedral being sumptuously decked and lighted, the front being hung with silver-bordered drapery bearing the initials "A. T.," and the words "*Patriam dilexit, veritatem coluit.*" Madame Thiers of course was present, together with her sister, Mdlle. Dosne; and the former, at the close of the service, held a species of informal reception of the deputations. Afterwards Madame Thiers drove to her husband's tomb in Père La Chaise Cemetery, where a number of deputations, including one of the Paris students, another from Belfort, and a third from Metz, deposited floral offerings upon the grave of "The Liberator of the Territory."

There is little or no political news beyond an official contradiction by the *Moniteur* that the Marshal has now, or has ever had, any intention of resigning. The whole story is now regarded as a mere electioneering manœuvre on the part of the Conservatives, though it still continues to excite considerable comment. The forthcoming Senatorial elections are attracting comparatively little attention, as the result is regarded as a foregone conclusion, though M. Lemoinne, with his characteristic caution, warns the Republicans not to be too sanguine that the Conservatives, disorganised as they undoubtedly are, will cease all dangerous opposition to the Republic. The Marquis of Salisbury is in Paris, where he is said to be conferring with M. Waddington on Egyptian matters.

In Paris the members of the various Congresses and Committees connected with the Paris Exhibition continue to dine together, and to compliment each other in prettily worded speeches. The list of Exhibition prize winners will be ready on the 15th instant. The number of paying visitors to the end of July amounted to 5,056,139, as compared with 3,846,479 in 1867, although the opening that year was a month earlier.—The International Horse, Donkey, and Mule Show has been held in the Esplanade des Invalides, and has been very fairly successful. Sixty-five horses were of English breed, although many were owned by the French Government and other breeders, but two of the chief features of the show were the Hungarian and Russian exhibits, both of which excited considerable attention.—There have been two first representations—a three-act opera-bouffe—*La Croix de l'Alcade*, the music by M. Perry Baggioli, at the Fantaisies Parisiennes, and a five-act drama, *Une Erreur Judiciaire*, by Charles Belle, at the Château d'Eau.

The weather in the south of France has been excessively hot, and out of a detachment of Reservists marching from Lyons to to Heyrieux, several died from the heat, and a large number had to fall out by the way.

Russia.——Considerable anxiety is now being openly manifested by the Government respecting the disorganised social condition of the people, and the *Official Messenger* has published a long article, declaring that the patience of the Government had become entirely exhausted by the series of criminal acts "committed by a large number of ill-disposed individuals, culminating on the 16th ult. by the assassination of General Mesentoff," and that for the future "inflexible severity" will be the rule in treating such offenders. The Government accordingly makes an appeal to "society itself—to all classes of the Russian people to eradicate an evil which has its root in false doctrines." The Russian people are said to be exceedingly pleased at this frank appeal of the Government to their good sense, but at the same time the whole of Russian society is so honeycombed by secret societies and Nihilistic doctrines as to afford little hope of any remedy being speedily found for the evils which are now threatening Russia. In the mean time Count Schouvaloff has been appointed Minister of Police, a step which is looked upon as exceedingly judicious.

United States.——The epidemic of yellow fever in the south is still increasing, and last week the mortality at New Orleans exceeded a thousand deaths. The disease also is rapidly spreading, and the most intense panic reigns in the affected district. The Government are taking energetic steps to relieve the poor, but great suffering prevails among the poor of the stricken towns. It is even difficult to get the dead buried, while, although physicians and nurses are arriving from other quarters, they are succumbing to the disease. Owing to the virulence of the epidemic political campaigning has been suspended in the south-west.

Italy.——The Italian Consul at Semjevo, Signor Perrod, has been assassinated on his way through the insurgent districts. Signor Perrod had been suddenly ordered back to Serajevo by his Government on account of the Austrian occupation, and intended to accompany the mails, but on finding them gone started with only one companion. The bodies of the Consul and his companion have since been found, but the murderers have not been discovered, as the crime was committed before the Austrians took possession of the district.—The fanatic Lazzaretti is now declared to have been at one time in league with the French and Italian Clericals, as he warmly supported the Papal cause, and in 1872 tried to get up a plot for the restoration of the temporal power. The Clericals gave Lazzaretti up when he remodelled his sect in the spring. The Pope has sent a delegate and the Pontifical Choir to attend the ceremony of consecrating the new church at Canoscio, near Perugia. This step is thought to be significant, as the Pontifical Choir has never before left Rome, and is regarded as likely to lead towards the ultimate abandonment of the Papal "imprisonment" theory.

India.——Sir Neville Chamberlain, the Special Envoy to Afghanistan, is still at Simla awaiting the Ameer's reply, and a native envoy has been sent on in advance. The Ameer is slightly recovering from the shock of his son's death, and has attended a public Durbar. Meanwhile, it is reported that Yakoob Khan has escaped from Cabul, and has fled to Ghazni, while he is further said to be half idiotic from long confinement and the severity of his father's treatment. As yet nothing has transpired officially respecting the terms to be offered the Ameer, but it is generally believed that the Ameer will be required to allow a permanent Resident at Cabul, and British agents in other parts of his territories, although it appears hardly likely that Shere Ali will give his consent unless the British demands are supported by the menace of an occupation of Afghanistan in case of refusal. A powerful military demonstration at the frontier is warmly advised.—A strong feeling against the maintenance of caste restrictions has set in throughout India, and at a recent meeting of the Bengal Social Science Association only one native speaker defended these old-rooted prejudices. Several high caste gentlemen spoke warmly of the ills occasioned by the caste system, and the subject is to be again discussed at another meeting.

Miscellaneous.——In **Hungary** a tremendous waterspout has burst over the town of Miskolcz, and has reduced a once thriving commercial centre to little better than a pile of bricks and mortar. "The shock was terrific," writes a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, "the houses reeled for a moment from their basements, and then came down with one tremendous crash." In an adjoining village huge masses of water were seen running down the hills like lava vomited by a volcano, while no fewer than three hundred soldiers and firemen lost their lives.—**Spain** is already discussing who is to be her new Queen, but a semi-official telegram contradicts all such rumours, and states that the King is still depressed with grief, and that his Cabinet would not insult him by raising such a question. Popular report however, declares that the most likely lady is the late Queen's elder sister.—In **South Africa** Parliament has been prorogued, and the 6th ult. was kept as a day of thanksgiving. In Natal matters are not wholly satisfactory, as Secocoeni is openly hostile. Other chiefs, however, have sent flags of truce to the British lines.

THE COURT

The Queen continues at Balmoral with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold. Her Majesty and the Princess were present last week at the Braemar Gathering at Old Mar Castle and remained during the greater part of the games, being saluted by a guard of honour composed of the respective clans both on their arrival and departure. Mr. Cross is staying at the Castle as Minister in attendance, and has dined with the Queen nearly every evening, while the Rev. A. Campbell joined the Royal party at dinner on Sunday. Prince Christian Victor, eldest son of Prince and Princess Christian, who is staying at Braemar, has also lunched with Her Majesty. The Queen and the Prince and Princess did not go to Crathie Church on Sunday, but Divine Service was performed at Balmoral by the Rev. A. Campbell.—The Court is now in mourning for the late Queen Christina of Spain. The mourning will be lightened on the 15th inst., and laid aside on the 22nd.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, with the King and Queen of Denmark, returned to town this week from the Isle of Wight. Last week the Prince paid a brief private visit to Lord Alington at Crichel, leaving again on Saturday evening for Southampton, whence he sailed in his yacht, the *Hildegarde*, to Cowes. Meanwhile the Princess, with the King and Queen of Denmark, Princess Thyra and Princes Waldemar and William went over to Ventnor, inspected the town, and drove through the village of Bonchurch to Shanklin Chine, and Sandown, returning to Cowes in the evening. On Wednesday the whole party came up to Marlborough House, whence the Danish Royal Family will return to Copenhagen. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their children go shortly to Abergeldie.

The Duchess of Edinburgh gave birth to a daughter on Sunday at Coburg. This is the Queen's 26th grandchild, and the Duke and Duchess's fourth child and third daughter. Both the Duchess and her baby are going on well.—The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne are staying with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Coburg.—The Duke of Connaught is still at Potsdam, and will not be home for another fortnight.—Prince William of Germany, eldest son of the Prince and Princess, left Berlin on Tuesday night for Scotland, on a visit to the Queen.—The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz is staying with her mother the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James's Palace.

The remains of the late Queen Christina of Spain have been placed in the Pantheon of the Escurial, the vault reserved for such Spanish Royal personages as have either reigned or have been the parents of reigning sovereigns. The late Queen left a fortune of 320,000*l.*, which will be divided amongst her family by her second husband, Queen Isabella and the Duchesse de Montpensier having already received their share.—Prince and Princess Henry of the Netherlands have entered the Hague in State amidst much enthusiasm and heavy rain, the orange colours of the Dutch Royal Family being displayed in all forms and shapes, and the favourite emblems being orange and white striped umbrellas. Prince Wilhelm of Prussia arrived in London on Wednesday.

CHURCH NEWS

The Day of Intercession for Missions.——The Archbishops of Canterbury and York have issued the following circular to the Bishops of their respective provinces:—"Dear Lord Bishop,—It is generally known that the Bishops from all parts assembled in conference at Lambeth agreed to recommend Tuesday before Ascension Day as on the whole the most suitable to be observed by all the branches of our Church as a Day of Intercession for Foreign Missions, after the present year. A desire has been expressed, in which we concur, that the present year should not be allowed to pass without a day of intercession; and we recommend that, for this year only, Saturday, 30th November, or any of the following seven days, be observed for that purpose. It will doubtless be remembered that the Church in Tinnevelly has already made the unprecedented accession of 20,000 souls to the Church a subject of public thanksgiving. Nor does this event stand alone as an indication that the hearts of the people of India are turning to God. We cannot but regard this as a special reason for our thanksgivings and prayers this year. We venture to hope that the clergy and laity in both Provinces, if invited by the Bishops of the dioceses, will join together in setting apart a portion of time for special prayer as recommended."

Various.——On Friday the Synod of the united dioceses of Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin met in St. Canice's Cathedral, Kilkenny, for the purpose of electing a bishop in the room of the Right Rev. Dr. Gregg, who has been translated to the See of Cork. The Archbishop of Dublin presided, and there was a very large attendance of members. Four candidates were proposed: viz., Archdeacon Wynne, Dr. Robert Hannay, of Belfast, and Dean Pakenham Walsh, of Cashel, the last-named a gentleman of great learning and ability, and in high estimation, but whose Evangelical views were supposed to be an obstacle to his election. Four votes were taken before any candidate obtained the requisite majority of two-thirds of the lay and clerical votes, but ultimately the choice fell upon Dean Walsh, who was declared elected, subject of course to the confirmation of the Bench of Bishops.—The Rev. J. B. Heard, who for twenty-three years was in Holy Orders, but left the Church about three years ago to become a lecturer of the Liberation Society, has now rejoined the Established Church of England, and been licensed to the curacy of St. Andrew's, Westminster. He remained with the Society only a few months, and was subsequently pastor of a chapel at Stockwell, where the Rev. Dr. Thomas, Congregational minister, formerly preached.—The *Rock* says that Miss Cotton, only child and heiress of the Rev. Dr. Cotton, Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, and niece of Dr. Pusey, has just seceded to the Roman Catholic Church. Miss Cotton has for several years past been an advanced Ritualist, and a regular attendant at St. Barnabas Church, Oxford.—Lord Penzance and the complainants in the Mackonochie case have given notice of appeal, but the re-hearing of the case cannot take place until November.—The twenty-first anniversary of the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom will be observed to-morrow (Sunday) at the Church of All Saints, Lambeth, and during the week. Special sermons will be preached to-morrow, at seven p.m., by the Rev. Dr. F. G. Lee, and on Tuesday, at eight p.m., by the Rev. T. W. Mossman, vicar of Torrington.—The Bishop of Meath, presiding last week at a meeting of the Meath Protestant Orphan Society, alluding to the recent Pan-Anglican Conference at Lambeth, said that some deluded people entertained the strange and ridiculous notion that because the Irish Church had thought it right to revise her canons and liturgy, therefore her Bishops would be coldly received, and that a vote of censure might even be passed upon the Irish Church. He was not at liberty to discuss all that took place at the meeting; but he was at liberty to state this, that they were received with the most cordial and hearty welcome, and that not one word was spoken during the whole time in the way of censure or disapproval of their conduct—in fact, they were received in a manner that caused even himself, who was somewhat sanguine and patriotic, a good deal of surprise. He would add one word more in connection with that conference, and it was that the remarks at it which elicited the greatest admiration, and the address which every one admitted to be the most able and brilliant, was that delivered by an Irish prelate—the Bishop of Killaloe.—On Saturday, the Earl of Haddington laid the first stone of a new borough school at Haddington, which is to be erected as a memorial to John Knox, who was born in that town. The Earl made a speech, in which he remarked on the fitness of such a memorial to John Knox, who so earnestly urged the necessity of "the virtuous education and godly upbringing of the youth of the realm"—words that ought to be borne in mind not merely by the admirers of the great Reformer, but also by his detractors.—The Church of England Temperance Society are getting up a memorial to Sir Garnet Wolseley, declaring that there is only too much reason to fear that unless stringent and timely measures of precaution are taken, the traffic in strong drink will be among the first to develop itself in the island of Cyprus, and in the extension of drinking habits among the people another grievous blot will be thrown upon the escutcheon of England; and praying him to adopt measures to prevent the increase of drinking-houses, if already existing, or the establishment of new ones under whatever name, and to encourage temperance both among natives and foreigners.—The *Nonconformist*, in a paragraph on pulpit plagiarism, says that recently a student, after delivering a trial discourse in a Scottish divinity hall, being charged by one of his fellow-students with plagiarism, coolly replied, "I wrote my sermon with inverted commas." "But how," exclaimed his fellow-student, "could your inverted commas be discovered by the Professor?" "Did you not observe," replied the unabashed thief, "that I turned up my tongue twice, in imitation of inverted commas, when I commenced my discourse, and turned down my tongue twice, at the other side of my mouth, when I had finished my sermon?"

THEATRES

THE new version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* produced at the PRINCESS'S Theatre is more remarkable for its excessive length and for the elaborate character of its incidental embellishments than for ingenuity of construction or dramatic tact. Like his predecessors who have attempted the difficult task of producing something like a stage representation of Mrs. Stowe's popular story, Mr. Rowe has deemed it advisable to confine himself to a series of scenes which aim rather at striking the imagination and exciting the sympathy of the audience than at producing a consecutive story. This, however, is a characteristic common to most attempts to construct a drama on the foundation of a novel, and it may perhaps with justice be pleaded that few among those who will see this piece performed are likely to be unacquainted with the original work. The most prominent characteristic of the performance, and that which gives most pleasure to the audience, is the plantation songs, choruses, and dances and the instrumental performances of the coloured troupe. Whether these entertainments are really characteristic of the old slave life in the Southern States of America, as is popularly believed, or whether they belong merely to the category of conventional negro accomplishments, really matters very little. The effect of the festival melodies, choruses, songs, and hymns sung with accompaniments by the highly-trained and accomplished coloured performers whom the enterprise of Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer has brought over here, is at all events very pleasing, and it adds much to the picturesque effect and dramatic complexion, so to speak, of the play. It is to be observed that, although the performance is stated to be supported by "one hundred real freed slaves" and "a host of Jubilee Singers," the burden of the acting of the play falls chiefly upon the white members of the company. This is a matter of course in the case of the white characters, such as the ruffian Legree—represented with due force and energy by Mr. Rowe—and perhaps of those who, like the hero, George Harris, are supposed to have a moderate quantity of negro blood in their veins; but the fact that the high-minded and heroic Uncle Tom is represented by a white performer, with an artificially darkened skin, must be held to indicate a dearth of pure histrionic talent among the negro actors. Harris is personated at the Princess's by Mr. Warner with excellent feeling, and Uncle Tom with genuine power by Mr. C. H. Morton; Miss Bates's Topsy is a clever piece of acting, affording much cause for merriment to the audience; and altogether the representation is satisfactorily sustained.

The reopening of the GLOBE Theatre on Saturday evening, under the management of Mr. Alexander Henderson, was the occasion of the production of a drama, in two acts, written by Mr. Joseph Mackay, and bearing the title *Mayfair and Rag-fair*. Mr. Mackay's piece is a rather extravagant melodrama, dealing with the supposed proceedings of a Jew who, while making money by nefarious practices in Rag-fair, is endeavouring to attain an exalted position in society at the other end of the town. *Mayfair and Rag-fair* seems a little out of place at the Globe, where a lighter and brighter class of entertainment is expected. It is, however, supported by a clever piece of acting in Mr. Fernandez's impersonation of the Jew Gorm, and it serves its purpose of occupying the time until the curtain rises on the comic opera, *Les Cloches de Corneville*, which, with some improvements, has been transferred here from the FOLLY.

Mr. Wills's beautiful play, *Olivia*, will be performed at the COURT Theatre, this evening, for the last time this season. The theatre will reopen for a short series of performances on the 14th inst., under the management of Mr. W. H. Stephens, who will produce a new drama, entitled *Memories*.—The DUKE'S Theatre reopens this evening, under the management of Messrs. Holt and Wilmot, with a new dramatic version of M. Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, entitled *The* [illegible]. The OLYMPIC reopens on the 23rd inst. with a revival of *The Two Orphans*.—Miss Lydia Thompson and her company will reappear at the FOLLY Theatre on Saturday next, when a new comedy in three acts, adapted from the French of Meilhac and Halévy, and a new burlesque founded on *L'*[illegible], by Messrs. Farnie and Reece, will be performed for the first time.

THE EGYPTIAN HALL.—Mr. Maskelyne's new automaton musician "Labial" made his *début* on Monday last, and would doubtless have excited much more wonder than he did, were it not for the fact that its inventor by his previous productions has taught us not to marvel at anything, however extraordinary, which he may accomplish. Labial plays the euphonium accurately, and with much delicacy of expression, the distinguishing feature of the contrivance being the marvellous lip-action necessary to produce the notes from the instrument. The figure plays alone, and also in company with "Fanfare" and Mr. Maskelyne, and in order to avoid the suspicion of electricity being employed, the supply of air from the bellows is passed through a tube of glass instead of metal. It is understood that Mr. Maskelyne intends to make a complete automaton orchestra, of how many performers we know not, and it is even whispered that we may soon listen delightedly to the works of a mechanical musical composer. The entertainment still includes the puzzling and apparently undiscoverable anti-spiritualistic phenomena, and the performances of the now famous "Psycho" and "Zoe." The Hall itself has been tastefully re-decorated, and additional accommodation is provided in the shape of some handsome and commodious private boxes.

THE EIGHTH of a series of promenade concerts was held at the Marble Rink, Clapham Road, on Tuesday evening, before a large and appreciative audience. The programme was an attractive one, and included several old favourites, amongst which we may mention "The Village Blacksmith," capitally rendered by Signor Campobello, "The Bay of Biscay," equally well sung by Mr. C. Abercrombie, "Kathleen Mavourneen," given with much expression by Madame Sinico-Campobello, and "Cherry Ripe," charmingly sung by Miss E. Villiers. Several well-known selections were ably performed by the band.

THEATRICAL BENEFIT FOR THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.—The proceeds of the first Gaiety *matinée* this season, on Saturday, Sept. 14, will be devoted to this excellent charity. All the company have kindly given their services. The programme will include the Dampier Children in *Helen's Babies* (first time in England), and all the Gaiety favourites in a farce, and Byron's burlesque, *The Bohemian G'yurl*.

SPORTING

THE TURF.—It is no exaggeration to say that the death of Mr. George Payne on Monday last has cast a gloom over the whole racing world. For well nigh half a century he has held a conspicuous position on the Turf, and, though he has speculated freely and lost heavily, he has passed through a very difficult ordeal with unsullied honour. He was one of the best "all-round" sportsmen of the day, and excelled in every pastime he took up, being acknowledged for years one of the most accomplished whist players in the kingdom. As Master of the Pytchley Hounds he more than justified the expectations formed of him. He was a most intimate friend of the late Earl of Glasgow and Admiral Rous, and in him the Turf has lost another of its Mentors. Few men had more friends or was more popular among all with whom he came in contact. He was in his seventy-fifth year. The funeral takes place at Kensal Green, on Friday, at noon, and will doubtless be attended by an assemblage of celebrities such as is not often seen in that well-known cemetery.—The event just alluded to had a marked effect on the Warwick Meeting, which from its proximity to the Leger always attracts a large company. Mr. Crawfurd naturally withdrew all his horses, and some other owners followed his example, while hundreds of familiar figures absented themselves from the Grand Stand. There was, however, some interesting racing enough and some good horses put in an appearance. Kineton's class enabled him to give weight to six others in the Leamington Handicap, and to win with not much trouble; Herald, who hardly misses a week without scoring a race, beat Lady Ronald and three others in the Kenilworth Plate; and the smart Sword Knot, by carrying the top weight and winning the Grendon Nursery, showed that her recent successes were by no means flukes, as some suggested. On the second day Major Stapylton, whose stable just now seems in excellent form, took the Warwick Welter Cup with Senator, and Mr. Gretton the Studley Nursery with Hermia.—Richmond had a fair meeting, but the animals engaged were mostly second-rate. Derby suffered from the same cause as Warwick, Mr. Savile, out of respect to the memory of his friend, withdrawing all his horses.—The chief interest in the Leger naturally continues to centre in Beauclerc. After three days' holiday from hard work the horse began to gallop again, and by this time is probably at Doncaster. It is evident that the ring does not dare to take any liberties with him, and since Monday the market price has gradually shortened from 10 to 7 to 1. Of course it is easy enough to say now that if Beauclerc had not been stopped in his work he would have won the Leger; but such a statement was quite justified, for as a two-year-old he was many pounds better than any of the Leger horses, and it was well known from a recent rough gallop that he had retained his form. The question now is whether he can afford to lose the three days' hard work so near the time for a race which may be said to be run at full speed from start to finish, and therefore requires a horse to be thoroughly prepared. At the time of writing Insulaire has assumed the lead in the quotations at 4 to 1, with Red Archer next in demand, and then Lord Falmouth's pair.

CRICKET.—The season is now drawing to a close as far as grand matches are concerned; but the last few days have been busy ones enough.—The visit of Kent to Nottingham brought forth no fruit, as thunderstorms and deluges of rain upset the calculations, and eventually caused the game to be drawn. However, as the figures stood it was long odds on Notts.—Gloucestershire seems rapidly going down hill, as on the Clifton College ground all the Graces and their band could only make 85 in the first innings against the 238 of Surrey, who were substantially the victors, though a draw took place.—[illegible] again at Scarborough, notwithstanding Mr. A. J. Webbe's contribution of a round 100, had to succumb to Yorkshire, the latter making the grand total of 350 in the first innings, and winning the match by 9 wickets.—The Australians played a capital match on Monday and Tuesday against a very fair Eleven of Players at the Oval, and beat them by 5 runs. Barratt performed the most unusual if not unprecedented feat, at least in a first-class match, of having the credit of all the 10 wickets in the first innings, and the ball he used is to be mounted in silver and presented to him.—Thomas Humphrey, the old Surrey cricketer, died on Tuesday last.

AQUATICS.—The third Thames International Regatta was brought off between Putney and Chiswick on Saturday and Monday last. As heretofore it was under the auspices of the London Steamboat Company, and was confined to professionals and [illegible], with a purse for police crews. Unfortunately, no entries from abroad gave it an international character, but the antagonism between Northern and Southern oarsmen imparted considerable interest into the proceedings. The results show that the Tyne men and their friends carried off the three chief prizes, Elliott of Pegswood beating Higgins (the champion) in the sculls, Lumsden and Boyd of Newcastle taking the pairs from Thomas and Higgins of London, and the Northern Four, Boyd, Lumsden, Nicholson, and Elliott, easily winning from the London men, Green, Messenger, Higgins, and Thomas.

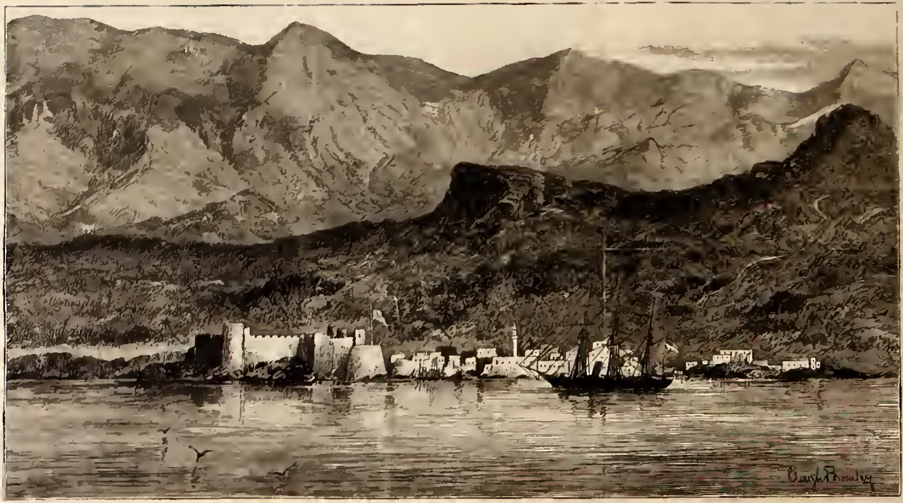
SWIMMING.—The 500 yards Championship Race was contested on Tuesday evening at Wenlock Baths, City Road. This was the third year of the competition, W. Beckwith winning on the first occasion, and J. B. Johnson last year. The latter won again on Tuesday, and if he can repeat his success next year the Silver Challenge Cup will become his property.

FOOTBALL is making great progress in Australia. At Melbourne the Carlton and Waratah Clubs played the Great Intercolonial Match, consisting of two games, one under the Rugby and the other under the Victorian rules. The Carlton had the best of both games, in the latter of which one of the players had his thigh fractured.

LEGAL

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.—Sir E. Henderson's report for the year 1877, which has just been printed, is full of interesting and suggestive statistics. The re-organisation of the Detective department is referred to and described, and also the new scale of pay and system of promotion, which we mentioned last week. The strength of the force on Dec. 31st, 1877, was 10,446, including 25 superintendents, 279 inspectors, and 1,078 sergeants. Speaking generally, the conduct of the men appears to have been good, for though we find that 167 men were dismissed and 136 were called on to resign, there were 15 only who were charged before magistrates; whilst, on the other hand, ten men were commended for their zeal by Her Majesty's Judges, and 748 were rewarded by the Commissioner. The number of men reported for drunkenness decreased from 1,017 in 1876 to 937 in 1877. The growth of the metropolis during the year was above the average, for no fewer than 14,440 new houses, covering a length of more than thirty-nine miles, were erected and placed under police supervision. The number of arrests was 77,[illegible], and out of these there were 54,034 summary convictions, and 2,571 convictions after trial; while 163 accused persons were acquitted by juries, and 20,514 discharged by magistrates. Burglary and housebreaking increased so much that special arrangements were made to suppress it; 1,853 cases are recorded, 203 of which were in the Islington district. The highway robberies which occurred at Blackheath in September last are specially alluded to. Drunkenness did not increase during the year, a fact which Sir Edmund attributes to the depression in trade. The number of fatal street accidents, as compared with the previous year, decreased from 130 to 120; but the number of persons injured increased from 3,740 to 3,836. The greatest number of these accidents occurred in Holborn, Highgate, Islington, Stepney, and Camberwell. No fewer than 8,483 children and 3,216 adults were reported as lost or missing; of these 5,441 children and 799 adults were restored to their friends by the police, 3,017 children and 2,274 adults were found by friends or returned home, 2 children and 60 adults committed suicide, while 23 children and 63 adults have not yet been accounted for.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—Horsemonger Lane Gaol, which has just been closed, under the Prisons Act recently passed, was built in 1798, and is famous as the place of confinement not only of criminals and debtors, but of political and literary offenders also. It was here that in 1803 Colonel Despard, with six of his companions, suffered death for conspiring to "overturn the Constitution and destroy King George III. and the rest of the Royal Family." Here, too, Leigh Hunt spent two years of his imprisonment for having described the Prince Regent as "an Adonis of forty," and the Rev. Mr. Taylor, otherwise called "the Devil's Chaplain," was incarcerated for two years for preaching [illegible]. More recently Colonel Valentine Baker and the Rev. Arthur [illegible] have been accommodated within its walls.—A [illegible] for keeping a betting house at [illegible] house has resulted in the [illegible] of a fine of [illegible].—The Brighton Town Council have had another rather [illegible] discussion respecting the alleged existence of gambling-houses in the town, and the [illegible] of the Watch Committee to interfere, and have [illegible] that nothing can be done unless more definite information is [illegible].—During the hearing of a charge [illegible] at the [illegible] Petty [illegible] on Monday, some curious revelations were made respecting the conduct of a certain "[illegible]" [illegible]. It was stated that the members paid 3d. per month, and were allowed to introduce a friend on payment of another penny. The club was open for [illegible] and dancing on Sundays and week-days alike, and intoxicating drinks could be obtained in any quantities, and at almost all hours, both by members and non-members, not only for [illegible] on the premises, but also to take home to [illegible].—The Mayoress of Liverpool, while staying at an hotel in Glasgow, has been robbed of her [illegible]. [illegible] depredations have been committed in Glasgow for some months past, but the police have as yet no clue to the thieves.—The other day Alderman [illegible] B. Phillips, in sentencing a dog-stealer to



Old Venetian Fort H.M.S. "Bittern" Road to Nicosia

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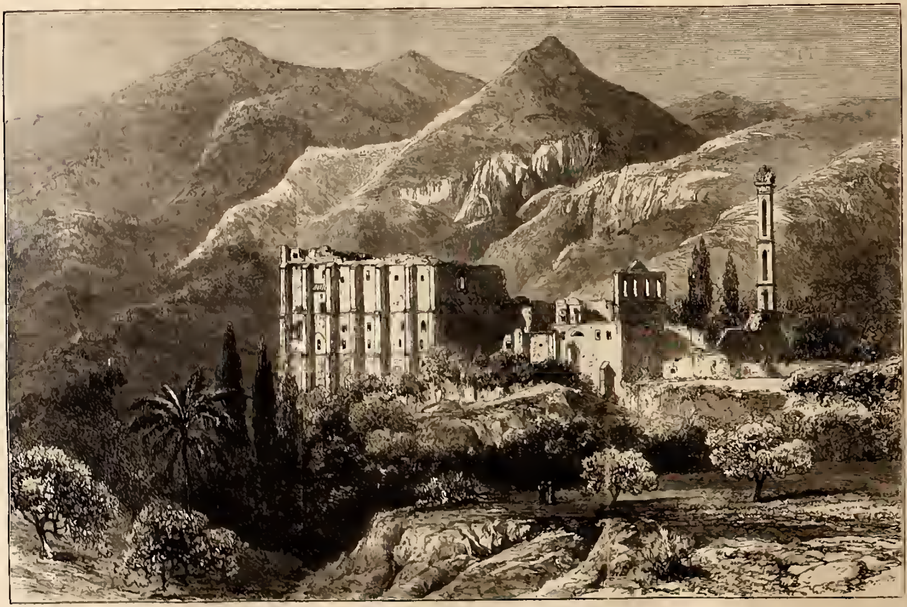
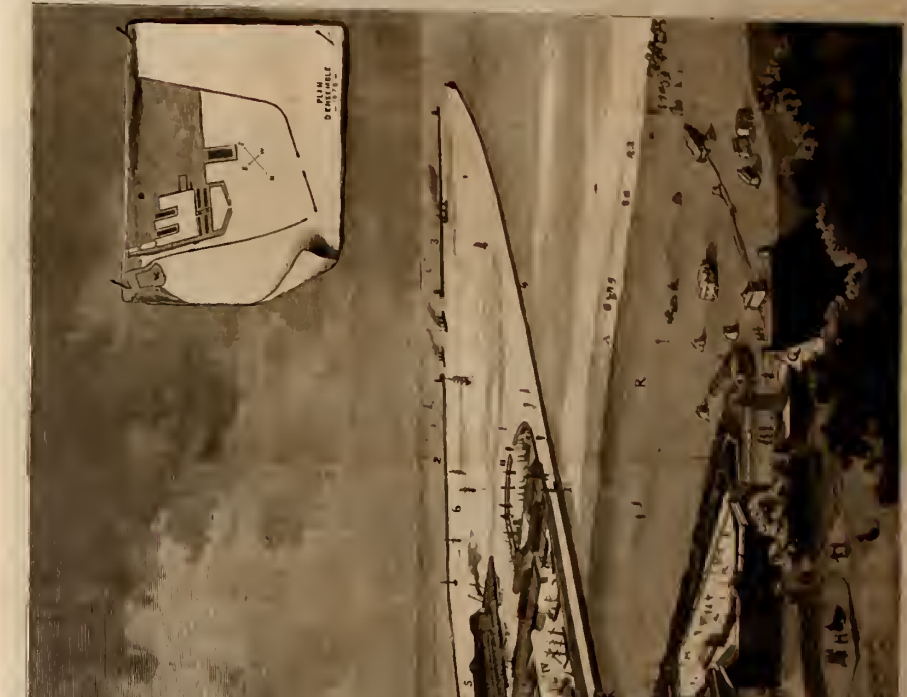


RUINED MONASTERY AT LAPAIS

THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS



THE NEW DEEP-SEA HARBOUR AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER AS IT WILL BE—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE EAST CLIFF three months' imprisonment, said that the system of dog-stealing was carried on to an enormous extent in London, and that he knew of a case in which a lady had her favourite dog repeatedly stolen, and she had paid between 80*l.* and 90*l.* on different occasions as rewards for its restoration.—A man who is "known to the police" is in custody for a singular fraud. Having by some means ascertained that a certain Mrs. Harvard had a brother who was in prison, he wrote to her and had several meetings with her, representing himself as chief warder of the prison in which her brother was confined, and offering to take anything to him which she could spare. The unsuspecting woman gave him nearly 10*l.* in money, beside 10*l.* worth of clothing.—The other day Mr. Villiers, of the Canterbury Hall, took his juvenile army to the Alexandra Palace to enact "The Siege of Plevna." After the performance the boys were invited to see the wild beasts, and, quickly piling their arms, they rushed off. There appears to have been some misunderstanding about the matter between Mr. Villiers and the proprietor of the menagerie, and when he heard Mr. Daniels telling the boys to "come on," he naturally got angry and gave him a push. A charge of assault was the result, and Mr. Villiers had to pay a fine of 10*s.*—A lady named Castine, who was housekeeper at the Junior United Service Club, has died from the effects of burns, which are supposed to have resulted from the accidental ignition of her clothing, she being in the habit of reading in bed. It is a singular feature of the case that, though she was so fearfully injured as to die within twenty-four hours after the accident, she would admit no one to her room to render assistance.—Much indignation has been excited in the neighbourhood of the Old Kent Road by the discovery, on the premises of an undertaker, of the bodies of seven infants which had been entrusted to him for interment. No legal proceedings have as yet been taken against him, but on Saturday the house was partly wrecked by a mob, who would have also lynched the proprietor if he had not judiciously kept out of the way.—On Friday last a double murder was committed at Northampton by a man belonging to the Northampton and Rutland Militia. He had been degraded from the rank of colour-sergeant for some military offence, and was under orders to leave his quarters. He got a rifle and shot two of his comrades in the same regiment, and also fired at a third man, who only escaped by happening to duck his head at the right moment. He has been handed over to the civil authorities, and will of course be tried for wilful murder, though it is stated that he was mad.

MARRIAGE

On the 4th inst., at All Hallows', Tottenham, N., Mr. Frederick Hickman Hanwell, of London, to Miss Annie Colyer, of Tottenham.

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Discount 15 per cent.

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PATTERNS FREE. BLACK SILKS.

Manufactured by BONNET, of Lyons.

Messrs. JAY beg to inform their patrons and the Public generally that they are now selling these well known pure light dyed SILKS at a reduction from 33 to 40 per cent. off prices that were charged previous to the depression in the Lyons Silk Market.

Present price	5s. 6d.	Former price	8s. 9d.
"	5s. 11d.	"	9s. 6d.
"	6s. 9d.	"	10s. 6d.

Messrs. JAY are also selling Jaubert's good wearing Black SILKS, at the following reduced rate:

Present price	3s. 9d.	Former price	5s. 6d.
"	4s. 6d.	"	6s. 3d.
"	5s. 3d.	"	7s. 6d.
"	5s. 9d.	"	8s. 3d.

As these low prices are not at all likely to continue, and as Silks wear much better when not used fresh from the loom, Messrs. JAY strongly recommend their Customers to take advantage of the occasion, to make purchases of that always fashionable and useful article, a good black Silk.

BLACK SATINS, all pure silk, 22in. wide, from 5s. 3d. per yard.

JAY'S, THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Regent Street, W.

CHARLES GASK & CO. (Limited), 58 to 63, Oxford Street; 1 to 5, Wells Street, London.

NEW COSTUMES. For Travelling and Seaside, made of the fashionable New Fabrics, from Paris models, 2½ to 6 guineas each. A large choice to select from.

Velour Serge Costumes, richly braided. Three guineas. Quite new styles.

AUTUMN DRESS PABRICS. The Latest Fashions are now being daily received. Prices from 9d. to 2s. 6d. per yard. Fine French Cashmeres, new autumn tints, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., and 2s. 11d. per yard, double width.

SEALSKIN PALETOTS, ULSTERS, &c.

Several Hundred Fine Sealskin Paletots, the new shape, 36 in. long, 9½ guineas. Smaller sizes in proportion.

New Travelling Ulsters, 27 shades of colour, all wool, at 21s. each.

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Experienced dressmakers sent to any distance free of charge to take orders.

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For BREAKFAST and SUPPER.

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CHOCOLAT MENIER. Paris, London, New York. Sold everywhere.

LAXORA, the best remedy for CONSTIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children.

The LANCET, June 9, 1877, says: *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*

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ELLIS'S PURE AERATED RUTHIN WATERS.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—Crystal Springs. "Absolutely Pure"—See analyses, sent free on application.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—Soda, Potass, Seltzer, Lemonade, and also Water without Alkali. For Gout, Lithia Water, and Lithia and Potass Water.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—Crystal Springs. Corks branded "R. Ellis and Son, Ruthin." Every label bears Trade Mark.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—Sold everywhere. Wholesale—R. ELLIS and SON, Ruthin, North Wales. London Agents—W. BEST and SONS, Henrietta St., Cavendish Square.

ORANGE CHAMPAGNE is a Light Pleasant Drink, made simply from Oranges. It is effervescent, but entirely free from spirit, and perfectly wholesome. Price 7s. per dozen Quarts; 4s. Pints. Bottles 2s., and Cases 1s. per dozen, until returned.—Made only by CHAS. CODD and CO., 79, Copenhagen Street, London, N.

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WILLS' HONEY CUT.—In consequence of the disturbed state of the Bristol Tobacco trade through the recent advance in the duty, W. D. & H. O. WILLS have introduced "HONEY CUT," a Shag Tobacco, in ounce packets at fourpence, and half-ounce packets at two-pence, which they recommend as the best possible value at the price. May be had of all the principal Tobacconists.

MOURNING ORDERS SENT at ONCE upon RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM.

A large Staff of very competent Dressmakers and ASSISTANTS are kept purposely to TRAVEL to all parts of the country—no matter the distance—(free of any extra charge whatever to the Customer) with a full assortment of Made up Goods of the most fashionable and suitable description FOR A FAMILY MOURNING, and also Mourning for Servants.

Orders, however large, can be completed at a very short notice by Dressmakers of the greatest proficiency (either French, German, or English).

Observe—this Address ONLY—PETER ROBINSON'S COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, 256 to 262, REGENT STREET, London.

One of the most important Houses of its kind in England.

Established as a Mourning Warehouse 30 Years.

CHEAP BLACK MATERIALS of the best qualities.

Black French Cashmere, 2s. 9d., worth 3s. 6d.

English Wool Poplin, 1s., worth 1s. 6d.

NANCINE, a good wearing, all wool material, at 1s. 4½d., 2s., and 2s. 9d.

All the new makes of Indian Cashmere.

Every kind of Serge, from 1s. to 3s. 6d.

Suitable for Evening and Dinner Dresses	French Canvas Grenadine, at 7½d. Wire Ground Strong Grenadine, at 8½d., 10½d., and 12½d. Silk Damassé Grenadines, at 2s. and 2s. 3d., worth 3s. 6d.

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Its advantages are—that it is made of Silk so pure that it will not crease when sat upon, nor spot with rain.

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BLACK MATERIAL COSTUMES and PRINCESS ROBES. Fashionably made from New Fabrics,

SUITABLE FOR LADIES WHO WEAR BLACK FROM CHOICE,

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Also Costumes, trimmed handsomely with Crape, at 3 guineas and up to 8 guineas.

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T. LITTLE and SON beg to announce that their Buyers and Dressmakers have returned from Paris with the latest NOVELTIES FOR THE AUTUMN SEASON. During the repaving of Oxford Street carriages can set down in Newman Street, 2 doors from Oxford Street.

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WATSON, BONTOR, and CO., IMPORTERS.

TURKEY CARPETS.

PERSIAN CARPETS.

INDIAN CARPETS.

35 and 36, OLD BOND STREET.

JEWEL ROBBERIES.—CHUBB'S SAFES for JEWELS give the greatest security from the attacks of burglars, and are also Fire Resisting. All sizes, with various fittings. Chubb's Latches and Detector Locks. Price List sent free.—CHUBB and SON, 128, Queen Victoria Street, St. Paul's, E.C., and 68, St. James's Street, S.W.

INDESTRUCTIBLE Parrot Cages, last a lifetime, beautifully got up, an ornament to a drawing-room, no bird can destroy them, price 25s.; imitation, 10s.; about 17 Parrot Cages, soiled laying by, at half-price; common zinc Parrot Cages, 6s.

W. CROSS, Oldhall Street, Liverpool.

PARROTS, small birds, 1,700 pairs Budgerigars, African Love Birds, Zebra Finches, Diamond Sparrows, Nonpareils, Red Rumps, Water Tortoises for aquariums, and a host of other stock.

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TO STATIONERS, BOOKSELLERS, &c.—The Publishing House of LOUIS SENF, Leipsic (Germany) wishes to meet with Firms who are willing to undertake the sale of Postage Stamp Albums. For particulars apply to the above address.

HORBURY MEWS, Notting Hill Gate.—Several SETS of expensively-fitted, newly erected STABLES to be LET in this private mews, with stalls and loose boxes for two, four, or five horses, coach-houses, and rooms.—Apply to E. and F. Swain, 82, High Street, Notting Hill, W.

A LADY will sell perfectly new Indian Gold and Turquoise Suite—Necklace, pair Bracelets, Brooch, Earrings—containing 1,055 Turquoises. Price £50.—"Y. 124," Sell's Advertising Office, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

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Rough and Ready Serges, 6½d. Rough and Ready Bèges, 8½d. Rough and Ready Serges, 10½d.	26 in. to 28 in. wide, a fine choice of shades.

A remarkably cheap new Dress Fabric, at 6½d.

A Douglas Brilliantine, new Autumn Shades, 8½d.

The Estamene Serge, newest colours, 1s. 6½d. yard.

Heather Mixtures, something quite new for autumn, 26 in. wide, 1s. 6½d. a yard.

Cashmere Estimé, 9½d. yard, 25 in. wide.

French Bège Foulé, 1s. 4½d., 26 in. wide.

The Scarborough Twill, 30 new autumn colours, 10½d.

Scotch Cashmere Foulé, 1s. 6½d., width 26 inches.

Satin Cloths and Wool Poplines, dyed by the best French houses, various prices and endless shades.

Cashmere Estimé, width 27 in., price 1s. 6½d.

Scotch Cashmere Estime, 27 in., price 1s. 6½d.

Special Pieces of Double-width Navy Blue Serges, 48 to 54 in. wide, 1s. 0½d., 1s. 6½d., and 1s. 8½d. yard.

BLACK GOODS:

Black Duchess cloth, made exclusively for us, 1s. 11½d., and 2s. 6½d., 30 in. wide.

Black Cashmeres, of English and French production.

Black Cashmeres, of the very best value.

Black Cashmeres, at 1s. 11½d., 2s. 11½d., 3s. 11½d., and 4s. 11d. the yard, 44 in. to 48 in. wide.

Crapes—"The Rain Proof," "Crown," and other makes—a cheap lot good blacks, at 1s. 0½d. yard.

Any patterns free on application.

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Black Silks, special prices for this month.

Black Silks, at 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6½d., and 2s. 11½d. yard.

Black Silks, Lyons Gros Grains, by Messrs. Gourd, Croizat and Cie., special prices 3s. 11½d. a yard.

Blue Black Velveteens, 1s. 0½d. a yard, 25 in. wide.

Rich Coloured Velveteens, 50 different shades, 27 in. wide, 1s. 6½d. yard, former price 2s. 11½d.

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The new "Louis" Velveteen. These velveteens, dyed the new shade of blue black by a special process, are guaranteed to retain their colour and brilliancy, and cannot be distinguished from Lyons Silk Velvets at four or five times the price.

Special Parcels of 27 in. Silk Costume Velvets, 6s. 11d. the yard; former price, 10s.

Black Satins, 1s. 0½d., 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6½d., and 2s. 11½d.

Black Satins, 3s. 6½d., 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., and 6s. 11d. a yard.

Coloured Satins, in 100 shades, 2s. 6½d. and 3s. 6½d.

Patterns of all kinds post free.

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Trocadero Costumes, Cachmere de l'Inde, with garniture of Satin, £2 15s. 6d.; with Paletot, 3 gs.

Beaumarchais Costume, Cachmere de l'Inde, 30s. 6d.; with garniture of Silk, £2 18s. 6d.; with Paletot, £3 5s. 6d.

La Marjolaine Costume, the New Moss Cloth, £2 2s. 6d.; with Paletot, £2 9s. 6d.

Zarel Costume, French Fabrique, 35s. 6d.; with Paletot, 39s. 6d.

Duchess Costume, Lustre Fantaisie, 31s. 6d.; with Paletot, 37s. 6d.

Arcadian Costume, Washing Alsatian Fabrique, 25s. 6d.; with Paletot, 29s. 6d.

Matinée Costume, in Percale Nouveauté, 29s. 6d.; with Paletot, 33s. 6d.

Corneville Costume, Galatea Rayés, 18s. 9d.; with Paletot, 23s. 6d.

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Duchess Trimmed Chemise, 1s. 9½d. each; three for 6s. 3d.

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Better quality, and more handsomely trimmed, 3s. 11½d. each; or three for 11s. 4d.

Mercedes Night-Dress, 2s. 11½d. each; or three for 8s. 9d.

La Reine Night-Dress, Trimmed Scotch Work and Frilling, 3s. 11½d. each; or three for 11s. 4d.

200 dozen Trimmed Drawers, 1s. 11½d. each; or three for 5s. 9d.

Fashionable Deep Corsets, with Belt for Princess Costumes, in Black, Scarlet, and White, at 6s. 11d.; usual price, 8s. 11d., every size.

White Longcloth Skirts, with two Worked Flounces, 2s. 11½d.; or three for 8s. 9d. A better quality, 3s. 11½d.; or three for 11s. 6d. Various Handsome Patterns, 4s. 11d., 7s. 11d., 10s. 9d., 12s. 9d., and up to 29s. 6d. each.

Illustrated Price-Lists, post free.

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HENRY GLAVE'S CHEAP WASHING and OTHER FABRICS for SEASIDE and TRAVELLING DRESSES.

Washing Galatea, Stripes, 4½d. and 6½d., a yard; Don Mattings, 29 in. wide, 7½d.; Oriental Mattings, 27 in. wide, 1s. 6½d.; Spa Flake Quiltings, 27 in. wide, 10½d.; Linen Stripes, 27 in. wide, 11½d.; Washing Sateens, 1s. 0½d.; Dark Dress Linens, plain colours, 30 to 36 in. wide, 7½d., 9½d., 1s. 0½d., and 1s. 6½d.; Sateen Stripped White Muslinettes, 6½d., 8½d., and 1s. 0½d.

Special Prices of Double-width Navy Blue Serges, 48 to 54 in. wide, 1s. 0½d., 1s. 2½d., and 1s. 8½d.

Patterns post free.

534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

SWAN and EDGAR

ARE NOW SHOWING a Large Stock of Seaside and Travelling Garments, Ulsters, Waterproofs, and Dust Cloaks.

PICCADILLY and REGENT STREET.

LADIES ABOUT TO TRAVEL should see the "OSBORNE" Dress Case, very light and handsome, with collapsible bonnet compartments, price 10s. 6d.—HARRIS, Manufacturer, 65, High Holborn, five doors west from Inns of Court Hotel. Illustrated list free.

MECHI'S DRESSING BAGS and DRESSING CASES, Despatch Boxes, Work Baskets, Jewel Cases, Reticule and Courier Bags, and Wedding and Birthday Presents in great variety. Purses, Card Cases, Smelling Bottles. Illustrated catalogues post free.—112, Regent Street, W.

"**THE closer we Shave our Cus**tomers, the better they like us; and if we take care, all but their skin, they are delighted." If we said, or did, MECHI'S MAGIC STROPS, PASTE, and RAZORS, which for Fifty Years have maintained the No. 1 position.—112, Regent Street, London.—All the nice things in Dressing Bags, Dressing Cases, and Elegancies for presentation. Catalogues post free.

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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVIII.—No. 459
Printed on Thin Paper for Foreign Post

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1878

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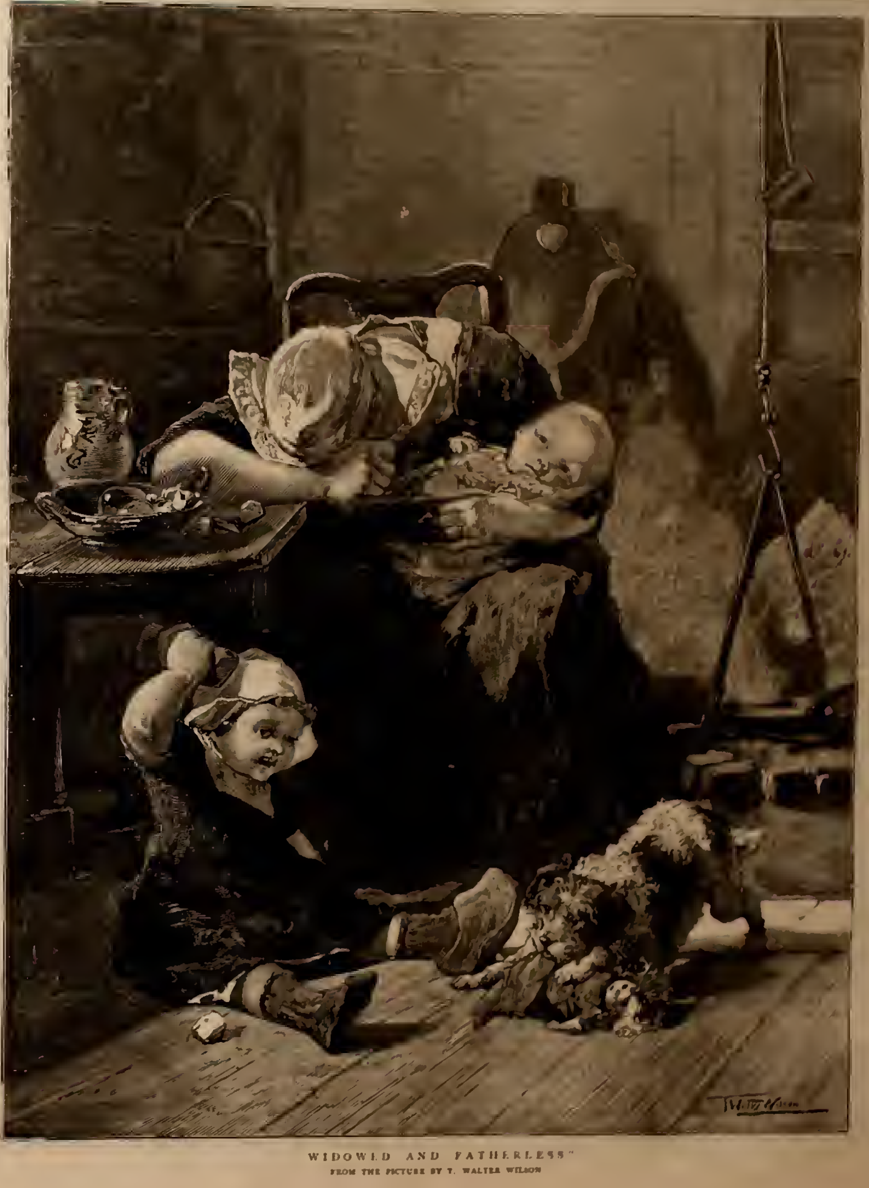


WIDOWED AND FATHERLESS"

FROM THE PICTURE BY T. WALTER WILSON

Topics of the Week

THE ABERCARNE COLLIERY EXPLOSION.——In the history of the Great French Revolution the month of September is associated with frightful massacres. September, 1878, seems likely to be distinguished by an equally sinister reputation. Since the month began one horror has succeeded another. The alarm produced by the shocking railway accident at Sittingbourne was almost forgotten in the widespread excitement caused by the far more terrible disaster which befel the *Princess Alice*, and now, within eight days of that tragedy, nearly three hundred miners have lost their lives by a colliery explosion in South Wales. Lamentable as is this accident, it presents unfortunately, as far as is at present ascertained, no special features of novelty. It is the old, old story. The pit was supposed to be as safe as could be expected from the character of the coal obtained there, the machinery for winding, ventilating, and pumping, was of the most perfect kind, and the use of safety lamps was enforced among the workmen. We shall here only make a single observation. Would such accidents be less likely to happen if there were more shafts, and if so, would it not be better to pay a higher price for our coal, if the increased ventilation produced by additional shafts would secure for the coal-getters a greater immunity from accident? At Abercarne, although the workings extended over an area of three miles, there appear to have been only two outlets to the open air. What is needed is some safeguard, which, unlike Davy lamps, is not liable to be frustrated by individual carelessness. If Science pronounces that such safeguard is impossible of attainment, we must submit in patience to these periodical massacres.

THE SITUATION IN AFGHANISTAN.——Marked as is the ability of Sir Neville Chamberlain, he will need to have all his wits about him at Cabul. As the game stands at present, Shere Ali has all the best cards in his hand, and, what is worse, he knows it. On the one side there is General Abramoff threatening and cajoling by turns; on the other, there will shortly be the representative of England, also doing all in his power to secure the friendship of Afghanistan; between these two stands the Ameer, feeling himself a far more important personage than he had ever hoped to be in his wildest dreams. Shere Ali is little likely to sing "How happy could I be with either, Were t'other dear charmer away." On the contrary, he would much appreciate the presence of half-a-dozen other "dear charmers," and, no doubt, he is vastly delighted by the prospect of a Turkish Embassy to Cabul. For, when one has something to sell, the more bidders there are the better the chance of high prices. And the Ameer unquestionably has a valuable article in his keeping which both Russia and England would much like to purchase. Time was, and that not so very long ago, when the Indian Government could well afford to treat the friendship of Afghanistan as of no account at all. Even now, our former policy of "masterly inactivity" and rigid non-intervention would be the wisest and best, but for the terrible risk of a Russo-Afghan alliance. Had General Abramoff remained in Turkestan, Sir Neville Chamberlain certainly would not have been called upon to enter the frowning Khyber Pass. It was Russia, not England, that took the initiative of intrigue, but, this being once taken, there was nothing for it but either to follow suit, or to sit by with folded hands while Afghanistan gradually merged into vassalage to Russia. The two great rivals having thus played their first cards, it is not difficult to imagine the sense of satisfaction which the Ameer must feel on finding his society so eagerly courted and his friendship so immensely prized by two of the greatest Powers in the world. So agreeable must the situation be, that we fancy the Ameer will endeavour to prolong it by all possible means. It not only enhances his importance and increases his *prestige*, but brings to Cabul a copious supply of roubles and dollars—coins which the good people of that bustling city hold in high esteem. We shall not be surprised, therefore, if the negotiations are spun out, on one pretext or another, for some time; and it is quite possible that Shere Ali will not choose between his suitors until the assembling of a substantial force near the Indian frontier warns him to make up his mind. Under this gentle pressure, he will probably offer the right hand of disinterested friendship to England, in return for a handsome subsidy and other trifling compliments.

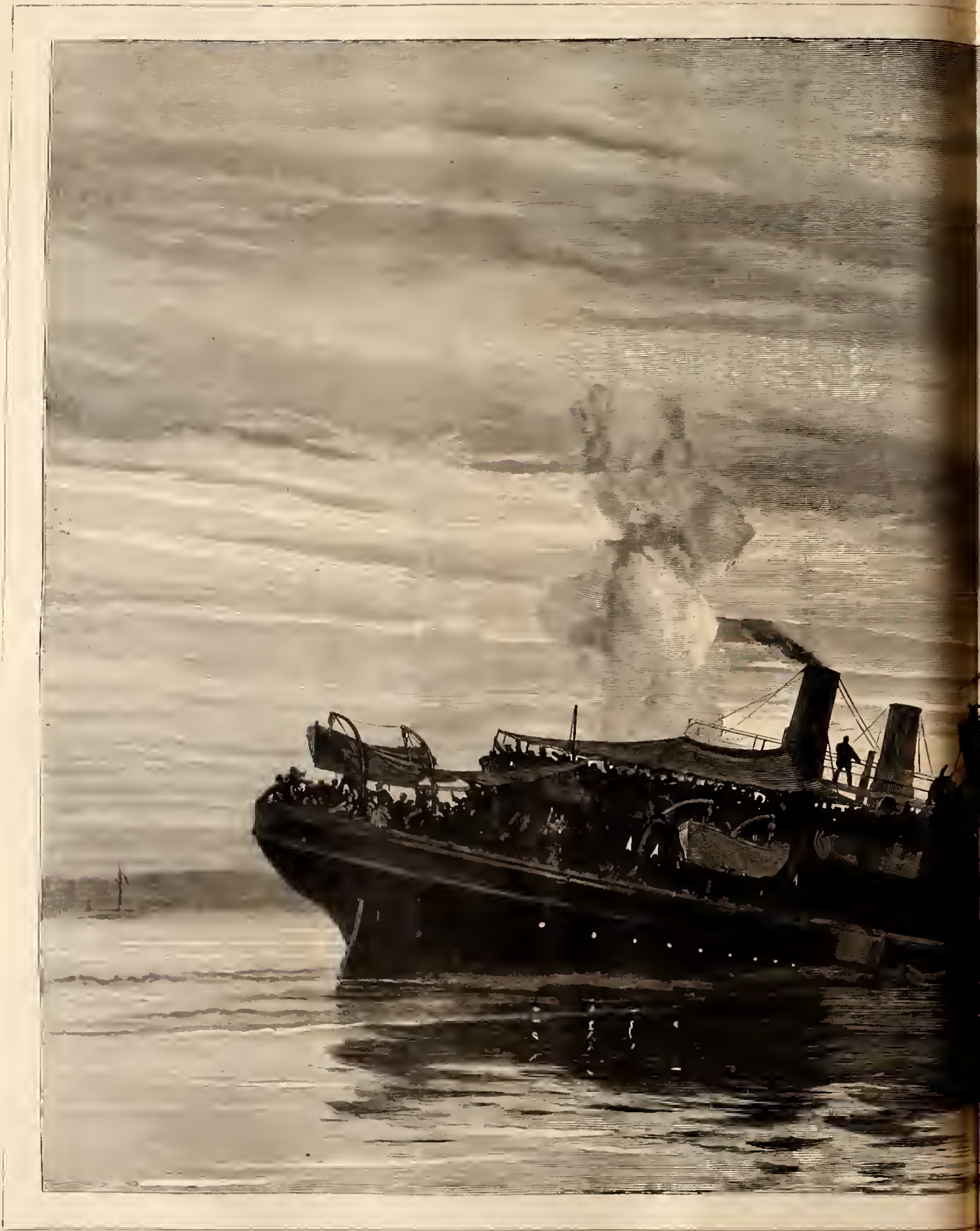
LESSONS OF THE THAMES COLLISION.——We are glad to observe that the Board of Trade, not usually, according to Mr. Plimsoll's experiences, a very lively department of the Government, have bestirred themselves to the extent of appointing a Committee for the better regulation of river traffic. Of course, in view of the enormous extension of the pleasure traffic on the Thames of recent years, this should have been done long since: better late, however, than never. Public authority is needed to contrive and enforce simple and intelligible rules of the road; to make the means of communication between captain and helmsman more trustworthy than it now is; and to prevent the dangerous overcrowding of boats which now occurs even when the official numbers are not exceeded. Again it is a question—and not an easy question to decide offhand—whether passenger traffic on the river ought to be restricted after dark. Darkness is a relative term, and the river is probably safer on a bright moonlight night than on a thick, murky day. And where is the line to be drawn? If Gravesend boats are not to be allowed on the river after dark, how about Margate, or Yarmouth, or Boulogne, or Edinburgh boats? Such matters, we suspect, had best be left, as now, for owners and passengers to settle as they please. Lastly, supposing, in spite of all precautions, that a collision occurs, and the passenger boat begins to sink, can any preparations be made beforehand to prevent such a wholesale slaughter as took place on Tuesday week? Small boats on board these crowded steamers are practically useless, and life-buoys, as usually carried, are not much better. The only really efficient remedy is to make the whole deck a vast raft, separable from the rest of the vessel as soon as she begins to sink. But this apparatus would need constant testing, or at the instant of emergency it will stick fast to the actual hull below, and will carry its confiding victims down with it. We doubt if the kind of people who go in excursion steamers will be easily induced to wear life-buoy dresses, as a "Flag Officer" very sensibly recommends, and we fear that, until swimming is made by Act of Parliament as compulsory as vaccination, only a minority of the public will learn to swim. Something, no doubt, may be done by the use of hats and umbrellas as improvised life-buoys, but it must be remembered that to do this effectually a certain presence of mind is needed, and such presence of mind is rarely found except in those who have the foresight and the fortitude to contemplate, even in the midst of a pleasure trip, the possibility of a terrible accident.

THE SICKLY SEASON AT CYPRUS.——Unless matters improve greatly under our administration Cyprus will not become such a popular station with English regiments as the never-to-be-sufficiently-regretted Ionian Islands. Special correspondents might possibly err in their estimates, but now we have an official report from the chief medical authority in the island, setting forth a state of affairs which considerably surpasses the worst that has been written. And the unpleasant thing is, that the sudden outburst of sickness has happened at the very beginning of the season which even the gay-hearted Cypriotes look forward to with dread. The climate of Cyprus may be divided under three heads. There is the rainy season, lasting from the end of October to the beginning of May, when the temperature is reasonably low, and life would be pleasant enough but for an excess of moisture. May is a charming month, neither too wet nor too hot, but it is swiftly followed by the fierce summer, consisting of June, July, and August. During these months the heat would be almost unendurable but for being tempered by cool breezes from the sea. It is not until the sickly season sets in at the beginning of September that the European discovers what a veritable Inferno Cyprus can become under favouring circumstances. The sea breeze dies away, and the pestilential vapours drawn out of the rich deep soil by the sun lie upon the island like a funeral pall. This, then, is the climate our troops will have to endure for another six weeks, and it is, indeed, a very bad sign that 25 per cent. of the whole force should be on the sick list at the end of only the first week. Of course every allowance ought to be made for the special exigencies of the present moment. No barracks, unwholesome drinking water, bad drainage, and trying work would, together, produce a good deal of unhealthiness even in a fairly salubrious country. It would be hasty, therefore, to condemn Cyprus as utterly unfit for the residence of Europeans, even if the troops suffer more severely than at present. For some years after our annexation of the Punjaub, Peshawur was frightfully unhealthy, so much so, indeed, that at one time the European soldiers used to be marched to hospital every morning before breakfast, for a dose of quinine all round. Now Peshawur is tolerably healthy, and so, perhaps, Cyprus may become in another year or two. In the mean time it will be wise to make our account with a good deal of sickness during September and October, while we patiently wait for that development of events which Lord Beaconsfield evidently expects will give something of a tangible value to England's latest acquisition. At the present moment it is not very easy to see what we gain by quartering our troops in a miasmatic island, where they could not well be of the least use to give practical effect to the Anglo-Turkish Convention.

GOLD.——The Californian and Australian discoveries, although they immensely increased the annual average gold-yield of the world, did not diminish the value of the precious metal nearly so much as competent judges expected. The rise of prices which has undoubtedly taken place during the last five-and-twenty years is probably in a great degree due to other causes. Food has become proportionately dearer than anything else, not only because there are more mouths to feed, but because the bulk of mankind expect more and better food than they used to get. It is just because the increased supply of gold has acted as such a stimulus to trade and production that its value has remained comparatively stationary. Far more gold than formerly has been required for coinage purposes, while its consumption for all kinds of manufacturing processes has vastly increased. The wear and tear of coins is comparatively slow, but much of the gold used in manufactures is used up at once and for ever. The result is that there is altogether for various reasons a greater demand for gold than at any former period. It is rather significant, just as ladies have taken to wear gilt waist-belts, gold ornaments in their hats, and even gold ornamented gloves, thus stimulating the demand for the precious metal, that the supplies have begun seriously to decline. Year after year Australia sends a diminishing quantity, and it is scarcely likely, after the diligent "prospecting" the country has undergone, that any new alluvial gold-fields of magnitude will be discovered. Most of the gold now produced is extracted from the quartz rock; there is plenty of this auriferous rock in existence, but much of it is too poor to pay for raising from great depths. The Ural Mountains still continue to send a steady supply, but their resources are apparently not great, and it is quite on the cards that before the end of the century gold may become a more precious metal than it has been for many years.

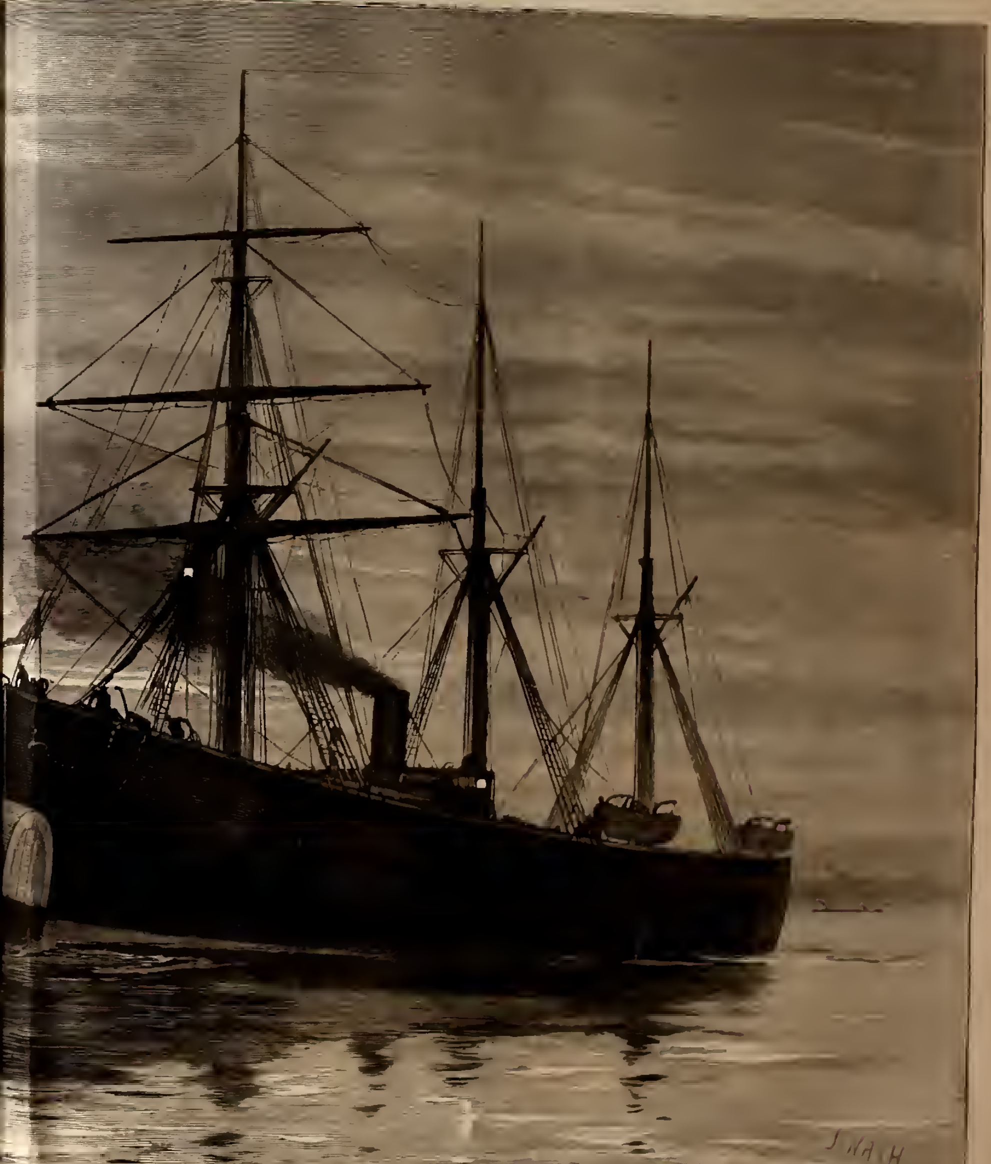
THE AUSTRIAN OCCUPATION OF BOSNIA.——It is impossible to help a certain sense of satisfaction on seeing the difficulties Austria has to surmount before Bosnia and the Herzegovina pass under her sway. The feeling may be rather inconsistent, perhaps, in presence of the fact that England herself has clutched Cyprus out of the *disjecta membra* of the Ottoman Empire. Nevertheless, there is ample evidence to prove that the news of Austria's recent reverses was by no means unpleasant to many Englishmen. It has become sufficiently plain that the Viennese Government had very little notion of the arduous work which would have to be accomplished before the two provinces were taken over. A grand military promenade accompanied by some desultory skirmishing seems to have been the worst that was expected, and the strength of the occupying army was fixed in proportion. An agreeable dream enough, but a very rough awakening came in the defeat of General Szapary by the insurgents, and this has now been followed by a disastrous repulse of the Austrians at Bihacs. The truth of the matter seems to be that the entire Mahomedan population has flown to arms, and in some instances, as at Bihacs, the Turkish regulars have thrown in their lot with their co-religionists. The authority of the Sultan is set at open defiance all over the country, and, for the time being, the people recognise no other rulers than those who will fight with them against the invader. So powerful and popular a Pasha as Mehemet Ali has just lost his life because he refused to join the insurgents, and this, too, although he was acting directly for the Sultan at the time. In the long run, the superior military resources of Austria are certain to secure the victory, but if the patriots—the insurgents are that, whatever we may think of their wisdom—adopt guerilla tactics, their final subjection will not be accomplished without costing Austria a very heavy price in treasure and life. It is said, indeed, that Novi Bazar is to be left for another campaign, as the insurrection has assumed such magnitude as to necessitate the employment of scientific warfare. This may seem somewhat curious to those who think that an army of 200,000 disciplined soldiers ought to at once overrun a territory chiefly defended by hastily raised levies of untrained peasants. But the difficult nature of the country is immensely in favour of the defence, while the insurgents also have the advantage of carrying on their operations among a very friendly population. One fact stands out clearly from this deplorable slaughter. Even had England joined Russia in forcing objectionable terms on the Porte, it seems almost certain that the Sultan would have been compelled to refuse obedience, for fear of the resentment of his subjects.

IDENTIFICATION.——It is strange that so many of the persons drowned by the sinking of the *Princess Alice* should remain unidentified. As, in such cases, decomposition sets in with unusual rapidity, the authorities have been compelled to issue orders for the burial of most of the unclaimed bodies, and, therefore, if any identification is made hereafter, it must be by the clothes and trinkets which have been preserved, or by the photographs which have been taken since death. In some instances, recognition has already been made by this means. It is easy to understand the non-identification of poor forlorn desperate creatures who commit suicide, or of destitute, homeless outcasts who are found dead of cold and want by the



THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE "BYWELL CASTLE" AN

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR ARTIST ON THE SPOT AFTER THE ACCIDE



THE "PRINCESS ALICE" ON THE THAMES, SEPTEMBER 8

AND FROM DESCRIPTIONS GIVEN TO HIM BY SURVIVING EYE-WITNESSES

wayside, but here the circumstances are altogether different. The passengers by the *Princess Alice* were holiday excursionists, for the most part prosperous, well-to-do tradespeople and artisans with their wives and children, just the sort of people who have an abundance of relatives, friends, and acquaintances. It is possible that in some cases the would-be identifiers have been misled by the colour of clothing having been changed by submersion in water charged with chemical impurities; but this can after all only have happened in a few instances. Moreover the strangeness of the matter is enhanced by the enormous publicity which has been given to the disaster. By this time there can scarcely be a person in England who has not heard of this frightful calamity. This remark applies still more forcibly to London, to which place the bulk of the excursionists belonged. Yet we are confronted with the puzzle that the friends of a large number of respectable people who left their homes in the morning and met with a violent death by the evening are either unable or unwilling to identify their remains. Of course, if it should prove that the bulk of those unidentified are provincials, the difficulty would in some measure be accounted for, as their friends might not know, and now will never know, what were their intended plans of amusement on any particular day during their stay in London.

The German Parliament.——The Imperial speech at the opening of the German Parliament shows that Prince Bismarck is determined either to crush Socialism, or to be crushed himself in the attempt. There is something in the tone of the speech which irresistibly reminds one of an elephant set to work at picking up pins, or a Nasmyth's steam hammer employed in cracking walnuts. After all, German Socialism has not made such very gigantic strides of late as to require the desperate remedies proposed by the Chancellor. True, there have been a couple of vile attempts to assassinate the Emperor, but so long as we have monarchs in the world, there will always be a certain number of frenzied fools to seek distinction by experiments in regicide. Even happy and placid England can produce these miscreants on occasion, and we fear that, while human nature remains what it is, emperors and kings must make up their minds to suffer the same treatment as Irish landlords. The serious question is, whether such severely repressive measures as those indicated in the Imperial speech will have the effect of extirpating this wretched breed of political murderers. We have not found it so in this country, nor does there seem much likelihood of the experiment succeeding any better in Germany. If Prince Bismarck would look beneath the surface with impartial eyes, he might possibly get a glimpse into the origin of that popular discontent which is beginning to show itself among the German people in crude imaginings of a Socialistic Utopia. The broad lines of demarcation between classes, the monopoly of power by the few, the wide-reaching privileges of the aristocracy, and the terrible pressure of the military system on the working-classes, are quite sufficient reasons for dangerous dissatisfaction. Unfortunately the great Chancellor loves these very things, and, although he occasionally poses as a Liberal, he is little likely to lead an attack on established and cherished institutions. But, foreseeing the probability of a democratic upheaval at no late date, he is bent on strengthening the position of the Crown while yet there is time. With this end in view, he makes use of the recent attempts to assassinate a most popular Sovereign to obtain from the Parliament powers which could hereafter be employed to repress the rising Liberalism of Germany. We doubt whether he will succeed in this new effort any better than on former occasions, but even if again defeated, he will be certain to stick to his pet scheme as tenaciously as ever, and the odds are that he will win in the long run should his life be spared.

London Fogs.——This is not such an unseasonable subject as it may appear at first sight, for fogs have begun very early this autumn. On Thursday week we had a yellow fog which lasted till midday, and on Wednesday last, between nine and ten, travellers from the suburbs suddenly exchanged brilliant sunshine for a black fog worthy of Christmas. The September sun, however, was too potent for the enemy, and presently dispersed him. We are inclined to think, judging from a somewhat lengthened experience, that the London fogs begin earlier and last later than they used to. This is not to be wondered at when we remember that the centre of London is far further from the green fields than it was (say) forty years ago, and that every additional chimney is a provocative of yellow fog. Some little time ago, Mr. Gladstone, who takes note of everything, observed that the part of London in which he lived was less smoky than it used to be, and he gave as an instance of this that fewer "blacks" came in at the windows. We believe that Mr. Gladstone was right in saying this, but his observation does not really clash with our own. The diminution of "blacks" is no doubt due to the stricter enforcement of the Smoke Prevention Act, so that there are no longer, especially at the West End, bakers' and other manufacturing chimneys vomiting dense clouds of smoke; but at the same time it is probable that the general atmosphere of London is more thoroughly smoke-impregnated than it was in 1838, because there have since that date been built thousands of domestic chimneys whose smoking privileges are unrestrained by law. Good, however, may come out of evil. It is said that it is only since we took to making the air of England generally so dirty with coal smoke that we became such a "tubbing" and soap-using nation.

Bow Street Police Court.——It is a pity that our great London landlords, who owe their wealth far less to their own merits than to the industry and enterprise of others, should so often figure in the character of obstructives to public improvements. The Duke of Buccleuch delayed the progress of the Thames Embankment; the Marquis of Salisbury has hitherto successfully delayed the making of the much-needed thoroughfare from Charing Cross to Oxford Street; and now we note that the magistrates and the public will be compelled to use the small and inconvenient old Police Court in Bow Street for many months longer, because the Duke of Bedford, the adjoining ground landlord, has obtained an injunction against the authorities on account of the boundaries encroaching on his land. Of course, a Duke is as much entitled to his legal rights as a cottager; at the same time a man may be within his legal rights, and yet show a grasping, litigious disposition, and we cannot help thinking that if these exalted personages took more of their business into their own hands, and trusted less implicitly to subordinate agents, whose zeal is apt to outrun their discretion, there would be less of the obstructiveness of which we complain. Personally, the Duke of Bedford is spoken of as a good and popular landlord; and he would do well to avoid these petty disputes which tend to the public inconvenience, especially with such a field of enterprise open to him as the improvement of Covent Garden Market.

Notice.——*With this Number is published an* Extra Double-page Supplement, *showing the* Collision, *on Sept. 3, between the* "Princess Alice" *and the* "Bywell Castle."

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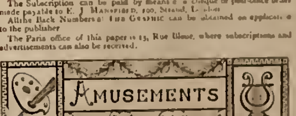
AMUSEMENTS

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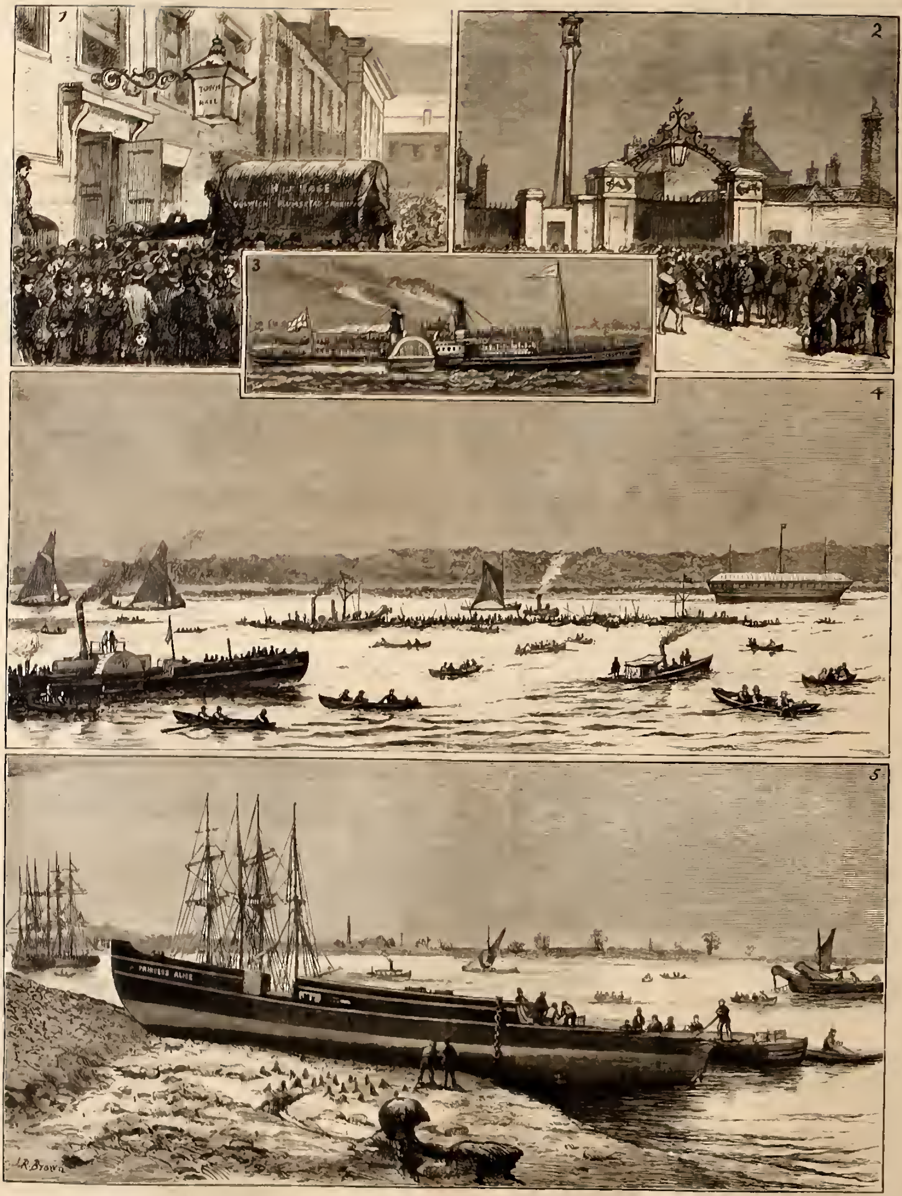
Our Illustrations

"WIDOWED AND FATHERLESS"

Most of our readers on seeing this picture will feel a thrill of sympathy, remembering how many households in this vast city of ours have been rendered desolate by the disaster of last week. There has not, we think, occurred within living memory an accident which has spread such a universal gloom over London, for the victims were so numerous, that nearly every one had some knowledge, more or less intimate, of some of those who perished on that fatal Tuesday evening. Turning to our picture, we have the representation of an incident equally pathetic, though on a far smaller scale, and of a more familiar type. But the agony of the fisherman's widow bereaved of her husband is equally great, whether he alone was drowned, or whether the sea claimed other victims also. And her grief is intensified by the ignorant happiness of her children. The baby is placid, his elder sister romps with the dog. The picture, as we said above, represents a familiar type of bereavement by sudden death. As Kingsley says, "Men must work and women must weep," and here it is the husband who perishes, and the wife and children who remain. Contrariwise, in the case of the *Princess Alice*, the unprecedented number of women and children who were lost as compared with men intensifies the pitifulness of that sad tragedy. Mr. Wilson's picture was exhibited last season at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

THE DISASTER ON THE THAMES

During the whole week the daily papers have been full of the most harrowing details of the terrible catastrophe which happened on the river on the 3rd inst. The sad story may be briefly told. About eight o'clock in the evening, [illegible] as daylight was fading away, the *Princess Alice*, a [illegible] steamer licensed to carry 936 persons, was returning to London with a freight, the exact number of which has [illegible] ascertained, but which is supposed to have [illegible] persons, when the *Bywell Castle*, a large screw collier, bore down upon her, and her iron prow striking on the [illegible] the little platform in front of the [illegible] forced its way through the [illegible] vessel, and literally cut her in half. The *Princess* [illegible] sank almost instantly, plunging so violently that those on deck were thrown into the water, as a witness graphically reports, "like coals down a screen." It is impossible to describe the terror and confusion of the ensuing few moments, but it is some consolation to know that there is no truth in the statement that the *Bywell Castle* went on her way without rendering assistance



1. Taking the Bodies to the Town Hall, Woolwich.—2. Friends of Missing Passengers at the Dockyard Gates.—3. The "Princess Alice."—4. Off Beckton—the Scene of the Disaster: Getting up the Bodies.—5. The Bow of the "Princess Alice" Beached at Margaretness.

THE COLLISION ON THE THAMES

ONE OF THE SURVIVORS

ANXIOUS INQUIRIES—AT WOOLWICH POLICE COURT

BRINGING IN BODIES OFF ROFF'S WHARF

THE COLLISION ON THE THAMES

She stood by, and did all that it was possible by lowering boats and throwing ropes to save life, as, indeed, did all who were near enough to the spot to be of any service. Boats put out from either shore to pick up the drowning, and many instances of heroic self-sacrifice on the part of those on board are recorded, but in spite of every effort only about 150 persons were saved. Since then the depressing labour of searching for the dead has gone on continually day by day, and even yet is not completed. As the bodies were recovered they were taken ashore, most of them to the Dockyard at Woolwich, and laid out for identification, although in the majority of cases recognition was only possible by the clothing and trinkets found upon them, the faces of the dead being blackened by suffocation, and fearfully distorted by the action of the water. Up to Wednesday last the number of bodies recovered was 623, of which no fewer than 114 have been placed in nameless graves, and although their clothes have been preserved and carefully marked with numbers corresponding to the graves, the probability is that most of them will remain for ever unknown. The calamity has spread a gloom of mourning over the whole of London, there being scarcely any district of the metropolis which has not contributed its quota of victims. In some streets in the South and East of London whole families have disappeared, and almost every person one meets has a tale of woe to relate concerning a relative, friend, or acquaintance. The work of recovering the dead was commenced by policemen and soldiers, but on Monday the latter were for some reason withdrawn, and some dockyard labourers were engaged, who however struck soon after they began, demanding a supply of beer. This led to a renewed application to the military authorities at Woolwich, and soldiers were again employed. An inquest has been opened at Woolwich, and continued from day to day, the bereaved relatives appearing one after another to give formal evidence of the identity of the bodies which had been recognised. On Tuesday a young man while on the way to Woolwich on board a steamer, to identify the body of a relative, fell into the engine room of the boat, and was crushed to death by the machinery. Shocking as are all these circumstances, it is still more grievous to reflect upon the condition of those who have been so suddenly bereaved. Some there are whose intellects have given way under the dreadful shock, and all must suffer most acutely. It is not surprising that the sympathy of the whole nation has been awakened, and offers of assistance are flowing in from all sides. Her Majesty the Queen has sent a characteristic message of sympathy and a handsome donation to the Relief Fund which has been started at the Mansion House, and the like has been done by the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family. Other munificent contributions have been sent from various sources, and on Wednesday the Fund amounted to no less than 8,500*l.* Many of the children who have lost their parents will be at once admitted into various Orphanages, and several benevolent persons have offered to adopt individual orphans. The two portions of the wreck have been raised by means similar to those first adopted in the case of the *Eurydice*; and the engines, which were entirely knocked out of the hull, have also been recovered. The position of the levers show that the engineer was in the act of reversing when the vessel was struck, one of them being already shifted, and the other at "go-ahead." Contrary to all expectation, very few bodies were found in the vessel itself. The wreck now lies upon the beach on the southern bank of the river in such a shattered condition that she is fit for nothing but breaking up. In addition to the inquests at Woolwich, Poplar, and other places, there is to be a Board of Trade inquiry into the circumstances attending the accident, pending which it would ill become us to offer any remarks as to the probable cause of the disaster. The captain of the *Princess Alice* is amongst those who lost their lives, but the first officer, Mr. Long, says that the *Bywell Castle* was seen when 150 yards away, and that loud shouts were raised, and the steam whistle sounded, to warn her off. On the other hand, the captain of the collier attributes the whole blame to the *Princess Alice* starboarding her helm when she ought to have continued on the port helm. The navigation of the river appears to have been for some years conducted upon a kind of happy-go-lucky system, each pilot doing what seemed right in his own eyes, and accommodating the movements of his vessel to the exigencies of the tide, and the circumstances of the moment. It is now thought that some reform should be instituted, and Lord Sandon proposes to appoint a Committee consisting of one member from the Thames Conservancy Board, one from the Trinity House, one from the Admiralty, one from the Steamship Owners' Association of London, and three from the Board of Trade, to consider the whole subject of the rule of the road, lights, signals, speed, number of passengers carried, appliances for saving life, and the hours during which passengers should be carried by river steamers. It is said that the London Steamboat Company have laid a claim in the Admiralty Court against the owners of the *Bywell Castle* for 20,000*l.* as compensation for the loss of the *Princess Alice.*

On Sunday many thousand persons visited the scene of the disaster, and carried away small pieces of the wreck as mementoes. We are ashamed to add that some of them, altogether unimpressed by the sadness and solemnity of the event, behaved in such a disorderly way as to necessitate the interference of the police. We sincerely hope that the report that jewellery and other valuables were stolen from some of the dead bodies, will turn out to be unfounded. It is quite possible that the missing articles may have been lost in the river, or that some mistake may have been made as to the registration dockets attached to them.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE IN GERMANY

THERE has been great rejoicing in Holland over the marriage of Prince Henry of the Netherlands, the King's brother, as, since the death of the Queen, there has been no Royal lady leader of society, neither of the King's sons being married, and Prince Henry being a widower, his first wife, the daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, having died in 1872. Prince Henry is now in his fifty-ninth year, and is reported to be one of the richest princes in Europe. He holds various commands in the Dutch service, being a Lieutenant Admiral of the Fleet and a Royal Lieutenant in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. He is exceedingly popular in all classes of Dutch society, and a most enthusiastic welcome was accorded to the newly married pair on their arrival at the Hague from Germany. His bride, the Princess Marie of Prussia, is the eldest daughter of Prince Frederick Charles, and is the sister of the Princess Louise Margaret, the future wife of the Duke of Connaught. She is only in her twenty-third year, and is said to possess intellectual faculties of no mean order, being well versed in scientific subjects, and exceedingly fond of music and painting. The marriage was celebrated on Saturday, the 24th ult., at Potsdam, the civil service taking place in the afternoon, and the religious ceremony in the evening, the King of Holland and various other Royal guests being present, including the Duke of Connaught. The public entry into the Hague took place on the 31st ult., great enthusiasm being displayed by the inhabitants.

TOWING THE "EURYDICE" INTO PORTSMOUTH

AFTER much labour and many discouraging failures the efforts to recover the wreck of the *Eurydice* have been at last crowned with success, and the dilapidated hulk now lies safely in Portsmouth Harbour, awaiting the decision of the authorities as to whether she is to be renovated or broken up. The final attempt to lift the wreck was made on Sunday, the 1st inst., under the personal superintendence of Rear-Admiral Foley, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Froyne. Pumping was commenced at nine A.M., and by ten o'clock the *Eurydice* was afloat, drawing only two feet more water than her proper draught. She was then taken in tow by the *Grinder* tug, and hauled out of the hole in which she lay; the tugs *Sampson*, *Manly*, and *Malta* were brought alongside, and their pumps going the whole time, in order to keep under the water in the *Eurydice*, the whole flotilla was towed towards Portsmouth, which was reached about one o'clock, her unexpected arrival being witnessed by numerous spectators, the crowds of promenaders being supplemented by the congregations from the various churches and chapels. As the *Eurydice* passed into the harbour, the ensign, which went down with her when she foundered, floated from a temporary colour staff on her bridge, the decks of the various vessels by which she passed were lined with officers and men eager to catch a glimpse of her. Amongst the spectators on board the flagship *Duke of Wellington* were Cuddleford and Fletcher, the sole survivors of the unfortunate crew. The *Eurydice* was safely berthed alongside the *Laurel* hulk in that part of the harbour known as Porchester Lake, and was left there with a pumping engine on board a tug alongside in order to keep her afloat. The hulk, which is completely bare of paint, and scratched and splintered in all directions, is further disfigured by numerous planks roughly nailed to the sides to stop the leakage. The Queen has sent a special message to Admiral Fanshawe, Rear-Admiral Foley, and the officers and men under their command, expressing Her Majesty's satisfaction at the successful termination of their exertions.

"AMONGST ALIENS"

A NOVELETTE by Mrs. T. A. Trollope, is concluded in this number.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND

THE history of the Royal Agricultural Society of England is one of a distinguished character. It may be said its history is the history of agricultural improvement on the south side of the Tweed. The Society cannot boast of a long pedigree. In comparison with the Bath and West of England Society, and the Highland and Agricultural of Scotland, the R.A.S.E. is only as yet in its pupilage. But in its forty years of labour no agriculturist can honestly deny that it has done work better than the other two have accomplished, considering the fair amount of cash in store to the Bath and West of England's credit, and the unconscionably large sum the Highland and Agricultural Society has in its coffers. The Royal Agricultural Society of England has been what we may personify "as a man of war from its youth up" a Goliath in a peaceful field a warrior against weeds and prejudices; a champion, like David, against all customs and practices in the cultivation of the soil that checked the way of Nature, and a kind assistant to that Mother who is so fruitful when she is kindly treated, who, tickled with a hoe, laughs into harvest.

There is no need here to enter minutely into the history of the English Society. Its Councils have been presided over by the best and most discerning men of the last half century,—men who had the interests of agriculture thoroughly at heart—recognising well that agriculture after all is "the stepping-stone to higher things" in the prosperity of this country. There was not one among all the many who have been the chief directors of affairs, with the sanction of the Council, of course, who took more interest in the Society's well-being and its practical working for the good of tenants, than the late Prince Consort. He not only was excellent in precept but good in practice; and many of the fine-bred pigs that we see at breeding and fat stock shows, date their quality and their symmetry from the sires and dams of those Prince Albert selected with almost Darwinian care. The Queen, after her loved husband's death, kept up an interest in stock, and instilled, no doubt, a like admiration into the mind of the Prince of Wales, who was President of the Society before he went to India, and will again be Chief, with the approbation of all breeders, at the Show in London next year. The Queen and Prince of Wales are always exhibitors at the principal exhibitions, and put up with their luck—not always good, with a little more complacency than those of "commoner sort," when they are vanquished.

Among the other Presidents whose names are worthy of special mention, are Mr. Pusey, whose writings and speeches did much to stir life in "the valley of dry bones," as it may be called in his time, of agricultural somnolency; of Mr. Holland, who was the founder of the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, one of the best institutions of its kind, indeed the only one in Great Britain; Earl Spencer, the Duke of Richmond, Earl Cathcart, Lord Vernon, and others.

The R.A.S.E. started with an excellent programme, which may be briefly summarised thus:—that it desired to prove by practical experience all information in books useful to the cultivator of the soil, and offered to recoup any occupier of the land, who having been requested by the Society to undertake an experiment, suffered pecuniary loss thereby. Then it purposed what may be considered one of the best features in the original schedule "to encourage men of science in their attention to the improvements of agricultural implements, the construction of farm buildings and cottages, the application of chemistry to the general purposes of agriculture, the destruction of insects injurious to vegetable life, and the eradication of weeds." The Society also resolved to promote the discovery of new varieties of grain and of useful vegetables, to obtain the best information about forests, plantations, and fences, and by liberal prizes to encourage at shows careful and skilful management of stock. The labourers were not neglected; prizes were offered to them to induce them to improve the management of their cottages and gardens.

The Society may be congratulated on well having carried out its programme. Trifling complaints may be made now and again by individuals who have considered themselves, without just cause, at times not very well treated, but, taking it all in all, the Society has done admirably good work, and was never better managed than it is now under the present Secretary, for in the hands of a secretary lies the making or marring of any institution.

"Speak well of the dead." Lift your hat reverently, and allow him to pass first. He was entitled to the precedence when he was alive. THOMAS CHRISTOPHER BOOTH, who was one the best known agriculturists of the day, the most eminent horn breeder of his time, has gone to his everlasting r his faithful presentment was engraved for *The Graphic*. reference to him we cannot do better than quote from the *Agricultural Gazette* of Monday:—

"'On Saturday last, the 7th inst., at Warlaby, near Northallerton, Mr. Thomas C. Booth, aged forty-five years.' Such is the abrupt announcement which reaches us just as we are about to go to press. It will be received with great sorrow, and with an astonishment amounting to a shock. A stronger, healthier man than Mr. Booth appeared to be one scarcely could imagine. Cut off in the very prime of life, and in the midst of a thousand useful activities, his death will produce a wider impression of personal loss, and excite a deeper feeling of sorrow and even of compassion than that of almost any other noteworthy agriculturist whom we could name. His career, a great personal success had been fruitful of widespread benefit. All over the world the fruits of his enterprise, intelligence, and skill have been experienced by agriculturists. In Ireland especially the Warlaby influence has long been beneficially felt. In Mr. Booth's hands the traditional reputation of the family and the herd had grown and culminated, and his sudden death is an agricultural calamity."

COLONEL KINGSCOTE, who was President of the Royal Society last year, is also, like the late Mr. Booth, a breeder of great celebrity in the shorthorn world. His shorthorns are of the most fashionable character, and he has realised as much as 2,000 guineas for one. Colonel Kingscote, long before he was appointed President, was an active Member of Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and a willing worker on local Farmer's Clubs in Gloucestershire. Colonel Kingscote was *aide-de-camp* to the late Lord Raglan in the Crimea; he acted as Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen from 1859 to 1866, was appointed extra equerry to the Prince of Wales in 1863, and still holds the charge of His Royal Highness's stable. He is an excellent landlord and much liked by the tenantry in Gloucestershire among whom he resides.

Under no Secretary has the Royal Agricultural Society of England flourished more than under the direction of Mr. H. M. JENKINS, F.G.S. Besides being Secretary, Mr. Jenkins is also editor of *The Journal* of the Society, which has derived new life from his presence at the head. The last number just issued is proof of his care and skill in the selection of writers and subjects to write upon. His own contributions to the *Journal*, especially upon farming abroad, have been widely read and greatly admired in all parts of the country for the last ten years. Mr. Jenkins discharges the onerous duties of his office to the satisfaction of all members of the Society.

MR. JACOB WILSON is one of the most active workers for the promotion of agriculture at this day. He was bred to the profession, and he has ever had a wonderful love for it. In forwarding the ends of farmers and implement manufacturers he is never daunted by difficulties. Nothing apparently can overtask his labour at shows, of which now, since the resignation of Mr. Brandreth Gibbs, he is the most prominent member of the Council in the arrangements of the show field. Mr. Wilson had a thoroughly good agricultural education, practically on his father's farm, and scientifically at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester. He was among the first to invest in reaping machines in his county; and from his farm at Woodhorn, near Morpeth, the little stone was thrown that broadened the enlightening circles in corn-cutting, north and south. Mr. Wilson gained the Highland and Agricultural Society's prize for the best essay on reaping machines. He was purchaser of the second pair of ten-horse power engines, manufactured by Messrs. Fowler and Co., of Leeds, and Judge of Steam Cultivation at the Royal Worcester. Mr. Wilson at this show won the first prize in the Aged Class of Shorthorns for his Duke of Tyne, which was sold into Scotland to produce animals of rare quality that got prize stock at many shows. An agricultural contemporary, speaking of him recently, said he has taken "a leading and laborious part in the protest lodged, which, through the Society, was urged upon the Government against the importation of live stock. To him and his friend Mr. T. C. Booth (now, alas! no more), more, perhaps, than to any other members of the Society, it is due that the case of the English farmer and the English meat consumer has been so fully represented in Parliament."

MR. WILLIAM WELLS, Holmewood, Peterborough, Northamptonshire, was Vice-President when the Royal Show was held at Leeds in 1861, one of the most successful ever held in the history of the Society, and ever since has manifested great interest in its affairs. Mr. Wells is Chairman of the Chemical Committee.

MR. W. FRANKISH, Limber Magna, Ulceby, Lincolnshire, has long taken an active interest in the affairs of the Society, and was elected Member of Council in 1875.

MR. JOSEPH SHUTTLEWORTH, Hartsholme Hall, Lincolnshire, was elected to the Council in 1856. A member of the great agricultural implement making firm of Clayton and Shuttleworth, he has done much in the Council meetings to promote agricultural improvements in all its departments—educational, practical, profitable.

MR. G. H. SANDAY, Wensley House, Bedale, Yorkshire, was appointed to the Council in 1874, since which time he has been very earnest in his endeavours to promote the prosperity of the Society. He belongs to a family whose sheep have been remarkably successful in many show-yards. He frequently acts as a judge.

MR. C. RANDELL, Chadbury, Evesham, Worcestershire, was elected to the Council in 1861, and is great in monetary matters, and active in all affairs of the Society. He is now Chairman of the Committee on Finance.

MR. JOHN HEMSLEY, Skelton Newark, Notts, is Chairman of the Implement Committee.

MR. WHITEHEAD, Barming House, Maidstone, was elected to the Council in 1870. He is chairman of the Botanical Department—a post he is well fitted to fill.

MR. RICHARD STRATTON, The Duffryn, Newport, Monmouthshire, has been a member of the Council since 1875. He is well known as a famous shorthorn breeder and prize-taker.

Lieutenant-Colonel PICTON TURBERVILL, Ewenny Priory, Bridgend, South Wales, was elected Member of Council in 1874. He was an active steward of live stock at Bristol, and takes great interest in the Society's affairs generally.

THOMAS DYKE, Long Ashton Lodge, Clifton, has taken so much interest in agricultural machinery that he was appointed to act as one of the Stewards of Field Implements at the joint meeting of the Bath and West of England Society at Oxford.

Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—Messrs. Wells and Whitehead by Lock and Whitfield 178, Regent Street; Mr. Randell by Window and Grove, 63A, Baker Street, Portman Square; Mr. Dyke by T. R. Williams, 236, Regent Street; Mr. Jenkins by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; Mr. Sanday by S. Redgate, Bromley House, Nottingham; Mr. Stratton by Villiers and Sons, 8, Commercial Street, Newport, Monmouth; Mr. Frankish by R. Slingsby, 168, High Street, Lincoln; Lieut.-Col. Picton-Turbervill by Mrs. H. R. Williams, Milsom Street, Bath; Mr. Booth, by J. Moffat, 125, Princes

Street, Edinburgh; Mr. Wilson, by Aimé Dupont, 28, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris; and Mr. Shuttleworth by F. Luckhardt, Tabor Street, Vienna.

SPORT IN PATAGONIA

See page 271.

THE FÊTES AT BOULOGNE

BOULOGNE has been holding high festival this week in honour of the laying of the first stone of her new deep sea harbour by MM. Freycinet and Léon Say, the Ministers of Public Works and Finance. The town was gaily decorated on Sunday, the first day of the *fêtes*, and the morning was ushered in by the ringing of the Beffroi bells, and the arrival of large numbers of excursionists from London, Paris, and numerous provincial towns. The streets were gay with flags, flowers, and lanterns, and triumphal arches were erected in various parts of the town, one of the most characteristic of them being in front of the Hotel Christol. This arch, which is represented in one of our illustrations (No. 3), was emblematic of the fishing trade of Boulogne, the side arches being formed of herring casks and draped with fishing nets and tackle. On one side of the top were the words "Patrie," "Soyez les Bienvenus," "Honneur," and on the other "Paix," "Hommages aux Ministres." Music formed a great feature in the day's programme, which indeed began with the arrival of bands from the neighbouring towns who had promised their assistance, and one of our sketches depicts the visitors drinking the Wine of Honour before the Hotel de Ville, while throughout the day there were continual concerts on the Place Godefroi de Bouillon, in the Tintelleries Gardens, and the Établissement des Bains. There was also a regatta on the River Liane, a *fête champêtre*, a ball, and a display of fireworks. On Monday, however, the serious work began with the arrival of MM. Léon Say and Freycinet, and at two o'clock the ceremony of laying the foundation of a new harbour was performed by M. Freycinet, amid a crowd of spectators, amongst whom were various provincial Mayors, several Belgian burgomasters, Alderman Staples, who represented the Lord Mayor, and Sir Edward Watkin, the Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway. A trip was then taken round the sea-space intended to be enclosed as a harbour, and which had been marked out with vessels and buoys, and in the evening there was a grand banquet at the Casino, which was presided over by M. Huguet, the Mayor of Boulogne, who, while proposing the healths of MM. Say and Freycinet, took the opportunity of thanking the English visitors for attending the *fêtes*, and declared that "the great works at Boulogne and Calais will continue to be bonds of union between the two great nations." M. Freycinet replied in an appropriate speech, and ended with proposing the health of Marshal MacMahon and Queen Victoria; and M. Léon Say followed, dealing with the subject from a financial point of view, stating that France would only devote to these works the sum which has been expended for the past twenty years with the same object, and concluding with drinking the health of the English Visitors, with which he coupled the name of Alderman Staples, who returned thanks in a few courteous words. In addition to the banquet, there were other festivities in the town, in which both English and French residents enthusiastically participated.

CARDINALS NINA AND FRANCHI, AND MR. GEO. PAYNE

See page 276.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

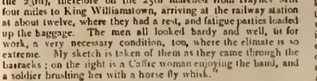
TROOPS FROM KING WILLIAMSTOWN ON THEIR WAY TO NATAL

"As the troops have been withdrawn from the Transkei district, they have returned to King Williamstown, and in view of the state of affairs in Natal it has been thought advisable to send the 2nd Battalion 24th Regiment, *viâ* East London, on there. The battalion (minus three companies which started on the 23rd), therefore on the 25th marched from Haynes' Mill four miles to King Williamstown, arriving at the railway station at about twelve, where they had a rest, and fatigue parties loaded up the baggage. The men all looked hardy and well, fit for work, a very necessary condition, too, where the climate is so extreme. My sketch is taken of them as they came through the barracks; on the right is a Caffre woman enjoying the band, and a soldier brushing her with a horse fly whisk."

ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS, V.

See page 270.

TYNEMOUTH AQUARIUM.——The works for this building were executed by Messrs. Aldin and Bray, of Adelphi Terrace, London.

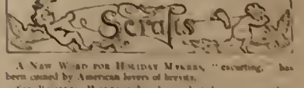


HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——Mr. Gladstone, in declining with great regret an invitation to attend a dinner of the Liberal party in Newcastle-under-Lyme, congratulates the Liberals of that borough on their recent victory, the value of which he considers is enhanced "both by the time and the manner." He adds that "all the circumstances tend to show what public benefit may arise from allowing the mass of the party to be heard, and in this way strongly to recommend that representative organisation which the Tories and the weak-hearted Liberals are now endeavouring to cry down, availing themselves of the unhappy operations of a local rule at Bradford, which forms (as far as I know) no portion of the general plan."—Colonel Stanley was the chief speaker at the Sheffield Cutlers' Feast last week, but there was nothing very novel in his address. He denied that the Government had any sympathy with Turkish atrocities, congratulated the country on the efficiency of the army and navy, and in answer to Mr. Gladstone's recent statement that the Government had inserted a vainglorious clause in the Queen's Speech as to help from the colonies, said that when the condition of foreign affairs was gloomy, offers of assistance flowed in by hundreds from almost all our leading dependencies. Mr. Roebuck also spoke, declaring that England had ever been his guide, his chart, and his compass, and that he had bowed his neck to no yoke but that of duty.—Mr. Plimsoll has announced his intention of resigning his seat. His reasons are that he thinks that his special Parliamentary work has been completed, and that he would like to travel. His constituents, however, do not want to part with him, and have prevailed on him to reconsider his intention. Speaking at Derby the other day, he condemned the action of the Government as likely to lead us into a war from which no benefit to anyone could accrue. The Treaty of Berlin he regards as a temporary and unsatisfactory solution of the Eastern Question, and he believes that Cyprus was only acquired because our Plenipotentiaries were ashamed to come home empty-handed. It had already served its purpose, and the Ministry would now be glad to be rid of it. At another meeting he said that very portentous claims had been put forward in the name of the prerogative of the Crown, which every true man was bound to resist so far as his power went.—Lord Hartington made a speech at an agricultural dinner in Radnorshire last week, but avoided all reference to general politics, declaring that he could not emulate the heroic exertions of Mr. Cross, Col. Stanley, and other members of the Government, in so soon commencing the political campaign.—Mr. Gladstone, in reply to a long letter from the editor of *London*, says that he has already gone beyond what his position justified in indicating an alternative policy on the Eastern Question, and even at the present juncture there are propositions which he could urge, but he cannot tell whether they would form an alternative policy, as he has no means of learning what the Government are doing from hour to hour.—In a letter to another correspondent the ex-Premier, referring to Mr. Hanbury's recent speech at Longton, says:—"I have no right to require of Mr. Hanbury that he should only say of my writings what I think to be rational."—Mr. Grant Duff, M.P., speaking to his constituents at Peterhead last week, condemned the foreign policy of the Government, and said that if recent follies were not to end in disaster, if the six millions that had been, or were in process of being fooled away, were not to grow into sixty times six millions, they must ere long have a steady, cool-headed Government.—The Liberal candidate for the vacancy at Truro is Mr. E. Bridges-Williams, who formerly represented the borough. In his address he declares that his political opinions are unchanged, but that he is not prepared to condemn the whole foreign policy of the Government, although he looks with great apprehension and alarm at the continued increase in the national expenditure. Col. Tremayne is to be the Conservative candidate.—Mr. Bright has dealt a heavy blow at Sir Wilfrid Lawson's pet project, the Permissive Bill. Writing to a correspondent at York, he says, "It is not a good Bill, and men anxious for something to be done are forced to vote against it, while almost all who vote for it condemn it in private conversation. It blocks the way, and the most eager foes of the drink curse, by their pertinacity in supporting a bad Bill, are thus a great difficulty in the way of any considerable and effective remedy being applied."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——Some account of the loss of the *Princess Alice*, and of the subsequent events at the scene of the disaster, will be found in "Our Illustrations" columns. We know not if there be any truth in the theory that such accidents partake of an epidemic character, or whether the fact is to be accounted for by the closer attention which is naturally paid to events having any similarity to a great catastrophe whilst the event is fresh in the public mind; but an unusual number of marine accidents have certainly been reported during the last few days. First in order of date we have the excursion steamer *Prince Leopold* breaking her rudder-chains off the Isle of Wight, and having to land her passengers and lie by on the rocks until the tide rose and floated her off. This happened on Wednesday, last week, and next day, the screw-steamer *Demerara* was completely wrecked on the Isle of Man. On Saturday, the *Ariel*, a Woolwich steamboat, collided with a barge, and was so badly damaged that she could not make the return journey. There was naturally great excitement on board, and six men jumped from the steamer into the barge, two of them sustaining severe injuries in consequence. Since then two other collisions, in each of which a steamer and a barge were concerned, have occurred almost on the precise spot where the *Princess Alice* foundered. Happily, in none of these instances was there any loss of life.—Two very serious railway accidents, one of them fatal, happened in Ireland on Sunday night. On the Dublin and Bray line a mineral train came into collision with one loaded with ballast, several of the trucks were smashed, and the driver, stoker, and guard were "severely shaken." On the Cork and Macroom Railway a passenger train, while going at full speed left the rails, and toppled over. Four persons were killed, and thirty others severely injured.—As a climax to this series of calamities comes the news of a colliery explosion, which is said to be the worst which has ever happened in South Wales. It occurred on Wednesday in the Abercarne Old Pit, and out of 370 men who were at work below only 82 escaped or were rescued. All hope of any remaining alive in the workings was precluded by the outbreak of fire almost immediately after the explosion.—The Leeds and Wetherby branch of the Great Eastern railway was on Monday blocked by a landslip near Thorne station, four or five thousand tons of earth having been precipitated into the cutting, just after a passenger train had gone by. The line is buried for a distance of nearly forty yards, and it is thought that it cannot be cleared in less than a week.—Major A. Ford, R.A., one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Explosives, has just issued his report on the accident near Holywell in April last, when one man was killed, and eleven others injured by the fumes of gun-cotton exploded by them in constructing a railway tunnel. He says that although it is quite true that there is little or no smoke from the explosion of gun-cotton, an invisible noxious gas, carbonic oxide, is evolved therefrom; and as this gas does not extinguish a light, as carbonic acid does, it would very probably not be perceived in time to prevent the fatal results which it produces. He adds that the Patent Safety Gun Cotton Company appear to him to have exposed themselves to severe censure, and to have incurred grave moral, if not legal, responsibility by issuing a pamphlet containing an incorrect and misleading statement as to the effects of the fumes.—The Falkland memorial, on Wash Common, the scene of the first battle of Newbury, was unveiled on Monday by Lord Carnarvon, in the presence of a large gathering. There was a procession of Freemasons and members of Benefit Societies, the Corporation, the Yeomanry, Rifle Volunteers, and school children. After the unveiling of the statue, Lord Carnarvon spoke on the subject of Lord Falkland's patriotism and exemplary personal character, and he made another speech on the same topic at the luncheon which followed the ceremony.—Last Saturday being Hospital Saturday for the Metropolis, about 250 collectors took up positions at various points in the streets and in the parks. The collections amounted to over 1,000*l.*—Cleopatra's Needle was to be placed on its pedestal on Thursday afternoon, without any special ceremony.—An expert swimmer of Bath has just lost his life by a most foolish wager, to leap from a bridge about forty feet high into the river Avon. He was noted for his recklessness in jumping into the river at flood times. He was the worse for liquor when he essayed the feat, and went into the water very awkwardly. The blow was such that he was unable to swim, and was drowned in the presence of several persons.—The poll of ratepayers at Manchester on the subject of the proposed Thirlmere Water Supply has resulted in 43,362 votes in favour of the scheme against 3,530.

VESUVIUS is threatening a fresh eruption. The lava is in full activity, filling up the crater opened in 1872, and, according to reports from the Observatory, will speedily break forth in the direction of that building.



Scraps

A NEW WORD FOR HOLIDAY MAKERS, "excurting," has been coined by American lovers of brevity.

SIR RICHARD WALLACE has been elected a corresponding member of the Paris Académie des Beaux Arts.

THE LAST DESCENDANT OF THE POET ALFIERI, the Countess Alfieri, has died at Ravenna, at the age of ninety.

TYNEMOUTH AQUARIUM.——The works for this building were executed by Messrs. Aldin and Bray, of Adelphi Terrace, London.

RUSSIAN FEMALE MEDICAL STUDENTS generally hold such Radical political opinions that the Government has prohibited a number of ladies holding diplomas to practise in the province of Novgorod.

STEAM POWER has been definitively adopted on the Berlin-Charlottenburg tramways. Experiments have been carried on under police supervision for about a year, and have proved that the kind of engines now adopted give forth very little smoke or steam, and do not in any way alarm the horses.

JEWELLED SERPENTS are to be the most fashionable autumn ornaments for bonnets in Paris, the lizards used to fasten flowers in the front of the dress also being promoted to adorn feminine headgear. Other bonnet trimmings appropriate to the season will be fir cones, chestnuts, and catkins from the plane trees.

THE ARCTIC REGIONS are stated to be unusually encumbered with ice this year. The west ice has never before approached so near the Greenland coast nor been seen in such quantities, while Melville Bay is so closed that no vessel can pass through, and the Dundee whale fishery promises to be a complete failure, not a single fish having been caught up to July 18. Owing to this expected failure oil has risen [illegible] a ton [illegible]

THE "ALERT" is to be absent five years on her surveying expedition in the South Pacific under Sir George Nares. She is to study the neighbourhood of the Friendly, Society, [illegible], and other island groups, to survey the new channel opened up through the Straits of Magellan, and to particularly examine the channel from New Zealand to Cape Town used by vessels on the homeward voyage, marking the various rocks, shoals, reefs, and islets on special sheets.

LONDON MORTALITY still further decreased last week, and 1,200 deaths were registered against 1,305 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 105, and 160 below the average. There were 54 deaths from whooping cough (a decline of 5, but exceeding the average by 18), [illegible] from scarlet fever, 10 from diphtheria (a decline of 2), 124 from diarrhœa (a decline of 30, being 55 below the average), 4 from small pox, a decrease of 6, and a lower number registered during any week since August, 1876. There were 2,410 births registered against 2,424 during the previous week, exceeding the average by [illegible]. The mean temperature was 61·2 deg., or 2·3 deg. above the average. The duration of registered sunshine was 31·2 hours, the sun being 93·1 hours above the horizon.

GOLD MINING IN CALIFORNIA is fast eating the agricultural interests of the State. The hydraulic method of extracting the gold forces a quantity of barren sand down the chief streams, which chokes up the river beds, diverts the currents, and is spread by the freshets over the alluvial valleys in such deep layers as to destroy tillage and cover the fruitful land with barrenness. The Sacramento River is being transformed into a mere ditch, according to the local journals, while the landowners on Bear River, a tributary of the Sacramento, have formed a Protective Society to prosecute mining companies for damages. Bear River in 1857 was a clear stream; since then the bed has risen ten to fourteen feet, causing the river to overflow and form a new channel, and the water is too muddy to use even for irrigation.

LONDON HAS NOT IMPROVED OF LATE YEARS, according to the impressions of an Italian Radical Deputy, Signor Petruccelli della Gattina, reported in the *Daily News*. The sober Britons have adopted a miserable French ideal, Parisian frivolity has overpowered the former English characteristics. Food, cookery, wine, dress, entertainments, houses, furniture, all are bad imitations of Gallic models, and even the good old Tory who got drunk in orthodox fashion has vanished with the disappearance of port in favour of light wines. The fare of the time of King Alfred, which would try the digestion of the Woolwich Infant, the historic leg of mutton, are replaced by hybrid French compounds. The one thing in which we do not imitate the French, by the way, the Sunday, meets equally with the Italian critic's disapprobation, and he draws an elaborate and uninspiring picture of the British Sabbath, declaring that the Church sterilises the nation, and that the Lord's Day is a day of paralysis and vice for a population of four millions.

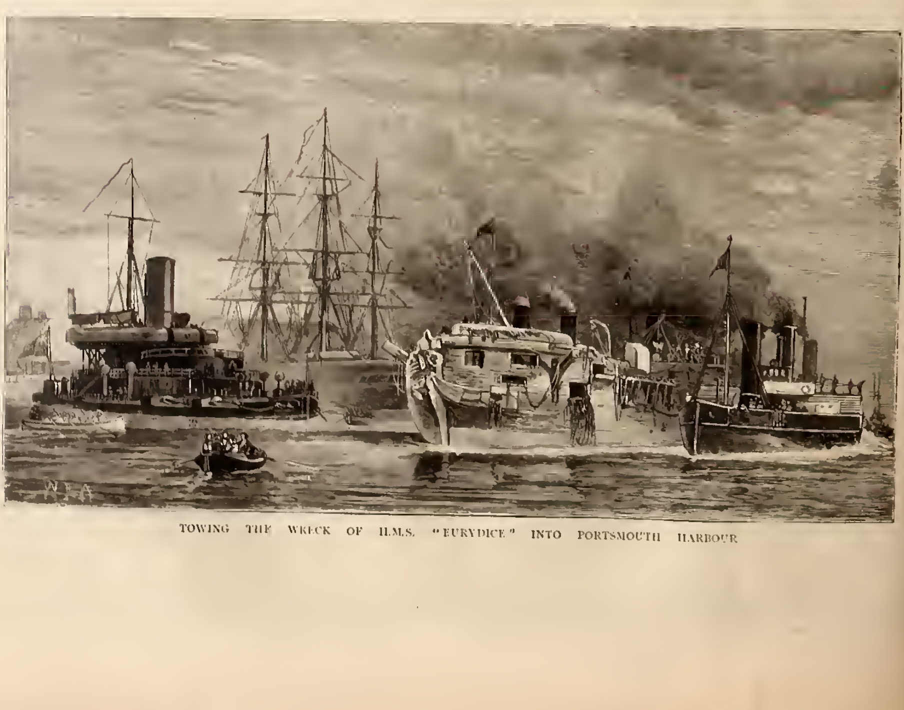
BRITISH CHURCH SERVICES IN PARIS.——The Prince of Wales has subscribed one hundred guineas to the fund for rebuilding the Marbœuf Chapel in Paris. From 1815 to 1824 the only Church of England Services in Paris were held in the ball-room of the British Embassy. In that year the Rev. Lewis Way, still remembered as an affectionate pastor and eloquent preacher, built at his own expense a small but beautiful chapel in the Rue [illegible], attaching it to the Hôtel Marbœuf. The larger chapel, erected in 1844, in the Avenue Marbœuf, by Albert Way, Esq., only son of the Rev. Lewis Way, has become dilapidated, and must soon be pulled down. Hence the effort now being made to rebuild it in a more creditable style and in a better position. On account of its present surroundings (so different from those of thirty years ago) it is facetiously called "the Church of England in the Mews." The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London are most desirous to see it replaced by a suitable edifice. Messrs. Coutts and Co., 59, Strand, receive subscriptions.

MONT BLANC was ascended without guides last week by two Englishmen, such an attempt having been made only three times before—by three brothers, named Young, one of whom was killed, by two Irish tourists, and by a solitary Englishman. Messrs. Cawood and Colgrove ascended from Chamonix [illegible], leaving the Grands Mulets at 2.30 a.m., climbed by lantern-light along the Bosse du Dromadaire, amidst a [illegible] and [illegible] the snow [illegible] their ankles, reaching the summit at 9.30 a.m., when they had a splendid view and found the climate very genial. On their descent the travellers found the track to be far more dangerous and [illegible] than it had seemed in the early morning, but they regained the Grands Mulets at 5.30 p.m., and were back at Chamonix three hours later. They had never before been on Mont Blanc, but had ascended the Matterhorn without guide as well as the Jungfrau. Another Alpine [illegible], engaged on a less dangerous errand, has not [illegible] so fortunate. A gentleman named Ackermann, who was [illegible] Mount Pilatus, has broken his neck by falling from the [illegible] the lower of the two peaks at the summit of Pilatus.

PRINCESS MARIE OF THE NETHERLANDS (PRINCESS MARIE OF PRUSSIA)

PRINCE HENRY OF THE NETHERLANDS

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT POTSDAM



TOWING THE WRECK OF H.M.S. "EURYDICE" INTO PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR

Signor Sandro and I feasted our painters' eyes upon them.

AMONGST ALIENS

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

AUTHOR OF "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

SIGNOR SANDRO was saved from taking much trouble about the search after Don Vittorio. Accident—the chance meeting in a *café* of Tivoli with the very *fattore* who had been robbed by the brigands—brought to his knowledge that Don Vittorio was staying at Olevano with a roystering party of young men; amongst them two with whom my master had some acquaintance. These were a Belgian of noble family, and a Sicilian of no family at all. Signor Sandro's account of them was not favourable. He described the Sicilian as being a clever, unprincipled, dissolute young man. "Although," said my master, regretfully, "the rascal has a fine sense of colour, and has done some clever *genre* pictures after the fashion of Fortuny and the Spaniards."

"And is the Belgian an artist, too?" I asked, whereupon Signor Sandro first drew down his bushy eyebrows and peered at me from beneath them, and then raised them and opened his eyes with a wide stare, as he answered, "An artist! I believe his noble family allow him five thousand francs a month; and he paints pictures."

Which oracular response was all he deigned to make on the subject.

He wrote, however, immediately to the Princess, informing her where her son was. And he told me that he had advised her to let him alone to work off his mood of sullen defiance without interference. "He is in devilish bad company truly," said Signor Sandro. "Drinking and gambling and evil speaking will be their chief occupations. But I believe there's no species of wickedness in which Don Vittorio Corleoni couldn't give finishing lessons; so anyway he'll be no worse than before."

Rutherford afterwards said to me privately that perhaps Don Vittorio had plunged into a week of debauchery by way of exorcising any uncomfortable thoughts of the drowned girl which might be haunting him. For my own part I did not believe that Don Vittorio was haunted by compunctious visitings. I had a profound conviction of his cold and cruel selfishness. Sometimes I felt as if I myself were wicked for realising his wickedness so vividly. Altogether the subject was one which made me shudder; and as I could serve no good end by dwelling on it, I put it out of my thoughts as much as possible. Neither Mr. Rutherford nor I had told Signor Sandro of the dreadful scene on the Passeggiata di Ripetta. It remained a secret between Rutherford and myself:—at least so far as our own immediate little circle was concerned.

I had an unspeakable sense of comfort and sustainment in the Englishman's counsel and sympathy at this time. And the trust with which I relied on his good feeling and good sense increased with every hour of our acquaintance. Now I had never in my life before felt it otherwise than irksome to be brought into confidential relations with persons whom I did not love. Intimacy and familiarity without affection I was constitutionally averse from. And yet the daily intimate and familiar intercourse with Rutherford was very pleasant to me. "Decidedly," said I to myself, "I must love him; for unless I did, I should detest the sight of him!"

No doubt this was a singular way for a young woman to reason about her first love. But I state the case as it was. I had been too much occupied with other things since I entered my teens to have gained the kind of experience in affairs of the heart which some girls appear to acquire instinctively; just as they know what sort of bonnet is the fashion at any given time, without any ostensible teaching on the subject! And then, to be sure, the unexpectedness of Mr. Rutherford's wooing had allowed me no opportunity of gradually developing a tender sentiment. There had been no series of shy hopes and fluttering doubts, to move my fancy and attract my interest. I was asked suddenly one day to love a man whom I had never thought of in the light of a possible lover. And that, I presume, is a rare case. Few women are wholly taken by surprise in these matters.

On the evening before our excursion Lucy and I were in the sitting-room. It was nearly seven o'clock, and at that hour Signor Sandro and Mr. Rutherford were coming to drink tea with us, and make the final arrangements for our start in the morning. I was putting a few flowers—the untended product of our tangled garden, but sweet and fresh—into the brown earthenware pitcher for the adornment of the tea-table, when Lucy suddenly said, "Do you know what became of the water-colour sketch you made of Mr. Rutherford's basket of wild flowers?"

"By the bye—no!"

"*I* do."

"Have you got it?"

"No. Some one carried off with my leave. Some one who thought that bit of your handiwork a precious treasure."

"Dear me! I wish more folks would think my handiwork a precious treasure! Hitherto public appreciation of it has not risen beyond thirty pounds for a good-sized canvas."

I laughed as I said it, but I was conscious of looking sad and foolish.

"Oh he is such a good fellow, Catherine! And so fond of you! I really believe he loves and admires you as much as even I think you ought to be loved and admired. He confessed as much to me. But I had found it out long ago."

"Really?"

"Really."

"And suppose I say I don't know what it is you are talking about?" murmured I, bending over the flowers in the brown pitcher.

"I can't suppose that, because you couldn't say a falsehood. Ah yes, I found out that Mr. Rutherford was over head and ears in love with you, Catherine, long before he confided in me. And I was in hopes—I thought—I had made up my mind that he would tell you so that day when you two went to the ravine together. And he lost the chance after all. How stupid of him! I declare that—— Why Catherine,—turn your face round this way! No, a little more. Let me have a good look at you. He *has* told you! And what did you say? Oh, Catty dear, you said you would have him, didn't you?"

"No. I——said neither 'Yes' nor 'No.' I—he promised to wait a week for my answer."

"But why didn't you say 'Yes' at once and make him sure and happy?"

"Lucy, Lucy, how could I? It was so sudden, so unexpected."

"Unexpected? Why, Catty, what on earth did you think the man was dangling about in Tivoli for all this time?" asked Lucy innocently.

There was no answering this question; so I had to be silent, and to feel my cheeks growing redder and redder.

"And besides, don't be angry,—but I'm sure you're a wee bit in love with Reuben Rutherford yourself."

"Am I, do you think?" said I. And I said it so earnestly that Lucy burst out laughing.

"Are you? Don't you know you are, Catty?"

"No, that's just it. And I want to be sure, because the truth—the very utmost truth—is due to him."

Lucy laughed again, but there were some tears on her eyelashes, which she wiped away smilingly. "Well, look here, Catherine,—goodness, how wonderful it seems for me to be giving you advice!—but just ask yourself this question. Suppose any other man you ever knew had told you that he loved you, and wished to make you his wife, how would you endure to be daily and hourly in that man's company,—living in the greatest intimacy, and seeing his love for you shown at every moment in some way or other, and the more plainly because not spoken in words? How would you,—proud, shy, you—like that, Catty? If you don't know, *I* do, that the poor man would be frozen alive. But you haven't shown any disposition to freeze Mr. Rutherford, Catty."

This consideration was so completely in harmony with the thoughts which had passed through my own mind on the subject that I could not help smiling. But I merely answered that we had best not say more about the matter for the present, be-wait, and let the hours bring silent counsel, as it is their beneficent wont to do, if we will but possess our souls in patience. Lucy first made a little pouting grimace at this, and then kissed me, and said, "Well, only this one word, Catty. I know John would be pleased. He's just the sort of man after John's heart." John was our brother.

Then our guests came in, and we had tea, and were very cheerful, talking about to-morrow's excursion. This was to be the order of it: We were to start at four o'clock in the morning in a carriage, and drive to a place called San Polo de' Cavalieri. There we were to mount ponies and ride to the summit of Mount Gennaro, and down to Licenza, at which latter place the carriage was to meet us again, and after having visited the site of Horace's Sabine farm, close at hand, we were to drive back to Tivoli, and be at home before sunset. At first it had been intended that Lucy should leave the carriage at San Polo and ride up the mountain with us, but on inquiry as to time and distance we found that this would be too fatiguing for her; and it was settled that she and Monica should remain with the carriage, drive leisurely to Licenza, where Lucy could rest in the house of Monica's aunt, and Signor Sandro, Rutherford, and I were to rejoin her there, and get some refreshment after our scramble on foot and on horseback. We were sitting quietly in the twilight, Signor Sandro smoking, Lucy and Rutherford chatting in low tones about his Cumberland home, and the rugged, picturesque, Border country, and I, sometimes striking a stray chord on the mandolin as a kind of accompaniment to a lazy sort of reverie I had fallen into,—through which, however, I was conscious of all that my sister and Rutherford were saying,—when, after one peremptory tap, the door was opened, and there stood Monica, her pale face glimmering white and ghostly out of her black locks in the waning light.

"I have to speak with you," said she abruptly in her coarse voice.

"To me, Monica? Well, come in, and make your salutation properly. You must not forget your manners, you know."

I never allowed my young savage to take her own wild way unchecked. And I had acquired such influence over her that she seldom rebelled against the curb. Now, apparently from the force of habit, she dropped a rough curtsey, and muttered "*buona sera.*" But immediately afterwards she repeated vehemently, "I have to speak with you." Then, as I beckoned her to advance, she said, "No; to you, only to you,—not the others."

"What, may not even I hear, Monica?" asked Lucy, smiling. "I think that's unkind."

"No, no; not you," exclaimed the girl, suddenly shrinking away from Lucy's outstretched hand. "I want the Sora Caterina."

Something in Monica's face and voice moved me to comply with her request. I went downstairs with her to the studio, and there the first words she uttered made me rejoice that I had done as she wished.

"You told me not to mention the accursed one's name before *her*," said she, pointing upward to the ceiling to indicate Lucy, who had remained in the sitting-room above.

"Do you mean the Corleone? No, no. You have done well to remember my injunction. What has happened?"

"La Rosina has drowned herself in the river at Rome."

"La Rosina——?"

"Yes; the handsome girl that that demon stole away from my brother. But she was a fool. I would have stuck a knife into his black heart first, even if I had gone down under the water the next minute."

"Hush, hush, Monica. You must not talk so wildly."

"Ay, you and the Signorina Lucia say that it's wicked to take vengeance. But don't the saints take vengeance if you offend 'em? Yes, that do they,—and for such little things. Why a young woman I knew down in the Maremma only just said to her sister, who wanted to be a nun of Santa Chiara, that it was sheer laziness, and that praying all the year came easier than spinning in the winter and reaping in the summer,—and what did Santa Chiara do? Only ten days afterwards the young woman's baby fell sick, and nobody could tell what was the matter with it, and it pined and pined, and wasted and wasted, till it was as light to lift as a blessed palm-branch of last year,—and then it died. And that was Santa Chiara's vengeance! Padre Bossi said so. Ay, the saints are quick enough to take vengeance for themselves. And if they won't take it for us, we must do our own work."

The girl's face was livid, and contorted with fury, and her eyes were red and swollen. She had been crying. But Monica's tears—I had once or twice seen her weep—did not fall like a soft dew, but rather like a scalding rain. I tried to calm her excitement, and to raise in her dark mind some images of tender sorrow in connection with the unfortunate young woman whom she called La Rosina. Presently Monica took hold of my hand and kissed it in a quick, passionate way. "Yes," she said, "you've been good to me, and you're sorry for La Rosina. That's why I wanted to tell you about her. Because, then, if you should hear, if anything happens, you will understand why."

"What do you mean, Monica? What is likely to happen?"

"Who knows?" she answered gloomily. Then, after a second's silence, shaking her head and shoulders as a dog shakes off water, she exclaimed, "*Basta! Chi muore giace, e chi vive si dà pace.* Who dies, lies still, and who lives, takes comfort. Signorina, you won't tell the others? You won't say anything to them?" And on receiving my assurance to that effect, she seemed to cast off her volcanic mood of fire and darkness, and to give herself to buoyant anticipations of to-morrow's excursion with the unreflecting mobility of a baby.

"Monica," said I, struck by a sudden thought, just as I was about to leave the studio, "where is your brother?"

"'Sh, 'sh!" she exclaimed, with her finger on her lips, and her eyes glancing suspiciously in all directions. "Don't speak of him. He's gone. Gone far enough away—gone back to the Abruzzi."

"Was he here—in Tivoli, or close to it—last Thursday?"

"No, no; not he! He was far enough away, I tell you. Beyond those big mountains," she answered instantly, looking straight at me with her great flashing eyes.

"Are you speaking the truth, Monica?"

"May the blessed Madonna strike me with palsy if——"

"That will do, Monica. I have told you that I don't allow those imprecations in my presence."

I was by no means persuaded that she was not lying, but I knew by experience that to press her further at that time would but have brought forth a string of oaths and protestations, whose vehemence would probably be in an inverse ratio to their veracity.

CHAPTER XXII.

MISTY darkness brooded over the scene when we left Tivoli next morning. A few stars still twinkled in a blue-black sky, and the air was cold and damp. As we jingled along the solitary road, some huge fragments of Roman aqueduct glimmered through the gloom. Then the grey tint of the crumbling rocks began to distinguish itself from the darker shadow of the shrubs which straggled over them. The infinite, chill sadness of the coming dawn spread slowly over the drowsy world, and struck us mortals silent, as the new unknown day crept nearer bearing hidden destinies.

When we reached San Polo—a miserable village on a lower spur of the Sabine range—it was still murky, and the place was muffled in a mountain mist. Whilst the carriage horses were resting, and the saddle ponies were being got ready, we entered, by our driver's advice, a sort of tavern, where he told us we could get some hot coffee. The cavernous room we stumbled into across a miry lane reminded me of a mouse-hole in a massive wall; for it was pierced, as it were, in the basement story of a half-ruinous mediæval tower and castle. There were rude wooden benches and tables here and there, nearly all of which were crowded with young men, smoking, lounging, talking, and drinking. One or two miserable oil lamps faintly illumined the various groups, and at the farther end of the stone-flagged room, a glowing mass of wood embers on an open hearth cast a red glare upon a little space, and made the neighbouring darkness darker. The young men were conscripts;—so the landlord told us, who brought some hot coffee (very weak but mysteriously black), upon a brass tray. They were on their way down to Rome to be passed through the military machine which grinds peasants into soldiers. Very good raw material they seemed to me for the purpose; strong, deep-chested, with white teeth gleaming in vivid contrast with their bronzed skins, and dark, bright eyes, and an air of melancholy patience like the patience of an ox; but with suggestions of a smouldering fire beneath it, which the ox has not. And in all their gestures and attitudes one quality was conspicuous—grace; a masculine unconscious grace which had something of the grandeur of primeval Nature in it. The material accessories of the scene were of far more squalid coarseness than any with which Teniers has surrounded his boozing boors; the figures which peopled it were, compared with those same boors, Hyperion to a satyr. Signor Sandro and I feasted our painters' eyes upon them. Lucy sat wrapped in her shawl, a little shrinking from observation, and stretching out her feet towards the glow of the hearth. Rutherford had gone out to see to the saddling of our ponies, and I thought Monica had accompanied him; but suddenly I caught sight of her head bent down in earnest conversation with a man who was muffled in one of the huge cloaks called *pastrani*, which enveloped him from head to foot. The collar of it was drawn up above his ears, and he wore a peaked hat with a broad, overshadowing brim, so that he was effectually shielded from recognition by prying eyes, if he wished to avoid such; and it struck me that he did wish it. But this impression was derived from a fleeting glimpse—almost momentary; for no sooner had I ascertained that the person with whom he was talking was Monica, than the latter rose and elbowed her way towards me through the throng of men with her usual nonchalance, and the man shrank back and seemed to melt into the shadow. I did not see him again. In answer to my question Monica said carelessly that the man seeing foreigners was curious to know who we were, and what brought us thither. "And," said she, with a look of the quick cunning which sometimes flashed across and vulgarised her statuesque face, "I took care to tell him that you were all artists. Artists are always poor, you know, and nobody wants to rob *them*. I don't believe there's any danger up in these hills even if you were as rich as the Pope. But who knows? There's no harm in being on the safe side."

We were very glad to exchange the freshness of the morning air, even though it was sharp and keen, for the close, tobacco-laden atmosphere of the tavern; and when we went outside we found that the dawn was brightening the mountain tops, and the driving mist was silvered. All was in readiness, thanks chiefly to Rutherford's energy, but now an unexpected delay took place, occasioned by Monica's positive refusal to accompany Lucy to Licenza in the carriage, and expressed determination to remain with me. She could, or would, give no reason for this, except that she wanted to go up the mountain with the Signorina Caterina. In vain we pointed out to her that Lucy could not go to Licenza alone, that her (Monica's) aunt would be expecting her, that if she were obstinate, the excursion must be given up and the day wasted. She made no answer to half the arguments, scoldings, and coaxings, that were addressed to her; and to the other half she merely replied with downcast eyes and subdued voice, "Oh, I want to go up the mountain with the Signorina Caterina."

We looked at each other blankly. I was unspeakably provoked; but I felt myself to be powerless. For, even if I had succeeded by sheer force of will in making her get into the carriage, there was every probability that she would leave it, and come after us before it had journeyed many yards on its way to Licenza. And besides I did not like the idea of leaving Lucy alone with her in her present intractable mood. All at once Signor Sandro settled the difficulty. He would, he said, go down to Licenza in the carriage with Lucy, and Monica might ride the pony provided for him. He had been to the top of the Mons Lucretilis in old times, and could well give up seeing it again; especially as he foresaw the affair would be fatiguing, and better adapted for strong young folks than rheumatic old ones. In this way, too, both Lucy and I would have a masculine escort, and he would be able to see that Lucy was properly taken care of, and had a good rest at Licenza, and some refreshment out of an ample hamper which Rutherford had provided, and which was now safely stowed on the box of the carriage. "In short," said Signor Sandro, summing up, "this arrangement will suit everybody—except, perhaps, Rodolfo," he added, in a low voice. "But it wouldn't do to send him to Licenza alone with Lucia."

"It's exactly the story of the man who had to cross the ferry with the fox and the goose!" exclaimed Lucy, laughing. And then with a grave face, but a playful gleam of the eye, she told Rutherford that she hoped he would endure the bore of Catherine's company with polite patience; and that Monica would be the discreetest of *chaperones*, possessing the rare and precious quality in that character of not understanding a word he said! Then I was helped into my saddle, and Monica into hers, Rutherford mounted his pony, the guide flourished his stick, and we set off to climb the heights which rise behind San Polo; whilst Lucy and my master, having with much waving of hands witnessed our start, were driven away by another road towards the valley.

Our way led at first along a rugged track—it could not be called a road—where there were the marks of wheels deeply cut into the soil. Then these disappeared. The track dwindled to a footpath which meandered across wild, waste land, and over pastures on the shoulder of some swelling hills, and past rare patches of maize, or millet, or oats, and through a jagged gully which was in the autumn and winter the bed of a raging torrent. Now it was dry and bleached beneath the sun which shone bright and strong above our heads. Its rocky sides were fringed with bush and briar which were putting forth delicate green leaflets in the early Southern spring. From the steep, slippery gully, over whose loose rolling stones our horse's hoofs stumbled and toiled with difficulty, we emerged on to a wide space of green turf. In winter this was a treacherous bog; in summer a pasture for many scores of grazing beasts. Now it was bright with vivid verdure, and enamelled with countless delicate lilac cups of the spring crocus. Our guide followed the only firm track across the quaking turf. He led Monica's pony by the bridle, I came next—my sagacious little beast following step by step in the hoofmarks of his predecessor—and Rutherford brought up the rear. In this order we crossed the bog, and climbed again on the further side of it. Our way grew so steep and so slippery that the ponies could not keep their footing on the short dry herbage. We dismounted, therefore, and made the last portion of the ascent to the summit of Monte Gennaro on foot. Arrived there, the guide and Monica threw themselves down to rest, whilst Rutherford and I stood gazing at the wonderful scene before us.

In one sense the view was a disappointment, for the whole of the lower landscape was shrouded in a billowy sea of mist, on which we looked down from the purer air of the mountain. But the grand rolling waves of this cloud-ocean, the effects of sunlight gilding the grey, the looming shapes of Monticelli and Sant' Angelo rising like volcanic islands, castle-crowned above this hazy sea—made up a sublime spectacle. Gradually the mist shifted here and there, and through great rents in it we caught glimpses of shadowy depths of landscape far below. All around us reigned a serene stillness. Save ourselves and our steeds, the only living thing to be seen was one circling hawk, poised on dark, motionless wings in the intense clear blue above a barren peak. And far away the song of a soaring unseen lark pierced the quivering air like a sunbeam."

"Come," said Rutherford, at length, rousing our guide from his repose on the thyme-scented herbage, "we must proceed. There is a long road between us and Licenza yet, I take it."

Truly there was, the guide admitted. And he seemed to think there was no time to lose if we would meet our friends down there at the appointed hour; although, characteristically, he had made no voluntary effort to push on, nor to break from the allurement of *dolce far niente*. We remounted, and turned our ponies' heads to the descent. We were to go down on the opposite side of the mountain to that which we had climbed. Our way now became bolder, more distinctly mountainous, and picturesque. We followed the course of a rapid stream, which had fretted a deep channel for itself through the rocks. Our path lay along the verge of the ravine high above the level of the water, which foamed and murmured mysteriously in the dark depths below. On the other side of the ravine rose hoary, barren peaks, some sober grey, some amber-tinted in the sunlight—and once we descried a tiny walled town perched on an aerial summit. It was the strangest, wildest, loveliest, forlornest looking place! And then to think of it in winter, when the winds must rage round it like a pack of hungry wolves, and the keen-toothed frost is splitting the very stones on which it stands! On our right hand the great hills somewhat receded, and left a space of high pasture lands between themselves and the edge of the precipice; and then again pressed forward, narrowing the path and bounding it with lofty, frowning walls.

At length we came to a picturesque spot of several acres in extent, nearly level, and covered with fine spring grass. Under a group of ash trees a clear fountain bubbled into an ancient stone basin, and, trickling over the edge, moistened a bank of lush wild flowers with its silver rills. On one side this sort of prairie was bounded by the ravine and the river; on the other by a group of rocks which rose sheer up from it, and on the summit of which grew a solitary fir tree. Beside the fir tree stood a figure, showing a clear dark outline against the sky. It was a man draped in the ample folds of a *pastrano*, such as the herdsmen of the Campagna wear, but as he stood, he leaned not on the long spear-like staff which those men use in guiding their wild herds of horses and cattle, but on a rifle.

"What an admirable figure for this landscape," I exclaimed, when I caught sight of him. "He is exactly what was wanted to make the picture complete!"

"Charming, from the purely picturesque point of view," muttered Rutherford. "But I should like to know——" He stopped, and on looking round at him I found that his eyes were fixed on the man's form with a mistrustful and suspicious look. The object of this look had not as yet perceived us, it appeared. He was standing motionless, like a sentry, and his head was turned down the valley in the direction towards which we were going, and the sound of our horse's hoofs was muffled by the spongy turf, so that neither his eyes nor his ears had warning of our approach. Rutherford rode up beside me, and made me halt with his hand on my bridle. "What do you suppose your picturesque friend can be doing all alone in this wilderness with a gun in his hand?" said he, in a low voice.

"Oh, he is in charge of some horses or cattle, no doubt. And as to his gun, it is very common for the *butteri* to go about armed, especially in the wilder parts of the country."

I had not felt the smallest fear on first seeing the man, and even now it appeared to me highly probable that he was merely a herdsman, as I had said. Nevertheless Rutherford's evident uneasiness infected me somewhat, and I remembered all at once Signor Sandro's stories of the brigands, and the wild-looking peasant who had accosted me in the ravine, and the mysterious individual I had seen that morning talking with Monica in the tavern at San Polo. Whilst we still halted hesitating, the guide and Monica had proceeded on their way, and were already some distance ahead of us, indeed they had arrived nearly immediately beneath the rock on which the solitary figure stood. All at once Monica set up a bawling, tuneless song with a long-drawn wail for its burthen, such as you may hear the Roman peasants singing any summer evening when the sun has gone down, and they rest from labour. At the first sound of it the man turned his head and shouldered his gun, and we, from the distance at which we stood, could see two other figures start up in a half-crouching attitude from among the bushes beside him, but they were probably invisible to those standing immediately beneath the rock. Our two companions stopped, and the guide—a rough, unkempt, uncivilised specimen of the mountain peasant lad—shouted up some question to the man on the rock. I could hear the sound of his voice, but not the words. The man replied to him, pointing with his outstretched arm down the valley, and in this action his cloak fell back, and I could distinctly see the glitter of weapons in his belt. Then the guide turned and beckoned to us vehemently, shouting and calling to us at the same time to come on. "You see it is all right," said I, "that boy was not certain of his way—I have been thinking so for the last mile or two—and has merely been asking for directions. My picturesque friend, as you call him, is a harmless herdsman."

"H'm! So much the better. At all events he does not appear inclined to molest us."

We switched our horses and trotted briskly on to rejoin the others. "Don't you know your way, that you stop and ask for directions," said Rutherford sternly to our guide; "and what do you think we are to pay you for if you don't know it?" The lad stared glumly, and shook his head. Rutherford's foreign accent furnished him with a sufficient pretext for appearing not to understand him; perhaps he really did not understand. We were now very near the group of ash-trees beneath which the fountain was trickling clearly, and the boy suggested that we should let our horses drink from the stone trough; but to my surprise Monica resolutely opposed this—urging us to proceed,—to hasten onward,—to get down to Licenza without more delay. Rutherford, too, seemed anxious to go on, and, indeed, he said frankly that he should feel more comfortable when we had got fairly away from the herdsman and his companions. So we proceeded down the gorge at as smart a pace as the steepness and crumbling, stony nature of the path permitted. As we rode away I looked upward and backward at the figure on the rock. He took off his broad-brimmed hat with a gesture full of wild grace, and waved it once in salutation. As he did so I recognised him. He was the same man who had restored my sketch to me that day in the ravine. Then he replaced his hat on his head, and, having pointed first at Monica and then at me, pressed his hand to his heart, and so remained until I lost sight of him. Rutherford, who rode immediately behind me, observed this pantomime with amazement. "Your 'harmless herdsman,' who is armed like Fra Diavolo, and has as cut-throat an air as one would wish to see, appears to be struck with you, Catherine," said he. "Perhaps we may thank your *beaux yeux* that he and his comrades, who keep so modestly in the background, didn't shoot and rob us, and fling our bodies down into the ravine there. Nothing would have been easier. He has chosen a most commanding position for the purpose."

To my mind, it was clear that the man was Monica's brother. A hundred circumstances flashed upon my memory to confirm it. And thus it might well be that, not to my *beaux yeux*, but to some sentiment of gratitude towards me, we owed our immunity from robbery, if not from worse. But I kept Monica's secret, as I had promised to do, and we reached Licenza without further adventure.

There we found Lucy and Signor Sandro installed in the house of Monica's aunt—a poor, bare, stone dwelling, standing, not within the queer little walled town of Licenza, but near to the banks of the river, which here sprawled and spread its clear waters into various wide and shallow channels. There was a little orchard behind the house, all pink with almond blossom, and in the orchard food was set out on a rough deal table. We did ample justice to the meal, and were very merry and cheerful. The day had been lovely, and Lucy was enchanted with the picturesqueness of the scenery she had driven through. Monica's aunt—a weather-beaten, toil-worn peasant woman, mother of many sturdy brats, who rolled about us on the grass, and stared at us with great dark eyes like young calves—waited on us, and was kind and friendly, albeit in somewhat uncouth fashion.

"You did not happen to fall in with a party of three or four young men, who must have been going up towards Monte Gennaro about the same time as you were coming down?" asked Signor Sandro. "They were rather a boisterous crowd—artists, the people here said. I did not see them; but the good woman of the house told me that they had been drinking and kicking up a great row in the little wine-shop yonder. They set off to walk up the mountain, meaning to reverse your tour and go down to San Polo." We replied that we had seen no such persons. "Ah, they were afoot," said my master, "and probably took some short cuts." "I wish I had seen them," said Rutherford; "I should have advised them not to go on unless they were well armed, or had absolutely empty pockets, which might do as well." Nothing more was said on the subject at that time, for now Monica took up her tambourine, and a young man and woman of the place advanced to dance the *saltarello* for our amusement. There was no other music than the rhythmic tap, tap of the tambourine, and the shaking clash of the loose metal plates on it, with an occasional booming thrum like the sound of a huge drowsy bee. Gradually, as the dancers warmed to their work, the pace became quicker, their gestures wilder and more animated, and at length Monica started up from the ground where she had been squatting with Oriental *nonchalance*, and, rushing to the table, seized a flask and drank from its narrow mouth a long, deep draught of wine. "*Morte ai traditori!*" she screamed, and flung the empty flask over her head like a mad Bacchante. Then she began a dance the like of which I had never seen, nor ever shall see again. "Possessed with a devil," were the words which came into my mind as I looked at her. She leaped, she turned, she threw her lithe body back till it bent like a reed; she beat her feet with a wild, quick, pulsing movement on the ground. Suddenly she would sink on her knee, and crouch lower and lower at each thud of the tambourine, until her head nearly touched the ground; and then again she would spring up like a leaping flame, and whiz round and round with dizzy rapidity. It was an extraordinary and thoroughly savage spectacle. But it held us all in a kind of breathless fascination; until at length, with the same darting suddenness with which she had begun, she gave one great wild leap and yell, and dropped, throwing herself prone on the grass, face downward, and remained motionless.

"*Dio buono!*" exclaimed Signor Sandro enthusiastically, "if you could but have sketched her as she danced! But you might as well try to sketch a flash of lightning."

The sun was declining when we got into the carriage to drive home. Before we reached Tivoli the stars came out, and the violet-tinted sky stretched solemnly above us. Every bush and wild flower was fragrant beneath the evening dew, and numberless nightingales sent out their exquisite throbbing music from each wayside copse as the flowers sent out their perfume.

"In a sweet spring evening like this," said Lucy, raising her innocent face to look upward, "I always feel a sense of such infinite compassion surrounding us. I don't know why, and I cannot well express what I mean; but all this peaceful beauty and sweetness seems to me like the pitiful voice of One who consoles; One not ignorant of sorrow, nor indifferent to it; but who holds a secret of comfort which we, too, shall know some day."

CONCLUSION

Within four-and-twenty hours all the countryside was ringing with a dreadful crime which had been committed among the Sabine Hills, at the foot of Monte Gennaro. Two men, footsore, exhausted with fatigue and terror, and one of them slightly wounded, crawled into San Polo, and gave information that they had been attacked by brigands in the mountain, that one of their companions had been shot dead and his body flung down a precipice into a mountain stream, and that they two had escaped as by a miracle. A thousand rumours were flying about, and it was some time before the full truth was known. But the rarity of the crime in those parts, its daring character, and, above all, the name and rank of the victim, excited the intensest interest in the case, and made it the chief topic of public talk for many weeks. The murdered man was the only son,—the heir—the hope—of one of the oldest and most illustrious families of the Roman aristocracy. He was the most accomplished, most handsome, most chivalric of noble young cavaliers; a brilliant figure in elegant saloons, beloved in the privacy of the domestic circle, a firm friend, a generous master, a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, and—alas!—a devoted lover, who left an amiable girl who adored him to mourn the untimely loss of her promised husband. Above all, he was a staunch and truly pious son of Holy Church, and his cruel fate was understood to have plunged an additional dagger into the afflicted heart of the venerable Pontiff.

Thus—and much more—the Clerical journals of the day. Thus—or little less—the other newspapers. And the man whose epitaph they thus wrote was Vittorio Maria Giuseppe de' Principi Bastiani-Corleoni.

Only by slow degrees and in a hesitating way did it begin to be generally remarked that there were sundry strange and unexplained circumstances connected with the murder which gave rise to some curious conjectures.

Don Vittorio had not been robbed. A valuable gold watch and other trinkets were found on his body, whereas his two companions—a Belgian and Sicilian artist—had been rifled of every valuable about them and of all their money. Clearly the assassination of Don Vittorio must have been due to some other motive than those which ordinarily actuate brigands; and by which these very brigands appeared to have been actuated in the case of their two other victims. Then it was whispered about that the two artists had delivered up Corleoni as a scapegoat;—had bought their own lives by refraining from resistance, although by so refraining they destroyed the last chance of Corleoni's escape. For the three gentlemen were all armed, and, although fallen upon by surprise, might have made a fight for it; but that the chief of the brigands shouted to them loudly that there was but one life he wanted—Vittorio Corleoni's—and that he meant to have. As to the other two, they were free to go at the price of their purses. These horrible innuendos crept out after a quarrel between the Belgian and the Sicilian. Each hinted that the selfish cowardice of the other had caused young Corleoni to lose his life. The truth was never fully known; but the world looked askance at those two men, and before long they vanished from Rome, and new tides of strangers from the east and the west and the north and the south have long ago swept over and obliterated the traces of them from the memories of all the inhabitants of Rome, save one or two.

The brigands got clear off for that time. They were supposed to have fled into the Neapolitan territory, where they continued their depredations with ever-increasing audacity. But only three weeks ago I read in an Italian newspaper a stirring account of an encounter with brigands near Salerno, and of the death of the celebrated chief, Pasqualuccio, who was shot dead in a hand-to-hand skirmish with the King's troops.

Monica I never saw again after that fateful evening. In the first shock and horror of the news, the chief and absorbing anxiety of all of us—Rutherford, my good old master, and myself—was to prevent its being communicated to Lucy. Had it been told her abruptly I think it might have killed her. But we succeeded in keeping it from her for more than two years. She knew the tragic story at last in its main points, but neither I nor Reuben ever told her of the suicide of the lost girl whose fate was so horribly avenged. She asked me several times, during the first days after our excursion, if I had news of Monica, if Monica were not going to sit to me any more, why she did not come to see us. And at first I could but say the truth, that I knew nothing of her. But I learned after a while that she had disappeared from Tivoli, no one knew whither. She was probably fearful of being examined by the officers of justice, who were making inquiries and researches in all directions. Signor Sandro, who had a most widespread and heterogeneous acquaintance, heard by chance that she was married to a peasant of the Abruzzi, and had emigrated to South America with a shipful of other sons and daughters of the soil from Genoa. And this statement was singularly confirmed. My brother John, on his return to Europe for a holiday in the following year, brought me a little coral amulet such as is commonly worn in Naples, and which he said was given to him by a poor Italian emigrant woman who was dying of fever at Rio Janeiro, and to whom he had had the opportunity of being kind. One day she heard his name by chance, and suddenly raising herself on her miserable pallet, asked him if he had not a sister called Caterina. On his replying that he had, and asking what she possibly could know about his sister, she merely shook her head feebly, and giving the amulet into his hand, bade him carry that to the Signorina Caterina, and ask her to get some priest to say a mass for her soul.

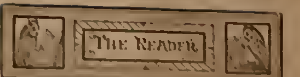
Our rough-hewn ends were shaped far otherwise for us than we had intended or expected. This often comes over me with a sense of awe and wonder when I remember the girlish plans for the future which my sweet Lucy and I used to make. Sweet, pure, child-like little Lucy! I have lost her. She faded away as the pearly hues of daylight fade in the west, serene and lovely to the last. And it is my profoundest comfort to know that the last twelve months of her life were full of a happy peace that truly passeth understanding. She fully embraced the Roman faith; and her beautiful nature assimilated to itself all that is touching, lofty, and poetic in that religion, whilst its dross had no power to soil the white wings of her soul. She never showed the slightest wish to enter a convent, but lived in the world in loving sympathy with all her fellow-creatures. I sometimes feared, with many bitter pangs, that the disappointment and sorrow of her innocent love-story had undermined her health, and that but for that she might have been spared. But a wise and gentle old physician who knew and loved her—all who knew her loved her!—assured me that the seeds of consumption were in her from her birth, inherited from her dead mother. Not long before she left us, she was sitting alone with me one evening in the twilight—alone but for one other tiny creature in my arms—and as she leaned her cheek against my shoulder, and played softly with a little waxen hand upon my knee, she said, "Isn't it strange to look back upon, Catty dear? You remember how you used to talk about your being the maiden aunt, and spoiling my children some of these days. And now you see, it is I who must do the spoiling, for you and my dear good second brother are a great deal too sensible to do it for yourselves. And the poor baron would be a great deal too sensible, too, if it were not for foolish Aunt Lucy."

For I am the mother of two little sons, and Reuben Rutherford is my dear husband.

THE END.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Monks of Thelema (3 vols.) Besant and Rice. Roxy (2 vols.) E. Eggleston. Chatto and Windus.
Newspaper Press Fund, 1878, Report.
Love's Crosses (3 vols.) F. E. M. Notley. Bentley.
The Cossacks (2 vols.) Count Leo Tolstoy. S. Low and Co.
The Famine Campaign in Southern India (2 vols.) William Digby. Longmans and Co.
Mrs. Grey's Reminiscences (3 vols.) Lady Blake. Hurst and Blackett.



Life in the Canadian backwoods is painted in very dusky hues by "Letters from an Emigrant Lady" (Bentley), and the unlucky authoress seems to have had more than an ordinary share of those trials and disappointments which too often accompany emigration. Penury, discomfort of every kind, ill-health, loneliness, and a host of other ills overpowered the "Emigrant Lady," who from her own account was totally unfit to encounter hardships, and the narrative furnishes forcible evidence of the folly of those who setting out with little money in hand, and the expectations of none awaiting them, yet believe that the New World will afford the fortune which the Old Country has failed to provide. The letters are most unaffected in tone, and give some sad glimpses of the struggles and the daily existence of Muskoka settlers. Emigration also, though of a different type, and with a happier result, is the theme of "Uppingham-by-Sea," by "J. H. S." (Macmillan), which records the success of a notable experiment tried some two years since, when a whole school driven out by fever from their original premises were transplanted, masters, scholars, and all, to a Welsh fishing village. Schoolboys under such novel conditions might surely have afforded opportunities for some amusing descriptions, but "J. H. S." has hardly done justice to his subject. Fewer Latin quotations and more local colouring would have made an acceptable volume.

It requires a very nice pen to write an autobiography, much tact and discrimination to avoid egotism and to distinguish between details of interest to a small circle and to the outside world, yet the author of the rambling collection of commonplace anecdotes and bad verses styled "Wilhelm's Wanderings" (Remington) altogether lacks these desirable qualities. He passed through many well-known scenes and met many well-known personages, but his adventures are not worth recording, and the slipshod English and the avalanche of foreign terms, frequently wrongly spelt, and "Goethe" which disfigure his pages will soon weary the reader.

Normandy is, indeed, an oft-described district, but Mrs. Charles [illegible] contrives to impart considerable freshness to a well-worn subject in "A Summer in Normandy" (Routledge). Although actually intended for children, this chatty volume discourses so brightly of summer days in the tumble-down country house, the characteristic Norman town close by, the queer people and the pleasant excursions around, that it will find no little favour with older readers, and will set children longing to tread in the footsteps of the little hero and heroine.

In these days of wars and rumours of wars it is certainly not amiss to look up the records of British valour in bygone years. "Brave Men in Action," by S. J. Mackenna (Sampson Low), therefore brings forward a plentiful array of gallant deeds on sea and land, relating not so much the history of any particular battle or expedition as some special feat of courage shown by one individual. Here are episodes from all times and all lands in which British forces have been engaged, related in a strain of high enthusiasm and not over-burdened with naval and military technicalities. The brave actions of the last half of this century are rather slightly treated, as the only incidents noticed are two in the Chinese and Maori campaigns.

"Brownie," by C. W. Bardsley (Marcus Ward), another of the "Bluebell Series," is an agreeably told tale of country life, well suited to girlish perusal, and with a sufficiently exciting end to gratify sensation lovers. Most of the characters are of a very familiar type, but there is a healthy tone running throughout, and it is only to be regretted that the charming Brownie should be so maligned by the artist. From the same publisher comes Part V. of "Our Native Land," which has been illustrating the English and Scotch Lakes, and now extols the [illegible] beauties of the Emerald Isle. Three fairly executed water-colour sketches of Lough Leane, Ross Castle, and the Tore Waterfall are accompanied by some entertaining letterpress by Mr. S. C. Hall, which we remember to have met before in Mr. and Mrs. Hall's "Companion to Killarney." Scenes of a wilder character are depicted in "Sketches of African Scenery from Zanzibar to the Victoria Nyanza" (Church Missionary Society), a series of chromolithographs of African life and scenery from drawings by the late Mr. O'Neill, of the Victoria Nyanza Mission, from whose journal the text is also mainly condensed. These "sketches" illustrate the journey of the first missionaries of this Mission, a journey which ended in the death of several of the missionaries. Turning further west the lime juice manufacture in the Antilles is briefly described in "The Island of Montserrat" (Hudson Smith), wherein the letterpress is better than the illustrations, which are wonderfully gorgeous, and represent the natives with bright blue hands and [illegible].

Considering the antiquity of the game of tennis, it is strange the "game of kings" has had no history of any importance until now. "The Annals of Tennis," by Julian Marshall (the *Field*), however, can well fill the vacancy, and from its ample description of the game and its laws, its carefully arranged historical details, and its quaint illustrations, may be heartily praised as a clever and exhaustive treatise. Although much of the volume can only be enjoyed by a thorough tennis player, the historical portion will be attractive even to those ignorant of the game, for Mr. Marshall has such a hearty love for his theme, and writes so pleasantly and easily, as to rouse effectually his readers' interest. He gives many curious extracts from ancient manuscripts, while the eccentric cuts, innocent of perspective and most rules of drawing, are by no means the least amusing part of the volume.

A Greek proverb bids us "eat cress to learn more wit," and although water cresses are not so largely used in England as across the Channel, they are sufficiently appreciated by Londoners to render the suggestion of Mr. Shirley Hibberd in "The Culture of the Water Cress" (W. H. Allen) very acceptable. Watercresses need neither skill, expenditure, nor a large garden; and if Mr. Hibberd's plans and practical instructions be carefully followed, they can be grown at home with little trouble and less cost. Mr. Hibberd first publicly mooted his scheme to the Horticultural Society last [illegible], and the interest shown induced him to prepare the present sketch, wherein he gives a gossipy history of the watercress and useful information. Those who prefer ornament to use, and are planning for the spring, will find "The Bulb Garden," by S. Wood (Crosby Lockwood), an excellent manual alike for the amateur and the professional grower. Minute and accurate directions are given for preparing the soil, for planting, rearing, and propagating all kinds of bulbous plants, from the humble crocus to the stately arum, and the volume is embellished by some tasteful illustrations. For general information on floral matters, Mr. Glenny's "Gardening for the Million" (Houlston) has been revised and enlarged, and would be a capital gift for amateur gardeners of the humbler classes.

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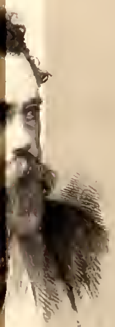

AND EDITOR)

JOSEPH SHUTTLEWORTH

J. DYKE

RICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND

Magazines

II.

In "A Political Epilogue," the paper with which the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* opens, Mr. John Morley brings forward one consideration undoubtedly of considerable importance. It is that, whatever there may be to be said in favour of an "Imperial" policy, Parliamentary Government is essentially an unfit form of machinery for carrying it out. "An ambitious, restless, and complicated foreign policy must inevitably," he says, "abound in emergencies, and a policy of emergencies is incompatible with a Government of public deliberation." And "If Parliamentary methods, their publicity, their freedom, their tendency to lag and be very slow, are all hostile to a kind of policy that implies despatch, privacy, and the ready energy of personal resolution, so, too, is the power of wavering and unstable constituencies as the ultimate arbiter of the action of a Government fatally incompatible with the new system of intervention and empire." It is, no doubt, true that we have yet to learn whether a democracy—and England is now virtually a democracy—can be led to carry out an active and consistent course of foreign policy, and the effort to accomplish the experiment successfully must task the best energies of English statesmanship; but we should be sorry to despair of the result beforehand.—In "Dreams and Realities" Mr. Leslie Stephen indulges in an outburst of what has been not inaptly styled "militant agnosticism." He seems full of a sort of angry contempt for Canon Farrar and the gentlemen who have been criticising his sermons, and inquiring into the conditions of existence in a future life in the *Contemporary Review*. "What can any human being outside a pulpit," he asks, "say upon such a subject which does not amount to a confession of ignorance, coupled, it may be, with more or less suggestion of shadowy hopes and fears." Belief in a future life, it is the drift of Mr. Leslie Stephen's paper to urge, belongs to the sphere of dreams and poetic illusions, and it is precisely because the popular belief in Hell has had this dream-like character that it has had a less noxious influence than might have been anticipated on the hearts and consciences of those who have held it. No doubt it would be the idlest folly for Mr. Stephen, with his opinions, to speculate as to the possible conditions of existence in a future life; but we do not think he is justified in controversial fairness, or perhaps, even in courtesy, in implying, as he seems to do, that Canon Farrar and his critics are of the same mind as himself if they had the courage to speak out.—From Dr. Maudsley we have an interesting paper on "Hallucinations of the Senses," especially on those hallucinations of the senses of sight and hearing which may affect persons free from mental disorder, and which, the writer thinks, may furnish the explanation of the firm belief in ghosts and apparitions which has prevailed among all nations and in all times—an hypothesis which seems at least highly plausible.—Professor Knight discusses the doctrines of the pre-existence of the soul and metempsychosis—in which he seems more than half inclined to believe; and in the way of criticism we have a review of Mrs. Gaskell's novels, by Mr. W. Minto, and an estimate of a little-known American writer of fiction, Brockden Brown, by Mr. G. Barnett Smith.

The *Contemporary Review* must be styled in the main dull, though there is some liveliness in the *coup de grace* administered to Mr. Froude, with which Mr. Freeman closes his examination of that gentleman's "Life and Times of Thomas Becket." "Mr. Froude," says his outspoken critic, "stands alone as the one writer of any importance of whose writings one can say that on them any process of correction would be thrown away. What we meet with in him as an historian is not mere mistaken inference, or mere mistakes in detail, however gross the carelessness or ignorance which they might imply. It is the substitution, through page after page, of one narrative for another—the substitution of a story which bears no likeness to the original story, except that the same actors appear in both." —In "The Life of Jesus and Modern Criticism," Professor Bernhard Weiss calls upon those who reject supernatural views of the life and work of Christ to explain how such views, if groundless, found their way into the Gospels especially as modern critics have been compelled to fix for these Gospels an earlier date than Strauss assigned them. Professor Weiss argues ably and forcibly, though we cannot help thinking his reasoning less conclusive than it appears to himself. The point in dispute, however, is far too grave and wide-reaching to be entered upon here.—Professor Monier Williams's paper on the "Progress of Indian Religious Thought," and Mr. R. A. Proctor's on "The Sun's Corona and His Spots," are both eminently learned in their several ways, but perhaps hardly address the general reader; whilst Mr. Robert Buchanan's poem, "Julia Cytherea," strikes us as a failure.

Blackwood this month abounds in political articles for which we do not care, but in "The Idea of Home," another instalment of the series on "French Home Life," we have an interesting and suggestive paper on which we should like to comment at some length, did our space admit of such indulgence. The English idea of home, says the writer, is that of a fortress to be defended against all comers; the German, a woman's labouring place; but the French, "a common ground of union, where all the members of a family, and each of their friends, find a seat awaiting them." She considers that the "idiosyncracies of the French home—of the true typical French home, that is—are, taken as a whole, the most admirable in Europe," but is constrained to own that the type has one prominent defect —the want of *calm*. This alone, we should say, would be fatal to its excellence in the eyes of the multitude of Englishmen who, explicitly or implicitly, hold, with Parson Helstone in "Shirley," that "men go abroad for conversation and amusement and come home to read and reflect."—We have also some more of Mr. Theodore Martin's admirable translations from Heine; and, under the title of "A Fetish City," a curious account—which rather taxes the reader's credulity, and which it is difficult to suppose was intended to be taken altogether seriously—of a ruined Greek city, said to have been discovered in the Transvaal.

In the *Cornhill* we have an inquiry into the "Age of the Sun and Earth," which, from internal evidence, would seem to come from Mr. R. A. Proctor, who is becoming as prolific in the matter of scientific essays, as Mrs. Oliphant or Miss Braddon in three-volumed novels. The paper on "Child's Play" is very good. The writer holds that "sensation does not count for so much in our first years as afterwards;" meaning that sensations derived from without are then vaguer, less acute, and less attended to. He—or, perhaps, rather, *she*—dwells much on the large part the element of "make believe" plays in all games that really have attraction for children. The average child, it is said, "passes three-fourths of his time in a dream, and the rest in open self-deception."—Professor Colvin's essay on the legends connected with the Centaurs is also of interest.

The conclusion of Mr. Hamilton Lang's paper on Cyprus is the *cheval de bataille* in *Macmillan*. Mr. Lang's remarks on the climate and healthiness of Cyprus will be read with special interest just now. He denies that the island, judged by a reasonable standard, can be pronounced unhealthy. It is inhabited "by a perfectly healthy and robust native population, free from all serious sickness, and living to a hale old age." He himself "lived in Larnaca, and went about the island winter and summer during nine years, and never enjoyed better health anywhere."—Mr. Edmund Gurney's article "Schumann on Music and Musicians," is very well worth reading. Mr. Gurney seems to us much more at his best and happiest as a musical critic than when contending in the philosophical field against Mr. Mallock.

Good Words is stronger than usual. In the second of his papers on "Erasmus and Sir Thomas More," Principal Tulloch, brief as his space is, succeeds in setting before his readers very clearly some of the leading opinions and literary characteristics of those two great lights of the "New Learning."—Principal Shairp's essay on "The Early Poetry of Scotland" is instructive and readable; and much praise is due to Major W. F. Butler's graphic description of the scenery of the Yosemite Valley, which is set off by an excellent illustration.

The *Atlantic Monthly* contains a poem by Whittier, whose verses, we believe, somehow continue to be little known in this country, and a paper on "American Finances from 1789 to 1835," which gives some curious information concerning the history of the beginnings of the United States' public debt.—Mr. T. S. Perry's article on some recently published French novels may also be mentioned as containing some good criticisms.

Of the *University Magazine* it is sufficient to say that we have an attempt—not very successful, to our thinking—to reply to Mr. Matthew Arnold's plea on behalf of a Roman Catholic University for Ireland; a continuation of Mr. W. H. Harrison's "Notes and Reminiscences;" and a brief paper, which may interest some readers, on "The Orbit of the Irregular."

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ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS

CHAPTER V.—FINE ARTS.

Ἐπὶ τὸ πολὺ πέλαγος τετραμμένος τοῦ καλοῦ.

WE are to devote the day to Fine Arts and to Lilly—Sir Peter Lely, as Charlie calls her; for she is such an artist, you know.

She *does* figures and faces, but trees are her *forte*. Poor darling! She is a martyr to her art here. The moment she takes out her sketch-book a policeman pounces on her as if she were a German spy.

"Elle tire un plan," they say, while she is only taking off somebody's nose.

Before we saw a single modern picture we were to "hang our garlands" (she is so romantic, you know) "on the altars of the Old Masters."

So we went to the Louvre.

Then Lilly's eyes were rivetted on the figure of a lady artist, with hair cut short like Rosa Bonheur, and a singularly *dégagé* dress.

She was the centre of a crowd of tourists marshalled by a guide. They leant their chins on her shoulders and jostled her elbows, and perhaps they rubbed their waistcoats against her brushes.

She was copying Vandyck's Charles I. They thought they had a perfect right to mob *him*.

"Oh that I were like her!" said Lilly. "Oh, that I could sit here all day long, and day after day, copying some stupendous gem!"

"I would sooner follow you to your grave, my dear," said papa.

"Never, Lilly," said I; "never could you bring yourself to cut off your *plait*."

She affirmed deliberately that she could.

We could say we had seen the Old Masters. It was time to go to the Exposition.

We went there on the back of a *Hirondelle Parisienne* (penny steamboat).

Even our tickets were pictures—advertisements in the shape of pictorial puzzles.

At the end of the Pont de Jena stand two statues.

They might be CASTOR AND POLLUX.
And the two at the other end might be POLLUX AND CASTOR.

So like they are, no mortal
Could one from other know.

But the guide-book says they are "a Greek, a Roman, a Gaul, and an Arab, each checking a spirited horse."

When these worthies were fresh made—

White as snow their armour was,
Their steeds were white as snow.

But time had discoloured them with smoke and matter out of place, and, when we passed the bridge, tiny mortals had placed ladders against the spirited horses, and were scouring them and their masters.

The Duke of Wellington so admired these statues that he saved the bridge when the Prussians wanted to blow it up in 1814.

When we got to the German Fine Art Gallery papa said he didn't care to see any pictures but the English; he couldn't understand any others.

"As if," said Lilly, "each picture of every country did not tell its own tale, and the language of Art were not a universal one."

We scampered through the schools of Europe till we came to the British section. Then we sank panting on a couch.

A lady's bonnet jogged mine, as she tossed her head and said, "Il y a d'ouvrage qui est bien fait, mais ce n'est pas excellent."

On my word, I believe that most of the old women of Paris went to see our pictures, predetermined to think thus.

We were amongst old friends. Most of the pictures we had seen in the Academy; and many in black and white in *The Graphic*.

There was Fildes' "Homeless and Houseless."

The Frenchwomen were going past it, saying, "Oh, la la, la la; oh, lul li, lul li; oh, m'sieur, m'sieur; oh, madame, madame!"

There was Herkomer's "Last Muster."

French *invalides* were leaning on their sticks and crutches before it, their faces lit up with a fellow feeling wondrous kind, and curiosity to discover some old friend from the Crimea, or some older foe from Waterloo. There was——

"Why, hang it!" said papa, "I have seen all these before. Why didn't you tell me? Here, let's go to see the Dutch wax-work."

Tears came into Lilly's eyes when she heard this.

"Nothing," she sighed, "will make papa æsthetic. Never shall I instil into him the love of the Beautiful."

"My Beautiful," said mamma, "he loves *you*."

But he had his way; and we found that the mass of the people were of his way of thinking, for a great and excited crowd were squeezing past the dummies dressed in "Costumes Populaires du Pays-Bas."

So, I suppose in England, for every one person who goes to a private gallery for the sake of the pictures (l'Art pour l'Art), fifty go to Madame Tussaud's.

It was Nemesis that made Lilly take out her book to sketch the faces of the unæsthetic crowd.

A sergent-de-ville was on the watch. His vengeance was swift.

"Vous êtes autorisée, mademoiselle?"

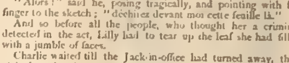
"Non."

"Alors!" said he, posing tragically, and pointing with fell finger to the sketch; "déchirez devant moi cette feuille là."

And so before all the people, who thought her a criminal detected in the act, Lilly had to tear up the leaf she had filled with a jumble of faces.

Charlie waited till the Jack-in-office had turned away, then picked up the pieces.

And they remain, gummed together, in Lilly's album unto this day.



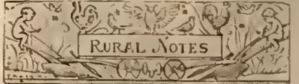
New Novels

"HOMO SUM," by Georg Ebers, author of "Uarda," &c., from the German, by Clara Bell (2 vols.: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.).—Though hardly any one but a learned archæologist such as the author could well have written this story, its interest, unlike that of "Uarda," is not in the main archæological, but purely human. Its scene is Mount Sinai, whose caves formed the abode of early Christian anchorites, not yet organised into any sort of regular monastic communities, and the oasis of Pharan which lies at its foot; and the period is the thirtieth year of the fourth century of our era. The outline of the situation which, we may say, forms the backbone of the tale is a narrative which Professor Ebers says he found in a monkish chronicle, telling how "an anchorite, falsely accused instead of another, takes his punishment of expulsion on himself without exculpating himself, and his innocence becomes known only through the confession of the real culprit." This narrative Professor Ebers has idealised and developed into a story of much force and interest, giving room for, at any rate, one fine and subtle study of character. The hero, Paulus, an anchorite of high saintly repute, to screen the youth, Hermas, whom he loves as a son, and who, he believes, has given good ground for the jealous anger of the Roman centurion, Phœbicius, declares that the monk's sheepskin, which the infuriated husband has found in his wife's apartments, is his; receives the blows he showers upon him without resistance; and submits to the sentence of expulsion from the Christian community pronounced against him by the Bishop Agapitus, without a word of self-defence. And then, after he has comforted himself by thinking that he is conformed somewhat more closely to the image of the Lord whom he serves, in that he has, though innocent, borne suffering and shame in the stead of another, he is cast down to the depths by a fierce outburst of the old Adam within him, which renders him, as far at least as thought and desire go, a prey to the beauty of the very Gaulish lady, Sirona, with whom he believes—quite wrongly, in fact—that Hermas has sinned. It is in the portrait of this Christian Paulus, in whom from time to time we see breaking out flashes of his old self, the heathen Menander, foremost in his day among the lawless *viveurs* of Alexandria, that the interest of the book lies, and, as we said, it is a portrait drawn with very great power; though there seem touches in it here and there, as there are still more in those of the subordinate characters, of a sentimentality quite modern—we were going to say, quite German—in character, and therefore quite out of keeping with the age delineated. We have not space to say more concerning the book, easy as it would be to dwell on many other points of excellence in it which seem to call for notice. But it is before all things else a picture of the struggles and sufferings of a soul—a soul which we feel is heroic in its way, though that way be not ours,—and it is as such that it possesses the highest claim to the reader's attention and regard.

"Cruel London," by Joseph Hatton (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall).—Mr. Hatton seems to us to show more and more the tendencies of that school of novelists—tendencies which we see, perhaps, manifested most conspicuously in Mr. Farjeon—to whom the example of Dickens has proved mischievous and misleading. Endeavouring to tread in the footsteps of the great genius he copies—for great genius Dickens certainly was, in spite of blemishes which a colder criticism is now recognising—Mr. Hatton is continually foundering on the rocks of overdone "geniality" and sensationalism. A certain coarseness and tawdriness more or less mar all his tales, and none of them more than this. "Cruel London" is clumsily constructed, with a view chiefly, it is clear, to startling "effects;" whilst the scene is overcrowded with characters, the bulk of whom seem rogues or villains of one kind or another—swindling "promoters" or hangers-on of public companies; *bourgeois* profligates, whose brutal vice is free from the faintest veneer of grace or polish; unprincipled adventurers of both sexes; quack doctors, *et hoc genus omne*. Foremost among the few honest men of the piece are the two friends, who discover, and so become proprietors of, a large gold region in the Sacramento country, and are thereby rendered, each of them, "rich as the richest of the Rothschilds." One of these, a man far gone in consumption, lavishes his vast wealth in buying up an army of spies and detectives, public and private, to hunt down every person, great or small, at whose hands his lady-love has suffered a wrong; in particular availing himself of the services of an obscure French doctor, who has made toxicology his special study, to poison the principal among these offenders, Tom Sleaford, the man who has betrayed and abandoned her, after a fashion so cold-blooded and horrible, that the reader's sympathy is almost roused for the wretched Tom, unredeemed cad and blackguard as he is. In fact, Mr. Hatton is evidently on an altogether wrong tack in this not over-pleasant tale, and fancies that he cannot fail to arouse and interest if he only lays on his colours thick and strong enough. There is no need to criticise details in such a work; but one point, unimportant as it is, we cannot pass over. We should have thought it impossible for any novelist, male or female, to represent the race for the Derby as run on a *Tuesday*.

"A Fallen Angel" (3 vols.: Tinsley).—The subject of this story may, of course, be guessed from the title, and we need hardly say that we hold the choice of such a subject a mistake. It is but fair, however, to add that the author has treated an objectionable theme in a manner as little open to objection morally as possible. But the truth is that the tale is too weak to be very dangerously wicked. The almost inconceivable folly displayed by the heroine in the earlier chapters hinders us from feeling much sympathy with her in her subsequent sorrows; but, again, it is but fair to say that in the end she is made to exhibit some dignity and force of character, and the closing scene, at any rate, is far more effective than could have been anticipated.

"The Gregors: a Cornish Story," by Jane Spettigue (Samuel Tinsley).—This is a tale of Cornwall in the old days when smuggling was one of the established industries of the county, when the calm of rural life was periodically disturbed by formidable riots or risings on the part of the miners, or "tinmen," as they were called, and when sheep-stealing was an offence punishable with death, which last-mentioned state of things gives rise to what is perhaps the most effective episode in the book. The story is told with considerable force and spirit, and its rough and homely *dramatis personæ* are decidedly life-like figures. Altogether it is a very creditable performance.



RURAL NOTES

THE HARVEST.——The past week has been one of the best that we have had for the ingathering of the grain. The fields, except in the far North, have been nearly cleared, and the undergrowth of clover and young grasses upon the stubbles is more luxuriant than we have seen them for many years. The cattle upon the purely pastoral districts seem to be thriving particularly well, and so also the sheep, noticeably in the radius of twenty miles of Lancaster, where the Royal Manchester and Liverpool and North Lancashire held their Show. It is quite evident, however, that the wheat will not be of such good quality, neither will it thresh out so well as many expected it would do, and barley will not possess that fine plumpness and colour that brewers appreciate. Turnips and mangolds will prove a fair crop, both being growthy and healthy. Potatoes lifted well in the early fields, and those still to be dug are looking well, and the tubers mostly free from disease in the North. Some blackened stalks are noticeable here and there in the Midland counties.

SELF-BINDING REAPERS.——Perhaps there was no greater misfortune that could have happened to these novel machines for cutting and binding grain than the trial accorded to them at the Royal Manchester Exhibition. The oats, on the cutting and binding of which they were to stand or fall, were of such a thin, short, weakly, and tangled character, that the manufacturers might well have hesitated to compete at all. The oats were bad enough in all conscience, but the multiplicity of weeds among them made the operation most unsatisfactory, and ruts, six inches deep, over which the reapers had to go, must have woefully tried the patience of the driver. The field also was covered with stones the size of one's head. None of the three machines—Wood's, M'Cormick's, or Osborne's—did good work in the binding, Wood's cut the cleanest, and M'Cormick's made the best sheaf, where all were bad, straggling, and the butt-ends mixed indiscriminately with the ears. But even in a good field of cereals we should fancy that there is some uniformity required to make a perfect self-binder, and even when it is made it may well be doubted whether they can be profitably used at the time when the corn is damp with dew. Heating and expensive overturning, deterioration generally, are likely to follow. The judges apparently did not regard them with much approbation, but in the way of encouragement gave Mr. W. A. Wood and Mr. M'Cormick each a silver medal.

MISCELLANEOUS.——There have been some good sales of shorthorns in the course of the fortnight, several of the animals going far into the hundreds, but none reached the thousand of guineas obtained last year.—The Board of Trade Returns just issued tell us that the cattle from abroad in the course of the month of August were 7,000 more than in the corresponding month of 1877, and the supplies in the eight months of the present year 133,432 to contrast with 95,925 in the past year. Still the prices per head of oxen were higher by 1*l.* 1*s.* up to the end of August, 22*l.* 8*s.* as against 21*l.* 7*s.* The total cost of foreign meat for the first two-thirds of the year was 12,725,639*l.*

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SPORT AND TRAVEL IN PATAGONIA

PERHAPS less has been written about Patagonia than about any other unfrequented region, and, indeed, considering its uniform barrenness and inhospitable climate, it is not surprising that so few travellers have hitherto been tempted to explore it. What is known of it, although interesting from a geologist's point of view, is not of a nature to induce Europeans to settle there, and it is possible that for many centuries to come Patagonia will remain what it is at present: an uninhabited, desolate waste, where, by reason of the sterility of the soil and the scarcity of water during the greater part of the year, even the rudest attempt at agriculture must inevitably fail. Patagonia comprehends two regions, the mountain region and the plains. The former extends along the shores of the Pacific and the western portion of the Straits of Magellan, the latter occupies the eastern part of the country from 40° south latitude to the Straits. The plains rise one above the other, from east to west, like terraces, attaining an elevation at about a hundred miles from the shore of nearly a thousand feet. They are traversed by deep ravines or "cañons," in which the grass grows more abundantly, and where fresh water is frequently found. On the plains there is no vegetation, save a few straggling *Berberis* bushes, and here and there an isolated tuft of coarse grass.

The sketches accompanying this notice are from the portfolio of a recent traveller in Patagonia, Mr. Beerbohm, a narrative of whose experiences and adventures in that country is shortly to be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. No. 1 represents the camp of a tribe of Tehuelche Indians, the famous "giants" of Magellan and Byron. They have degenerated considerably in *physique* since the days of those navigators, however, for among a tribe of two or three hundred but very few can now be found whose height is over five feet ten inches or six feet (No. 7). On the average they are by no means an ill-favoured people; some among the women are quite handsome, and they have nearly all a good-humoured expression on their faces, which is very engaging, and makes up for any deficiency of feature. Their cheek-bones are prominent, the forehead low, the mouth large and full-lipped. Their hair, which is long and coarse, is kept from falling over their faces by a fillet. Their colour is a yellowish brown apparently, though it would be hard to pronounce with certainty on that subject, as their ablutions are neither frequent nor thorough. Their chief subsistence is the flesh of mares, ostriches, and guanacos. With the skins of the latter animal (No. 6), they make their tents, and their only garment, a long mantle gathered loosely round their bodies, and hanging from the shoulders to the ankles. They hunt the ostriches and guanacos with dogs of a mongrel greyhound species, and when at close quarters use the "bolas" (No. 2) with great effect and unerring certainty of aim. This implement consists of three stones covered with leather, and joined to a common centre by leather thongs. When the hunter is sufficiently near to the object of the chase, he swings the "bolas" two or three times round his head, and, the necessary momentum having been acquired, flings them with firm hand at the retreating quarry. Wherever they alight they become entangled and effectually "hobble" the guanaco or ostrich, who is thus rendered helpless, and is soon reached and despatched by the dogs or the hunter. The Tehuelches are by nature exceedingly intelligent and good-natured people, and invariably kind and hospitable towards strangers. Their numbers are unfortunately being rapidly reduced by internal feuds, and by their immoderate passion for "fire-water," which they obtain from traders from the colony of Sandy Point, in exchange for furs and ostrich feathers.

Nos. 3, 4, 5 are incidents of the journey during which these sketches were taken. No. 3 is descriptive of an unpleasant surprise which greeted the travellers on awakening one morning. The previous day had been unusually mild, and they had been indulging in the hope that spring had at last set in for good. During the night, however, there was a heavy snowfall, and they woke up to find the whole landscape whitened over. Everything, including their bedding, &c., was covered with a layer of snow six inches thick, and winter had evidently taken a fresh lease. No. 4, an attempt to swim over the river Gallegos, which on the melting of the snow in the Cordilleras became a broad and rapid torrent, and barred the onward progress of the travellers for more than thirty days. No. 5. The travellers have just arrived after a long day's ride, and having selected a bush suitable for camping under for the night, preparations for supper are hastily being made. One man is setting a side of guanaco to roast, and another is busy cutting certain tit-bits from a fine ostrich which had kindly presented itself to be caught just as the larder was getting low. This operation is being watched with eager interest by the dogs, who will doubtless receive their full share of the spoils. After supper and a pipe, each one looks out for his furs, and, rolling himself up in them, lays his head on his saddle, and, in spite of the cold wind and the hard ground, sleeps soundly till daybreak.

We are indebted to Mr. Julius Beerbohm for the above details.

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HIRING FAIRS

OF all the bad legacies left of a half-barbarous agricultural age, there are none so bad—not even the miserable hovels for rural labourers which morally still disfigure the landscape, albeit picturesque under the painter's pencil—as hiring markets, which are now in full swing over a large portion of the United Kingdom. It is pity, but 'tis true, that when a custom has become traditionary, it is one of the most difficult things in the world to get it abolished. No matter how much it may be opposed to social—and even in some cases individual—interests, people cling to it as tenaciously as if it were the essence of truth in principle, and of perfection in practice. The people of an old country like Great Britain are ever timid of change, and rash innovation in any matter is to be deplored; but at the same time there is much danger in absolutely standing still.

> Progress is Nature's universal law:
> Stagnation is a universal curse.

What we are too slow to recognise, especially those belonging to the agricultural interest, is that—

> The old order changeth, giving place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

We cannot or will not see that a custom admirably adapted to the condition of the people during the early period of our history is not only wholly unsuitable in a later era, but actually pernicious to the well-being of society. The hiring fair is the offspring of a primitive age; it has long ago served its purpose, and its influence now is decidedly a corrupting one, and the sooner it is done away with the better.

In England hiring markets, we know, originated in 1352. I cannot find out at what early period in the agricultural history of Scotland feeing fairs or trysts became permanent institutions. In the reign of Edward III. that human rinderpest, the Black Death, had slaughtered hundreds of thousands of our people. It was particularly severe upon those engaged in agricultural pursuits. A thinly-populated country as England then was could not sustain such loss of the sinews and strength of the community, without feeling it very heavily. The basis of society had been undermined by the plague, and the superstructure was threatening to tumble in consequence. The labour market had been well nigh emptied by that stern employer Death, whose bidding no one can resist; and those who escaped the plague naturally sought to obtain higher wages for their services. Such demands were too much for the then employers of labour, who regarded the labourers as indispensable machines merely, in no way entitled to take advantage of the commodities—bone and muscle—which they had to offer. They at once appealed to the King against the knaves, and he, nothing loth, sent "to the Rev. Father William, Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England, greeting," informing him that, "Because a great portion of the people, especially workmen and servants, late died of the pestilence, many, seeing the necessity of masters and great scarcity of servants, will not serve unless they may receive excessive wages, and some rather willing to beg in idleness than by labour to get their living; we, considering the grievous incommodities which, of the lack especially of ploughmen and such labourers, may hereafter come, have, upon deliberation and treaty with the prelates and nobles and learned men assisting us of their mutual counsel, ordained certain statutes relating to labourers, providing, among other things, that "every person, able in body, under the age of sixty years, not having to live on, being required, shall be bound to serve him that doth require him, or else be committed to the jail until he find surety to serve." These statutes having failed in their object, more compulsory ones were enacted in the following year; the reason for them then being stated in the preamble:—"Forasmuch as it is given the King to understand in this present Parliament, by petition of the Commonalty that the said servants have no regard to the ordinance (that of 1349) but to their ease and singular covetise, do withdraw themselves to serve great men and others unless they have livery and wages to the double and treble of that they were wont to take, to the great damage of the great men, and the impoverishing of the commonalty, therefore,' &c. Among the et cetera of 1350 was one enacting that all ploughmen and agricultural labourers should be hired, not by the day, but for the full period of one year, "or other usual terms," and that such labourers "do openly carry in their hands to market towns their instruments of labour, and be there hired in a public place, and not privately.

To carry the instruments of labour themselves was no easy matter, and the difficulty being recognised by the authorities, it was permitted servants to wear emblems of their particular branch of employment in their hats, a practice which is continued in some parts of England to the present day. Then the horseman brought a piece of whipcord, the shepherd a bunch of wool, the cattleman a few hairs [illegible] the cow's tail, and so on. It is not at all improbable that the [illegible] which have now degenerated into apparently [illegible] matters of mere taste and fancy, were at first employed to set forth the occupation of the wearer.

In their origin these fairs were grossly unjust to servants and a vile outrage upon common laws, yet they undoubtedly proved of advantage afterwards in bringing masters and servants together from different parts of the country. Indeed, it is difficult to see what other means of communication could have been devised when the people were so few and so widely scattered. Still the tyrannical way in which the labourers were at first forced into the market made it little better than a slave-mart, to which the hiring market of the present day bears a striking resemblance in all but one essential particular, that the labourers have the right of selling themselves.

The writer has been present at many of these hiring fairs and markets in many parts of England and Scotland, and on all occasions has felt ashamed that such institutions could exist in an enlightened country like ours. A description of one may serve, all the general features being the same in England and Scotland. First, then, we have a large collection of [illegible] or "[illegible] stands," as they call them in Scotland, of itinerant caravans with wild beasts, play actors, equestrians, conjurors, photographic studios, stuffed horses of tremendous proportions, giants of marvellous size, and dwarfs of almost invisible dimensions. Then there are thieves, swindlers, and vagabonds from all the neighbouring large towns, with those who are confirmed vagrants, enticing the rustics to pick the pea from under the thimble, prick the loop in the garter, play at pitch and toss and nine-pins, and to ornament their gaudy waistcoats with "real gold watch-chains at the low price of old brass." These are the educational surroundings of the hiring market. Those who come to be hired or hire, men and women, stand out upon the street, as a rule, the females on one side, the men on the other, and the masters push out and in among them, inspecting their physical points much as they would do those of an ox or a sheep, for it is the bodily parts of the servants that alone can be recognised in the hiring market. There is neither time nor inclination on the part of most masters to inquire into the element of character. In the case of women more especially the fair seems a peculiarly demoralising institution. It is eminently calculated to destroy all sense of propriety and modesty on the part of young girls, and when these barriers to virtue are broken through, the worst degradation follows almost as a matter of course. At the fairs in Scotland particularly, women are engaged not by persons of their own sex, but by the opposite, who peer curiously into their faces, not always without a leer, and make remarks and jests which, to put them in as euphuistic a way as possible, are neither so refined nor so chaste as they might be. And the young women very soon learn to reply in the same strain; indeed, if they desire to make a good bargain so far as wages are concerned, they must do so, for those who can best return in kind the "chaff" generally receive the most money. Amid the noise of trumpets and gongs, the screeching of ballad singers, the jabber of caravan men, and the shouts of the gamblers is transacted the business which makes a man whom you never saw except at the fair, and about whose character you have no accurate information, the custodian of your horses or cattle for six months, and which brings a woman, of whom you know equally little that is trustworthy, into your house to mix with your family for a like period of time. In some places in Scotland old custom sanctioneth on hiring days the opening of unlicensed houses for the sale of pies and porter, and gives permission for dancing. From the excitement of the drink and the dancing what else could be predicted but the fighting which afterwards disgraces the streets, and the debauchery which swells the percentage of illegitimacy in the Registrar-General's returns? Within late years registry offices have done much to lessen the evils of the fairs by drafting away a portion of those who would otherwise have participated in them, but there still remains much to be done. The great drawback is [illegible] the servants themselves, who look upon these fairs as a privileged holiday, and imagine that the farmers seek their abolition merely that they may deprive them of their cherished holidays. Could they be disabused of this idea by farmers voluntarily conceding them a day or two in the year, perhaps their prejudice in favour of fairs would vanish, and these hotbeds of drunkenness and immorality be shortly improved off the face of the earth.

JAMES [illegible]

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WEYMOUTH BAY

A summer day in Weymouth Bay,
  A sea that ripples lazily,
And prattles like a child at play
  Two voices talking merrily.

A sunny sky, while you and I
  Went paddling onward leisurely,
Like water lilies floating by.
  (That's quite a pretty simile!)

Who could delight to bark and bite,
  Or let their angry passions rise,
When earth and sky are both so bright,
  And brighter yet the summer [illegible].

With sails of snow went to and fro
  Like restless souls that seek [illegible]
The little [illegible]
  Old Ocean sang a song [illegible]

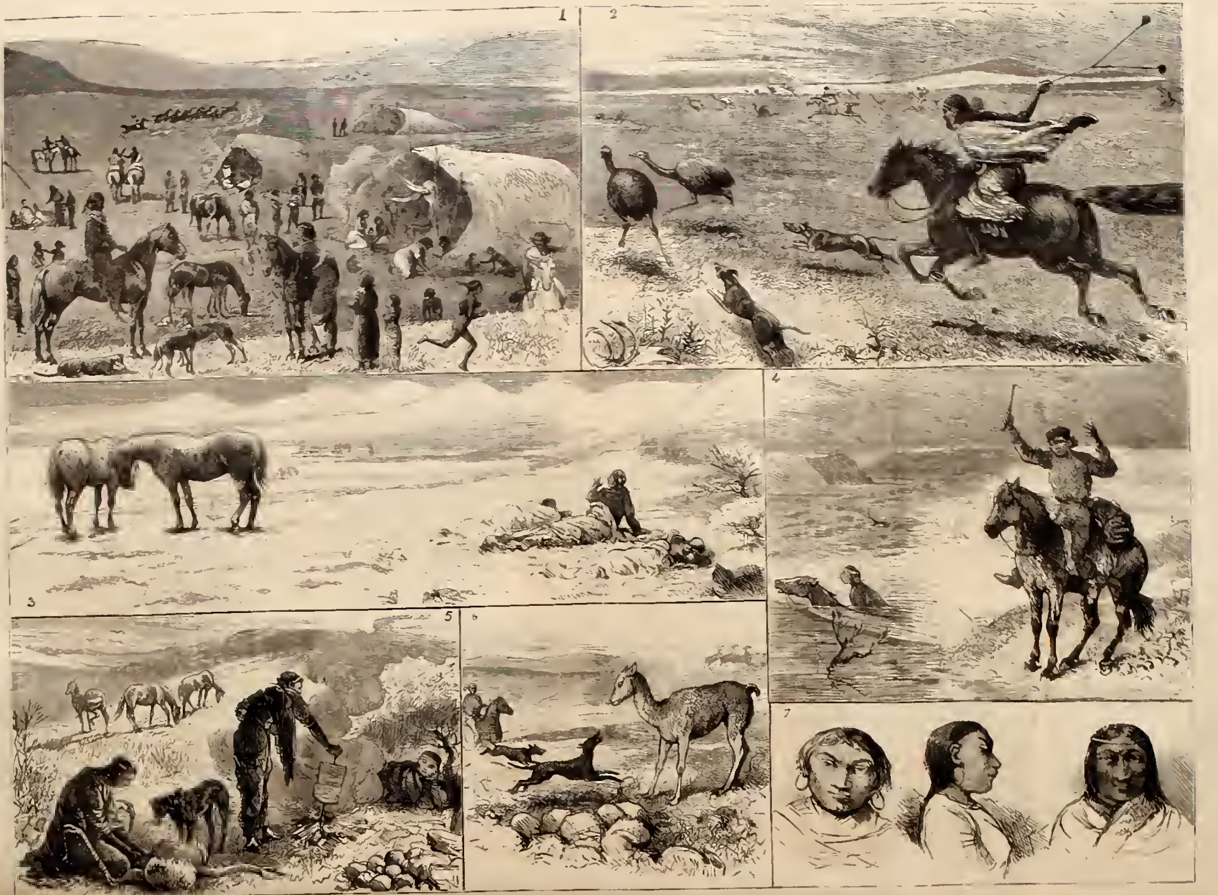
[illegible] young and [illegible]
  To think that earth [illegible]
A little joke [illegible]
  Perhaps a little [illegible]

No lovers, no [illegible]
  Two happy souls [illegible]
We chat of [illegible] and [illegible],
  And tell the latest scraps of news.

Oh sweet and few, [illegible]
  The merry days of peace and [illegible]
Oh ancient fate [illegible]
  The [illegible]

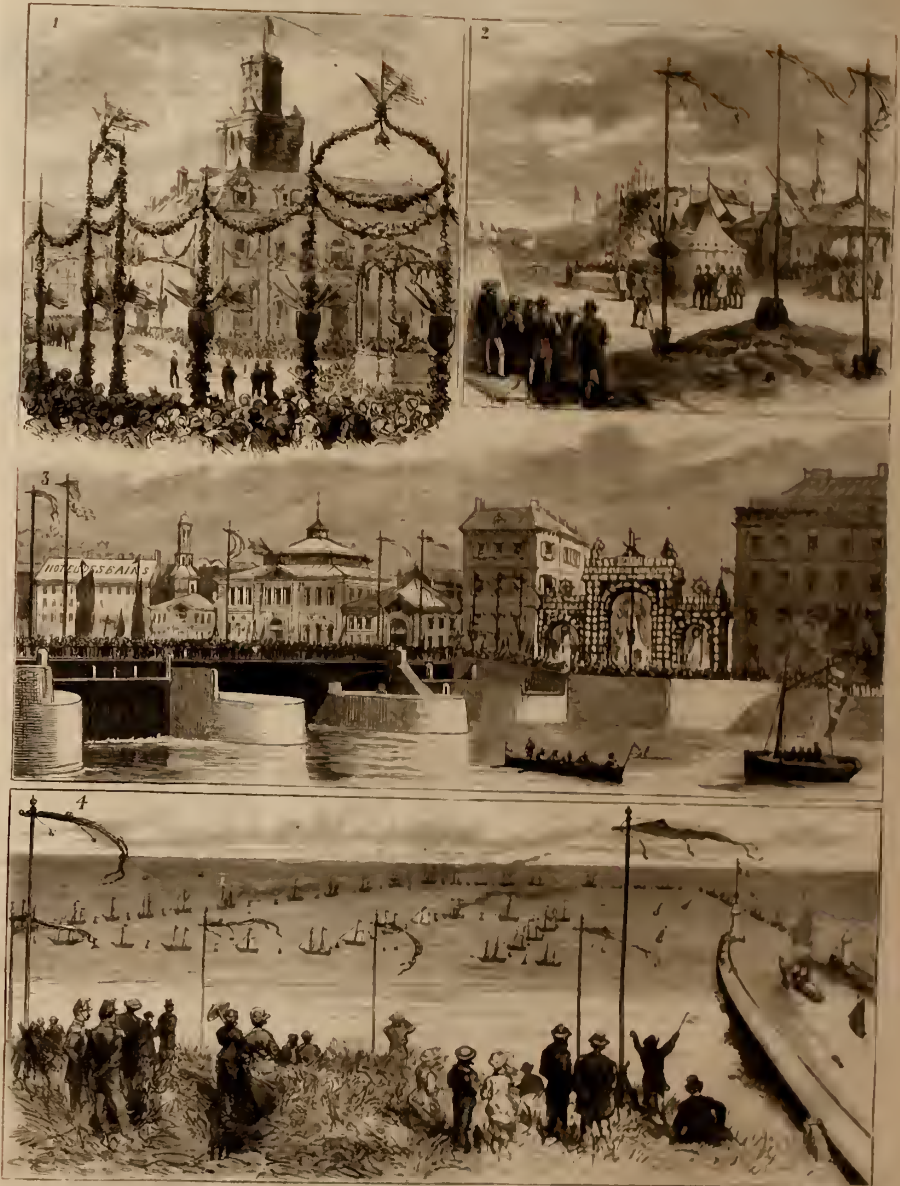
A sunny day in Weymouth Bay,
  A picture taken [illegible].
And Jack [illegible] countries far away,
  You'll look at it, and think of me.

L. [illegible]



1. A Tehuelche Encampment.—2. Slinging the "Bolas."—3. An Unpleasant Surprise.—4. Attempting to Swim the River Gallegos.—5. Preparations for Supper.—6. A Guanaco at Bay.—7. Types of the Natives.

SPORT AND TRAVEL IN PATAGONIA



1. "The Wine of Honour," at the Town Hall.—2. The First Stone at Châtillon.—3. The Bands entering the Town over Marguet Bridge.—4. Ships, Boats, and Buoys Moored in the Offing in the Outline of the Future Deep Sea Harbour: View from the Fort Battery.

THE FETES AT BOULOGNE

FOREIGN

THE CRISIS IN THE EAST.——The difficulties of carrying out the Treaty of Berlin do not seem to be diminishing, and another week has passed without any cessation of the Bosnian insurrection, notwithstanding all the skill and energy of the Austrian commanders, who now possess a formidable force of 200,000 men, and who have received large supplies of war material and ammunition. There has been brisk fighting on the Bosna, in north-eastern Bosnia, where General Szapary seem to be somewhat more successful, but in the north-west General Zach has received a severe check in attempting to take Bihacs, a fortified town of some importance, and once the reigning capital of Croatia. At first General Zach appeared to be succeeding, but on Monday he was driven back on Zavalje, with heavy loss. Farther south, however, the Austrians are doing somewhat better, and General Sametz has taken Kljuc, while Trebinje has now been peaceably occupied, thanks to the conduct of the Turkish garrison, who compelled the insurgents to leave the town, and then handed over the citadel to the Austrians. In western Bosnia also the Austrians have occupied Priedor, and the disarmament of Novi and the surrounding districts has been accomplished without resistance. At Svornik, a strongly fortified position, however, the insurgents number 5,000, between Bjelina and Graçanica they are reported to amount to 23,000 men, with forty guns, while what makes the matter all the more serious is that the insurgents are not merely untrained peasants, but in many cases are tried and disciplined soldiers, fighting under experienced commanders. Thus, while there is little doubt that General Philippovitch will eventually succeed in subduing the insurrection, it will cost him much time and valuable blood before he can announce to his Government and the world at large that the pacification of the provinces is an accomplished fact.

Bosnia and the Herzegovina, however, are not the only Turkish provinces which object to foreign occupation, and there is considerable agitation in Albania, a portion of which is to be annexed to Montenegro. Mehemet Ali Pasha, who had been despatched to the affected districts by the Porte with a view to pacifying the malcontents, has been assassinated at Jakova. On his arrival there he found the town in a state of anarchy, and he was violently upbraided by the inhabitants for having come to hand over the land to the enemy. A mob attacked his house, fired it with petroleum, and then ruthlessly murdered the unfortunate general. Mehemet Ali Pasha's loss will be severely felt by the Porte, as, although by birth a foreigner, he had throughout his life identified himself with the interests of his adopted country, to which during the recent war he had rendered most important services, while his conduct as a member of the Berlin Congress won the approbation even of Prince Bismarck, who, although from social reasons declining to receive him, did not hesitate to express his admiration of his talents. In addition to Albania, which promises to give the Porte considerable trouble, the Rhodope insurrection continues; but there is one satisfactory item of intelligence, namely, that Batoum has been finally surrendered to the Russians, who have occupied the town without the slightest opposition on the part of the Lazis, who, however, have mainly emigrated to Trebizond, where great distress is said to prevail. The evacuation of Erzeroum by the Russians is now speedily expected.

To turn to Constantinople and its diplomatists, the Austro-Hungarian Convention is yet unsigned, the chief bone of contention being a claim on the part of the Sultan that the Austrian and Turkish flags should be hoisted jointly over the Bosnian fortresses—a claim at first admitted and then repudiated by Count Andrassy. The Greek demands are also the subject of much discussion, the French ambassador has been strongly urging Safvet Pasha to carry out the "recommendations" of the Berlin Congress, while the Greek Government have despatched a Note to the Powers soliciting their mediation. In fact, great pressure is being put on the Porte to hasten its fulfilment of the stipulations of the Treaty of Berlin, and the German Government has sent a despatch to the various signatory Powers, calling upon them to take a common step with the view of bringing the Porte to execute the Treaty without any further delay. This has been agreed to by France, Russia, and Austria, but England and Italy have not as yet answered.

In the mean time the Russians continue to evacuate the positions round Constantinople, and General Todleben is shortly expected to move his quarters to Adrianople. It is believed, however, that the evacuation cannot be completed before a fortnight more at least.—In CYPRUS a large number of the troops are still suffering from malarious fever, the 71st Regiment in Dali Valley have had a sudden increase of the malady, as also the 101st Regiment at Larnaca. Twenty-five per cent. of the Engineers are also on the sick list. Thirteen deaths have occurred since the landing. Sir Garnet Wolseley is making a tour round the island in H.M.S. *Raleigh*.

FRANCE.——A Conservative Committee of Senators and Deputies, with a view to securing joint action amongst the various shades of anti-Republican parties during the forthcoming senatorial elections, has at length been formed, and has issued a circular soliciting "co-operation and subscriptions" in order to maintain a Conservative majority in the Senate which will enable that body "to fulfil the part assigned it by the Constitution." It is too early yet to judge fairly of the prospects of the Committee, but as recent events have shown, and none more so than the enthusiasm displayed at the service in commemoration of M. Thiers' death, even the most timid provincials are beginning to cease feeling apprehension of the Republican form of Government, so that the task of the Committee is likely to be a difficult one, all the more so when the disjointed and heterogeneous nature of of the various parties forming the "Conservative" majority is taken into consideration. There is little further political news, and the chief topic of the week has been the inauguration of the Boulogne deep-sea harbour works (described in a special article in another column), and the Ministerial speeches thereat. The great question of how the necessary funds are to be raised for such stupendous public works as M. Freycinet proposes have excited considerable speculation and some apprehension, M. Léon Say's explanation that the money is to be furnished from the savings of the people not wholly meeting with approval. There is such a thing as overloading the willing horse, and of late years France has added so enormously to her National Debt as to render any further increase on a large scale a somewhat hazardous step. From Boulogne the two Ministers proceeded to Calais and inspected the site of the harbour extension improvements there, and then went on a similar mission to Dunkirk, which is the third northern port to be extended and improved.

In Paris the Radicals have been furious at the prohibition by the Government of a proposed International Working Men's Socialist Congress, and of the arrest of several of the delegates and members who had disregarded the Ministerial prohibition, and had attempted to hold a meeting in a private house. The members had relied upon a law which does not permit the police to violate a man's house during the night; but, nevertheless, the police made a descent upon the meeting, arrested six persons, and moreover paid a domiciliary visit to another of the members, and carried him off to prison. M. Louis Blanc and his Radical colleagues have written to the Ministers of the Interior and of Justice, protesting against the action of the police as illegal; but their advocacy will find but little sympathy, as the object of the meeting has been openly stated to have been the reconstruction of the well-known "Internationale," the revolutionary society which caused so much alarm during the Empire, and which was formally suppressed in France by a decree of the Assembly in 1872. M. Marcère, however, does not confine his attention to the Socialist peril, as he has also suppressed the Bonapartist almanac *L'Aigle*, a step which many people think imprudent and unnecessary. Another prolific topic of discussion has been the disgusting scenes attending the execution of the young men Barré and Lebiez, who murdered a milkwoman for the sake of her money. A most ribald and unruly crowd assembled to witness the horrible scene, and the most highly-coloured accounts of the whole proceedings and of the prisoners' last moments have been published at length in many of the journals. The scandal caused by the whole affair will probably lead to the abolition—as in England and Germany—of public executions; and M. Dufaure is already studying the subject with a view to reform. To turn to more pleasant subjects, the Exhibition continues to prosper, and the International Horse Show has been a very fair success, the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia carrying off a first prize for his thoroughbred Arab charger Rustchuk. The *défilé d'honneur* of the prize winners took place on Sunday before the Marshal and the Russian Grand Dukes. Out of the 250 prizes 34 have fallen to English animals—a much larger proportion than that awarded to any other foreign nation, while many of the so-called foreign animals were of English blood. The distribution of the Exhibition prizes will take place on Oct. 21st, to which date the ceremony has been postponed in order to permit of the attendance of the Prince of Wales, who, in a letter to M. Berger, adds that the Princess may perhaps accompany him. Great *fêtes* will be given by the Marshal at Versailles on the occasion, which is to be made an improved second edition of the national festivities of last year. The Marshal also intends to hold a second grand review on the 15th inst.—There is little theatrical gossip beyond a three-act political comedy *Le Mari d'Ida*, by MM. Delacour and Mancel, at the Vaudeville, exceedingly successful, and a promised visit to England of the Comédie Française, of which the talented company have subscribed 50*l.* towards the *Princess Alice* Relief Fund.

GERMANY.——Dr. Nobiling, the would-be assassin of the Emperor, and who has long been lying in a precarious state owing to the wounds he had inflicted on himself on his attempt to commit suicide, died on Thursday. The immediate cause of death was paralysis of the lungs. The Emperor is going on exceedingly well, and will very possibly be present at the autumn manœuvres.

The German Parliament was opened on Monday afternoon, the chief portion of the speech relating to the attempt on the Emperor's life, and to the rejection of the Anti-Socialist Bill by the late Parliament. The speech then enlarges upon the dangers of Socialism, and the necessity for extraordinary measures for its prevention and "gradual extinction." The means to be chosen, however, "should preserve the liberty of the citizens of the State in general, and only prevent the abuse of them, by which the pernicious Socialist agitation threatens the foundations of the State and of all culture." In conclusion, a confident hope is expressed that the Deputies will not refuse to "grant the means of giving the peaceful development of the Empire the same security against attacks from within as it already enjoys from without, in order that, when the extinction of the pernicious movement has been checked among the masses, those who have been led astray may be brought back into the right path." The first sitting of the House was subsequently held, when Herr Bonin, the senior deputy, made a speech on the providential escape of the Emperor, and called for a "Hoch" in his honour, an appeal which was responded to with enthusiasm.

ITALY is still agitated with regard to the Treaty of Berlin and the Austrian occupation of Bosnia, although the *Italia Irredenta* party have greatly cooled down their diatribes. Still the general uneasiness is manifested by the numerous rumours and counter-rumours which are being daily published, while the close attention the Government and the King are paying to military affairs is pointed to as a not insignificant fact.

The disciples of Lazarretti are expecting his resurrection, as groups of them are constantly scattered about the cemetery of Santa Fiora, near Grosseto, expecting to see the prophet rise from his grave.—There is considerable excitement respecting the escape from a prison-van of three noted brigand chiefs—it is thought through the agency of the ever-present Mafia.

INDIA.——The reply of the Ameer of Afghanistan to the British request that Sir Neville Chamberlain's mission might be received at Cabul, is still awaited with great anxiety, and a telegram to *The Times* says that the fact is universally recognised that the present is one of the most critical epochs in the history of British India. There is a very strong feeling that Russian influence must be watched at all hazards, and the *Times of India*, in a leading article, remarks that it is to be hoped that Sir Neville Chamberlain will be armed with sufficient power to restore the prestige we have lost at Cabul. "If he merely goes into Afghanistan to exchange civil compliments, and to come back rebuffed, we shall be plunged before we know where we are into a new Afghan campaign. For it is clear that, with the Ameer's leave or without it, we cannot allow Russian outposts to be established upon our very frontier. As Lord Salisbury has said, 'British interests in Afghanistan exceed Russian interests.'" The demands to be made from the Ameer by the British envoy are exceedingly onerous. The several points upon which it will be necessary to lay the greatest stress will be permission to establish agents at Balkh, Herat, and other frontier towns, an understanding by the Ameer not to enter into any diplomatic relations with any other Power without the consent of the Indian Government, unrestricted access for the British Mission to Cabul when deemed necessary, and finally the dismissal of the Russian Mission, and the exclusion of Russian agents in future. Should the Ameer prove hopelessly estranged and hostile, immediate steps will be taken to neutralise the effects of that hostility.

UNITED STATES.——The yellow fever epidemic continues to increase and to spread, and up to the 6th inst. the official returns showed that there had been in New Orleans alone 4,609 cases and 1,395 deaths since the outbreak, while on Monday the deaths amounted to eighty-seven. At Memphis, however, they numbered 115 on Tuesday, and the number of sick in that town exceeds 3,000. Numerous physicians have fallen victims, 800 out of 1,000 nurses are ill, and the utmost distress is prevalent. All business is entirely stopped, and 90,000 people are without employment, and in a destitute condition. It is proposed to organise a national relief system to anticipate the famine, which it is believed will certainly follow the fever. The Governor of Ohio has proclaimed a day of prayer to avert the pestilence from that State.

THE COURT

THE Queen has been visiting the different places of interest round Balmoral. Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice have been to Loch Callater, and have driven round the Lion's Face, while on Saturday they went to Craig Daighu, on which a cairn has been erected to commemorate the recent purchase by the Queen of the Ballochbine Forest. On the same day Prince Leopold drove to the Linn of Dee, and in the evening Mr. Cross and the Rev. Donald M'Leod dined with Her Majesty. Next morning Divine Service was performed at Balmoral before the Queen, the Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold, the Rev. Dr. Donald M'Leod officiating, and in the evening Dr. M'Leod and Mr. Cross again joined the Royal party at dinner.—On Tuesday the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne arrived at the Castle.—The Queen has sent 105*l.* to the Relief Fund for the sufferings by the *Princess Alice* collision.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have again left town, their guests, the Danish Royal Family, having started for the Continent. Before quitting London the Prince and Princess with their two boys, the King and Queen of Denmark, and the Princess Thyra went the round of the theatres, visiting the Princess's, the Haymarket, and the Promenade Concerts. On Monday the Prince of Wales left Marlborough House to stay with Mr. C. Sykes at Brantingham Thorpe, near Hull, for the Doncaster Races, and was present on the course during each of the four days' sport, leaving on Friday night for Scotland. The Princess with her three daughters accompanied the King and Queen of Denmark and Princess Thyra, who started on Monday night, crossed the Channel to Calais on their way to Brussels, where they spent part of Tuesday with the King and Queen of the Belgians, and visited the Exhibition of Fine Arts. The Royal party slept at Cologne, and went on next evening *viâ* Frankfort to Rumpenheim. The Princess of Wales and her little girls return home about Saturday next, and will join the Prince of Wales at Abergeldie for a month's stay. The Prince goes to Paris for the distribution of Exhibition prizes on October 21st, and will probably be accompanied by the Princess.—The Prince and Princess have promised to open the new buildings of the Hunstanton Convalescent Home, erected as a thank offering for the Prince of Wales' recovery.—The Prince and Princess have sent fifty guineas to the *Princess Alice* Relief Fund.—Princes Albert-Victor and George have gone back to their studies on board the *Britannia* at Dartmouth.

The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne returned to London from Germany on Saturday, and immediately on their arrival visited the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duchesses of Cambridge and Mecklenburg-Strelitz. On Monday night they started for Balmoral to stay with the Queen. The day of their departure for Canada has not yet been settled.—The Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse with their children have gone back to Germany. They travelled by Gravesend and Antwerp in the *Victoria and Albert*, and stayed a short time at Brussels.—The Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold have been elected honorary members of the Grand Lodge of Scotland.—Prince William of Germany has gone to Scotland.—The Duke and Duchess of Teck are at Rumpenheim.

The parents of the Empress of Austria, Duke and Duchess Max of Bavaria, kept their golden wedding at Tegernsee on Monday, the Empress Elizabeth and four others of their eight children being with them. The Duke and Duchess are 70 years of age.

CHURCH NEWS

THE LOSS OF THE "PRINCESS ALICE."——At many churches in the metropolis, and at some places in the country, special reference was on Sunday last made to the dreadful collision which took place on the Thames on the previous Tuesday. In several instances thanksgiving was offered for safe deliverance, and in some, the prayers of the congregations were requested for the repose of the souls of the departed. The Rector of Woolwich, the Hon. and Rev. A. Anson, who had been engaged actively in the work at the scene of the catastrophe, preached from the text "In the midst of life we are in death." He said that without inquiring into the spiritual condition of the departed they would commit their bodies to the earth in the charitable spirit of the Church, which believed all things and hoped all things without presuming to judge of what man could not know. His concluding words were, "Let all inhabitants uncover their heads as the funerals pass through our streets, put up the shutters, hang out the signals of mourning and of woe, honour those scarred discoloured remains. Who knows how many of them were the caskets of souls that have already swept through the gates washed in the Blood of the Lamb? Who knows how many of them were of the blood royal of heaven?" At the Metropolitan Tabernacle, a special sermon was preached by Mr. Spurgeon from the 16th verse of the 18th Psalm. He remarked that five of the members of his Church had lost their lives, and that there was scarcely one of the brethren who had not lost some friend or intimate acquaintance. He did not believe that such calamities were sent as judgments, but they were permitted and controlled by an overruling Providence, and in much that seemed evil to man the hand of God might be traced. He did not understand or attempt to justify the ways of God, but he believed that they were all for the best. Neither would it be so great a gain to the men of God always to have their lives spared. They had to die some day, and they might as well die one day as another. There was very small choice, and probably a great deal less choice than some of them imagined.

VARIOUS.——On Monday the Bishop of Chester presided at a diocesan conference of the clergy and laity, held at Liverpool to give an opportunity to the American and Colonial Bishops of the Anglican communion who have been attending the Pan-Anglican Synod at Lambeth to afford some information to English Churchmen on the missionary work abroad. The chairman delivered an address, reviewing the progress of missionary work from the formation of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in 1701.—The Bishop of Bangor, in his seventh Triennial Charge delivered at Llangefni church on Tuesday, said that greater attention ought to be paid to the religious teaching of the young to counteract the secular education given in Board schools, to the preparation of candidates for Confirmation, and to the maintenance of a closer spiritual communication and intercourse between the pastor and the adult members of his flock.—The Sunday School Union, the Church of England Sunday School Institute, the Ragged School Union, and the Wesleyan Sunday School Union have unanimously resolved to appoint Sunday and Monday, Oct. 20 and 21, as days for special and universal prayer on behalf of Sunday Schools throughout the world.—The Rev. Brooke Lambert has resigned the vicarage of Tamworth. Though the value of the living is very small (only 135*l.*) the position is important; the population being about 8,000, and the parish church—a very fine one—having accommodation for more than 1,300 worshippers. In an address to his parishioners, Mr. Lambert explains that family circumstances have involved a lessening of his income, and increased responsibility; and, after having reviewed his position and prospects in the Church, he contemplates for the present resigning active work as a clergyman, and devoting himself to such occupations as are consistent with his view of the profession, whilst they will not tie him to an unremunerative occupation, at a time when calls are likely to be made on him which he cannot otherwise satisfy.

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THE ROYAL ALBERT ORPHAN ASYLUM, Collingwood Court, near Bagshot, Surrey, now containing 200 destitute children, makes a special appeal to clear off a debt of 3,000*l.* due for the maintenance of the inmates. The Institution was established in 1864 to give orphans a plain useful education, girls being trained as servants and boys being brought up to various trades, and since the commencement 600 poor families have been relieved. The Asylum is established on the non-canvassing system so as to receive the most deserving cases of such children as are too respectable to associate with the classes generally found in Refuges, and yet cannot get into Orphan Asylums, where canvassing is a special feature. Contributions to be sent to the Treasurer, S. Hoare, Esq.; W. Morley, Esq., Chairman; or to the Secretary, W. Worrell, at 18, Newgate Street, E.C.

THE TRADES UNIONS' CONGRESS.——Nearly 150 delegates attended the eleventh annual congress of trades unions, which was opened at Bristol on Monday under the presidency of Mr. A. W. Bayley, of Liverpool, against whom two delegates protested on the ground that he had issued an address containing remarks detrimental to trades-unionism. After some discussion, however, it was agreed that "internal dissensions" should not be debated in public, and Mr. Bayley proceeded to deliver his address, in the course of which he said that he had every hope that trades unions would prove as useful in the future as they had been in the past. During the past year they had sustained defeats, but had not been demoralised, and though the employers had now a strong federation, the workmen would extend their lines, and soon have a stronger one. The Report referred at length to all the measures bearing upon the labour question which were introduced into Parliament last Session, expressing pleasure that the Employers' Liability for Injury Bill had made so much progress in public esteem and confidence, and believing that great advantages would result from the operation of the new Factory Act. The Committee attributed the universal depression of trade to reckless speculation and the Eastern Question, but hoped for a revival of trade next spring. Alluding to the triumph of the employers in Manchester and London, the Committee urged unionists to place their societies on the soundest foundations; and with regard to the Lancashire riots, it was urged no member of the union had participated in them, and that the leading unionists did all in their power to preserve order. In the evening a public meeting was held to protest against the foreign sugar bounty system. On Tuesday a Mr. Kelly, of Bristol, attempted to address the congress on behalf of the unskilled labourers, but was ruled out of order, as his credentials as a delegate had not been examined. The principal business of the day was the discussion and adoption of the Parliamentary Committee's report. Mr. Macdonald, M.P., spoke in defence of the Compensation for Injuries Bill, and also condemned the isolated action of the railway servants in trying for a Bill of their own. On Wednesday Mr. John Morley read an address on "Over-Production," which was ordered to be printed for circulation, the author receiving a vote of thanks. In the evening the delegates were entertained at dinner by the Bristol Trade Council.

SPORTING

THE TURF.——There is no denying the fact that the Doncaster Meeting has been a little but flat; the fields have ruled meagre, notwithstanding the abnormally wet summer has kept more horses on their legs than is usually the case, and the general racing afforded but little genuine excitement. The weather, however, was delightful, as indeed it usually is during the first fortnight or so of September, and so after all those who "assisted" in the sport on the famous Town Moor had little to complain of. The Doncaster week is certainly one of the most enjoyable of the whole turf season; and on the present occasion what was lacking in racing was atoned for in a great measure by an unusual gathering of Turf notabilities and of county families, and by the presence of the Prince of Wales, who was a guest of Mr. Christopher Sykes, M.P., of Brantinghamthorpe. The opening day was specially uninteresting from a racing point of view, the walk over by Ecossais for the Fitzwilliam Stakes being a bad augury, as were also the Filly Stakes and the Doncaster Plate which followed it, each producing only two runners. The Great Yorkshire Handicap, which each year seems to show increasing signs of weakness, could only muster eight to the post, and of these Rylstone and Jagellon were, perhaps, rightly enough elected favourites, though the recent performances of Flotsam were somewhat unaccountably overlooked. However, Lord Zetland's horse won easily enough, and a good "Yorkshire roar" greeted the success of the popular Aske spots. Cleopatra, who seems to have been running about four days a week for some time past, and scoring not a few victories, was a little less fancied than Unicorn in the Match, but she beat him without much exertion. The Champagne Stakes, like the Great Yorkshire Handicap, is but a shadow of its former self among two-year-old contests, and before long it is probable that it will cease to indicate likely winners of any great future events. Five was a wretched field to show for it; but the winner, Lord Falmouth's Charibert, is a nice colt, and likely to do good service for the Heath House stable. Count Lagrange's unfortunate Rayon d'Or had to put up with second place. There was some improvement in the sport of Wednesday, independently of the St. Leger contest. Lord Hartington's smart filly Witchery, whose form at the Epsom Spring Meeting backers seemed to have forgotten, took the Bradgate Park Stakes, the favourite and unhappily-named Dresden China finishing third. Old and evergreen Ecossais beat eight others in a common canter for the Rufford Abbey Stakes, carrying the steadying weight of 9st. 10lbs., Chevron "the fractious" running second. After this the St. Leger came on for decision. The speculation on this race for some weeks past has been very fluctuating, Beauclerc, Insulaire, Jannette, and Childeric in turn holding the position of first favourite. The mishap of the first-named, however caused his deposition, and it was hope against hope to expect that he would be sufficiently prepared to show in his best colours at Doncaster. There were fifteen starters, one more than last year, and Jannette at 5 to 2 maintained the position she had held in the market for some days. Insulaire was next in demand, and after him Childeric; Red Archer, Beauclerc, Clocher, and Master Kildare standing next at 12 to 1. Potentate and Boniface made the greater part of the running to the Rifle Butts, where they retired, and then Childeric and Master Kildare became prominent, with Jannette lying in a good position behind them. Immediately, however, Archer called on the filly the race was over, as she came in an easy winner by four lengths, Childeric being second, and Master Kildare third. Thus Lord Falmouth has to be credited with the unprecedented good fortune of having the two first horses in the Leger for two years in succession. Last year his colt Silvio was first and the filly Lady Golightly second, but on this occasion the filly was victorious, making the sixth Oaks winner who has taken the Doncaster prize in the last twelve years, thus again illustrating the old saying that September is the "mare's month." The victory of Lord Falmouth was most popular, as he is indeed one of the pillars of the Turf, breeding most of his horses, and racing for the pure love of sport.

CRICKET.——The magnificent weather of late seems to have given new hope to the game.—The Australians are finishing up their visit with most brilliant play. They have beaten Gloucestershire at Clifton with ten wickets to spare, and got much the best of a crack Eleven of Gentlemen at Scarborough. At the time of writing they are playing a very strong team of professionals at Prince's, with every prospect of again showing their superiority.—Yorkshire has beaten I Zingari at Scarborough by nine wickets, and drawn the match with the M.C.C. when they had four wickets standing to get 25 runs to win.

AQUATICS.——The *Sportsman's* Challenge Cup will be contested on the Thames on Monday and Tuesday next, for which Higgins, notwithstanding his recent defeat, is favourite.

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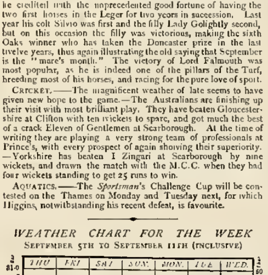
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

SEPTEMBER 5TH TO SEPTEMBER 11TH (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of this week has presented a marked contrast to that experienced in August, the days having been (with the exception of Thursday, the 5th instant, and Sunday, the 8th instant) fine and dry. Friday (6th), Saturday (7th) and Monday (9th) were cloudy, but Tuesday (10th) and Wednesday (11th) were exceedingly fine, with a great range of temperature and south-westerly breezes. The barometer was highest (30.27 inches) on Wednesday, 11th instant; lowest (30.00 inches) on Thursday, 5th instant; range, 0·27 inches. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (75°) on Saturday and Wednesday, 7th and 11th; lowest (47°) on Wednesday morning, 11th instant. Range 28°. Rainfall: Only 0·06 inches, on two days. Thursday morning, 12th instant, opened fine and bright; but the barometer had a tendency to fall somewhat.

THEATRES

A NEW drama, entitled *The Barricade*, produced at the DUKE'S Theatre (late the Holborn) on Saturday last, is a dramatic version of M. Victor Hugo's famous romance, "Les Misérables," which has been performed with success in provincial theatres. As a literary work *The Barricade* has few claims to attention. It is in the strictest sense of the term a melodrama, in which the finer shades of M. Hugo's wonderful story and the subtle and delicate touches of character in which it abounds are almost entirely lost under the efforts of the playwright to produce startling and picturesque effects. Those, however, who have a robust appetite for amusements of the stage, and are disposed to regard familiar melodramatic arts and devices with an indulgent eye, will find in this piece sufficient entertainment. The play is tolerably well acted, and Mr. Holt's performance of the part of Valjean has at least the merits of force and picturesqueness. The interest of the play, however, would have been greater if the story had been concentrated upon the history of Valjean, Cosette, and Marius, for audiences do not as a rule take kindly to a second generation of characters. Under the new management of Messrs. Holt and Wilmot the Duke's Theatre will become a house devoted to romantic drama, at prices somewhat lower than those of other houses—suburban theatres excepted. With these objects in view stalls have been suppressed, and the pit has been enlarged in a corresponding degree. That there is a demand for popular dramatic entertainments of this kind at moderate prices has been abundantly shown; and the enterprise of the new management is marked by a degree of spirit which justifies us in hoping that it will command success.

Mr. Byron will reappear at the HAYMARKET Theatre (after a long absence from the London stage) on Monday next in an original comedy-drama of which he is the author, entitled *Conscience Money*. The piece is in three acts.—The popular melodrama, the *Two Orphans*, will be revived at the OLYMPIC on the 23rd inst., with new scenery and decorations.—The COURT Theatre will reopen this evening for a short season under the management of Mr. W. H. Stephens. A drama entitled *Marie, the Pearl of Savoy*, will be produced on the occasion.—The FOLLY Theatre will reopen under the management of Miss Lydia Thompson on next Saturday.—A special performance in aid of the funds of the Hospital for Sick Children will be given to-day at the GAIETY. It is announced that the whole Gaiety company, including the band, the workpeople, and the Dampier Family, will give their services gratuitously on behalf of this excellent institution.

LEGAL

UNEQUAL JUSTICE.——It is to be hoped that when the proposed revision of the Criminal Code is brought before Parliament, some effort will be made to render impossible the passing of such outrageously disproportionate sentences as now from time to time arouse the surprise and indignation of the public. Last week, at Cork, Chief Justice May sentenced a brutal fellow to one week's imprisonment for beating his pregnant wife in such a way that she died of her injuries; whilst, on the other hand, we have Lord Craighill, a Scotch judge, sentencing to death a woman who in a fit of drunken fury had stabbed her husband. The contrast seems all the greater when we take into consideration that the wife-murderer expressed a hope that his victim would not recover, whilst the woman's conduct subsequent to her crime has been indicative of the deepest contrition.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——The Poet Laureate has obtained an injunction, restraining a newspaper proprietor from publishing one of his early poems, entitled "Confessions of a Sensitive Mind."—Mr. Thomas William Saunders, the Recorder of Bath, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Knox as magistrate at the Marlborough Police Court.—The Treasury have granted 50*l.* compensation to Mrs. Chalkley, the mother of the young man who, some months ago, fell over a hoarding in the Farringdon Road, and was subsequently arrested by the police on suspicion of being concerned in a burglary in the City Road, and whose death was caused by his removal from the hospital to a police cell.—A contemporary states that the governor of a Yorkshire gaol has just received from the Home Office a singular document informing him that "any relation of a condemned prisoner who shall be furnished with an order from a member of the Visiting Committee will be permitted to be present at his execution."—On Saturday a young man branded "B. C." was arrested at Kilrush on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. Papers of a compromising nature were found upon him, and it is stated that he will now be charged with murdering the late Lord Leitrim. One of the papers has been forwarded to Dublin Castle to be transcribed. It is believed to be in Gaelic. The prisoner said it was in Sanscrit, and of no use to anybody.—Mr. Dennison, the man at whose house in Birmingham the recent calamitous fire took place, is in custody charged with the wilful murder of the four persons whose deaths resulted from the fire, it being stated that he set fire to the building. The coroner's warrant was issued for his arrest, but he surrendered to the police, who, on Tuesday, declined to produce him, and the inquest was adjourned with the intention of compelling them to do so.—The confession made by a pauper woman at Bedwellty, to the effect that many years since she had murdered three of her children, is supposed to be without foundation, as two of the children alleged to have been poisoned in their infancy are still living. The woman, who is probably insane, made the confession to the master and the medical officer of the union, and subsequently in writing to the police.—At Dublin a woman has been committed for trial for causing the death of her husband by setting a bulldog to worry him.—Some weeks ago, when a young rifleman in firing at a burglar accidentally killed his own mother, we pointed out the need of some regulation forbidding volunteers to keep their weapons loaded. Another shocking affair which has just occurred at Glasgow would seem to indicate the wisdom of forbidding them to have ammunition in their possession except when on duty. On Saturday a member of the 31st Lanarkshire Rifle Corps went home drunk and quarrelled with his wife, who to escape his violence jumped out of the window. This exasperated the man, who twice fired his rifle amongst the crowd which had gathered outside the house, and killed a young woman who was standing by. He was arrested just as he had armed himself with a knife.—Last week a man, who was shot a few weeks ago whilst committing a burglary at Leytonstone, made his escape from the London Hospital, contriving to get clear out of the building and over the railings, although a policeman was on duty at his bedside.—The other day, at the Marlborough Police Court, a month's hard labour was allotted to a woman for committing a violent assault. The virago, while being taken from the Court, seized a handful of red-hot coke from a plumber's stove and tried to throw it in the gaoler's face, and afterwards tried to strike him with a tin can which she caught up. Failing in this, she spat upon him several times, and threatened to rip him up. For this ebullition of temper she will have to perform an additional month's hard labour.—A woman employed at the Glasgow Royal Infirmary has had to pay 5*l.* damages for having taken a piece of flesh from the arm of a boy eight years of age in order to heal the arm of another juvenile patient. The parents sued the doctor also, but the case against him was held to be "not proven."—Two lads aged eleven years the other day placed a piece of iron on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway near Wigan; but fortunately they were seen to do so, and the obstacle was promptly removed, otherwise the consequences would probably have been dreadful, as there is a steep embankment on each side at the spot. The boys have been sent to prison for three days, and are also to be flogged.—On Monday night a drunken man got over the parapet of London Bridge, declaring that he would commit suicide, as he had lost his wife and two children by the sinking of the *Princess Alice*. He was rescued and taken into custody, and it afterwards appeared that his wife was alive, and that they had no children. His excuse was that he had been drinking with a friend who had lost both wife and children, and "the story had got into his head." Sir T. Dakin remanded him to Newgate that he might be kept sober at least for a few days.—On Friday last a Presbyterian chapel at Kentish Town was broken into by six boys, who drank the unfermented wine, maliciously destroyed a quantity of furniture, and carried off the contents of the collecting boxes. The sacrilegious young

(Continued on page 278)

CARDINAL LORENZO NINA
The New Pontifical Secretary of State

THE LATE MR. GEORGE PAYNE
Born April 3, 1803, Died Sept. 2, 1878

THE LATE CARDINAL ALESSANDRO FRANCHI
Pontifical Secretary of State. Born 1819, Died July 31, 1878

MR. GEORGE PAYNE

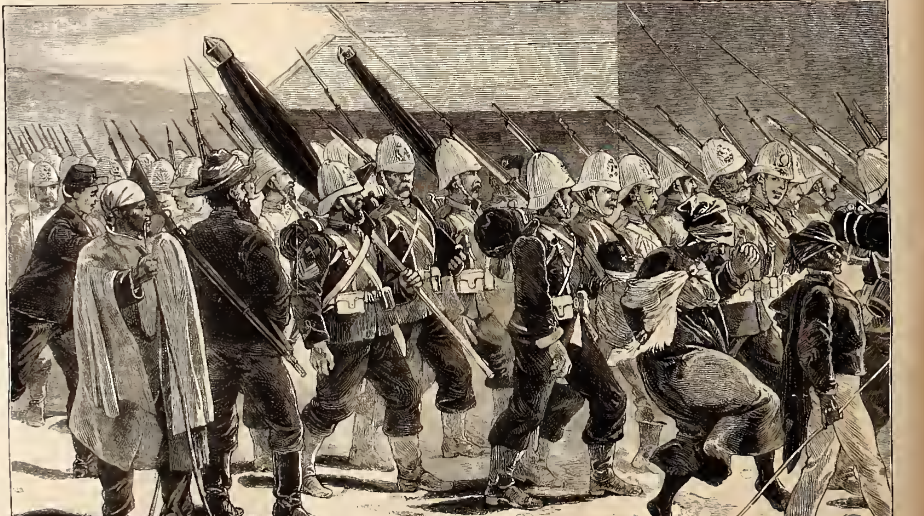
The subject of our memoir, the son of Mr. George Payne, of Sulhy Hall, Northampton, was born April 3rd, 1803, and was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. He lost his father at an early age, and on attaining his majority became one of the largest landowners in Northampton. For more than fifty years Mr. Payne was a zealous patron and supporter of the Turf, but he was anything but a fortunate man, never having won the Derby or any great race. His nearest approach to success was in 1840, when he was the owner of Welfare, which ran second to Lord George Bentinck's Crucifix for the Oaks. Although ardently devoted to betting, no suspicion of unfair dealing ever attached to his name, he never gave his jockey orders to "stop" a horse, or ran one for the purpose of "getting the weight off," tricks which some of his survivors are not above perpetrating. In his earlier days Mr. Payne was one of the boldest and best performers in the hunting field, and he was for many years master of the Pytchley hounds, from the management of which he retired with general regret. He was also a good shot, but next to racing he cared most for whist, a game of which he was for long regarded as the most authoritative exponent. Nearly all his last twenty winters were passed at Nice, where he formed one of a little party of Englishmen. He was attacked with paralysis on August 10th, and died September 2nd, at his house in Berkeley Square, thus surviving his old friend Admiral Rons little more than twelve months. "Mr. Payne," says *The Times*, "was endowed with a great charm of manner and vivacity, was highly popular in society, and especially among children, had a considerable knowledge of business, and being naturally eloquent might have made his mark in Parliament, if he had chosen at any time to be returned for Northamptonshire."—Our portrait is from a photograph by T. Fall, 9 and 10, Baker Street, W.

CARDINAL FRANCHI

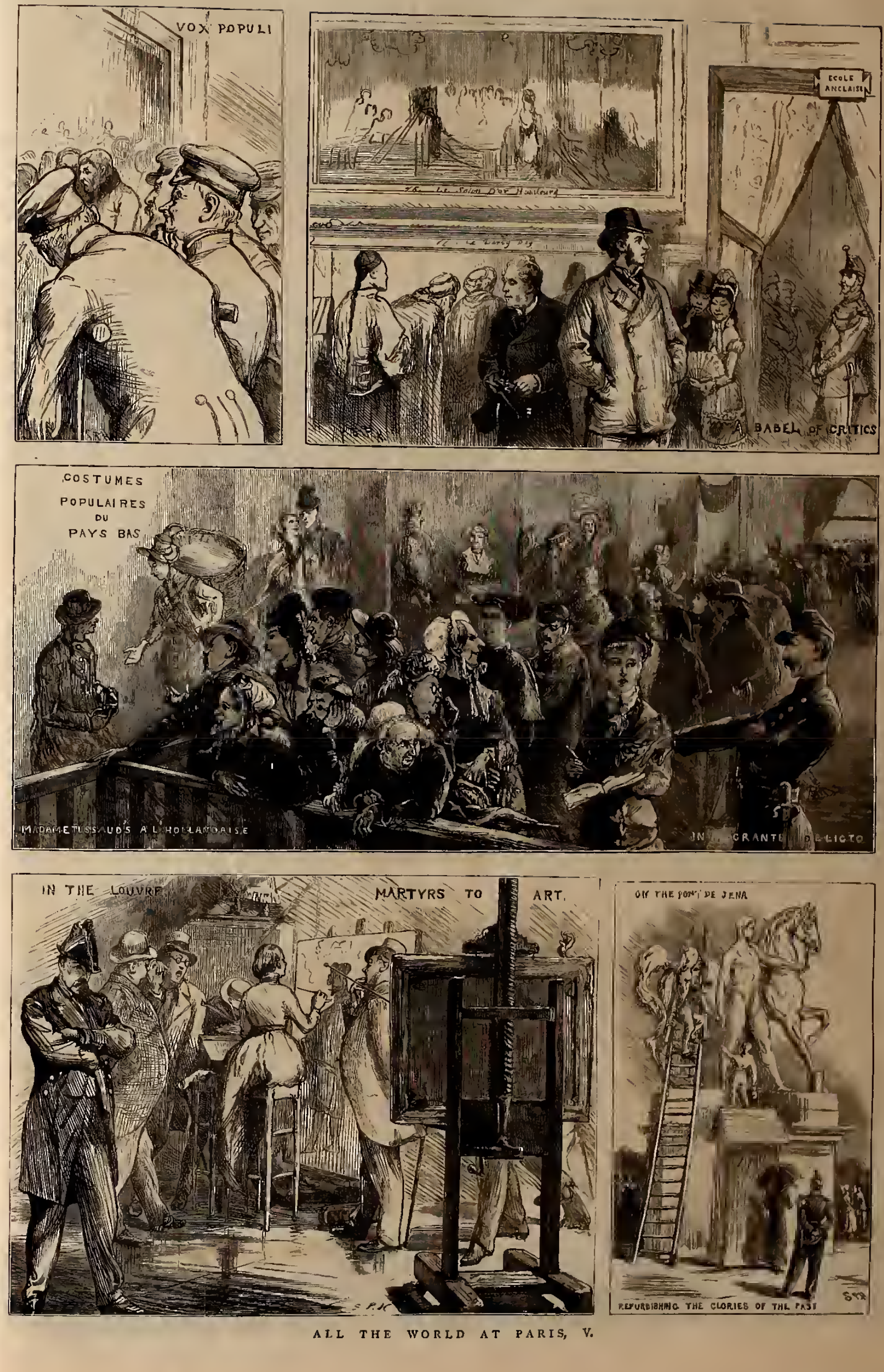
By the death of Cardinal Franchi, the Pontifical Prime Minister, which took place on July 31st, Pope Leo XIII. lost a dearly-loved friend, as well as an able and wise counsellor. They had been close friends from youth, they had agreed, on the death of Pius IX., to unite their influence in favour of Riario-Sforza, and when the late Conclave met, Riario-Sforza having died meanwhile, Franchi besought his friends, instead of voting for himself, to transfer their votes and influence to Cardinal Pecci. Alexander Franchi was born at Rome, June 25th, 1819, and having greatly distinguished himself in the Roman Seminary, was soon advanced to important official posts. In 1852 he was sent as Chargé d'Affaires to Spain, where he made himself a general favourite, and showed much diplomatic skill in his treatment of the difficult question of the Concordat. He was equally successful when sent to Constantinople, in 1871, to settle the Armenian difficulty with Abdul Aziz. In 1873 he was made Cardinal, in 1874 Prefect of the Propaganda, and on the 5th March last he received from the hands of his old and faithful friend, Joachim Pecci, the highest dignity in the career of ecclesiastical diplomacy to which he had devoted himself,—that of Pontifical Secretary of State. He found the department in a state of great confusion, and worked with such unceasing zeal as to injure his health, and bring on the illness which caused his premature death. In temperament Cardinal Franchi somewhat resembled the late Lord Palmerston, combining powers of hard work with great animal spirits and joviality. In discussion he was always cool and polite; in diplomacy he was frank; he had no petty, intriguing spirit, and he was most generous both of his money and his time.

CARDINAL NINA

Lorenzo Nina, who has been appointed by the Pope to succeed to Cardinal Franchi's responsible office, was born near Ancona May 12th, 1812. He belongs to a middle-class family, his father, like Franchi's, being a notary. After being educated in his native town, he took his Doctor's degree in theology and law at the University of Rome. In 1835 he was ordained, and from that time followed the regular course of the Curial Prelature, rising rapidly and steadily, confining himself chiefly to the study of the Canon law. He was employed by Pius IX. in many delicate matters requiring ability and judgment, and acquitted himself so satisfactorily that he was named Assessor of the Holy Office. He was numbered among the domestic prelates of Pius IX., and on March 12, 1877, he was made a Cardinal. He is tall, handsome, and of somewhat florid complexion. In manner he is courteous and unaffected, mild in disposition, frank in speech, loyal in his actions, and through his distinguished career in the Curia he has gained considerable authority in the Sacred College.—Our portraits of the two Cardinals are from photographs by J. Eastham, 2, Devonshire Street, Higher Broughton, Manchester.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—TROOPS FROM KING WILLIAMSTOWN MARCHING TO NATAL



ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS, V.

thieves are all in custody.—At the Middlesex Sessions, on Tuesday, a man, who for fourteen years has been known to the police as a trainer of young thieves, was condemned to ten years' penal servitude for "receiving" a stolen watch. He seemed surprised at the sentence, and screamed loudly when it was delivered.—A ruffianly assault was the other day committed by two drunken fellows, who after riding some distance upon a tram-car, refused to pay their fares, and tried to throw the conductor from the roof of the vehicle, and would have done so but for the interference of the other passengers. They were each sentenced to two months' hard labour.—A warehouseman at Bristol has been fined 497*l.* for being found in possession of nearly 500 lbs. of smuggled tobacco, and another dealer at Cardiff has been amerced in 100*l.* for a like offence.—The Kilburn authorities have been greatly troubled of late by the vagaries of a hawker who calls himself the "King of all the Cheap Jacks," and who having pitched his caravan on some waste land declines to move on. It appears that he drives a roaring trade, attracting crowds of customers by a gratuitous distribution of gin and tobacco, and the noise is a great nuisance to some of the inhabitants. Others, however, to the number of five hundred, have signed a memorial declaring that his business and conduct are not objectionable, and a summons which has been issued against him has been adjourned in order to give him time to go elsewhere.—On Sunday night last, at Ballymacmorris, near Killbeggan, a number of men broke into a farmhouse. They forced the farmer on his knees, and after covering his eyes with a handkerchief, searched the place for firearms, but failing in the object of their visit the gang robbed the unfortunate farmer and decamped. Two little boys who had hidden themselves under a table recognised six of the offenders, who have been arrested.—A singular accident is reported from Preston. On Monday night a little boy, dreaming that burglars were in the house, got up and jumped from a window into the yard. His fall was broken by a clothes'-line, and he was not much hurt, but his parents, who were aroused by his screams, had some difficulty in convincing him that the dream was not a reality.—On Tuesday the Rev. J. T. Waller was lecturing at Limerick on behalf of the Church Mission to Roman Catholics, when the lecture room was besieged by a crowd whose violence was so great that the meeting was hurriedly dissolved. A brick thrown by one of the mob struck Mr. Waller on the head, and he was with difficulty rescued by a party of police.

MARRIAGE.

On the 10th inst., at St. Nicholas Church, Blundellsands, by the Rev. B. S. Darbyshire, M.A., Incumbent, JOHN BROMFIELD WILLIAMS, of Gatesheath, Grassendale, Liverpool, to TAMZEN, eldest daughter of the late SAMUEL BARR, of Liverpool.

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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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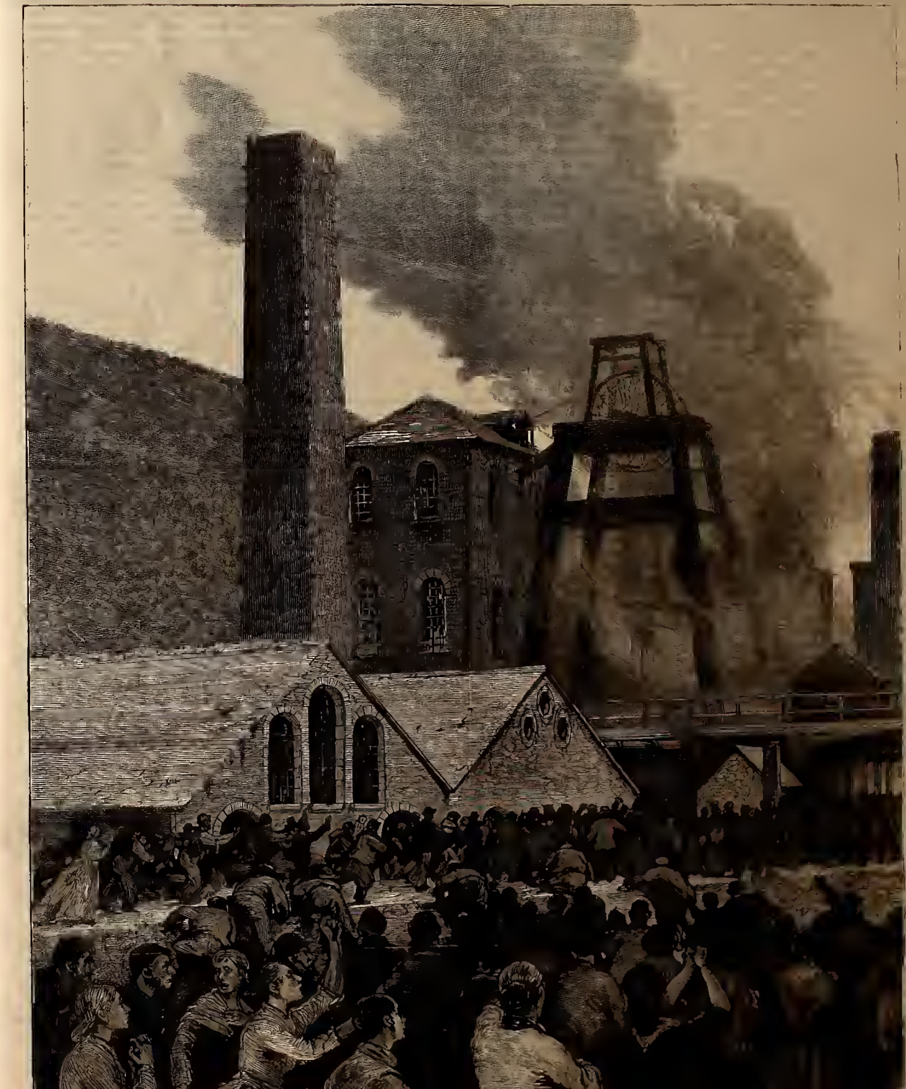

THE ABERCARNE COLLIERY DISASTER—SCENE AT THE PIT-MOUTH IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION

Topics of the Week

Imperial Sentiment.——It is a long time since any Colonial Governor has attracted so much attention as Lord Dufferin, who has now said good-bye to Canada. Every important speech he has delivered has been read at home; and probably he has been the subject of more leading articles in the London papers than all other existing Colonial Governors put together. His popularity is partly due to the tact and judgment with which he has discharged his duties, partly also to the liveliness and grace of his public utterances. It has, however, another cause; and that is the thoroughly Imperial feeling with which he is imbued. He evidently takes pride in the grandeur of the English Empire, and there can be no doubt that he has succeeded in diffusing through Canadian society a good deal of his own patriotic sentiment. It is curious, when we look back a few years, to realise the importance which is now attached to this Imperial feeling by the English people. When Mr. Gladstone was in power, it was the fashion to talk of the Colonies as rather a burden than as a source of honour. They were constantly snubbed, and if they did not understand that we should be very glad to get rid of them, that was no fault of the leading British statesmen. Now Englishmen of all classes are fond of dwelling upon the splendour of the Empire they have inherited; and any politician who hinted at the propriety of giving up a foot of territory of which we have possessed ourselves would find that he had slight chances of rising to power. The Tories have completely identified themselves with this powerful movement, and it is possible that they may for many a day secure indemnity for mistakes in their management of home affairs by pointing to their endeavours for upholding and extending the Empire. Mr. Forster is the only prominent Liberal who has ever shown that his imagination is touched by the magnificent destinies of his country. If his party are to compete on equal terms with their rivals, they must in this respect be dominated more and more by his spirit.

Cotton Factories and Cotton Workers.——As a rule, when an interest is flourishing, the public don't hear much about it. Men make money, as bees make honey, quietly. But when hard times come there is much stir and talk, just as a mighty buzzing arises among the bees if a wasp gets into the hive. The wasp which at the present time is vexing the Lancashire beehives is known by the name of over-production. Thirty years ago it was more concisely styled a "glut." There is something very sad in the contemplation of the ideas suggested by this little word. In these days of swift and easy intercourse there can be no such thing as a really genuine glut. In the United Kingdom alone there are hundreds of thousands of people who would be only too glad to have new shirts and shifts for their backs, and new sheets for their beds, if—ah! there it is that the pinch comes—if they could but afford to pay for them. Hence general thrift and temperance would do much for Lancashire industry—far more than the foolish short-time panacea—because those virtues would save for the purpose of buying cotton goods thousands of pounds which are now muddled away in strong drink. But, as our countrymen are not likely to become suddenly thrifty, and as meanwhile foreigners are busy spinning and weaving as they never spun and wove before, it seems pretty clear that, as regards existing requirements, Lancashire has more spindles and looms than are wanted. Instead of working a hundred mills at short time, it would be better to shut up five-and-twenty, and work the remainder at full time, so as to keep the "dead" expenses down to the lowest level possible. The New England cotton factories, whose brightness and cleanliness, owing to climate, water-power, and anthracite coal, Old England cannot but envy—are, in spite of hard times, running full time, but then their workmen are content to receive proportionately lower wages than are current here, and they have also, thanks to Protection, the monopoly of their own market. Nor does there seem to be any tendency towards short time in the newly-established Indian factories, where the greedy millowners (unfettered at present by any Ten Hours' Act), work women and even tender little children thirteen or fourteen hours a day. It seems plain to us that if, while their foreign competitors are everywhere working full time, Lancashire operatives insist on working short time (thereby enhancing the cost of production) they will find themselves beaten out of the market by their rivals.

Greece and the Treaty of Berlin.——A great outcry is being raised against the Powers, and against England in particular, for not bringing pressure to bear upon the Porte on behalf of Greece. It is difficult to see, however, on what grounds the Powers could formally intervene. The Congress did not positively stipulate, as in the case of Servia and Montenegro, that Greece should receive an accession of territory; the Porte was merely advised to give moderate satisfaction to her wishes. If the Sultan chooses to disregard this counsel, no Government has a right to blame him; Europe can at best only point out to him the imprudence of opposing her deliberate will. So far as this, it seems to us, the British Government might safely go, and ought to go. It is quite natural that Turkey should hesitate about giving away any of her territory; but in the present instance it would be for her own interest to make the slight concession that is urged upon her. The Mahomedans of the district are said to be quite willing to accept Hellenic rule, and if the discontented Greek population were got rid of, the Porte would have all the more energy to look after its vitally important dominions. As for us, we are morally, although not legally, committed to the support of the Greek cause, interpreted in a fair and rational sense. We secured a hearing for the Greeks at the Congress, and our Plenipotentiaries were responsible for the proposal which has since occasioned so much discussion. To desert Greece now, therefore, would be to make her our permanent enemy; and this would be, for our own sakes, singularly unwise. All the world knows that although peace has been nominally restored the Eastern problem has by no means been solved. Russia will in due time renew her intrigues, and strain every nerve to make herself mistress of Constantinople. If England acts as the friend of the Greeks, she will always be able to prevent them from associating themselves with the Northern despot; but should she deceive them, or lead them to suppose that they are deceived, she will inevitably throw them into the arms of her rival. Besides, we must take into account the possibility that Turkey, through internal disorganisation, will fall into ruins. In that case Greece must play a great part in the East; and we shall be forced to encourage her development by every means in our power. Of course, at such a time as this, the Sultan may doggedly reject our suggestions; but the English Government can, at any rate, do no harm by firmly indicating to him the course which commends itself to the British people.

Native Indian Princes and their Armies.——In a certain sense we are the masters of India, but at the same time a glance at a map of the peninsula will show that our mastery is by no means complete. The "thin red line" of British dominion winds along the coast, but, within the vast space thus enclosed there appear green or yellow "islands" of various dimensions, representing the territories of "protected" sovereigns. Some of these princedoms are in extent and population equal to fairly-sized European kingdoms, and their rulers administer their own laws, and maintain large and well-equipped military forces. At the same time, with an outward show of entire independence, these States are not really independent. At each Court there is a British Resident, and the native potentates are well aware that if they incur the displeasure of this apparently unpretending personage, serious consequences may ensue, resulting occasionally, as in the case of Oudh, in annexation. The present Government of India has doubtless no desire to increase its responsibilities, but, at the time, the position of these Native States cannot be altogether regarded without uneasiness. The existing arrangements, even from a merely economical point of view, are not satisfactory. There are some very rich men in India, but the country as a whole is extremely poor. Yet it has to bear a threefold military burden. There is a native army paid by the Government, an army of Europeans to keep guard over the native army, and a series of armies maintained by native princes. Nor are the arrangements any more encouraging from a political point of view. During an ordinary outbreak—nay, even during such an extraordinary outbreak as that of 1857—which, however, be it remembered, was after all chiefly the revolt of a military caste, not of a people—self-interest would probably induce the native rulers to remain loyal to the Empire; but suppose the British *raj* appeared to be really in danger of collapse, it would be a serious matter if all or the bulk of these semi-independent forces were to join the enemy. It would relieve India of a considerable burden if there were but one native army, and if it were altogether under British control, but it is not likely that the native princes will voluntarily surrender their existing privileges, while, if compulsion were used, it might set the whole country in a flame.

Mr. Gladstone and America.——In the article which Mr. Gladstone has just contributed to the *North American Review* he presents an excellent view of the constitution of a British Cabinet. We question, however, whether a single American will be convinced that the system ought to be transferred, either in whole or in part, to the United States. In a vast Republic like America the evil that has chiefly to be guarded against is the pressure of ignorant opinion. An enormous multitude, swayed by fierce passions, is sure to act foolishly in times of unusual excitement if it can at once make its will felt. The comparative independence of the President enables him to offer a serious check to party fury; and most educated Americans would rather retain the present system with all its anomalies than have no such check at all. The nation is much more likely to be impressed by the eloquent utterances of Mr. Gladstone in praise of the future of America. He expresses an intense conviction that this country is about to be outstripped by the United States, nor does the prospect seem to him to be one for which we have the faintest reason to distress ourselves. We suspect that Englishmen generally are not quite so philosophical, and that if they thought the Americans were really to be soon so far ahead of us as Mr. Gladstone anticipates they would entertain anything but amiable sentiments towards their "kin beyond sea." It does not appear to us that the facts justify Mr. Gladstone in his prophecies. The Americans have far more land than we; but their intellectual, moral, and physical forces can never be so well organised as those of a smaller country. Besides, England is the centre of an enormous Empire, and the privileges of her position become greater in proportion as her responsibilities increase. Even if there were some doubt on the subject—which we do not admit that there is—it could hardly be wise for a statesman like Mr. Gladstone to address such flattering words to the Americans. We have great respect for them, not only as kinsfolk, but as an energetic and intelligent race; at the same time they have often been very troublesome to this country, and they may be quite as troublesome again. It will certainly not make them more conciliatory to tell them that we think they are a great deal better than ourselves. They have always been most easily managed when we have treated them with perfect courtesy, but with a firmness indicating no sense of inferiority either in our present fortunes or in our future destinies.

London Sewage.——The loss of the *Princess Alice* has revived this once much-discussed question. If the majority of the passengers by that ill-fated vessel had been skilful swimmers, no doubt most of them would have been rescued, but in trying to save themselves they would have undergone such an ordeal as few shipwrecked persons encounter elsewhere. According to the evidence of survivors, the water—rather let us call it the liquid—swallowed by those immersed was absolutely poisonous. It is true that the Thames at Barking is not in such a foul condition all through the twenty-four hours. The disaster to the *Princess Alice* unfortunately occurred just as the sewers were discharging their unsavoury contents—a process which happens twice a day—and no doubt this circumstance caused the death of some lives which might otherwise have been saved. Now comes the question, Do we get rid of our sewage in the best possible way by discharging it into the Thames at Barking? There can be no doubt that, if Barking were as favourite a residential spot as Richmond or Teddington, such a nuisance would never be tolerated. Of course there are difficulties in the way of any improvement. It is very easy to recommend the deodorisation of the sewage, and the production of a valuable and saleable fertilising product therefrom. Science can easily accomplish this, but so long as our refuse matter is diluted so largely as it now is with water, the solidifying process does not pay commercially. Still we maintain that the sewage of London should not be discharged at Barking in its present state. It should either be deodorised, or it should be carried right out into the North Sea. Either plan will involve extra expense to the rate-payers, but the cost is nothing as compared to the public benefit which will be produced.

Prince Bismarck and the Socialists.——Prince Bismarck was evidently keenly irritated by the assertions of Herr Bebel with respect to his past relations with the Socialists. In his reply he angrily denied that he had ever encouraged the party; and, so far as direct and open encouragement is concerned, his denial was doubtless perfectly sincere. But it is notorious that he was on very friendly terms with Lassalle, the founder of German Socialism, and he never took measures to remove the general impression that he was not unwilling to see the movement acquire considerable importance. Prince Bismarck has for a good many years been obliged to act with the Liberals; but he is himself a Conservative, and so long as Socialism was not positively dangerous, he liked to frighten his doubtful allies by references to its growing power. Now, however, that the Socialists are advancing with rapid strides, he is genuinely anxious to put them down, and he will bring all sorts of pressure to bear upon Parliament to secure the passage of the Bill which is under the consideration of a Select Committee. The measure will be modified in some of its details, but there can be little doubt that it will become law, at least for a limited time, essentially in its present form. The Liberals, we believe, will regret the pliant temper which they are now exhibiting. The German police are harsh and reckless, and they are certain to enforce the new legislation in a manner that will intensify the enthusiasm of the Socialists. They will also find means for seizing many Liberal speakers and writers under the pretext that their teaching has a revolutionary tendency. Prince Bismarck sees this clearly, but he does not shrink from the prospect, for he has an almost fanatical faith in the "blood and iron" method of disposing of political difficulties. The forces at work beneath the surface of society, however, are full of peril; and when he no longer controls them his successors may have good reason to wish that he had handled them less arbitrarily.

London Roadmaking.——Oxford Street shopkeepers have for some weeks past been enjoying the delights of a beleaguered roadway. Although this is the slack season, they have doubtless lost the custom of a good many country cousins who went elsewhere for their shopping. But they will presently reap the benefit of the new paving. It is pleasant both for buyer and seller to be able to converse without roaring as if through a speaking-trumpet in a gale of wind. Whatever the horses may think of the wood, the tradespeople will never wish the noise-emitting stones replaced. We wonder whether Regent Street will follow the example of her sister-thoroughfare. Hitherto Regent Street has been peculiar in the matter of paving. While other streets ran after new gods of wood and asphalte, she stuck to the time-honoured Macadam. Not, however, without inconvenience. Dust, and its unfailing comrade, mud, are both familiar Regent Street phenomena. The crossing-sweeper, rendered comparatively useless by asphalte or wood, still holds court there. And on a muddy day, when the street is thronged with carriages, you bless his existence, or, better still, you tip him. Now, hitherto, we have always believed that Macadam, the Colossus of Roads, as he used to be called, was responsible for all this dust and mud. A letter in the *Daily News* corrects our error. It seems that modern roadmakers, although they profess to worship at the shrine of Macadam, do not carry out his ideas. His leading principle was to have the stones uniformly broken to a small gauge. This precaution is neglected, and hence holes, dust, mud, and constant repairs. A road made as Mr. Macadam intended it should be made would be not only durable and comparatively noiseless, but far cheaper and safer for horses than either wood or asphalte.

Toy Pistols and Revolvers.——The Prefect of the Paris Police is about to prohibit the sale of toy pistols with explosive compounds, as they have caused many serious accidents. We would not go so far as to prohibit the sale of revolvers, but we should be glad to see some legislation which would restrict their numbers. In wild and thinly-peopled countries they may occasionally be of advantage, but in such a country as England they serve scarcely any useful purpose. Our modern footpads rarely give their victim the chance of firing at them, and the same may be said of burglars, besides which the man who shoots at a supposed burglar may find himself on his trial for manslaughter. What much more often happens is that those who keep such weapons as a protection against robbers end by accidentally shooting themselves or their friends. But, if useless as an engine of protection, the revolver is unrivalled as an engine of destruction. It figures largely in the annals of murder and suicide. Numbers of these horrors would never have been perpetrated, but for the existence of this pestilent little firearm. Try a revolver-tax, Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Notice.——*With this Number is published an* EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, *entitled*, "THE RUSSIANS LEAVING SAN STEFANO—LAST LOOK AT CONSTANTINOPLE," *from a Sketch by our Special Artist with the Russians.*

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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THE ABERCARNE COLLIERY EXPLOSION

There is little fresh news to add to the account given last week of the fearful catastrophe at Abercarne. The explosion took place about midday on the Wednesday, when 377 men and boys were in the workings below. From every house in the village, and from every workshed and office, men, women, and children, horrified at the sound and at the sight, rushed down the steep streets and hillsides towards the pit's mouth, screaming, shrieking, and waving their hands. A few brave fellows at once volunteered to form an exploring party, and they were lowered into the pit, and, after being repeatedly driven back by the foul gas, they at last succeeded in reaching a part of the mine where they found eighty-two men and boys alive, and mostly uninjured. These were speedily brought to the pit's mouth, and they proved to be the sole survivors, for very soon afterwards it was discovered that the pit was on fire, and all further exploration impossible. Another descent was, however, subsequently made by means of the Cwmcarne shaft, two miles distant, and a five hours' search resulted in the recovery of eight dead bodies. After this the search was abandoned, and a cutting was made in the banks of the canal, the waters of which were poured down the Abercarne shaft at the rate of 4,000 gallons per minute, with the view of extinguishing the fire. This went on until Tuesday, when an exploring party descended the old shaft to within thirty yards of the bottom, and it was ascertained that the object had been effected, and the work of pumping out was commenced, an operation which will take a long time. The Queen has sent a message of sympathy to the sufferers; and a donation of 100 guineas to the Mansion House Fund; started for their relief, which had on Wednesday reached the amount of 6,000*l.*, in addition to which about 1,000*l.* has been collected in the district itself. Some of the victims of the explosion were holders of life insurance policies and members of Friendly Societies, but in the great majority of cases the surviving relatives are left in a state of great pecuniary distress.

THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS

A BAZAAR AT LARNACA

This bazaar or market-place bears a strong resemblance to all places of a similar character in Eastern countries, being narrow, ill-paved, and exceedingly dirty. As a protection from the intense heat of the sun, it is roofed with a coarse kind of matting, stretching from side to side at a height of about twelve feet. The goods on sale are not of the best description, and the most exorbitant prices are demanded, especially since the arrival of the British in the island. The picturesque costumes, the strange medley of nationalities, and the different types of humanity always to be met with in such places, make them favourite haunts of the artist. The filthy insanitary condition of Larnaca, and of the other towns of Cyprus, will soon disappear now that Western energy and skill have taken the place of Eastern lassitude and ignorance. Lieutenant-Colonel White, the Civil Commissioner in Cyprus, has already invited tenders from engineers for supplying gas and water. The water for Larnaca is to be brought from some hilly sources eight miles distant.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Lieut. G. H. Lane, 101st Regiment.

WORK AT A COAL MINE—I.

The series of engravings which we commence this week under the above title we publish with the object of giving a general idea of the method of work adopted in the collieries of England and Wales, the operations and processes varying but very little in different localities. Our first sketch—

"Surveying under Difficulties." Here we have a "working" flooded with water, in which the men are wading knee-deep. The surveyor is taking an observation through the sights of a "miner's dial." An assistant holds one end of the measuring chain, whilst others (not shown in the sketch) are holding their lamps at various points in the distance, for the surveyor's observations."

"At the Edge of the Goaf." A "goaf" is where all the coal is worked out, and nothing is left to support the roof, which soon falls in masses, blocking the passage. Roads are sometimes kept open through such places by means of "pack-walls," and timber supports. In our sketch a man is shown craving forwards to ascertain whether a practicable way still remains, it being desired to pass through in order to examine the condition of the workings beyond.

"On the Pit Brow," shows a truck of coals passing over the weighing machine before its contents are added to the heap at the "tip." To each truck is attached a tin tally bearing the number of the collier by whom it has been sent up, and this being called out by a boy, the weight of the coals is set down against it in a book by the master's "weigher" in the cabin, the register being watched on behalf of the men by the "check-weigher." When the trucks are emptied the tallies are taken off by a boy, whose duty it is to collect them for the use of the men next day.

"An Awkward Passage" is a sample of what is occasionally to be met with, by the side of a "fault" for instance. The material here is not coal, but shale, or other stone found in the coal measures. The way is most difficult to keep open, as falls of the roof frequently occur. It is used only by the firemen or officials of the mine, and should be abandoned even by them as soon as an alternative cutting can be made.

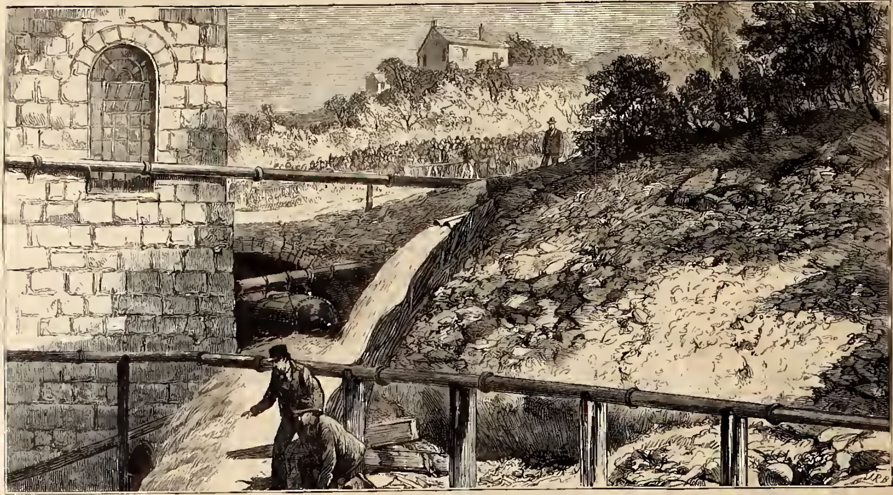
Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. W. Crosley.

THE RUSSIAN OCCUPATION OF BATOUM

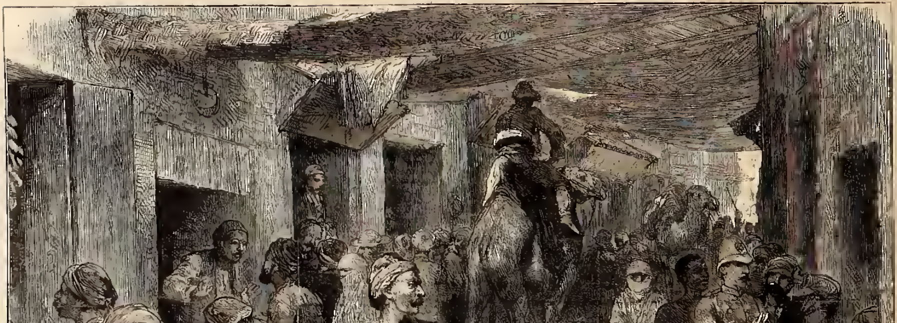
Lord Beaconsfield was apparently right when he said that, as a harbour, Batoum rather resembles Cowes than Portsmouth. Mr. Bryce, the traveller, writing to the *Daily News*, says: "Batoum is a village with a tumble-down old castle, built on a spit of sand which juts out and forms a bay barely a mile across, and exposed to the violent winds which blow from the north. Still it affords better anchorage than any other spot on this bold and dangerous coast, and has, therefore, a certain commercial value. But military or naval importance Batoum has none. It does not command any road, and there is nothing to make it a specially suitable place for a fortress. A naval stronghold it can never become, for there is no shelter, no place where docks could be formed." The special correspondent of the *Standard* says that Batoum is a pleasant town, with clean and rather broad streets. Most of the houses on the shore are handsome-looking, and built in European style. It is, perhaps, the cleanest of all the Oriental towns. This cleanliness is due to the Greeks rather than to the Armenians, who are described as very dirty.

Our second sketch represents the territory recently annexed to the Russian Empire, lying between Batoum, the Valley of Tchuruk-Sou, and the old Russo-Turkish frontier, in Asia Minor. The Hossouhan Hill lies to the left. On this elevation Dervish Pasha established the Samie Redoubt, which constituted a strong point of defence, and the central position of the first line of fortifications facing the Russian camp, about twenty-four miles from Batoum. The little town of Tchuruk-Sou is seen in the centre, and, before the recent Russian occupation, was slightly fortified, and garrisoned by a couple of regiments of cavalry and infantry Ottoman troops. During hostilities the Turkish ironclads manœuvring in the vicinity were in the habit of sending shells with considerable effect into the enemy's lines. On the Russian coast and shore of the Black Sea the town of Poti is visible with the Caucasian range in the background.

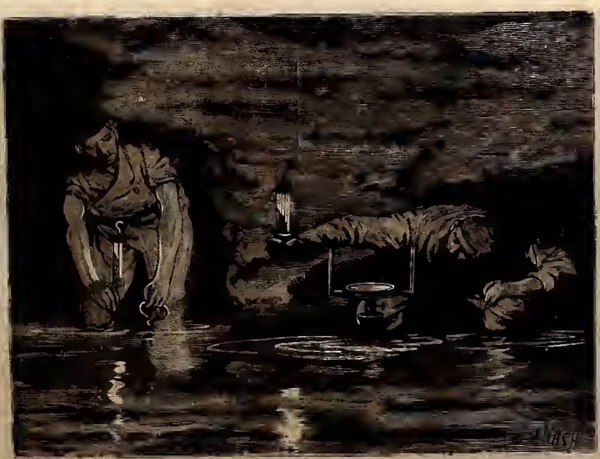
The Valley of Tchuruk-Sou, with the serpentine stream flowing through the centre, is beautifully situated in the territory lately ceded to Russia, in Turkey in Asia. It lies about twenty miles from Batoum, between that seaport and the old Russo-Turkish frontier. The slopes and elevated positions on either side were well fortified when in possession of the soldiers of Dervish Pasha, previous to the late evacuation in favour of



THE ABERCARNE COLLIERY DISASTER—TURNING THE CANAL WATER INTO THE PIT



THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS—A BAZAAR AT LARNACA



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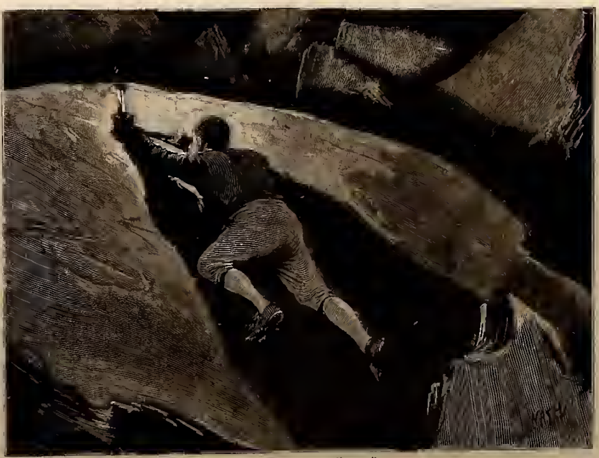
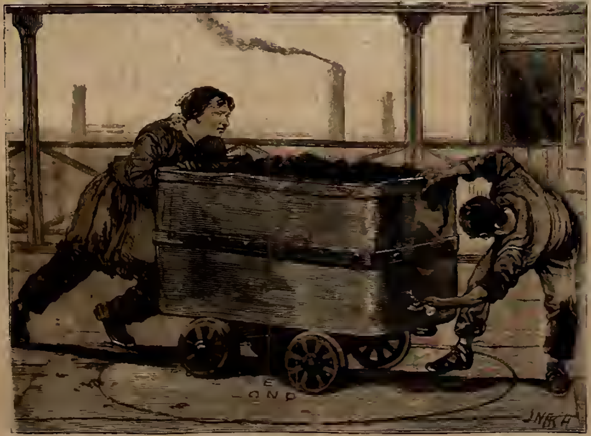
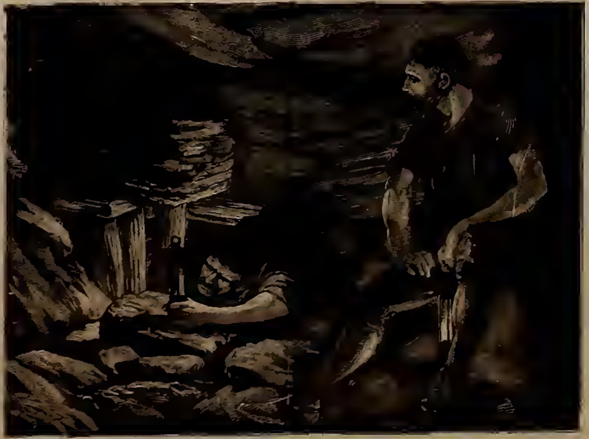


AT THE EDGE OF THE "GOAF"



ON THE PIT BROW—WEIGHING THE COALS



AN AWKWARD PASSAGE

WORK AT A COAL MINE, I.

Russia. This place is accessible from Batoum by mountain passes and the military roads cut during the war, and no doubt the Russian Government will find it practicable and useful to run a railroad from Poti, along the shore of the Black Sea, past the opening of the valley, thus connecting Tiflis, the capital of Russian Georgia, with Batoum, and forming a closer communication with Kars and Ardaban.—We are indebted for our sketches to Dr. E. J. Mulligan, Surgeon, Imperial Ottoman Army, and they were taken when he was with the army of Dervish Pasha.

THE RUSSIANS' LAST LOOK AT CONSTANTINOPLE

During that anxious period which intervened between the signature of the Treaty of Stefano and the assembling of the Congress which subsequently remodelled the provisions of that celebrated document, there was considerable risk that at any moment War might be renewed. The position at Constantinople was most remarkable. The Russians had assembled a vast force outside the city. The Turks, defeated but by no means conquered, had assembled an almost equally large army for the defence of the metropolis. Meanwhile, in the adjacent sea there rode the fleet of a third Power, and it was no doubt owing to the determined attitude of this third Power that the Russians did not occupy Constantinople. And now at last the Muscovite invaders are about to depart; and the scene represented in our engraving is literally in process of realisation. A correspondent of the *Globe*, describing the review of the 17th ult., when upwards of 60,000 Russian troops defiled before General Todleben at San Stefano, uses expressions which are singularly applicable to our own picture. He says: "In front of us was the whole Russian army, while on our left the Sea of Marmora lay asleep, with the lovely Prince's Islands resting on its placid bosom, and the mountains on the Asiatic coast visible beyond. Looking eastward, the eye travelled over a gentle dip, about a mile in extent, and, resting for a moment on the Turkish positions which crowned the opposite rise, settled at last in admiration and wonder on the fairy-like minarets and domes of Stamboul. It was a sight never to be forgotten, the armed host of victorious soldiers gazing down longingly on the lovely city for which they had braved shot and shell, the bullet and the bayonet of their gallant adversaries, and the rains and storms of the cruel Balkans, and yet, restrained only by the word of one Power, they had not dared to seize this much-coveted prize." Once more, as in 1856, the Porte has got a reprieve; but if those who direct its counsels do not make wise use of the opportunity thus offered, it is pretty certain that before many years there will wave over Stamboul a flag, which may be Russian or Greek, or may collectively represent Western Europe, but will assuredly not be Turkish.

"AU REVOIR"

It is a pity that in our tongue we have no equivalent for this convenient French phrase, which implies that, although we part, we hope to meet again. In the farewell here depicted the surroundings are, as they should be, picturesque. The massive old wall with its buttresses and "louping-stane," as the Scotch call it; the winding road on which the pigeons are perching; the girl with one hand on the neck of her faithful dog, who would fain run after her adorer, while with the other hand she blows a parting kiss; and lastly, the lover himself, as he should be, on horseback. The circumstances of modern partings are too apt to be prosaic. The rickety station fly; the umbrella forgotten till the last moment, and anxieties as to whether the departing guest will catch the 3.47 express, detract somewhat from the tenderer emotions which ought at such a time to reign paramount. Let us hope that in this case the lover is loyal and true, and that she will not afterwards have occasion to say of him that which is sarcastically said of the cavalier in the ballad, "He loves—and he rides away."

AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE IN THE HOLY LAND,
VI.—THE HOLY FIRE

All day on Friday pilgrims from all parts of Palestine have been arriving for this great ceremony. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is left open all night, and hundreds of the pilgrims camp on the flags. Early on the morning of Saturday till late in the afternoon the building begins to be closely packed with pilgrims, becoming more and more fanatical every moment. Shouting, yelling, clapping of hands, and dancing up and down, and, to amuse themselves more fully, many chase one another over the heads of the densely-packed crowd, wrestling and struggling back into the mass as they are tripped up by some friend below. The Muslim guard, though much stronger in numbers to-day, seem to have but little control over the mob, and threaten to use the butt-end of their muskets. Refreshment is served round in the shape of water, and four or five will fight with one another for a drain to wet their parched throats. After a procession of bishops and priests thrice round the building, the Patriarch enters the Sepulchre. Now the noise becomes greater and greater, the shouts and cries are quite deafening, making the place more like an Inferno than the Church of Christ. A priest who has been standing near the two oval windows in the side of the Sepulchre, from out of which the fire is expected, thrusts in his hand, and brings forth a lighted taper, and immediately rushes through the lane the soldiers try to keep for him, and disappears into the interior of the church. The Holy Fire now issues from the holes in the walls, and hundreds of hands are stretched out as they frantically try to light their candles at the flame. One man has succeeded in igniting his taper, and in struggling through the crowd it suddenly flickers and goes out. He dashes the smouldering bundle into the Sepulchre, and rushes out of the church raving.

By this time one candle has ignited the other, and the crowd below is one mass of moving flame. And from every nook and corner of the church, from dome to floor, creeps the hissing noise of burning wax, until the scene beneath is almost obliterated by its smoke and fumes. So ends the great ceremony of the Holy Fire.

HOG-HUNTING IN BENGAL
AND
ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS, VI.,

See page 291.

THE AUSTRIAN OCCUPATION OF BOSNIA

Invasion rather than occupation is the proper term. The so-called Austrian occupation has culminated in downright war, for no other term can be used when a first-rate Power like Austria has to employ from 100,000 to 200,000 soldiers, and where pitched battles are fought between the invaders and the natives. One of the most noteworthy events hitherto of this contest has been the storming of Serajevo, a town of considerable importance. The Austrian columns advanced upon the castle early in the morning under cover of a heavy fog. This castle was surrounded by a wall, and the insurgents had several guns in position there. After some hours' fighting the Bosnian guns were silenced by the fire of heavy artillery, and then the Austrian infantry advanced in swarms to the town. Fighting of the most horrible kind ensued. The troops were fired upon from every house, doorway, and window. Even women and the sick and wounded insurgents in the military hospital took part in the fighting. Ultimately the insurgents dispersed in all directions, and as soon as the town was completely occupied the Imperial flag was hoisted over the castle. Considering the desperate resistance they encountered, the Austrian troops behaved with great good-nature and forbearance. They lost only a small number of dead, but had three hundred wounded. Of the insurgents three hundred were killed and seven hundred wounded.—Our other engraving represents the commencement of a cavalry skirmish near Bussovacz. In the foreground a sub-officer of the 5th Uhlan Regiment is discharging his revolver at an insurgent Us-bashee, or captain, his comrades all being provided with similar weapons.

ERECTION OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE

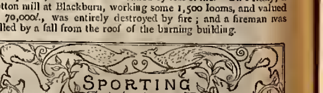
See page 294.

HOME.

Political Affairs.——Parliament has been further prorogued to the 30th of November.—It is stated that an earldom is about to be conferred upon the Lord Chancellor, who will take the title of Earl Cairns. His lordship first entered Parliament in 1852 as member for Belfast, was knighted in 1866, raised to the Peerage in 1867, and first became Lord Chancellor in 1868, being reappointed in 1874.—The *Observer* announces that a firm of Bond Street silversmiths invites subscriptions of not less than half-a-guinea, from ladies only, towards testimonials in silver representing "Peace with Honour," to be presented to Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury. Whether the idea originates with the ladies or the silversmiths does not appear. Each testimonial is to cost 1,000*l*.—The Marquis of Hartington, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Lowe have sent to the West Ham Liberal Association letters of acknowledgment for the resolutions concerning the Anglo-Turkish Convention adopted by them. Lord Hartington simply expresses his thanks; Mr. Gladstone does the same, and adds that he is glad to see that the Association has noticed the dangerous character of the present financial policy; while Mr. Lowe protests against the assumption that a Government possessing a Parliamentary majority is at liberty to strain the prerogative of the Crown in any way they think fit. This, he remarks, would inevitably produce retaliation, and the Constitution would be shattered by the violence of parties alternately possessing themselves of the prerogative which was created for the benefit of all alike, and absolving themselves by a strictly party vote from the consequences of their offence.—Sir W. Harcourt, M.P., speaking on Tuesday at an agricultural dinner in Blenheim Park, said that he believed no one would contend that England could be placed in her proper position among European nations without taking some liabilities; and he thought that, had the Opposition been in power, they would not have hesitated to undertake them, and would have been the first to complain of any who were unpatriotic enough to lower the Government in the eyes of the country, or present a divided nation before Europe. There had been much talk about stretching unduly the prerogative of the Crown; but the nation, he took it, was a just master, and knew it would not be served well unless it trusted its servants. He thought if the Opposition wished to place themselves well with the country, they should assist the Government in placing England upon such a pinnacle that they would not be ashamed to see her if they themselves held the reins of Government.—The Select Committee appointed to inquire into the advisability of extending the hours of polling in provincial constituencies, have agreed to their report. They consider that in some instances decided advantages would accrue, but, on the other hand, the proposal is beset with such difficulties that they think the question had better stand over till the time comes for considering the continuance of the Ballot Act, especially as some experience may then have been gained of the effects of the extension of polling hours in the Metropolis.—On Wednesday Mr. J. Lowther, Chief Secretary for Ireland, speaking at a Conservative banquet at York, said that during the last four years the Government had been thoroughly supported not only by a large majority in the House of Commons, but by the great bulk of the nation. So great was the demoralisation which had been wrought under another Administration for some years before, that at one time it was hardly safe to talk about being a Conservative. That, however, had passed away, and the country was thoroughly prepared to support Conservative principles.—Messrs. Biggar and O'Donnell seem to have met with a rather lively reception at a Home Rule meeting, held in St. Mary's Hall, Belfast, last week. The moment they appeared on the platform the entire assemblage commenced a promiscuous fight, chairs, tables, and other furniture being smashed, and the fragments used as weapons. The battle lasted a long time, and many of the combatants were wounded. At last, when the hall was nearly empty, Messrs. Biggar and Parnell each delivered a long address for the reporters.—The revision of the lists of voters for the Metropolitan boroughs was commenced this week. In the City, the name of Sir Garnet Wolseley, which is on the Clothworkers' list, was objected to by the Liberals, on the ground that he had left his residence in Portman Square for Cyprus. It was, however, pointed out that it was not likely that he would return to vote, nor probable that any one would attempt to personate him, and the objection was withdrawn.—The Fenian prisoners, Condon and Melody, were released from Portland on Monday, taken to Southampton in charge of the deputy-governor and two warders, and put on board the *Mosel* steamship, which started for New York the next morning. Their removal was kept secret to avoid any possibility of a demonstration, and Her Majesty's pardon was only handed to them as the vessel weighed anchor for the voyage. Messrs. Ryan and Collins, of the Visiting Committee, visited them on Sunday, having received permission from the Home Office by telegraph, and, through the Governor, they presented them with a sum of 40*l*. Melody, in a letter to his uncle, complains of the long period of expatriation enforced. Both men were permitted to telegraph to their friends yesterday announcing their liberation.

The Loss of the "Princess Alice."——The Mansion House Fund for the relief of the sufferers by this unparalleled disaster amounted on Wednesday to 21,900*l*. The evidence of identification at the Woolwich Inquest was completed on Friday, when the coroner spoke somewhat severely of the carelessness of some persons who, in two instances, had sworn positively that the bodies they had seen were those those of missing friends, who were subsequently found to be alive. On Monday the coroner protested against the publication of affidavits in the newspapers, while the case was still *sub judice*, and the real business of the inquest was commenced by the examination of the crew of the *Princess Alice*. On Tuesday and Wednesday the inquiry was continued and will probably last well into next week. One witness said that no one was appointed to look out after dark, but was contradicted by the next witness, who deposed that the crew, when not engaged at the wheel, were expected, as a matter of course, to keep a sharp look-out. The chief engineer said the engines were in first-rate condition. Scenes have occurred between the foreman and the jury, the latter complaining that the foreman wasted their time with questions which had been already put and answered. The foreman resented being called a "perfect nuisance," but no one apologised. At the inquest at Barking upon a number of bodies picked up there, a formal verdict of "Found Drowned" has been returned, it being agreed to adopt the suggestion of the coroner to leave the question as to the cause of the collision to the Woolwich jury. Applications for relief have been received from twenty-eight widows, 163 orphans, twenty-six aged parents, and thirty-five widows left with children, together with forty-five survivors of the wreck; and many others are expected. A peculiarly distressing incident in connection with the event is the death of a young American lady, whose lover, after getting her into a boat, and saying "Good-bye, we shall meet in Heaven," sank to rise no more. It seems that, in the confusion, the poor girl was thrown out of the boat, and that after swimming or floating a distance of two miles, she was picked up two hours after the collision. She was most kindly treated by those who rescued her; but the shock to her system was so great that she died on Friday last.

Miscellaneous.——An account of the colliery explosion at Abercarne, and of the subsequent efforts to ameliorate the consequences of the disaster, will be found in "Our Illustration" columns.—The Trades Unions Congress at Bristol was brought to a close on Saturday. The business of the last two days included the adoption of resolutions in favour of appointing practical working men *and women* as factory sub-inspectors; the amendment of the jury laws, by lowering the qualifications and paying jurymen; the extension of the Employers and Workmen Act to seamen; the federation of trade societies; the assimilation of the borough and county franchise, and the extension of the hours of polling; labour representation; and against the 23rd Clause of the Poor-law Amendment Act; and the Parliamentary Committee was instructed to prepare a list of test questions, to be submitted to candidates at the next general election. A paper was read in favour of legislation to shorten the hours of labour, and it was resolved to ascertain, before the meeting of the next Congress, the number of working hours in every town in the kingdom. A proposal from the International Labour Union suggesting international organisation was referred to the Parliamentary Committee. Next year the Congress will meet in Edinburgh.—On Friday the Speaker distributed the prizes at the Glynde Cottagers' Show. He said that there were hundreds of thousands of persons in London who had never seen a garden. He passed half his life in the greatest city in the world, and, by the favour of the nation, he lived in the finest palace in that great city; but yet he had no garden. Next day, responding to the toast of his health at Glynde Park Harvest Home, he referred to the proposal which he had made five years ago that his farm labourers should on certain conditions share in the profits of the farm; and said that since then the profits, which were then five per cent., had decreased, and therefore he had not pressed his offer upon them. The diminished yield he attributed to a succession of wet seasons, and explained his intention of raising more meat and less corn in future.—It having been decided that the *Eurydice* shall be broken up, the work was commenced on Friday night.—The Welsh National Eisteddfod was opened at Birkenhead on Tuesday under the presidency of Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P., who in his address said that since his boyhood the Welsh language had distinctly gained instead of losing ground, and that Wales was more free from crime than any other part of the kingdom, except the Orkney Isles, where, he was told, the only crime known was an occasional instance of husband beating. Eisteddfodau helped to break down the barriers between class and class and creed and creed which were the curse of English society. Men of every station united upon the broad ground of a common Christianity, and he thought that Eisteddfodau might be made instruments of God's Providence in hastening that period of peace and goodwill which after eighteen centuries of Christianity had not yet been achieved. Prizes were awarded to the successful competitors in singing and pianoforte playing, and also for literary compositions, but that of 100*l*. for the best English essay on "The conditions of the Welsh nation and the best means of securing its progress," was withheld, as all the essays received were adjudged to be of "inferior merit." There was a grand concert in the evening, at the conclusion of which an alarming accident occurred: the flooring of the ladies' cloak room suddenly gave way, and a number of ladies fell through, a distance of eight or ten feet, some being severely injured. On Wednesday the proceedings were resumed, and more prizes were given for literary efforts, including one for a Welsh translation of Poe's "Raven;" musical compositions, quartette and choral singing, and painting. It is curious that the artists, like the authors, were found incapable of satisfying the judges in regard to special national subjects, for although three pictures, of "The Interior of a Welsh Cottage, with a Blind Harper Playing before a Group of Figures," were sent in, neither was thought sufficiently good to deserve the prize of twenty guineas which had been offered for the subject.—The long-talked-of and oft-announced opening of Waterloo Bridge toll-free is now definitively fixed for the second week in October.—The violent gales which prevailed during Saturday night and Sunday over the greater part of the kingdom were the cause of much damage to property, especially around the coast. A large number of wrecks are reported, some of them attended by loss of life.—On Friday, a cotton mill at Blackburn, working some 1,500 looms, and valued at 70,000*l*., was entirely destroyed by fire; and a fireman was killed by a fall from the roof of the burning building.



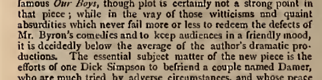
SPORTING

The Turf.——The Doncaster Meeting ended, as it began, somewhat flatly. The Portland Plate, however, brought out a strong field of sixteen, a hot favourite being supplied in Hackthorpe. He, however, received a kick at the start, and consequently was never dangerous. The winner turned up in Telescope, who, as a two-year-old, was one of the smartest of his day, and has done one or two good things since. On this occasion he carried 8st. 5lbs., including 7lbs. extra for a recent victory. In the Wharncliffe Stakes Kaleidoscope again showed that he retains his early spring form by beating Herald, Ecossais, and three others, with consummate ease. Dalham, also, who was sold to Count Lehndorf before the race, gave evidence that he, too, is not going to the bad just yet, though few horses on the Turf have run as many races as he has. The Cup on the Friday was a real sporting event, though only Pageant, Hampton, and Kingsclere—to make the running for the former—started. The betting shifted about considerably, but at the fall of the flag it was evens against each of the two first-named; and a ding-dong race they ran home, Pageant eventually winning by three quarters of a length. It must be remembered, however, that Hampton gave the winner 10lbs. We seem to be fallen on evil days when only an aged gelding and a reclaimed hurdle racer can be found to do serious battle for one of the great trophies of the Turf. Friday was a great day for Lord Falmouth, as far as his exchequer goes, for he took the Park Hill Stakes with Jannette, who showed that her Leger victory was no fluke, and the Doncaster Stakes with Childeric, who made small bones in beating Caerau, while Wheel of Fortune walked over for the Wentworth Stakes. It does not seem even at this long distance of time any very long odds against Lord Falmouth being first and second for the St. Leger of 1879 with the filly just mentioned and the Champagne winner Charibert, and thus supplying the two first horses in the race for three years in succession. By the way, another rather remarkable instance of an owner running first and second in an important race occurred at Paris on Sunday last, when in a field of twenty-six Baron de Rothschild occupied these places with Reveillon and Réserviste II. in the French Omnium, which corresponds with our Cesarewitch. As regards the last-named race, which comes off in the second week of next month, several favourites have been already found, Lady Golightly being at the head of the best at 7 or 8 to 1. Harbinger is next in demand, and after him Master Kildare. When it is remembered that the Irish horse just named ran third in the Leger, and has only 7st. 4lbs. in the Newmarket race, his prospects seem second to none. Julius, who occupied the same place in the Leger in his year, won the Cesarewitch with 8st. on his back.—As to the racing brought off this week there is little to be said. Lichfield was little short of a *fiasco*. Ayr, "the Ascot of the North," saw fair sport, Dukes and Earls hailing from the land of heather and whiskey running their horses freely enough for the honour of the nationality, and taking a fair share of the spoil. Hampton Autumn was "as per usual," and the Manchester meeting maintained its average excellence.—By the way, the yearling sales at Doncaster gave pretty strong evidence that the golden days for breeders have passed away, few lots running into four figures. The owner of Beauclerc, however, notwithstanding his hard luck with the Middle Park hero, did not hesitate to give 1,500 gs. for his half-sister.

CRICKET.—At Prince's the Australians have shown that they were quite equal to one of the best professional elevens which could be brought against them. They made 236 in their one innings, but the players could only muster 160, even with the assistance of Ulyett's 79.—They also made short work with the twelve of West of Scotland at Glasgow, winning easily in one innings. This was practically the last match they played in this country, for in that against Eighteen of Sunderland they did not use all their strength.—Inter-county cricket is drawing to a close. Leicestershire, of course, had no chance with Notts, which stands out as the premier county this season.

AQUATICS.——The scullers have been busy on the Thames. On Saturday last, Hawdon, of Seaton Delaval, a young oarsman who has already acquired some reputation, essayed to tackle the old ex-champion, J. Sadler, for 100*l.* a side over the championship course. There is little to be said of the contest, as it was an illustration, so often witnessed, that "youth will be served," and Hawdon had no great difficulty in winning.—The contest for the Sculling Championship, and the Challenge Cup given by the proprietors of the *Sportsman*, was nearly a repetition of the rowing at the recent International Regatta, as the Northern men had it all their own way, Elliott of Pegswood beating Higgins of Shadwell, and Boyd beating Blackman. In the final heat Elliott was awarded the victory after a foul—a most unsatisfactory termination for such a competition, and another nail in the coffin of professional rowing.

ANGLING.——Know all men that in the Great Roach Fishing Tournament at Cheshunt, on the Lea, Mr. Carrington has been declared Champion Roach Fisher for the season.—A few days ago, in an angling sweepstakes, a lady took the third prize. Have we no Waller, who wrote the ode "On a Lady Fishing," "See where the fair Clorinda," &c., to immortalise her?



THEATRES

WHILE our theatres are so largely infected with amateur feebleness, the return of Mr. Byron to the London stage with a new comedy written by himself, and comprising a prominent part especially designed for the display of his own powers as an actor, is an event on which playgoers may be honestly congratulated. Unfortunately his latest production, a comedy in three acts, entitled *Conscience Money*, brought out at the HAYMARKET Theatre on Monday evening, is not the happiest of his recent efforts. Even in its story it is very far inferior to the famous *Our Boys*, though plot is certainly not a strong point in that piece; while in the way of those witticisms and quaint absurdities which never fail more or less to redeem the defects of Mr. Byron's comedies and to keep audiences in a friendly mood, it is decidedly below the average of the author's dramatic productions. The essential subject matter of the new piece is the efforts of one Dick Simpson to befriend a couple named Damer, who are much tried by adverse circumstances, and whose peace and happiness are greatly imperilled by the machinations of a plausible scoundrel and unscrupulous libertine named Sefton. Damer has discovered just before his marriage that he is not entitled to the property he holds because an elder brother long supposed to be dead is still living, and, instead of confessing the fact to his intended bride, he conceals it, being enabled to do so by the circumstance that the elder brother, accused, though unjustly, of murder in Australia, is anxious to remain in concealment. Here, it will be perceived, is a dramatic idea, though not, perhaps, a very ingenious or powerful one. But to make it effective the wife should obviously have been a person setting her mind greatly on worldly goods, and likely to be as much overwhelmed by the discovery that she has married a poor husband as was the proud Lady of Lyons. Mrs. Damer, however, does not appear to be a person of this kind, and when the disclosure is made she puts up with her position without a murmur. But, even before this point is reached, the author has got far away from the datum, so to speak, of his story. The husband is represented as simply a weak creature, who gambles and permits Sefton, whom he knows to be a villain, to haunt his house and make advances to his wife. Detected in this, exposed, and expelled from the place, Damer yet receives Sefton again, and allows him to frighten him into abruptly leaving his home by a false tale about a warrant out for an offence which his victim has never committed. Thus we have both the brothers Damer weakly flying from justice, though perfectly innocent. Afterwards Mrs. Damer is represented as falling into the snares of the proved rascal, Sefton, in a no less childishly gullible way. The *dénouement* is furnished by the return of the brothers Damer, both now relieved from their fears by means which need not be mentioned—a circumstance which entails the final exposure of Sefton. The defects of such a story are too obvious to require further comment. Mr. Charles Kelly and Miss Pateman as Mr. and Mrs. Damer, Mr. Howe as the elder Damer, and Mr. D. Fisher, jun., Miss E. Thorne and Mr. Pateman in some minor characters strive in vain to give an air of reality to its scenes. Mr. Terriss, on the other hand, is able to strike the imaginations of the audience by a powerful piece of acting in the part of Sefton. The redeeming feature of the play, however, is the character of the good-natured humourist, Simpson, the old schoolfellow of Damer, who is always at hand to utter droll observations, and to uphold the deserving and confound the wrong doer. The humour is indeed thinner than usual—the wit occasionally rather strained, the good things certainly rarer than they have been known to be in Mr. Byron's pieces. Still there is enough of these qualities to save the piece, and even to secure it a cordial welcome.

The COURT Theatre has passed for a brief season into the hands of Mr. W. H. Stephens, who has revived here a version of an old French melodrama, entitled *La Grace de Dieu*, the story of which is familiar, in the shape of the libretto of Donizetti's opera, *Linda di Chamouni*. The piece is of an old-fashioned sort, and is infected with artificial sentiment. Its production on Saturday evening, with Miss Agnes Leonard in the part of the heroine, was received by a scanty audience with banter and derision.

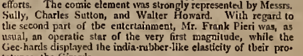
A morning performance of Mr. Burnand's *Jeames* will be given at the GAIETY Theatre to-day.—The FOLLY Theatre reopens this evening with a new comedy adapted by Mr. Wyndham, and entitled *The Idol*, and a new burlesque by Messrs. Reece and Farnie, entitled *Stars and Garters*. Miss Lydia Thompson and Mr. Lionel Brough will take part in the performances.—DRURY LANE Theatre will reopen on Saturday next with a revival of *The Winter's Tale*.—The OLYMPIC will reopen on Monday with a revival of the *Two Orphans*.

Mr. Hollingshead has written a touching little story, entitled *Nobody's Child*, which is published in pamphlet form at the GAIETY Theatre and elsewhere, the profits of the publication being devoted to the funds of the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street. The *matinée* at the Gaiety, on Saturday last, given in aid of the same institution, is stated to have resulted in a clear profit of 150*l.*, including contributions to the "Toy Fund."

THE ALHAMBRA.——Miss Emily Soldene, who has just returned from a tour round the world, has every reason to be satisfied with the hearty reception accorded to her on the first night of the reproduction of *Geneviève de Brabant*, with which her name, in the character of Drogan, is inseparably associated. She was in splendid voice, and was several times rapturously encored by the audience which crowded every part of the immense building. Miss Constance Loseby resumed her impersonation of the Duchess, and was equally well received, as were also Mr. Aynsley Cooke as the Duke, and Messrs. Marshall and Bury as the never-to-be-forgotten gensdarme, to whose song, "We run 'em in," several new verses have been added. It is scarcely necessary to say that the piece is magnificently mounted with new scenery and dresses, and much of the music is also new. Mr. Albery's ballet of the *Golden Wreath* follows the opera-bouffe, for which it is safe to predict a lengthened run.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.——The Autumn Season will commence on Monday, September 30. The programme will be *Doubleday's Will*, *The Paris Exhibition*, and *An Artful Automaton*. A New First Part, by F. C. Burnand, and a New Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, are in active preparation, and will be produced without delay.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.——This unrivalled company of sable songsters can boast of a permanency of popularity to which few, if any, other caterers for the amusement of the public have attained. On Wednesday they celebrated the beginning of their fourteenth consecutive year at St. James's Hall, and it appears that they had up to that time performed 6,445 times without the intermission of a single lawful night. A new programme was provided for the occasion, which was heartily received by a crowded audience. Mr. H. de Brenner's beautiful voice was heard to great advantage in a new ballad, "My Lonely Star," while Mr. W. S. Leslie was equally successful in Hobson's favourite song, "Sing, dearest, sing." Mr. Charles Ernest, Mr. Sydney Herbert, and Herr Rudolf, whose *rôle* is the sentimental and pathetic, were also much applauded in their vocal efforts. The comic element was strongly represented by Messrs. Sully, Charles Sutton, and Walter Howard. With regard to the second part of the entertainment, Mr. Frank Pieri was, as usual, an operatic star of the very first magnitude, while the Gee-hards displayed the india-rubber-like elasticity of their prototypes, the Girards.



Scraps

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S NEXT RESEARCHES are to be in Ithaca.

M. ERNEST QUETELET, the director of the Brussels Observatoire, and well-known for his meteorological and astronomical studies, has died in Belgium, at the age of fifty-three.

A FINE QUARRY OF LITHOGRAPHIC STONE has been found in Algeria, near Oran. The stone is reported to be equal to some of the best specimens from the old Munich quarries, now exhausted.

A "WAVERLEY DICTIONARY," containing a list of the characters in Sir Walter Scott's novels, with abstracts of the plots on the plan of the "Dickens Dictionary," is being compiled in America.

A BED OF 352 SNAKES was found last week on a farm near Carmarthen. Over 100 of the snakes were from 9 to 12 inches long, and three were very large, while there were thousands of eggs in clusters like bunches of grapes.

OXFORD MILITARY COLLEGE.——The Right Hon. Lord Waveney, F.R.S., has intimated his intention of giving a sword annually, as a prize at the Oxford Military College for proficiency in horsemanship and sword-exercise.

THE "ARROW."——We have received from Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne a very pretty coloured lithograph of his yacht, the *Arrow*, executed by Mr. John B. Day, from a drawing by Josiah Taylor. Additional interest attaches to this picture, as it is one of Mr. Taylor's latest works, his death having taken place on the 5th inst.

THE SUNDAY OPENING OF THE MANCHESTER FREE LIBRARIES appears to be more appreciated by the people as the movement becomes better known. Last Sunday the number of readers considerably exceeded that of the previous week, and at one branch library in particular there was an increase of nearly five hundred persons on the preceding Sunday.

FRENCH PROTESTANTS propose to establish a daily halfpenny journal, *Le Signal*, to advance Protestant interests, secure converts, and combat Clericalism and Materialism. The *Signal* will hold Republican views, and will be conducted by converts from Romanism, while the paper will not appear until suitable capital be forthcoming, 5,200*l.* already having been raised.

MARSHAL VON MOLTKE has had a plaster model of his hand taken for a devoted admirer. The three first fingers and thumb grasp a pencil, the little finger being stretched out, and the wrist is encircled by a military cuff peeping from the edge of a cloak. The hand itself rests on a small square pedestal, with laurel leaves at each corner, and in front is the *fac-simile* of the Marshal's signature.

CYPRUS has brought out its first newspaper, a small weekly journal—*Kupros*—printed in Greek and English. The journal is to be devoted to the interests of agriculture and commerce, and contains local news and a laudatory article on English government. The letter "w" being apparently absent from the English type, all words requiring the letter are spelt with two v's, which produces a somewhat curious effect.

A BALLOON RACE is to take place at Cincinnati, the Transatlantic public being weary of walking, swimming, and riding matches, pigeon and glass-ball shooting, and being eager for a novel contest. Thus the aeronauts are to decide which can mount highest into the clouds, and remain longest in a rarefied atmosphere. Instruments and a skilled person to make the necessary observations are to be taken by each competitor.

SOME AMERICAN BLACK BASS have been brought over for the Marquis of Exeter, who intends to try and naturalise them in England. Black bass are considered by many persons to be the finest flavoured fresh-water fish of any in America. These specimens travelled in a tank where the water was kept fresh by the injection of air every ten minutes, and have borne the journey well. Talking of finny creatures the Brighton Aquarium has acquired a rare soft-shelled tortoise—*Trionyx Argus*—which is a native of the West Coast of Africa.

TELL'S CHAPEL, on the Lake of Lucerne, is to be restored, and the damaged frescoes, scrawled over with the names of tourists of all nations, will be replaced by four large pictures representing "The Oath of the Swiss Confederates at the Rütli," "Tell Shooting at the Apple," "Tell's Escape from the Boat," and "The Death of Gessler in the Hohle Gasse, near Kussnacht." The little chapel by the lake side, now nearly five hundred years old, is very shabby at present, having been much injured by damp and the weather, to say nothing of the roughness of visitors, while the sister edifice at Kussnacht, built where Tell is asserted to have shot the Austrian tyrant, is in much better preservation.

LONDON MORTALITY continues low, and the deaths last week numbered 1,259 against 1,260 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 1, at the rate of 18·4 per 1,000, and 106 below the average. There were 90 deaths from diarrhœa (a decrease of 34, and 45 below the average), 37 from whooping-cough (a decline of 17), 32 from fever (an increase of 7), 27 from scarlet fever (a fall of 3, and 52 below the average), 13 from diphtheria (a rise of 3), 7 from small-pox (an increase of 4), and 6 from measles. There were 2,373 births registered against 2,416 in the preceding week, exceeding the average by 35. The mean temperature was 59·1 deg. 1·3 deg. above the average; and there were 40·1 hours of registered sunshine out of the 90 hours during which the sun was above the horizon.

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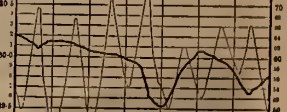
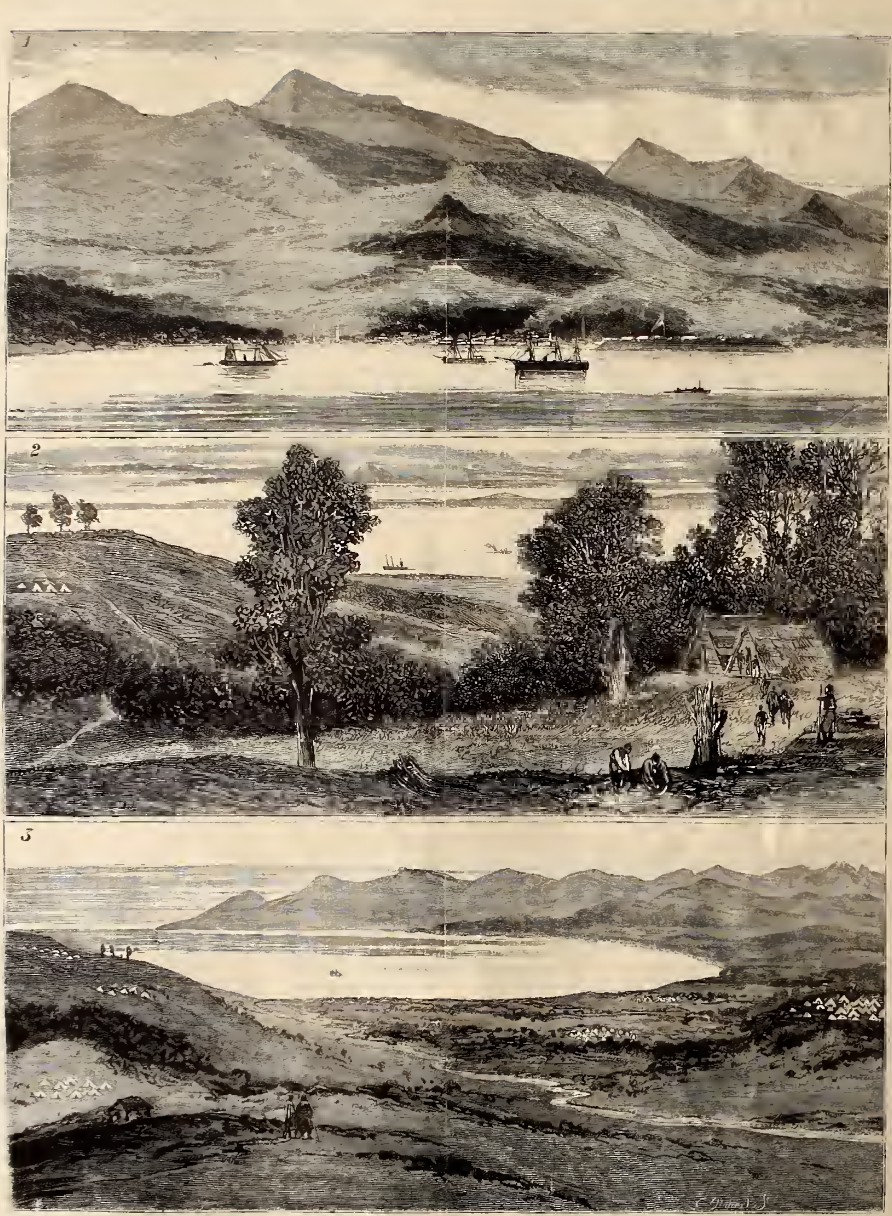
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

SEPTEMBER 12TH TO SEPTEMBER 18TH (INCLUSIVE)



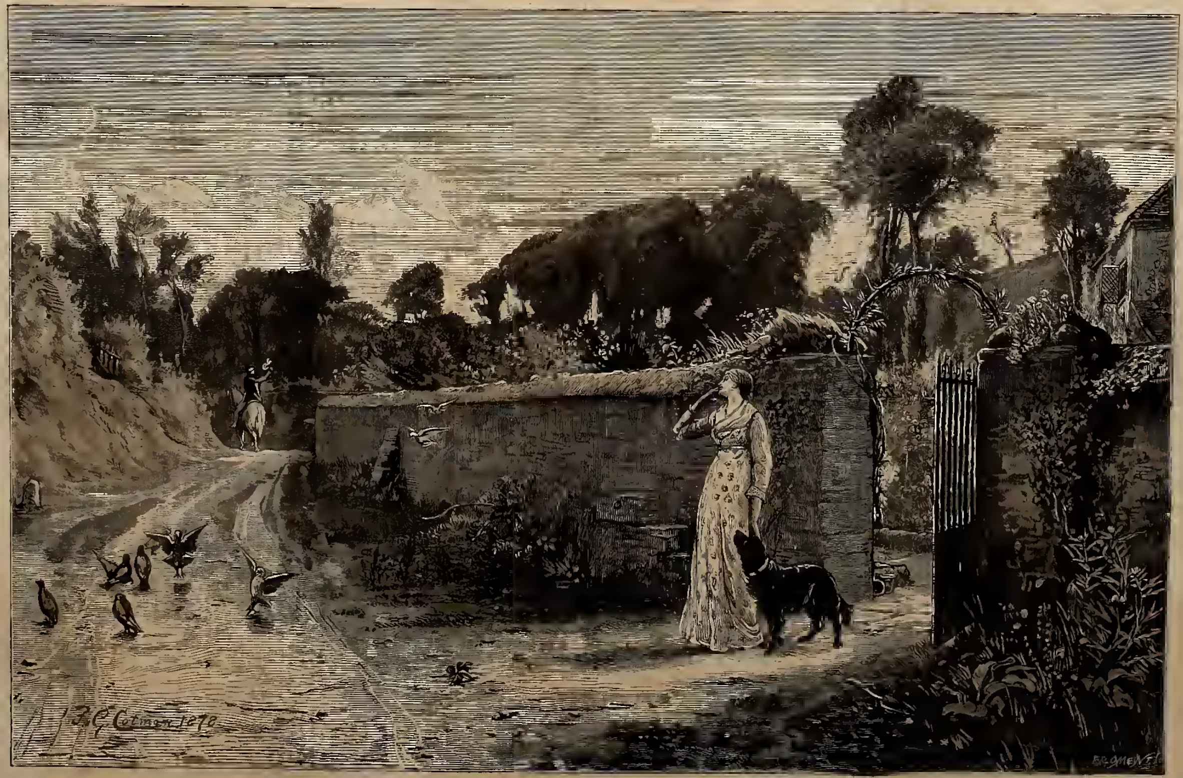
EXPLANATION.——The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.——The week ending Wednesday, the 18th instant, may be divided into two periods. During the first part the weather was very fine and bright, the barometer almost steady, and temperature at about the mean for the time of year. On Sunday, the 15th instant, however, the barometer began to fall very quickly, and the weather ever since has been of an entirely different character. Extremely heavy showers fell on Sunday evening, the 15th instant, and the wind at the same time rose to a fresh gale from the south westward or westward. This continued throughout Monday, the 16th instant; but the weather cleared on the morning of that day, and the after part was fine, though very gusty. The barometer rose quickly throughout Monday, the 16th instant; but on Tuesday, the 17th instant, it began to fall again, and dull weather once more prevailed. Very little rain fell, however, until Wednesday morning, the 18th instant, when a steady fall set in, lasting for several hours. About noon the same day the weather cleared again and became very bright; but reports from various parts of the country showed that conditions were extremely unsettled, so that the improvement which had then set in was not at all likely to continue. The barometer was highest (30·20 inches) on Thursday, the 12th instant; lowest (29·53 inches) on Sunday, the 15th instant; range, 0·67 inches. Temperature was highest (72°) on Sunday, the 15th instant; lowest (45°) on Friday and Saturday, the 13th and 14th; range, 27°. Rain fell on three days; total, 0·40 inches; greatest fall on any one day, 0·29 inches, on Wednesday, the 18th instant.



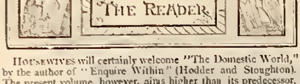
1 The Town and Harbour of Batoum.—2. Former Encampment of Dervish Pasha, near Tchuruk-Sou.—3. The Valley of Tchuruk Sou.

THE RUSSIAN OCCUPATION OF BATOUM



"AU REVOIR"

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRED. G. COTMAN, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY



Housewives will certainly welcome "The Domestic World," by the author of "Enquire Within" (Hodder and Stoughton). The present volume, however, aims higher than its predecessor, and declares itself a manual of social economy, while it embraces so wide a range as to include moral dissertations on Life and Education, hints on dress, cookery recipes, legal information, the management of pets and flowers, the origin of sundry manners and customs, with other heterogeneous subjects. Several errors are visible, by the way—particularly regarding postal arrangements and the Royal Family; while why is lawn tennis excluded when croquet is admitted?—For housekeepers of a limited income "Cold Scraps made into Dainty Dishes," by a Lady Help (Tinsley), supplies easy and inexpensive recipes, with a rather over liberal use of onions. To recommend sausages for dinner two days running is also too much of a porcine diet.—The thirst aroused by the Lady Help's compounds may be allayed by Leo Engel's "American Drinks" (Tinsley), some of which are good, others decidedly intoxicating, and several presumably nasty—to wit, a mixture of gin, absinthe, and noyeau, with the poetic title of "Ladies' Blush."—Besides providing us with drinks America sends a pleasant novel, "Watch and Ward," by Henry James, jun. (Trübner), which depicts the trials of a bachelor who adopts an orphan and trains her for a wife.—The newness of all things in the United States must account for the value set upon a wooden figure of the God of Wine, carved by an English prisoner in 1776 for a Transatlantic hostess, religiously preserved as a precious relic, and its history now narrated by Brigham Payne, in "The Story of Bacchus" (A. E. Brooks, Hartford, Connecticut, U.S.).

Mr. W. Tegg's "Posts and Telegraphs" (W. Tegg), is hardly so happy as his previous compilations. Mr. Tegg is more at home with antiquarian customs than with such a scientific subject as the telegraph, and although the history of the rise and progress of the postal service is in his old vein, the details concerning the telephone and phonograph differ little from those fully given of late in various publications.

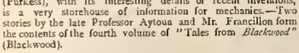
Mr. W. H. G. Kingston is indeed untiring, for here is "True Blue" (Griffith and Farran), a fresh sea story of the last century and the glorious 1st of June. "True Blue," however, unlike its forerunners, is undeniably dull, its hero is too perfect, and the perpetual sea-fights which stud nearly every page become monotonous at last. Nevertheless the book would be well fitted for a ship library from its sound good teaching.—Moral lessons are also conveyed by "Great and Small," from the French by H. Poole (same publishers), an agreeable story of Gallic juveniles; while there are some entertaining stories in "Animals and their Social Powers," by M. T. Andrewes (Griffith and Farran), printed in large type for unpractised readers.—Just in time for the holidays comes the half-yearly volume of "Little Folks" (Cassell), a very mine of wealth to the young ones.

There is considerable merit in "My Star," by Berthe Vadier (F. Warne), scraps of autobiography woven into a short story, charmingly and simply written.—So much cannot be said for "Violet Stuart," by H. E. P. (Charing Cross Publishing Company); while as to "The Painted Deal Locker" (same publishers), by R. S. Freeman, which purports to contain stories and poems "declined with thanks," the contents strikingly demonstrate the good sense of obdurate editors.—Nos. 2 and 3 of the new series of the "Tales from *Blackwood*" (W. Blackwood), maintain the interest of the first volume, more particularly No. 3, which includes the "Battle of Dorking."—Sad feelings are aroused by "The Last Four Days of the *Eurydice*," by Captain Verney (Simpkin and Marshall). The small volume narrates the probable events of the last days on board, with other details respecting the lost ship, and the profits of the sale are intended for the *Eurydice* Fund.—Lovers of the days of Wallace will be interested in "The Burning of the Barns of Ayr," by the Marquis of Bute (A. Gardner), an enlarged form of a lecture delivered by him on an incident of the Scotch uprising against Edward I.

The time appointed for the opening of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon—April 23rd, 1879—is fast approaching, and the Council of the Shakespeare Memorial Association have brought out a "History of the Shakespeare Memorial" (Cassell), which relates what has already been done, and what it is further proposed to do. It is hoped that the History will awaken fresh interest in the scheme.

Sermons, not in stones but in newspaper clippings, are preached by Mr. Spurgeon in a fresh, tiny volume of his Shilling Series, "The Bible and the Newspaper" (Passmore and Alabaster). From the current events of the first quarter of this year, as chronicled in the columns of the daily journals, Mr. Spurgeon deduces some salutary lessons, drawn with that terseness and vigour which have won him so much fame.—School-books are so often written in a style above childish comprehension, that the learners too frequently can only grasp the words without the sense. "Simple Lessons for Home Use" (E. Stanford), however, fully carries out the promise of its title. Couched in clear straightforward language, these papers cannot fail to be understood by children; and collected together in their present form will be as useful for home teaching as for regular school instruction. The lessons are by Mrs. Fenwick Miller and Messrs. Proctor, Buckmaster, Morris, Bevan, &c., and embrace a wide range of subjects, from food, health, clothing, and the structure of the body, to astronomy, weather, birds, and flowers.

The first volume of the new series of "Design and Work" (Purkess), with its interesting details of recent inventions, is a very storehouse of information for mechanics.—Two stories by the late Professor Aytoun and Mr. Francillon form the contents of the fourth volume of "Tales from *Blackwood*" (Blackwood).



Glasgow and South-Western Railway Panoramic Guide.

The U.K.S. Seat of War Map, &c. T. Letts.

Little Fadette: Georges Sand; Mauprat: Georges Sand. Weldon and Co.

Cinderella, a Parlour Pantomime. J. Murray, Edinburgh.

Polly Bogle's Ghost. Richard Gooch, 13, Milner Square, N.

The New Irish Melodies: Charles P. O'Conor. Heywood and Son.

Mauprat: Georges Sand. Weldon and Co.

Payne's Select Poetry. Crosby Lockwood and Co.

Irish Pedigrees (Second Series): O'Hart. M. H. Gill and Son, Dublin.

Bengaliana: S. C. Dutt; A Vision of Sumeru: S. C. Dutt. Thacker, Spink, and Co., Calcutta.

Colonel Fougas' Mistake (2 vols.): Edmond About; Once, Twice, Thrice, and Away: May Probyn. Remington.

A Life's Hazard (3 vols.): Henry Esmond. Sampson Low and Co.

SWIMMING

The appalling catastrophe on the Thames shows, among other teachings, how urgently necessary it is that more attention should be paid to the value of swimming as an art. Incontestibly, additional scores of human lives might have been saved had a knowledge of this art been the rule, instead of the exception. The distance from shore, though considerable, was not beyond the reach of a moderate swimmer; but the power of swimming even a dozen yards might have enabled many a hapless person to grasp hold of a means of safety instead of sinking into the merciless waters. Among other excellent remarks on this subject in Charles Knight's "English Cyclopædia," it is well observed that, "Next to walking, there is no art more necessary for man to be adept at than that of swimming. To quadrupeds this art comes naturally, but with bipeds such is not the case. A horse or a dog on entering the water for the first time is able to swim by making the same motions as he does to walk on land; whereas the human frame is far heavier than the animal one in proportion to its displacement of water, and the relative position of the centre of gravity is different. Sea-girt and intersected by so many inland streams as Great Britain is, the inhabitants of no other country in the world have better opportunities of learning the art of swimming. In addition to this, we are more on the water, both in pursuit of commerce and of pleasure, than any other nation in the world; and yet" (this is the cogent matter in reference to the subject of the recent calamity) "the per-centage of English men and English women who can swim is notoriously less than in any other country." This last statement seems to us somewhat exaggerated, but the degree of truth contained in it is lamentably certain.

What a heart-breaking list is that which our maritime records present of valuable lives lost at sea by the wrecking and burning of ships! How can any reasonable person evade the conviction that hundreds of these lives might have been saved had swimming been more in favour? Think of the *President*, disappearing when on her way to America, and consigning every person on board (so far as is known) to a watery grave. Think of the *Dundas*, with the loss of the captain and most of the passengers; and of the *Ocean Monarch*, burnt to the water's edge off Orme's Head, involving the sacrifice of 180 lives; and of the *Amazon*, also lost by burning, with passengers and crew in great number sunk in the waves. (For it is worthy of note that most of the sufferers in a burning ship find a grave of water, not of fire.) Then we read that noble example of calm discipline the sinking of 440 human beings in the *Birkenhead* troop-ship, wrecked near the African coast: how the soldiers obeyed the word of command as steadily as if on parade, literally going down into the deep as they stood; and the *Dunbar*, losing 120 valuable lives at the entrance to Sydney harbour, after she had successfully braved the dangers of the open ocean; and the *Royal Charter*, returning prosperously from Australia to be finally wrecked upon our very shores, and 459 persons drowned; and the *London*, losing 220 of her passengers and crew by wreck in the Bay of Biscay, while on the way out with a large body of emigrants. Taking them in the order of date, there was next the loss of the splendid turret ship-of-war *Captain*, carrying to the bottom of the Atlantic the awful number of 490 officers and crew, including Captain Burgoyne, Captain Cowper Coles (inventor of that hapless ship), a son of Mr. Childers the statesman, and a son of Lord Northbrook the recent Viceroy of India.

If we continue the melancholy catalogue to later years, we find, in 1873, the case of the White Star steamer *Atlantic*, which was lost while crossing the ocean whose name she bore, consigning 560 human lives to the waters; and the *Northfleet*, run down by the *Murillo* off Dungeness, with a loss of nearly 300. In 1874 the *Cospatrick*, which, on her way to New Zealand with 480 passengers and crew, foundered, carrying with her all but five of the doomed people; in the same year the *La Plata*, wrecked while conveying a telegraphic cable to some distant station, losing the cable and (much more sad) 68 of the persons on board. The year 1875 was full of such disasters—the *Schiller*, involving the loss of 312 lives, off the Scilly Islands; the *Deutschland*, 70 lives, at the Kentish Knock; the *Strathmore* emigrant ship, 44 lives, on the route to New Zealand; and the little *Mistletoe*, run down by the *Alberta* near the Isle of Wight. In 1876 took place the loss of the *Franconia* with 17 lives, cut down by the *Strathclyde* off Dover; and of the *Pacific*, near California, 150 lives. The black list for 1877 and 1878 is too well known to need recapitulation.

Beyond all doubt, as we have said, multitudes of the lives sacrificed in these and similar calamities might have been saved had the crews and passengers been versed in swimming. The long-enduring displays need not be emulated; a man may save his life although he cannot, like Captain Webb, swim for twenty-two consecutive hours. Nor is scientific swimming a *sine quâ non*. It is a secondary matter to be told by experts that the *side-stroke* is more effective than the *breast-stroke*, and that by its means a swimmer can pierce the water, or glide over its surface, four miles in fifty minutes. Of course the quicker a swimmer effects his work the more chance he has of reaching the shore or a passing vessel; but the main point is to acquire the power of floating and swimming in a moderate degree, instead of hastening the approach of death by wildly flinging about the arms.

Water employments, water amusements, water accidents—all tell in the same direction; all point to the urgent need for an extended knowledge of the art of swimming. How many are the families into which desolation is brought every summer and autumn by accidents during bathing! It is really disgraceful that in our large national and public institutions so much indifference is displayed on this matter. The Royal Navy, the Mercantile Marine, the colleges and great public schools, workhouse schools, Reformatory schools—nearly all the adults and youngsters could be taught swimming if there were only the will to set about it; difficulties there would be, but these, could be surmounted.

Nor is it to one sex only that these observations apply. Females number largely among our emigrants, among our pleasure parties on river steamers, among our visitors to seaside resorts; and surely the saving of their lives is a matter worth taking into account! Some years ago a clever tract was written (we believe by Miss Powers) advocating the practice of swimming by women and girls. She said, "It is remarkable and strange how small is the number of female bathers one sees even in our best watering places, and in the beautiful rivers of our inland towns many never bathe at all. One great reason of this is, that most of us cannot swim, and consequently cannot obtain the full benefit and enjoyment which bathing is calculated to bestow." This lady was honorary secretary to a Sanitary Association. She spoke out bravely for all alike, but in reference more particularly to her own sex her remarks were really valuable: "There is a method of floating which requires very little exertion, and by which even a weak woman may sustain herself on the surface of the water for several hours. Now, when an accident happens, even a dozen yards from land, women can do nothing but cling in helpless groups to some brave man who risks his life to save them, and the result is, all sink in one miserable heap."

A woman or girl need not be a show-swimmer like Agnes Beckwith or Emily Parker; much more humble achievements would have sufficed to save scores of lives from the hapless *Princess Alice*. But men and boys should first set the example, by learning to swim.

We may add that Mr. J. Garratt Elliott, Hon. Secretary of the London Swimming Club, lately addressed a letter to *The Times*, mentioning a fact which is but little understood by the general public:—"We are continuing our gratuitous tuition, which has gone on uninterruptedly since 1869; any one can obtain a ticket entitling him to free instruction by applying here for one. The terrible loss of life [adverting to the *Princess Alice*] should cause this matter to be taken up by the Government. Sums of money are annually voted for horse-racing; and I think it high time that swimming should have some encouragement and State patronage." Or else, we would say, municipal and corporate aid.

G. D.

EXCURSION TRAINS

We suppose that there is no country where the excursion system has developed itself more strongly than in this country, although in France at the present time it prevails to an extraordinary extent in consequence of the Great Exhibition. It has certainly given great advantages to industrious bread-winners who are obliged to study economy in all its branches. The system has so many permutations and combinations that it pretty well extends, under varying conditions, to all classes of society. We have excursions round the world and excursions to Little Pedlington. The system is not without drawbacks which might be ameliorated, and a danger of wounds and death which might altogether be eliminated from the programme. The system answers so many purposes of utility and pleasure, and is so firmly interwoven with our ways of living, that it is not likely that the annual catastrophe, or any number of them, will permanently affect their popularity. By it the scattered members of poor families are enabled to meet, a courteous healthy exchange is kept up between town and country, new and beautiful neighbourhoods are opened up, and all classes can have pleasant tours on reasonable terms. It cannot, however, be said that the companies invariably show them that amount of courtesy and consideration which is due to the considerable item which they constitute in their revenues. Excursionists are a much enduring race, and stand with good humour any amount of procrastination and contumely. Some persons have been advocating the abolition of Lord Campbell's Act, but the public will be slow to part with this safeguard, and would rather desire an extension of its provisions.

We have tried the excursion system in various parts of the country. In some parts it has been admirably managed, so much so, that we are inclined to doubt whether it is absolutely necessary that the train should arrive so late that it is time to leave directly it gets in, and whether a little management might not avert the necessity for being shunted for several hours together. All the usual rapidity and regularity often disappear in the case of an excursion train, which perhaps has something to do with the alarming percentage of accident. The history of a metropolitan excursion train is stereotyped. It presents a few invariable salient features. We start in good health and good spirits; not very punctually, indeed, but we give a laughing welcome to the boys and girls, not to say the old women with bandboxes, running along the platform. The great majority of the passengers are third-class, and genial *camaraderie* and good cheer are the order of the day. Even at this early stage chance friendships are struck up, and mysterious-looking bottles exhibited in the early stage of amity. The journey down is always pleasant. The English landscape, garden and park combined, present a perfect diorama of features of interest. Then we have all of us the penny papers to fall back upon. The talk of a third-class carriage is always worth listening to. There is no social disguise to interfere with plain statements or plain exhibitions of character. There is a great deal of downright argument. Sometimes there is more than this. An individual in the compartment will rise up to address or preach to his brethren. It is just a chance whether a number set up a hymn, or whether an itinerant fiddler starts on spec. a comic tune, to be followed by a collection of halfpence. It is just as possible as not in the broken weather of last summer that the rain comes down, blotting out the landscape and steaming the windows. We will, however, adopt the favourable hypothesis that the weather is fine. The train reaches its destination, which we will assume to be Ramsgate or Margate, or some other favourite sea-side resort. There the cargo of passengers are poured forth, and all are left to their own devices. They are lost among the thronging multitudes on the roads, on the rocks, on the pier. An appreciable proportion of the metropolis, including a considerable number of the children of Israel, are settled here for a brief season, and they are daily reinforced by armies of excursionists. We exchange nods or kindly words with such of our fellow travellers as we chance to meet. We hurry back to the station, with stern notions of railway punctuality, at the time advertised for the return. We might have spared ourselves the hurry. For a long time there is no train at all, and we may enjoy the fast falling evening dew as much as we wish. Then train after train draws up, but it is not our train. The wonder is where all the trains have come from. We are not surprised to find that the signals are against us all the way up. The unpleasing idea is obtruded that, having taken our money, the Company is under no particular anxiety to completely fulfil the terms of the contract. The return journey is by no means so pleasing as the morning journey. We cannot see the landscape, and we cannot read the papers. Those who are inclined to quarrel, quarrel violently; and those who are inclined to make love, make love violently. The mysterious-looking bottle has been an active element, and not a very favourable one. Then the train stops, goes on, goes slowly, comes to a final pause. There is something wrong. In official language, traffic is suspended. When we are entering the region of London suburbs, when the best plan might have been to have got out and done the best for ourselves, we are detained for hours. We don't get out, for the night is cold and dark and rainy, and we know not what train might suddenly dash along those complicated steel or iron lines. When the pallid morning light is breaking in the east we enter the deserted terminus. Our poor friends often find that their cheap excursion has proved a very dear one. They have perhaps come from a distant suburb and have buoyed themselves up with the hope that they will catch the last omnibus or the last train on the District or the Metropolitan Railway. Instead of that they will have to charter a cab, which will cost them more than their railway ticket. Worse than that there may be no cab, and wife and little ones, ready to cry with fatigue, may have to trudge the weary miles home in the wet and cold. This undoes all the good which the excursion might have effected. They begin to think that the excursion itself is a delusion and a snare.

But it is not always so. We have taken an extreme case because it is also not an uncommon one, we fear. But there is a more cheerful side to be stated. In our modern life the excursion system is a great gain both to the health and intelligence of the poor. They often get their first view of the hills, the first gleam of the sea. In the summer our readers often see the numerous appeals for help to give the little ones a day in the sweet, fresh country air. And when town boys go into the country, the country boys are often sent up to town. They see the Zoological Gardens, and the Houses of Parliament, and Westminster Abbey. The town boys get their first view of lanes, and fields, and wayside ponds. Perhaps an East End parish pours forth its children, with many of the parents and friends. Six or seven hundred persons will thus come out at a time. An East End incumbent, who publishes his experience, says that some of the lads had never in a whole lifetime been in the country. "A bunch of withered last year's evergreens lying in the road seemed to them a treasure all too beautiful; they divided the leaves fairly, and decorated themselves with joy. But when they came into the veritable country lanes, they could not contain themselves. By lucky chance one had discovered in his pocket a lump of red ochre; they at once painted their faces, and gave themselves up to the delightful abandonment of savage life *à la* Robinson Crusoe. The well-conducted people who passed us in the road shook their heads sadly and sorrowfully, and yet the dear lads were as good as gold, and not one single wrong word was spoken."

To our mind the pleasantest specimens of the excursion trains are those which take us to the very end of the railway system in the Far West or the Far North. A very large proportion of the travellers go first-class. They are going for several weeks, to districts both romantic and remote, when the old stage coach supplements the railway, or you have to hire or proceed on Shanks's famous mare. There is a whole pleasant day in the journey down and another in the journey back, in which anticipations and reminiscences are exchanged. There are the tourists who work up the history, archæology, and scenery of a neighbourhood, and rather enjoy the use of money than the spending of it. Some excursion trains are gratefully remembered as giving facilities never enjoyed years ago, and at a time when extended knowledge and taste have enabled us to make the most of them.

F. Arnold

A SUSSEX STOOL-BALL MATCH

During a recent stay at a country house situated in one of the pleasantest parts of Sussex, within a short distance of an ancient town famous for its traditional observance of the Fifth of November, I had an opportunity for the first time of becoming acquainted with what may be called a specialty peculiar to the eastern division of the county. A ten miles' drive through shady lanes and by picturesquely grouped cottages and well-stocked farmyards brought us to our destination, a noble Elizabethan mansion, sheltered by the adjoining Downs and by its own extensive, rook-colonised woods, and as soon as the last carriage had arrived with its expected contingent of visitors, and an ample luncheon had been done justice to, the whole party adjourned to a spacious lawn in front of the house, and eagerly awaited the commencement, whether as actors or spectators, of the great event of the day.

The Rev. W. D. Parish, in his ably compiled and highly interesting "Dictionary of the Sussex Dialect," describes as follows the strictly local pastime we were about to witness, under the heading of "Stool-ball, an old Sussex game, similar in many respects to cricket, played by females. It has lately been revived in East Sussex by the establishment of stool-ball clubs in many villages. The game," he adds, "is thus alluded to in Poor Robin's Almanack for 1740:—

> Now milkmaids' pails are deckt with flowers,
> And men begin to drink in bowers:
> Sweet sillabubs, and lip-loved tansey
> For William is prepared by Nancy.
> Whilst hob-nailed Dick and simp'ring Frances
> Trip it away in country dances:
> At stool-ball and at barley-break,
> Wherewith they harmless pastime make."

Stool-ball, as remarked by the above-quoted writer, greatly resembles cricket, inasmuch as it is played by eleven on a side, each of whom has her appointed post corresponding with the ordinary positions of fielders, with the exception of the bowler, who takes her stand midway between the wickets. These consist of a long staff firmly fixed in the ground, at the top of which is a square piece of wood, which is, in fact, the wicket, a ball striking any other portion of the staff counting for nothing; the bats, or rather rackets, are of heavyish wood, and the balls the same as those used for lawn tennis. The number of balls constituting an "over" varies according to the decision of the captains of the contending elevens, but generally consists of twelve; in every other respect, including the obligatory presence of umpires, the similarity between the two games is complete.

On the afternoon in question—for two o'clock had struck before the fair athletes were ready for the fray—the sides were composed of the younger branches of the leading county families in the neighbourhood within a radius of ten or twelve miles, supplemented by a few village girls admitted to make up the indispensable twenty-two. The captain of one eleven was a bright-eyed damsel, wearing the badge of her local club representing a grasshopper; while the opposing team, in whose success I was mainly interested from the circumstance of my host's three daughters being members thereof, had for its chief a lady becomingly attired in white and violet, but evidently inexperienced in the important matter of placing her field. Our side (as I may venture to call it) having lost the toss, the others elected to go in, and the game began; but it was clear, after the first half-dozen overs, during which some thirty runs were scored without the loss of a wicket, and two catches awkwardly missed, that our party were deplorably overmatched, and that, barring accidents, the "Grasshoppers" were destined to have it all their own way. Their principal champion—a very doughty one, in a costume of olive green—belonging to a numerous family in this division of Sussex, two others of the same name forming part of the eleven, a fourth officiating as umpire, and a fifth (if I am not mistaken) as scorer, completely puzzled the bowlers by the freedom of her hitting; and when, after remaining more than an hour at the wicket, she was ultimately caught out, her contribution to the aggregate score amounted to no less than forty-eight runs. She was admirably seconded by the captain and by a tall, handsome girl, sister of the Châtelaine, the hardest hitter, and perhaps best all-round player of her side; but these once disposed of, the remainder gave comparatively little trouble, and the innings closed with a total of a hundred and twenty-one.

It was already past four, and arrangements having been previously made for the convenience of all parties that play should cease at six, very few minutes elapsed before the fielders were at their respective posts, and the two leading performers of our eleven took their place at the wickets. One of these, a fair-haired lassie, who in the excitement of the game had divested herself of her hat, soon received her quietus; but her companion, foremost among the keenest stool-ball players in the county, was not to be so easily got rid of, and manifestly intended doing her utmost towards retrieving the fortunes of the day. In vain change after change of bowling was resorted to, in vain "point," personated by a diminutive village girl of india-rubber elasticity, who never let a ball go by her, kept her watchful eyes on the formidable racket, its gallant wielder, improving on the example of Dr. Watts's "busy bee," gathered runs instead of honey, and had already succeeded in scoring thirty-seven when an untimely catch at long-off abruptly terminated her career, and delivered the "outs" from their most dangerous opponent.

From this moment all went wrong with us; our captain did little or nothing, the village recruits proved to be absolute duffers, and were bowled down one after another like nine-pins, and two of my own particular trio, whose attire, by the way, of flannel, with crimson *jupes*, was orthodoxy itself, succumbed to the excellence of the fielding and the indefatigable activity of the wicket-keeper, while the third, who had distinguished herself in the previous innings by a remarkably clever catch close to the ground, was finally left without a partner, and triumphantly carried out her bat. At twenty minutes to six the last of our rustic auxiliaries, a small girl with a huge straw bonnet, having been "clean bowled," and our total score amounting only to fifty-eight, the match was announced to have resulted, as had been generally anticipated, in the victory of the "Grasshoppers" by sixty-three runs. Half-an-hour later we were all on our way homewards.

C. H.

ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS

Chapter VI.

> Through *Paris* streets with turban fair,
> And caftan streaming in the air,
> I saunter on—the admiration
> Of this short-coated population.
> This sewed-up race—this buttoned nation—
> Who, while they boast their law so free,
> Leave not one limb at liberty.

"Les Chinois, les Japonais, les Coréens, les Tartares, les Indiens, les Persans, les Turcs, les Arabes, les Africains, et les Americains seront tous damnés."

"The light of civilisation, as well as the light of the sun, must rise in the East," as though the sun rose in China.

Last night, as we went to see *Les Fourchambault*, we witnessed a touching act of Eastern munificence. We found ourselves following in the train of two Indians in red and light green puggrees and blue caftans, who were streaming down the Boulevards, the observed of all observers.

There is an old lady with wooden legs, who sits up against a shop-front begging for alms in the Boulevard des Italiens.

She shows her wooden legs to win the sympathy of passers-by.

The Indians seemed fascinated by them (their own legs were little better). They studied them closely for a minute or so, and then gave her a trifle.

She expected, no doubt, all the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, but she was disappointed.

Les Fourchambault was very good. People laughed a good deal all round us, and we struggled hard to see the jokes.

It is our last day but one in Paris, our very last at the Exposition. We are to make it as long as possible by going there at 8 a.m., which we can do by paying 1fr. extra.

Fancy having the whole Exposition to ourselves!

To get at it we pass through a restaurant—a restaurant in the early morning. There is no more sickening sight!

Tables unwashed and beastly, waiters undressed and horrid, floors littered and filthy—could anything fit to eat come out of it?

Photographers were at work in the deserted Street of Nations.

In the picture galleries the portraits seemed to welcome us with a smile. They knew we were not critics. One or two of these kings of terrors were gliding about jotting down truculent notes, "at every word" of which "a reputation dies."

Hoarse organs were being tuned, jangling pianos strummed.

The Chinese were dusting their monsters, their dragons, their elephants, and their pagodas with feather brushes.

Now was the chance to surprise the Japanese in *déshabille*; but no—they were up and dressed in their dreadful black coats, trousers, and neckties—nice little, ugly, miniature men.

We walked through the street of the machines. Most of them were covered up and sleeping peacefully.

One or two had woke, and with a selfishness well-nigh human were whistling might and main to wake all the rest up. The boot-cleaning machine was tucked up comfortably. Papa gently lifted the corner of its coverlid and looked at it with eyes beaming with love—"Slumber, my darling," those eyes seemed to say, "till ten o'clock, then begin afresh thy pretty ways, and go on, tiring every one, thyself untired, till bed-time." * * *

Dear affectionate machine-tickling old aphid! as the author of "Erewhon" calls man, the machine-parasite of the future.

We couldn't get him away. "If we wanted to see the Eastern people, we might go. They were savages and he didn't like them." So we left him alone in his glory.

Even Mamma did not care for the Eastern people, for she said they were not Christians. But Lillie and I loved them. They were so interesting and picturesque.

First we went to see those two kind Indians who were the makers, we found, of those lovely shawls one of which it is the ambition of each of us to own some day. It was past ten now, and people were crowding round them. An Englishwoman, who had been in India, was twisting her face into all sorts of shapes in her endeavours to speak to them. They smiled at her with a half puzzled, half amused expression. We thought she was making herself very conspicuous.

In the Chinese Court one of the great Panjandrums with the feather brushes (for they all wore little buttons on top) had been attracted by a pretty little child, carried in the arms of a pretty little nursemaid.

Even Panjandrums are philo-progenitive. The maid drew back afraid. She had heard that Chinamen ate puppies, and thought they might have a taste for babies, too.

Two women from the country seized the chance of trying whether the Chinaman's pigtail was of real hair. They will be trying ours' next.

Hideously ugly these good women were!—and I had heard them say of the Chinamen a minute before "*Comme ils sont laids, ils sont épouvantables.*"

We left the Exposition by the Gate of Algiers. Before we went we stopped and longed to buy everything in the pavilion of Madame Benaben.

She gave us her address, No. 5, Rue de Toulon, Algiers.

Such lovely things she sells!

Two Moorish girls sit embroidering in the midst of a wealth of silks and embroideries, brasses, and vases most tastefully arranged. The Moorish girls are not shams. Their jet black eyebrows and eyes, and nimble hands, are all that is to be seen of them.

People stare and stare in at the portico, and the women think there is something uncanny about those muffled-up figures, and say "They are not Christians, you know."

We passed by the stall of a frightful black dressed in red fez and blue jacket selling sugar-plums, of all things in the world. Never did trade and tradesman seem more ill-matched.

He roared out ever and anon, with a bull-like bellow, "Bomboms, bomboms d'Avrique!"

He roared, as one may say, "like any sucking dove." Lillie ventured to sketch him. Some one came to warn her that he was an exceeding fierce giant, and as a Mussulman would not be sketched at any price. In fact, the Gnome, Ghoul, Spahi, or whatever he was, seemed to smell the blood of an artist, and stalked towards us threateningly.

Whereupon we fled, and left that Exposition for ever.

P.S. by Mr. Ogle:—

I have had my day at last, and enjoyed myself thoroughly—spent it amongst the machinery mostly.

For a whole week have I been dragged about, looking at pictures, and savages, and a pack of gimcracks. What's the use of 'em?

What's the use of Charlie's Greek and Latin when he don't know a piston from a cylinder?

I shouldn't mind all the money I have spent on Lillie's schooling if she would only draw me that boot-cleaning machine, but she says it isn't picturesque.

I have been somewhere else. I wouldn't have them know it for the world. After dinner an American (a good fellow, only he smokes too much) took me to a kind of garden to see *a bit of life*.

Galvanised life, I call it! On my honour, I wouldn't have believed it. I wouldn't really. Talk of devil dancers *from* Ceylon! Why there's no women amongst 'em, at any rate. And here is France just now setting herself up as schoolmistress of the world, and this is the spectacle of her civilisation that she offers to the outer barbarians now in Paris.

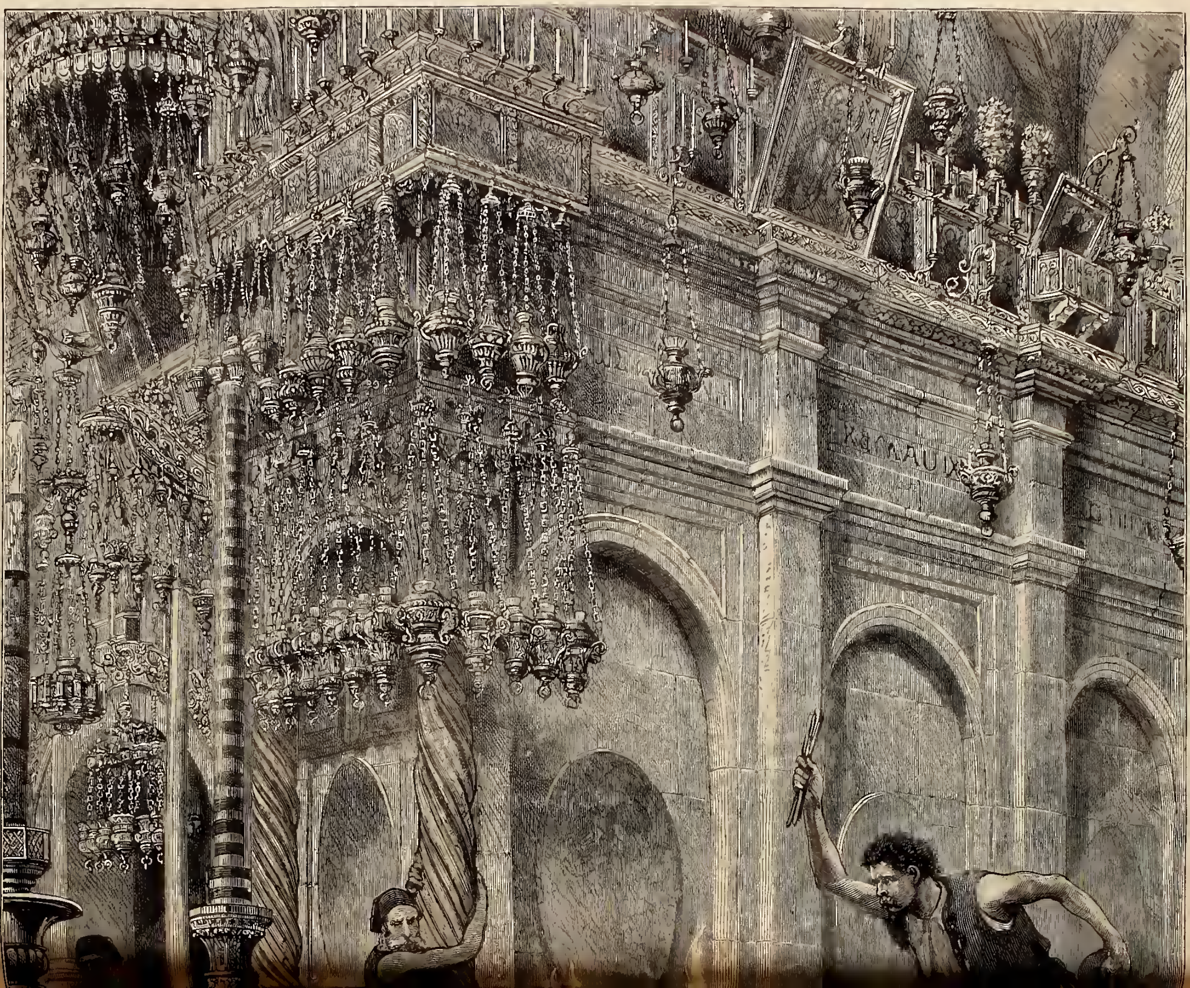
HOG-HUNTING IN BENGAL

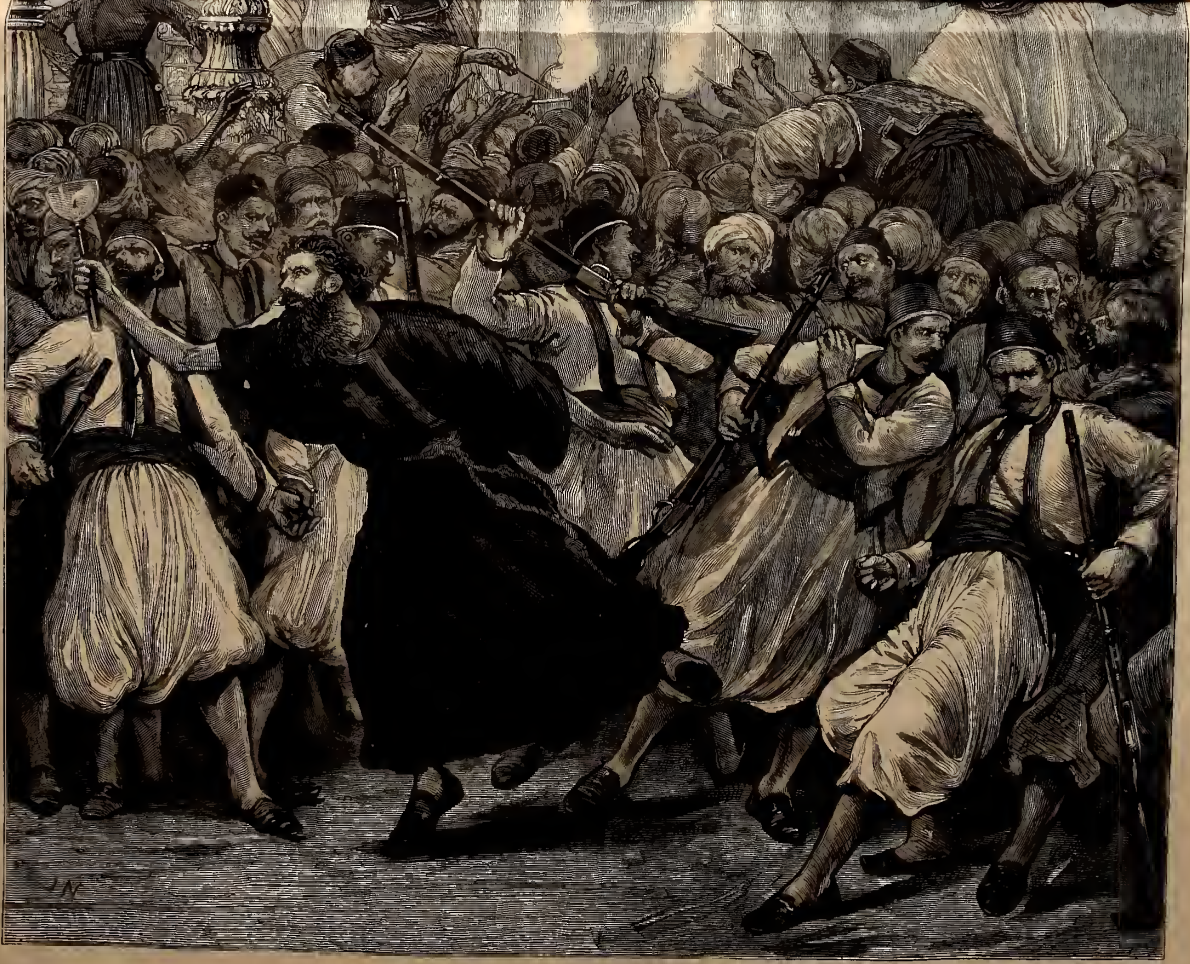
"The Start from Camp."—Sportsmen who love to start at daylight, or even before, find that, when the sport is at its best, their men are getting sulky with hunger and fatigue, and that, when the cards are dealt for the rubber after dinner, it is a hard matter to keep their eyes open. The gentlemen before us have breakfasted comfortably; have given the elephants time to bring in their forage, and the men to dispose of their piles of boiled rice, and are prepared to go on beating till daylight fails them, or till all their hunters are knocked up. The Collector, moreover, has already got through a good morning's work, has listened to scores of reports, and has passed hundreds of orders, which he is now signing rapidly, while his bearer buckles on his spurs, and his *khidmatgar* is stirring his last cup of tea. He works hard, does the Indian district officer, and, when in the saddle of the well-bred Australian who is waiting for him, will show that he can put some energy into his play too. A party of jungle people, not Mahomedan ryots, but lovers of pork and keen sportsmen, attended by their dogs, are in attendance to show the likely ground for hog, and gaze with wonder on the white-faced ruler, the representative to them of the great but mysterious Government. Several gentlemen, eager for the fray, are already mounted, and moving off with the first batch of beaters, one of them sorely discomposed in his seat by the gambols of his light-hearted horse. Another, in the centre of the picture, lighting his pipe before putting his gun together, will take command of the line of elephants, and on his judgment and unselfish diligence will depend much of the sport of the day. We will hope that, by way of recompense for his labours on behalf of others, he will have the luck of a shot at a leopard—where there are hog, leopards are seldom far away. His howdah is being made fast; the beater elephants are ready, and cluster in the background; on the pad of one of them certain refreshments, principally liquid, are being stowed; the sweeper is coupling up the dogs, and the last of the sportsmen comes forth from his tent towards the weight-carrying hunter, who with ears laid back, and haunches tucked in, shows strong disapproval of the burden which he has to bear.

The line of elephants has been formed, and advances slowly along a wide valley, now covered with thick reeds and grass, with a narrow stream winding between deep banks from side to side, but a few months ago the bed of a mighty rushing river. The spears have taken up their positions, hidden by bushes, on the edge of the high ground above, and have not long to wait before the rush of unseen animals through the grass and the trumpeting of startled elephants proclaim that the game is on foot. From the howdah the leader shouts his orders, to keep the line unbroken and force the hogs from the water towards the open country, but again and again, though not one black back has been seen above the grass, the invisible enemy, refusing to face the plain, breaks back through the line of elephants, scattering them in affright; again and again the impatient spears dash into the sea of grass, and try to ride the hog out, only to return baffled to their posts; but the time comes at last, and, one after another, from a corner where a ravine runs up into the plain, sows and squeakers and half-grown boars slip out, and trot quietly across the open towards a distant covert. The horses plunge wildly with excitement as they recognise the hog, but shouts of warning from the howdah keep the riders still, and at last, bigger far than anything that has broken yet, with his ivory glistening in the sun, "the boar shows in the open," and stands listening intently for sounds of his foes. He knows that danger for him is not with the elephants, but in the open country. Now, gentlemen, keep perfectly quiet and out of sight until he is well away, and then you may ride.

"The Gallop."—No rushing mob of spears here, racing for first blood, and jostling one another over the Pubna mustard fields, but each man riding for his own hand in a rough country, that three months ago was a lake six feet deep, then mud poached by the hoofs of buffaloes, and, lastly, baked hard by the sun; hillocks, fissures, and deep pools, all hidden from sight by long grass and rose bushes; the boar leading the dance at a pace that keeps the horses at a stretching gallop; frequently lost to view as he plunges into heavier patches of jungle; the riders needing all their eyesight to keep the quarry in view, and leaving the horses to deal unaided with the difficulties of the ground. We gallop unheeding where, in cooler moments, we should hesitate to ride at all, dimly seeing the white egret as he rises from the water's edge, and the jackal as he skulks from under the hunter's hoof, and we think of nothing but that dark grey back fleeting ever through the grass before us, and seeming no nearer than when first we started in pursuit. Our only hope is that we are pushing him so straight that he must soon be in cultivated country, and we can catch him then.

"Riding Jealous for the Spear."—Will you or I win the honour of first blood? Over the bare rice fields the tiring hog had no chance with the long stride of the "Romeo" blood. He turned short that last time, and now crosses the narrow lane down which a string of empty carts is crawling from the village.





AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND, VI.—THE HOLY FIRE IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AT JERUSALEM DURING THE GREEK EASTER

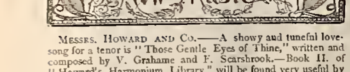
Neither man nor horse will dream of turning now; a hollow lane with a cart in it looks ugly, but it is really nothing for a willing hunter, and we are riding for the spear.

"The First Spear Lost—and Won."—This boar runs better than he fights. Once, twice, he jinks, and disappoints the bloodthirsty blade that hangs within two inches of his back, but the third swerve clears one foe only to meet another, and the diamond-shaped head at last sinks deep into his brawny shoulder. He will run no more; he will fight now to the end.

After receiving the first spear, the boar stands for some seconds, facing his foes, and then, while they pull up their blown horses and turn to attack him again, he trots slowly away. It needs only the gallop of an assailant to bring him round with a gallant charge, and, unless eye and hand and heel serve truly together to meet him, the horse will suffer. Retreating and turning, charging again and again, only to be met with a steady point, the boar fights his way to a stream of water, and here we have to finish him. This is no easy matter; the bottom is probably deep and sticky, and if the hunter cannot jump out as quickly as he jumps in, he is sure to be cut. Our friend in the background has left his spear in the hog, and, while he waits for the after rider to bring him another, looks down anxiously at his horse's stifle, as if he shrewdly suspected that the tusk had come home. We cannot let the boar beat us thus; come up, old horse, you must mind your footing, and I will mind the spear.

After the victory we must count the cost. He must have made good his charge, and got under the horse, for he has cut him a deep long gash in the further stifle. The hunter will be useless for a month at least. The experienced sportsman, in view of such accidents, never fails to carry in his pocket, stuck into a cork, one or two curved needles, and now, while the syce holds up a foreleg to prevent a kick, and a friend looks critically at the operation, he applies a stitch or two to bring the edges of the wound together. The after-rider indulges himself and his pony with a drink from a tank, on the opposite side of which the second horses are coming up, and the third of the gentlemen in at the death is pulling his spear out of the dead boar.

We have made our way to the shady spot, whither the grey-bearded *khansaman* has brought the luncheon. The five who started from camp in the morning were not all present during the pursuit, or at the death of the boar, but none are absent now. One, still on his horse, is giving orders to his syces; a second, with solicitude not unnatural, considering the country over which he has been galloping, is passing his hand down his hunter's back sinews; a third is looking at the dead boars which the coolies are bringing in; and the other two, with a healthy eye to the business of the moment, have commenced an attack on the provender. One has had his first drink, and, with his bottle by his side, is going on to something more substantial, while the other, holding a tumbler with something in it, eyes the old man with a fiercely thirsty expression, as he fumbles with the wire of a soda-water bottle.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. E. Vesey Westmacott, B.C.S., who has also furnished the foregoing description.



New Music

Messrs. Howard and Co.——A showy and tuneful love-song for a tenor is "Those Gentle Eyes of Thine," written and composed by V. Grahame and F. Scarsbrook.—Book II. of "Howard's Harmonium Library" will be found very useful by students of that instrument; it contains nine easy pieces, five of which are by the editor, F. Scarsbrook; a pleasing melody in C, "Allegretto in A," "Marche à la Fête," "Allegretto in D," and "Slow Movement in C," all equally good and very easy for inexperienced fingers and feet. The remaining four are a simple but musicianly "Adagio in C," and an "Interlude" by Niemann, together with a pleasing "Slow Movement" in G, by T. Whitford, and a "Prelude in F," by W. Wilson.—A brief, showy pianoforte duet is "The Knight's Return," a so-called "grand march," by Carl Volti, arranged by Alfred Mullen.—S. Bagnall's pretty song, "Beautiful Lily," has been faithfully transcribed for the pianoforte by C. Greenwell.—"Sunny Wavelets," a *morceau de salon* for the pianoforte by Wm. Smallwood, will be welcomed by his youthful patrons (for whom he has written so little of late). It is a graceful, though easy piece.—There is little or nothing to say in praise of the badly executed, though well-intentioned, frontispiece and music of "The Capstan Polka," designed and composed respectively by A. Councan and W. J. Roberts.

Messrs. Wood and Co.——Two more than ordinarily good songs, music by Eugene Tiesset, are "La Vedova" (The Widow), a Sicilian lullaby, translated from the dialect by E. H. C., and "The Vesper Bell;" the former is composed for a contralto, the latter for a mezzo-soprano, both display a refinement of musical ideas.—"Murmures Æoliens," 2nd *caprice brilliant*, by Carlo Tiesset, is worthy of its title, and, if played clearly and correctly, will produce an excellent effect; it is, however, a pitfall for the scrambler and indifferent timist.—No. II. of "Perles Classiques" for the pianoforte, edited and fingered by Carlo Tiesset, is Mendelssohn's "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso" (Op. 14).

Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co.——A very doleful song for a contralto, albeit both music, by Miss M. Lindsay, and words, by E. Oxenford, are excellent in their way, is "When Summer Dies." This song is published in C and D to suit a contralto or soprano voice.—Pleasing poetry allied to a suitable melody, the former by Mrs. Hemans, the latter by Ciro Pinsuti, are combined in "Soft Star of the Night," a narrative song of medium compass.—Dull, though possibly sleep-provoking, are both words and music of "Sing Me to My Slumbers," written and composed by Mrs. Crawford and Ciro Pinsuti.—"Classical Extracts from the Works of Great Composers," by J. Duval, are superior to the general run of fragmentary excerpts of the same genus; in seven pages we have "Andante from Beethoven's Funeral March Sonata," the "Nocturno" from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and an "Impromptu," by F. Schubert, a concentrated tuneful essence of which, could the composers enter a protest, we should hear a fierce complaint.—"The Coronation March from *Le Prophète*" has been more or less elaborately arranged by transcribers, adaptors, &c., since first Meyerbeer's opera made its appearance. F. Lemoine has failed to discover a new field for originality in his adaptation therefrom.—An excellent schoolroom study after the holidays is "The Flowers of the Forest," by W. S. Rockstro.—Two sets of waltzes of a very ordinary type, by Claude Davenport, give promise for the future; they are entitled "Queen of Hearts," with a frontispiece ugly enough to condemn them for the general public, and "The Swallow's Farewell," the better of the two both from an inward and exterior point of view.

Miscellaneous.——Glowing with eager enthusiasm Russell Day composed the music and Linnæus Banks supplied the wholesome words for a patriotic song dedicated to Lord Beaconsfield—who is always willing to bear and forbear. The title of this song is "England's Great State Pilot," compass from E to F; chorus which terminates thus:—

Our flag by him unfurled
May bravely bid defiance
To the Cæsars of the world.

(Messrs. Metzler and Co.).—"Tears, Idle Tears," a pathetic poem by Alfred Tennyson, has inspired more than one composer to a melodious setting before Lady Ross, who has nevertheless done well for a mezzo-soprano (J. B. Cramer).—Very simple words by "Rita" have been elaborately set to music by Carli Zoeller, under the title of "Spring Time;" the best part of "The Berlin Congress Polka," by Leon Marteau, is the frontispiece, with its more than usually veracious portraits of those who who assisted thereat (Messrs. Neumayer and Co.).—"Le Gage d'Amitié" valse, by J. De Vaux, will probably please the friends of the composer, more especially the owners of the clasped hands as represented on the frontispiece (Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.).

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ERECTION OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE

Since the arrival of the *Cleopatra* in the Thames, after its perilous and disastrous voyage, the Obelisk has been the object of constant public attention. While the little vessel lay at anchor in the stream pending the decision of the question as to the most suitable site for the erection of the monolith, it was daily visited by scores of curious sightseers, and from May 30th, when the *Cleopatra* was moored alongside the Embankment, until last week, when the Obelisk was placed in its erect position, crowds of interested spectators assembled day by day to watch the progress of the engineering operations. The method of unshipping the huge stone and raising it in a horizontal position has already been described in our pages (Vol. 17, No. 444, June 1) and it now only remains to tell what was done last week, in the presence of some thousands of spectators, the wide roadway of the Embankment being thronged for some distance, and quite a fleet of boats and steamers occupying the river in front of the site. A saloon steamer had been specially engaged for the accommodation of those who were immediately concerned, amongst whom were Mr. Dixon, Dr. Erasmus Wilson, Admiral Sir E. Ommanney, several eminent engineers and architects, and some members of the Board of Trade.

At three o'clock the signal was given, and the ropes attached to the smaller end of the Needle being slackened, the giant beam gradually turned upon its axis as slowly as the minute hand of a clock; and so nicely had the centre of gravity been calculated, that little or no labour was needed to bring it into an exactly vertical position, some six inches above its pedestal. As soon as that was accomplished, the English and Egyptian flags were run up to the flag-staffs which had been lashed to its summit, and a ringing cheer from the spectators hailed the completion of the achievement. On board the saloon boat, votes of thanks were given to Mr. Erasmus Wilson for his gift, and to Mr. Dixon for the skill which he had displayed in bringing the monument from the Egyptian Desert and placing it upon the banks of the Thames.

On Friday the Obelisk was lowered to its pedestal, upon which it was found to rest in a perfectly perpendicular position.

All that now remains to be done is the building up of a few blocks of masonry, the cutting away of the ponderous iron stirrup and jacket, and the removal of the scaffolding, after which the monument will be thrown open to the full gaze of passers by on road and river.

The following exceedingly miscellaneous collection of articles was placed in the cavity in the base of the Obelisk:—

Standard foot and pound; a bronze model of the Obelisk, ½ in. scale to the foot; copies of *Engineering* printed on vellum, with plans of the mechanical contrivances employed in erecting and transporting the obelisk, together with its complete history; jars of Doulton ware; a fragment of the Obelisk itself, chipped from it in the process of levelling the base; a complete set of British coinage, including an Empress of India rupee; a parchment copy of Dr. Birch's translation of the obelisk's hieroglyphics; a standard gauge to 1,000th part of an inch; a portrait of Her Majesty the Queen; Bibles in French and English, the Hebrew Pentateuch, the Arabic Genesis, and a translation into 215 languages of the 16th verse of the 3rd chapter of St. John's Gospel; Bradshaw's Railway Guide; a shilling razor; a case of cigars; some pipes; a box of hairpins and sundry articles of feminine adornment; a feeding bottle and children's toys; a hydraulic jack, as used in raising the Obelisk; specimens of wire rope and submarine cables; twenty-four maps of London, copies of the daily and illustrated newspapers; a 2ft. rule, a London Directory, a Whitaker's Almanack, and last, not least, photographic likenesses of a dozen beautiful Englishwomen.

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AN IDYLL OF MEMORIES

O golden years in Hellas long ago,
When Pan's wild truants, from the mountains ringing,
Made every river reed a pipe to blow,
When every maiden was a mouth for singing;

When, by the moon's bright beams, the Mænad train
Danced the night dead in the Thessalian hollow;
When Tempè trembled to the timbrel strain,
Till Ossa blushed to greet her own Apollo;

Or, when with foaming vats the year was crowned,
Some village Orpheus, garlanded and hoary,
Would chant brave hymns of victors laurel-bound,
Or Colchian dragons, or the mystic story

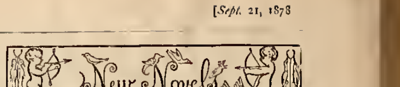
How Bacchus roamed through Orient isles of gold,
Or bees that swarmed on poets' lips song-laden,
Or Hercules, in Scythian woodlands cold,
Snared by the tresses of the serpent maiden;

Or prowess of gaunt heroes, seamed with scars,
To whom the great gods gave to sit for guerdon
Ageless and passionless above the stars,
Watching the slow years drag their dreary burden.

O golden hours, when shepherds, long ago,
Striving in amorous music amœbean,
In white breasts, purer than the heart of snow,
Kindled the love light of the Cytherean.

But these things cruel centuries have thrust
Far from our eyes, and time that overtaketh
Kingdoms and crowns, hath made them but as dust,
Faded, like as a dream when one awaketh!

Herbert Bentley Freeman



New Novels

"The Nabob: A Story of Parisian Life and Manners," by Alphonse Daudet, translated by E. Clavequin (3 vols.: Smith and Elder).—This is a translation of Daudet's "Le Nabab," a book which created no little impression in Paris, where every one was eager to recognise in its *dramatis personæ* portraits of the celebrities, political, financial, and artistic, of the Second Empire. How far the many guesses hazarded upon this point may be well founded we cannot take upon ourselves to say; the author, it seems, however, has declared that all the personages of his story are creations of his own fancy save two, the Nabob, Bernard Jansoulet, himself, and the Duke de Mora, standing of course for the famous Duc de Morny, who may truly be described as the "most brilliant incarnation," as well as the pillar, of the Second Empire, and whose private secretary Daudet for some time was. "I painted him," he has said, "with that impertinent and serene smile which he always wore whenever I happened to see him, and with which he liked to appear in public, in his double character of Richelieu-Brummell." That as a satirist, and the depictor of a singularly false, vicious, and rotten society the author shows very great power and ability there can be no question; but the reader is not long in learning that he must not look for anything like a complete and connected story in these pages. The scenes and episodes we come upon are knit together in the loosest fashion, and indeed there are many of them that might be passed over altogether, so far as their bearing on the whole is concerned. Jansoulet, "the Nabob," is a Frenchman of the extreme south, of the lowest and obscurest origin, who, after a youth of privation and misery, has somehow amassed a colossal fortune at Tunis under the patronage of the Bey. Like the true Frenchman that he is, his desire is naturally to spend his money in Paris and make a figure there. Of course he is forthwith surrounded and seized upon by a crowd of sharpers and adventurers, great and small, titled and untitled, who live upon him and flatter him, or promise to push him on in society, whilst they all plunder him remorselessly, in a style that even his wealth will not bear. The poor Nabob is, in truth, a great deal too good for his surroundings. His character has been drawn for us with great care; and, with all his faults, it is impossible not to feel a hearty liking for him. His frank avowal of his lowly birth; his desire to do good with his money; his willingness even to be robbed in moderation, as a sort of compensation that he owes the world for having become so very rich; his amiability; his gratitude for kindness; his tenderness towards his old mother; and his placability even to his rival and enemy, the banker Hemerlingue, who seeks to ruin him, and finally succeeds—are all traits in him that please and win our regard. It seems a hard lot that one so kindly and well-intentioned should incur so much hatred and be treated so cruelly. We have not the space to dwell on the picture we have here of the Duc de Morny, beyond saying that it is, on the whole, painted in colours far more favourable than we might have anticipated. We suppose that a French novel would hardly be held complete without the *sauce piquante* of a little immorality, and that this must account for the episodes in which Felicia Ruys, the beautiful artist, plays a part, and for the uncomfortable and unnecessary scandal about Madame Jenkins—episodes, all of them, which have nothing to do with the proper development of the story. The chapters filled with the memoirs of the old simpleton, Passajon, the office porter, whose mingled conceit and greediness render him so ready a dupe of sharpers, are very good; and good, too, are the glimpses we have of French home life in the history of the Joyeuse family. We must add, in conclusion, that the author's French does not seem to have been always very successfully rendered by his translator, though we cannot attempt here to support this criticism by instances.

"Maid Elice," by Theo. Gift, author of "Pretty Miss Bellew," &c. (3 vols.: Samuel Tinsley).—This would have been a better story but for a certain tendency on the part of Miss Theo. Gift in the direction of exaggeration and sheer absurdity. It is out of the question that we should accept as a possible personage the Squire Herne of Herncroft, who seems to claim descent from Hengist and Horsa; habitually uses a Saxon phraseology; and talks of "the Normans"—under which term he includes all Frenchmen, and foreigners generally—as though he lived in the eleventh or twelfth century, instead of the nineteenth. We may venture to hope, also, that such a perverse, sulky, and ill-conditioned young lady as his handsome daughter Margaret is hardly to be encountered in actual life. Setting these two and their respective vagaries and eccentricities on one side, the tale is not a bad one; and is, at any rate, fairly up to the average mark in interest. Perhaps the best drawn character is Gordon Maxwell, the young Roman Catholic, who wants to be a priest, but in deference to his father submits to be a civil engineer. When we come upon a Roman Catholic in a novel it is generally either as a saint, or as a "frightful example," and it is rather a refreshing change to meet one who is nothing but an honourable and well-intentioned prig, who makes just the blunders that one with his training and ways of looking at life would naturally fall into. On the whole there is cleverness in the book that may be allowed to weigh against not a little nonsense.

"A Little Western Flower," by M. C. Helmore, author of "Cap and Bells," &c. (Marcus Ward and Co.).—This story—another of the "Blue-Bell" series—is told by Miss Helmore with her wonted taste and vivacity, but she has not made sufficient allowance for the dimensions to which she was restricted. There are complications enough in the tale to have filled three volumes; and the result is that they have to be stated so briefly that before long we find ourselves in a hopeless state of bewilderment as to what it is all about. However, we think we have gathered a sufficiently clear idea of the story to be able to say that, if somewhat over-ingenious, it is very pretty; and the characters of the young American girl, Fantasy Baldwin, and her compatriot Sandy Hawke, an extraordinary compound of the poet—in aspiration, that is—and the 'cute man-of-business, would make amends for many defects, even if the defects of the tale were far more grievous than they are. But we should recommend Miss Helmore to study more carefully the necessary conditions of the novelette.

In "A Tale of a Spoon," by Mary Trevor Pembroke (Remington and Co.), we have a manifest echo of Miss Broughton, but a little tale not without some merit in its way. The pretty heroine, who has protested she could never fall in love with a man with an unattractive name, is made to be subjugated by a Captain Adolphus Silver Spoon—the subjugation, of course, being effected by the usual process of indifference to her captivating airs and graces—and the plain heroine, who tells the story, wins the heart of her cousin, the Adonis, who, as she thought, never troubled himself to remember her existence. It is a mere trifle, but at any rate unpretentious—and there is very little of it.

THE WILDS OF KERRY

I.

WHAT course does the tourist in Ireland generally pursue? He "does" Killarney, and then turns away from the kingdom of Kerry perfectly satisfied that he has seen everything that is really worth seeing; and yet there are other nooks and corners unvisited by tourists, which reveal many a scene of wild mountain grandeur. About twelve miles to the west of Killarney Lakes we pass through a wide chain of highlands and little mountain tarns, and come to another lough, Lough Caragh, embedded in solitary hills, and strangely attractive from its beautiful isolation. Here are no boatmen, no buglers, no guides; but here may be seen the Munster peasantry at home, living among turf bogs, crammed into filthy smoke-grimed hovels, and supporting life on nine shillings a week. As these Milesians jabber away in their native Irish, we are struck with the difference between them and the peasantry of other counties. In Kerry we hear of no agrarian outrages, no landlord murders; the people are, as a rule, plodding and patient. Doors and windows may be left open all night with perfect safety. Politics with them are not an all-absorbing theme. Sunday-closing Bills and the intricacies of Home Rule do not set them in a ferment. The mixture of races in Ireland is one of those difficulties which will always perplex well-meaning legislators. The Kerry peasants are utterly unlike their Tipperary brethren; Celtic ferocity and Saxon determination do not work together like frenzy in their blood. They are pure Milesians. To see them *en fête*, we should go to Puck Fair, held on the 11th of August in the little town of Killorglin, four miles from Lough Caragh. Goats are plenty in the neighbourhood, and from time out of mind a goat or "puck" has been the presiding genius of the fair. The handsomest which can be found is decked with ribbons and sent round the country in search of contributions. The evening before the fair he is hoisted up on a scaffolding, twenty feet or so from the ground, and there he is left to be monarch of all he surveys, and a bleating spectator of the dancing and fighting which go on briskly at this Kerry Donnybrook. All the previous night the roads are crowded with herds of little "Kerries." "Mountainey" men, with their bare-headed wives or daughters riding behind them on improvised pillions, flock down to this carnival of the year. We seem to be transported seventy years back as we gaze at this eager throng, with their strange guttural speech, hurrying down to get their share of the mirth and "divarshin," which must last them till another "Puck" comes round. Any one who has never heard of Puck Fair is looked upon as a marvel of ignorance. But Killorglin, with its fair, is London or Paris compared to other parts of the wild West. Beyond Tralee is the once-famed country of the Desmonds, a scantily inhabited tongue of land washed by the broad Atlantic, and the scene of the Black Earl of Ormond's raid. At Smerwick Harbour is Fort del Ore, where Lord Deputy Grey defeated the little Spanish army which was entrenched on this projecting cliff in 1580. Dotted about the rock-bound coast are Ogham Stones, ruined castles, and oratories, while from Dunmore Head—"the next parish to America"—are seen the fantastic forms of the Blasket Islands, with their flocks of white sea birds. The only place for miles round which can be called a town is Dingle—anciently Daingean Ui Chuis—the fortress of O'Cush, or some say "of the Husseys"—which was an incorporated town in the days of Queen Elizabeth, whatever it is now. To reach this *Ultima Thule* we must drive thirty-one miles from Tralee. We may either hire a car, and drive round by the wild and beautiful pass of Connor Hill, or we may take the mail car, which goes another road. We see more of human life by doing the latter. A new vehicle has been lately started which is a vast improvement on a rattling old "jingle" that used to be the only conveyance for Her Majesty's mails. It was a bright July morning when we took our seats on it. An intelligent young farmer who had lately come from British North America, and who informed us that our vehicle was exactly like a "Democrat Waggon," next mounted up. He was accompanied by an elderly maidservant, who blinked her eyes and puckered her forehead in the sun as she sat opposite to us, but who wore no head-gear, except the usual shawl, which as often as not fell back on her shoulders. Kerry women seem to have the most unaccountable aversion to hats or bonnets, and scarcely ever wear them, even on Sundays. We had also a red-nosed man, who seemed inclined for silence, and our driver, who drove in his shirtsleeves, smacked his whip over his lean wiry steeds, and informed them that he would have none of their roguery. Seven o'clock A.M. was the time for starting, and the mist-enshrouded, stone-besprinkled mountain range of Cahirconree was scarcely visible as we passed. Cahirconree, or the Fort of Conrigh, is so called from the remains of a stone fortress on the top of the mountain. We are told by Keating, in his account of the Knights of the Red Branch, how a fair maiden called Blanaid was captured from the Isle of Man. Conrigh chose her for his share of the spoil, but his claim was disputed by a certain champion, Congculionn. A fight ensued—*ça va sans dire*—Congculionn was beaten, and his hair cut off by his rival, the foulest indignity that could happen to a warrior. But Blanaid's heart was given to the defeated hero. When he secretly returned, after a year's absence, she told him of a plot by which her husband could be entrapped. She was to beg Conrigh to build a palace for her of the most enormous stones that could be found. Accordingly, poor hen-pecked Conrigh sent out his troops in all directions to collect as many stones as possible. While this work was going on, the faithless Blanaid agreed to give Congculionn a signal that, when everything was ready, she would pour a quantity of milk into a stream which flowed down the mountain, and is called Fionnglaise, the White Brook, to this day. No sooner said than done. Congculionn saw the stream run white, marched on the unprotected Conrigh, slew him then and there, and carried off Blanaid. But her punishment soon followed, for a certain poet, a favourite of Conrigh's, seized her in his arms as she stood on the verge of a precipice, and flung her down along with himself.

The mist now began to lift, and the present grew more interesting than the past. Mountains upon mountains, peaked, rounded, conical, stretched like a majestic, far-reaching panorama before us. "Is there much land in Ireland?" was once asked. "So much that we have to put it in heaps," was the answer. And in heaps it surely was—vast, lonely, precipitous. Here was the Mountain of the Bridges,—there was Glounagalt, or the Madman's Glen—there was Loughnascaul,—there was the Gap of the Wind, and a hundred more with names which only Kerry mouths can pronounce. There were no trees, and yet what deep purple shadows, what streaks of living sunshine, what mysteries of light and shade, flung by the shifting clouds, lingered on these stony mountain solitudes! And the air, how soft and delicate it was along those Western shores! "Success to the Gulf Stream!" travellers may cry.

"Do many tourists come here in the summer?" we asked our driver.

"Tourists! not one in six months. I've as many with me winter as summer."

"It's a pity no one works up this country. If it was in Scotland, there would be coaches running three times a day, and steam-boats starting every half-hour along the coast."

"Ireland will be always down," laconically remarked our driver. "Steamers wouldn't pay, railroads wouldn't pay, coaches wouldn't pay."

"There's an awful lot of land going to waste," said the silent man. "Look at all them furze-bushes."

"You wouldn't see that in British North America," briskly put in our travelled companion. "The Irish work hard enough when they get over there. They never stop till they drive in their carriages, but then, to be sure, the land's their own."

"They work hard enough here," said our driver, turning round. "There's people over beyond who've worked harder than any one under the canopy of heaven. They've carried stones on their backs as big as this car, and eaten nothing but a bit of yellow bread and a drink of milk to wash it down. They've spent the marrow of their bones on the land, and for what? For a five years' lase."

"But they can get the value of their improvements. The Land Act——"

"It's all moonshine," interrupted our irrepressible Jehu. "Just a slice off the loaf. The barristers can set the valuation aside. And a rich man will never mind giving twenty or thirty pounds when he knows he can get six times as much from the next man that comes in."

"But the tenant may get another farm."

"It's out of the frying-pan into the fire. They should have long lases."

So far our friend. His ideas may not be worth much, but they show the prejudices of his class. As for the Kerry landlords, many of them seem really anxious to do their best for their tenants. One is doing good service by knocking down the old cabins, and building up two-storied stone houses. Mud cabins are never found in this land of stones. Even the village of Annascaul is built entirely of stone, though the smoke issues from almost every door in true Irish fashion. This pale blue turf smoke is quite a feature in the landscape; some of the halting places where we stopped to change horses were a study for an artist, the black recesses from which the horses came, and the groups of bare-legged children standing in the sun, made a spot of life among the lonely hills. The "many twinkling smile" of the Atlantic was seen every minute—lost beyond one headland, it peeped out beyond another. We rattled up the hill of Dingle, the observed of the curious who wait for their daily excitement, the arrival of the car. To be thirty-one miles from railways, gas, and booksellers' shops—in a sea-side place, where mutton is sixpence a pound, and bathing-machines are unknown, is rather new in these days of progress.

C. J. H.

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THE STEEL AGE

THE ages arbitrarily and incorrectly called stone and bronze ages have passed away, and in the iron age there are now fully developed symptoms of change. It is about a century only since the death of Benjamin Huntsman, the Quaker discoverer of the English method of making cast steel, which gave so great a stimulus to Sheffield trade. That cementing process continued down to the days of Bessemer's discovery to supply the requirements of users, but the price limited materially the use. The large extension of the producing capacity by the process and by the Siemens-Martin process enabled not only the wants of the world to be better supplied, but stimulated those wants by continued reductions in price until the cost was practically brought down to that of malleable iron. On railways, the use of this steel has been demonstrated to be economical, for not only is its price within a few shillings of that of iron, but its durability is proved to very greatly exceed that of the latter metal. As its production has been enlarged, and as the price has diminished, the use has extended, and now not only are rails, but tires, tools, and many other articles made of steel in preference to iron, but the reign of the latter in the manufacture seems unstable. The extent of the change in the first-named may be gathered when it is said that the weekly production of iron rails in the kingdom in 1873 was about 18,300 tons, but last year it had sunk to about 4,300 tons; whilst steel rails, produced in the earliest of these two years at the rate of about 4,800 tons, rose in amount to about 12,000 tons last year. This change is still continuing, and its force may be known from the fact that in the largest iron-producing district in the kingdom, works have been erected for the smelting of foreign ores close to illimitable deposits of native ironstone. In short, Bessemer steel, in the words of an authority, has "effected something like a revolution in our iron industry." It has not superseded steel made by the old and dearer processes for cutlery; but it has enabled us to "use a coarse or semi-steel for purposes to which iron was formerly applied, and a much cheaper steel for rude and heavy steel implements."

Our home supply of iron ores for Bessemer steel making is chiefly that of the great district in the north-west, that of Furness and West Cumberland, but we import large supplies from Spain, Norway, and other parts. In the mode of smelting the ore, between the modes of treatment of the iron ores and the hæmatite ores which yield Bessemer steel, the differences are only local, the constituents and the mode of action in the blast furnace being the same in either case. But when the fluid metal leaves the furnace, the change in the mode of treatment is great. In the case of the ordinary ores, the liquid resultant flows into sandy furrows—"sows" and "pigs"—and there cooling, it assumes the colour and appearance of what we call pig iron, to be afterwards melted in a flat-bottomed furnace—a "puddling furnace"—where the melted mass is stirred until its impurities are removed, and the infusible iron is ready for being forged to its destined shape. But the Bessemer pig iron has other experience. It may be allowed to cool, or conveyed in its molten state directly to the "converter," as in later-erected works. This important vessel is shaped, roughly speaking, like an egg, one end being "spiked." Lined with fire-clay or "ganister," and having a flat circular bottom, which is fitted with small fire-clay cylinders, perforated, the converter is mounted on an axis, on which it can be turned. Receiving the charge of metal—direct from the furnace, or "pig" melted in a cupola—the red-hot converter receives through the air-chamber and the perforated cylinders a powerful blast, and with this "blow," a fierce flame leaps from the spiked end or mouth of the converter. This fiery flame increases in intensity, it leaps outwards for yards, irradiating the air for a considerable distance, glowing and scattering a shower of sparks all around. For some minutes the flame increases in brilliancy, the sparks shower in frequency, whilst the blast continues to pour, raging through the tortured metal, and then, when the great glow has passed its most eye-dazzling height, there is a contraction of the flame, and the converter is lowered to receive an addition of spiegeleisne from a cupola near, and as this crude iron, rich in manganese, is added, there is, in the mixture of it with the decarbonised pig iron, an internal convulsion, the outward token of which is that a pale and slow flame issues, instead of the fierce whitish yellow. After some twenty minutes of this conversion, the Bessemer steel is made; the converter is dipped till its contents flow out into an immense ladle, which is slung around over the long moulds for the ingots. The ladle being tapped from the bottom, a thin stream of the fluid descends into the mould, and when it is solid the mould is raised from the yellow mass by means of crane and chains attached to it. Carried now by a small engine to furnaces, where gas generators supply the heat, the ingots are conveyed to the mill, through the heavy rolls of which they pass and repass, and assume the length, and gradually the shape, of rails. Thence to the finishing portion of the machinery, where they are sawn to the required length, punched, straightened, and tested, and placed on the railway trucks for conveyance to their destination—possibly within a very limited period after the issue of the molten metal from the blast furnace.

In this mode the richer iron ores are converted into a material which, in the words of Dr. Siemens, is "gradually supplanting wrought iron in many of its applications;" and now, as another authority has said, steel is no longer "a luxury," to be "made exclusively in small quantities." Great advances have been made in cheapening the production, in extending the production, and in producing a more equally reliable metal. Our capacity of production of steel has been raised by the Bessemer process, just glanced at, and by the Siemens-Martin process, to close upon a million tons yearly; and its cost has been very greatly reduced, whilst by the adoption of the "direct process," above outlined, a saving in fuel to a very large extent has been made possible in the manufacture. With a capacity for meeting a demand of any probable extent, with a cheapened cost of production, and with a longer "life" in the product than that of iron, steel becomes the metal of the future, and in the constructing and engineering world its domain is daily widening.

J. W. S.

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ROLLING STONES

WHO cannot number in the list of his acquaintances a "rolling stone?" A family might with as much truth deny the existence of a skeleton in one or more of its cupboards, as for one of us to refuse knowledge of a "rolling stone" in our circle of relations and friends; and, strange to say, the higher we mount the social scale, the more rolling do we find the proclivities of the stones—at least, so history teaches us, and so observation points out to us every day. Rolling stones, although doubtless quite as distinct a branch of the social family in olden times as at present, have been fostered and encouraged to increase in numbers in a far greater ratio by the peculiar characteristics of the modern age, by which we mean the last half century of enterprise and exploration. In the days which we still like to term "good old," there was but little field for the rolling stone. Folks lived tranquilly at home for the most part; there was little to tempt them abroad in the shape of El Dorados and objects of discovery. Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and Raleigh were without doubt rolling stones of the first order; but they were such exceptions to the general rule that they had matters pretty well their own way, and, unhampered by competition or rivalry, won for themselves the place in our adventurous island history which we so dearly love to associate with our early fame as colonists and explorers. In those days there was little but an irrepressible nature, an inherent love of tempting Fortune away from her beaten paths, to induce a man to become a rolling stone. At present there is every temptation for the restless mind, the careless daring spirit to betake itself to a congenial atmosphere; and, as a proof of this, we have only to cast our eyes over the map of the world. Rolling stones are ready by the hundred to enrol themselves at an hour's notice as artists, correspondents, and even as actual combatants at a seat of war, be it on the shores of the Black Sea, on the frontiers of India, in Kaffir Land, or in New Zealand. And let it be borne in mind these rolling stones are for the greater part men of good birth, of excellent education, men as much at ease in the drawing-room as in the camp or saddle. Your rolling stone is rarely a "cad;" lower natures are not susceptible to the romantic, poetic features of a roving life, and above all things the genuine rolling stone abhors the stern, practical view of life and its surroundings, taken by his more sober-minded kith and kin. Upon reflection it will be found that we owe a very great portion of our political and commercial power in the world to the efforts and deeds of rolling stones. The first conquerors of India were certainly rolling stones, and more than one of the princely houses of far Cathay owes its origin to the pluck, hardihood, and shrewdness of some aimless, wandering adventurer of past years. Why, then, should the term, "rolling stone" be universally applied in a derogatory sense, and why should the bearers thereof be so mercilessly tabooed as the pariahs of society? Certainly, from a Sandford and Merton point of view, it is best that well-brought-up young men should stay at home, increase and multiply, and secure for themselves and families a comfortable competency in old age, but with the roving Norse and Saxon blood still tingling in our veins, it is almost as well that as a set-off there should be an element of what we may term "rolling stonism" amongst us. Trace the histories of the men who have left to us as legacies the discovery of "great lone lands," or who have opened our eyes to the fact that much which has hitherto been considered "great lone land" is a world in itself, and it will be found that they have been one and all rolling stones. Not that the life of a rolling stone is a golden view to hold out to ambitious youth. In our line regiments, and amongst the crews of our great iron-clads, are many rolling stones who have simply rolled into oblivion—men who were never formed to gather moss, and who never will. But, as a class, rolling stones are by no means to be despised simply on account of their being such. There are natures which cannot bear a curb, which must be up and a doing, and in our small, but over-populated, isle, it is just as well that this restlessness and longing after active movement without fixity of purpose should exist.

Moreover, stones do not for ever roll. As men cease to sow wild oats, so must restless minds at length seek rest as a relief, and the moss they may have gathered is, perhaps, the sweeter for having been won in a hard stand-up fight with the rough-hewn corners of life. After a while the rolling motion palls, and the stone settles down into its bed, and becomes a respectable member of earth society.

H. F. A.

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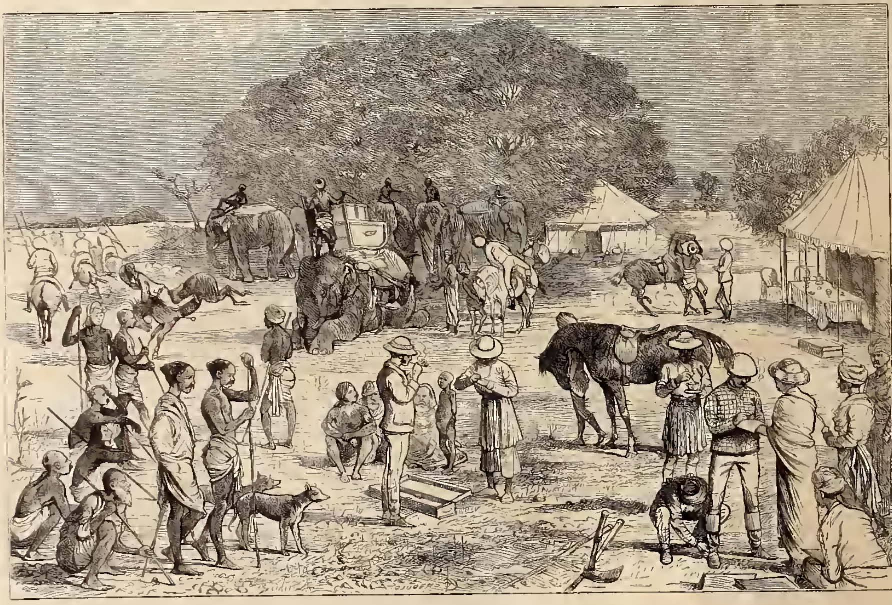
OSTRICHES IN SOUTH AFRICA are becoming so valuable for the recently-developed trade of ostrich-farming, that at a recent sale of these birds in Middleburg they realised on an average nearly 200*l*. per pair. 285*l*. were given for one pair, and the lowest price realised was 130*l*., while a few years ago, according to *The Colonies*, ostriches could be procured in South Africa for the catching, and were purchased for a mere trifle for exhibition in London. The Zoological Gardens do not possess a single specimen of the South African ostrich, the last specimens having been killed by swallowing the halfpence thrown to them by visitors.

THE BOAR SHOWS IN THE OPEN

THE GALLOP

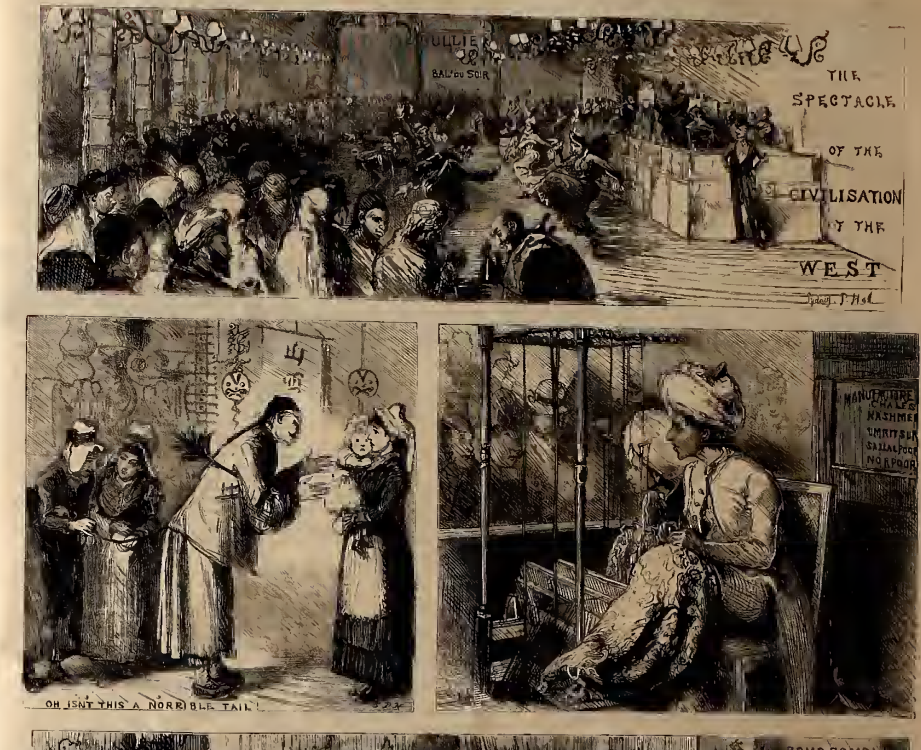


THE START FROM THE CAMP

RIDING JEALOUS FOR THE SPEAR

THE FIRST SPEAR LOST—AND WON

HOG-HUNTING IN BENGAL


BULLIER
BAL du SOIR
THE SPECTACLE OF THE CIVILISATION OF THE WEST
Sydney P. Hall
OH ISN'T THIS A NORRIBLE TAIL!
MANUFACTURE CHALES KASHMER UMRITSUR SAILALPOOR NORPOOR
BOMS-BOMS!
BOMS-BOMS D'AFRIQUE
MOORISK WORKWOMEN
"Non sono Christiane"
SYMPATHY
Or, "THE PRESENTS OF ORMUS AND OF IND"

ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS, VI.

FOREIGN

THE EASTERN QUESTION.——The Austrians have resumed operations in Bosnia, and, strengthened by large reinforcements, are now able to take the offensive. The insurgents seem most active in north-eastern Bosnia, where they have been holding Novi-Brcka, on the Save, and were only expelled on Tuesday after a severe bombardment, the Austrians subsequently burning the town for its treachery. Marshal Bienerth, however, has occupied the district from the Bosna to Sakova and Gradacac, which he entered peaceably on Sunday, while Count Szapary assisted from Doboj by taking Graçanica, whence the insurgents retreated back to Tuzla. This Zwornik district contains the chief strength of the insurgents, estimated at 40,000, and accordingly the main portion of the Austrian staff is to be moved back from Serajevo to Brod, as a more convenient centre for directing operations, fighting being still vigorous in western Bosnia. Here General Zach is again advancing on Bihacs, and has defeated the rebels at Isasich, also scoring a success at Zavalje. In other parts of the province the troops are meeting with little opposition, except near Trebinje, where General Magy was attacked and defeated during a *reconnaissance* at Gorica. Marshal Philippovich continues at Serajevo, and although there are unpleasant reports of the executions of Servian merchants and Mussulmans who had assisted the insurgents, the Marshal's schemes for the reorganisation of government in the town and the surrounding country seem fairly well received by the inhabitants. The Marshal is hopeful that peace will be restored by the end of October, and meanwhile the Austrian Government is trying to keep the movements of the army as secret as possible, a plan very distasteful to the public in Vienna and Hungary. The Austro-Turkish Convention is still undecided, and the latest proposal is for Austrian and Turkish troops to occupy jointly the district of Novi-Bazar. All is quiet at present in Albania, and the Porte intends to send a strong force under Fuad Pasha to restore order and punish the murder of Mehemet Ali.

Turkey, however, is too busy just now with diplomatic troubles to pay much attention to military matters. Although she has escaped the collective remonstrance of the Powers suggested by Germany on account of the non-fulfilment of the Berlin Treaty—England having declined to adhere to the proposal on the ground that the Porte is resolved to evacuate the fortresses, and has already endeavoured to settle the Servian and Montenegrin frontiers—the Greeks are pressing hard for their answer. The Hellenic Memorandum, soliciting the mediation of the Powers, states that Greece applied to Turkey in July, and has as yet received only evasive replies. Greece cannot longer remain inactive, and as the Porte, by signing the Berlin Treaty, recognised the principle of the cession of certain territory to Greece, Turkey's present attitude must be regarded as an endeavour to elude the resolutions of the Congress. A number of Epirote and Thessalian refugees at Athens have also presented the British Minister with a petition to the Queen, begging her to hasten the liberation of their provinces, while warlike preparations are reported all over Greece. The Powers have not yet replied, but Italy has counselled Greece to act moderately. The Porte has disclaimed all intention of a rupture with Greece, and has drawn up a memorandum detailing her efforts to comply loyally with the conditions of the Treaty. The Turkish Cabinet also has been considering home affairs, and has unanimously accepted the British scheme of reforms in Asia Minor. Although many difficulties stand in the way of carrying out these reforms, by reason of the Sultan's jealousy of interference with his authority, the weakness of his Ministry, and the want of money, the acceptance is looked upon as a decided step in favour of a more hopeful policy, another proof of which has been furnished by the recall of Midhat Pasha. Informed that the Sultan was ready to recall him, Midhat wrote for permission to return to Turkey, but not to Constantinople, and has been allowed to go to Crete; funds from the Turkish Treasury and a special vessel being placed at his disposal. It is generally thought that his journey to Crete is the precursor to a return to office, Constantinople needing sorely a firm and practised ruler just now. Paper money has fallen so low, and provisions have risen so high in the capital, that a Commission has been constituted to consider the best means of withdrawing the Caimés from circulation; but all efforts to raise a loan for their redemption have hitherto failed. In order, however, to obtain funds the Porte proposes to sell its domains in Bulgaria, with the supplies and war material stored away by the Government, the sale being estimated to produce two or three millions sterling. Alarmists, too, are dreading disturbances when the Russian troops withdraw; and Prince Lobanoff has formally advised the occupation of the evacuated districts with regular troops, as the Russians are fast leaving the neighbourhood of Constantinople, and San Stefano will probaby be finally vacated by the beginning of next week. Such precautionary measures are certainly needed in ASIA, for the Archbishop of Erzeroum has telegraphed to the British and French Ambassadors asking for protection for the Christians, as the Mussulmans threaten to make a descent on the town directly the Russians leave. Erzeroum was to be vacated by the Russians on Thursday, and the last detachment of Turkish troops left Batoum last week; 30,000 Russians being now in possession.—ROUMANIA is grumbling that she cannot erect a bridge over the Danube on any portion of the Dobrudscha, and asks for a small strip of ground near Silistria.—Fever continues severe in CYPRUS, although the weather is cooler, and the authorities are finding considerable difficulty in deciding what lands belong to the Sultan under the Convention.

FRANCE.——Military affairs have put politics into the shade this week, and the great topic has been the review of 50,000 men by Marshal MacMahon at Vincennes on Sunday. The army is declared to be in better condition than has been known for fifteen years, and the French people are heartily delighted at the revival of their old military glory, which had sunk so low. The reserve forces proved as satisfactory as the regular army, the artillery—the weakest point in the late war—was said to show admirable precision, and the marching of the troops was excellent. A number of foreign princes—including the Duke of Cambridge—and prominent military men attended the review, and provincials and Parisians flocked in thousands to the Vincennes Polygon, which is better fitted by nature for such military displays than the ground at Longchamps, and is also less familiar to the general public. Conveyances were at a discount, and in many cases it was fairly impossible to move along the road. Indeed Paris was crowded for the occasion, some 16,000 persons having arrived on Saturday, and the Bois de Boulogne racecourse and the Exhibition were alike crammed with an influx of visitors. The Marshal has issued an order of the day, expressing his satisfaction with the appearance of the troops.

As a contrast to this warlike demonstration, the "Ministers of Peace," MM. Freycinet and Bardoux, have been making fresh speeches during their tour, the former having visited Valenciennes, where he declared that the Republic was now founded upon indestructible bases, since it rested upon the almost unanimous approval of the nation, and having delivered another oration at Douai, appealing to all men of good will to rally to the support of the Republic. In his turn M. Gambetta has been orating in the South, and delivered an important speech at Romans on Wednesday, justifying the Republican policy. He was received with great honours at Lyons and Valence, the townspeople making holiday to greet him, and receiving in return an emphatic warning not to make any particular man an idol, but to appreciate universal suffrage and preserve concord and moderation. The leader of the Left has thus inaugurated the autumn political campaign, which the Liberals are so quietly preparing to result in a victory at the Senatorial elections, and the Republican prospects are asserted to be much improved by the late Conservative circular, which is considered to exhibit a decided division in the Monarchical party. The Municipal Councils will probably meet to nominate the Senatorial delegates about Nov. 24th, but nothing will be decided till the return of M. Dufaure, who has been employing his leisure by writing a conciliatory answer to M. Louis Blanc's protest against the recent suppression of the Socialist Congress. The Radical deputies are contented with the apology, and intend to let the matter drop. M. Léon Say has come back from England with sundry projects for reorganising the postal system, a much-needed reform, as the English evening mail was late in Paris three times last week. Paris is looking forward anxiously to the announcement of the Exhibition prizes, and French exhibitors are heartily angry that foreign exhibitors should be acquainted even unofficially with the decision of the juries while they themselves remain in ignorance, more particularly as they argue that they will lose valuable orders and *prestige* if the awards are not known before the day of the distribution. The annual meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute has been held, and the first fruit and vegetable show has been opened at the Exhibition. The only theatrical items are the revival of Corneille's *Rodogune* at the Odéon, and the production of a comedietta, *Une Mission Délicate*, by M. Adenis, at the same theatre.

GERMANY.——The Anti-Socialist Bill has been discussed this week in the German Parliament. The debate began on Monday, Count Stolberg, as representative of Prince Bismarck, introducing the Bill, and begging the House to furnish the Government with sharp and effective weapons to combat the Socialist danger. After some remarks from the Ultramontane leader that the revival of Christianity was the only efficacious means of resistance, the Saxon Socialist, Bebel, brought forward a vehement accusation against Prince Bismarck, alleging that the Chancellor had been connected with Lassalle, the founder of German Socialism, and had sought in every way to gain over and court the Social Democrats, and denying that the attempts of Hödel and Nobiling had any connection with Social Democracy. The Minister of the Interior gave a half denial of the relations of the Government with the Social Democrats, but Prince Bismarck was by no means content with his colleague's defence, and came down next day to the House to refute the accusation. The Prince spoke most vigorously against the Social Democrats, styling them a company of bandits with whom as a party he had never had anything to do, although he had sent representatives to various Socialist meetings to collect reports for him. Declaring that all existence would come to an end if Germans were to live under such tyranny, he concluded by an appeal to the Reichstag for protection for the Emperor's life. The Prince's speech was not one of his most effective orations, but his uncomplimentary language towards the Socialists was sorely resented by Herr Bebel, who, amid a perfect storm in the House, vainly appealed to the President to call Prince Bismarck to order. Finally the Bill was referred to a Select Committee of twenty-one members, the Ultramontanes siding with the National Liberals to send back the measure for further consideration. The result of the deliberations is awaited with great anxiety, as large numbers of Socialists are reported to be now in Berlin. Great disappointment is felt at the death of Nobiling, who, it was hoped, would have made some confession respecting his accomplices. Nobiling, however, died so suddenly that no information had been obtained, the authorities having been careful to avoid the subject, so as not to excite his brain. Emperor William has improved wonderfully in health by his stay at Gastein. He has gone to Cassel, and rode out on Tuesday for the first time, while he can now write with his right hand. The loss of the *Grosser Kurfürst* gave rise to an animated debate in the Reichstag last week, the Minister of Marine declaring that the regulations and the officers of the vessel were not to blame, and begging the House to defer the discussion till after the official inquiry into the disaster.

INDIA.——The Afghan Mission has not yet left Peshawur, the Ameer's reply, believed to be in the hands of Mir Akhor, being hourly expected. The Mission will number some 1,000, with an escort of infantry and Hussars, will be guided through the Khyber Pass by the Khyberees, who have given hostages for the safe conduct of the party, and will be escorted by the Commissioner to Pakha, on the other side of the Pass, where a strong force of Afghan troops is assembled. Reports of the Ameer's sentiments towards the British are not very favourable. He is asserted to have declared in open Durbar that he "will hurl every rupee at the head of the British Government, and roll the border troops against them like blasts of fire;" but the date of this furious declaration is not stated, and it is hoped Shere Ali will be materially smoothed down by the bearer of the Viceroy's letter, who is very popular at the Cabul Court, and was warmly received on his arrival on the 10th inst. The most likely successor to the throne now appears to be Ahmed Ali Jan, an intelligent well-educated youth of eighteen, the child of the Ameer's favourite son who was killed in 1865 The Indian journals are still warmly advocating a firm military policy, and opinions are strong that the present frontier line is indefensible, and that the outlets of the Passes should be held if we desire the Himalayas to serve as a natural barrier for the protection of India. The appointment of Sir Neville Chamberlain is looked upon as most judicious, the envoy being an old campaigner, well acquainted with frontier tribes, a good linguist, a shrewd tactician, and a most courteous gentleman.

UNITED STATES.——The yellow fever epidemic at length shows slight signs of abating; cooler weather has set in, and it is believed that the worst is over. Nevertheless in New Orleans the deaths up to Sunday last numbered 1,951, and at Memphis reached 1,791, while the sufferings continue intense for want of help. Money, however, is plentiful.—Sober Puritan Massachusetts has nominated General Butler as Governor, much to the annoyance of moderate New Englanders, to whom the appointment of a Democrat, and friend of Kearney, the head of the Communistic Greenback and Labour party, is particularly distasteful. General Butler was chosen in the midst of a riot, his supporters seizing the hall and turning out the State Central Committee. The Republican Convention, however, have brought forward another candidate, Mr. Talbot, who was acting Governor of Massachusetts in 1847.—The notorious *Cimbria* has arrived at Philadelphia, bringing crews for the four Russian cruisers bought from the Americans in the late war scare.

MISCELLANEOUS.——In ITALY the Pope has been ill, and has been obliged to suspend his audiences. He has appointed a congregation of five Cardinals to further the negotiations with Germany. The King and Queen have been present at the army manœuvres at Brescia, and have unveiled a monument to Victor Emmanuel at Monza; a congress of Orientalists has been held at Florence; and Vesuvius continues active, volumes of lava being projected from the new crater.—In EGYPT Mr. Rivers Wilson has been definitely appointed Finance Minister, and a French official will probably take the post of Minister of Public Works and Agriculture. The Nile is threatening an overflow.—The CANADA elections have resulted in a complete victory of the Opposition, and the Cabinet will probably resign.—A memorial for a remission of the death sentence on the Kaffir chiefs, Mocamo and Gongobella, lately captured at the CAPE, has been presented to Sir Bartle Frere.

THE COURT

THE Queen remains in Scotland, and the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold are still with Her Majesty at Balmoral. The Queen held a Council on Saturday, at which Prince Leopold, the Marquis of Lorne, Mr. Cross, and Sir T. M. Biddulph were present, and Parliament was further prorogued to November 30th. Afterwards Her Majesty drove with Princess Louise and Prince Leopold round the Lion's Face, and in the evening the Rev. A. Campbell joined the Royal party at dinner. On Tuesday the Queen visited the Prince of Wales at Abergeldie, and the Prince dined at Balmoral in the evening. Her Majesty also invested the Marquis of Lorne as a Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George. Next day the Princess Louise and the Marquis left Balmoral for Inverary. The Queen and the Princesses have also visited the Glassalt Shiel, while the Princess Beatrice has been out riding with the Marquis of Lorne. Sir T. M. and Lady Biddulph, Mr. Cross, and Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke have been among Her Majesty's guests at dinner.—The Queen has sent a reply to the address sent by the Dunbar Corporation, expressing her satisfaction with her recent visit.

The Prince of Wales returned to town last week from Doncaster, and remained at Marlborough House until Monday evening, when he left for Scotland. The Prince travelled all night, breakfasted at Perth, and reached Abergeldie in the afternoon. The Princess and her three girls have spent this week at Rumpenheim with the Danish Royal Family, and leave to-day (Saturday) to join the Prince in Scotland.—Princes Albert Victor and George watched on Saturday night a large fire at a Dartmouth shipbuilding yard, engines and working parties from the *Britannia* helping to subdue the flames.

The Duke of Connaught has returned to England from Potsdam after a month's stay with the parents of his betrothed.—Prince Leopold has sent 25*l.* to the *Princess Alice* relief fund.—The Duke of Cambridge on leaving Kissingen made a short tour in Switzerland, and has been staying in Paris, where he dined with Marshal MacMahon and was present at the Vincennes Review on Sunday.—Canada is making great preparations to receive the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, and Lord Dufferin will probably remain at Ottawa to welcome them on their arrival.

CHURCH NEWS

PROPOSED METHODIST ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.——The Dublin correspondent of the *Standard* says that much interest has been awakened among the Methodist body by the arrival of the Rev. Dr. Haven, of Syracuse University, United States, charged with a proposal from the Methodist Church in America for an Œcumenical Council, embracing representatives from all sections of the Methodist denomination throughout the world, to meet in London. In Ireland the project is received with favour. It is suggested that the Conference should be composed of ministerial and lay members in about equal numbers, who would represent a community of about fifteen millions of people, of whom about four millions are recognised Church members; together with about thirty thousand ministers and sixty thousand lay preachers.

VARIOUS.——The Convocations of Canterbury and York have been further prorogued until Dec. 2nd.—A circular has just been sent from the Education Department to every School Board in England and Wales, calling for a return of the provision made by each, respecting religious teaching and religious observances in School Board schools, with copies of bye-laws, by which such provisions are regulated."—Dr. M'Evilly, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Galway, addressing his congregation after Mass last Sunday, said that police constables were told off to attend the services of the Roman Catholic churches of Galway, and to note down and report what might be said by the officiating clergy. This, he said, was an outrage on Catholics which should be resented; but he "begged of the people to take the matter quietly," as he himself would seek reparation in the proper quarter.—Much indignation has been excited amongst the inhabitants of Grimstone, in Leicestershire, by the refusal of the vicar to allow the corpse of a woman who had died a Wesleyan to be carried into the church. On Sunday the church was almost empty, and the vicar on his way thither was followed by a crowd beating tins and pans.—On Saturday about six hundred converts to Mormonism sailed from Liverpool for America, in charge of a missionary agent and seventeen elders. England supplied about 200, Scotland forty, and Wales fifty. Of the others, 265 came from Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and adjacent countries, while sixty were Swiss or Germans.—The question whether the teacher of an infant school should be allowed to give Scripture lessons on "The Fall" to the children under her charge came before the Belper School Board on Tuesday. A clerical member of the board said the teacher knew no more about the subject than his shoes did, and he should not allow any child of his to receive instruction from any one on such a subject. After some discussion the consideration of the subject was adjourned for a fortnight. —Mrs. Girling and her community have removed from the lane at Hordle into an adjacent field. They have been offered gratuitous lodging at the Grand Stand on the Kingsbury racecourse at Hendon, by the proprietor of the Welsh Harp, who doubtless hopes that they will attract custom to his house. Mrs. Girling hesitates to accept the offer.

MUSIC

WORCESTER FESTIVAL.——What will chiefly tend to commemorate the Worcester Musical Festival of 1878 (the 155th meeting of the Three Choirs) is the return, with certain modifications, to the long established form. The modifications are fair enough, and there is good reason to believe that both parties are satisfied. Stipulations were made to the Festival Committee, stanch upholders of the time-honoured *fête* which, once every three years, used to make Worcester one of the gayest of cities, and through the wise counsel and consideration of the Bishop of the Diocese, accepted. Concessions were also demanded from the opposite side, and, again by the advice of the same thoughtful arbitrator, after some protest, agreed to. Thus it is clear that to the esteemed and learned prelate, who has been a zealous conciliator throughout, the inhabitants of Worcester are indebted for the restoration of their festival upon its traditionary basis. Moreover, the Bishop, having the courage of his opinions, did not hesitate to preach the sermon, customary at such times, on behalf of the widows and orphans, intermingling his discourse with much that was relevant to the use of music of the highest character in the service of the Church, and giving solid and convincing arguments for the line of policy he had adopted. There can be no possible question about the fitness of the special morning service which now "inaugurates" the festival, or of the special evening service which brings it solemnly and devoutly to an end; to the short forms of prayer that precede, or to the Episcopal Benediction that follows every performance of oratorio in the Cathedral; and we are very much mistaken if both Hereford and Gloucester do not speedily imitate the example set by Worcester, and thus ensure the perpetuation of these elevating and charitable commemorations *sine die*. Should they do so, it will be for the general benefit of the three counties which for more than a century and a half have been associated in the good work. The opening special service is considered by many sincere adherents to be somewhat lengthy, although it is a grand Cathedral service, in which the entire choral and instrumental forces (more than 300 singers and players), as well as the leading "solo" vocalists, assist. The subject, however, is open to discussion, and a remedy may easily be found. The service lasted about three hours and a quarter; and there being, of course, no "interval" allowed for refreshment and temporary repose—a liberty which, dividing an act of worship into halves, it will be readily understood the clerical authorities could on no pretext tolerate—the objection as to length can hardly be regarded as without foundation. The Cathedral, now restored with such splendour and completeness, was an attraction of itself at this festival; and though the new disposition of the platform for the singers and players, now on a level with the congregation, is by no means calculated to exhibit favourably the superb acoustic qualities of this magnificent building, still the conviction remains that, to be fully impressed with the beauty and grandeur of the *Messiah*, *Creation*, *Last Judgment*, *Elijah*, *Hymn of Praise*, and other sacred compositions by the masters of their art, we must hear them as we have just heard them, in a cathedral, which invests them with a gravity unattainable in any secular hall or building of the kind. Add to these the immortal *Requiem* of Mozart, which (being a Mass for the Dead) might have appeared to sticklers for consistency a little out of place in what the authorities of the cathedral (the Bishop in his sermon not excepted) seem determined to regard as an ordinary choral service—the oratorio to stand in place of anthem—and it will be seen that a varied and admirable selection of important sacred pieces for the week was made by Mr. Done, who, by right of his position as organist of Worcester Cathedral, is traditionally entitled to the post of festival-conductor, the duties of which he fulfils with such zeal and assiduity, yielding his place at the organ to Mr. C. H. Lloyd, organist of Gloucester. The new organ, the gift of Earl Dudley, to whom the Dean and Chapter are under such deep obligation for his liberal contributions towards the renovation of their noble church, is as yet on its trial. It is a large instrument, built by Mr. Hill of London; and, proceeding from such a highly eminent firm, may be credited with all essential qualities. Nevertheless, erected, as now, at the south side of the transept, in front of the choir screen, where the orchestra is placed—instead of as formerly at the west terminus of the nave—it is lost to the sight of a large majority of the congregation, and in a more or less degree, it must be admitted, to their hearing as well. Mr. Lloyd played, as voluntaries, day after day, compositions by J. S. Bach and other masters; but either the organ was not in proper condition, or its situation prevented its full powers from being audibly appreciated at their worth. Mr. Lloyd, who succeeded the late Dr. S. S. Wesley at Gloucester, being a player of more than average ability, must be absolved from any shortcomings caused by the unfavourable position in which his instrument is situated. About the oratorios, &c., we have enumerated there is no occasion to say a word, so familiar are they to amateurs and musicians; nor with regard to the distinguished solo singers are we called upon for anything more than an admission, cheerfully given, that they all did their very best—our daily contemporaries having supplied ample information on this point. They were Mesdames Albani and Patey, Misses Anna Williams, Mary Davies, and Bertha Griffiths, Messrs. E. Lloyd, Guy, Wadmore, and Santley—the mere record of whose names will answer all purposes. Two new works of considerable importance were produced in the course of the week. The first of these was a short oratorio, called *Hezekiah*, by Dr. Armes, organist of Durham Cathedral. This had already been heard at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and was strongly eulogised by critics, there and thereabouts. It is undoubtedly a work of real promise, although Dr. Armes (who himself directed the performance) has much to learn before he can hope to excel in this, the highest branch of musical art. He is young, however, and much better things may fairly be expected from him. The other work was an anthem (or *cantata*), the narrative of which is selected from Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and relates, with appropriate comments, the resurrection to life, by the miraculous interposition of Jesus, of the young daughter of "one of the rulers of the Synagogue." *The Daughter of Jairus*, from a more experienced pen than that which furnished *Hezekiah*, was given at the special evening service (also under the direction of its composer). All we can say now, however, of either work is that all possible pains were bestowed upon the execution, alike by vocalists and instrumentalists. We shall return to both, having something more to say about the Festival of 1878, which to the general satisfaction has proved one of the most brilliant and successful ever held by the united Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester. The miscellaneous concerts in the College Hall, for instance, merit notice apart; while there are some other points worthy further comment, however brief.

WAIFS.——Madame Adelina Patti has purchased Craig-y-nos Castle, in the Swansea Valley, late the property of Mr. Morgan Morgan. She is said to be delighted with her bargain.—Madame Christine Nilsson has arrived in London. After her English tour there is a probability of her accepting a brief engagement for performances in opera at Nice.—A short musical festival was held on Saturday last at Tewkesbury, to aid the fund for the restoration of the fine old Abbey.

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A COUNTRY PARISH CHURCH IN SCOTLAND

WASHINGTON IRVING remarks that "there are few places more favourable to the study of character than an English country church," and the remark applies with striking truth to the little church, which I am about to describe, in a Scottish parish. Situated in a sequestered valley, four hundred miles from the Great Metropolis, and one hundred from the Scottish capital, it yet gathers together, within its plain, white-washed walls, representatives of almost every possible phase of country society—from the peer to the ploughboy—the merchant to the miner.

Perhaps the best time to see this quaint little church is at Christmas or in the shooting season, when the great families are at home. Then from my quiet pew in the area I look around and above on four hundred faces, some furrowed and careworn, some round, plump, and contented, and others bright with the white-and-pink bloom of youth. The majority of the worshippers are "constant quantities," being discernible in the same places from week to week and month to month; farmers, shopkeepers, tradesmen, serving-men, gardeners, and miners, with their wives and families, scattered over the area and the back part of the galleries. The "variable quantities" again are the aristocratic element, whose places are filled only at occasional seasons. Opposite the pulpit sits the Earl of (say A, B, or C), a quiet-looking gentleman whom one might pass on a country road without notice, but whose ancestors have been distinguished in Scottish history for centuries. He is one of the pillars of the Scotch Church, and has been Lord Commissioner to the General Assembly. Beside him sits the Countess, as unpretentious as himself, and several sons and daughters of various ages. The Countess is the Lady Bountiful of the village, and to her, and to the family next in order, the school children owe many joyous treats.

The next family is that of a well-known baronet, who is also a pillar of the Church, his ordination to office being the event which has occasioned a larger attendance on the particular Sunday of which I write. He is the chief resident landowner in the parish, being at home for a considerable part of the year, and his hospitalities—like those of his forefathers—are proverbial. The numerous household around him present a pleasing picture. In the background of the galleries are seen butlers, coachmen, gamekeepers, housekeepers, and housemaids, the picture being family-like and interesting in the extreme, but with a touch of the feudal element, softened by the civilisation of the nineteenth century.

Add, to the elements already enumerated, a few country gentry, and we have before us every conceivable element of modern life—nobility, gentry, army, navy, agriculture, commerce, trade, and the professions generally. Altogether, this blending of social molecules, this Communism of the country church, is most salutary. All are equalised for the time by their interest in higher things, and reminded of their future equality by the tombstones on every side. "Outward Religion," says Carlyle, "originates by Society; Society becomes possible by Religion." "Religion is the inmost pericardial and nervous tissue of the Body Politic, which ministers life and warm circulation to the whole." Long may these social elements hang together in their entirety, though, alas! in many parishes the landlords have "flown" from the Presbyterian nest, and taken refuge under the eaves of Episcopacy.

But hush! the opening hymn has been given out. The human voice is the only instrument usually recognised in the Scottish Kirk. But in our parish the music is quite advanced; there is a little harmonium in front of the pulpit which attempts, and with considerable success, the sweetest and newest hymns; there is also a well-trained choir, itself a representative of parochial society, the line of sopranos containing, I see, a schoolmistress, a farmer's daughter, a post-mistress, a draper's assistant, a dressmaker; and the line of bass, a doctor, a clerk, a coal-grieve, a butler, and a farmer. The harmoniumist and choir-master is the village teacher, who has much credit by his flock, but now and again the Earl's daughter presides, and last Sunday (Sabbath, I should say) the Baronet's daughter made her *début*. The tune (Bethlehem) now being sung is quite a recent innovation in a Kirk whose traditions till lately eschewed everything savouring of Popery or Episcopacy; and as these had, from time immemorial, been in possession of the most precious music, hymn-literature, and general liturgy of bygone ages, the poor devoted Kirk was reduced to the "beggarly elements," the Psalms of David in metre to the barest and baldest of music. All this is being gradually changed, "Redheads," "Te Deum Laudamus," and "Lux Benigna," taking the place of "Elgin," "Martyrs," and "Dundee,"—tunes immortalised by Burns in the "Cottar's Saturday Night." The musical service, too, is assuming larger proportions, and is gradually encroaching on the preaching, the ancient copestone and glory of the Scottish Kirk.

But is this glory faded? Perhaps in a sense it is. In days when newspapers were rarely met with, beyond the walls of a town; when country libraries did not exist; and when books were few and scarce; the pulpit provided the only literature within reach of the bulk of the population. *Then* the minister spoke with an amount of boldness and of acceptation which one seldom meets with now, save in remote districts of the Highlands. The sermon was the chief feature of the service—but we question if it is so now. At least, preaching has toned down considerably from what it used to be. *Read* sermons and, in some cases, *read* prayers have superseded the *extempore*; the preacher's expression of opinion is more cautious; and one seldom hears of such gesticulation as that in the quaint description of an old divine—"He grat, and he swat, and he spat." And in country churches, it was a common thing for the service to include *two* sermons (with only a psalm and a prayer between) in too many cases provocative of sleep, from which the rural mind awoke, "if not edified, at least refreshed." Now, in most cases, there is but one short sermon; the music is a chief feature, if not of equal interest and importance with the sermon; no one thinks the service long, and the devotional feeling is better awakened. The *read* sermon, as a rule, is more thoughtful, better put together, and less rhapsodical. But there is a danger that this mode of preaching may in course of time become cold and lifeless. A preacher should, like Prometheus, steal fire from heaven occasionally—cast aside his paper—send home the pathos of his words by the personal emotion of voice, look, and gesture, and by a quasi-dramatic treatment of his subject draw tears from the pious eye, and send a thrill of terror through the sinner's frame. The pulpit might with profit take lessons from the stage—the preacher become the pupil of the player. Vocal training, graceful and suitable gesticulation, in fact, the principles and practice of oratory must receive greater and more general attention if the pulpit is to retain its influence, and the preacher to stand on a higher platform than that of a pleasant-voiced Scripture reader.

But while we muse, our preacher has brought his sermon for the day to a close, and intimates, amid multitudinous clearing of throats and readjustment of posture on the part of his hearers, that the ordination of an Elder will now be proceeded with. A hymn is given out, a step is heard on one of the gallery stairs, and the Baronet descends and takes his place in front of the pulpit, where the other Elders have already assembled. The hymn being ended, he steps out into the open space, a man in the prime of life, of true Saxon type, pleasant faced and thoughtful; himself for the moment the cynosure of every eye. His manly response, "I do," to the different questions of faith and of Church-allegiance directed to him is audible to every ear. He will uphold the Church and State, Presbyterianism as by law established, and strive in general walk and conversation to be an "ensample" to the congregation and the world. The ceremony, simple and of few minutes' duration, yet solemn and impressive, is concluded with prayer, the other Elders, one by one, give their newly admitted brother the right hand of Christian fellowship, and the congregation slowly disperses. Groups gather at the outer gates, for your upland rustics must have a last look at the nobler elements of humanity; the rumbling of wheels becomes fainter in the distance, and all wend their ways homeward, for another week, to the mansion, the farmhouse, or the cottage, having imbibed, we venture to hope, in the words of Keble:

> New thoughts of God, fresh hopes of Heaven.

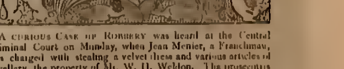
One other little innovation I venture humbly to suggest, which may bring a smile to the lips of some parsons of my acquaintance, and besides to the verge of rebellion. The Scotch Kirk is generally tenantless except on Sabbath. Let it be opened for an hour or two each day, so that one so disposed, whether footsore or heartsore, may turn in and rest. Enter a Continental Church on an ordinary day, and you see a market-woman with a basket of eggs kneeling in a corner, a workman in his blouse lifting his eyes to the Cross. But in Scotland the Church is for the Sabbath only—and the village inn for the week-days.

JAMES [illegible]

◆

PRINCE BISMARCK proposes to buy an estate in Bavaria, the Castle of Obertheres, near Schweinfurt-on-the-Main, noted for its splendid gardens.

TRADE ON THE SIBERIAN RIVERS is fast developing, and the River Obi is now being navigated by over thirty steamers. The first successful trade voyage to North Siberia, made in one summer with cargoes both ways, has just been completed by a Bremen vessel, which has reached Hammerfest with Siberian wheat. The *Neptune* entered the Obi on August 13 with a miscellaneous supply of mercantile goods, and left again fully laden on the 24th ult., arriving at Hammerfest in thirteen days.



LEGAL

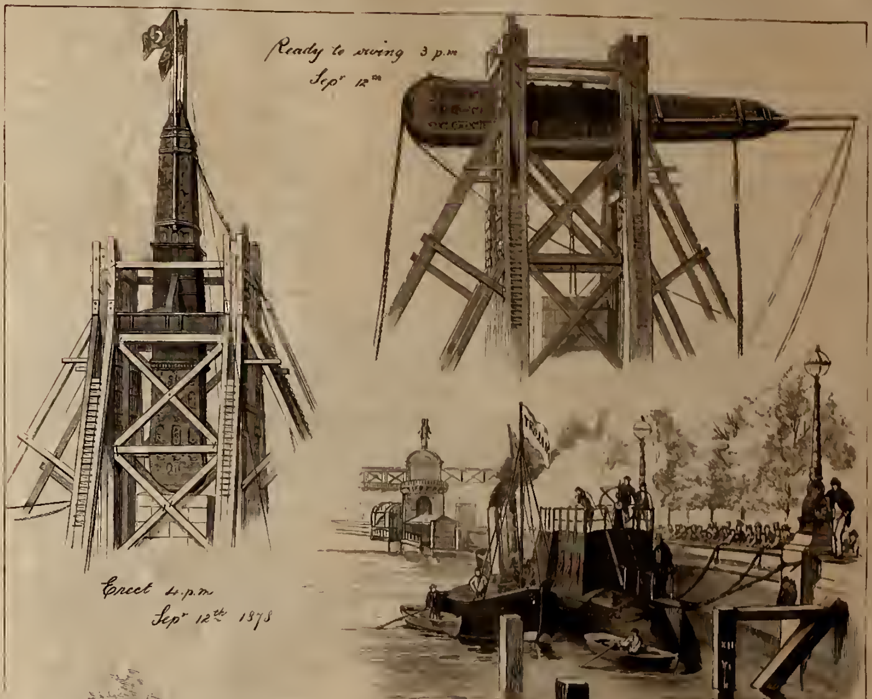
A CURIOUS CASE OF ROBBERY was heard at the Central Criminal Court on Monday, when Jean Menier, a Frenchman, was charged with stealing a velvet dress and various articles of jewellery, the property of Mrs. W. H. Weldon. The prosecutrix was Mrs. Weldon, whose name has recently been before the public in connection with her alleged illegal confinement in a lunatic asylum. Eleven years since she established an orphanage at Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, at which house she resided with her husband until a few years ago, when he went to live elsewhere. In 1874 the prisoner was introduced to her by M. Gounod, the composer, and she became considerably intimate with him and his wife. Last October Mrs. Weldon and the prisoner's wife left England for Paris, it being arranged that during their absence Tavistock House should be left in charge of a Mr. and Mrs. Lowther, the prisoner having no right to remain there. Finding him at the house, however, Mr. Lowther declined to stay in it, and he was left in possession. A few months afterwards, Mrs. Weldon returned to London, and on going to Tavistock House found a woman packing up a box of linen, her jewel case empty, and a considerable quantity of property missing. The relations between the prisoner and Mrs. Weldon appear to have been of a peculiar nature, and it was shown in the examination that she had lent him considerable sums of money, on one occasion the amount being 400*l*. The evidence was somewhat contradictory, one witness stating that she was present on one or two occasions when plate was sent to be pledged by the prisoner with Mrs. Weldon's knowledge, and that she had often heard Mrs. Weldon say that the prisoner was her partner, statements which Mrs. Weldon warmly denied. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, strongly recommending him to mercy on the ground of his being a foreigner, and his peculiar relations with the prosecutrix, and he was sentenced to six months' hard labour. Considerable amusement was caused on the second day of the trial, by Mr. Besley requesting that Mrs. Weldon should change her seat; and on her asking to what part of the court she should go, he replied, "I don't care where you sit but I really cannot perform my duty if Mrs. Weldon sits constantly before my eyes."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——One of the results of the late collision on the Thames is the appearance of a woman "decently attired in mourning," who introduced herself to the inhabitants of Edmonton as the niece of the Rev. H. W. Burrows, vicar of that parish, stating she had been requested to collect subscriptions for the Mansion House Fund for the relief of the sufferers by the accident. As a matter of fact she had no connection with Mr. Burrows whatever, and it being proved that she had obtained several sums of money she was sentenced to a month's hard labour.—We had thought that butlers were a dignified and self-respectful class of men, though not altogether ignorant of the good things of life. But

A REGIMENT OF UHLANS ATTACKING THE INSURGENTS NEAR BUSSOVACZ

STORMING OF THE CASTLE OF SERAJEVO

THE AUSTRIAN OCCUPATION OF BOSNIA



THE ERECTION OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT every rule has an exception. The butler at Mr. Vaughan's, the magistrate, aroused one night last week by his dog, went into the kitchen, and saw a man lying under the table smoking. The man was John Anderson, also a butler, who explained that he had "been out drinking, and a friend had promised him a night's 'bunk.'" He was charged at Marylebone police court with the offence, when he said his friend, another butler, had promised to leave the window open for him. He had made a mistake in the house, and, in tapping at the window, it "got broken." He then pushed hard against the shutters, which gave way, and he got in and "fell down inside." He was discharged with a severe reprimand. People with butlers had better beware, if their servants go out drinking and leave kitchen windows open for inebriated or locked out friends.

—The conflict of authorities in Birmingham anent the recent fatal fire has ended in the release of Mr. Dennison, who was charged with the wilful murder of the people burned. What has become of the "fifty or sixty witnesses" which the superintendent of police said he had against him?—The report that Edward Reeves, recently arrested at Kilrush for obtaining money under false pretences, was implicated in the murder of Lord Leitrim is untrue.—The trial of James Prior for alleged frauds in connection with the Lombard Deposit Bank is postponed till the October Sessions.—A milk-dealer of Camden Town was fined 20*s.* and costs on Tuesday for selling milk containing sixteen per cent. of added water.—A young gentleman, a solicitor, was fined 20*s.* for ringing a bell "for a lark" at a quarter past one on Tuesday morning, Sir A. Lusk remarking, "It was a pity that some one did not pull the defendant's nose."—At the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday sentence of death was passed on Thomas Smithers for the murder of Amy Judge at Battersea last July. The defence unsuccessfully endeavoured to show that the prisoner's mind was not in a sound state when he committed the crime.—At Southsea on Wednesday a coroner's inquest was held on the body of Mrs. Florence Bravo, widow of the late Mr. Bravo, of Balham. The jury found that death was the result of excessive drinking.—On the same day a man named Thomas Hill was sentenced to twenty-one days' hard labour at Worship Street for starving and beating his daughter, aged thirteen. The medical officer of the parish said he had never before seen such a case of distress.—A writer in the Colonial Office has to undergo three months' hard labour for stealing books from the library of that department.

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About fifteen years ago I was suffering from colds and surfeits deeply rooted in the system, which resulted in partial locked-jaw. I tried various means for six or seven months. I was advised to try a great doctor that understood such cases. He examined me and told me he would cure me for £10 or £12; but I was unable to afford such a sum. At last I procured a small box of your Sovereign Remedy; the remarkable effects I shall never forget. After taking one small box at 2s. 9d., I was perfectly cured.

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To Messrs. Roberts & Co.

The above letter ought to convince the most sceptical of the amazing curative powers of PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

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Black Cashmeres, of the very best value.
Black Cashmeres, at 1s. 11½d., 2s. 11½d., 3s. 11¾d., and 4s. 11d. the yard, 44 in. to 48 in. wide.
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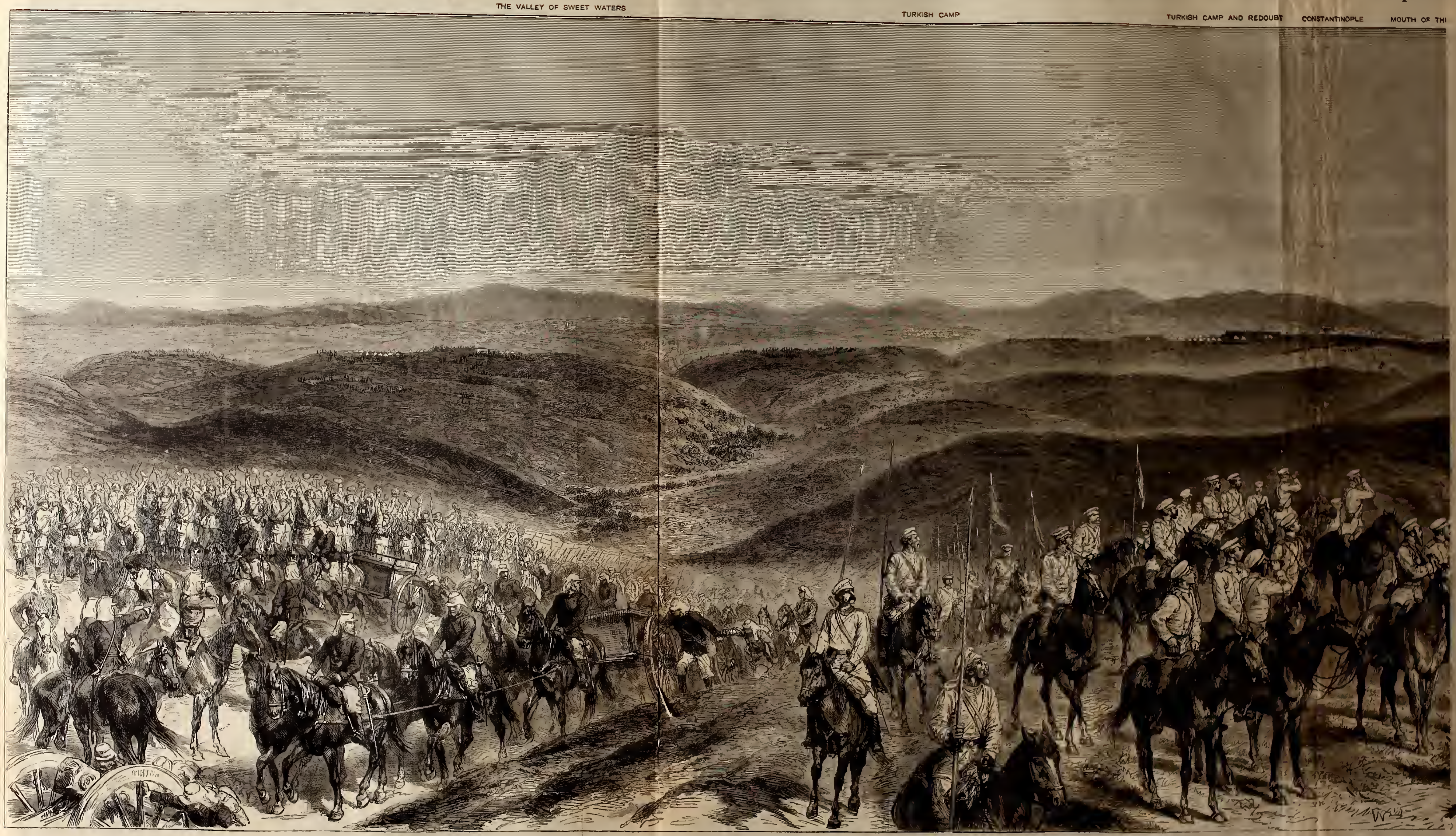

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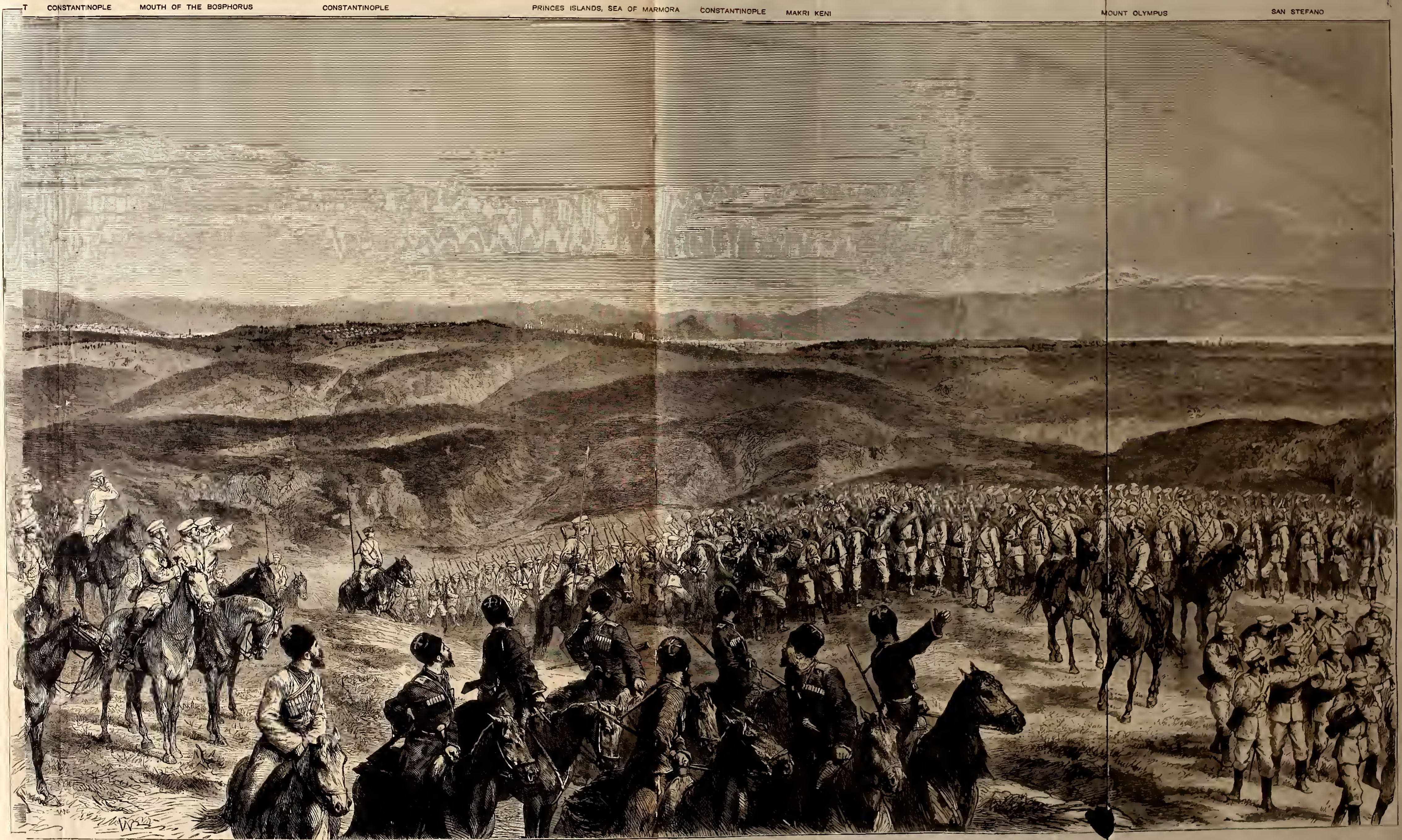

FANO: LAST LOOK AT CONSTANTINOPLE

IAL ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIANS DURING THE LATE WAR

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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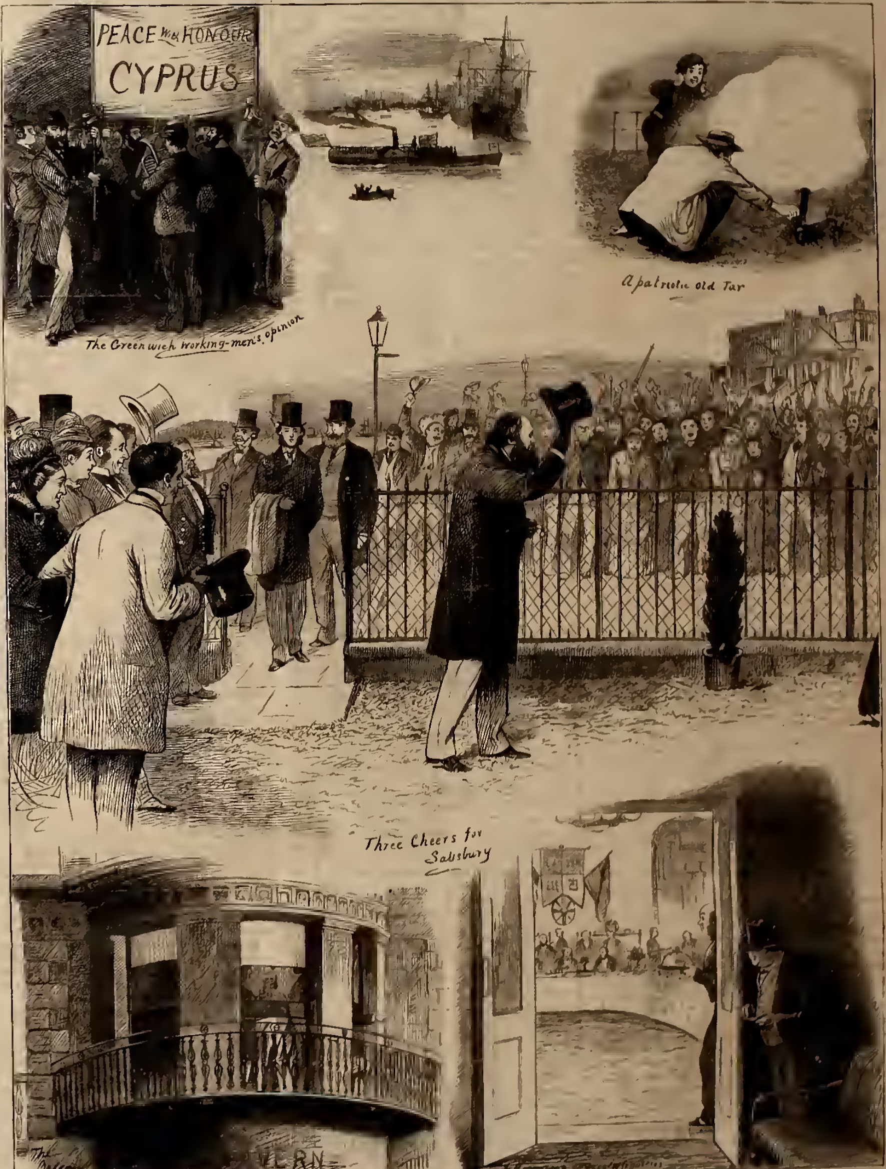
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CYPRUS
The Greenwich working-men's opinion
A patriotic old Tar
Three Cheers for Salisbury
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THE MINISTERIAL WHITEBAIT DINNER AT GREENWICH—NOTES BY AN OUTSIDER

Topics of the Week

England and Afghanistan.——Great Britain has rarely received a grosser insult than that which the Ameer of Afghanistan has ventured to inflict upon her. A small party among us maintain that we ought not to have put ourselves in a position which made the rebuff possible; but, happily, this is not the view taken by the majority of Englishmen. The Government of India had the best reason to know that Russia was intriguing against us at Cabul; and to have made no effort to baffle her schemes would have been to incur the contempt of every native prince and of more than half the native population. This, however, is now a minor question. The main fact is that a petty Asiatic ruler has openly flouted us; and all parties are agreed that either he must make ample reparation, or that we must effectively punish him. It is improbable that the former alternative is the one before us. Whatever the ultimate designs of Russia may be, she professes to be his friend; and he evidently believes that she will help him to fight her battles. Of course there can be no doubt as to how the war will end, if war it is to be. A good many people shake their heads and recall the disastrous incident in the war of 1839; they apparently forget the special causes which led to that incident, and the ultimate issue of the struggle. Warned by previous experience, the military authorities will take every precaution; and, whether Afghanistan is backed by Russia or not, she will sooner or later be altogether at our mercy. Our triumph will be made all the more easy by the fact that many of the wild tribes over which the Ameer nominally rules are discontented with his government, and would welcome us as friends. When the war is over, it will be a most serious question what we ought to do with the country we have subdued. We can hardly annex it, since we have already more territory than we can easily manage; but we must so far make ourselves its masters as to secure the inlets and outlets to the various passes of the Suleiman range. This has now become absolutely essential, for Russia is steadily pressing forward, and is already far nearer to us than would once have been deemed possible. In these circumstances we should almost deserve to lose India if we did not adopt obvious precautions for its defence; and it certainly cannot be said that the Afghans will be losers by our increased power. If our influence prevails in their country, they will retain all the solid advantages of independence; advantages of which they would soon be deprived were they to place themselves under the control of Russia.

Coroners' Inquests and their Objects.——Would it not be well if the scope of these inquiries was more accurately defined than appears to be the case at present? There is a vast difference between endeavouring to ascertain the cause of a death, and endeavouring to ascertain whether, in cases where the fatality is attributable to human agency, any particular person or persons is to be held responsible for it. In the case of the victims lost by the wreck of the *Princess Alice* the cause of death was self-evident,—they were drowned through the collision of two vessels on the river. The inquest on some of the bodies which chanced to come under the jurisdiction of the Poplar coroner was held on this principle, and consequently, after a very brief inquiry, a verdict of "Found Drowned" was returned. The Woolwich inquest is being held on the other principle, namely, with the view of finding out, if possible, whether any persons (and, if so, what persons) were to blame for the disaster. Of course, it is most proper that a searching inquiry of this sort should take place, but, as it involves the presence of an array of lawyers, and the production of a vast mass of so-called evidence, it is questionable whether the coroner is the proper officer to undertake such an exhaustive investigation, for the simple reason that here we have all the apparatus of a criminal court of justice—barristers, jury, and witnesses, presided over by a functionary who has usually no trained knowledge of law. A crucial example of the defectiveness of such unskilled presidency was afforded by the Bravo case, where the coroner was completely overridden by the counsel who appeared for the various parties interested, and where an enormous quantity of allegations was allowed to be made, having no practical bearing on the matter in hand, and of an extremely scandalous and offensive description. Besides, under the existing system, the same evidence is repeated two or three times over, causing a great waste both of time and money. In the Wainwright case, the coroner's inquest and the magistrate's examination were running side by side, and then this twice-told tale had to be repeated all over again at the Old Bailey. Just so with regard to the *Princess Alice*. The same witnesses who appeared before the coroner will give their evidence before the Wreck Commissioner, and should any persons be accused of manslaughter, first a magistrate, and then a judge and jury will have to hear the whole story over again. Another objection to the present method of conducting coroners' inquests is that a man may appear as a witness and be afterwards committed for trial, having thus, contrary to the established principle of English law, given evidence against himself.

Austria and Bosnia.——The Austrians may still have some trouble in Bosnia; but the struggle appears to be virtually at an end. At any rate, even the most enthusiastic Mahomedan knows that it must ultimately result in the triumph of Austria; and probably very few have the least expectation that when once the invader has possession of the country he will ever voluntarily leave it. Austria undertook the task of ruling the province nominally only for a limited time; the difficulties she has had to encounter will, however, give her an excellent pretext for declaring her "occupation" perpetual. There can be hardly any doubt that Count Andrassy has aimed at this all along. At the time when the troubles in Herzegovina broke out it was well known that Austria had secretly encouraged the insurrection; and she can scarcely have done this from any other motive than the hope of profiting by the disasters of the Porte. Englishmen have no reason to regret that in all her future movements in South-Eastern Europe Russia will be met by a watchful rival; but the Austrian Emperor may well doubt whether he has made a profitable bargain. He is adding largely to the Slavonic element among his subjects, and this is the very element over which his dynasty has always had the weakest hold. To Western Europeans, who can never forget the fate of Russian Poland, it appears strange that Russia should attract the sympathies of a single Slav beyond her frontiers; nevertheless, it is true that she has an extraordinary fascination for the Slavs of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. These races are so ignorant that, in their opinion, a Pan-Slavonic State, with Russia at its head, would bring them unheard-of advantages from which, so long as they are under the Hapsburgs, they must be for ever excluded. A war with Russia would, therefore, be attended by grave dangers for Austria; dangers which she herself is deliberately increasing. Could Count Andrassy have hoped to excite the enthusiasm of the Hungarians and the Germans by the annexation of Bosnia, it would have been possible to understand his policy; but the Hungarians are deeply offended by what is going on, while the inhabitants of the German provinces seem to have no other feeling than regret for the brave soldiers who have fallen in the enterprise. To add to these vexations, every taxpayer in the Empire is irritated by the increased expenditure forced upon a State already overburdened. Count Andrassy will have cause to congratulate himself if all this discontent does not seek for utterance in something more threatening than eloquent speeches.

Dismal Art.——The complaint, which has been justly made, that the bulk of the subjects chosen by our modern artists is of a sorrowful or repulsive character, may be applied to other matters besides pictures. Most of our modern poets pitch their effusions in the minor key, the writers rarely afford the impression of being in thoroughly vigorous bodily and mental health, there is a trail of dyspepsia and blue-devilism in all they touch. The minor versifiers, too, who write songs to be wedded to music, are equally doleful. If at a concert, or in a drawing-room, you hear a ballad the words of which are robust and jovial, you may be pretty sure that it was written at least thirty years ago. Of course there are plenty of comic songs in existence, but they are for the most part either vulgar or cynical, and are usually, in actual fact, more depressing than their professedly melancholy congeners. As for our novelists, too, they are also a dismal tribe, taken collectively. Vice and crime are the levers with which they chiefly try to raise public interest, and the art of provoking an innocent (as opposed to a cynical) laugh seems almost extinct. Of the modern drama we need not speak, as it can scarcely be called a British product—it is merely a pale moon borrowing its light from the garish Parisian sun. How comes it that we are so much more dismal than our ancestors, who lacked many things which to us seem necessaries? Perhaps we are dismal just because of these luxuries, and of the changes they have brought with them. Incessant travelling (of a kind, too, which affords no bodily exercise), the substitution of outdoor excitement for quiet home employments, late hours, over-indulgence in tea and tobacco, and, above all, the want of a hearty belief in God and in a future state, are possibly some of the provoking causes of the depressed animal spirits of this generation.

Russia and Afghanistan.——The Russians vigorously deny that they have any connection with the violent proceedings of the Ameer of Afghanistan. No one expected them to do anything else, but, all the same, their guilt is beyond question. The Ameer is a headstrong and impulsive barbarian, but he is not so very silly as to rush without encouragement upon his own destruction. Russia must have done everything in her power to induce him to defy us; and it is not at all hard to understand her motive. Although we made many concessions to her at the Berlin Congress, she knows that she came off second best in her diplomatic contest with us; and the Anglo-Turkish Convention filled her with alarm and jealousy. Her intrigues at Cabul are simply an attempt to pay us back for the humiliation she forced us to inflict upon her. Prince Gortchakoff apparently hopes to turn away from himself in this way the wrath of Moscow, and perhaps even to regain a little of his former popularity. That he will advise his master to support Afghanistan by arms is incredible, for Russia has rarely been less able to carry on war with a great Power than at the present moment; but it is certain that his agents will continue to stir up mischief between the Ameer and this country. The Russians do not appear to realise that they are amusing themselves with edged tools. England is probably the most pacific country in the world; peace is of such enormous importance to her that she is always willing to make great sacrifices to maintain it. But her history proves that if she becomes convinced of the steady hostility of another Power she is capable of departing wholly from her ordinary calculations, and defending herself with pertinacious vigour. And she now regards Russia with constantly increasing suspicion. What have the Russians to do in Cabul at all? They have repeatedly given us the most solemn pledges that they would never seek to interfere with Afghanistan, and for a long time we did our best to believe them sincere. The meaning of their present proceedings can only be that they wish to push forward to our frontier, and afterwards to dispute with us our supremacy in Southern Asia. Let Englishmen become thoroughly convinced of this, and, whether the Russians desire it or not, war with them will be inevitable. We shall certainly not, if we can help it, allow them to decide the conditions under which the struggle will take place; nor, if they compel us to enter upon it, shall we do so with any doubt as to the result. A Power which found it hard work to defeat Turkey, which is on the verge of bankruptcy, and which has alienated the sympathies of every civilised State, can hardly be a match for Great Britain; and the more intelligent class of Russians are well aware of the fact, and are angry with their rulers for recklessly exposing their country to needless danger.

Armed Merchant Steamers.——Although our own merchant fleet is unrivalled in numbers and efficiency, other nations beside ourselves possess serviceable vessels, and if (which Heaven forefend!) we should go to war with one of the Great Powers, that Power would doubtless endeavour to increase its maritime strength by purchasing all the suitable ships it could lay its hands on. Talk of privateering being abolished! The *name* may be changed, but the *thing* will flourish more than ever if another great war should break out. The American Civil War, with its *Alabamas* and *Floridas*, lifted a corner of the curtain of the future, and showed us what we may expect. It is quite possible that in such a war the monster ironclads on which we lavish such heaps of money would play but a secondary part. They would be chiefly reserved for coast defence, while the real hard fighting would take place far away at sea in the shape of desperate gunwale-to-gunwale conflicts between "converted" Cunarders, China tea clippers, and such-like craft. It is absurd to suppose that if we turn our commercial steamers into men-of-war other nations will neglect to follow the example.

Protection in the Colonies.——The Marquis of Lorne will find the conditions of political life in Canada wholly different from those amid which Lord Dufferin has lately had to govern. In the electoral struggle which has just come to a close the so-called Liberals have been completly defeated by the so-called Conservatives. If the parties bearing these names in this country were to go through a similar experience at the present moment, the fact would mean the triumph of the Imperial policy of Lord Beaconsfield. But an issue of such magnitude is not raised in Colonial politics. The meaning of the Conservative triumph in Canada is that a policy of Protection is about to be entered upon with the hearty goodwill of the vast majority of the population. The Canadians are being severely lectured by some English politicians for what are called their retrogressive tendencies; and in this respect they receive the same treatment as the Australians and various other members of our Colonial Empire who have also displayed hostility to the doctrine of Free Trade. England, even, is being blamed for having conceded to her colonies the right of imposing duties upon British commodities. This appears to us a very one-sided way of looking at the question. It so happened, when the Corn Laws were abolished, that everything was in favour of the system we then adopted; and our insular position will always make it easier for us than for any other country to carry out Free Trade principles. Even we, however, have of late had some reason to doubt whether we have not been a little misled by the formula that we should buy in the cheapest market and sell in th dearest. Other nations so obstinately refuse to follow our example– most of them are so systematically moving in exactly the opposite direction—that it may be questioned whether we do not often buy in the dearest market and sell in the cheapest. But whatever may be our own fortunes, it is certain that young communities cannot stand the strain which we are able to endure. Many of their manufactures, if not protected, must simply die, since it is impossible for them to compete on equal terms with the trade of old and highly organised States. This was recognised by so determined an upholder of free trade as the late John Stuart Mill; and the Canadians and Australians may surely be excused for acting upon his admissions. The Canadians have a particularly good case, since their neighbours are almost fanatical believers in the virtues of protection. Were the European markets more open than they are, the Dominion would find it necessary in some measure to defend itself against the exclusiveness of the United States.

Her Majesty's Tower.——Artemus Ward once, in his grotesque fashion, described the Tower of London as "a sweet boon," but the epithet is scarcely likely to be applied to it by those who go thither on the so-called "free days." Visitors are kept waiting for hours, they are jostled and hustled about—no light matter when we remember that many of them are young children—and some of them are compelled to retire in sheer weariness, leaving "the sweet boon" unentered. Now who is responsible for this disgraceful state of affairs? We say deliberately, "disgraceful," for it is a mere mockery to profess to open the Tower free, and make no provision to enable visitors to see it in comfort. If the crowds who come are really so numerous as to be unmanageable, it would be far better to lessen their numbers by charging a small fee, but we are inclined to think that the mischief arises from taking the sightseers round the old fortress in squads under the charge of a succession of beefeaters. Why not allow the public to circulate freely all over the building instead of "rushing" them through in gangs, like sheep going into a butcher's yard? Such a plan would, of course, involve a larger staff of attendants to protect the public property, but the cost would not be great, as the extra staff would only be needed during the summer months and on holidays, and we feel sure the nation would not grudge the expense.

Indian and African Elephants.——In Asia the value of the elephant has been fully recognised from time immemorial. His strength and sagacity have caused him to be the favourite of priests and kings, the chief actor in royal pageants, the indispensable attendant in the battle field and at the tiger hunt, the faithful and willing servant of the engineer and the agriculturist. Far other has been the fate of his flap-eared cousin of "the Dark Continent." Savages have hunted him for his flesh, civilised men (as he has the misfortune to own big tusks) have hunted him for his ivory. As arms of precision have gradually superseded the bow and arrow and the lance, his numbers have been reduced, he has been driven into the far interior, and it is quite possible that, if matters go on much longer as they now are, this noble quadruped, the majestic living reminder of the old days when frogs were as big as bullocks, and elks towered like giraffes, will become as extinct as his hairy-coated brother, the mammoth. Just now, however, there is a faint ray of light in the gloom which enshrouds his future prospects. Why, it has been proposed, should he not be tamed, and used, as in Asia, for human service? That the African elephant can be tamed is proved by the docility shown by those exhibited at the Alexandra Palace under the charge of the Nubians, whose kindliness and skill in the management of their four-footed comrades puts to shame a good many of our countrymen's behaviour towards the animals placed in their charge.

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Notice.——*The refusal of the* Ameer *of* Cabul *to receive the* British Mission *under* Sir Neville Chamberlain *having aroused the greatest interest,* The Graphic *will next week consist of* Two Whole Sheets, *one of which will be devoted to an* Illustrated Description *of* Afghanistan, *with a Sketch of the History and Topography of that country, and of the Events which have led to the existing crisis.*

AMUSEMENTS

THE TWO ORPHANS, with all the Original Effects and Powerful Cast, on MONDAY NEXT, Sept. 30, and Every Evening, at 7.30. Box Office open daily from 11 to 5. No booking fees.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening (Wednesday excepted) at 6.45, WOMAN. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Lewis, Drayton, Rhoyds, Charlton; Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Rayner, Mrs. Newham, and Miss M. Henderson. Followed by CONCERT. E. Mosedale, Sisters Weston, Almonte Troupe of Aerobats. To conclude with (Wednesday excepted) JACK and JACK'S BROTHER. Messrs. J. B. Howe, Ilgwood, Reeve, Towers, Pitt, Hyde; Mdlles. Brewer, Summers, Rayner.—Wednesday, the Benefit of Messrs. Crauford, and Re-appearance of Mrs. S. Lane.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. G. Conquest.—Re-appearance of Mr. G. CONQUEST, after his severe illness, in his great character of "Hoyly Snaple," in the Drama of SENTENCED TO DEATH. Messrs. James, Sennett, Syms, Nicholls, Vincent; Mesdames Verner, Victor, Denvil, Read. To conclude with the Successful Drama, THE GREEN LANES OF ENGLAND. Messrs. James, Sennett, Syms; Mesdames Verner, Victor, Denvil, Read, and Miss Morgan. On Wednesday to conclude with THE OCTOROON, supported by the entire Company.

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WILL CLOSE ON MONDAY NEXT.

ELIJAH WALTON.—Exhibition of ISLE of WIGHT and other Water-Colour Drawings, chiefly ALPINE and EASTERN, NOW OPEN at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191, Piccadilly. Ten till Six. Admission including Catalogue, 1s.

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BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. Nye Chart.—Engagement, for Six Nights only, commencing Monday, September 30, of THE STOLEN KISSES COMPANY, when will be produced STOLEN KISSES (332nd Night).

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route *via* Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Steamers *Columba* or *Iona* daily, at 7 a.m. from Greenock at 9 a.m. See Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free, at Messrs. CHATTO and WINDUS, Publishers, 74, Piccadilly, London, or by post, from D. HUTCHESON and CO., 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

Our Illustrations

THE MINISTERIAL WHITEBAIT DINNER AT GREENWICH

There is a pleasant touch of old-fashioned simplicity in the spectacle of the Ministers celebrating the close of the Session by a fish dinner at Greenwich. It recalls the doings of our school-days, when boys were really boys, and not as they now often are—premature men, and when the night previous to breaking-up day was devoted to a general "tuck-out" in the bedrooms. After such a Session as that which has lately closed, during which it appeared to be the principal duty of the Opposition to ask questions, often inconvenient and difficult to answer, Ministers must naturally have anticipated with some delight the arrival of a time when the voice of Parliament—at all events at Westminster—would be hushed, and when they could be only bullied for their alleged misdeeds either in the columns of newspapers or in members' local addresses to their constituents. As Lord Beaconsfield is generally the life and soul of the assembled guests, it was unfortunate that he was absent from the late whitebait banquet. We remember seeing him about ten years ago (when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer) standing in the bow-window of the "Ship" Tavern making those of his colleagues who had already assembled smile at his witticisms, and anon raising his eye-glass, and glancing up the river for the steamboat which had been chartered to bring down the remainder of Her Majesty's political advisers.

Our artist thus describes his sketches:—

"(1) An old sailor had a still older cannon, from which he loyally fired salutes every few minutes. (2) A band and procession came in front of the hotel and played 'See the Conquering Hero,' until, being told Lord Beaconsfield wasn't present, they changed the tune to "By Jingo, if We do." (3) When the Ministers arrived, a crowd had collected in and about the hotel, which cheered enthusiastically on the appearance of Salisbury. Having always heard of the Ministerial Whitebait Dinner coupled somehow with 'the Balcony,' (and evidently everybody else had the same tradition as myself), I waited, expecting them to appear at some time on the balcony. As they didn't, and feeling sure that they ought to have done so, I made the sketch to show that I hadn't neglected my duty. The last sketch shows the *Telegraph* reporter anxiously trying to make out who the 36th man is (I think the number was 36); as he had been told there were 36, and could only count 35. The dinner being strictly a private one, the only privileged persons allowed inside the room were the waiters. The reporter, therefore, found it difficult to do his work in the conscientious manner he evidently prided himself on. He at last found the 36th man at the foot of the table, concealed by some obstruction from where he had tried to count the party."

THE LATE MR. T. T. COOPER AND WORK AT A COAL MINE, II., III.

See page 319.

THE EVICTION ON THE LEITRIM ESTATE

The house and farm shown in this sketch are interesting as being the scene of a summary re-ejectment which has created much local excitement. The house, which is situated near the spot where the late Lord Leitrim was assassinated in April last, was formerly occupied by a widow named Algoe, and it seems that she was evicted from it about two years ago by the late Lord Leitrim, after having been paid the full amount of compensation and costs awarded to her by Judge Battersby, before whom her land-claim was heard. On the 5th inst. she and her two sons took forcible possession of the place, from whence they were again evicted last week by the agent for the Leitrim estate, and a number of bailiffs. The brothers Algoe, however, made a determined resistance, and were subsequently fined by the magistrates for having assaulted the agent and his men.

VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION—INTERIOR OF THE CRATER

Vesuvius has within the last few days shown indications of an impending eruption on a grand scale—so much so, indeed, that anxiety is felt for the safety of the villages which surround its base. The view of the interior of the crater which we engrave is from a sketch made by Mr. Chares Royle four weeks ago, when the eruption began to assume a more than usually active form. It will be seen that the lava is thrown up from the cone in the centre of the hollow forming the crater, and this being gradually filled up in this manner, the burning ashes threaten to overflow into the country below. Subsequent accounts state that Vesuvius is in a state of partial and intermittent eruption; at the base of the cone are immense fissures, from which flames and lava are issuing. The crater is almost full. The volcanic activity is on the increase, and a cone is forming.

AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE IN THE HOLY LAND

VII.

WASHING THE FEET

The ceremony of washing the feet takes place on the Thursday in Greek Easter week. A high scaffolding is erected in the courtyard of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is neatly decorated with the emblems of the Greek Church. Twelve Bishops represent the Apostles. The Greek Patriarch, who is remarkably fat, has a towel tied round his loins, and with difficulty stoops and kneels to wash the feet of his Bishops from a golden ewer and basin. After this ceremony they enact the Agony on the Mount of Olives, the disciples lying asleep on the stairs of the scaffold, while the Patriarch prays under a real branch of an olive tree from Olivet, which is eventually distributed to the noisy crowd of Christian devotees below.

SACRED ALLIGATORS AT MUGGUR TALAO

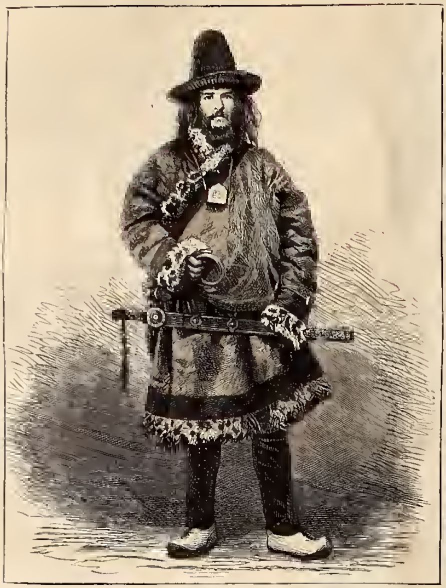
Eight miles north of Kurrachee, in Scinde, there is a collection of hot springs which swarm with alligators. Hence the place is called Muggur Talao, or the Alligators' Pool. These creatures are very tame, and never seek to injure human beings. They are genuine alligators, and are totally distinct from the *guryal*, or long-snouted crocodile, which abounds in the Indus, a short distance to the east. These hot springs belong to several fakirs, who have attached themselves to the tomb of a Mahomedan saint. They are situated among rocky hills, and spring out of the bottom of a small fertile valley, thickly wooded with date-trees and acacias, over which the white dome of the shrine is visible. It is a favourite place for picnics, and one of the chief parts of the entertainment is to see the *muggurs* fed. The scaly monsters know what is coming, and lie with their heads half out of the water, and their eyes and mouths open with anxious expectation. The goat which is thrown in is speedily torn to pieces. There is one *muggur*, a very old fellow, who is too lazy or too weak to scramble with the others, and who is fed by a man calling himself the *padre*, or priest. He opens the "Rajah's" mouth with one hand, and throws the food down his throat with the other.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. G. D. Giles, 19th Regiment N.I.

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST"

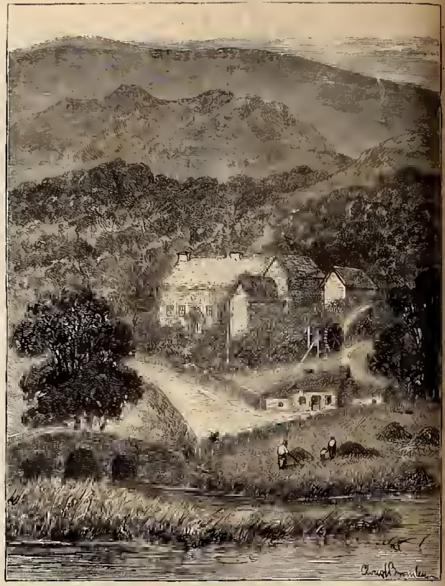
Here we have a new version of the delightful old fairy tale, only that in this case the sexes are reversed; Beauty belongs to the masculine gender, and Beast is a lady. It is remarkable that while among men—especially where civilisation, as we are pleased to call it, is advancing—plainness of dress is the rule, and indulgence in finery is the privilege of the softer sex, Nature does not thus treat her feathered children, for she almost invariably bestows all her bravery of plumage on the cock, leaving the hen, by comparison, plain, and almost dowdy. We fancy that in Mr. Barber's picture the feelings of Mrs. Hereafter Bacon somewhat resemble those of a hard-working cottager's wife, who has much ado to find her numerous family a sufficiency of bread and shoe leather, and by whose door sweeps a fine lady looking as if she had just stepped out of a fashion-plate.

WHITE ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND

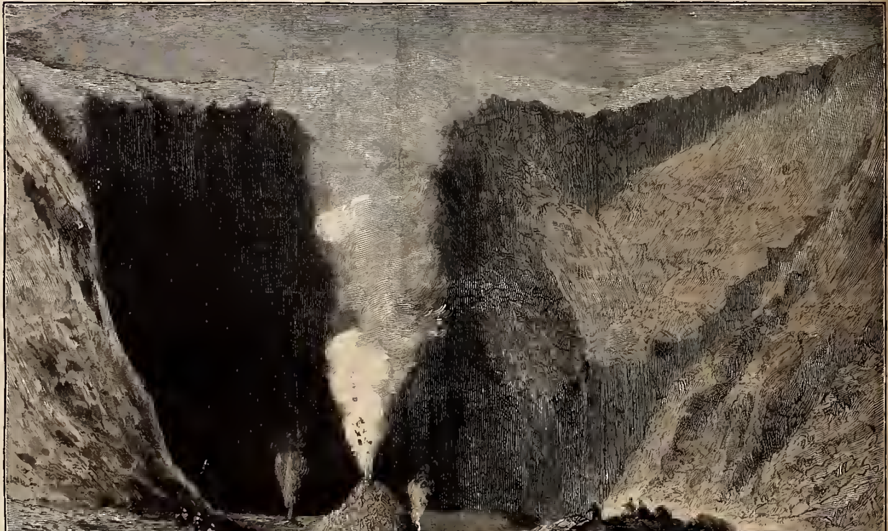
This remarkable island is situated in the Bay of Plenty (Province of Auckland), about fifty miles north-east of Tauranga, where a famous fight with the Maories formerly took place. The island derives its name from the clouds of white steam in which it appears, to passing mariners, to be continually enveloped. Its area is only about 600 acres, while its height is about 880 feet above the level of the sea. It resembles in form and colour a reposing camel, while the interior, with its grey weather-beaten almost perpendicular cliffs, recalls the Coliseum at Rome. Deep water exists close into the beaches, which are studded with large water-worn boulders, as shown in one of our engravings. Overhanging the southern landing-place stands a column of rock, closely resembling a sentinel, which the owners of the island, Messrs. Wilson and Troup, have dedicated to the immortal memory of Captain Cook. Proceeding inland, across the flat, which is principally composed of gypsum impregnated with sublimed sulphur, and everywhere perceptibly warm even through the thickest boots, the traveller reaches Lake Hope. Here the fumes of sulphur are plainly perceptible by nose, palate, and eyes; while the ear is treated to a sound like the roar of Niagara Falls. The water is of a pale green hue, and is strongly impregnated with muriatic acid. In fact, when boats are placed upon this lake for the purpose of approaching the active geysers at the opposite side, the nails in their bottoms



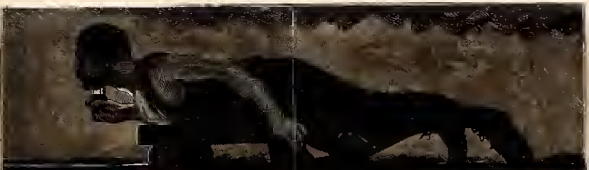
THOMAS THORNVILLE COOPER, BRITISH POLITICAL AGENT AT BHAMO
Born Sept. 13, 1840, Assassinated April 24, 1878



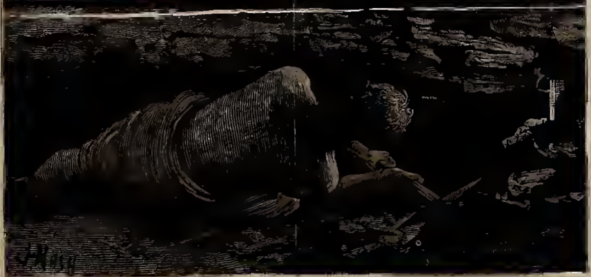
THE RECENT EVICTION ON THE LEITRIM ESTATE—WIDOW ALGOE'S COTTAGE AND TUCK MILL, NEAR BUNLIN, DONEGAL



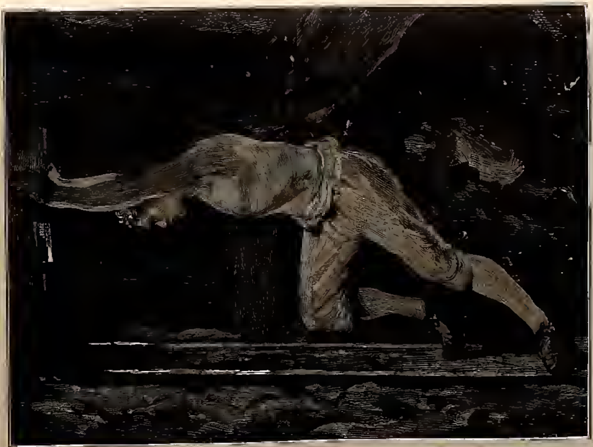
THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS—INTERIOR OF THE CRATER ON THE TWENTY-FIRST OF AUGUST



LOW TRAVELLING



"HOLING" THE BOTTOM COAL



"AGAINST THE COLLAR"

AT THE "SPINNEY TOP"

VEGETATION BELOW

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

WORK AT A COAL MINE, II.

are carefully examined to make sure that they are of copper, and not of iron; and wearing apparel, when dipped in this water, at once turns a brick-red colour, and shortly after parts company with the rest of the garment. The depth of the water is about 12 feet, and the temperature 110°. The mouth of the biggest geyser is about 12 feet across. The lake is surrounded by black liquid mud, dangerous to walk upon. Four feet below the surface a temperature of 200° was attained. The steam from the various craters rises over the highest point of the island, and the particles of sulphur ejected from these craters along with it fall again, like yellow soot, into the lake itself. Near one of the geysers are found immense blocks of pure sulphur, honeycombed and blistered, and still warm when chipped off and hauled into the boat. These exactly resemble lumps of yellow coal, and fetch the same price as the "roll" sulphur of commerce, being pronounced equal to the finest Sicilian or Spanish product. On a fine moonlight night an awe-inspiring spectacle is afforded to the visitor who sits in a boat in the middle of this placid, but treacherous lake. Around him for fifty acres extends an immense cauldron, hissing and snorting, and belching forth volumes of poisonous steam, while all chances of egress appear to be denied by the steep, silent, and gloomy cliffs which encircle these enchanted waters.—Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. Collie, of Napier, N.Z., who, accompanied by a youth, camped out on the island for twenty-five days; and they were forwarded to us by Mr. Edward Wayte, stationer, Queen Street, Auckland, N.Z.

THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS

In our first engraving, which is taken from a sketch by Captain McCalmont, we have a view of Sir Garnet Wolseley's encampment, situate about a mile from Nicosia, the capital of the island. The building on the right is the ancient Monastery of Kiko, and in the distance are seen some of the mountains of the Karpas range, whose northern sides descend abruptly to the sea. The large marquees are the quarters and mess tents of His Excellency and Staff; and as the temperature in these at noon is usually 110° Fahrenheit, some idea may be formed of the sufferings of the troops from heat in the comparatively thin bell tents, which afford little or no protection from the penetrating rays of the sun. The latest official account of the condition of the troops is very unsatisfactory. Fever had again broken out at Dali, and 400 men out of 2,622 were either in hospital or at light duty, or convalescent. Twenty-one deaths had occurred since landing. However, two shiploads of huts arrived on Tuesday, and, in view of the increased unhealthiness which might possibly result from the approaching wet season, orders had been given to withdraw the 101st Regiment from the island. The view of the *façade* of St. Mark's Church, Famagusta, is from a photograph kindly lent us by Dr. L. Sabunjie. The church which is a fine specimen of Mediæval architecture, was partially destroyed when the Turks conquered the island, and has since been converted into a mosque by the addition of minarets and other alterations.

RETURN OF THE FINNISH GUARD TO ST. PETERSBURG

These troops returned to St. Petersburg September 15; they left the city 4,000 strong; only one-half returned. They were received with enthusiastic applause and hurrahs, wreaths and nosegays were thrown to them by the public. For the arrival of the troops a triumphal arch was erected in one of the chief streets bearing the following inscription:—"To the Russian brave and victorious army." At the top, on the chief flag, was inscribed: "To the brave heroes," while from each side in the small arches two shields, one from each side, with the year 1877 and 1878, are visible. At the top, in the middle of the arch, the St. George's Order, with striped ribbon, is to be seen. They were received by the clergy of the chief churches, who after a short ceremony congratulated them with their return.

THE NEW LIGHTSHIP AT KING'S LYNN

The new lightship, *Bar Flat*, which has just been placed in position, is likely to prove of great utility to all vessels frequenting the North Sea. It was built for the Corporation, at a cost of over 2,000*l.*, by Messrs. Schlesinger, Davis, and Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The hull is of iron, and is divided into three water-tight compartments, and all her rigging and fittings are of the best possible kind. Upon her one mast, at a height of forty feet water-level, is the usual spherical cage which acts as a signal by day, and immediately below this is the lighting apparatus, consisting of dioptric lanterns on a triangular frame, the three lights apparently blending into one at a distance, and being visible at all points of the compass within a radius of seven nautical miles. The intention is to throw a strong yellow light up to and through the red stripe thrown by Hunstanton Light upon the northern end of the Roaring Middle Shoal. Vessels will therefore be guided from the *Lynn Well* (lightship) to the Roaring Middle by the Hunstanton Light, at which position they will sight the new light, which is moored about five nautical miles above the Roaring Middle, and northward of the Westmark Knock Sand, which divides the Lynn and Wisbeach Channels. The *Bar Flat* was launched on the 16th of July, and towed round to Lynn, where she remained in dock until the 12th inst, when she was towed out and successfully anchored in the position above described. Several members of the Corporation, and Port and Harbour Committee were on board the tug, on board of which a luncheon was given by the Mayor in celebration of the event.

CAPE CONVICTS AT WORK

"The first sight on arriving at Cape Town," says our artist, "is a number of men with large figures on their clothing, working under the eyes of armed men. These are convicts of 'Cape manufacture,' to use the expression made to me by a Cape man, and are employed to a great extent on the harbour and in a quarry which supplies the stone for the same. There is a sprinkling of whites among the large mass of coloured men who form the main body, and who take good care not to overwork themselves when the eye of the overseer is not upon them."

THE RECENT FLOODS IN THE TYROL

Consequent upon the continued warm damp currents of air which prevailed during the summer, followed by heavy rain, the glaciers of the Zillerthaler mountain chain were much affected, and on the 16th and 17th of August, between Prettau and Taufers, nine mountain streams rushed down into the valley, carrying with them huge boulders, rubbish, sand, and timber. The wildest of these mountain torrents was the Rohrbach, between Arzbach and St. Martin; it brought such masses of earth, wood, &c., with it, that the Ahr was impeded in its course, and formed a lake towards St. Martin. On Saturday, the 17th of August, after an anxious, watchful night, during which the storm bells of the neighbouring churches pealed, and the inhabitants of Sand worked at strengthening the dam, the Ahr broke into the village. In the Ahrn as well as in the Taufers valley, the destruction was immense. Many of the houses were completely buried, and in Luttach the Ahr left its bed entirely, and rushed over the low-lying houses, devastating everything in its course. St. Martin was also inundated, and towards Schloss Taufers the waters wrought fearfully, completely swamping the road from behind the castle to Sand. This village suffered severely, hardly fifty square yards remaining over which the water had not passed, leaving a settlement of sand, stones, &c., five and six feet deep. In some places the water heaped up sand, huge stones, remains of buildings, and uprooted trees, in others it ploughed up the land into deep furrows. Such was the rapidity with which the flood spread itself that the inhabitants had barely time to escape with their lives; while in the Zillerthal and other places to which the flood extended several lives were lost. The damage is reckoned to be about a million and a half guldens. Help is greatly needed, and the devastation of the harvest threatens serious things for the coming winter. The Emperor Franz Josef has granted 2,000 guldens from his private purse, and the State 6,000 guldens for the Alvres and Taufers Valley, and another 6,000 for the Ziller Valley. Subscriptions are also being started, and will most probably take a national character.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. C. P. Weeks.

DIVERS OFF FUNCHAL, MADEIRA

On the arrival of the mail steamer off Funchal, Madeira, the vessel, which stops a few hours to land passengers, &c., and to take in a supply of fresh vegetables and fruit for the rest of the voyage, is immediately surrounded by a number of boats to take off passengers, and with various articles for sale. The first, however, to arrive are full of boys and young men, who dive after pieces of silver money thrown overboard by passengers who wish to see their dexterity. As the piece of money, owing to its shape, offers considerable resistance to the water, it revolves and sinks but slowly, and, as the water is very transparent, it is usually caught three or four feet below the surface. When it sinks lower, there are only one or two men good enough to fetch it up. When the sixpences begin to get few and far between, it is amusing to see how the divers all tumble into the water after them, and as they are all over-eager, it is frequently clutched by some one wary enough to go to a good depth at once.

HOME.

Political Affairs.—The Lord Chancellor has been gazetted a Viscount and Earl of the United Kingdom, his new titles being Viscount Garmoile and Earl Cairns.—The Marquis of Lorne, who has been made a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, on Tuesday bade farewell to his constituents at Inverary in a very sensible speech, in which he thanked them for never having sought to place him in the extraordinary position, now so common, of a trusted man who is always asking to be trusted, congratulated them on having chosen so able a man to succeed him in Parliament, and cautioned them to be careful in the future to avoid the "swirl of party passions." Alluding to his approaching departure for Canada, he said that there were many men who would do well, if they could hold the plough, to follow the gallant example of their countrymen who have done glory to the old land in forming another great British nation, and instead of an unhealthy city life, take to the life-giving work of a settler in the agricultural regions of West Canada, where they were likely to live longer and to be happier than is the lot of the great majority of mankind here.—Lord Carnarvon gave a dinner to his Nottingham tenantry on Saturday, and, in replying to the toast of his health, he said he wished that the predictions he had made at the end of the Session had been falsified by events. Every hour that had gone by had justified his fear that what had been misnamed a Treaty of Peace did not contain the elements of permanence; and with regard to the acquisition of Cyprus, he apprehended that the more the case was examined the worse it would prove for England. Our responsibilities were constantly growing; and it was becoming a serious question whether they were not already too much for us. Fireworks were very convenient, and sometimes desirable; but they should be displayed only occasionally, not become the stock-in-trade of Government policy. This was a very questionable time for our interference in Afghanistan, when on all sides there were rumours of possible war in that State. Much more than war, however, he dreaded the conquest or occupation of Afghanistan. As to Turkey, it was crumbling to pieces as fast as possible.—Sir Michael Hicks Beach, the Secretary for the Colonies, speaking at Winchcombe on Friday, said that the Government would be the last to claim for themselves that, in as difficult and lengthened a crisis as any country had passed through, they had been free from mistakes, but if their conduct was viewed irrespectively of party politics, the majority of their countrymen would say that in the harassing, difficult, and trying times they had experienced, the Government had tried to do their duty. He did not hold forth the Treaty of Berlin as the particular work of the English Government, or as the particular arrangement that England would liked to have. In another speech delivered on Wednesday at Moreton-in-the-Marsh, he eulogised the conduct of the colonies for the loyal spirit they had shown in the late crisis, coming forward with volunteers in numbers sufficient to form whole brigades for European service. When the peril was past, and the honour of the country had been maintained, congratulations poured in upon Her Majesty's Government from Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. As to a dissolution of Parliament, he felt that if the country was satisfied, as he believed it was, with its representatives, the Government itself had no reason to complain.—Mr. Childers, M.P., in addressing the members of the Barrow-in-Furness Liberal Club, said that the party should not be impatient, but take advantage of this period of minority to prepare for the time when, as they had for the last forty or fifty years, they might be able to direct the affairs of the country.—The recent Liberal victory at Newcastle-under-Lyme was celebrated on Monday by a demonstration in which the members for the borough and several other members of Parliament took part, a resolution was passed declaring that the return to Parliament of Mr. Edge for Newcastle-under-Lyme, and Lord Colin Campbell for Argyleshire, plainly indicated that the policy pursued by Lord Beaconsfield did not meet with the approval of the country.

A New Temperance Campaign.——On Tuesday, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the famous American orator, Mr. J. B. Gough, delivered the first of a series of lectures under the auspices of the National Temperance League. Sir Charles Reed, who presided, made an introductory speech, in which he said that the public conscience had been greatly awakened upon the subject, and that there was a decided improvement in the drinking customs of the nation. He also congratulated his hearers on the medical testimony which had recently been given as to the effect of alcohol, and on the changed demeanour of ministers of religion in reference to the subject. Mr. Gough, who was most enthusiastically received by the crowded audience, said that he had nothing new to urge in favour of the cause which he came to advocate, and which he had advocated twenty-five years ago. He was sixty-one years old, and had travelled 420,000 miles, and delivered thousands of speeches, without having a single day's illness since 1846. He had done all this on cold water and unaided by stimulants. Some doctors prescribed alcohol because they liked to take a little with their patients, others because they knew nothing about it, but if any dared to prescribe it for him his wife would quickly show him the door. Some people contended that the Bible permitted and sanctioned the use of wine. It was mean, sneaking, cowardly, and contemptible, to search the Bible for permission to gratify a propensity, and then reject all God's requirements. Others taught that if a man became a Christian it took away from him the appetite for drink. He disavowed such teaching, and did not believe in it. You could poison a Christian as soon as a Hottentot. If an unbeliever and a man brimming over with the grace of God took prussic acid together it would knock them both over. Total abstinence was their only safety. Many a man with the grace of God in his heart had been ruined by drink in spite of it. The lecture was preceded by the singing of a number of Temperance songs by the choir of the League; and at its conclusion a vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Spurgeon and the deacons, for the use of the Tabernacle.

Miscellaneous Items.——H.M.S. *Alert*, Captain Sir G. Nares, K.C.B., sailed from Portsmouth on Tuesday for a two-years' surveying cruise in the South Pacific Ocean.—On Saturday last Lord Rosebery opened a new School of Science and Art at Falkirk, and, to use his own expression, "wagged his pow" in the pulpit of a neighbouring church, the School itself not being large enough to accommodate his auditory. He said that the anxiety now shown for information in science and art was a distinct landmark in the intellectual advancement of the country, and that he should like to see every town of 40,000 inhabitants with its public library and museum. Though that day might not be near at hand, yet they would not have done much as regarded the work of civilisation until that object was nearly accomplished.—Principal Shairp, in his retiring address as President of the Educational Institute of Scotland, at Edinburgh on Saturday, spoke with considerable acerbity of his compatriots, whose special characteristics he declared to be sectarianism and the love of money. In Scotch education the social side had been almost entirely neglected, the result of which was to be seen in the High Street of Glasgow, which was "the nether pit of social barbarism."—The Eisteddfod at Birkenhead was brought to a close on Friday, when Lord Aberdare presided, and delivered an address on "Welsh Education." He deprecated disparaging comparisons between English and Welsh people. He was much pleased to see that such a spirit was dying out, and that in none of the subjects treated of during that meeting had he observed one single reference to Caractacus or Sir Thomas Picton.—On Friday last the Duke of St. Albans was installed as Grand Master of the Nottingham Province of Freemasons in the room of the Duke of Newcastle, who resigned in 1876. The ceremony was held in the picture gallery of the Castle Museum, the Earl of Carnarvon as Pro-Grand Master presiding.—The work of clearing the Abercarne Pit of Water is expected to take several days longer, and will probably cost about 25,000*l.* On Sunday the divers, after spending five hours below water, stated that they could not descend the shaft low enough to reach the pumping tank. The engineers consequently decided to employ winding engines, which will raise 1,500,000 gallons per day. On Wednesday the Mansion House Fund stood at 16,000*l.* The Queen has replied to the memorial sent to her by Mr. Lever, a coal merchant of Manchester and London, suggesting the inauguration of a permanent fund for the relief of sufferers by such accidents as those on the Thames and at Abercarne. Her Majesty expresses her appreciation of Mr. Lever's benevolent intentions, but returns his donation of 100*l.*, as she sees considerable difficulty in the administration of such a fund, should sufficient capital be subscribed to form it. Differences of opinion might probably arise as to the nature of the accidents which would entitle sufferers to participate, and a very considerable capital would be required to meet the requirements of even one extensive colliery explosion.—The Board of Trade inquiry into the wreck of the *Princess Alice* has been postponed until the close of the coroner's inquest, which is still going on. The Mansion House Fund on Wednesday amounted to 29,000*l.*—Last week a French schooner, the *Perseverante*, put into Belfast in distress, after a most disastrous voyage from Iceland. When off the entrance to the North Channel on Sunday, the weather was very severe. The bulwarks were smashed, and the foremast, jibboom, &c., carried away. While trying to secure the moveables on deck, five of the hands were washed overboard and drowned, the captain had several ribs broken, and six of the crew sustained fractures of legs and arms.—The colliery riots at Sheffield have been renewed. About 100 non-unionist men are now employed by the Nunnery Colliery Company, and are housed in the barracks. On Thursday they were attacked in the streets by the men on strike, and the police had much difficulty in protecting them.—The death is announced of Mr. George Bidder, the eminent railway engineer, who in early life was celebrated as the "Calculating Boy." He was seventy-eight years of age.—Another eminent engineer, Mr. John Penn, of Greenwich, has also died. He was seventy-three years old.

SPORTING

The Turf.——The Newmarket First October Meeting, so called, by a kind of Hibernicism, because it comes off in September, has been an unusually good one. Generally speaking, it is somewhat tame, but some interesting racing and very active operations on the coming Cesarewitch during the week have redeemed its average dulness. There are not a few Turfites who more or less decline the sport after Ascot, and do not recur to it 'till the first of the three Autumnal Meetings at head quarters; and many have an idea that the Autumn is the only fit time and Newmarket the only fit place for racing. However this may be, certain it is that a mild autumn day on a Newmarket Heath with its grand broad courses and first class cattle contending for the various stakes is almost as enjoyable a day as one can spend after its kind, and if racing is to be seen anywhere in perfection it is on the famous Heath. The old school of sportsmen, and not a few of the modern, were heartily glad to see the veteran General Peel score his Hopeful Stakes for two-year-olds with Peter, a very promising youngster, who ran second at Goodwood to Lord Falmouth's flying filly, Wheel of Fortune, on the Richmond Stakes. The Great Eastern Handicap, which does not attract so much attention now as it did a few years ago, saw a fair field of competitors, sixteen being taken in charge by Mr. McGeorge. The talent made a very hot favourite of Hackthorpe, who it may be remembered at Doncaster was strongly fancied in the Portland Plate, but being kicked by another horse at the post was practically out of the race. Since he won at Lewes it has been a general impression that he had a good race in him, and so it proved for he justified the 5 to 2 taken about him by winning pretty easily by two lengths from Warrior, who was next in demand. This was a good example of the way in which the public shows itself at times more clever than the handicapper. Lord Clive won the Grand Duke Michael Stakes from Clementine and four others, and his style of going seemed to confirm the impression held by many that had he been entered for the Derby and Leger he would have made it hot for the winners of those events. Lady Golightly, with slight odds on her, beat the French Balagnay at a difference of 3lb. in the Twenty-Ninth Biennial, and consequently advanced in the Cesarewitch market, in which she is now first favourite at about 5 to 1. Attalus showed fair form in the Thirtieth Triennial, though he had nothing very grand to beat; and Massena took the First Nursery in a field of ten. At the time of writing Harbinger and Master Kildare are next in demand after Lady Golightly for the Cesarewitch, and as the meeting at Newmarket has not hitherto supplied any fresh favourite worth notice, it seems not at all unlikely that the two above-mentioned will not only hold their place in the betting, but supply the winner between them.—The sale of the Middle Park Stud has caused something like a feeling of sadness, especially as some of the best brood mares will leave this country.

CRICKET.——The Australians have left us, leaving many pleasant memories behind, and taking many with them. They have played thirty-seven genuine matches, of which they have won eighteen, many of them in a most decisive manner. Twelve were drawn, several very much in their favour, while only seven were lost. They have defeated some of our best county teams, and crack elevens of amateurs and professionals. Their cricket in every department, batting, bowling, and fielding, has been excellent. Though easily defeated by the Cambridge Eleven, one of unusual strength, it may be questioned whether within a fortnight of their departure our visitors could not have turned the tables. Considering the way they have had to fly about by rail from one part of the kingdom to another in order to fulfil their various engagements, the physique of the Antipodeans must be something marvellous. Charles Bannerman shows the best batting average, while the bowling honours are divided between Messrs. Spofforth and Garrett. On their return home they will at once be confronted by an Eleven of Gentlemen, assisted by a professional or two (Ulyett and Emmett probably), whom Lord Harris, as Captain, takes out. The visit of the Australians will certainly have the effect of giving a still further impetus to cricket both at home and in the Australian and other colonies.—Nottinghamshire has beaten Leicestershire by an innings and 186 runs, and this concludes the season as far as county cricket is concerned. —The last grand match between crack elevens has also been played, the North meeting the South in friendly rivalry at the Oval on behalf of the Mansion House Fund for the benefit of the families of those who went down in the *Princess Alice*. The match was a very one-sided affair, the North having all its own way from the first, beating the South in one innings and 123 runs to spare. For the North some big scores were made—*e.g.*, Ulyett (who has finished the season in fine form) 71, Shrewsbury 41, and Selby 76. But few of the South made double figures in either innings, but Mr. G. F. Grace performed the very uncommon feat of carrying his bat out in both, with 22 and 54 attached to his name.

AQUATICS.——Neither the results of the Thames International Regatta nor of the more recent contest for the *Sportsman*'s Challenge Cup and Championship, seem to have satisfied the losing scullers. Hence Higgins has challenged his conqueror, Elliott, to another trial, and there is little doubt but that the match will come off in about three months' time. Boyd again offers to row any man in the world on the Tyne in three months' time; and there is a proposal afloat for a sweepstakes of 500*l.* each between Higgins, Elliott, and Boyd. Further, it is not unlikely, from the preliminary negotiations which have taken place, that there will be a match between Boyd and Elliott. Thus there is likely to be no lack of interest, such as it is, in professional sculling.

COURSING.——The annual campaign has opened with several good meetings, among which may be mentioned the Avebury, Tamworth, and Plumpton gatherings. The prospects of the 1878-9 season give promise that it will be one of the busiest and most successful ever recorded. The number of meetings advertised has increased, the stakes are more valuable, and reports from all quarters speak of the puppies which will make their first appearance in contested fields as above the average. The supply of hares in some districts seems hardly up to the mark, but there is not likely to be a lack of fur on the historic coursing grounds.

THEATRES

THE reopening of the FOLLY Theatre, with Miss Lydia Thompson and Mr. Lionel Brough in a new comedy and a new extravaganza, has unfortunately not been attended with the success which might be expected, both from the reputation of this bright and elegant little theatre and from the talents of the company under the direction of Mr. Henderson. Mr. Charles Wyndham's adaptation of *La Veuve*, which he has called *The Idol*, is a rather pointless version of a piece which it would, perhaps, be difficult even for a skilful dramatist to render acceptable to English audiences. Its story turns upon the efforts of certain persons to persuade a young and pretty widow lady that her late husband, whose loss she deplores with unceasing regret, was not the model of perfection which she has fondly imagined, but a profligate and a monster of conjugal infidelity. This amiable purpose is at last attained by the rather coarse device of presenting the lady with a jeweller's bill, comprising numerous articles which can only have been purchased by the deceased for the purpose of making presents to other ladies; and this disagreeable circumstance having been duly established, the lady is represented as convinced, and ready at last to marry the suitor whom, out of respect for the memory of her faithless spouse, she has hitherto rejected. The piece is not well acted, with the exception of a scene in which Mr. Paulton, in the character of the jeweller, enumerates and explains the items of his account to the widow lady. The humour of this scene, however, did not wholly suffice to conceal the disagreeable nature of the incident, and tokens of disapprobation accompanied the fall of the curtain. Unhappily the performance of the new extravaganza, which its authors, Mr. Reece and Mr. Farnie, have called *Stars and Garters*, did not suffice to put the audience, on Saturday evening, in good humour. Miss Lydia Thompson is always welcome, nor did the piece fail to amuse from any lack of exertion on her part. Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Paulton, Mr. Alfred Bishop, and Miss Annie Poole may also be credited with doing their best. But the music of the piece is poor, and the dialogue wanting in the cleverness which distinguishes other productions of the same writers. In spite of pretty scenery and brilliant costumes, the spectators were finally roused to an unusually energetic expression of disapprobation. *Stars and Garters*, however, may still be destined to be popular; for it is the custom of Mr. Henderson to take a hint from audiences; and it has happened more than once that a burlesque at the Folly, condemned on its first representation, has, by judicious improvements, achieved a remarkable success.

The OLYMPIC Theatre has reopened for the season with a revival of *The Two Orphans*. Mr. Neville—who has been succeeded at the ADELPHI, in the part of Pierre Lorance, in *Proof*, by Mr. Hermann Vezin—returns to his accustomed place as the deformed hero in the former piece; while Miss Marion Terry, replacing Miss Fowler, performs very prettily the part of Louise. *The Two Orphans* is an interesting play of the romantic class, and its revival promises to be attended by renewed vitality.

A new farcical comedy, in three acts, by Mr. Byron, is in preparation at the GAIETY, where Mr. Gilbert's burlesque of *Robert the Devil*—originally produced here on the first opening of this theatre nearly ten years ago—is about to be revived.—*Marie, the Pearl of Savoy*, is to be withdrawn at the COURT Theatre on Saturday next. Its place will be taken by a new comedy, entitled *A False Step*, by Mr. Arthur Matthison.—Mr. G. Manville Fenn has prepared a dramatic version of his popular story, "Land Ahead," which will be produced by Miss Virginia Blackwood, at ASTLEY'S Theatre, on Monday next.—*Geneviève de Brabant* has been revived at the ALHAMBRA, supported by Miss Emily Soldene and other popular performers.—DRURY LANE reopens this evening with *The Winter's Tale*, preceded by an operetta by Lecocq.—Messrs. Crauford announce their benefit at the BRITANNIA on Wednesday next, when Mrs. Lane will appear.

At the PARK Theatre on Saturday, Sept. 28th, will commence a series of Shakespearian performances, in which Messrs. T. Swinbourne, H. Forrester, and Miss Leighton will appear.

THE POLYTECHNIC.——Several novelties have been placed upon the programme of this deservedly popular place of entertainment. The most important is the series of lectures on Practical Science Teaching, which Dr. E. B. Aveling of University College is giving with the object of assisting students who are preparing to compete for University degrees. Dr. Aveling ridicules the old method of instruction, and demonstrates by means of a few common flowers how much may be gained by cultivating the powers of observation without the use of technicalities. Mr. J. L. King gives an interesting lecture on China, illustrated with dissolving views; and a new semi-dramatic version of the story of Cinderella, under the title of *Zitella*, is capitally rendered by Mr. Seymour Smith. The current programme also includes lectures on "The Microphone and the Telephone," "Cyprus," "The Paris Exhibition," "The Kaffir War," "The Wreck of the *Eurydice*," "Guns and Projectiles," "Cleopatra's Needle," "Memory," and a "Scientific Variety Entertainment." It is announced that the new arrangement in the Science Department will not in any way affect the Polytechnic College, where classes are carried on as usual.

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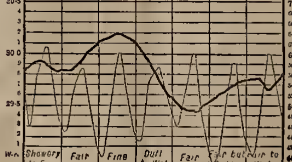
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

SEPTEMBER 19TH TO SEPTEMBER 25TH (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.——The weather during the past week has been very changeable. The first two or three days were tolerably fine, although slight showers fell both on Thursday, the 19th, and Friday, the 20th, and the barometer changed little or rose decidedly; but on Saturday evening, the 21st instant, the mercury began to fall rather quickly, and this movement in the barometer was soon followed by an important change in the weather. Sunday, the 22nd instant, opened very dull, and a slight shower fell in the morning, while in the evening rain fell more decidedly. The barometer continued to fall until Monday afternoon, the 23rd instant, when it once more rose, and the weather again improved. Tuesday, the 24th inst., was fair though foggy in the early morning and evening; but on Wednesday, the 25th instant, the barometer again fell, and the weather became wet. Temperature has been rather low during the whole week, but no frosts are yet reported. The barometer was highest (30·19 inches) on Saturday, the 21st instant; lowest (29·45 inches) on Monday, the 23rd instant; range, 0·74 inches. Temperature was highest (61°) on Thursday, the 19th instant; lowest (39°) on Tuesday, the 24th instant; range, 22°. Rain fell on five days; total, 0·27 inches; greatest fall on any one day, 0·10 inches, on Sunday, the 22nd instant.

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THE LARGE CLOCK FOR THE NEW LAW COURTS will shortly be placed in the main tower facing the Strand. It will be larger than any metropolitan clock, except Big Ben, and will have two dials of gun metal, each nine feet in diameter, with gilt figures and hands, and adorned by ornamental framework terminating with gables. The distance from the ground to the roof of the case will be 114 feet, and the dials will therefore be visible at a great distance.

Scraps

M. VICTOR HUGO will bring out this winter two new volumes of poems, entitled *Toute la Lyre.*

A WOVEN BOOK has been manufactured at Lyons, the whole of the letterpress being executed in silken thread. Portraits, verses, and brief addresses have often been reproduced by the loom, but an entire volume from the weaver's hand is a novelty.

TWO LARGE OCTOPI, measuring over 5 ft. apiece, have been caught in Mount's Bay. One of the creatures had tentacles as thick as a child's arm, while the other, when hooked, clasped the boat so vigorously with its feelers that the fishermen had considerable difficulty in getting it on board.

PITCHERINE, a new stimulant, has been discovered by the Australian aborigines. Smoked and chewed, or applied as a plaster behind the ears, pitcherine produces pleasant exhilaration, while it keeps up the strength during exertion, and is also declared to supply Dutch courage in battle.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.——The Winter Session of the Evening Classes of the Institute in connection with this institution at 165, Aldersgate Street, will be reopened on Thursday next, Oct. 3, when J. D. Allcroft, Esq., M.P., will distribute the prizes to the successful students during the last session.

A LARGE PORTION OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF ITHACA has just been unearthed by Dr. Schliemann, who has discovered 190 enormous houses on the south-eastern shores of the island at a considerable distance beneath the surface. The result of the excavations, however, will in no way rival the finds at Troy and Mycenæ, for Dr. Schliemann writes that all the treasures of the city have been washed into the sea by the winter rains.

THE LATE JUGGERNAUT FESTIVAL at Puri proved a decided failure. The devotees refused their usual large contributions, and there was even great difficulty in obtaining wood to construct the great car on which the idol takes his annual airing. The Rajah of Puri, Juggernaut's hereditary protector, is in the Andamans, undergoing a life sentence for the murder of a Brahmin, and it has been discovered that the Rajah had so mismanaged the affairs of the Temple as to leave the revenues in a pitiable condition.

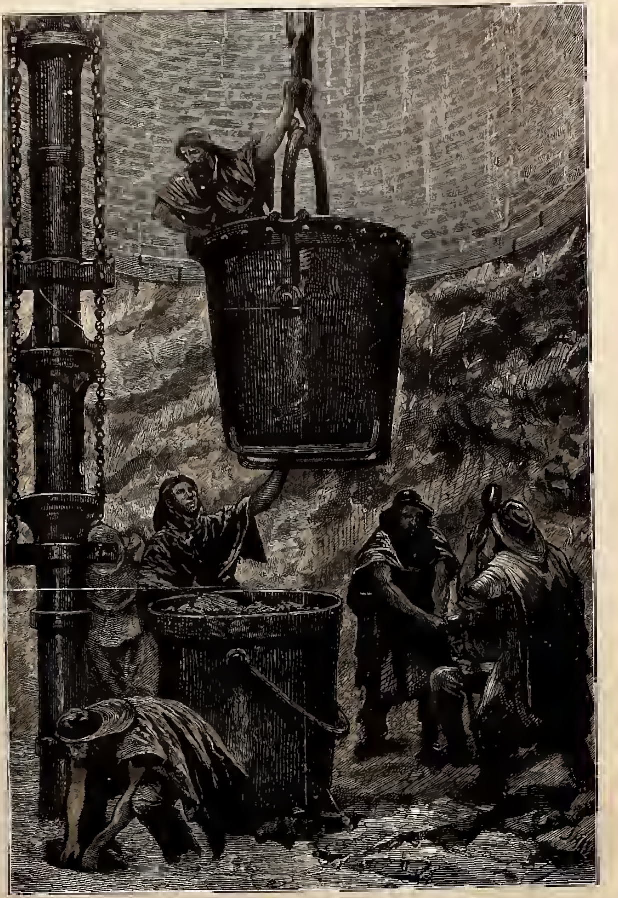
THE MIGRATORY BIRDS are leaving England this year much sooner than usual, according to the *Daily News*. The soft, dead-ripe fruit and the insects on which these birds fatten before starting south have been destroyed so early in the season by the late gales and cold nights that the departure of many birds has been materially hastened. Indeed, insect life altogether has been specially scarce during the past summer. The northern birds which winter in England are fast arriving, while kingfishers are plentiful near London, and one was lately seen on the Serpentine.

THEATRE-GOING IN PARIS has certainly not diminished under the Republic. In the palmy days of the Empire the receipts of the theatres during the year 1868 were only 640,000*l.*, in 1874 they had risen to 920,000*l.*, and this year the incomings are estimated to reach some 1,200,000*l.* Paris now contains forty-eight principal theatres, of which the Châtelet, the Grand Opera, and the Ambigu-Comique are the largest houses, while the Théâtre Français annually presents the most varied programme. Twenty-six of these theatres employ 5,069 persons, the Opera staff alone amounting to 596. Music-loving Parisians, also, have 56 *cafés-concerts*, and 210 musical societies, to say nothing of other varied styles of entertainments, such as circuses, skating-rinks, &c.

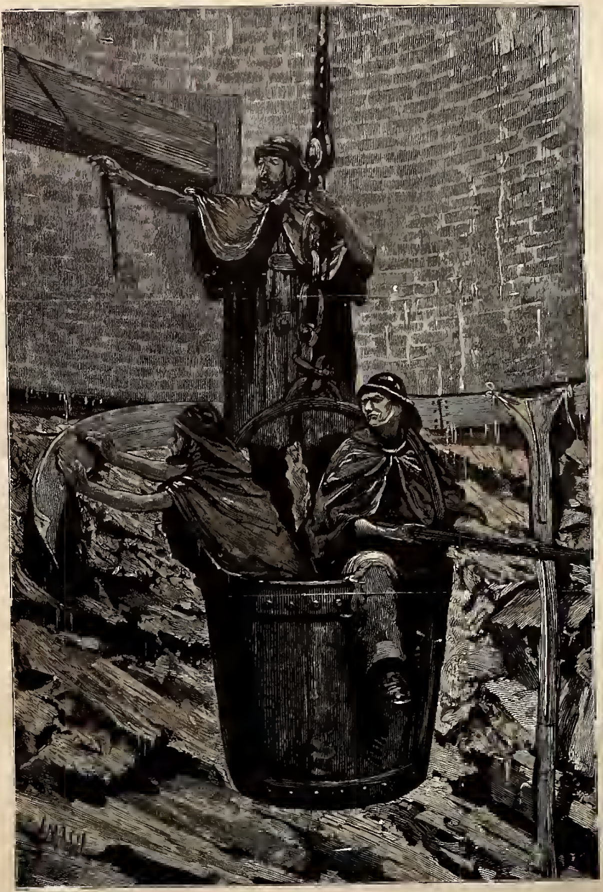
LONDON MORTALITY decreased again last week, and the deaths numbered 1,250 against 1,259 in the preceding seven days, being a decline of 9, at the rate of 18·2 per 1,000—the lowest rate registered since the corresponding week of last year—and 83 below the average. There were 80 deaths from diarrhœa (a decline of 10, and 23 below the average), 43 from whooping-cough (a rise of 6, and 14 above the average), 30 from fever (a fall of 2), 24 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 3, and 54 below the usual return), 10 from diphtheria (a decline of 3), 4 from small-pox (a fall of 3), and 2 from measles. Deaths of violence reached 58, of which 16 were due to the loss of the *Princess Alice*—the remainder of the deaths caused by the Thames collision, by-the-bye, being included in the returns of Essex and Kent. There were 2,491 births registered, against 2,373 in the previous week, exceeding the average by 127. The mean temperature was 54·4 deg.—1·9 deg. below the average; and there were 34·6 hours of registered sunshine out of the 86·9 hours during which the sun was above the horizon.

THE MODESTY OF BRITISH NEWSPAPERS appears to have made a considerable impression across the Atlantic, and the Transatlantic Press—seemingly somewhat ashamed of adorning their notable articles with sensational headings and interlinings—praise highly the simple manner in which English journals insert important communications. Letters from the most distinguished men in Great Britain, says the *San Francisco News Letter*, are printed without a word of bluster. "Peers and M.P.'s say their say without comment, while in this country enormous headings would tell the world that a great man had spoken, and an editorial would dilate upon the superiority of the sheet honoured by such correspondence. If any special journal be favourably alluded to in Parliament, that journal lays no stress on the matter next morning, and its rivals do not suppress the speech. Here we should find the particular speech reported only in the paper mentioned, while the speaker would be lucky if he escaped the enmity of the other journals. Let us shake the brass from our cheeks, and take a lesson from our English cousins."

SUNDAY ART EXHIBITIONS.——We are requested by Lord Rosebery, the President of the Sunday Society, to insert the following statement:—"During the recent opening on Sunday of the Grosvenor Gallery, nearly 6,000 persons availed themselves of the privilege of visiting the Exhibition. This success has encouraged the Committee to arrange for the exhibition of a series of water-colour drawings of Swiss life and scenery, sketched in Switzerland by Mr. William L. Thomas. The exhibition will be opened on the first three Sundays in October, from 2 to 5 P.M., at 33, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, E.C. (the late offices of the London School Board), and the public will have free access to it by means of tickets, which will only be issued to those applying by letter, and sending stamped and addressed envelopes to the Hon. Secretary, 19, Charing Cross, S.W. In order that the utmost possible advantage may be taken of this Fine-Art Exhibition, we ask you to publish this letter. The Committee of the Sunday Society intend to continue these Sunday Art Exhibitions from time to time until the Society's object is accomplished, and the public museums, art galleries, libraries, and gardens are all opened on the people's weekly leisure day. The Society will be glad to receive pecuniary and other assistance to enable the Committee to effectively carry out these exhibitions."

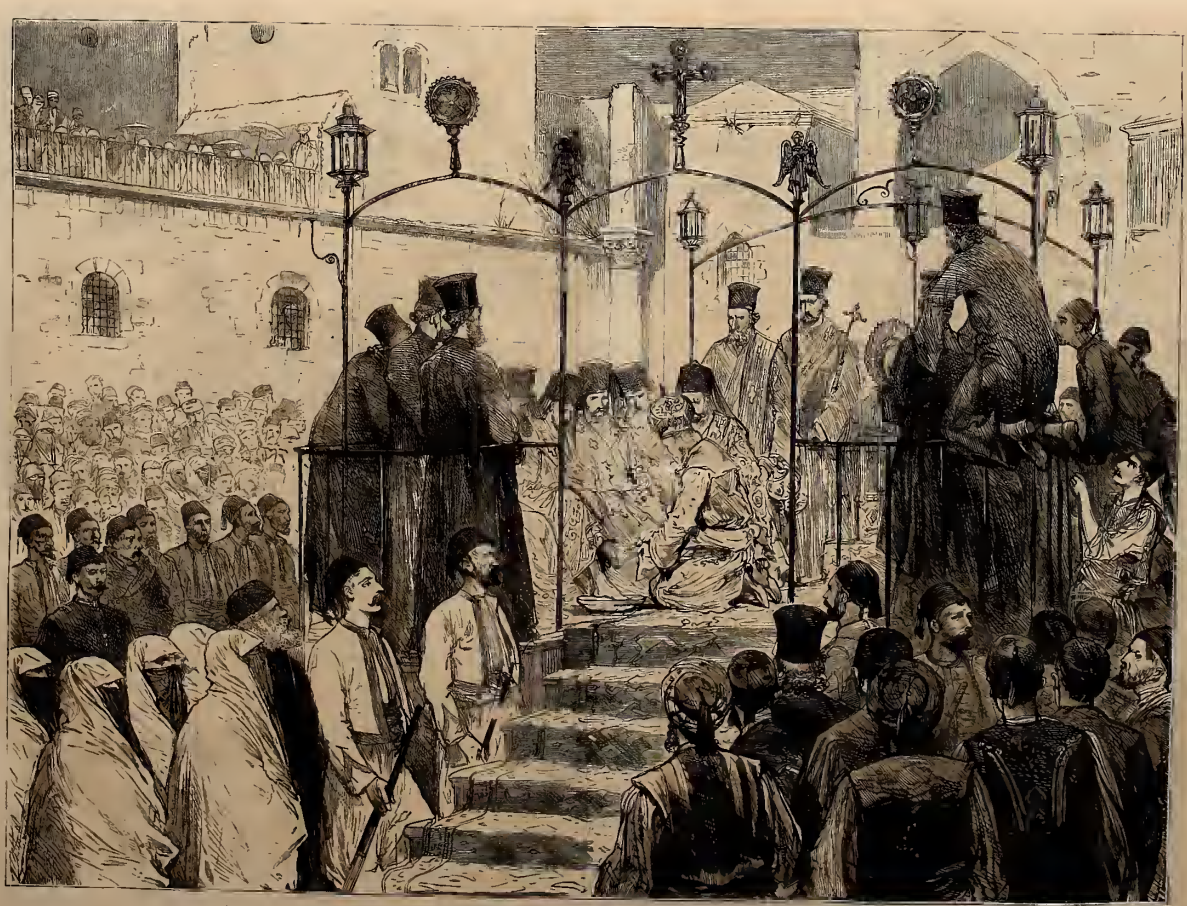


SINKING A SHAFT



REPAIRING A "GARLAND" IN THE SHAFT

WORK AT A COAL MINE, III.



AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND, VII.: THE CEREMONY OF "WASHING OF FEET" AT THE DOOR OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM

"THE LIFE OF SIR GARNET WOLSELEY," by Lieutenant Low, I.N. (2 vols.: Bentley and Son).—Whatever question may be raised as to the good taste or propriety of this publication there can be no doubt that it is in many respects interesting. The distinguished officer whose biography has been thus written out of due time has seen war under the British flag in so many parts of the world that the mere backward glance over the fields on which he has served is a pleasurable excitement to the peaceful reader. The records of individual prowess as the boy ensign of raw recruits in the attack on Donabew, as Assistant-Engineer in the trenches before Sebastopol, in the storming of Lucknow and the defence under Outram of the Alumbagh, and in the brief but brilliant Chinese campaign of Sir Hope Grant, are all so many picturesque chapters out of a military history which is everywhere picturesque. Lieutenant Low is thus at his best where his hero comes only to the front as one brave man where there were many brave, an officer of special promise among the many promising officers who served under Outram, Campbell, or Hope Grant. He is at his worst (with one conspicuous exception) where he gives way to eulogy which even in the case of a living Wellington or Marlborough would be somewhat in disaccord with the modest simplicity of military memoir, and when applied to one officer who, for all his indisputable merits, has yet to prove his right to be classed with names like these, jars positively on the reader's nerves. The one exception is the account of the Red River Expedition—a most ably conducted though bloodless enterprise on which, partly, we suspect, because it *was* so bloodless, partly by reason of the greater attractions of the contemporaneous Franco-German War, far less attention than it really deserved was bestowed either at the time or subsequently. The chapter devoted to this rarely-mentioned episode in the military history of the Canadian Dominion may be heartily commended as at once interesting and new. The biography as a whole, though containing much, as we have said, to amuse the multitude and not a few particulars not generally known—*e.g.*, the story of Wolseley's plucky and successful battle with the War Office officials when they attempted to cancel his promotion to a Captaincy on the plea that he was too young—is hardly in general design and plan a work we should desire to see often imitated.

Time flies so fast that memories of Miss Cushman and her famous personations—her Romeo, Meg Merrilies, Lady Macbeth,—are fading rapidly from the minds of modern playgoers. The more welcome should be the little volume "Charlotte Cushman: Her Letters and Memoirs of Her Life, edited by Her Friend, Emma Stebbins" (Houghton, Osborne, and Co., Boston), to all on either side of the Atlantic who can appreciate a graceful portrait of one not greater as an actress than amiable and admirable in private life. It is a memoir that should interest the members of the profession to whom it is dedicated hardly less than the plain admirers of a gentle life; for in Miss Cushman we have the actress who can advise others as well as act herself, and who, as an almost typical representative of the "natural and spontaneous," rather than the "conventional" school, is at the least an interesting study, even when she is guilty of preferring a Ristori to a Rachel, or characteristically enjoys a Porte St. Martin drama better than the perfect art (with a smack of mannerism, however, *au fond*) of the Comedie Française. Still though a very complete account of her theatrical career from her engagement as "general utility" actress at the Park Theatre, New York, to the (professionally) profitable association with Macready on his "starring" visit to the United States; from the time when she first arrives in London resolved to trust to herself alone, though reduced to her last sovereign when Maddox, of the Princess's, found her in her London lodgings, to those last readings—the most artistic, perhaps, of all her performances—which beguiled the closing years of an incurable disorder, it is mainly for the story of her domestic life that the volume will be valued; for the correspondence with clever people, with Miss Jewsbury, Mr. Carlyle, Henry Chorley, &c., for the delightful journals of old times in Rome, still in those days a genuine old-world city, for the pretty pictures of her simple household, her quiet "receptions," her untiring energy to the very end. Memoirs pleasanter to read we have not encountered for some little time.

Most amusing as well as most instructive, an excellent specimen in a word of the light, airy, but ever methodical French treatise on some branch of History or Science agreeably popularised, is the "Histoire du Luxe" of M. Baudrillart, Member of the Institute (Paris: Hachette et Cie., Tome I.). Such a history in French hands we need hardly say can begin with nothing less than a philosophic examination of "la théorie du Luxe"—of the instinctive love of luxury and display; the opposing teachings of the ascetic and the Epicurean, whether manifested in the old philosophies or in the religious systems of a later time; the greater or less increase of luxury according as the government is an absolute or a limited monarchy, an aristocratic or democratic republic. This duty discharged, we pass (after a hasty glance at crude developments of luxury among savage tribes) to a really interesting historic survey of the growth and progress of "le luxe" among the nations of the ancient world, as traceable in the temples, colonnades, and mural paintings of the Egyptian, in the fragmentary chronicles and scattered relics of Persian and Assyrian, in the stories handed down to after ages of the luxurious but far from enervated Republicans of Carthage and of Tyre, among the Hebrews as depicted in their own prophetic writings, or in artistic Greece from the mid-day glories of Athenian taste to the degraded art and Asiatic pomp of the successors of Alexander. M. Baudrillart has clearly studied his subject with much care, and can draw his illustrations with as much readiness from the "Book of the Dead" or the last hieroglyphic unearthed by Mariette Bey, or from the more familiar pages of Strabo or Herodotus. His work thus far may well be commended to the average student as thoroughly popular without being superficial.

Part VI. of the Messrs. Audsley-Bowes' magnificent "Keramic Art in Japan" (Liverpool, published by the Authors; London, H. Sotheran and Co.), if boasting no such glorious specimens of Hizen or Kioto ware as adorned some of the preceding numbers, is nothing inferior in general interest or in the delicacy of its autotype and chromo-lithographic plates. The wonderfully comic plate of the seven popular divinities of Japan—the Deities of Long Life, Contentment, Daily Food, &c.—with the grotesque figures that hardly need any letterpress to explain their own story, and that of the simple people who address to them their outspoken prayers, is almost worth all the money in itself.

"From Europe to Paraguay and Matto Grosso," by Mrs. M. G. Mulhall (E. Stanford), is the brief, plain story of a tour sufficiently uncommon even in these days of ubiquitous travel to merit somewhat larger space than Mrs. Mulhall has awarded to it. It was a tour, we gather, part by water, part by land, but for the greater time up the mighty stream on whose banks the Jesuits reared long ago their famous "Missions," and where Lopez in our own days held at bay for some three years the combined forces of the Plate and of Brazil—a voyage into a country now waste and desolate, amidst Indian tribes of every degree of civilisation, from the half-Europeanised Guarani to the hardly human Botocudo. Mrs. Mullhall might have made more out of her materials, but curt as it is, her journal gives a capital idea of a region little known and rarely visited.

With upwards of seventy millions—to a great extent unclaimed money—locked up in the funds of the Court of Chancery, not to speak of the large sums in the shape of "Unclaimed Dividends of the Bank of England and Army and Navy Prize Money" still awaiting their proper owners, a new edition of "Chambers' Index to Next of Kin," by Edw. Preston (Allen, Reeve, and Turner: Next of Kin Office, 1, Great College Street, S.W.), seems certainly to supply a want. We may add that 10,000 new names have been put upon the list since 1871, while on the other hand a number of notices, apparently only of value to solicitors and genealogists, have been expunged—a point of some importance when the fee for a copy of any notice is half-a-guinea.

A fourth edition, revised and enlarged, of the now historic "Life of E. A. Poe" (Widdleton: New York; Chatto and Windus: London), in which Mr. W. F. Gill so triumphantly vindicated the poet's memory from the grosser aspersions heaped upon it under the guise of friendship by Dr. Griswold, will be heartily welcomed by the countless admirers of perhaps the most original genius of the century. The publication in the appendix of the "Critique on Griswold's 'Poets and Poetry of America,'" which is believed to have been the *teterrima causa* of the Doctor's secret animosity against Poe, will decidedly amuse the reader, while it will go far to explain Dr. Griswold's otherwise inexplicable malice.

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TOBACCO AS A REMEDY FOR SICK CHICKENS has been found highly successful according to an American journal, the *Pacific Rural Press.* Doses should be given of large quids of tobacco about the size of the first joint of a man's thumb.

A CURIOUS ANCIENT MEXICAN LIBRARY has been found in the ruins of a vast palace at Xayi, near Chiapas, in Southern Mexico. The writings are inscribed on terra-cotta tablets, half-an-inch thick, and are supposed to be sacred records, but the language in which they are written is not accurately known.

JURIES UNABLE TO AGREE ON A VERDICT may like to hear of the plan adopted by some Illinois jurors. As they could not make up their minds whether the prisoner deserved hanging or no they decided by pulling straws, and found the man guilty. The judge, however, fined the jurors, and gave the prisoner a new trial.

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT is being tried in Japan, and the Mikado has opened an Assembly of Provincial Officials at Yokohama, which is intended to prepare the way for popular representation on a larger scale. Small local Parliaments to be elected by a popular vote are shortly to be established, and the formation of a national Legislature is projected, although the plan will not be carried out for some time yet.

AN ENTERPRISING NEW YORK LAUNDRY advertises its business by means of numerous negroes who parade up and down the principal streets arrayed in enormous white linen collars, glossy and spotlessly starched, and standing up some distance above their ears. The ebony skin and hair form an admirable contrast to the white collars (in fact a perfect "symphony" in black and white), and the motto is, "Go to X——'s laundry."

CELESTIALS IN SOUTH AMERICA fare much better than their brethren on the Californian Coast. In Peru the Chinese have all the rights and privileges of native citizenship, and are considered quite a "catch" by the Peruvian belles, while the Government warmly encourages their immigration. Accordingly, San Francisco journals are asking why the Chinese problem in their State cannot be solved by the Celestials moving down the Pacific Coast to a country where they are welcome.

A NATURAL THEATRE exists in the Blue Mountains, not far from Cañon City in Oregon, U.S. Passing through some rifts of rock, similar to a grand staircase, a regular stage is reached, raised some 40 feet from the floor, and having an overhanging arch with "flats" and "flies," and spaces for dressing-rooms on each side, while the back is regularly shaped for the reception of scenery. In front rise ledges suggestive of the different tiers of seats in the auditorium. There is not a solitary sign of vegetation about the "Temple," as it is called, all is bleak, bare, and towering.

A DRAMATIC SUICIDE recently took place at Capron, Illinois, where a certain lecturer, George W. Burleigh, announced to his fellow citizens that, in order to gratify an often expressed curiosity on the part of his townsmen to witness some such tragedy as the hanging of Sherry and Connolly, in Chicago, he would on the evening of the 23rd ult. deliver a lecture in Thornton Hall, and at its conclusion gratify his hearers by shooting himself through the forehead. The price of admission would be one dollar, and the amount realised should be devoted towards his funeral expenses, and the remainder invested in the works of Huxley, Tyndall, and Darwin for the town library. His idea in ending his life was to secure eternal peace by annihilation. At the appointed time the hall was crowded, and after the delivery of an infidel lecture of wonderful power, in a manner and tone which marked him as an adept, he suddenly drew a Derringer, placed it to his forehead, and, despite attempts to prevent him, fired, and fell into the arms of two friends who were on the wings of the stage for the purpose of hindering the execution of the design.

A COCOANUT FESTIVAL is celebrated annually in Bombay, when pious Hindoos offer the nuts to the sea to gain its favour towards those who trust themselves to its mercy, and after this festival the stormy part of the season is considered to be at an end. This year the festival was not so well observed as usual, and it is noted by *The Times of India* that young Hindoos are not nearly so devout as their predecessors. Some groups of Brahmins, however, were very ceremonious. One of the number stood up to his knees in water, holding an open round basket with bunches of flowers, and a dish of *kunkoo.* His fellow-worshippers twice dipped their fingers into the water, anointed their forehead and tongue, received a bunch of flowers, which they threw into the sea, and presented their cocoanuts to the Brahmin, who smeared them with *kunkoo*, and flung one into the water, the others being preserved as his perquisite. He then marked his companions' foreheads with *kunkoo*, and they in their turn placed fragments of flowers on his head. Most of those who brought cocoanuts paid a select few volunteers to throw them into the water, as the shore was so swampy that the devotees had to wade up to their waist in mud to get near the stream.

THE WILDS OF KERRY

II.

"PATTERNS," or feasts in honour of a patron saint, used to be much more frequent in Ireland than they are at present. Year by year, especially in the more civilised provinces of Leinster, they are dying out. The Roman Catholic clergy do not encourage them, the gentry and upper farming classes look upon them with something like contempt, and so, by degrees, they have become fewer and fewer. But in the remote West this is not the case; "Patterns" have gained too strong a hold on the reverential feelings of the imaginative Munster peasantry to be easily given up; and more than a dozen of these characteristic gatherings, with their strange mixture of intense devotion and merry-making, are held in different parts of Kerry during the year. The "Pattern" which takes place at Minard on the 29th of August has many surroundings which give it an additional attraction. There is blue sea and bluer mountains on every side, there is the picturesque ruined castle of the Husseys, with its moat and wall, which looks over the bay; and across a boggy field is the far-famed Well of St. John the Baptist. From early dawn side-cars, low-backed cars, and pilgrims on foot crowd down towards the valley where the Pattern is held. "It's a fine Pattern, an elegant Pattern. God bless it!" are the salutations which are exchanged as each new comer arrives. A street of booths has been made, booths of the roughest kind, consisting of coarse calico drawn over poles, and before each booth is a smoking fire of turf-sods; on these fires are placed a large covered iron pot and a kettle. These mysterious cauldrons contain hot mutton pies, swimming in a sea of greasy broth. For the modest sum of twopence a pie and a ladle full of broth are given, and the happy purchaser retires with his saucer to the booth, squats down on the grass, and enjoys his meal in comfort. Mutton pies are the specialty of Minard Pattern, just as apples and onions are of the Dingle festival; there, the correct thing is to walk about with an apple in one hand and an onion in the other, while Minard is always associated with mutton pies. But before creature comforts are attended to the "duty to the well" must be paid. Nine rounds are the orthodox number, and so great are the virtues to be derived that people have been known to come from America expressly for the purpose of "paying a round" at Minard. In the teeth of a thick Scotch mist, for which the Kerry mountains are justly celebrated, the "patterners" make their way with some difficulty across a high-banked stream, and through some boggy grass, to the desired spot. The well itself is not much to look at; a deep pool about four feet wide, with some large stones round it, and on one of these stones is a rudely sculptured cross. This is all that appears to the uninitiated, who gaze with amazement at the rapidly increasing batches of country people, who pour in full of haste and importance. The women are draped in red or grey shawls, worn in the style of the Spanish mantilla; some have yellow handkerchiefs tied round their faces, for such is their love for bright colours that they will often give two pounds for a gay dress or shawl, though at the same time they prefer keeping their feet bare. The men are even more numerous than the women, and devotion could not be more fervently expressed than in their absorbed faces, down-bent eyes, and uncovered heads. Round and round they go. Here is a father carrying his sick child in his arms, and muttering a scarcely-audible Paternoster; there is a pale-faced girl with sore eyes, whose muddy feet sink in the wet ground; there is a mother with a baby at her back, fingering her rosary as she goes; there is an old wizened creature of fourscore, hobbling painfully on the greasy track by the help of her stick, and there are ragged boys who have ceased to covet apples, and are going their rounds as devoutly as their elders. Not a smile is to be seen—the occasion is far too solemn—secret wishes are winging themselves into passionate prayers, and faith is implicit and unquestioning. Mugs and tin porringers full of the blessed water are eagerly drunk; three sips in honour of the the Trinity is the proper number, and for this the sum of one halfpenny is expected. Faces and hands are washed at the well, the cross at the top is frequently kissed, and "tokens" of all kinds are left in a heap before it. The fringes of a shawl, pins, buttons, or rags serve as offerings. For the sum of one penny a withered old beldame sitting on the bank will volubly pour forth a long prayer in Irish for the benefit of the giver, who is advised by the lookers-on to be liberal, if he regards "the good of his sowl," as the old lady is celebrated for being a "fine prayer." Sixpence, therefore, is money well laid out. Rounds are going all day, and continue till night, according as fresh arrivals come in. After the devotional part of the Pattern comes the festive part. The fiddler arrives in the afternoon, and posts himself against a wall. A circle is soon formed around him, and in spite of mizzling rain and chilling clouds, a "four-hand reel" begins. As only four performers—two men and two women—take part in it, the spectators stand round to criticise and admire. The men are the real dancers, they keep their hats on and go at it with a will; hardly a smile escapes them, the business is evidently a serious one, and their steps demand all their attention. Sometimes the dancing is performed on a table, and the proceedings end in a "big fight," but as whisky, the food for fighting, is prohibited at Minard, the fighting is now left out.

The girls look coy and demure as they go through their parts. One of the Minard dancers had magnificent golden, or, as the Munster bards call it, "amber hair," rippled in natural waves and most carefully braided. This peculiarly beautiful hair is frequently found among the Kerry girls, and is much admired. In one of the Munster ballads, no less than seventeen Irish epithets are used to describe a certain fair one's ringlet hair; it is "curve-arching, meandering, spreading, curl-quivering, fascinating, string-like, pliant, wreathing, restless, swerving, free-extending, inclining, abundant, thick-twining, mildly-bright, branchy, far-sweeping." The Minard dancer of the amber locks had evidently studied her toilette, and her purple dress and scarlet shawl were decidedly effective. If the Spanish ladies have a language of fans, the Kerry girls have a language in the way they wear their shawls. If the shawl is allowed to fall back carelessly, the girl intends to "get married" next Shrove-tide, while if the shawl is pulled round her face she intends to remain single another year. Shrove-tide is *the* time for Kerry marriages, and they rarely take place at any other part of the year. These marriages are arranged somewhat on the French system, and are often pure matters of business. For instance, a father has a daughter to marry, and some distance off is a farmer with a marriageable son. Accordingly the question is proposed, "I will give my daughter so and so—what will you give your son?" After a good deal of haggling about pigs and heifers, the affair is concluded, and often the people most interested have barely seen one another beforehand. A difference of ten shillings has been known to break off a match, and instead of being romantically superior to pounds, shillings, and pence, the Kerry folks are as keen after the main chance as any Belgravian matron. "Arrah! what's beauty to a *one-pound note!*" was naively remarked by a suitor, who was weighing the merits of two rival damsels. These marriages generally turn out happily, and the housewives have a busy time of it. They not only churn the butter, which is the main means of support, but they spin wool for their husbands' coats and waistcoats, and coarse sheets for their bedding. Every farm-house has its spinning-wheel and carder. There used to be more than 300 weavers between Dingle and Ventry, but a great many have emigrated, and there are now only five or six. It seems a pity that people naturally inclined to industry should have no manufactories to employ their skill to the best advantage, but factories are unknown in the Wild West, and no one is enterprising enough to set them up. C. J. H.

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SCIENTIFIC NOTES

The recent calamity on the Thames, whereby more than six hundred persons lost their lives, has given birth to an immense number of suggestions for the better management of vessels under steam. These suggestions are of a very varied nature. One advises the adoption of a life-belt as an article of daily attire. Another would have all the cushions of a boat stuffed with buoyant material. A third suggests a loose deck which will act as a raft even though the ship sink. Another advocates the compulsory use of the electric light on all boats. All these several suggestions are no doubt very good in their way, but would it not be better, instead of dealing with the *effects* of a collision, to pay more attention to its cause, with a view to prevention rather than cure?

At a time when the matter is under investigation we cannot very well speculate on the actual cause of the late collision, but we may safely affirm that if the captain of one of the boats had been by some means made aware of the course which the other intended to steer, the catastrophe would have been altogether avoided. The present arrangement of the lights on steam vessels imparts no such knowledge. A red light on the port, or left-hand side of the boat, a green light on the other side, and a white light at the mast-head, are considered sufficient to indicate the position and course of the approaching steam-ship, but they give no indication of how the helmsman intends to act should an emergency arise. We venture to put forward a plan which would quite obviate this difficulty, and which would interfere very little with existing arrangements. Let the lights remain as they are, but let the masthead lantern be so constructed and connected with the steering gear, that with every change of course the colour of the light change too.

Fig. 1. is a diagram in elevation and section to show how simple in construction such a compound lantern would be. It would differ from ordinary lanterns by being furnished with a cylindrical metal frame divided by upright bars into three spaces. One of these spaces would remain empty, and the other two would be filled up with bent glass panes, one red and the other green. This frame would be placed within the lantern, and would surround the lamp itself, so that it would not interfere in any way with the lens outside. It should be so arranged that when the course steered is straight ahead, the open division would be in front of the lantern, and a white light would then shine. But with every decided change the frame would revolve in the lamp, and the light would become red or green, according to whether the wheel was turned for the port or starboard course. The mechanism to connect the lantern with the wheel would obviously be simple in the extreme, indeed any intelligent bell-hanger would soon show how it could be done. An arrangement such as this would virtually enable the captain of a vessel to say to an approaching craft, "I have just altered my rudder to such and such a course, please act accordingly." *Apropos* of the importance of being able to communicate such a change of course, we quote the following from the report last week in a contemporary of a recent collision which led to the loss of a valuable vessel: "The helm was put hard to port, the other vessel, however, starboarded, and the result was a serious collision." The same misunderstanding of intentions has led to hundreds of such collisions—indeed, the words quoted seem to have quite a familiar look, they have been used so often. We put forward our crude suggestion for what it may be worth, and in the hope that it may at least pave the way for others which may be better.

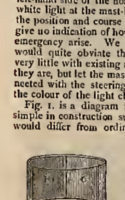

FIG. 1.

A patent has been applied for by Captain Sale, R.E., for an ingenious electrical instrument for the transmission and reception of voice sounds. It consists of a base-board on which is a wooden block containing a vibrating disc, and a suitable orifice through which the sounds are spoken. In the centre of the disc A is a small platinum-covered stud B. A screw S, which works in a rigid support, terminates in a platinum point. This point all but touches the stud B, and the distance between them can be regulated by turning the screw to the smallest fraction of an inch. A drop of water or other liquid forms a connecting link between them. The disc A is connected with one of the terminals, C, while the screw S is in communication with the other. These terminals form the points of attachment for the battery and line wires. When the disc is made to vibrate by the speaker's voice, the distance between the stud and the screw is alternately lengthened and shortened, and with this action the electrical resistance offered by the drop of liquid undergoes constant variation. The sounds are reproduced by a coiled magnet, and another diaphragm or disc. This contrivance is worthy of notice as combining in a manner the principles of the Telephone and the Microphone. It does not present any very novel features, but, as it points in the direction from which the telegraph of the future will probably be derived, it is not without interest.

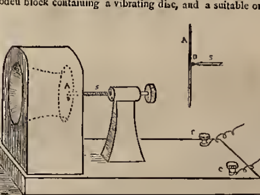

FIG. 2.

Military ballooning, which has during late years taken such an important place in the Army Corps of neighbouring countries, has at last met with some recognition at home, for experiments have lately been carried on at Woolwich with a view to testing the actual value of the system. Captive balloons are no doubt, under certain circumstances, useful for purposes of observation; but the difficulties in the way of gas-making in the field form a great obstacle to their employment. A plan has lately been devised for obtaining automatically bird's-eye views of an enemy's camp. This is done by means of a small balloon which is just large enough to raise the weight of the photographic camera which forms its car. The cap or cover of the lens is controlled by an electro magnet, the connecting wires of which pass to the ground. When the balloon is raised to a certain height, the depression of a key uncovers the lens for the fraction of a second, and an instantaneous view of the position is secured. The photographic process employed is that in which a sensitive tissue is used in lieu of glass plates.

The last scientific novelty hails from Melbourne. It may be that our Australian friends are rather jealous of the wonders which are recorded from this side of the world. However they seem determined not to be outdone, and the "Telegastograph" is the result of their efforts. We are not in a position to give a detailed account of the instrument, but we can offer some information as to experiments carried on with it, a full notice of which appears in the *Melbourne Age*. It seems to have been connected by wires with five widely separated points of observation. At these stations were placed individuals who had purposely allowed themselves to become hungry, and who held the circuit wires in their mouths. A bottle of sherry and bitters poured into the machine produced signs of incipient intoxication in most of these observers, but more particularly in two who happened to be total abstainers. Oysters were the next things offered by telegraph to these hungry beings. They all agreed that they were so fresh—the oysters we mean—that the smell of the sea was quite perceptible. Several kinds of soup and a glass of Chablis closed this wonderful repast. We can only add our regret that the exact size of the grains of salt necessary for the flavour of telegastographic viands was not included in the account from which we quote. T. C. H.

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THE GLOVE

This eve my lady dropped a perfumed glove—
Ah! what a dainty perfect glove it was!—
Straightway my heart desirèd it, because
It late had sheathed the hand of my true love.
And, since exchange no robbery can prove,
Did not my lady in her chamber find
A posy fair, with true-love knot confined?
But that was naught to my rare treasure trove.
O lady, grant me leave the glove to keep—
The casket that contained a gem so rare;
And should the happy day e'er dawn for me
That I, awaking from love-laden sleep,
May say, "The gem itself to-day I wear,"
My heart for it a fair exchange may be.

A. KIDD

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THE SCOTCH HERRING FISHERY has been exceedingly productive this year, the take being considerably above the average.

HERE IS A HINT FOR PARIS TOURISTS! When you want to hail a public conveyance in some of the South American cities, you lasso the driver in order to secure his attention—at least, so says an American contemporary.

WALKING ON WATER has been successfully accomplished by a French Canadian, who, by the aid of a pair of tin shoes, 3 feet long by 1 foot wide, in which air was confined, walked or rather skated a quarter of a mile in six minutes.

AN UNAPPETIZING MEAL was recently made for a wager by a young Frenchman. He undertook to eat a sparrow with its feathers, two snails, and two live frogs for the modest sum of 4*s.*, and although he won his bet he nearly lost his life in the attempt.

THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY appears to have been current in Japan long before Dr. Darwin wrote his "Origin of Species," as an ancient temple has been discovered in the land of the Mikado, whereon are sculptured a progressive series of figures, beginning with a monkey, and ending with a man.

ARTILLERY EXPERIMENTS at Biard, in Poitou, have produced a very unpleasant effect in the neighbourhood. A large number of the projectiles burst round about the Forest of St. Hilaire, and the wolves in the forest have been so alarmed, that they have left their haunts and spread over the surrounding country, where they have caused great damage and alarm.

FOUR VALUABLE BELGIAN CARRIER PIGEONS have been picked up near the Island of Majorca by an American vessel, according to a correspondent of the *Live Stock Journal*, and are now at Philadelphia, waiting to be claimed by their owners. The birds' wings are covered with stamps, medals, and numbers, and bear the mark of the Brussels Society. If claimed the birds will be sent over at once to Brussels.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, which after some score of years is still incomplete, and which constitutes a sad eyesore to all inhabitants of the "City of magnificent distances," and a source of wonderment to all visitors, is at last to be finished, a motion to that effect having been adopted by Congress. If the original plan be followed out, the obelisk will be surmounted by a statue of General Washington eighty-five feet high.

WILD ELEPHANTS IN BRITISH BURMAH are likely to become totally extinct if some measures are not speedily taken for their protection. The male elephants are shot down as soon as the tusks grow to a marketable size, and the Karens kill male and female elephants indiscriminately. A Bill restricting this wholesale slaughter will probably be brought before the Legislative Council, as the extinction of the breed in Burmah would be a serious misfortune alike to the public service and to the timber trade.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

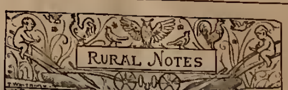
The House of Life: Mrs. Miller. Chatto and Windus.

Johnson's Lives of the Poets: Ed. by Matthew Arnold. Macmillan and Co.

The Stellar Code. James Brown and Co.

Hibernia Vernalica: M. O'Connor Morris; Land Ahead (3 vols.): Courteney Grant; Prince Bismarck's Letters: Fitzh. Maxse: Nelson (a Play): E. Aylmer Blake; Cookery for the Artisan, and Others. Chapman and Hall.

A Chequered Life (3 vols.): Mrs. Day. Hurst and Blackett.



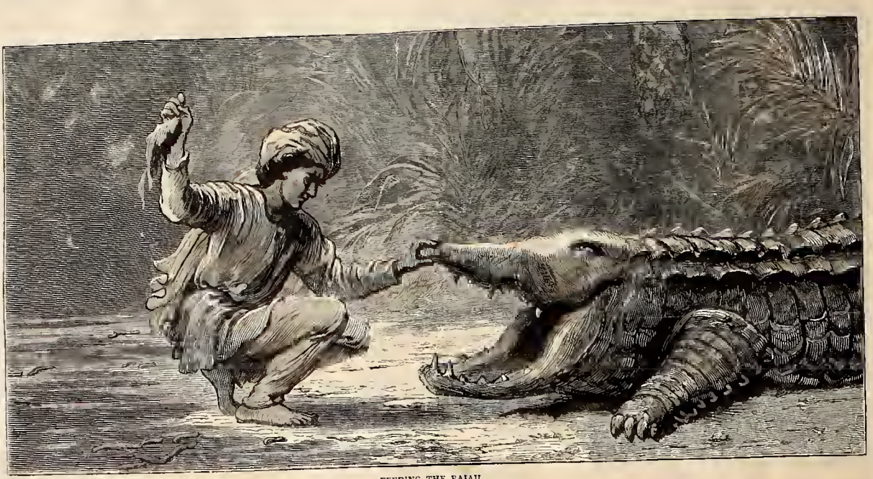
RURAL NOTES

SHORTHORNS AND SHOWS.——Where the crops have been gathered into the stackyard and barn, and they are mostly secured now, except in the far North, the interest of farmers generally has been absorbed in shorthorn sales and in shows. The sales of shorthorns during the past fortnight have been on the whole wonderfully satisfactory, although no such high prices were realised as at some of the sales in the Lake District last year. It is four years ago since the Duke of Devonshire, who is the most famous breeder of shorthorns in the kingdom, held a sale of a selection of animals from his herd, until Wednesday, the 18th, and it was attended by shorthorn breeders and their agents from all parts of the world. It is remarkable to note from the record of the Duke's sales how the value of certain shorthorns has been growing in the market. In 1851, when the entire herd of shorthorns at Holker was sold, the average did not rise above "butchers' prices," 25*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* per head. New purchases were made for Holker, and in 1864, when another sale took place, an average of 66*l.* 3*s.* was made. Seven years afterwards, when forty-three of the herd were exposed, the average value was 383*l.* 13*s.*, and at the sale on Wednesday week the average of thirty animals was no less than 664*l.*, the total sum realised being 19,922*l.* The highest prices made was for one of the Oxford strain, which was sold to Mr. McIntosh, Havering Park, Essex, after keen competition with an Australian bidder, for 2,660 guineas. Another of the Oxford Duchesses fell to the Australian buyer for 2,100 guineas. Six of this tribe made the high average of 1,702 guineas. The *Agricultural Gazette* is pleased and displeased with the sale at Holker; it thinks that the Oxfords are run upon too much, that the high figures obtained for them are not for their genuine merit, but owing to the fact that a certain "narrow set" are exclusive owners of the blood, and bid recklessly for their possession, keeping down the legitimate value of other strains quite as good. It points out that the Barrington bulls are quite or nearly equal in every respect to the Oxfords. "Yet the Barrington bulls were looked askance at" at Holker. "The Oxfords are certainly not of nobler extraction, nor have finer recent crosses, yet in 1878 the highest price was 168*l.*, not a sixth of the Oxford average. This restriction upon the sources whence sires may be drawn without prejudicing sales is a most pernicious measure. Then note the enormous drop on each lot, which those 'within the swim' do not recognise. This, too, is of serious import. There is much truth in these suggestive observations of our contemporary; but fashion is not so easily altered, especially when those who originated it have the means of carrying out their hobby. The shows like the sales have been well attended within the interval of our last "Rural Notes;" and several of the after-dinner speeches have taken a proper practical turn. Not among the least interesting of the speeches made was that by Mr. John Algernon Clarke, of the Central Chamber of Agriculture at Long Sutton. Mr. Clarke is well known as a practical farmer, and as Agricultural Correspondent to *The Times*. His view is that the milk trade has pretty nearly reached its limits of profitableness, and that the future of farming must depend to a great extent upon butter, as only about one-fourth of the butter consumed in this country is made in British dairies. A great butter factory after the fashion of the American style is suggested by Mr. Clarke, to which farmers should send milk enough to produce butter "on the most approved principles." There is throughout the agricultural world a tendency at the present time to pay more attention to cattle than to corn. Our own view is that such is a prudent course if not carried too far. For the last thirty years, at least, there has been the cry of "Up corn, down horn," and *vice versa*, but those who are cautious in changing their system of cultivation are generally best off in the end. To throw a lot of land into permanent pasture because corn is cheap and cattle happen to be dear, is not always a considerate proceeding, as was proved in many parts of the country about a dozen years ago under circumstances like the present.

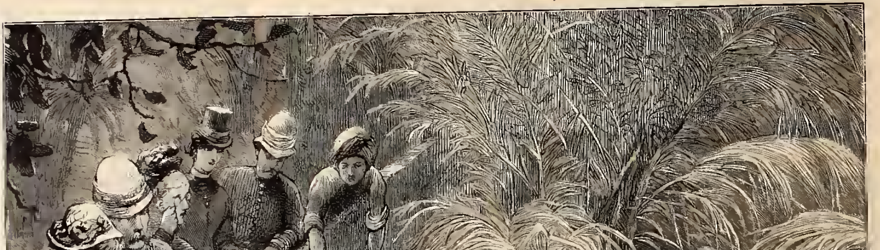
CO-OPERATIVE FARMING.——When the Speaker first wished to be the head of the firm of agricultural labourers, and they, with great obeisance, no doubt, politely refused the honourable co-partnership, we said that they had acted discreetly, that their judgment was a little more discerning than the Speaker's. The Speaker has been forced to admit this. A series of unfortunate years has proved to him that with every assistance that he could magnanimously have given, the labourers are much better off with their weekly wages than they could have been sharing profits with the owner of the Glynde estate. Co-operation in farming, after such a fashion as the Speaker proposed, was one of the silliest chimeras of the "Silly season."

THE WEATHER, &C.—— The changes in the weather have been rapid, and at times unexpected, within the last fortnight, but on the whole favourable for the harvesting of the late crops and for hopping, which is now practically finished. Wheat is yielding fairly on the threshing-floor and barley better than expected. Mangold and turnips will prove quite an average crop. Potatoes lift well, but in numerous instances are sadly tainted with disease; but increased prices will remunerate the growers.

MISCELLANEOUS.——Flock masters are in great glee. Everywhere within the last month the prices of the "woolly people" have been rising—in the north for lambs from 2*s.* to 10*s.* per head over the value of last year, and the supply at many auctions and markets was not equal to the demand. Store cattle are also selling well.—A poor little hop-picker's child five years old was, at the instance of a farmer at Rainham, taken before the magistrates and, after having been locked up two hours in a barn, fined 6*d.* for throwing a stone at an apple-tree, the "puir bairn," as the Scotch would call him, has been ill ever since. It is a good job that there are few farmers like this one in Kent, and few judges anywhere who would have convicted.—There have been in the course of the last few weeks an unusual number of fires in farm stables, which are due to a considerable extent to the carelessness with which ploughmen carry unprotected lamps or candles about with them. Messrs. Rowartt and Sons have invented a stable-lamp which is in its way is quite as safe as "the Davy." Many accidents would be prevented by its use.—According to statistics published in a French paper, the number of horses in Russia is about ten times as many as that we possess in Great Britain—21,570,000 against 2,225,000.—The authorities of Carlisle have resolved to invite the Royal Agricultural Society of England in 1880.—A great dairy show is to be held in New York in November, and English farmers are solicited to compete.—A memorial fund in recognition of the late Mr. T. C. Booth's great agricultural services has been instituted, and will no doubt command every success its promoters desire.

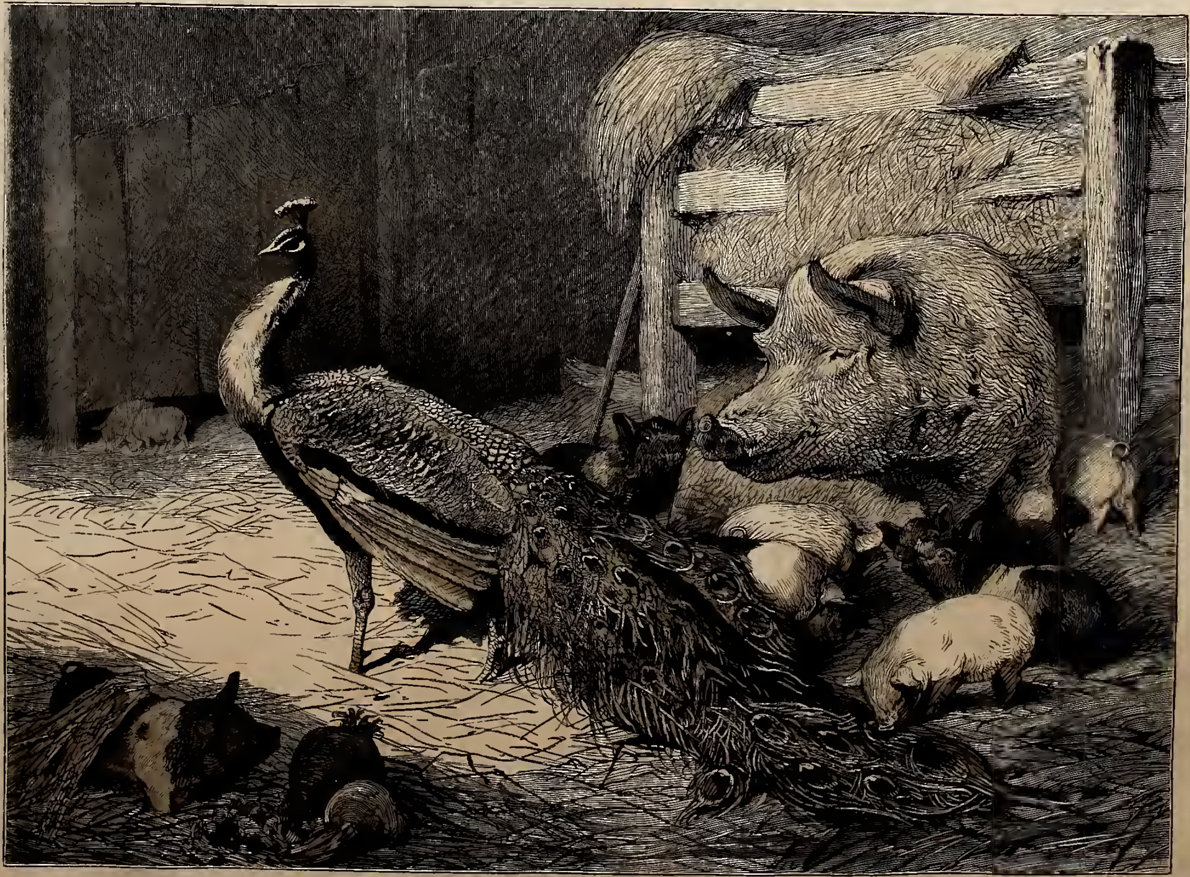


FEEDING THE RAJAH



A PUBLIC BREAKFAST PARTY

SKETCHES FROM INDIA—THE SACRED ALLIGATORS AT MUGGUR TALAO, SCINDE



"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST"

FROM THE PICTURE BY C. BURTON BARBER EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY

A SCOTCH HARVEST FIELD

As I sit now on a golden sheaf, one of the first fruits of the reaper's hook, I have a field rustling in the sunshine before me, the countless millions of drooping ears being in the aggregate not unlike a gently rippling sea of gold. It is a field of oats, *Scottice* corn, "a grain with which" (according to Dr. Samuel Johnson) "they feed *men* in Scotland and *horses* in England;" a statement corroborated by Burns in the "Cottar's Saturday Night:"—

> But now the supper crowns their simple board,
> The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food.

Pioneer reapers, *Scottice* shearers, entered the field yesterday, four women to *shear* and gather into sheaves, and a man to bind and set up the sheaves in *stooks*, and they have now cut a great roadway round the field, and, in one or two directions, through it, in preparation for the reaping machine. These roadways are beautifully carpeted with delicate light green grass and young clover, and among the growing corn appear at intervals stalks of field-mint, geranium molle, purple-podded mustard, and other wild flowers. The field is bounded by dykes and hedge-rows, in the latter of which are some fine ash, elm, and plane trees, which look most picturesque in the background of white barley that occupies the field beyond. If you take a quiet walk along these dykes and hedge-rows, you will find wild fruit in profusion: bramble berries, black and red, the scarlet fruit of the dog-rose, called in Scotland *hips*, the vermillion-coloured fruit of the thorn, *Scottice haws*, the blood-red berries of the honeysuckle, which, though beautiful to look at, are poisonous to eat; and the great and later fruit of the elder-berry, renowned in the "Laird of Cockpen:"—

> Mrs. Jean was making the elder-flower wine.

Over these trees, again, is a glorious valley stretching down to the sea, scooped out in primeval times by the ice-ploughs of the Glacial period, when the glaciers dropped those great granite boulders that dot the hill-sides. The valley is rich in the varied colours of harvest, being filled with yellow corn-fields, white fields of barley, reddish fields of wheat, grey fields of pasture, and green fields of turnips; beyond which great woods slope away till they seem to touch the sea, on the dim, hazy surface of which loom vessels of various sizes, outward and inward bound. Over the shoulder of the hill that terminates the northern barrier of the valley is seen the Ailsa Craig, covered with a cap of mist.

I have an especial affection for this harvest field, for I had seen it in all its previous phases: in spring-time when it was turned up by the plough, and when it seemed, in the glimmering light of the winter afternoons, its furrows and ridges all clearly marked and defined, like a sea whose waves had been transfixed by a magic wand. I had seen it again covered with a table-cloth of snow—snow that brought the dark woods and grey plantations into stronger relief. I had seen it sown with fertile seed and harrowed over in the bracing winds of March, when the crocus and daffodil were blooming. I had watched its bare brown surface become gently overspread, first with the faintest tinge of green verdure, indescribable in its purity and delicacy. I had watched this verdure grow deeper in hue, the blades grow taller and thicker, till not a spot of brown bare earth could be seen. I had watched it shoot up, week by week, in illustration of the language of the Scripture, "first the blade, and then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear." I had seen it grow taller and taller, sometimes laughing in the sunshine, sometimes dripping with rain, and at other times tumbled and tossed about like the waves of the sea on wild stormy days, when the wind made angry havoc among it, and left traces of its fury in the odd patches and hollows which it laid level with the ground. I had observed it changing colour till the green verdure became literally and truly the golden grain; and now it is ready for the sickle, bending its head willingly for the sacrifice, its life of promise and of growth completed.

If I were asked in which phase it had appeared most beautiful, or in which I had loved it most, I should hesitate some moments. Each phase had a beauty of its own; but I like it best as it is now. Then it had the soft tender beauty of immaturity; now it has the richer, fuller, more fertile beauty of age and of ripened usefulness. And it is at this stage that the poet and painter like it best, the latter, especially, loving to depict it in the language of colour when the reapers are at their work, as they are now, for while I have been making jottings, the reaping machine has begun its work, and the scene is most lively and picturesque, the coo-coo of the wood-pigeons in the elm tree being drowned by the click-clicking of the machine, the wo-oo of the driver, and the merry voices of the shearers.

> Not rural sights alone but rural sounds
> Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
> The tone of languid nature.

Let us look at them as they ply their busy work. The chief object is the reaping machine, which fully engages the attention of two men, one walking, holding the reins and guiding the horses, another sitting in the machine with a large hay-rake in his hand, with which he tilts off the grain in sufficient quantity to make a sheaf. All along the line traversed by the machine are seen men, women, boys, and girls, whose dresses of hodden gray, blue and red stockings, white sun-caps, striped short gowns, and drugget petticoats, look quite picturesque among the yellow corn. All are busy gathering, binding, and lifting the sheaves; chatting gaily or merrily laughing in the intervals of work; some young and blithe, others middle-aged and staid, a few old and stiff, all hot and thirsty, and drinking water, or oatmeal and water, and cracking jokes over the drink, old Gib Paterson saying, in his quaint way, "Whate'er we drink, boys, we come to water at the last." The boys and girls gather straws and make straps, and for this work they are paid fifteen-pence a day; the women, who gather the sheaves and place them on the straps, ready for tying up, are known as *lifters* and get half-a-crown, the *bandsters*, men who bind the sheaves, and collect them into *stooks*, get three-and-sixpence, and the pioneers, who make the roadways, get three shillings, wages which vary, more or less, according to locality. No straws are left in the field; when they are, it is an evidence of bad workmanship; hence *gleaning*, a practice famous in the literature of the cornfield since the days of Ruth, who "gleaned in the field after the reapers," and for whom some handfuls were left on purpose, is now quite unknown. The *in* horse, the one going next to the grain, is muzzled; but the other, you observe, always contrives to snatch a mouthful as it turns round.

Before the invention of machines reaping was all done by hand. But as an old farmer said to me the other day, "There are twa things that hae gaen out o' fashion i' ma time, that's the shearin' o' corn and the smearin' o' sheep." Then the number of harvesters employed would be three or four to one at present, and shoals of reapers, with "heuks in their oxters," came over to Scotland from the Emerald Isle, and returned with a harvest of good Scotch notes in their tattered coats, but whether from the engrossing nature of Home Rule associations, or that there is no demand for their services, they are no longer seen, or very rarely, in the harvest field. The field in those days presented even a livelier sight, the shearers working in pairs, each pair keeping its own *hairst rig*, the leading shearer being known as the *fore* or *stibble-rig*, as in Burns' "Hallowe'en"—

> Our stibble-rig was Rab McGraen,
> A clever, sturdy fallow.

Burns, Scotland's national poet, to whom a new monument has just been erected at Kilmarnock, is pre-eminently the poet of the harvest field. He himself wrought on the hairst rig, and it was there that his poetic aspirations found expression:—

> E'en then a wish, I mind its power,
> A wish that to my latest hour
> Shall strongly heave my breast:
> That I, for puir auld Scotland's sake,
> Some usefu' plan or book could make,
> Or sing a sang at least;

or, to quote other words of his own in prose, "The poetic genius of his country found him at the plough, and bade him sing the loves and joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of his native country in his native tongue." His sweetest themes are associated with the fields, the 'wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r" that

> Adorns the histie stibble-field
> Unseen, alone.

And the "wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie," that he turned up with the plough in her nest,

> The wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
> That cost thee mony a weary nibble.

Many of the Scotch words used in Burns' time are now only understood by the older people, and of this I will quote one illustration, as it will enable me to explain the process of stooking. In the "Address to a Mouse," he says,

> I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve.
> What then? Poor beastie, thou maun lieve!
> A *daimen icker* in a *thrave*
> 'S a sma' request.

How many Scotchmen of the present day can explain what is meant by a *daimen icker* in a *thrave*? *Icker* is an ear of grain; *daimen* means *rare, now and then*, and a *thrave* is twenty-four sheaves. In the Scotch field the grain is usually made up into half-stooks, each consisting of six sheaves, and it takes four of these to make a *thrave*. A harvester, with whom I had a conversation on the meaning of this same passage, quoted another from memory, to be found in Burns' imaginary "Address to the Prince of Wales" in 1786.

> Yet oft a ragged *cowte's* been known
> To mak' a noble *aiver*;

the word *aiver* being now disused in Ayrshire Scotch.

The harvest field is seen to most advantage on a calm, clear September day, when the sun pours upon it a soft, unbroken light, when the sky is blue and flecked with fleecy clouds which, as they sail over the green hill-sides, give them a most picturesque effect. The farmer prefers a rougher day, however, one on which a *tirling, whirling, winnowing* wind knocks the sheaves about. The harvest field by moonlight is a lovely sight,—

> When Cynthia lights in silver ray
> The weary shearer's homeward way.

The golden yellow of the grain and the green of the growing pasture have become chastened and faint; other colours have been obliterated, such as the tints of the leaves and the autumn hues of the trees and bushes; but white-washed farm-houses, barns, and cottages, shine out more vividly and clearly, the landscape presenting a wondrous, almost indescribable effect.

The *flora* and *fauna* of the harvest field, its Botany and Natural History, its flowers and fruit, whirring partridges and pheasants running out and in among the stooks, wood-pigeons, crows, starlings, chaffinches, sparrows, *et hoc genus omne*, which give it so much life and interest, can only be adequately sketched in a separate paper.

JAMES LEITCH

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RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

It is seldom that a collection of poems by an unknown author contains so much that deserves serious consideration as is the case with "On the Seaboard, and other Poems," by Susan K. Phillips (Macmillan); it may honestly be averred that all are worth reading, whilst some, notably those which deal in a narrative form with seafaring life, are almost exceptionally good. No doubt the habitual readers of current periodical literature will recognise many of the pieces, which have appeared in different magazines, and will be glad to meet with them in a collected form; others may be assured that the verses are well worth reading. Undoubtedly the best of the more subjective poems is "The Cyclamen," a pretty and fanciful legend with an admirable lesson contained in it; amongst the narratives may be mentioned "A True Story of the Yorkshire Coast," "Give Me a Chance," and "I'll Die at Home;" it would be impossible to express in more simple and pathetic words the horror of the workhouse which our respectable poor, not unnaturally, feel than is done in the last named. Mrs. Phillips writes plainly and forcibly, with a true sense of melody, and we shall hope to meet with her again in the same mood.

If Henry James Snell, the author of "The Iceni: a Tragedy," intended his play for representation, he must have gauged modern taste to very little purpose; as a poetical effort it hardly calls for notice. As will be guessed, the story is founded upon the death of Boadicea, who is so extremely prosy a lady that her death in the general massacre of the *dramatis personæ* is a decided relief. The play suggests a bad nightmare after too faithful a study of "Titus Andronicus," or "Locrine," and the author may be advised in future efforts to consider his ideas, so as not to produce so mixed a fancy as "An eager ear may luckily lap (*sic*) up!"—The best that can be said for "Through Death to Life," by George Barlow (Samuel Tinsley), is that, judging from such a piece as "The Crown," the author knows better than would seem from the silly lines called "A New Love," which are not blasphemous, only because the writer probably did not quite understand what he was saying. The manner of these sonnets is about on a par with their matter, the whole being suggestive of a very young author.—"The New Irish Melodies," by Charles P. O'Conor (Abel Heywood and Son), is announced as being the production of "The Irish Peasant Poet." Irregular as many of the verses are, they have a certain wild music of their own, which makes one wish sometimes to hear the tunes which suggested them; one or two have appeared, with an appropriate setting, in the *University Magazine*, whilst "The Spade" has extraneous interest from its dedication.

The newest number of Mr. Allan Park Paton's so-called "Hamnet Edition" of Shakespeare is "The Tragedy of Hamlet" (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Co.). It is handsomely produced; but it may be doubted whether the editor will find many adherents to his singular theory respecting the emphasis-capitals of the First Folio. If he be right, some of the speeches must have had a most singular effect as originally spoken.—"Selections from the Poetical Works of Heinrich Heine" (Macmillan) contains some good renderings of the German poet, about the best being "The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar" and the ballad of "Lord Olaf." But it is questionable whether modern English can ever fittingly give the spirit of Heine's verse.

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FROM CHINON TO ANGERS

Of all countries in Europe France has most to show which ought to be interesting to Englishmen. There is Angers, for instance, the old capital of the Plantagenets. It belongs to us almost as much as it does to the kingdom of Paris. It is not hard to get at; and a trip from Tours through Chinon and Fontevrault and Saumur would give you a good idea of two most characteristic parts of France, the forest land which belts in the rich garden of Touraine and the sandy, shifting Loire valley. It would also bring you face to face with scenes about which you have read in every history from Mrs. Markham to Mr. Green. Chinon, your first stage, is a delightfully pleasant town, full of old memories—full, too, of *tourelles* and *pignons*; beyond it stretches the rich Vienne valley, and you can trace in the distance the road along which the repentant Richard followed his father's corpse (the corpse bled as he drew near it) to Fontevrault. Fontevrault every Englishman ought to see. What a huge length of nave, now turned into five storeys of prison-dormitories; and how uncared for the Plantagenet tombs look in their grim vault. Why should not we restore them? The French would gladly give us leave; and they do belong to our history. If you miss Candes, whither pilgrims flock every year because St. Martin died there, you will miss one of the finest even of the fine Touraine churches. You can hardly miss Montsoreau, a big *château* by the water's edge, now turned into tenements for poor folk. Its owner, in the days of the St. Bartholomew, was a cruel persecutor of Huguenots. The staircase tower will remind you of that of Blois. Here Loire and Vienne meet, and, for an evening walk, few roads could be better than that to Saumur, with the sun setting up stream, the woods dark, except the golden oaks on the bank close by, the broad, quiet river with its islands, and a Claudesque light glorifying the whole. Wherever, as at Souzé, the low hills get near the road, you see that they are burrowed out to form human habitations; in more than one part of Touraine cave-men are by no means extinct.

Saumur is beautiful at all times. From the bridge the view is perfect; the old castle towers grandly above all; and even the dome of Notre Dame des Ardilliers, which the Jesuits built to commemorate the extirpation of heresy, looks well in the distance. We are tired and turn into the nearest inn—a big house, well outside the town, where *rouliers* and farm-people stay: just now it is quiet enough—a few *blouses* supping, among whom we eat ambrosia in the shape of soup, and half a roast fowl, followed by an omelette (our regular fare at these roadside inns), and washed down with veritable nectar, for this was our first taste of "Sparkling Saumur." Next morning our coffee in the large garden behind is so delicious that we regret the necessity of moving on. In the garden is a bowling-green and a machine for throwing *sous*. If you can throw down the wolf's throat which is stuck in the middle of the board, you score 1,000; between that and zero you have any number of opportunities. *Sous*-throwing is popular in Saumur; near the theatre we saw a dozen soldiers amusing themselves; they had set a *sou* on a cork, and were flinging *sous* at it. If they carried lighter knapsacks, perhaps French soldiers would play more muscular games. When we get to the railway station we can scarcely believe we are in France. They let us walk about as we like; no inquisitive *sergens*, no penning up in waiting-rooms. Has the old connection with England anything to do with the marked difference between the Angevin official and the average Frenchman?

I won't describe Saumur; you ought to see it. It is full of memories of King René (see the curious picture in the Museum, which represents him painting a Crowned Death), of the Huguenots who once numbered three-fourths of the population, of the Vendéans who took it by storm, charging uphill in pursuit of De Larochejaquelin's white-plumed hat. Its wine is glorious; that famous mediæval wine-taster would have marked it with a triple *est*. Its *hôtel de ville* is as good outside as a Flemish town hall; inside it is "restored" after the fashion of the Second Empire; and, as there was nothing old to destroy, I suppose so gorgeous a "restoration" was praiseworthy. How is it, by the way, that we English so seldom spent our money on town halls? Coventry was as rich a town as Saumur; yet St. Mary's Hall is but a poor place. Bristol, so great in the old time, has nothing but Canynge's Hall, whose *louvre* and open roof are now hidden by the brick front of a modern shop. Has industrial improvement been more unsparing than periodical revolutions? or were our guilds never (except in London) important enough to build much during the centuries of building activity?

At Saumur don't forget to go over the very curious church of Notre Dame de Nantilly; and drive out to Bagneux to see the big *pierre couverte* and its lesser sister. Two huge cromlechs in a garden, with a lodge and a regular curator! such things seem more natural amid wild Cornish moors, or out on Breton promontories.

At Angers the most striking object is the huge gloomy castle—like Millbank Prison with its towers much magnified, and a black hue thrown over it. Such a contrast to white Chinon and yellow Fontevrault and bright, cheery Saumur. Eight years ago it was richer in old wooden houses, quaintly carved and coloured, even than old Rouen was when we were boys. But old Rouen is gone, swept away to make room for the street of the Empress and other "improvements;" and Haussmannism has made even sadder work with Angers. I saw them pulling down, in the Rue du Cornet, a corner house, which was not carved only, but covered with statuettes right up to the gable. Others almost as good were being destroyed in the Rue St. Lo and the Rue de l'Espine. Of Rouen as it was I have a few etchings by a Frenchman who literally died broken-hearted when he saw it all being improved away; but of these glories of old Angers I could not get even a photograph. However, the improvement-makers had left, and seemed likely to leave, the *impasse* St. Eloi, a wilderness of *tourelles* and *lucarnes*, picturesque but not fragrant. People fancy that when they have cleared a few great open spaces they've made a town healthy; forgetting that they've only forced more people into already overcrowded courts, where there is probably neither drainage nor water. Angers, English in the free manners of its people, belongs almost wholly to the Plantagenets. In the suburb of La Doutre, across the river, building after building tells of Fulks and Geoffrys, the grand Hospice St. Jean, somewhat later than the rest, is the work of our Henry II.—one of his acts of atonement for Becket's murder. The Paris suzerains have failed to leave their mark anywhere on the city of Fulk Nerra; no wonder his statue is the only one the citizens have cared to set up. There is even an Angevin style of church, low and English-looking, owing to the absence of the triforium. St. Maurice, the cathedral, looks very home-like, compared with

Tours Cathedral, for instance. Toussaint, long in ruins, now restored and used by the Protestants, is in pure "Early English" style; being Protestant, by the way, it is kept locked. Of course there is older and more distinctively Continental work at Angers; St. Serge, for instance, a glorious example of late Romanesque, is lofty enough; but the Angevin type, coeval with our First Pointed, is almost identical with it.

There is plenty more to see at Angers, notably a slate quarry, bigger than Penrhyn, the face of the rock being four hundred feet high. And at Angers here you are on the high road to Brittany. You can either push on to Nantes, and there begin the grand round which will bring you at last to Granville and the Channel Islands; or you can strike across to Vannes, and work out a route for yourself. This is always the pleasantest mode of travelling in France. Where there's no diligence there's almost always a mail-cart; and you learn more of both country and people in that way than by running to and fro all your life along the great lines of rail. H. S. F.

MR. T. T. COOPER, LATE BRITISH POLITICAL AGENT, BHAMO

Mr. Thomas Thornville Cooper, whose assassination was recently announced, was the youngest son of the late Mr. John Ibbetson Cooper, of Bishopwearmouth, Durham. Mr. Cooper's death, which will be sincerely regretted by his many friends, will also be a serious loss to the Government. His career, both as a traveller and as a political servant of the Government of India, has been attended with considerable distinction. He was a man whose knowledge of China and Oriental languages fitted him especially for his post on the Burman and Chinese frontier, and to geographical science he has been no mean contributor, while to those interested in ethnical studies he has afforded much information as to the manners of peoples who are almost unknown. As a traveller and writer Mr. Cooper is well known to all students of Asiatic geography. Colonel Yule speaks of him as "one of the most adventurous travellers of modern times," and it is sad that a man who escaped the perils of inland China and of Thibet, the fevers and wild tribes of the Mishmee Hills, should be murdered in the end by a Sepoy of his own guard. He started as a private traveller in 1866, and for a long while, in China and elsewhere, a death by violence was the possibility, and even more, of every moment. He carried poison about his person, believing death by his own hand would be preferable to the lingering tortures of the Chinese, a danger ever before his eyes. The "Travels of a Pioneer of Commerce, in Pigtail and Petticoats," is a spirited and interesting account of his first journey, in which he reached from Shanghai, Chingtu, Lithang, Tats-ianlu, Bathang, and Yunnan, the latitude of which he places about 29° N., and long 98·53° E., all in a region which up to his time was practically unknown, and only failed to complete the journey to Burmah by a few days' marches, owing to the rebellion and disturbed state of that part of the country. Some of Cooper's sketches of this part of Asia illustrate Colonel Yule's fine edition of "Marco Polo." Another journey of Cooper's was to penetrate Thibet from Assam, through the Mishmee country, an account of which is published in "Mishmee Hills." He was arrested on the frontiers by the Chinese and Thibetan authorities. He, however, achieved a result in another direction that has proved highly beneficial to the interests of Upper Assam. A tribe of Mishmees inhabiting the hill country had long cherished a blood feud against the Indian Government. A few years previously their chief, Kysa, had murdered two Roman Catholic missionaries, and an expedition being sent againt him, he was taken prisoner and incarcerated in the gaol at Debrughur. He murdered his gaoler, and was hanged in consequence. The whole tribe constituted themselves his avengers, and had given considerable trouble to the peaceful inhabitants of the frontier. Mr. Cooper managed in an able manner to settle the quarrel, and brought back with him to Assam a deputation of chiefs, who there concluded a peace which they have maintained inviolate ever since. For this service Mr. Cooper received the personal thanks of Lord Mayo, then Viceroy of India. He returned from this journey terribly ill, and left Calcutta for the cooler climate of England. Presently he was sent by the India Office to accompany the Panthay Embassy from Yunnan, and escort them to the frontiers of their territory. Before, however, he could accomplish this the news reached Rangoon, early in 1873, of the complete destruction of the Panthay power by the Chinese, and the members of the embassy elected to remain under British protection. Shortly afterwards he was appointed by Lord Northbrook to the British Political Agency at Bhamo, but was unfortunately compelled through ill-health to resign this post in the March following, and return to England. He was attached to the Political Department of the India Office until November, 1876, when he was again sent to India with despatches and presents from the Queen for the Viceroy in connection with the Imperial Durbar of Delhi, and was foreign *attaché* until his re-appointment as British Political Agent at Bhamo, where he was shot by Kissen Sing, a Naick of the Agency Guard, a native of Lucknow, on the 24th of April, about half-past eight o'clock in the evening, together with the Jemadar and another Sepoy of his guard. Mr. Cooper was a man in the prime of life, his physical powers, enterprise, and courage made him a splendid traveller and sportsman, his gifts and a singular gentleness won him many friends, both among his fellow-countrymen and among the half-civilised Orientals, Indians, Chinese, Thibetans, Burmese, and Shans with whom so much of his life was passed; and, as a writer in the *Civil and Military Gazette* says, "Those who knew him well, as he did, will mourn the loss of a genial, brave, and kind-hearted friend."

Our portrait is from a photograph by Lickfold, 10, Government Place, Calcutta.

WORK AT A COAL MINE

II., III.

"Low Travelling." In some mines the vein of coal is only some twenty or twenty-four inches in thickness, and in these confined workings locomotion is facilitated by the use of small trollies, called "jack trams," upon which the collier rests his body, whilst he pushes himself along by his toes. The sketch shows a fireman proceeding in this manner, using his hammer as an additional means of propulsion. The workings here are on the method called "wide work" or "long wall," to distinguish it from "straight work" or "narrow." By the first plan all the coal is got as the work proceeds, whilst in the latter, "drifts" or levels, are driven in various directions, and pillars of coal are left standing as supports for the superincumbent earth.

"Holing the Bottom Coal." Here the miner is shown at work in what is called a "drift." After the coal has been cut away to a depth of about five feet for the whole width of the working, which is about nine feet, the collier will drill holes in a horizontal direction in the coal as close to the roof as possible, and then by the aid of "shots," or charges of powder, the whole mass will be broken and brought down ready for removal. The lamp is kept fully two feet from the swing of the pick, and in some collieries the use of "stands" is enforced.

"Against the Collar." This is an "up-brow," or full "tub," on its way to the shaft. The men who push these "tubs" sometimes hurry along their loads with wonderful rapidity, with back and arms outstretched in a perfectly horizontal direction, the back narrowly escaping contact with the low roof. In the sketch the bar under which the man is passing is shown as nearly broken through by the weight above; but such bars often remain so for a long time without actually giving way, and they are frequently met with wherever there is a "tender" roof. In the more roomy passages, especially where there are steep inclines, ponies are employed to draw the "tubs" of coal.

"On the Spinney Top." A "spinney" is one of the main roads of the pit, the "drawer" is here shown about to descend the incline, having first skidded the wheel of his trolly, so that its impetus may not be more than he can overcome as he slides down after it with one foot on each rail of the tramway. In some cases wire ropes and pulleys are so arranged, that the weight of the full tubs descending one incline is utilised to draw the empty trucks up another passage.

"Vegetation Below." In those parts of wet mines where the air currents do not travel, the growth of fungus is often very remarkable. In this instance the timber supports of the roof are almost completely covered with a substance of most delicate whiteness resembling nothing so much as a quantity of finely carded wool. It is, however, of such frailty that at the merest touch it collapses.

"A Difference of Opinion." The collier is here disputing with the underlooker of the mine regarding the amount of work which he has done in the past fortnight, the officer having visited his working in order to take the measurement. On the left of the sketch is seen the "brattice cloth," by means of which the ventilation of the working is effected, the air travelling inwards along one side of it, and returning along the other, where the rails are seen.

"Sinking a Shaft." We are now at the bottom of a partially constructed shaft, the upper portion of which has already been walled in, whilst the men are engaged in widening out the lower part to make room for a similar lining of brickwork. The wall already constructed rests upon a "curb" of iron or elm, up to which the next tier of brickwork will be carried, the work being done in segments, so that at no time is the "curb" entirely without support. The three men on the right are drilling a shot hole, two of them striking with hammers whilst the other holds and turns the drill, one man is steadying the "hoppet" in which a mate is about to ascend, and another is clearing the fragments of rock from the "sump" (the lowest part of the shaft where the water collects for the pump) which is also seen in the sketch. The men wear oilskin capes and caps to protect them from the water which is constantly pouring off the sides of the shaft, and putting them into the "hoppet."

"Repairing a 'Garland.'" Sometimes, when there is much water running down the sides of a shaft, the "curbs" are fixed so as to project beyond the surface of the well, and on the ledges thus formed zinc or leaden gutters are placed, communicating with the bottom by means of canvas hose, so that the water is carried off, and the splashing which would otherwise be caused is obviated. These gutters are called "garlands," or "water-rings," and in our sketch the men are shown repairing one which has become damaged by some means. The hopper is kept against the side of the shaft by means of a pole, and a rope thrown around a beam. These beams are variously called "buntons" or "hiats," and are placed at intervals down the whole depth of the shaft to receive the upright guide rods of wood or metal upon which the "cage" will travel.

New Music

William Czerny.——The invigorating effects of holiday-tide is perceptible in our latest batch of "New Music," vocal and instrumental. A prettily-written narrative song for a mezzo-soprano is "I Sorrow No More," the words by Mrs. Noble, music by J. G. Eyken.—The same may be said of "Cradle Song," written and composed by G. Withers and Max Schroeter. —"Moments de Loisir" (from 43 to 50), *morceaux classiques et populaires*, for violin and pianoforte, are all more or less excellent and interesting. The four best are: "Les Marguerites," a graceful song, without words, by J. B. Wekerlin (No. 45); "Gavotte," from orchestral suite by J. S. Bach (No. 46); "The Knight's Song," a spirited melody by Volkmann (No. 47), and a "Mazurka in A," by Chopin (No. 48). Next best of the group are: "Mazurka in A minor," by Chopin (No. 43); "Song Without Words," Mendelssohn (No. 44), and "A Merry Ditty," a droll little tune by Volkmann (No. 49). Least satisfactory of this collection is Bach's Gavotte in B minor (No. 50).—A series of "Six Pièces Intimes" for the pianoforte, by Edouard Marlois, very pleasing and moderately easy, are worthy of the attention of music teachers. "Barcarolle" (No. 1) has a taking melody in 12-8 time; "Legende" (No. 2), the most original of the set; "Un Matin à la Ferme" (No. 3), a feeble air, indifferently set; "Prière" (No. 4), a very graceful piece; Nos. 5 and 6, "Capriccietto" and "Rondolet, are two quaint little studies.—Somewhat more difficult than the above, but fairly well written, are "Sérénade Bohemienne," *pour le pianoforte*, by G. J. Van Eyken, and "Holiday Time," a sketch for the pianoforte, by H. T. Pringuer.—From J. W. Gritton, F.C.D., comes a remarkably pleasing "Berceuse," a voluntary for the organ of so soothing a character that it should always be played *after* the sermon.

Messrs. Reid Brothers.——From hence come two charming songs, of medium compass, the one, "Down into Wonderland," a "Fairy Lullaby," the quaint words and catching melody of which, by A. Geibel, a child might learn to sing; and "Baby Mine," words by Charles Mackay, music by Harrison Millard, well adapted for young mothers to sing to their little ones, especially when the fathers are on the sea.—A very cheerful and vigorous sea-song, specially adapted for a penny reading on the coast or inland, is "Jack's Come Home To-day," written and composed by W. J. Deyers.—It is some time since we have met with a prettier or more melodious pianoforte piece than "Les Cloches du Soir," a reverie, by A. Geibel.

Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.——Every day the ladder of learning, whether for music or other studies, is made easier, and still more easy, so that young students of the present day have scarcely half the labour of their predecessors of say half a century ago. For example, "The Bouquet of Flowers," a set of clever and interesting sketches for the pianoforte in the 24 minor and major keys, is so progressive in difficulty that the executant, when he or she arrives at No. XII., "Myrtle," in G flat major, and "Rose" (No. XIV.), in E flat minor, feels quite at home with any amount of flats and sharps. No. I., "Rose Pink," although in the easy key of C, is one of the prettiest of the series. Nos. II. to VII., named respectively after wild and cultivated flowers, are equally good in their way. Nos. IX. to XVIII. are excellent studies. Nos. XIX. to XXIV. fall off in merit.—True to Nature are the pathetic words by F. E. Weatherly, M.A., and the music, by W. W. Meadows, of "Cathedral Days."

Messrs. Witt and Co.——A showy song for a soprano or tenor is "Mai Lied" (May Song), music by Carl Reinecke, the words translated by Lewis Novra from the German poetry of Emanuel Geibel; this song is also published in a lower key for baritone or contralto.—H. Hofmann has, with his usual ability, transcribed "Silhouettes from Hungary," seven pianoforte pieces on original Hungarian melodies, for violin and pianoforte; they are good studies for students of both instruments.—The same composer has also published, under the title of "Italian Love Tale," six duets for the pianoforte, which, although far from easy, are arranged in so masterly a manner that they will fully repay the trouble of learning them.—More within the range of ordinary players are two books of pianoforte duets, entitled "Albion," which contain eight of our national airs, ably and tastefully transcribed by H. Hofmann.—Four ably-written pieces for the pianoforte of moderate difficulty, and of the same type, are "Idylle" (*Vielliebchen*), by H. Fliege; "Eglogue," by R. Fuchs; "Aubade," by J. H. Sprange; and "Alpen-Roschen," by J. Löw. They are all useful for school teaching.

Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.——The very best galap of the season is "Cyprus Galop," by H. de Vaux, a bright and tuneful melody, which at once catches the ear, and will win public favour for it. The frontispiece is a really excellent map of Cyprus, which will be found most useful for a reference in the drawing-room, as well as the schoolroom.—W. Meyer Lutz has arranged the most popular airs in his operetta *Little Doctor Faust*, as a set of quadrilles bearing that name; they are simply but well done.—The same may be said of "Soldaten Leben Waltz," by Albert Hartmann, and "Lucette," a valse by Charles Coote, jun., introducing a number of popular melodies, more or less hackneyed.

Miscellaneous.——We have come across fewer tales of the sea than usual this autumn; "Watching," a ballad written and composed by Edward Oxenford and T. W. Davidson, is but a poor specimen of their respective abilities (Messrs. Lyon and Hall, Brighton).—Quite worthy of its designation is "Le Réveil du Rossignol," a "valse elegante," by Lillie Albrecht; this clever young composer writes carefully and with taste (Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.)—Appropriate for the present season is "Harvest Home," a "Service of Song for a Harvest Thanksgiving." It consists of selections from Scripture to be read by the clergyman or school teacher, together with anthems, chants, and popular hymns, judiciously chosen. The anthems selected for this little work are "Sing, O Heavens," by Kent, and "Thou Visitest the Earth," by Green. Besides some well known hymns by Haydn and other ancient composers there are some by the editress, Mary Palmer, who has arranged the whole work. In country churches, where the members of the choir and the school children are fairly well instructed, this service will prove both useful and interesting (Church of England Sunday School Institute).—"Hymns and Songs," with accompanying tunes, to be used at meetings of the Church of England Temperance Society, are very good in their way, and will no doubt meet the wants of those for whom they are selected and compiled by Mr. G. J. Chapple. Some of the hymn tunes are original, but the greater part are well known. The songs are for the most part appropriate to the temperance subject; for example, "The Drunkard's Wife," "Water for Me," "I Want no Wine Cup Flowing," &c. (W. Wells Gardner, Paternoster Buildings).

A GIFT FOR MY BRIDE

A gift for my dear little Janet!
What, what shall the souvenir be?
Will anything found on this planet
Remind her of me?

A ring for her delicate finger,
To press it and squeeze it all day?
A song in her heart that will linger
When I am away?

A chain for her neck, with a locket?
A book that her mind will engage,
And will easily enter her pocket?
A bird in a cage?

A volume of manuscript verses?
A flower in porcelain that blows?
A phial of scent that disperses
The attar of rose?

The frond of a fern, or a feather
Among her fair tresses to twine?
A sprig, for her bosom, of heather,
Or pale jessamine?

A thimble? a kerchief? a bonnet?
A pencil? a portrait of me?
A bracelet, with "Janet" upon it?
A "crooked bawbee?"

She's true, and she's kind, and she's clever,
And pensive, and not very tall;
As high as my heart is, however—
And modest withal.—J. L. R.

Our Sailors.——Mr. W. Evan Franks, the Secretary of the St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission, writes to us:—"As we have large quantities of *The Graphic*, with other books and papers, sent for distribution amongst sailors, fishermen, and emigrants, will you allow me, through your columns, to thank the numerous friends who thus supply us, and to assure them that they are most thoroughly and gratefully appreciated. During the past year more than six hundred ships' libraries were supplied by the Mission for crews of ships leaving the Port of London alone; besides bags of illustrated papers, periodicals, tracts, &c., sent to the large fishing fleets in the North Sea and at Grimsby. We are now making a special effort to complete our work in the Port of London, in which we have eight Mission Clergy constantly employed visiting the ships in all the principal docks, north and south, below London Bridge. This appeal has been so far liberally responded to by donations of one hundred guineas from the Corporation of London, and grants from the Thames Conservancy and many of the large City Companies. We hope to raise 600*l*., in addition to our present income, the amount needed for London, in which the greater part of the Society's income is expended. Any books, magazines, papers, &c., will be thankfully acknowledged, if sent to the Depôt, 36, City Chambers, Railway Place, Fenchurch Street."

THE BOULDER BEACH

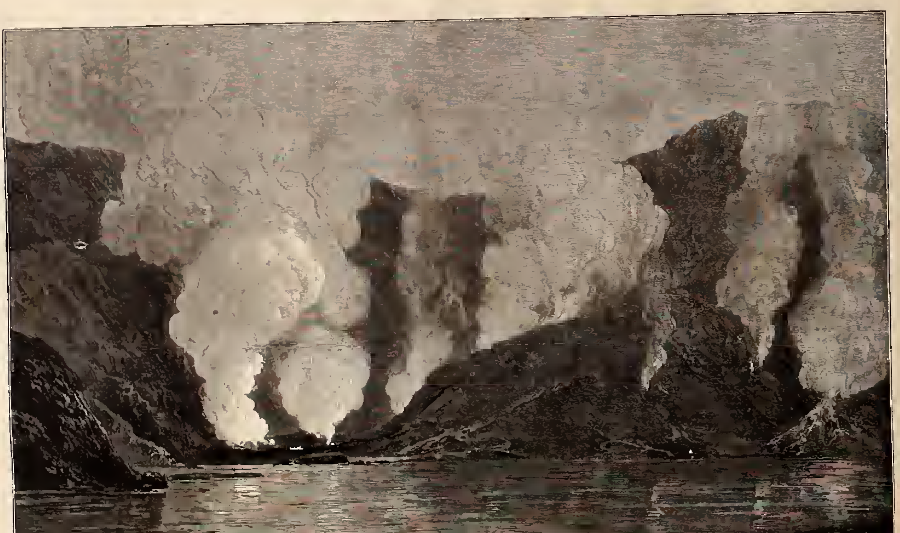
THE "SENTINEL" ROCK, DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN COOK

THE PLOUGHMAN'S WHISPER

LONG before Mr. Rarey came across the Atlantic to practice patience, and command docility in the most vicious of horses, such as Cruiser—that dark savage—a secret similar, or, better gaining the obedience of wicked animals, had been existent among unlettered ploughmen in the "far North" of Scotland. Some of these so-called unlettered ploughmen rose to higher positions than holding the "stilts." These ploughmen accomplished the end of making their team walk quietly in the plough without strapping the fore near limb down after the fashion of Rarey—a fashion, by the way, which few but grooms, and those accustomed to vicious horses, would be inclined to follow. So far as I am aware, few of the ladies and gentlemen to whom only Mr. Rarey condescended to cater ever cared long to attempt the feat after the ephemeral *furore* was over. In the north of Scotland the guidance of farm horses has been practised as an art. The ploughmen are as much interested in being able to have a pair of horses entirely under their control as they are to ensure that the plough in their hands must make a neat and straight furrow with a level "sole." This secret is one after the Masonic fashion. It is strange and mystical, in truth; but very often sham ceremonies are got up for the "humbugging" of novices, who are not supposed to have nerve or sense enough to keep the whisper from being too much pronounced. The influential secret is imparted at meetings called "brotherings," where not fewer than three brothers must be present at the initiation, the new brother of course being bound by "a rigid oath" not to reveal anything he has heard. "These 'brotherings,'" said an old correspondent of the writer's, "are not often choice affairs." Neither are the mock ones. The *bona fide* ones are different. The sham ones are often wound up with a ball, where the ploughmen and their sweethearts have a general spree. And through this spreeing or boozing the horseman's word has been brought into ridicule and contempt by the well informed who have not been "brothered," masters as well as servants.

There is a powerful influence in that whisper over cart-horses—as great as that which the presence of a cat in the stable has upon the temper of certain racehorses. My old friend, who in his early days was one of the most proficient in the art of whispering, has told me that he has known a lad entrusted with a pair of three-year-old fillies just taken from the grass, and which had never been in harness, high spirited, and one of them vicious, manage them thoroughly with this Abracadabra. He yoked them without assistance. He ploughed all day, and came back in the evening without injury to horses, implement, or man. Without the talismanic whisper it would have been impossible to have accomplished such a feat. The secret does not belong to the North of Scotland alone. Its influence can be seen in the City Road every morning, where men and little boys direct horses—powerful ones—without touching them, and who follow the lads through the streets like lambs. The foundation of the secret, it is no breach of brotherhood to say, is kindliness.

JAMES ROBB



THE HOT SPRINGS OF LAKE HOPE

SKETCHES FROM THE ANTIPODES—WHITE ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND

THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS—SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S HEAD-QUARTERS CAMP NEAR NICOSIA

RETURN OF THE FINNISH GUARD TO ST. PETERSBURG

THE NEW LIGHT-SHIP OFF KING'S LYNN—TOWING THE "BAR FLAT" INTO POSITION

FOREIGN

THE EASTERN QUESTION.——The end of the Bosnian insurrection seems at last in view. Marshal Jovanovics has formally announced the pacification of the Herzegovina, and the Austrian advance in Bosnia proper has been this week unreservedly successful. Two of the chief insurgent strongholds in the Posavina, Dolni Tuzla and Bjelina, where formidable resistance was anticipated, have submitted without a struggle, and although the Austrians were vigorously opposed at Dokani, they managed effectually to press back the Bosnians on Zwornik. The taking of Zwornik itself is reported, but the news as not yet been officially confirmed. Part of the Serajevo forces are working upwards to effect a junction, and have occupied Olova, between Serajevo and Zwornik, finding the town perfectly deserted, as even the women and children had fled to the woods. Another column after a severe contest has taken Senkovics—a strongly fortified position on the road to Visegrad—and has subsequently entered Rogatica. Thus the rebels round Zwornik are fairly hemmed in to the Posavina, for the Servian frontier prevents any retreat eastward, and it is asserted that the rebel chiefs have offered to surrender to the Servians if their property be respected. Refugees are already crossing into Servia, where they are hospitably received, but all combatants entering the province are at once disarmed and interned. In the north-west General Zachs has at length captured Bihacs on the Unna, which had given him so much trouble, while further down on the Dalmatian frontier the Imperialists have been generally well received, and the only place of consequence still holding out is Livno. Marshal Jovanovics in the Herzegovina is also advancing on the last important position to be taken—Klobuk. Thus the Austrian occupation may reasonably be completed during October, Novi Bazar being left for a spring campaign, and the reorganisation of the provinces will be begun at once. Mussulmans will be admitted into the administration, and Austria intends to act as though she had been peaceably received. Austrian reports state that the Christian—and in some cases the Mahomedan—population have been flocking to claim the protection of the Imperialist army, and that the resistance proceeds solely from the Mussulmans, incited by fanatical priests and supported by Turkish authorities. The Porte, notwithstanding, in a fresh Circular indignantly disclaims all responsibility for recent events in Bosnia.

The Austrian occupation, however, seems likely to furnish the Russians with a plausible pretext for enlarging their garrisons in Bulgaria and Roumelia. Russian generals consider the number of troops fixed by the Congress altogether inadequate, and the army of occupation will probably be increased to 120,000 men. Nevertheless, the Russians are now withdrawing in earnest, and their headquarters are fixed at Adrianople. San Stefano has been completely vacated, and in consequence the British fleet leaves Prinkipo to-day (Saturday) for Artaki, on the southern shore of the Sea of Marmora. Russia and the Porte are now considering a supplementary agreement to decide sundry clauses mentioned in the Preliminary Treaty of San Stefano, and left untouched by the Berlin Treaty. These points include the war indemnity, compensation to Russian subjects, liberty of emigration from the occupied provinces, and the regulation of commercial relations, but present nothing new. Even the amount of the war indemnity is not yet fixed, and the Porte finds its financial difficulties worse than ever, as the local bankers will do nothing towards raising a new loan without English co-operation. Turkey therefore declares that all reforms are impracticable for want of funds, and that she relies upon England to exert moral influence on the subject. The Porte also states that such efforts would be furthered by the introduction of British elements in the administration of the Ottoman finances. The Greek question remains unaltered, although Safvet Pasha proposes to cede several islands of the Archipelago to Greece instead of any portion of the mainland. Montenegro has now demanded an immediate settlement of the frontier line, and Prince Nikita's demand is warmly supported by Russia, who has suggested that the Powers should make a collective request for the cession of territory. Turkey promises to send troops to Albania in order to further the cession, and Osman Pasha is reported to be Mehemet Ali's successor in the mission. The threatened troubles in ASIA have been temporarily averted, for Erzeroum has been occupied by the Turkish troops with but little disturbance. The Armenians, however, continue very discontented. Numbers have emigrated, and several thousands are in arms.

FRANCE.——Home affairs are very quiet just now, and the only subject of interest is the sweeping programme of reforms put forth by M. Gambetta at Romans. Enthusiastically received by his more advanced adherents, the speech has caused considerable uneasiness in moderate minds. In particular, the suggestion to make clerical students liable to military service is peculiarly distasteful to French sentiment, and has aroused general opposition. Further, M. Gambetta's remarks on Marshal MacMahon are said to have greatly annoyed the President, and it is asserted that owing to this fact M. Gambetta's hoarseness at Grenoble was put forth as a convenient excuse to avoid another speech. M. Gambetta is now holiday-making in Switzerland, and was accordingly unable to attend any of the numerous banquets given throughout France on Sunday to commemorate the centenary of the first Republic. The delegates for the Senatorial elections will probably be chosen in October, and the election of the Senators will follow on January 5th.

Paris is delighted that the Exhibition is to be kept open until Nov. 20th in order that French exhibitors may profit by their awards, which will not be formally announced until Oct. 21st. During the additional fortnight exhibitors will be allowed to sell off their goods. The Exhibition has given a valuable impetus to French trade, as the revenue for the first eight months of the present year shows an increase of 1,750,000*l.* on that of the corresponding period in 1877.—There has been a serious accident on the Eastern Railway at Liverdun, two persons being killed and nine injured.

ITALY.——Rome celebrated on the 20th inst. the anniversary of the entry of the Italian troops, and the city was gaily decorated in honour of the event, the Syndic and Municipality going in state to place crowns on Victor Emmanuel's grave at the Pantheon, and on the monument to the soldiers who fell at the Porta Pia. While these rejoicings at the overthrow of Papal dominion have been going on outside the Vatican, the Pope has been uttering fresh complaints against the Italian Government. The Protestant schools and institutions which have lately grown up in Rome cause great alarm to Leo XIII., and His Holiness has threatened excommunication to all engaged in such works, from the architects and artists to the very printers and compositors, who are employed in printing notices of Protestant services. The Papal Nuncios at Foreign Courts have accordingly been informed that the Vatican will be compelled to take steps against the hostility of the Italian Government, and have been requested to sound the different Powers on the subject. Meanwhile the Pope has received the first band of pilgrims of the season, and has written again to the Emperor of Germany, congratulating him on his restoration to health.

INDIA.——The British Mission to Cabul has been rebuffed at the very outset, Shere Ali having refused to permit the Envoy to enter Afghan territory. The Mission left Peshawur on Saturday, and on reaching Jumrood at the frontier, Major Cavagnari, one of the prominent members of the Mission, was sent forward to the mouth of the Khyber Pass to request formally a safe passage. His way was barred, however, at Ali Musjid, where the officer in command refused to allow any advance, positively threatened Major Cavagnari with violence, and placed forces on the surrounding heights ready to dispute the passage. After three hours' useless reasoning, and an emphatic warning that the British Government would hold Shere Ali responsible for his subordinate's actions, Major Cavagnari rejoined the Mission, which forthwith returned to Peshawur. Here it has been broken up for the present, and Sir Neville Chamberlain has gone back to his command at Madras. Shere Ali will be promptly summoned to atone for the insult offered to the British Government, and every preparation is being made to support the demands by military force. The Khyberees, an independent tribe, whose territory lies between the Indian frontier and Afghanistan, are being persuaded to support England, and their adherence is all the more likely as they have hitherto been friendly to British Power, and have thereby incurred Shere Ali's displeasure. Indeed, the Hill-tribes altogether are expected to favour the British, for they were forcibly impressed by the recent blockade and subjugation of the Jowakis. The command of the Khyber Pass is highly important for the British forces, as the Khyberees' territory is 180 miles long, and presents the easiest approach to Cabul. Should, however, this avenue be closed, there is another important route by Thall, which is situated at the entrance of the Koorum Valley, midway between Kohat and Bannu, and where 4,000 men are being concentrated. General Roberts was to start for Khelat yesterday (Friday) with a brigade of all arms, there being thus three separate columns ready to enter Afghan territory. Fresh forces also have been sent to Quetta, at the end of the Bolan Pass.

It is generally assumed that the refusal was prompted by Muscovite influence, for the Russian Embassy continues hospitably entertained at Cabul, and a further proof of Russia's participation is afforded by the despatch of an Afghan Envoy to Constantinople to recommend a treaty of alliance with Russia. Shere Ali has a long list of complaints against the British Government—the non-recognition of Abdulla Jan as his heir, the occupation of Quetta, the recognition of his brothers when they usurped the throne, and the award of Seistan to Persia being among the foremost grievances.

Great dissatisfaction is now expressed at the large number of field officers in the Indian army, the subalterns in many corps being completely out-numbered. The prospects of promotion are thus very small, as under the present system of pensions voluntary retirement is almost impossible.—There is some talk of annexing Scinde to the Punjaub.

UNITED STATES.——Yellow fever in the Southern States continues to decrease; but at Memphis—which has suffered more than any other city, there being hardly enough living left to bury the dead—the decline appears partly due to the lack of victims. Superstitious people are noting the recent prophecy of an old negro that a plague should come upon New Orleans this summer fatal, alike to whites and blacks, and increase until the daily number of deaths equalled the degrees of the thermometer, when it would decline. Curiously enough the decrease of the epidemic has exactly fulfilled this prophecy. The fever has mainly attacked strong healthy persons, neglecting sickly people. Along the Mississippi the epidemic has caused total stagnation of trade; not a creature is visible at the usually busy steamboat landings, no freights are received, or boats allowed to land, and the houses are totally deserted. In Vicksburg, also, the population spared by the fever have to live on charity, as every factory and workshop has been closed.

A second opponent to General Butler in the Massachusetts Governorship has appeared, the Democrats hostile to Butler having nominated Mr. J. G. Abbott.—In Washington 400 strikers have made a formidable demonstration, and troops have been sent from Baltimore to preserve order.—Sitting Bull wishes to bring back his followers into the States, and has sent six Sioux to treat with the authorities in Montana.

AUSTRALIA.——The Victorian Parliament is still discussing the Reform Bill brought forward by the Premier, in order to prevent any repetition of the deadlock of last Session. Mr. Berry is trying hard to pare down the authority of the Upper House; and threatens that, if his Bill be rejected, he will ask the British Parliament to force the measure on the colony. There has been a large meeting at the Melbourne Town Hall, to express formal approval of Lord Beaconsfield's policy, similar congratulations being forwarded by New South Wales. Victoria and New South Wales are competing eagerly to attract trade by the extension of their railway systems, and Victoria is lowering her railway rates to cut out her rival. New Zealand intends shortly to bring forward a proposal for direct steam communication with England.

MISCELLANEOUS.——In GERMANY the Parliamentary Committee are busily amending the Anti-Socialist Bill, and it is probable that the debates will result in a compromise.—Leprosy has broken out in SPAIN.—Sir J. Macdonald, the leader of the Opposition and Conservative party in CANADA, has been returned in the recent elections by a large majority.—At the CAPE the Zulus continue hostile, while fighting is still going on in the Transvaal, where the Korrannas have retreated into the mountains beyond the Orange River.

THE COURT

THE principal members of the Royal Family are now gathered together in the Highlands. The Duke of Connaught joined the Queen at Balmoral last week, and Prince William of Prussia also arrived on Monday afternoon on a visit to Her Majesty. On Saturday, Viscount Cranbrook dined with the Queen, and next morning Her Majesty, with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, attended Divine Service at Crathie Church, the Rev. A. K. H. Boyd officiating. After the service the Prince of Wales lunched with the Queen, and in the afternoon Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice called upon Lady Biddulph at Abergeldie Mains. On Monday the Duke of Connaught went out deerstalking, and in the evening Viscount Cranbrook and Major Von Liebenau joined the Royal party at dinner. Next day the Duke of Connaught and Prince William again went deerstalking, and the Prince of Wales dined with the Queen. On Wednesday the Duke of Connaught left Balmoral.

The Prince of Wales has been staying with Colonel Farquharson at Invercauld, where there was a grand dinner party on his arrival on Sunday evening. A deer-drive was held in the forest on Monday, and on Tuesday the party went out grouse-shooting. The Prince returned to Abergeldie on Tuesday evening, and on Thursday was joined by the Princess and her three daughters. The Princess and her children returned to England on Tuesday afternoon from staying with the Danish Royal family at Rumpenheim, crossing from Dover to Calais in the *Maid of Kent*, and resting a day at Marlborough House before starting for Scotland. Next week the Prince will visit the Earl of Fife at Mar Lodge, and will spend two or three days deer-stalking in the forest.—The Prince of Wales has taken for the season the shooting over the Maesllwych Castle estate near Hereford.

The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne will travel to Canada in the armour-plated vessel *Northampton*, which is now being fitted up at Chatham for their accommodation. The *Northampton* is to be commissioned on the 1st prox., and will be accompanied by the despatch vessel *Iris*. The Princess and her husband remain at Inverary with the Duke of Argyll.—The infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh is to be baptized into the Greek faith at Coburg, and the ceremony will take place in the Ducal Palace as soon Duke Ernest returns to the capital.—Prince and Princess Christian have been staying with the Imperial Prince and Princess of Germany at Potsdam, and have now gone to Primkenau.—The Duke of Cambridge returned to London from Paris at the end of last week.—Prince William of Prussia has been staying at Ilfracombe, and spent two days in London before leaving for the Highlands.

CHURCH NEWS

THE ANNUAL CHURCH CONGRESS will commence at Sheffield on the 1st prox. There is the usual division of opinion amongst the representatives of the various sections of the Establishment as to the utility of the gathering, and the advisability of attending it. The Rev. Mr. Douglas of Sheffield regards Congresses as "a great advertising medium for Ritualistic opinions," and thinks that they "go to cause the downfall of England's Church." He furthermore declares that "nothing is more foreign to the Congress than robust, healthy, and purifying discussion," and that its aim seems to be "union based on concession and compromise, even of what we regard as vital and essential truth." The *Record* rejoices over the fact that out of eighty-nine readers and speakers announced forty-one are Evangelical; but the *Rock* says that the Evangelicals are only encouraged to attend in order that they may be entrapped and seduced, whilst the *Church Review* boldly proclaims that there has been a nefarious plot to pack the Congress with Low Churchmen. The *Nonconformist* regards this exhibition of rancorous hostility as a lamentable spectacle to be presented before the un-Christian masses; and the *Church Times* very sensibly asks how it can be worse to meet High Church clergymen at a Congress, than at a Visitation where they are on the same official footing, and how an Evangelical clergyman "can consent to minister in a Church which forces him to style himself a priest, to give thanks for the regeneration of all children in baptism, to administer the Holy Communion to none but such as kneel, to refuse a dear Dissenting brother permission to officiate in his church, and to tolerate the existence of auricular confession, nay, which bids him urge its use on certain occasions. If he can swallow all this even with a wry face, it is not very much to rub shoulders once a year with people who like it."

VARIOUS.——The Bishop of Durham, commencing his Diocesan Visitation on Friday, said that he had never been an advocate for the increase of the Episcopate generally, and they must not forget that a regiment might be injured as much by being over-officered as under-officered. His diocese was, however, exceptionally large, and a new see at Newcastle was contemplated so long ago as the time of Edward VI., but he thought there was little use in moving in the matter until trade revived. Turning to the burials question, he admitted that the churchyard was vested in the incumbent for the benefit of all the parishioners, including Dissenters, and that though the grievance was a sentimental one, it was none the less real; but it was frankly admitted that the agitation was but a first step to the disestablishment of the Church, and so long as it was presented in that form it must be met with determined opposition. They must and would take that course, not from any want of charity to Nonconformists, but from the necessity of self-defence. Reviewing the state of religious thought, he said there were many alarming indications, such as the lowered tone of morals in the higher ranks of society, the mistrust of those above them amongst the lowest classes, a bitter and unscrupulous spirit of partisanship, rationalism, sacerdotalism, and, above all, intemperance, which seemed to indicate that the conflict of the powers of good and evil which was predicted for the last days was near at hand. He concluded with a vigorous denunciation of the re-introduction of the corruptions of the Church of Rome by the lawless efforts of the Ritualists, especially condemning the adoration of the Real Presence in the Holy Communion, and the virtual enforcement of the duty of Private Confession and Absolution.—The Archbishop of Canterbury, replying to the memorial of the Church of England Young Men's Society on the subject of the marriage of divorced persons, says their proper course would be to petition Parliament for a repeal of the law.—The Rev. Brooke Lambert has written to the *Guardian* explaining that his letter (from which we gave an extract a fortnight ago), was not intended for the general public, inasmuch as it was his monthly letter to his parishioners printed on the cover of the *Tamworth Parish Magazine*. He goes on to say: "But the fact to which I call attention wants stating. Those who preach the Gospel cannot live of the Gospel. The extensive machinery of a parish nowadays requires a man to be a Crœsus or a Lazarus. I don't know which is the worst. To beg demoralises oneself; to spend freely demoralises those who ought to share the burden. Of the two I think that an avoidance of begging is, for the time, the best."

NOTE.—— The Rev. Hawtrey Browne writes to correct an error which occurred in our report of the recent election of a successor to Dr. Gregg. The name of one of the candidates, which was given as Archdeacon Wynne, should have been Dean Gwynne.

MUSIC

Wagner's "Parsifal."——The libretto of *Parsifal* (as usual, by the composer of the music himself) being printed and published, a controversy has already arisen with regard to its inner significance. Everything that Richard Wagner produces is credited with some hidden meaning, which his most enthusiastic disciples endeavour, for the most part vainly, to unravel for the benefit of ordinary people. An Iamblichus at least is required to explain these Eleusinian Mysteries to the ignorant and stiff-necked uninitiated. The too-easily vexed prophet and "tone-poet" leaves to his many and furious disciples what in former times he was wont to perform on his own account. It is they, not he, who must now discourse and expound. Hence the absolute flood of more or less obscure literature of which his strange works have constituted the origin; hence the vast number of books, good, bad, and indifferent—in not a few of which, amid clouds of verbiage, the *Das Wort* ("The Word") becomes more and more far-fetched and unintelligible, so that it is at times impossible to reconcile many things with anything whatever. This comes of a too lively endeavour to imitate the style of the master whose secret aim they desire to elucidate. Imaginary believers in his music fall into the same trap; and we are overrun with feeble Wagnerites in music, just as we are overrun with feeble Wagnerites in prose. Wagner himself, if not invariably as clear as might be wished, expresses himself in both with wonderful earnestness and vigour, accompanied by an enormous amount of erudition, in all of which qualifications his most sanguine followers are to a great extent deficient. The music for *Parsifal*, we understand, is completely finished, and its publication will be the signal for as much incoherent and rhapsodical criticism as was engendered by the libretto. The chief topic of discussion, hitherto, has been that singular personage, Kundry, a sort of mixture of devil, angel, and woman, the appreciation of whose character and attributes from opposite points of view (Professor Edouard Hanslick, Wagner's most unsparing adversary, being again to the fore), are suggestive of much interesting speculation. About Kundry, however, a great deal more will be heard hereafter. Our immediate object is simply to remind such among our musical readers (and they are probably many) as care to inquire into the matter that such a controversy has commenced, and will doubtless be carried on, with ever-increasing zeal on both sides, until (and after) *Parsifal* shall have been heard, with all pomp and circumstance, as, in Wagner's own theatre at Bayreuth, two years ago, when the *Ring des Nibelungen*, the famous "Tetralogy," gave "an art" to Germany which, despite Mozart, Weber, and Beethoven, Germany had never possessed till then (!) Next year will mark another step—forward or backward, we do not presume to guess—in the career of one who is without question one of the most original poets and extraordinary musicians of his day, one who conscientiously believes he has a mission to present art under a wholly new phase. One of the necessary conditions of this wholly new phase is to set aside all that appeared before Wagner's time—that is, so far as the musical drama is concerned—and all that has been vouchsafed to the world during the Wagnerian epoch, as forecast by the "First Bayreuthiad" (Hanslick), and the *Ring*. Wagner, by the way, does wisely in publishing his libretto (*Das Wort*) first, and his music afterwards; for by this means two controversies are started in succession, and thus his name is perpetually on men's lips.

Covent Garden Promenade Concerts.——About these excellent entertainments, which virtually come to an end this evening, we shall have a few retrospective comments to offer in our next. Meanwhile, it may be premised that all the most important pledges of Messrs. Gatti have been fulfilled, one only excepted. The exception was the non-appearance of Mdlle. Marie Krebs, the well-known pianist. This, however, was not the fault of the directors, Mdlle. Krebs having been ordered by her medical advisers to take six months' repose, which her state of health imperatively demanded. Messrs. Gatti, moreover, were lucky in being able to engage the services of Madame Montigny-Rémaury, a more thoroughly competent and acceptable substitute than whom could not have been found. Further on, Mr. Charles Hallé, whose name alone signifies efficiency, played on several occasions, with the applause that never fails to greet him. As Beethoven's Symphony in F was performed at the beginning of the week, it will be seen that Mr. Arthur Sullivan, to whose skilful conducting and judicious arrangement of the programmes so much of the almost unprecedented success of these concerts is due, has kept his promise of presenting the first eight grand orchestral works of the mighty master, Monday after Monday, in chronological order. This was unquestionably a "happy thought." But (unexpected good news!) at the concert on Monday, for the benefit of the directors, the colossal "No. 9," the "Choral," in consequence of so many applications, is to be included in the programme. This reflects credit on the Messrs. Gatti, and, moreover, shows that the public generally—thanks to our esteemed compatriot, Mr. Sullivan—have taken a liking for such great things. It is difficult, nevertheless, to picture to ourselves the "Ninth Symphony" at a promenade concert. What will disbelievers in the possibility of educating a mixed crowd up to higher musical aspirations than those to which they have been accustomed say to this?

Waifs.——At the Trocadéro, the Russian concerts, under the direction of M. Nicolas Rubinstein, have greatly interested Parisian amateurs. The specimens of Glinka, Seroff, Dargomijsky, Tchaïkowsky, &c., have afforded genuine satisfaction, and among the singers most appreciated was the charming Mdlle. Anna di Belocca, a Russian born, and one intimate with the national music of her country. To the great Polish violinist, M. Henri Wieniawski, who played his own second concerto, fell the chief honours at the second concert. The third and last of the series was held on Saturday last—Mdlle. Zaré Thalberg has accepted an engagement for a series of concerts in the principal towns in Holland.—The Grand Opera in Paris is still ringing the changes on the *Prophète*, *Faust*, and *Hamlet*. So small a repertory in so big an institution is without precedent, a forcible interpretation of the mountain in labour giving birth to a *ridiculus mus*.

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A Free Library and Reading-Room for South London is to be opened on the 1st prox. at the Working Men's College, 143, Upper Kennington Lane. The hours will be from twelve till two, and from seven till ten; the time to be extended, if found necessary; while the expenses will be provided by local contributions. The Working Men's College, which was opened in 1868, has been removed from Blackfriars Road, and the new premises are to be formally inaugurated next month by Professor Huxley. Night-schools for men and women, and classes to provide working-men and their families with a cheap and thorough education, are included in this institution.

A MALAYAN MEAL

Many years ago *Punch* had a very laughable picture of a young husband who, standing up at the dinner table, repeats the homely old grace, gets to "make us truly thankful, Amen," and concludes with, "Humph! cold mutton again!" His last words certainly do not express true thankfulness, but with "cold mutton again," especially if it is with the fat of that crystalline, splintery nature, which snaps at the touch of the knife, and flies off, the effort to feel content is difficult. Man is not an ox, to browse contentedly on grass throughout his career, with no desire for change; and one can even find a kind of sympathy for the Lincolnshire serving-maid, who left her situation on account of want of variety, declaring that she had had "beef, and mutton, and pigeon-pie," till she was "sick to dead." All the same, Mary Ann must have been of a discontented turn, for the pigeon-pie did form variety, and pasty of doves always has a savoury, seasoned, toothsome sound, in spite of the hollow deceit of its interior, and the peculiar organic changes that take place on the pasty being exposed to heat—changes which entirely alter the tissue of the pigeons, dissolve their bones, and make them come out in lumps or pads, wondrously resembling in fibre and sinew the kind of steak known as hard. But that continuity of beef and mutton does become oppressive when the eager, keen appetite of youth has passed away; and the least epicurean of mortals feels at times a longing for something fresh.

We were to have had eland to supplement our stores, so the Acclimatisation Society said, but all we get is a peep at the great mild, ox-like antelope at the Zoo, and we wonder how sportsman or butcher could slay a beast with such soft, amiable, appealing eyes. Failing change here in England, for our bodily appetite, then, let us have a feast in spirit; so let the reader come with me in imagination to the land of the much-maligned Malay, and partake with him of his morning meal.

It is getting intensely hot, and we have been toiling along a muddy path through the jungle, with the moist, steamy heat, which is answerable for the dense vegetation, setting a very bad example to our pores. It is terrible work walking, for the path is a series of pits of liquid mud formed by the elephants, who, like nervous old gentlemen on carpet patterns, always plant their great soft feet in the same places, so that if an elephant passes the same way a hundred times, he always steps where his predecessors have gone before. Why not turn into the jungle to right or left, and walk beneath the trees? Nature forbids: she has built a wall on the right hand, and on the left—a wall of vegetation—a green kind of basket-work, matted and woven together with rattans which creep, and crawl, and run in and out, trailing and twining everywhere, the simple cane of commerce and correction, often a hundred yards long, and the same diameter throughout. At times the eyes gladdened in an opening with groups of orchids; and the silver arrows of the sun flash down here and there like a sheaf; but nearly always the path has been in a dim, green twilight, till at last we reach the little village on the river's bank. There is not much beauty in the scene, but yet it is pleasing: the sight of the *attap* or palm-thatched roofs suggests rest and shade, and there are fruit-trees growing—feathery cocoa palms, broad-leaved plantains, a tall solid-looking durian or two, and the mangosteen. Welcome sights these, and more welcome the act of the Malay who advances to meet us with calm gentlemanly courtesy, and leads the way into his house up a short ladder, for the place is built on bamboo piles, and the floor is of split bamboo or palm, the walls of woven matting.

Our host is a rajah, and he has adopted European costume as far as trousers are concerned, but over this he has the silken *sarong*, a plaid scarf of bright colours, arranged round him like a kilt, and above this a *baju*, or cotton chintz jacket. His first act has been to give orders, and a man climbs a cocoa-nut tree by the notches that have been made for the purpose, and to which his big brown toes seem quite accustomed. Fear or giddiness is not thought of, and he soon lets fall a great nut, which is opened, and we partake of the sub-acid, refreshing juice with gusto indeed. As we are the rajah's guests, we are asked to partake of his meal; and soon we learn by the powers of scent that this is being prepared with no doubt extra care, in our honour. Naturally, a squeamish feeling sets in, and we wonder of what we shall be asked to eat; but hunger conquers such dread, and at last we feel impatient to begin. And no wonder, for the cookery is good, the Malay being a *chef* in his way; and, with rice for foundation, we have tasty dishes that are most gratifying. Mutton and beef there are none, no buffalo having lately been slain; but there is fish to-day—well cooked, little perch-like fellows, taken by rod and line; there is rice, cooked to a turn, all the pearly grains soft, separate, and dry; and as we imitate our host, and sit cross-legged on the palm lath floor, we are bidden to begin.

The fish is delicious, and is succeeded by a curry. No, no, good reader, not the curry you wot of—a peculiar kind of hash or fricassee made by mixing a sort of yellow tooth powder in sauce—but real curry, real East Indian curry, made to perfection, with green and red peppers fresh from the plants, and with that principal ingredient that you in England can never get—freshly-picked cocoa-nut shredded fine. The staple of the curry is a chicken. He is black of bone and joint, but no ancient cock, being a toothsome, gamey bird of a good fighting breed, and suggests pheasant in his flavour. What does it matter that plates and dishes are scarce, and that our rice is served on the great, green succulent plantain leaf? all looks clean, and the cookery is delicious. We are in a hot climate where the appetite requires stimulating at times, so we find that the Malay is awake to what is necessary for this purpose, and in place of salad, sauce, or pickles, we have the regular adjuncts of the simplest dinners—*sambals*—little saucers of various preparations. In one saucer is *blachang* and—well, yes, it is good; and it has an indescribable provocative flavour of its own; and surely we who prefer high game, and Stilton in its most decayed form, cannot afford to abuse the Malay for loving his *blachang*, even though it be made of putrefied shrimps, beaten into a mass beneath the rays of the sun. *Blachang* is good, and the dried prawns from another saucer, delicious. Another *sambal* is composed of green ginger shred small in vinegar; another is a chutney; another is composed of cooked yam; another of mangoes. Little varieties these, of which we take our choice, or act by the suggestion of our host, who evidently knows well which goes best with the curry. Sweets follow, mostly of rice and sugar cleverly made into cakes, some of which are rolled in plantain leaf skewered with a bamboo pin. There are pieces of peeled sugar-cane, too, and for wines we have sparkling water from the river, and that from the unripe cocoa-nuts growing above our heads.

As to dessert, we are in luck, for we are in a famous fruit-growing village, small though it be. Plantains or bananas of two kinds are set before us, far more delicious than any we have eaten before, and as unlike the banana of Covent Garden Market—that strange combination of sleepy pear and tallow candle—as can be. While, lastly, with a grave smile, our host honours us with the greatest of all fruit delicacies, a durian, which is opened by a follower in our presence. For it is as large as a small frame melon, and wooden and thorny; but it is dexterously divided, and we gaze at the novelty and its strange carpels, like the so-called quarters of an orange. And what of this durian—the fruit which the poorest Malay will give his day's wages to obtain? At first repulsion, for its odour is villainous—its scent is equal to any in proverbial Cologne, and its look non-enticing. Each carpel has within it a kind of custard, and in this custard are chestnut-like seeds. Faugh! the odour is frightful; but, out of respect for our host, we taste. Humph! Like olives. No, there is a touch of almond in it, with a flavour of cheese. Then that strange twang? Why that is Madeira stay, no—oldest and driest of sherry. Garlic too, or, no, more like chives, or rather that wonderful savoury flavour of the shalot, but only the faintest suspicion.

"Thank you, I'll take a little more."

Our host smiles blandly, even as he has smiled while watching the effect of the durian on our palate at the first taste, and our look of disgust. And so we eat and eat, and cry "Wonderful!" as we own that the durian is a fruit to be fostered, and exactly like—nothing we ever tasted before: it is a new sensation in this *blasé*, used-up world.

The dinner is done; but, though a strict Mahomedan, and abstainer, our host does not limit his guests, but sets before us to-day, from the palm, a very good drink when you cannot get a better, and presents us with cigars very roughly made from leaf of his own growing, while, for his own part, he rolls up a little of the tobacco in the *roko*, or outer sheath of the palm leaf, which forms a coarse cigarette paper, and smokes, content, while we enjoy our rough cigars, gazing out through a lace-work of palms at the sleepy river running by onward to where it will meet the tide with salt or brackish water and loathsome saurians.

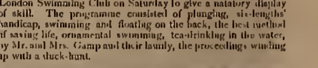
Here all is dreamy peace, and we have no fear of the *kris* or wavy blade stuck in our host's *sarong*, for the handle is covered with the silk out of reverence to the guests, in sign of peace. It is a picture of repose and content, where man lives with his little wants supplied almost for stretching out his hand. Civilisation, with hurry and steam, and the press, and modern troubles, all are far away, while nothing breaks the silence but a *minah*, a captive bird in a bamboo cage, which little prisoner chatters away in the Malay tongue. Yes, all is very peaceful, and a strange feeling of repose and content steals over us, the result of good digestion, and—a Malay meal.

G. Manville Fenn

◆

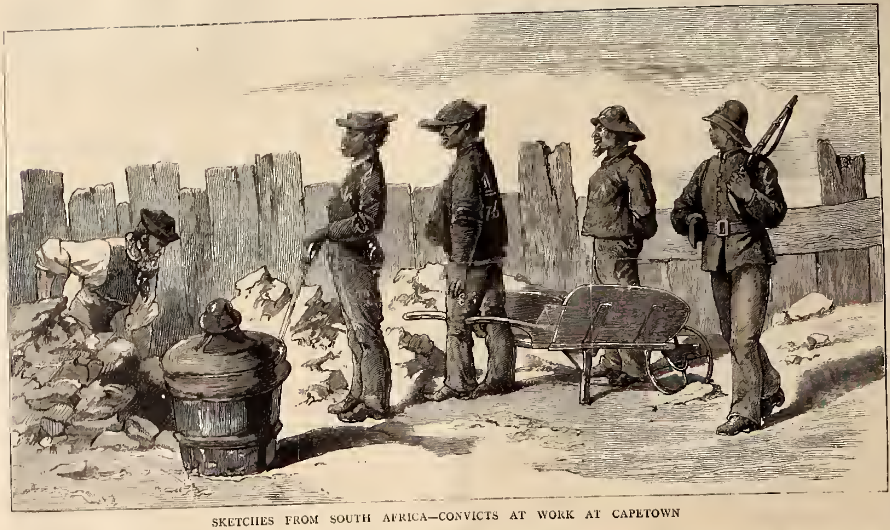
Robinson Crusoe's Island—Juan Fernandez in the Pacific—has been leased from the Chilian Government by a Swiss, who is rearing cattle there to supply passing ships with beef. Wild goats and fish are plentiful, and the goats are killed freely by the natives, who give up the skins to the proprietor in return for the privilege.—Talking of islands, a small colony of twenty-five persons inhabits Lord Howe Island, a mountainous wooded tract, some five miles in length and two miles in breadth, about 400 miles east of Sydney. These settlers were lately visited by a British steamer, and were found to be contented, hospitable people, with only two causes of complaint—the want of a schoolmaster and of clothing. The island rarely hears anything of the outside world, whalers having lately ceased to call in for provisions.

A Good Example.——At a time when public feeling is being greatly exercised on the subject of swimming, it may be worth while to direct attention to what can be done to further the movement by way of private enterprise. Many large firms, for instance, could, with the exceptional opportunities at their command, erect grounds upon their baths at a very small outlay for the benefit of their *employés*, and which would in a very little time, by judicious management, become self-supporting. An excellent example in this way has been set by Mr. Valentine Lovibond, the brewer, North End, Fulham, who at the small cost of 450*l*. has erected a bath in his grounds, for the benefit of his *employés*, 40 feet by 18 feet wide; the water is heated by surplus steam, of which there is a plentiful supply from the brewery. Started in June, the club numbers forty or fifty of the workpeople; and although few could swim at first, most have now acquired the art, Mr. Lovibond, an enthusiast in the movement, having instructed many of the men himself. The bath will be self-supporting, and a *pro rata* subscription is charged according to each one's earnings, the payment extending over a term, the charge being merely nominal. Members are allowed to bathe twice a day, before and after business hours. It should be mentioned that the bath is not exclusively confined to the *employés*; their friends from outside have joined the club, and on certain days ladies are allowed to bathe—a boon we are sure the fair sex will appreciate. With the view to incite his workmen to become good swimmers, Mr. Lovibond invited the London Swimming Club on Saturday to give a natatory display of skill. The programme consisted of plunging, six-lengths' handicap, swimming and floating on the back, the best method of saving life, ornamental swimming, tea-drinking in the water, by Mr. and Mrs. Camp and their family, the proceedings winding up with a duck-hunt.

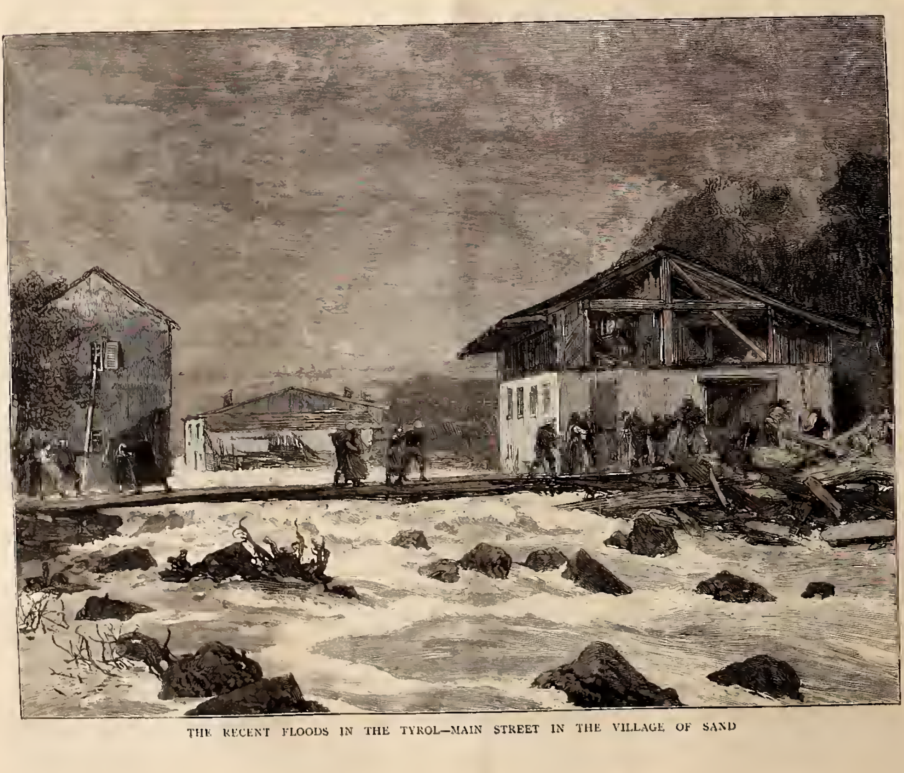


LEGAL

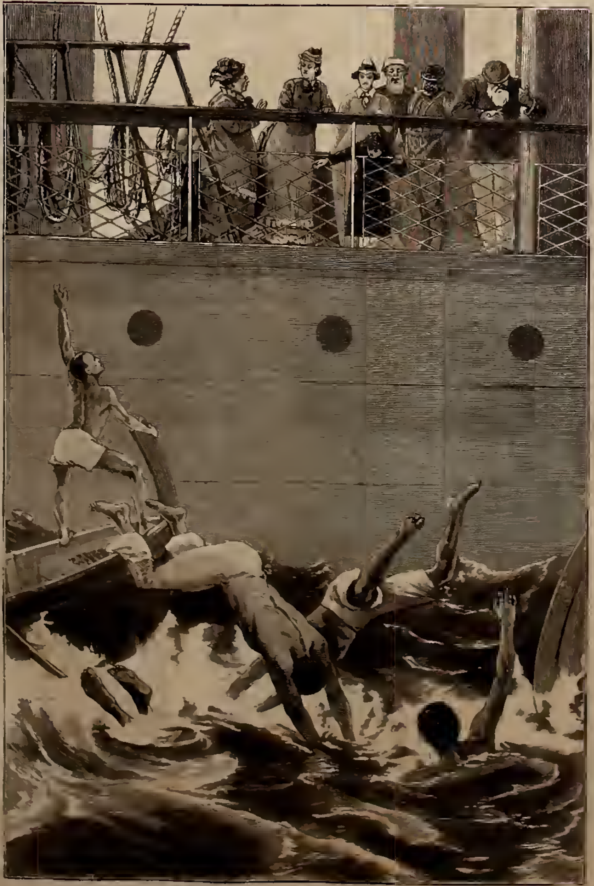
The Public and the Administration of Justice.——Mr. Edlin, the Assistant-judge at the Middlesex Sessions, has felt it necessary to deny publicly the adverse statements which have appeared in some of the papers regarding certain of his recent decisions. One case he denies ever having tried at all, and in two others, in which it was inferred that he had sentenced two young lads to penal servitude for such minor offences as stealing a tobacco pouch, a bowl of money, and cakes from a stall, the statements representing both as first offences, he justified his sentence by stating that each had been convicted several times previously. As Mr. Edlin said, misstatements of this nature should not continue to circulate without contradiction. But who is to blame? it is rather curious that they should have appeared in letters "to the editor;" though perhaps the writers have been misled by garbled or incomplete reports in the first instance.—It is not easy to see the justice of a sentence passed by Mr. Barstow at Clerkenwell, in a recent case of assault. The accused, Thos. C. Mill, a milkman, was charged with having joined in a violent assault upon a constable. The charge appears to have been entirely unsupported by any evidence save that of the person assaulted, whilst on behalf of the accused three respectable persons voluntarily came forward to testify that he had no complicity in the matter, one of these witnesses being severely cross-examined by Mr. Barstow with the view of shaking her evidence, but unsuccessfully. Mr. Barstow then summed up the case thus: "If the accused was an innocent man, he was a very unfortunate man, as he would be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for six months." Surely this



SKETCHES FROM SOUTH AFRICA—CONVICTS AT WORK AT CAPETOWN



THE RECENT FLOODS IN THE TYROL—MAIN STREET IN THE VILLAGE OF SAND



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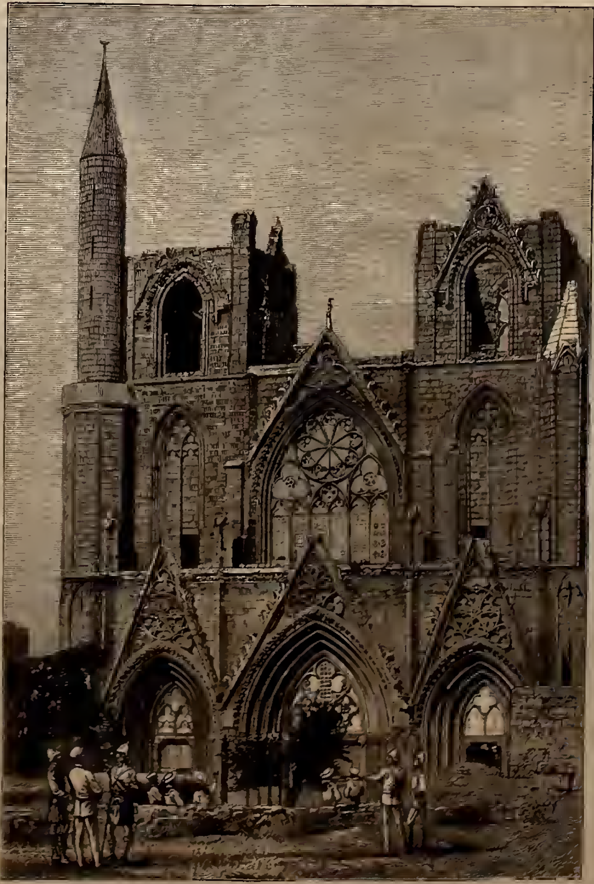

THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS—FAÇADE OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MARK must be a mistake, perhaps another case of inaccurate reporting; but, if not, in the interests of public justice the sentence should be annulled. —*Apropos* of police reports, there seems to be a considerable divergence from the facts in the accounts which have appeared of the trial of C. Spillane in Ireland for the murder of his wife; and, as the judge's decision is also the subject of criticism, we should like to know what really took place. The reports at present in circulation are of a very contradictory character.

PRISON DIETARY.——It is an unjust state of things that unconvicted prisoners should be worse treated in the matter of food than those whose crimes have been brought home to them. An inquiry into the death of Mary Stokes, who was found dead in her cell, shows the food arrangements at the House of Detention to be most incomplete. The brother of the deceased said he had paid a person for four dinners. Only one was sent in, however, but no notice was taken of the circumstance. It was stated by several warders that if expected dinners did not come the prisoner got no corresponding prison meal. The coroner remarked that it was infinitely worse than that of the convicted persons in the House of Correction. The immediate cause of death was apoplexy, but the jury added to the verdict their opinion that death was accelerated from insufficient diet during the time of her detention in the prison.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The capital sentence passed on Isabel Grant has been commuted to penal servitude for life.—The mess-man to the London Rifle Volunteers has been fined 5*l.* for retailing beer to strangers at the Wimbledon Camp without a license; but the magistrate recommended the Board of Inland Revenue to reduce the penalty to 10s., as he only appeared to have served the Excise officer.—The new Police Order, instituting a third class of inspectors, has not pleased the original officers of that rank. They have addressed a letter to the Chief Commissioner, complaining of the unfitness of many of the men to hold the positions thus given to them, and pointing out, as one of the anomalies of the innovation, that in the Woodford sub-division there are thirteen inspectors, two of the stations having four inspectors to one day duty beat.—Another swindler, this time a man, has been caught fraudulently obtaining money by the fraudulent pretence that it was for the *Princess Alice* Relief Fund. He was remanded.—Two young incorrigibles have been sentenced to ten and five days' imprisonment respectively for sleeping in, and damaging, a railway carriage.

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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVIII.—No. 462
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1878

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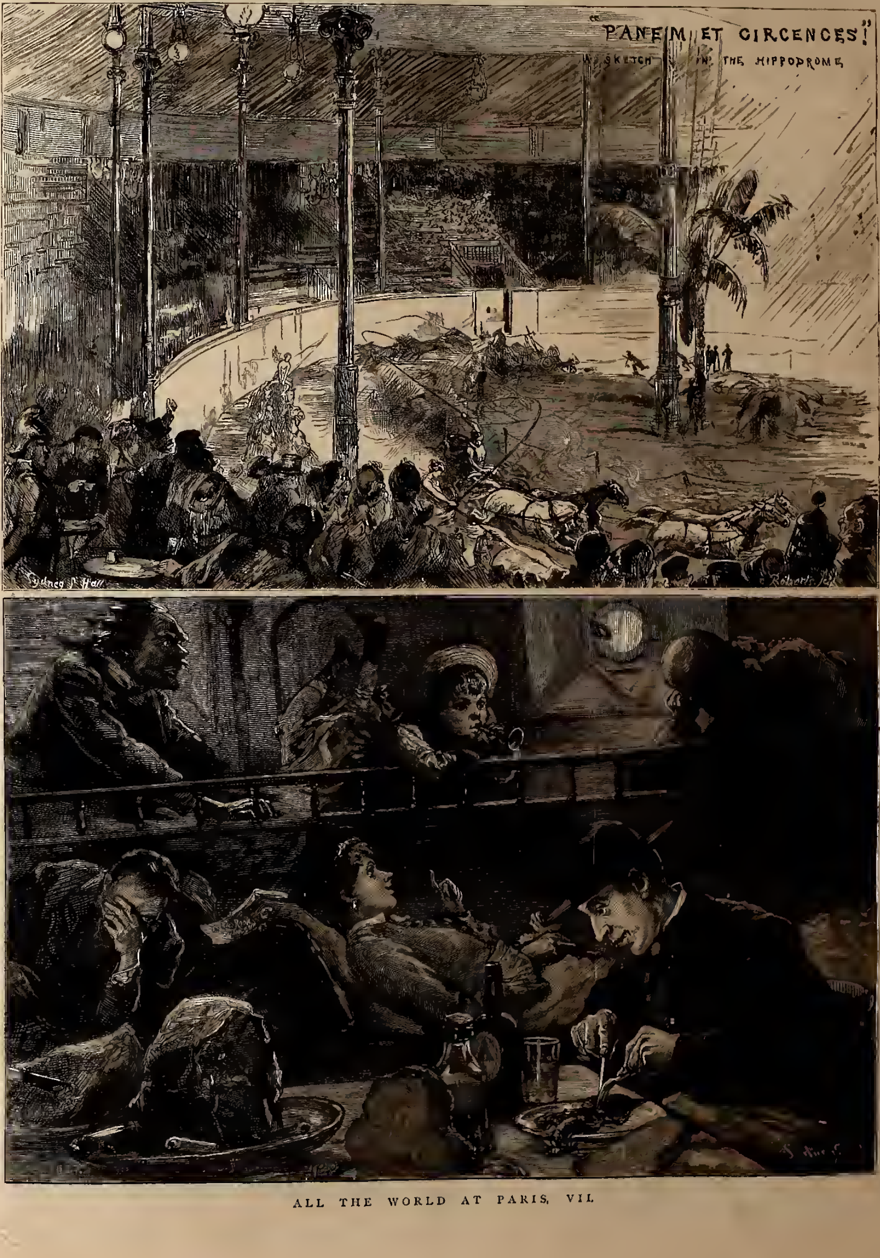
"PANEM ET CIRCENCES!"
A SKETCH IN THE HIPPODROME

ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS, VII.

Topics of the Week

Now or Six Months Hence?——There is some doubt whether the Indian Government mean to attack the Ameer of Afghanistan at once, or to delay operations until spring. If the most trustworthy experts are of opinion that the climate would render prompt action hazardous, of course Lord Lytton will be justified in postponing the blow which he must sooner or later strike; but the English people would unquestionably prefer that it should be struck forthwith. Notwithstanding the bland explanations of Russia, all the world knows that she is virtually responsible for the perplexities by which we are now confronted; and if nothing is done for six months she will take good care to aid the Afghans in organising their troops and to supply them with arms. The difficulty of the enterprise may thus become ten times greater than it is now. Meanwhile our *prestige* will have suffered immensely. Neither in India nor in any other part of Asia will allowance be made for the state of the weather; it will only be seen that a gross outrage has been inflicted upon us, and that we have taken no steps to resent it. An immediate assertion of our rights is almost equally desirable because of the impression it would produce upon Russia. She has still, apparently, some lingering doubts whether we are in earnest in our opposition to her grasping ambition. A short and decisive conflict in Afghanistan, following without the unnecessary loss of a day upon the incident occasioning it, would allay her doubts for ever. She would see once for all that although we have not hitherto interfered with her progress in Asia we do not intend to let her come much nearer to our frontier, and that if she insists on pushing forward she must be prepared for a tremendous struggle. Should there be delay notwithstanding these grave considerations, it is to be hoped that it will be in no way due to differences of opinion in the Cabinet. While the war between Russia and Turkey was in progress, there was some excuse for occasional hesitation; for then there were really two parties in the country, and the pro-Russian party was so loud in its demonstrations that its strength was naturally overrated. But now the nation is virtually unanimous. A few politicians may think that we have blundered into the present mess, and that we should still humour Afghanistan; and unfortunately this minority includes Lord Lawrence, whose opinion is entitled to careful consideration. It is noteworthy, however, that in the letter expounding his views he omitted all reference to the intrigues of Russia, while these, in the opinion of the vast majority of Englishmen, form the only important element in the problem. What the country is chiefly afraid of is that delay is unavoidable because Lord Lytton has allowed himself to be taken by surprise. We can hardly believe that there is any ground for this dread. To assert that adequate preparations were not made for so probable a contingency as an exhibition of malice by the Ameer would be to accuse the Governor-General and his advisers of the grossest carelessness and incompetence.

Our Revenue Returns.——The fiscal prospect is not cheering. The sluggish condition of trade still continues, and therefore the (so-called) industrial classes—who, by the way, are not a whit more industrial than other classes usually ranked above them—have less money to spend on taxable commodities. Thus it comes to pass that the revenue derivable from Customs and Excise is at a standstill, or is even declining. As most of the money thus obtained is got from the drinking of spirits and beer, or from the smoking and chewing of tobacco, a philanthropist might rather rejoice that the working people were compelled to stint themselves of luxuries which are decidedly pernicious if taken in excess. So long, however, as our revenue is obtained from its present sources, the Chancellor of the Exchequer cannot afford to be a philanthropist. On the contrary, he must look with complacency on the man who swallows two pots of beer where one would be enough, and must regard him whose pipe is never out of his mouth as a true patriot. For these are the gentlemen—far beyond any amateur financiers—who are likely to help him to pay the Afghan bill which he sees looming in the future. *O si sint omnes*, he must feel inclined to murmur. But as, fortunately, the majority of the nation are not likely to become heavy drinkers and smokers to please the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the deficit which seems almost inevitable must be made up in some other way. Now that hard times are coming upon us wise people lament the reckless liberality with which so many sources of revenue have been abandoned. The result is that we have all our taxable eggs in a very few baskets. It is a very unpopular proceeding, as Mr. Lowe is aware, to try and impose a fresh tax; and so, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer wants more money, he is driven to put a higher duty on something upon which a tax is already payable, such as tobacco or incomes. It is not likely that in the coming emergency the Government will display any startling financial originality. They will either raise the cash they need by way of loan—that cunning device for making posterity help us—or else they will screw up the income-tax again, thereby, as heretofore, making the patient, toiling middle-class feel keenly how costly, as well as how glorious, a thing it is to have an Empire on which the sun never sets.

The Church Congress.——It might have been expected that after eighteen years' experience there would not be much difficulty in deciding whether Church Congresses are or are not beneficial. As a matter of fact, however, considerable doubt seems to exist, and the Archbishop of York, as President of the present Congress, was obliged to devote a large part of his opening address to an argument in favour of the institution. The objections come chiefly from the Evangelical party, which complains that the Ritualist clergy obtain far too much prominence in these assemblies. And it must be admitted that the gentlemen who try hard to make believe that they are Roman Catholic priests are not given to modest retirement. They believe in pushing themselves forward, and in calling upon all the world to admit their claims. But if the Evangelicals are quite sure of their own position, they ought to be rather pleased than otherwise at this not very amiable tendency. For it gives them an opportunity of meeting their opponents in clear daylight. So long as the Ritualists are compelled to defend themselves before the whole Church, they can make converts in only a fair and open manner; and of course the true Evangelical believes that the number of upholders they can secure in that way is extremely limited. To the outside world it seems that the Congress should be of still greater advantage by fostering a charitable feeling among the different factions. A clergyman usually lives so much alone, and is so accustomed to lay down the law to his neighbours, that he is apt unconsciously to overrate the importance of his distinctive beliefs and sympathies. He finds it hard to understand that other clergymen may differ from him, and yet have a right to their position in the Church. When several hundreds of the clergy come together and talk over their various disputes, most of them are probably astonished to find how much they have in common, and at least some must go away with softened feelings towards those with whom they do not happen to agree. Nothing could be more desirable from the standpoint of the clergy themselves; for, after all, if the Church is to be really national, it must include as many shades of conviction and sentiment as are compatible with belief in the central doctrines of Christianity.

Bank Shareholders.——The best-known joint stock banks usually pay high dividends, and consequently their shares are quoted at a considerable premium. The great drawback to the holding of this sort of property is, first, that, where the liability is unlimited, the holder of a single share may, if the bank should fail, find himself called upon to pay up every penny that he possesses in the world; and, secondly, that bank shareholders, more than any other kind of investors, are almost completely at the mercy of their Board of Management. Shareholders are, as a rule, a confiding race, and so long as they receive liberal dividends, regularly paid, they trouble themselves very little as to how their Directors make the money for them. We wonder how many of the unlucky shareholders in the City of Glasgow Bank were aware of the real condition of that establishment, as stated in *The Times'* City Article of Thursday. "The bank has been losing credit gradually for ten years past. Rumours of the bank being in difficulties have been often circulated. The business of the bank has been conducted for years past on very unsound principles." The shareholders, we presume, a few knowing ones excepted, who took care to sell out before the crash came, knew nothing of these ugly reports, and in consequence many of them will be utterly ruined. The smaller shareholders in such concerns cannot be expected to understand the mysteries of banking transactions, but, for that very reason, they would be wise, if, in future, they were to spend a small percentage of their high dividends in collectively employing one or more trustworthy persons to ascertain whether their Directors were carrying on their business upon sound commercial principles, and, if not, to pull them up in their reckless career before it was too late.

Who Will Pay for the Afghan War?——We hope there is no real doubt as to the answer to this question. Yet rumours have been going about to the effect that we are to throw the whole burden of the war on India. A more unfair proceeding, as Mr. Fawcett well showed in his excellent letter to the *Daily News*, could hardly be conceived. No doubt the population of India will, as England believes, profit in the end by the war, but it is undertaken solely for our own benefit—to resent an insult, and to protect ourselves against a powerful rival by whom the insult was prompted. Even, therefore, if India were a rich country, it would be unjust to saddle her with the expense of a conflict respecting which she is in no way consulted. The case in her favour becomes a thousand times stronger when we remember that she is as far as possible from being a rich country. Complaints reach us every year that, while the expenditure of our Administration steadily increases, it becomes more and more difficult to maintain the existing revenue. We are compelled to tax heavily so necessary a commodity as salt, and not an article can be named on which we should be able to raise the smallest sum without causing genuine distress among the class affected by the impost. So thoroughly have we exhausted all sources of revenue that in the opinion of the wisest statesmen retrenchment in nearly every branch of the public service has become absolutely necessary. Englishmen who have studied the condition of India do not deceive themselves respecting the feeling which this severe pressure has excited. The natives cannot but respect their energetic rulers, but they do not like us, and many of them have a vague and mistaken hope that if our yoke were thrown off they would find life much more tolerable. To add largely to their burdens would, in these circumstances, be not only unfair, but in the last degree foolish. We should be warding off an external danger, only to run the risk of creating a far more serious internal peril. Of course the nation would grumble a good deal at the size of the bill; but it is too sensible to suppose that it can maintain an Imperial position without sacrifices. And, after all, the increased taxation would not, probably, cause a solitary taxpayer to cut off a single glass of spirits or one pipe of tobacco from his daily supply of these luxuries.

A Sunday Art Exhibition.——Is there no *via media* between the typical British Sunday as it now exists—undeniably a day of dulness and weariness to many, especially among the poor of large cities—and the Parisian Sunday, with its open shops, crowded theatres, and restless work-a-day toil? The Sunday Society thinks that there is such a middle path to be found, and that the severity of our Sunday might be profitably relaxed, without danger of our running into the anti-Sabbatarian excesses of the French capital—excesses, be it remembered, in a large measure due to the virtual proscription of Christianity which obtained for several years after the the establishment of the First Republic. The Sunday Society can scarcely be regarded as a very revolutionary body, seeing that it numbers among its Vice-Presidents the Dean of Westminster, and several other well-known clergymen of the Church of England. The aim and object of the Society is to obtain official sanction for the opening of Museums, Art Galleries, Libraries, and Gardens on Sundays; and as an experiment in this direction they intend to open to-morrow, at 33, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, a very charming collection of water-colour drawings (chiefly of Swiss scenery), lent them by an artist for this purpose. We will not here enter into any discussion of the Sunday Question, which is, we admit, fraught with difficulties, except to remark that there is something illogical in a system which rigorously closes picture galleries—places of confessedly innocent recreation—upon the only day when a working man can conveniently visit them; and yet at the same time throws open thousands of alcohol-shops where—often through sheer dulness and *ennui*—he fuddles away his senses. The man who visits a picture gallery on a Sunday is far more likely also to go to a church or a chapel than he who spends his Sunday afternoons boozing in public-houses.

Missionary Training.——The inaugural addresses at the opening of the medical schools were nearly all of genuine interest this year; but we should be inclined to give the palm to that of Miss Edith Pechey, who delivered the introductory lecture at the London School of Medicine for Women in Henrietta Street, Brunswick Square. It was calm and scientific in tone, and at the same time thoroughly practical. No part of her lecture was more interesting than that which she addressed to medical missionary students. She expressed a hope that, "although Christian England was renowned in every land for her adulterated goods, it would not be said that the medical missionary was also an inferior article;" and Mrs. Garrett-Anderson enforced Miss Pechey's remarks on this subject by pointing out the need of medical missionaries for unusually good training, inasmuch as they must labour among people with different habits of life from their own, and speaking a different language. All this is perfectly true, but it is to be hoped that missionary societies will not suppose, because medical missionaries ought to be specially well equipped, that ordinary missionaries should receive no sort of medical education whatever. Some knowledge of the structure and functions of the organs of the body, and some skill in applying remedies for common diseases, would be of the greatest service to missionaries; and missionary students and the ladies who are to be their wives might do worse than attend for a session or two the lectures of some such teacher as Miss Pechey. It would, we believe, be a very good thing if men intending to be missionaries, especially if they are destined to live among savages, would also acquire considerable acquaintance with useful crafts. A missionary who can plan a house, construct something that will pass for a bridge, give hints as to the making of shoes, and cure a cold or a fever, is likely to do infinitely more good than the man who can only distinguish himself by preaching eloquent sermons.

Indian Factory Legislation.——Experience in this country has clearly proved that in the matter of factory labour—indeed, we may say of all labour—neither employers nor parents can be safely permitted to have unlimited control over the children committed to their charge. They may not begin by being intentionally brutal, but the greed for money overcomes other considerations, and the end is that the children are invariably overworked. Overwork, too, always produces harsh treatment, because the poor little tired creatures have to be driven to their labour like slaves. Forty years ago Parliament listened to much horrifying evidence bearing on this subject, and the result was the various Acts since passed for restricting the hours of female and juvenile labour. Now we want to see like protection afforded to the children of India. Cotton factories have lately been established there, and, as there is no protective legislation, the same abuses flourish as flourished here before the days of Richard Oastler. Attempts have been made to deny these abuses, but in such a case we think the eye-witness of Mr. Arthur Arnold outweighs in value the statements of various gentlemen in Bombay, all pecuniarily interested in the cotton mills there. And, be it remembered, three circumstances tend to aggravate the suffering of overworked children in India. They are more submissive than our children, and, therefore, more likely to bear ill-usage uncomplainingly. Factory work is far more trying in the climate of Bombay than in that of Lancashire. Lastly, there is no Sunday for these poor little heathens. It is the solemn duty of the Government of India to put a stop to these enormities, which tend to render the British *raj* a curse rather than a blessing, and they must not make their squabble with Shere Ali an excuse for neglecting that duty.

Sea-Captains and their Wives.——Few skippers probably in real life are as desirous of the comfort of their hands as the immortal Captain Reece, "commanding of the *Mantelpiece*," who not only gave his daughters in marriage to his crew, but self-denyingly united himself to the elderly lady who did his washing. But a captain whose wife sails with him does to some extent approximate to this ideal, because, if she is at all a nice woman—and we imagine the skipper would easily find an excuse for leaving her on shore if she were not—she can scarcely help exercising a softening influence on the sailors. We quite agree with Mr. Raffles, the Liverpool magistrate, that there are emergencies where the presence of a wife may act as a clog on the captain's energies, but this argument, if logically carried out, would result in the absurdity of all women being forbidden to go to sea, and the case cited by Mr. Raffles of the captain's wife being transferred from a leaky vessel to a steamer would apply as forcibly to a female passenger as to a wife. With regard to the effect of a female companion on the captain himself, no one but those who have sailed on board passengerless merchant vessels knows how lonely a life the captain usually leads. He is an absolute monarch—and by reason of this absolute monarchy he usually has little intercourse, otherwise than official, with his officers and crew, or his authority would run risk of collapse. To such a man a pleasant lively wife must be a real godsend, and we verily believe that if there were more captains' wives aboard merchant ships there would be fewer captains who ruin their prospects, and sometimes wreck their ships, through devotion to the grog-bottle. One of the steadiest and most capable captains we ever knew carried both wife and children on every voyage.

Volunteers' Ball Practice.——England is such a small country, and so thickly-peopled, and, on the other hand, modern guns carry so far, that it is not easy to find places where Volunteers may practise at the butts with perfect safety to the general public. The other day a young lady on Brighton Downs had her horse shot dead under her, and it was only through what is ordinarily termed chance that she was not herself the victim. Another Volunteer incident which might have been of a far more tragical character is reported from Lincolnshire. Ten thousand people had assembled to see a sham fight, when the Louth men, who were about to load, discovered that they had been served with ball cartridge! Not long since an Oxford undergraduate was shot dead in a railway carriage by the accidental explosion of a Volunteer's rifle in an adjoining compartment; so that altogether, bearing these facts in mind, we beg our gallant friends to be more careful, otherwise we shall begin to think that the time-honoured motto of the old Volunteers of Bonaparte's time, "Defence, not Defiance," is scarcely applicable to their modern representatives.

Notice.——*This week's Number consists of* Two Whole Sheets, *one of which is devoted to an* Illustrated History *of* Afghanistan.—*For binding, the Afghanistan sheet must be placed after page 344.*

AMUSEMENTS

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Our Illustrations

ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS, VII.

See page 351

SKETCHES FROM SOUTH AFRICA

THE WATER CART

"One of the greatest hardships of campaigning in South Africa," writes our artist, "is the thirst created by the intense heat and dryness of the air, often aggravated by the clouds of sand raised by the tramp of many feet and the difficulty of obtaining water. The drought, also, has made this latter evil even greater than is usual during the periodical dry season, and many stories are told by those who have taken part in the recent Kaffir campaign of the suffering of the troops, both volunteers and regulars, while moving over ground where the various watering-places are situated at long distances from each other. Thus all who see the accompanying sketch will readily understand the eagerness with which our brave fellows make for the water cart on its arrival."

BOWKER'S ROVERS

"Bowker's Rovers were the first body of volunteers which went to the front at the outbreak of the hostilities with the Kaffirs, and were composed for the most part of young men of education and position in King William's Town. They were enrolled one night at the Town Hall immediately on receipt of the news that Ibeka was threatened by a large body of Kaffirs, and cantered out of the city less than twelve hours afterwards. Each man had to make a hurried search for a rifle, horse, and saddle, and the other necessary field-equipments, so that uniformity was, of course, out of the question. Consequently the Rovers suffered considerable hardships in the field, as they possessed no tents, were frequently unable to procure forage for their horses or food for themselves, constantly rode for many miles under a blazing sun, when man and horse were tired, in order to reach a watering-place, while at nights they were half frozen with lying out in the open. My sketch represents a halt of a detachment of these brave fellows by a drift close to the Perie Bush."

CANADA—THE VICEREGAL "TOBOGGANING" PARTY

So much has been written of late years concerning British North America, that most home-staying Englishmen are aware by this time that the Canadian winter, far from being a period of isolation and desolation, is the chief season of the year for amusement and conviviality. During the brief but scorching summer, the people are too busy with farm work, and all the other industries dependent thereon, to think of pleasuring, and, in the short intervals (they can scarcely be called spring and autumn) which lie between summer and winter, locomotion is often rendered difficult by the muddy state of the roads. But, as soon as winter sets fairly in, frost and snow improvise, as it were, new roads of their own, admirably adapted for the smooth-gliding sleigh, whose merry bells re-echo through the land. The severe frost, too, though it nips off noses and ears if they are not carefully protected, is the cause of many enjoyable pastimes. Skating and curling, for instance, can be had in a perfection unknown in this land of drizzle and mist, and tobogganing, which in Europe is scarcely practised except in Russia, is a favourite winter sport. It is pronounced to be the most fascinating of Canadian winter amusements. Our engraving is from a photograph taken at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, the residence of the Governor-General. In the foreground we see the toboggan of their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Dufferin, closely pursued by the rest of the viceregal party. The expression of the faces suggests enjoyment, no matter who wins; while the whirling snow and the wild speed at which they are descending proclaim the sport to be a most enjoyable one.—We are indebted to Mr. F. L. Jones, of the department of Militia and Defence, Ottawa, for sending us this and two other photographs which, perhaps, we may engrave hereafter. They all represent Canadian winter scenes, and are by W. J. Topley, who deserves especial credit for the cleverness with which he has managed the grouping of the figures.

THE AUSTRIAN OCCUPATION OF BOSNIA—STREET FIGHTING IN SERAJEVO

One of the most important events of the present Austrian campaign in Bosnia was the capture of Serajevo on August 19. A desperate resistance had been expected, as Hadji Loja, the fanatical leader of the insurgents, was known to be there in command. However, in the early morning Marshal Tegethoff, aided by a thick fog, was enabled to place several siege guns in position, and opened fire upon the Castle, and, being subsequently joined by General Kaiffel, succeeded in silencing the enemy's fire. The troops then advanced upon the town; and to quote the Austrian official report: "Fighting of a most horrible kind ensued. Our troops were fired upon from every house, doorway, and window. Even women and the sick and wounded insurgents in the Military Hospital took part in the fighting, which lasted until 1·30 P.M. Incredible scenes of the wildest fanaticism were enacted, and it was only owing to the good behaviour and discipline of our troops that the town was not more seriously plundered than was the case. Nevertheless a few houses were plundered and set on fire. Our losses unfortunately were not inconsiderable." The town, however, was ultimately occupied and order restored; and in the evening the Imperial flag was hoisted over the Castle, and saluted with 101 guns amid the singing of the National Anthem by the soldiers; the Christian inhabitants joining the troops in their acclamations.

A VISIT TO HYÈRES; THE LATE CARLO GATTI; AND WASHINGTON MEMORIALS NEAR NORTHAMPTON

See page 341.

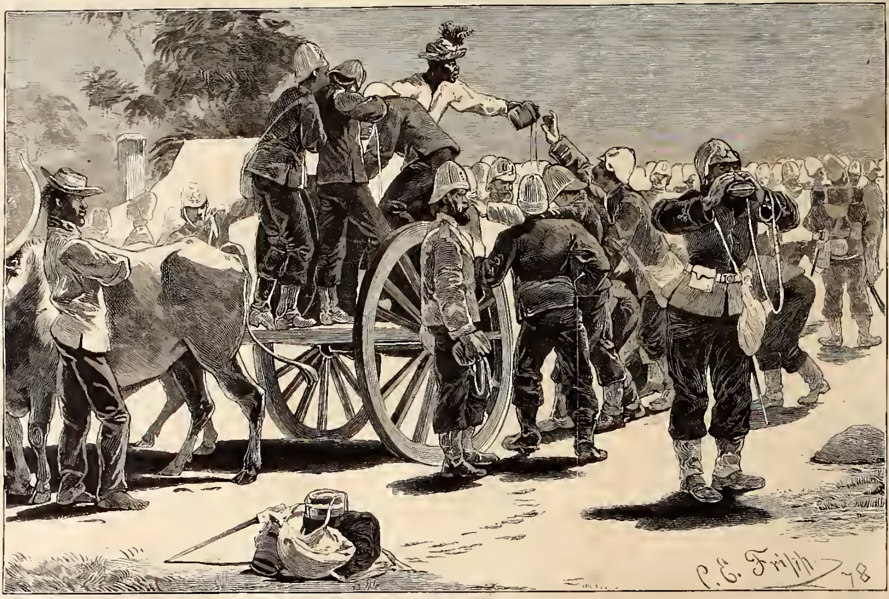
AFGHAN ILLUSTRATED

See page 345 *et seq.*

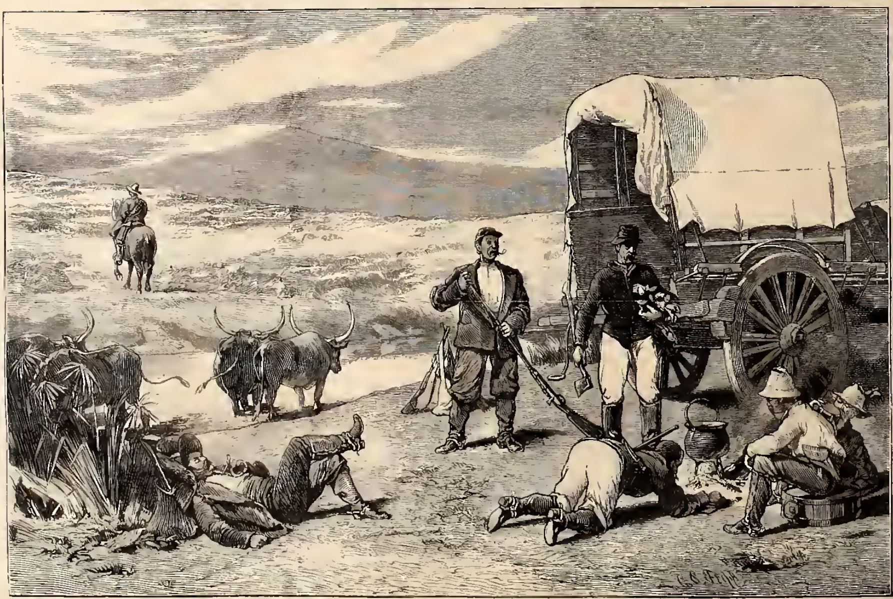
Note.——The late Mr. Cooper, British Political Resident at Bhamo.—In our last week's issue we omitted to call attention to the fact that in our engraving Mr. Cooper is represented in Tibetan costume, a disguise which he assumed during one of his famous journeys. At the time of his assassination he was of course wearing European costume.

HOME.

Political Affairs.——The Afghan difficulty is now the main topic at every political meeting. On Tuesday Sir Wilfrid Lawson, speaking at Alston, in Cumberland, said that if Lord Lytton sent the Cabul Mission without knowing whether the Ameer was ready to receive it, it was the most foolish and reckless act which any British statesman had ever done, and if that was the case, and the Cabinet did not recall him, they valued as lightly as a feather the integrity of the Indian Empire. According to some people there was no legitimate time for the discussion of foreign politics. While negotiations were pending they held that nothing should be said to interfere with them; if war was decided on, we must remain silent, lest we should mar the military operations; and when a war was finished, they said it was no use to say anything, as it was all over. He, however, did not intend to be hushed up, and he was afraid he would be called the naughty child of the Liberal party, who insisted on crying when others wanted to sleep. He should like to take the editor of *The Times* and set him down in front of one of the hottest Bosnian batteries, and say, "There, old boy, is that peace with honour?"—Mr. Adam, M.P., speaking to his constituents at Alloa, said that the Afghan business was the most serious conjunction that had come about for Great Britain for many years, and that they were in a position to receive an insult from the Ameer of Cabul was due to the dangerous policy pursued by her Majesty's Government. They had provoked Russia by that foolish Anglo-Turkish Convention to make the move she had done, as it was not to be expected that she would have done so voluntarily, after being exhausted by a long and difficult war.—The Birmingham Liberals have adopted a resolution condemning the action of Lord Lytton with regard to the Ameer as "rash, aggressive, and untimely, and likely to lead to an inglorious war."—The Fenian Press of Ireland is in ecstacies at the prospect of England getting a severe drubbing at the hands of the Ameer. One paper predicts with satisfaction "a whirlwind or consequent revolt in Hindostan." The *Nation*, under the heading, "The Brave Ameer," exclaims, "Long life, good health, success, prosperity, and happiness to Shere Ali! May his councils be wise and his plans perfect, his arm mighty, and his sword keen." The *Flag* newspaper finds in the event another of Ireland's opportunities, but does not say in what way



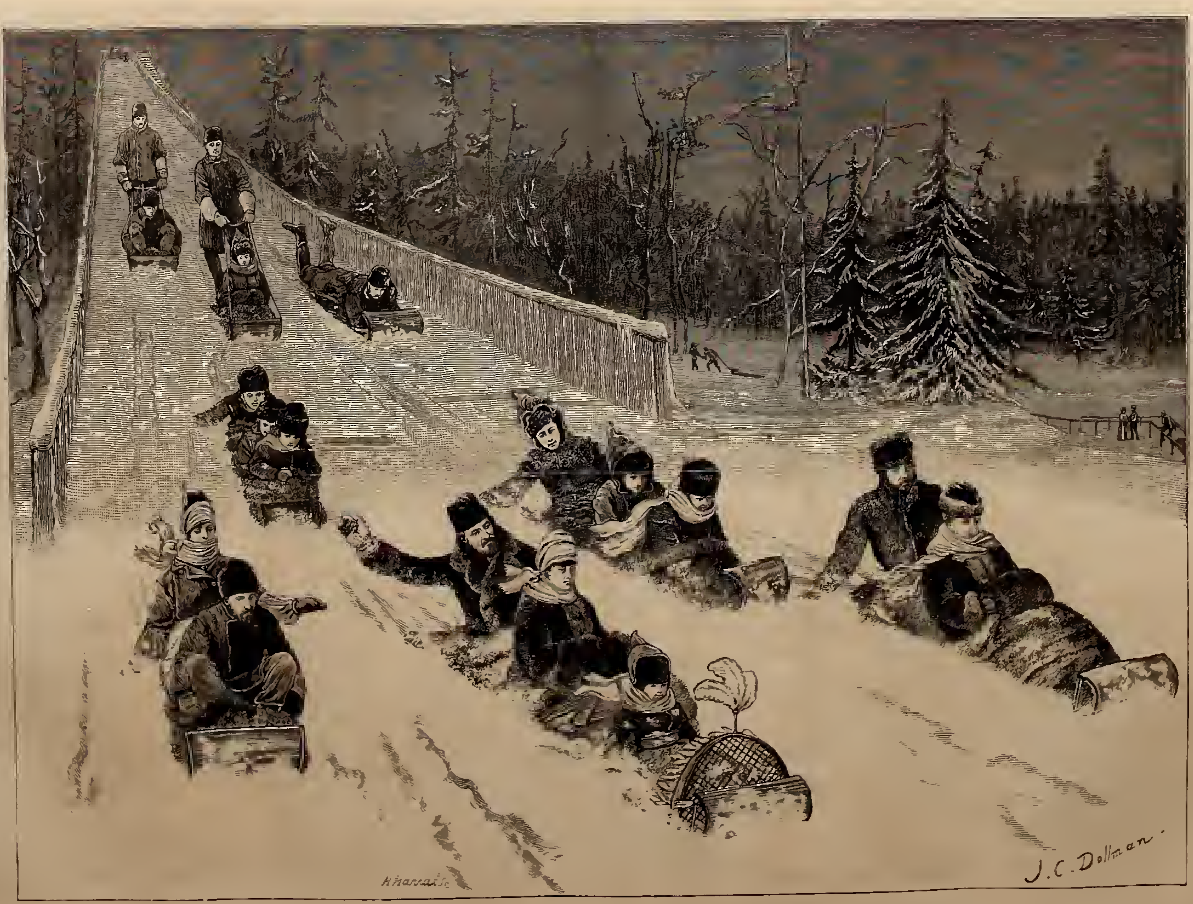
ARRIVAL OF A WATER-CART UPON THE FIELD



BOWKER'S ROVERS, KING WILLIAMSTOWN VOLUNTEERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE BUSH—A HALT

SKETCHES FROM SOUTH AFRICA

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



LIFE IN CANADA—THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN AT A "TOBOGGANING" PARTY AT OTTAWA it will be taken advantage of. The *Weekly News* rejoices that the Afghans will not be conquered by the ditties of London drinking dens, and the *Irishman* predicts that "Field-Marshal Winter," if the troops go into action, will bring about the crisis of England's destiny. Another print says: "If Shere Ali should triumph, and, marching down, take Calcutta, and thence, setting sail, reach and subdue London; and, finally, crossing the Channel, occupy Ireland, the best portion of our race would be in high feather. Then, indeed, our day of freedom might dawn." The *Evening Mail* dubs these writers "Dublin Afghans," and say that the National game was getting so stupid and unexciting that another month would have seen the community demoralised into loyalty and sense."—Mr. Gladstone has gone on a pleasure trip to the Isle of Man. His latest literary effort is a letter expatiating on the utility of "egg-flip" to people who delight in making long speeches.—The Home Rulers intend to be active during the autumn. They are to have a series of demonstrations in the large English and Scotch towns, and Mr. Parnell, M.P., has consented to address at least twenty of the gatherings to be held in twenty different places.—Mr. O'Donnell, M.P., has been discoursing to the Southwark Radical Club on Home Rule. He said that the Irish were as proud, as independent, as desirous of retaining their own nationality, as the English themselves, and all endeavours to compel them to merge in another nationality would continue to be productive of nothing but dissension and disunion.—The City Liberal Club has started a fund for raising a memorial to the late Earl Russell.—The Tichbornites are preparing for the next general election. The Release Associations are to be amalgamated, and a "Tichborne Candidate" is to be run in every constituency in the kingdom.—On Monday at Southampton Dr. Kenealy addressed a meeting, which we are told was "not altogether disorderly." Mrs. Kenealy and young "Sir Roger" were on the platform, and Dr. Kenealy spoke for nearly an hour. There were, he said, only two independent members in the House at the present moment—the hon. member for Sheffield and himself. Every member of Parliament who did not seek to free Sir Roger from his dungeon was morally as guilty as the judges and the jury who convicted.—Mr. J. B. Gough, addressing a meeting at Gloucester on Tuesday, begged the people of Great Britain to beware of universal suffrage. It worked awfully in America. In the cities the vilest and the lowest were ruling. What did they think of a prize-fighter, a black-leg, being sent into Congress to represent one of the most intelligent districts of New York?

Opening of the Medical Schools.——On Tuesday addresses were delivered at most of the London hospitals. At University College Professor Ray Lankester, speaking on the "Relations between Universities and Medicine," complained that while in Germany 300,000*l.* a year was devoted to the support of professors of the sciences connected with the medical faculty, neither of the English Universities did anything for medicine. The destruction of the medical faculty in Oxford was due to the iniquitous legislation of the Restoration, which assigned the domination of our Universities to the clergy. The Commissioners now sitting had refused to restore it, or to interfere with these abuses; but he hoped that a medical faculty would yet be established there. In London there was an old endowment for medicine (the Gresham Professorship), which had been fraudulently disposed of more than one hundred years ago; but he hoped that it was not, even now, too late to have the money restored. At St. Thomas's Mr. Nettleship spoke on the advantages and disadvantages of specialism, recommending his hearers to avoid the study of any speciality until they had become well grounded in broad views, and well supplied with general experience. At Charing Cross Dr. Irvine spoke much in the same strain, remarking that the steady-working student would soon see the inter-dependence of the various branches of the science. At Middlesex Dr. A. W. Edis said that the time was rapidly approaching when doctors, who were once looked upon only as professors of the art of healing, would be regarded peculiarly as agents for the preservation of health and for the prevention of disease. At King's College Professor Garrod dealt with the "zoological aspect" of the subject, and the evolution of the profession, the survival of the fittest to practice. He had never been able to find any indication of the medical power amongst the lower animals. Sketching the history of the medical art, he remarked that it would be no great misfortune if all the works from Hippocrates to Harvey had been entirely lost. The chief epoch-making events of medical history were Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, that of vaccination by Jenner, the introduction of chloroform by Sir James Simpson, and the adoption of the antiseptic method by his friend and colleague, Professor Lister. At Westminster Mr. Macnamara urged strongly upon the members of the profession the advisability of forming medical colleges, and said it was a man's own fault if he did not succeed in the medical profession. At St. Mary's Dr. Farquharson said that ward work was necessary to acquisition of thorough professional knowledge, and it was a defect in the London system that no facilities existed for seeing patients at their own houses, which would be the best preparation for private practice. He considered that some portion of the revenue of every solvent hospital should be devoted to the payment of the medical staff, who were really the mainstay of the institution. But if this was not practicable, the real workers of the place should at least obtain the compliment of an honorary seat at the Board of Governors. At St. George's Dr. Whipham, while admitting that if specialism was tolerable in any profession it was so in medicine, which embraced so many collateral sciences, expressed a fear that its further extension would result in evil both to practitioners and the public. At the London School of Medicine for Women, Dr. Edith Pechey, of Leeds, was the lecturer. After remarking that the students whom she addressed did not need grave warnings against the attractions of beer and billiards, she dwelt impressively on the importance of acquiring a thorough knowledge of anatomy, and appealed to the ladies studying for duty as medical missionaries—medical mission students—to regard it as a point of honour that they should carry with them to their future field of Christian labour the best possible credentials as to their medical acquirements, and with this end in view she would urge them most earnestly to work for the degree of the London University.

Miscellaneous.——The expected overflow of the Thames on Saturday did not take place, high-water at London Bridge being fully three feet below the inundating line, and therefore the preparations which had been made all along the southern shore of the river to keep out the water were happily unneeded. The absence of heavy rains and the favourable direction of the wind seems to have caused the failure of the hydrographers' predictions. On the east coast, from Shields to Margate, the tides were remarkably low, but on the southern coast they ran high, especially at Falmouth and Hastings.—The *Princess Alice* inquest is still going on, the evidence being mainly technical, and in some measure contradictory. The Board of Works are instituting inquiries into the alleged poisonous character of the water in Galleon's Reach.—Pumping is still going on at the Abercarne colliery. On Tuesday the depth of water in the pit was reduced by thirteen inches.—Waterloo Bridge is to be opened toll free this day (Saturday).—A free Reading Room has been opened at the South London Working Men's College.—Two marine collisions are reported. Off Hastings on Friday a screw collier ran into a sailing vessel, which foundered in a few minutes, two of the crew being drowned. On Sunday, during a thick fog, a passenger steamer fouled a screw steamer lying at anchor, and was so damaged that the captain ran her on the Nore Sand. Passengers and crew were all saved.—The first Annual Conference of the Library Association was opened at Oxford on Tuesday under the presidency of the Rev. H. O. Coxe, of the Bodleian Library, who in his address alluded to the scheme for the construction of "The Universal Catalogue," and said that it presented immense difficulties through which no man could see his way. Referring to the Copyright Act he protested, on the score of public utility, and on behalf of the literary world generally, against the taking away of the privilege now granted to the four Universities. It was not enough to give one copy to the British Museum, for there were such things as fire and thieves. Papers were read on a variety of subjects, and in the evening the Bodleian Librarian received the members of the Conference in the Hall of Worcester College.—General Sir T. Biddulph, K.C.B., Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse, died last Saturday at Abergeldie from an attack of bronchitis. We shall shortly publish his portrait, and reserve his biography until then.—The verdict of the coroner's jury in reference to the recent accident on the Dublin and Macroom Railway has created a profound sensation in the neighbourhood. They find that the accident occurred through the culpable negligence of the directors, the traffic manager, and the working ganger, who was declared least culpable. The inquest was adjourned to give the directors an opportunity of attending and entering into bail for their appearance.—Much excitement has been created in commercial circles by the suspension of the City of Glasgow Bank.—The *Echo*, which has recently been discussing the high price of bread, and complaining of the trade combination amongst the bakers, has received the following laconic epistle:—"If you go to Drury Lane, among your own class, you can have it at 4½d. Get some of that down your throat, and make your will, and Lord have mercy upon your soul!"

THEATRES

Mr. Chatterton has reopened Drury Lane Theatre with a play of Shakespeare which no other manager has ventured to put upon the stage during the last twenty years, and this circumstance has, we observe, been treated in some quarters as an example of inconsistency on the part of the gentleman who—as we are not permitted to forget—publicly declared a few years ago that Shakespeare and bankruptcy were almost convertible terms. If we mistake not, however, Mr. Chatterton has already given token of a reviving faith in the poetical drama—at least when accompanied by the pageantry and the scenic embellishments of which it is customary at Drury Lane to make especial features. But the truth is that, in giving utterance to the dictum which has brought upon him so much satirical comment, he did not express any abstract opinion, but simply referred to his own experience in the past, fortifying his view with certain figures which he was good enough to confide to the public ear. That he had not found Shakespeare profitable was a fact on which he could hardly be mistaken. If he is now inclined to think that poetry may be combined with profits, it seems somewhat ungenerous to twit him with a lack of faith in the poet which no one has yet shown to have been unfounded; and it is to be presumed that, if the result of his production of *The Winter's Tale* should be directly the reverse of his Shakespearian experiences in the past, no one will rejoice more than Mr. Chatterton himself. Care at least has been bestowed upon the scenery and accessories of the revival; and, if this beautiful play should fail to awaken enthusiasm among playgoers, the fault will be rather that of the actors than of the stage management. It is true that the duties of an ideally perfect manager would include, not only the selection of a company efficient in all respects for the objects in view, but an active supervision over the rehearsals, guided by a fine literary taste, and a profound acquaintance with the histrionic art. Such managers, however, are not, in the present state of our stage, to be expected; and some indulgence is due on the score of the dispersion of our leading performers, owing to the great competition for their services. That the performance of *The Winter's Tale* is not quite satisfactory must be confessed. Miss Wallis is certainly not equal to the task of representing Hermione—a famous part of Mrs. Siddons; and Mr. Charles Dillon, though in many respects an admirable actor, does not achieve more than a respectable performance in the character of the jealous king. The pastoral scenes, in which Miss Fowler enacts the part of Perdita to the Florizel of Mr. Edward Compton, were, however, less effective than the scenes of what may be called the prologue to the story; and surely it is a mistake to associate the gentle beauty of this portion of the play with so riotous a dance of shepherds and shepherdesses as the ballet master of the theatre has been permitted here to introduce. Mr. Cowper's Old Shepherd and Mr. Calhaem's Clown deserve praise for humorous characterisation. Mr. Atkins as Autolycus caused much laughter, but the circumstance was rather due to his distinct enunciation of the humorous speeches assigned to that typical rogue of country fairs than to any art in his performance. Mrs. Vezin's impersonation of Paulina, on the other hand, gave delight by its sincerity and just delivery of the words. Altogether, the play was well received, as was an operetta by Lecocq, entitled *Angela, or a Woman's Wit*, which occupies the first place in the programme.

Land Ahead, a new drama by Mr. Manville Fenn, brought out at Astley's Theatre on Monday last, is a version of a Christmas story by the same writer. Irish rural life and manners furnish the theme of the play, which is very liberally furnished with exciting incidents, and omits no one of the recognised elements of the Boucicaultian drama. Mr. Fenn's dialogue is lively, and his scenes are managed with a good deal of skill. The play is in itself, however, somewhat diffuse, and this objection is the more strongly felt owing to the fancy of the management for loading the action with dances, songs, and other ornamental features. The piece is fairly acted by Miss Virginia Blackwood and her company, and its first performance was witnessed by a large audience, who testified their approval in no qualified fashion.

Haymarket.——Mr. Byron's new comedy, entitled *Conscience Money*, has been withdrawn, at least for the present, and Mr. J. S. Clarke has reappeared here, this week, as Bob Acres in *The Rivals*, supported by a company which includes Miss Pateman, Miss Carlotta Addison, Mr. Charles Kelly, Mr. Howe, and other popular performers.

A new burlesque, by Mr. Herman Merivale, entitled *The Lady of Lyons Married and Settled*, will be performed, for the first time, at the Gaiety Theatre this morning. Miss Farren and Mr. Terry take part in the performance.—The Strand Theatre will reopen on Monday next.—At the Park Messrs. T. Swinbourne and H. Forrester, with a company which includes Miss Edith Lynd and Mr. Charles Harcourt, have this week been playing *Othello* and *Richard III.*

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FROM PARIS TO CHARTRES

From Paris to Chartres by way of Port Royal and Rambouillet is a very interesting trip. Of course the cathedral, on the whole perhaps the finest in France, is the main object of the expedition; but there is much to see on the road, even in the way of scenery, for which that part of France is not usually supposed to be famous. Along the top of the downs the country is bare and dull enough, and the great plain of La Beauce, out of which Chartres rises, is richer in corn than in romantic views; but still the walk down from near La Verrière station to Port Royal is just like one of the wood-paths which lead from the top of Bathwick down to Claverton, *i.e.*, it is as good as the best scenery round Bath; while the La Chevreuse valley is so unexpectedly beautiful that we wonder Parisians don't talk more about it. Of Port Royal it is enough to say that the favourite abode of Pascal and Racine and the Arnaulds and their sister the *Mère Evangélique* deserves to be a pilgrimage-place if it is ever worth while to turn aside and visit the homes of those whose thoughts have given humanity a dead lift. Very little of the monastery remains. The walls of the chapel are down, and its floor is a flower garden; but there is a museum of relics, including a number of pictures which vividly represent the atrocious way in which the Jesuits suppressed the place. Close to La Chevreuse, amid fine woodland scenery, stands the Duke of Luynes' château of Dampierre—well worth seeing, for it contains some of Ingrés' best pictures. It is hard to say why this lovely bit of country should have remained what Murray calls it five and twenty years ago "one of the least visited, as it is one of the prettiest, spots near Paris."

At Rambouillet the house, a vast mass of brick, is as ugly as it can be, and the forest has been woefully cut down—most of the big oaks gone, and in parts little left but young birch. If our Indian Forest Service men go to Rambouillet for their year's apprenticeship, I tremble for what remains of that Wynaad the wholesale destruction of which for coffee-planting had something at least to do with the Madras famine.

Maintenon, given by Louis XIV. with the title thereunto pertaining, to Scarron's widow, the clever and beautiful creole, Françoise d'Aubigné, when he made up his royal mind to marry her, calls up even more memories than Rambouillet. The ruins of its aqueduct make one reflect how Versailles and its *addenda* caused the old French revolution in the same sense in which "Tenterden steeple caused the Goodwin Sands." Louis XIV. was as reckless of life as he was lavish of money. He found that he had built his grand palace in a waterless desert, and so he was fain to try to bring a river more than thirty miles to feed his fountains and cascades and spouting sprawling tritons. Forty thousand soldiers were employed on the work, which proved so unhealthy that they died like rotten sheep, and it must have been a boon when the war of 1688 called them away. The aqueduct was never finished; the waterworks at Marly were set up to supply Versailles.

Chartres is as well seen from a distance as Peterborough, almost as Lincoln or Durham. You must spend a good deal of time there; or else, between the grandeur of the proportions inside, the richness and variety of the stained glass, the elaborate carving of the screen ("point lace in stone") which shuts in the whole choir, and the magnificent *portails*, three on the west front, and three on each of the two transepts, you will carry away only a confused idea of the whole. We went up one of the spires, after walking round outside and getting a general notion of the interior. By climbing up you get a better idea not only of the building as a whole but of the wonderful perfection of the details than you could in any other way. Some of the carving inside the tower stands out four or five inches from the walls, and the leaves and animals which run up the sides of the windows are lifelike. "At the bottom of these long strings of carving," says my journal, "are stone monsters and demons of all kinds." Inside, besides the screen which stretches from pillar to pillar all round the choir, like the lists which shut in the "spiritual tourney," and every compartment of which gives some scene in the life of Our Lord or of the Virgin, the guide-books call attention to three huge rose-windows, to me more curious than beautiful. But, despite the elaborate carving everywhere, the chief glory of the place is the glass, so different in colour from most modern attempts; the designs so simple, the colours so beautifully harmonised. Most of the stained windows were given by guilds, representations of whose trades fill up most of the lower lights. Underground there is almost as much interest as above. The crypt, which runs under the whole circuit of the choir-aisles, is like a ring of chapels opening into one another. On the walls are frescoes, a few in Byzantine, most in very early French style, dimly seen by the lamp which burns on every altar. The whole is dedicated to *Notre Dame sous Terre*, and is a grand series of what we may call ecclesiastical phantasmagoria—what Victor Hugo in his last book, "Le Pape," means when he says:

> Nous étalons avec des effets de lumière
> Des bonhommes de bois au fond d'un corridor.

In fact, a wooden image, the Black Virgin of Chartres, is the central point of attraction in this gorgeously-decked and mysteriously-lighted crypt. It is that image to which the Cathedral owes much of its splendour, for Chartres was the chief, and perhaps the earliest, seat of mariolatry in France, and when the Cathedral was a-building, not only did a vast company of volunteers come from other towns and encamp outside that they might take part in the work, but foreign princes sent large gifts, and for centuries a constant stream of pilgrims paid for keeping up the splendid work in which Bishop Fulbert and his successors had been enabled to indulge.

Chartres, we know, takes its name from the Carnutes, the central tribe of Gaul. The Romans called it Autricum, but except Lyons and Orleans *(Aurelianum)* almost all important French towns have gone back for their modern name to the name of the Gallic tribe which dwelt round them, and have given up their Roman designation. So Paris is named from the *Parisii*, not from *Lutetia*; Tours, not from *Cæsarodunum*, but from the *Thrones*; Bourges, not from *Avaricum*, but from the *Bituriges*. The land of the Carnutes Cæsar speaks of as the head-quarters of Druidism. Here the Arch-Druid held his court, and once a year his brethren from all quarters met to take counsel with him. These Druids, some time before Christ came, discovered in the very centre of their sacred grove, where now the high altar of the crypt stands, a female figure carved in oak, bearing an inscription which, translated into Latin, ran *Virgini pariturae*—"to the Virgin pre-destined to bear a child." This image they (though in general no image-worshippers) installed with great reverence in their most sacred place, and taught not all the people, but the initiated, to look forward to a virgin-born Saviour. Unfortunately, Cæsar says not a word about this; but nevertheless, the oakwood image, black with age, was held in growing honour as time went on, until, in 1793, a mob of Gauls who cared neither for Druid nor for pontiff, burst in and burnt it. The present image is supposed to be a *fac-simile*, and is warranted to pilgrims to be as efficacious as the original.

One might well spend a few days at Chartres, where there are two other notable churches, one with glass rivalling that of the Cathedral. See the town on a market day; the contrast is amusing between its normal quiet, deeper than that of Lichfield or Coutances, and the bustle of innumerable blue blouses, all carrying about samples of wheat, like so many ants; they looked no bigger, we thought, and just as mazy in their movements, as we watched them from the Cathedral spire.

From Chartres we went on to Tours, but as our title is "From Paris to Chartres," I'll drop you at the city of the image that came down from heaven. Let me, however, give one word of advice about travelling in Central France—choose the early summer or late spring, if you can. Go to Touraine, for instance, before the yellow tulip and the starch hyacinth have quite disappeared from the vineyards. Touraine is hot even in May, in April it is lovely—lilacs and Judas-trees and Westerias, all in full bloom, more forward than they are a month later in Paris. Of course I advise this to pedestrians, and to pedestrians of the feebler sort, to whom a day's march in the heat is no joke. Muscular Christians who are unaffected by "skyey influences," and folks who mean to do it all in train and carriage, may go later. To the feebler pedestrian there is moreover a special charm in the woods in early spring; *la bonne odeur des bois*, as it is called in Erckmann-Châtrian, is stronger then, and the great French forests (those of Touraine have sweet little rich valleys winding through them) are a new sensation to the Britisher, who thinks a few miles of woodland country something to be taken note of.

H. S. F.

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AFTER THE HOLIDAYS

Already we see signs of the "beginning of the end"—the evenings are drawing in, and with them come that inevitable accompaniment of British autumn—the mist. Lounging in airy costumes under the shade of big trees, lazy strolls by the river side, after-dinner cigars under verandahs or in garden seats, are already things of the past; the morning air is crisp, we no longer shun the sunny side of the road for the shady; there is a very perceptible difference in the temperature of the matutinal tub; sealskins are to be noted out of doors, and through more than one window have we seen the gleam of a fire within doors.

Most of our brethren, our fellow-toilers in the great London hive, are straggling back from their "outings." Every other man we meet bears indisputable evidence in the shape of a bronzed face and a cheery heartiness of manner of having been away, and as we catch the fag ends and odd bits of conversation in the street, how often may we note the recurrence of the questions, "Where have you been?" or, "How have you enjoyed yourself?" or their respective answers. And very pleasant it is to find out that John Bull, notwithstanding the scarcity of cash and the badness of times, has yet been able to put a little by for the enjoyment of a few weeks' fresh air and relaxation. We are not speaking of the moneyed owners of broad acres, or the lords of unlimited leisure—those of the bronzed face and hearty manner are of our own kith and kin—men whose year is made up of eleven months of toil and one of holiday, men who cannot look a gift horse in the mouth, and who in the possession of leisure are determined to make the most of it.

And as a rule we do make the most of it, although our differently constituted minds may not agree in the manner how, and as a rule the result of making the most of it is satisfactory. To the active-minded, strong-limbed man, the month's dawdle at a fashionable watering place is a criminal waste of precious hours; to the dawdler the violent exertions of the stalwart one—his tremendous walks, his perilous climbs, his rough adventures, appear so much abuse of time which should be devoted to rest, and of energy which requires relaxation. The Continental scamperer—the man who flies from country to country, from town to town, and from village, as if his success in life depended upon the quantity of places to be seen in the smallest given time—utterly despises the man who, jaded and fagged with the incessant brain work of the past year, seeks a refuge in some retired village, surrounded by nothing but the grandeur and beauty of solitary nature. So does the yacht owner look down upon the man who prefers a gentle ramble through quaint towns to the boisterous excitement of ocean life. So does the Norway or North America sportsman upon the humble pedestrian or bicyclist content with the beauties of our Old England. Be it as it may, unless we have really wasted and misused our time, unless we have seriously run beyond the original pecuniary tether, or have met with accident and misfortune, most of us return to toil with cheerfulness. At first we may feel a pang at exchanging the sweet smell of the moorland heather and the "champagne draughts" of ozone for the close musty atmosphere of our hives, but we have taken in our stock of health, we feel ready for any amount of work, and we console ourselves with the reflection that, if we did not breathe the close musty air of our hives for eleven months, the one month of sweet scents and pure breezes would be denied us.

The one mistake so many of us make is in attempting too much. If we try to strike an average amongst the hundreds of our fellow-countrymen that we meet in the oddest and most out-of-the-way nooks of Europe, of those who have but a reasonable acquaintance with their own land, how very small does it seem! And yet one has but to glance through the British Isle section of the "Picturesque Europe" series, and wonder that so little is known of it. Mrs. Grundy regards the man who has spent his holiday at the French Exhibition, or at Cockney show places in Switzerland, or in tourist-infested towns on the Rhine, as having done his duty better than the man who has been content with the cathedral towns of England, the lakes, the mountains of Wales, the wild grandeur of Scotland, or the beautiful solitudes of the sister isle.

Many of us, with the fear of Mrs. Grundy before us, at the outset get hold of the idea that we must stir ourselves and "do something." So we think, not of taking things easily, of forgetting that in everyday life we are toilers, but of cramming as much action and scamper as we can into our allotted time. With this object in view, we map out tremendous tours, and in the execution of our plans find ourselves in such a perpetual state of worry and confusion that the benefits which might be derived from a rational holiday do not make themselves felt. Could we be persuaded that by the judicious cutting away from our programme of a few railway, steamboat, and diligence journeys, we should be much the better, we should not be observed returning home with the too frequent sigh of relief.

Not the least pleasant part of the holiday is the retrospect, and dull November evenings find many of us, not only dilating pleasantly on days when there was sunshine in the land, and we were free unfettered members of society, holiday-bound, but planning excursions for the next holiday, and enjoying it "After the Holidays."

H. F. A.

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TWIN SONNETS FROM THE PYRENEES

THE MOUNTAIN

'Tis morn, but on the misty mountain's brow
  The rising sun no golden ray can shed;
While all is brilliant in the vale below,
  Darkness and cold are lowering o'er his head:
  E'en thus, in early life, hearts that are led
Too soon by towering hopes and visions fine,
  With mists of doubt and thought long cumberèd,
See all the humbler spirits smile and shine.
Struggle, brave heart! and as thy day wears on
  The brightest of the glow shall still be thine.
When from the lowly valleys it hath gone,
  Around thy brows alone it shall incline:
Thy force of thought shall fling thy mists away,
And shining Heaven concede its crowning ray!

THE CLOUD

Soon as the cloud escapes the mountain's brow,
  Swift it regains its pristine sphere on high;
Free from earth's bonds, it rides in summer's glow,
  Sails on the breeze, rejoicing in the sky.
  Such have appeared to me the minds that lie,
Cold and encumbered with established dread
  Of merely counterfeit authority,
That holds them long subdued and chained and dead.
These, when the pouring warmth of Reason's ray
  Dissolves their bonds at last, and they expand,
Then they arouse, and tear themselves away,
  Scorning the sterile tyrants of the land,
Aid and delight mankind, as clouds that rise
Water the valleys and adorn the skies.

Cauterets, 1878

J. J. Aubertin

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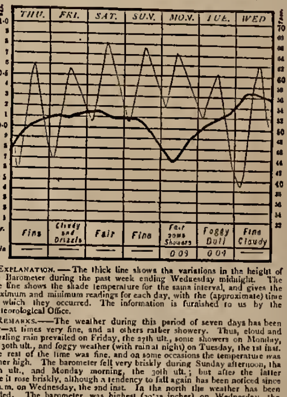
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

September 26th to October 2nd (inclusive)



Explanation.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.—The weather during this period of seven days has been fair—at times very fine, and at others rather showery. Thus, cloud and drizzling rain prevailed on Friday, the 27th ult., some showers on Monday, the 30th ult., and foggy weather (with rain at night) on Tuesday, the 1st inst. The rest of the time was fine, and on some occasions the temperature was rather high. The barometer fell very briskly during Sunday afternoon, the 29th ult., and Monday morning, the 30th ult.; but after the latter time it rose briskly, although a tendency to fall again has been noticed since 11 a.m. on Wednesday, the 2nd inst. In the north the weather has been settled. The barometer was highest (30·32 inches) on Wednesday, the 2nd inst.; lowest (29·67 inches) on Monday, the 30th ult.: range, 0·65 inches. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (64°) on Saturday, the 28th ult.; lowest (38°) on Wednesday, the 2nd inst.; range, 26°. Rainfall: Total fall, 0·13 inches, on two days; greatest fall, 0·09 inches, on Monday, the 30th ult. The weather on Thursday morning, the 3rd inst., was very fine and mild, with a light south-westerly breeze and falling barometer.

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The Grosvenor Gallery will reopen in December for a winter exhibition of drawings by the Old Masters and water-colour paintings.

The Shakespeare Memorial Buildings at Stratford-upon-Avon are being actively proceeded with, and the library and picture-gallery were begun last week.

The Sunday Society.—We have, in another part of the paper (under the heading of "Topics of the Week"), spoken of the objects of this Association; we need here, therefore, merely mention that a collection of water-colour drawings, chiefly of Swiss Life and Scenery, will be exhibited to-morrow (Oct. 6th), and on the two following Sundays, at 33, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, from two to five p.m. The admission is free by tickets, which will only be issued to those applying by letter, and sending stamped and addressed envelopes to the Hon. Secretary, 19, Charing Cross. We have seen these drawings, which form a very meritorious and interesting collection. Among them will be found views of some of the most celebrated mountains, under varying conditions of light and shade, shower and sunshine. Two sketches of the famous Matterhorn peak, the first rosy with the dawn, the second purple with the shades of evening, deserve especial notice. There are, too, many charming little bits of valley scenery, and numerous figure subjects showing, among other interesting features, the fast-vanishing costumes of the Swiss peasantry. The catalogue is, in itself, well worth reading, forming, as it does, a condensed guide to Switzerland; and we sincerely hope that, after visiting this collection, some of the *élite* among our working men may be induced to take the advice proffered by the artist in his interesting preface, and, like their German brethren, save up money for a Swiss tour, a by no means impossible feat for a thrifty man, and one which will, in retrospect, afford him life-long pleasure.

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into Servian.

A Railway to Dartmoor is shortly to be constructed, and the first sod was turned near Bridestowe Station last week.

Herr Petermann, the greatest cartographer and one of the greatest geographers of modern times, has died at Gotha, at the age of fifty-six.

The Sorrowing Relatives of a Negro lately hung in Massachusetts for the murder of two old people resolved to turn a few honest pence by their violently-deceased friend. They exhibited his body after the execution at 6*d.* a head.

The first Austrian Official Newspaper has appeared in Bosnia. The journal is called the *Bosnian and Herzegovinian News (Bosansko Ercegovacke Novine)*, and is printed in the Croatian language in Latin characters. The dual-headed Austrian eagle surmounts the title.

The Origin of the Parliamentary Custom of never mentioning names is easily discovered, declares the New York *Christian Union*, when gentlemen possess such curious appellations as those of two members of the Ohio Legislature—Mr. Teasongoon and Mr. Goodykoonts.

A Fresh Flying Machine has been invented by an Oregon electrician. The machine is egg-shaped, made of sheet-iron, measures 8 feet by 5 feet at its greatest diameter, and is to be propelled by electricity produced by a generator of 200 horse-power. The inventor declares that electricity will carry the traveller from New York to San Francisco in ten minutes.

A Dolphin has been caught off the coast of Elgin, according to the *Live Stock Journal*. Dolphins, while well known in the Mediterranean and also in the Arctic Seas, as the creatures often enter the mouth of the Siberian river Obi, are rarely seen on the British coast. The present specimen was 7 feet long, with a beak fully a foot in length, garnished with 280 teeth, and resembling a duck's bill, whence the French call dolphins "sea-geese."

The Gipsy Queen of the United States has lately been buried at Dayton, in Ohio, the headquarters of the American gipsies, representatives of every clan and tribe scattered over American territory being present at the funeral. Red was the predominant hue in the funereal trappings; each mourner wore a scarf of crimson, and the hearse was decked with red plumes. Queen Matilda and King Levi Stanley emigrated to the States in 1860.

The Falls of Niagara have been the subject of a speech made by Lord Dufferin, who has proposed to the Governor of New York that that State and Ontario should combine to make a public International Park at the Niagara Falls. The Governor, he said, received the proposal very favourably, and certainly it is well worth consideration, as it would do away with the system of private speculation to which the visitor to one of the grandest sights of the world is at present liable.

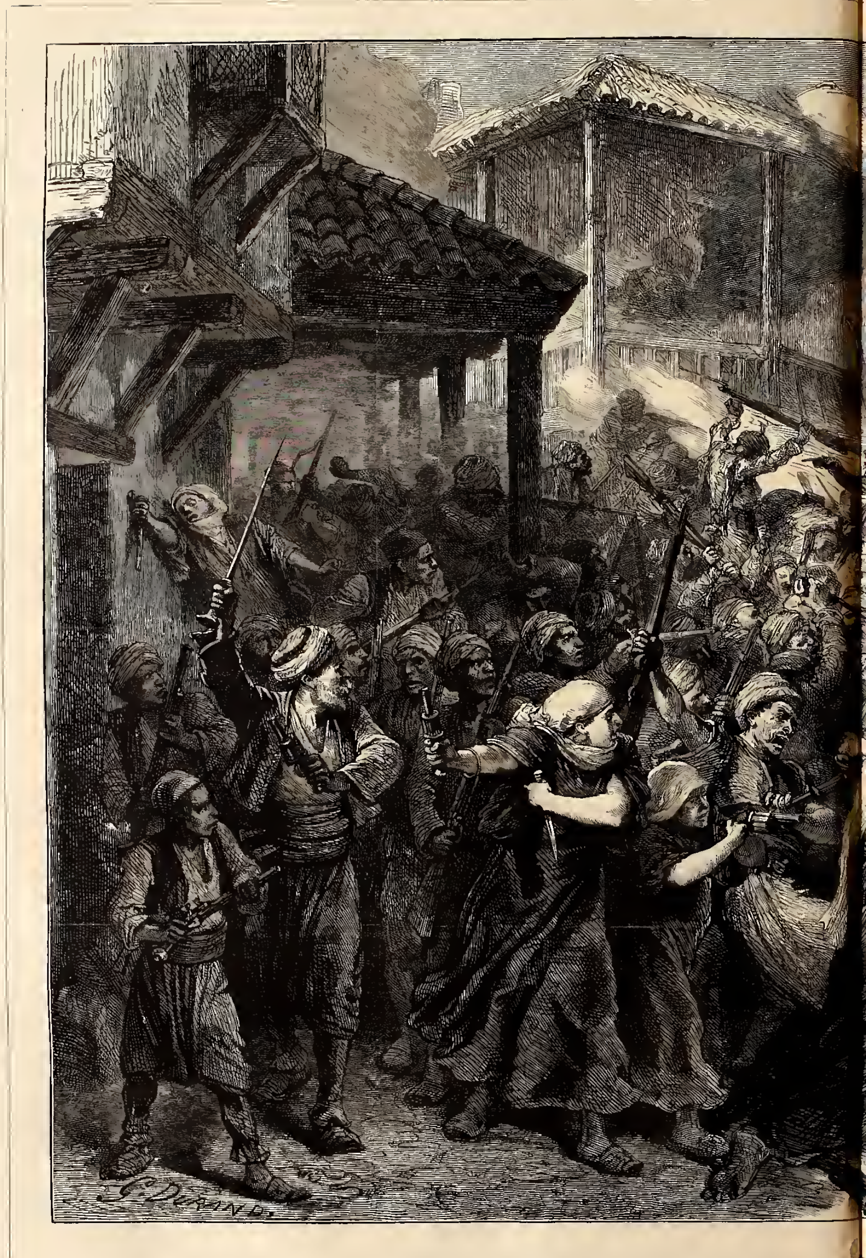
A Drink Map of Norwich has been published by the Norwich Auxiliary of the United Kingdom Alliance, by which a bird's-eye view of the full provision for the imbibing of intoxicating drinks is vividly represented by red dots thickly scattered over a plan of the city. By it we learn that in addition to grocers who sell wines and spirits, and wine merchants, Norwich can boast of 655 licensed houses, not a bad percentage for a population of (1871) 80,390.

Autograph Hunters, *Mayfair* tells us, now make as much use of Mr. Gladstone as they used to make of the Duke of Wellington. One of these gentlemen has been consulting the ex-Premier, this week, about the future representation of Bristol, and the right hon. gentleman's reply has been hawked about every public-house in the city, the happy possessor showing it, it is said, for a glass of beer! A similar use was made of Mr. Bright a few months ago; but Mr. Bright is more chary of his post-cards and note-paper than Mr. Gladstone, and is not to be drawn quite so easily.

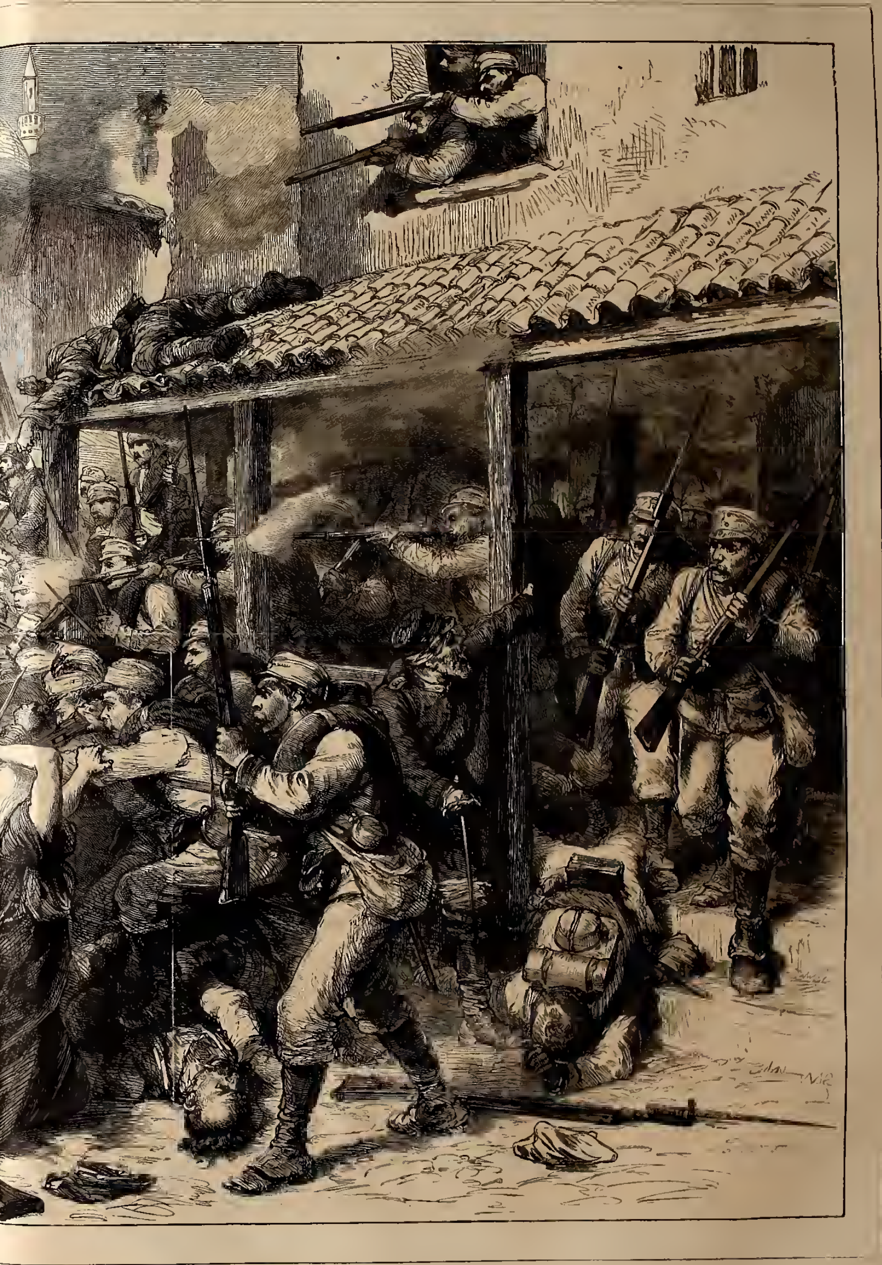
London Mortality increased last week, and 1,355 deaths were registered against 1,259 during the previous seven days, showing an increase of 96. There were 2 deaths from small-pox (a decline of 2), 6 from measles (an increase of 4), 30 from scarlet fever (an increase of 6), 13 from diphtheria (an increase of 3), 53 from whooping-cough (an increase of 10), 27 from different forms of fever (a decline of 3), and 61 from diarrhœa (a decline of 19), being 26 below the average. There were 2,494 births registered against 2,491 during the previous week. The mean temperature was 52·2 deg., 2·7 deg. below the average in the corresponding week of the 60 years, 1814—73. The duration of registered sunshine was only 9·6 hours, the sun being 83·6 hours above the horizon.

A Socialist Almanack is largely circulated among the German Democrats, according to the Paris *Figaro*. In this calendar the usual Saints' Days and Festivals are replaced by notices of prominent heroes and enemies of the revolutionary cause. Thus April 3 is sacred to Gustave Flourens, "massacred by the servants of the Versailles executioner;" May 28 to Delescluze, "killed in the Paris Commune incorruptible character." January 21 commemorates Louis XVI., "executed for treason to his country—of weak and hypocritical disposition, yet ranked as a saint;" January 28, Charlemagne, "Prototype of the crowned brigand, who destroyed the last vestige of German liberty;" January 9, Louis Napoleon, "Incarnation of abjectness in power;" and February 8, Peter I., "surnamed the Great by the flatterers of princes—a brute and an Emperor." This almanack is specially intended for workmen, and 50,000 copies were distributed last year.

The Editor of Every Newspaper has a great mass of correspondence to attend to, and, apart from all legitimate communications, every subscriber who is aggrieved at the delay in the reception of his newspaper feels he has a perfect right to write to the "Editor" for redress, forgetting that that official does not perform *every* function connected with the production of the journal. At least so thinks the *Calcutta Statesman*, which publishes the following "Notice to Correspondents:"—"Many correspondents will, we know, be surprised to hear—(1) That the editor of this journal does not turn the crank and print the sheets; (2) does *not* keep the subscribers' registry book; (3) does not address the papers; (4) nor pack them; (5) nor stick the labels on them; (6) nor make the paste for sticking the labels on; (7) that he does not carry the sacks to the post-office; and (8) is not able to accompany each paper to its destination, to ensure its safe delivery. Strange as it may seem, this is nevertheless all true. Will correspondents make a note of it, and when they have anything to say under these heads, remember to address the publisher?"



THE AUSTRIAN OCCUPATION OF



OSNIA — STREET FIGHTING IN SERAJEVO

FOREIGN

THE EASTERN QUESTION.——The Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina is now fast being completed, and on the 27th ult. Zwornik was peacefully entered, the troops being received at the entrance of the town by a deputation of the inhabitants, while within the Turkish Kaimakan himself declared the submission of the city and fortress. On Saturday two other important places fell into the hands of the Austrians, although not in so peaceful a manner, the Duke of Wurtemburg announcing the capitulation of Livno after a heavy bombardment, while General Jovanovitch also occupied Klobuk, the last stronghold of the Herzegovinian insurgents. Thus the only place of importance at present held by the insurgents is the district of Novi Bazar, which the Austrians intend to leave for a spring campaign, as the bad weather has already set in, making the military roads almost impassable, rendering the transport service of the Austrian army exceedingly difficult, and raising considerable apprehension as to the means of procuring provisions for the army during the winter, and of keeping the communications open. Indeed, the prospects of the winter are by no means hopeful for the army of occupation, as the severities of the climate will tell severely upon the troops, while the insurgents will probably again take heart at the misfortunes of the invaders, who have every reason to dread the rigour of a winter campaign in so mountainous a country. As, however, the insurgents have been subdued for the present, and General Zach has practically closed every outlet from Novi Bazar, three divisions of the army of occupation are to be sent back to Austria. In the mean time there is considerable excitement in Hungary over the whole question, as the occupation has never been popular with the Magyars, who are greatly incensed at the expenditure of so much blood and money, and are warmly expressing their indignation with Count Andrassy and M. Tisza; while on Sunday, at an open-air meeting at Pesth, motions were passed declaring the occupation of Bosnia dangerous, that a convention ought to be concluded with Turkey, and the army recalled, and that the Government ought to be impeached. In the Cabinet also there has been dissension, owing to the Hungarian Minister of Finance, M. Szell, being unable to provide for the great outlay required by the military authorities, who, in consequence of the protracted nature of the occupation, have largely exceeded the voted 6,000,000*l*. M. Szell, who of late years has done much to diminish the deficit of the Hungarian Treasury, has resigned.

To turn to TURKEY proper and her capital, San Stefano being now completely evacuated by the Russians, the English fleet has left the Prince's Islands, and has gone to Artaki, a step for which the Sultan has thanked Sir A. H. Layard, to whom he subsequently sent Osman Pasha to express his regret that he had not paid a visit to the fleet before its departure, and to thank Admiral Hornby and the officers and men of the fleet for their conduct during their stay, and for their kind feelings both towards himself and towards Turkey. The Turkish troops are quietly re-occupying the territory which the Russians are vacating, and no disturbances either in Europe or in Asia have been reported from either side, both Russian and Turkish commanders taking the most stringent steps to prevent any outbreak during their several occupations. The Russians are anxious to effect a settlement with the Turks as to the various questions left open by the Treaty of Berlin, and a convention has been proposed fixing the indemnity at 300,000,000 roubles, with further sums of 10,000,000 roubles to Russian subjects whose interests have been injured, and of 20,000*l*. towards repairing the Sulina Channel of the Danube. In the ceded territories Mussulman inhabitants for three years are to have the option of selling their property and of emigrating to Turkey, and on their side the Porte promises a general amnesty to all Bulgarians, including those under sentence of imprisonment. The Eastern Roumelia Commission is to be presided over by Assim Pasha, and the Russian Commissioners, probably under the advice of Prince Lobanoff, have suddenly adopted a conciliatory attitude. The first meeting was held on Tuesday, when the Grand Vizier declared that the Sultan and his Government were most anxious to forward the welfare of the new province. Regarding the Asia Minor reforms, Sir A. H. Layard is said not to favour the Porte's scheme for their generalisation, while the Greek question seems as far off settlement as ever, and Safvet Pasha has issued a circular note denying the accusation of the Greek Government that the Porte has been stirring up the fanaticism of the Albanians against the Greeks, and pointing out that the Greek Government is preparing an army of 40,000 men, with a reserve of 35,000, and is raising a loan of 2,000,000*l*. It is said that Hobart Pasha has transmitted to Athens letters from Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales, who advocate a moderate and conciliatory arrangement between the two countries.

In CYPRUS the health of the troops is somewhat better owing to the colder weather, although Sir A. Home states that ague is replacing the intermittent fever. The total number of sick averages 154 per 1,000. On the 27th inst. Sir Garnet Wolseley held a State reception of Mahomedans at Nicosia, and announced that Her Majesty has instructed him to appoint a Legislative Council to make the necessary laws for the island, subject of course to the approval of the High Commissioner and the British Government. The Council is to number not less than four nor more than eight members, half of whom are to be officials, and the remainder residents on the island. By the same Order in Council the High Commissioner is endowed with special powers to act in cases of emergency, and is also authorised to remit pains and penalties at his discretion.

FRANCE.——Political news is still at a discount, and even the elections have taken place without any noteworthy comment, and the only incident which has excited any attention has been the action of the new Bishop of Marseilles, who, unearthing an old Napoleonic decree of 1804, claimed military honours on his entry into a town and during his residence there. As Marseilles is an eminently Radical city, and as serious disturbances were to be expected should these honours be accorded, the Government were placed somewhat in a dilemma, from which it escaped by agreeing to the military display, but intimating that there must be no religious procession, which, according to a subsequent law, would be illegal. To this the Bishop demurred, and finally entered his diocese in a private carriage, without any form or ceremonies. One reason for the dearth of political news is the intense interest which the Exhibition is still exciting, Paris being crowded to excess with both provincial and foreign visitors; the produce of the "tickets" alone amounting to 280,000*l*., and exceeding that during the corresponding period of 1867 by 75,000*l*., the total number of persons admitted being 8,898,202, in four months. There is considerable discussion concerning the dress and behaviour of English tourists while abroad—a subject which was first raised by our old friend *Punch*, and which has been warmly taken up by the French papers, and the *Temps* and *Gaulois* in particular, who make some very severe remarks upon the conduct of many of our countrymen while in Paris, their unutterable rudeness, their vulgarity, and their disrespect to society, evinced by attending the theatres in garments in which they would be ashamed to be seen at home. Unfortunately these complaints are only too true at the present time, and any Englishman who has visited Paris within the past four months cannot but feel ashamed of his nationality, when he witnesses so many of his countrymen conducting themselves in a fashion which at home they would themselves be the first to condemn as the lowest depth of bad breeding. To turn to pleasanter matters, the Prince and the Princess of Wales are anxiously expected for the much talked-of distribution of the prizes at the Palais de l'Industrie, which has been converted into a vast hall for the occasion, while considerable attention is being devoted to the grand national lottery, of which the third million of tickets are now being sold, and the first prize of which—a set of jewels—has just been bought of a jeweller in the Exhibition for 4,000*l*. There is little theatrical gossip beyond that there have been two first representations—a melodrama, full to repletion of murders, at the Château d'Eau, by Eugène Liuville, entitled *Le Braconnier du Nid de l'Aigle*, and an amusing one-act comedy, at the Vaudeville, by M. Daniel Darc, entitled *Les Rieuses*.

Peace and war have been both liberally discussed this week. The Peace Congress has been holding its sittings, and, after considering a score of marvellous projects for the Millennium, has recommended the organisation of a Court of Arbitration, or European Parliament, which is to decide on all international disputes. Some rather incongruously warlike scenes occurred during the last sitting, when the various members quarrelled on the religious question. As for war, the estimates for 1879 show that France is to pay 22,000,000*l*. for her army next year, the strength of the active contingent being set down at 446,442 men. The total military and naval forces, however, amount to 3,600,000 men, or a tenth of the whole population, the active army consisting of 2,080,000 troops.

GERMANY.——The Parliamentary Committee on the Socialist Bill have been busy considering the various clauses, and have adopted the paragraph instituting a final Court of Appeal of nine members. Various amendments were also made, which Count Eulenberg, the Minister of the Interior, announced on Tuesday would be accepted with one or two minor exceptions, but that with regard to the proposed limitation of the operation of the Bill to two years and a-half, the Government considered the term to be too short.—The relations with the Vatican appear to be growing more and more cordial, and negotiations for an amicable arrangement continue.—The Emperor and Empress visited Cologne last week in order to unveil a memorial stone erected to the late King Frederick William III. The Emperor made a speech, thanking Providence, "who, after many hard-fought fields, brought the Rhine Provinces under the sceptre of King Frederick William III., thereby assigning to Prussia the duty of holding the watch on the Rhine by her strength. This duty," he declared, "Prussia, in union with the whole of Germany, has gloriously fulfilled."

ITALY.——The Vatican is somewhat disturbed at the aspect of affairs both in Italy and abroad. A rupture is said to be pending with the Jesuits, the tribute of Peter's pence has declined four-fifths, while the tone of M. Gambetta's speech at Romans has not tended to reassure Pontifical circles. A conciliatory policy is now accordingly not thought improbable.—The eruption of Mount Vesuvius continues, though its activity has somewhat diminished. Wednesday was the anniversary of the Roman *plebiscite* of 1870, and was kept with all due honour.—A curious disease of the nervous system, entitled *pellegra*, is prevailing among the peasants in Lombardy. The disease is thought to be due to dirt, unhealthy dwellings, and the consumption of damaged maize.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.——We have fully treated this subject this week in our special supplement, where will be found the number and destination of the various bodies of troops which are to form the advance guard of the force destined to punish the Ameer of Cabul for his insult; but we may mention that it is stated that the Ameer has sent a special Envoy, Mussafir Khara, to the Sultan to induce him to use his good offices with England to prevent a war, and also to impress upon him the advantages of a Russian over an English alliance. As for the Russian mission, it is believed that the Envoy, Count Stolyetoff, (not General Abramoff, as has been stated) has returned to General Kauffmann's head-quarters, but that two Russian officers still remain at Cabul. Russia herself is assuming, through her semi-official Press, an attitude of injured innocence, and, in answer to a note from the English Cabinet inquiring how the Russian Government proposed to reconcile General Stolyetoff's mission with its previous engagements to renounce all political influence in Afghanistan, the Government made the following curious reply: "Russia is always disposed to respect existing engagements, but that that mission, although decided upon at a time and under circumstances now no longer existing, was merely intended as an act of courtesy to the Ameer of Afghanistan." Still the various journals do not hesitate to declare that the blow is a serious one to English prestige, and that, as England assisted Turkey during the last war, so Russia will help the Ameer during the coming struggle, for, remarks the *Novoye Vremya*, "he will require a Russian alliance to cover his rear." The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Berlin *Post* declares that "there is no one in Russia who will not be delighted at the insatiable British Lion breaking his teeth in the vain attempt to tear and worry the Afghans." He admits, however, that the "Ameer acted independently, and it was only the malice of English scribblers which imputed to Russia the guilt of hounding him on against Great Britain." In fact, the whole Russian description of the situation is aptly stated by the Berlin correspondent of *The Times* as that of a "noble-minded and independent nation resisting rapacious England, and looking for sympathy to generous Russia, whose civilising philanthropy is fostering peace and progress on his northern frontiers." In the other European countries the balance of opinion is decidedly in favour of England, although the German official Press is somewhat disposed to lean towards Russia. The *North German Gazette*, however, publishes a letter from St. Petersburg, stating that Russia must have peace before everything. In France the *Temps* remarks that England must place some more trustworthy Prince upon the throne of Afghanistan; but in Austria great anxiety is manifested lest the result of the crisis should be an Anglo-Russian war.

In India itself the army is said to be enthusiastic about the prospect of speedy employment, and the tone of the Vernacular Press is at present very favourable. Mr. A. Vambéry, writing to the *Daily Telegraph*, accuses Shere Ali of having disobeyed the Koran, which enacts that an ambassador, even though he be an infidel, should always be respected, and recommends that this should be widely brought to the notice of the Indian Mussulmans.

UNITED STATES.——The yellow fever epidemic continues in the South, and up to last Saturday the total number of deaths in New Orleans and Memphis had amounted to respectively 2,758 and 2,469. The most heartrending account of the desolate aspect of the towns during the height of the epidemic have come to hand by mail, and strongly remind the reader of the scenes described by Defoe in his account of the Great Plague of London. People sicken and crawl to die under a bush, fires are lit before the houses where a death has taken place, the dead carts are the only vehicles about the streets, and the utmost misery and starvation exist amongst the people.

The released Fenian convicts landed in New York on Monday, no display, however, attended their reception.—The first Chinese Minister to the United States has been received by President Hayes.—A six days' walking match is taking place at New York between O'Leary and Hughes.—The Australian cricketers are also in New York, and played their first match with a New York eighteen on Tuesday and Wednesday, beating their opponents by seven wickets.—Mr. Bancroft, the historian, has been thrown out of his carriage and severely injured.

MISCELLANEOUS.——There has been an alarm in MADRID of yellow fever, three cases having been asserted to have been sent to the hospitals. The Board of Health, however, have declared that the cases do not display the characteristic symptoms of the disease. Leprosy is very prevalent in Alicante, where a lepers' hospital has been established.—The King of BURMAH died on Wednesday at Mandalay.—The Emperor of JAPAN has adopted his boy cousin as heir to the throne.

THE COURT

THE Queen remains at Balmoral. Her Majesty last week drove to Glen Gelder Shiel, received the Earl of Fife and the Hon. Hamilton Duncan to lunch, and Viscount Cranbrook and Major von Liebenau to dinner. On Saturday the Queen was deeply grieved by the death of Sir T. M. Biddulph, Keeper of the Privy Purse, who had been in Her Majesty's service for 27 years. The Queen had been calling on Lady Biddulph just before her husband's death, and on receiving the news Her Majesty went again to Abergeldie Mains, with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, to visit Lady Biddulph. Next morning Divine Service was performed at Balmoral before the Queen and the Royal Family, the Rev. A. Campbell officiating. In the afternoon Her Majesty visited the Princess of Wales and called on Lady Biddulph, and in the evening Viscount Cranbrook joined the Royal party at dinner. The Princess of Wales and her three girls lunched with the Queen on Monday, and afterwards Her Majesty drove home with the Princess and took tea at Abergeldie Castle, subsequently visiting Lady Biddulph.—Prince William of Germany left Balmoral last week for the south.

The Prince of Wales has been visiting Viscount Macduff this week. The Prince was out deer-stalking on Saturday when he heard of Sir T. M. Biddulph's death, and at once went to see Lady Biddulph. The Princess and her three daughters continue at Abergeldie Castle. Early this month the Prince and Princess go to Paris.

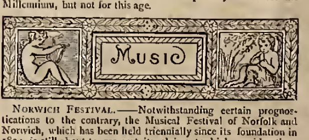
The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, accompanied by two of the Ladies Campbell, Lady Dufferin, and two of her sons, left Roseneath on Monday for Edinburgh on their way south to start for Canada. At Edinburgh they lunched at Earl and Countess Percy's residence, and stayed the night with Sir J. and Lady O'Neill at Burnhead, leaving again on Tuesday night for London.—The Duke of Connaught has resumed his duties at Woolwich.—Prince Leopold left Balmoral on Tuesday.—The baptism of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh's infant took place on Wednesday at Coburg, the child being named Alexandra Louise Olga Victoria.

The marriage of the widowed King of the Netherlands and the Princess Emma of Waldeck Pyrmont is definitely decided on, and the betrothal was announced by the Prince of Waldeck at a banquet at Arolsen on Monday night, the King and his *fiancée* subsequently holding a reception to receive congratulations. King William III. is 61 and his future bride 20.—Prince Henry of Germany, second son of the Imperial Prince and Princess, starts this year on a two years' cruise.—Prince Louis Napoleon is staying with Lord O. Elphinstone at Tulliallan Castle.

CHURCH NEWS

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.——At most of the churches in Sheffield special services were held on Sunday last. The Bishop of Sodor and Man, preaching at St. Silas', said that Infidelity and Ceremonialism were the great hindrances to the liberty of the gospel. There was much speculation of opinion, and free thought on every hand in connection with religion, and he thought it well that all things should be fairly and fully discussed. The Archdeacon of Ely preaching in the evening said that during the last eighteen years Church Conferences had exercised a powerful influence for good, and he could not doubt that the coming meeting would promote the great end in view—the glory of God. On Monday the 21st anniversary meeting of the National Free and Open Church Society took place, and a Conference of Sunday School Teachers was held under the presidency of the Bishop of Sodor and Man, who said that the first great essentials for the work were efficient teachers, good lessons, proper inspection, and good prizes. On Tuesday the Congress itself was commenced. There was a procession of clergy and laity from the Cutlers' Hall to the Parish Church, where the Bishop of Ripon preached the inaugural sermon, and at two o'clock the Archbishop of York as president delivered an address in the Cutlers' Hall to an audience of some 3,000 persons. His Grace justified such gatherings, and the presence of all parties within the Church at them, by an illustration showing the happy effects of the free Conference at Lambeth in dealing with the dispute that arose last year between the Church Missionary Society and the Bishop of Colombo; and said that he should be much disappointed if the Pan-Anglican Synod did not bear fruit in the increase of missionary activity; in a greater circumspection as to the admission of new clergy to labour abroad; in a fuller knowledge of, and consequently in a greater sympathy with, the work going on through the agency of distant Churches; and even in a gradual abatement of that which seemed to many of them a needless addition to their troubles—the arbitrary changes of ritual made without authority, and persisted in against lawful remonstrance. The true questions of the hour were those which belonged, not to the inside of theology, but to the threshold; such as, whether there be any soul, any future life, any sin, any need of redemption, any Redeemer, any God. Inquiries on all these subjects were pursued with a pitiless logic, an erudition, an astuteness, greater than any former time had exhibited. To deal with the forces arrayed against them they needed all their united strength.—Amongst the subjects dealt with on the opening day were "Modern Doubts and Difficulties in Relation to Revealed Religion," "Free and Open Churches," and "Foreign and Colonial Ministers." On Wednesday the topics discussed were "Church Endowments," "Ecclesiastical Patronage," "Marriage Law as Affecting the Church," "Duty of the Church in Relation to Intemperance," "The Church's Work in the Country," and "The Just Limits of Comprehensiveness in the National Church." The last-named subject was introduced by the Hon. Charles Wood, and gave rise to an animated debate, at the close of which the Archbishop of York spoke in strong terms concerning the resistance of the Ritualists to the authority of the Bishops, and said that it seemed to him a thing to "make the angels weep" that the Ritualists should be going on in the course they were pursuing.

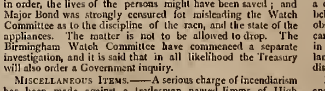
VARIOUS.——The Archbishop of Canterbury, presiding at the Canterbury Diocese Conference on Friday last, alluded to the Pan-Anglican Conference recently held at Lambeth Palace, and quoted the declarations of the Bishops with regard to Ritualism. The Conference proceeded to discuss the subject of the Church of England Temperance Society. Many clerical and lay members spoke, and there appeared to be much diversity of opinion as to the practicability of the Society's operations.—Dr. Pusey has just issued a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury on "Habitual Confession not discouraged by the Resolution accepted by the Lambeth Conference." The learned professor, admits that for some forty years he has, as his Grace, he says, knows, received the confession of all who came to him. These confessions, he says, in many places had become habitual at the wish of those who made them. Of some still living he had received confessions for some thirty-five years. What then, he says, concerns him is to know whether in so doing he has come under any censure from the hundred Bishops assembled at the Lambeth Conference in that part of their resolution which ran:—"It is the deliberate opinion of the Conference that no minister of the Church is authorised even to encourage the practice of habitual confession." Dr. Pusey devotes nearly forty-two pages to his arguments.—Four new churches were opened in Barrow-in-Furness on Thursday last week. They have been built by private subscriptions, the Duke of Devonshire giving 12,000*l.*; the Duke of Buccleuch, 6,000*l.*; and the remainder being raised by private subscription. The Archbishop of York and the Bishops of Carlisle, Hereford, and Sodor and Man officiated at the dedication.—The *John Bull* states that the living of St. James's, Hatcham, has been offered by Mr. Robert Tooth, at the request of the Rev. Arthur Tooth, to the Rev. A. H. Stanton, curate of St. Alban's, Holborn.—The Rev. Dr. Nihill (what a name for a Ritualistic clergyman!) has this week been holding a series of dedicatory services in St. Michael's Church, Shoreditch, of which he is vicar. On Tuesday the Rev. Arthur Tooth preached there to a crowded congregation. The burden of his discourse was that the world had practically forgotten the providence of God, and was ever boasting of its strength and its power in the promotion of art, literature, and science, whilst the Church was always pleading its weakness, but its very weakness was its strength, and in the end it would overcome the world.—A community of Carmelite Nuns, consisting of twelve sisters, amongst whom is Lady Minna Howard, has been established at Notting Hill. On Sunday last the convent was solemnly blessed by Cardinal Manning, the inaugural ceremonies lasting the whole day.—Last Sunday the Rev. W. Robinson, an Independent minister who is about to join the Church of England, preached a farewell sermon to his congregation, in which he gave his reasons for leaving the denomination. He said that his whole life had been spent in Nonconformity, and all his relations were connected with Nonconformity, except his only brother, who had been an Independent minister, but who, because of what he had suffered, had gone to the Established Church. The inner working of Independency, was one reason why he left it. He, with many of his brethren, had felt the awful degradation of preaching on "approval." The Churches were riven and rent by the choosing of a minister who was miserably paid, and might sometimes be cruelly tortured by the deacons, or jeopardise his salary if he preached this or failed to preach that. But the greatest curse of Independency was the Church meetings, which sometimes beggared description. Independency was sublime as a theory, but deplorable in practice. It was exquisitely suited for the Millennium, but not for this age.



NORWICH FESTIVAL.——Notwithstanding certain prognostications to the contrary, the Musical Festival of Norfolk and Norwich, which has been held triennially since its foundation in 1824, is still about to reassert its claims to high consideration. This meeting has, in its time, done a good deal for the musical art, and, had it been more substantially and regularly supported by the clergy, aristocracy, and gentry of the city and county—not to speak of East Anglia generally—might have done a good deal more for the funds of the principal charities in aid of which it was virtually established. The festival which is to be held the week after next, under the direction of that eminent musician, Sir Julius Benedict, who succeeded the late Professor Taylor, Spohr's enthusiastic advocate, in 1845, and has retained the post without intermission since then, is the 19th on record. As usual, we find a catalogue of Royal "Patrons" (headed by Her Majesty the Queen), who allow their names to be used, but rarely attend, or, indeed, do anything very remarkable for the Festival or its belongings; and once more the Earl of Leicester, Lord Lieutenant of the County, has accepted the post of President. There is a strong list of Vice-Presidents; but how many are likely to honour the performances by their actual presence, as well as by their invariably vouchsafed "countenance" and approval, is at best matter for conjecture. Under the supervision of Sir Julius Benedict, however, there is pretty sure to be a selection of music, sacred and secular, day after day, night after night, to tempt genuine amateurs to St. Andrew's Hall; and while there is not much of absolute novelty to point out in the week's programme, it is on the whole a really attractive one. There are to be three morning performances, at the first of which Professor Macfarren's oratorio, *Joseph* (received with such unanimous applause at the Leeds Festival of 1877), followed by Beethoven's Mass in C (No. 1); at the second, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; and at the third, the perennial *Messiah*, are to be given. The first evening concert includes Handel's *Acis and Galatea* (with Mozart's additional accompaniments); the second is a "Grand Ballad Concert;" the third a "Grand Operatic Concert." A symphony will precede both the second and third concerts—which will allow plenty of leisure for those Norwich amateurs (of whom there are many) who don't care a straw for symphonies to arrive in time for the ballads and operatic airs. There is only one new contribution from the pen of Sir Julius Benedict in the programme—an overture, *Das Kätchen von Heilbronn* (Katherine of Heilbronn); but in revenge his clever pupil (we believe), Mr. H. Kingston Rudd is to play the brilliant pianoforte concerto in E flat, composed some years ago for Madame Arabella Goddard, who first introduced it to the public. The only other instrumental *solo*—such devouring cormorants are singers, native and foreign—is Ernst's *fantasia* on airs from Rossini's *Otello*, set down for our foremost English violinist, Mr. J. T. Carrodus (favourite pupil of the late Bernhard Molique), who also leads the orchestra. That both orchestra and chorus will be on the customary grand scale may pass for granted; Sir Julius Benedict is always earnestly assiduous about these very important essentials. The leading singers are Madame Albani, Misses Catherine Penna and Anna Williams (sopranos); Mesdames Antoinette Sterling and Trebelli (contraltos); Messrs. Edward Lloyd, H. J. Minns, and W. Shakespeare (tenors); Messrs. R. Hilton and Santley (basses). The organist is Dr. Bunnett of Norwich.

CRYSTAL PALACE.——Among the novel features at the first Crystal Palace Saturday Concert to-day are a new orchestral symphony in D, by Johannes Brahms (*his* No. 2), and Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat, performed by M. Brassin who, though highly prized on the Continent, is but little known in England. The programme is otherwise varied and interesting, comprising as it does Gluck's overture to *Iphigenie in Aulis*, with Wagner's "concert *coda*;" Sterndale Bennett's beautiful overture, *The Wood-Nymphs*; and the first appearance at the Crystal Palace of Miss Emma Thursby, the young and accomplished American songstress who visited us in the summer. So that these admirable entertainments, with Mr. August Manns again as conductor (it would be difficult to replace that gentleman), will be "inaugurated" with the spirit of enterprise which has marked them from their earliest period. There are, as usual, to be twenty-five concerts—eleven before, and fourteen after, Christmas. Not the least attractive among these will be the concert of Nov. 2nd, in commemoration of Mendelssohn (who died Nov. 4, 1847), at which an unpublished, and to us quite unknown, Symphony in F minor, for string instruments, is to be heard, and the entire programme, vocal and instrumental devoted to compositions by that distinguished master. Still another promise, not less interesting, is the *Harold en Italie*, an orchestral "tone-poem" with which Hector Berlioz was inspired by Lord Byron's "Childe Harold," the character of the eloquently reflective pilgrim being assigned, from beginning to end, to the viola *solus*. Only the late Heinrich Ernst has shown the capacity and feeling indispensable to an adequate interpretation of this; but in the hands of Herr Ludwig Straus it is likely to be safe enough.

WAIFS.——Four of the leading singers originally attached to the operatic company with which Mr. Mapleson has sailed for New York seceded at the eleventh hour, although one of them, Mdlle. Caroline Salla, if we are well-informed, had even signed her engagement. There are, however, wheels within wheels. Miss Minnie Hauk is on the way, and so is Madame Etelka Gerster, but Mdlle. Salla has manifested qualities that recommend themselves, and need have feared no rivalry in her legitimate sphere. For the *genus irritabile*, indeed, we must look to vocalists, and before the rest to operatic vocalists.—The first performance of Gounod's *Polyeucte*, founded on the same theme as the *Poliuto* of Donizetti (afterwards extended into *Les Martyrs*, for Paris), is announced by M. Halanzier for the 7th inst. All musical Paris is alive with curiosity, anxious that the celebrated composer of *Faust* should in this new effort succeed in brightening up the laurels to some degree tarnished by his *Cinq Mars*, the comparative failure of which, even when remodelled, is notorious. Something fresh is loudly called for at the New Grand Opera, where people are getting heartily tired of *La Juive*, *Le Prophète*, *Hamlet*, *Faust*, &c., of which they have heard so much lately, and no one knows better than the director of the New Grand Opera that, with the exception of *Guillaume Tell*, nothing for nearly half a century has been produced so fresh, so spirited, and so genial as Auber's shamefully neglected masterpiece, *La Muette de Portici* (our *Masaniello*).—Beethoven's Choral Symphony, given on Monday for the benefit of the Messrs. Gatti, brought the Promenade Concerts triumphantly to a close. "Large promises, all kept, and proportionate success," is the general verdict pronounced upon these entertainments, so admirably conducted by Mr. Arthur Sullivan.—M. Rivière begins on Saturday with a new series.



THE BIRMINGHAM FIRE.——The coroner's inquiry into the circumstances of the recent fatal fire at Birmingham has resulted in an extraordinary verdict. The jury, after deliberating for three hours, found that the death of the child who fell from the arms of his rescuer was accidental, and that the other three persons perished by suffocation resulting from a fire which was designedly lighted, but by whom there was not sufficient evidence to show. To this a rider was added to the effect that, had the fire-escape been in order, the lives of the persons might have been saved; and Major Bond was strongly censured for misleading the Watch Committee as to the discipline of the men, and the state of the appliances. The matter is not to be allowed to drop. The Birmingham Watch Committee have commenced a separate investigation, and it is said that in all likelihood the Treasury will also order a Government inquiry.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——A serious charge of incendiarism has been made against a tradesman named Emms, of High Street, Shadwell, and his wife. The fire, which broke out on Saturday last, was discovered by a police inspector, who, as soon as it was subdued, examined the premises, and found carefully arranged trains of all sorts of inflammable materials in nearly every apartment. The woman Emms returned at seven next morning, and, on being told of the fire, offered 10*l.* to be allowed to go upstairs. She also prevaricated very much as to her knowledge of her husband's whereabouts, and on being asked in what Office the place was insured, again attempted to bribe the police inspector. The man Emms was subsequently arrested, and both are now in custody on remand.—The new Act prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday in Ireland, comes into operation this week, and some difficulties are expected to arise in the enforcement of it. The prohibition extends to the whole of the day, except in the cities of Cork, Limerick, and Waterford, and the town of Belfast.—Mr. John Rea, the eccentric solicitor, who was last week sentenced to a week's imprisonment for contempt of Court, was liberated on Tuesday, the committal being quashed by Mr. Justice O'Brien, on the ground that Mr. Rea had had no opportunity of showing cause against the sentence. Mr. Rea's counsel raised fifteen objections to the committal, and read extraordinary affidavits filed by him, in which he spoke of Mr. Lloyd, the stipendiary magistrate who signed the warrant, as a perjured conspirator who had done this to ingratiate himself in the eyes of the Duke of Marlborough, at whose pleasure he held office. The affidavits also contained allusions to the Duke of Abercorn, Tory Papists, and Fenian policemen. Mr. Purcell, Q.C., who appeared for Mr. Lloyd, asked the Judge to take judicial notice of these scandalous charges, but his lordship reserved them for the full Court. Mr. Rea, who was loudly cheered on leaving the Court, delivered a characteristic address to the mob.—The Kensington Guardians have sent a letter to the Home Secretary, protesting against the parish being called upon to bear the cost of the infliction of punishment in its present form upon the Rev. Mr. Dodwell, whilst the opinion of eminent medical men was that his sanity was undoubted.—Three men have been committed for trial for the robbery of bank notes, bills of exchange, &c., of the value of 14,000*l.* from the Thornhill Arms, Stanningley, in July last. Two of them had been seen in the house during the evening. In the Doncaster race week the three prisoners, who all lived at Leeds, were taken into custody, and the greater part of the missing property was found concealed in the houses they occupied.—Mr. H. S. Marshall, assistant secretary to the Curates' Augmentation Fund, has been arrested for embezzling large sums of money belonging to the funds, amounting, on his own admission, to 3,000*l.*—A curious incident occurred at the Hammersmith Police Court the other day. An Irish labourer was charged with stabbing his wife, but the woman (a Roman Catholic), although quite willing to state what had occurred, persistently refused to take the oath. Under these circumstances her evidence was of course inadmissible, and the magistrate, after hearing a policeman's account of the affair, adjourned the case, and, on the woman declaring that she could not again attend, expressed his intention of issuing a warrant to compel her to do so.—On Saturday a dreadful tragedy was enacted at Bradford, where a man named Owston, prompted by jealousy, cut his wife's throat as she lay in bed, and then, rushing to the house of a neighbour with whom he suspected her of being too familiar, jumped through the window, and stabbed him in the face. He afterwards cut his own throat, but the wound was not fatal.—The death of Mr. Justice Keogh is reported from Bingen on the Rhine. The unfortunate mental disorder during which he attacked his valet about a month ago, is said to have entirely passed away before his death. He was sixty-one years of age.

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EX-SULTAN MURAD still takes a deep interest in the affairs of his country, according to *Galignani*. Although he suffers from frequent fits of derangement, he is wonderfully clear-sighted during his lucid intervals, and writes frequent letters of advice to Sultan Abdul Hamid, speaking enthusiastically of the regeneration of the Empire and the improvement of the state of the population.

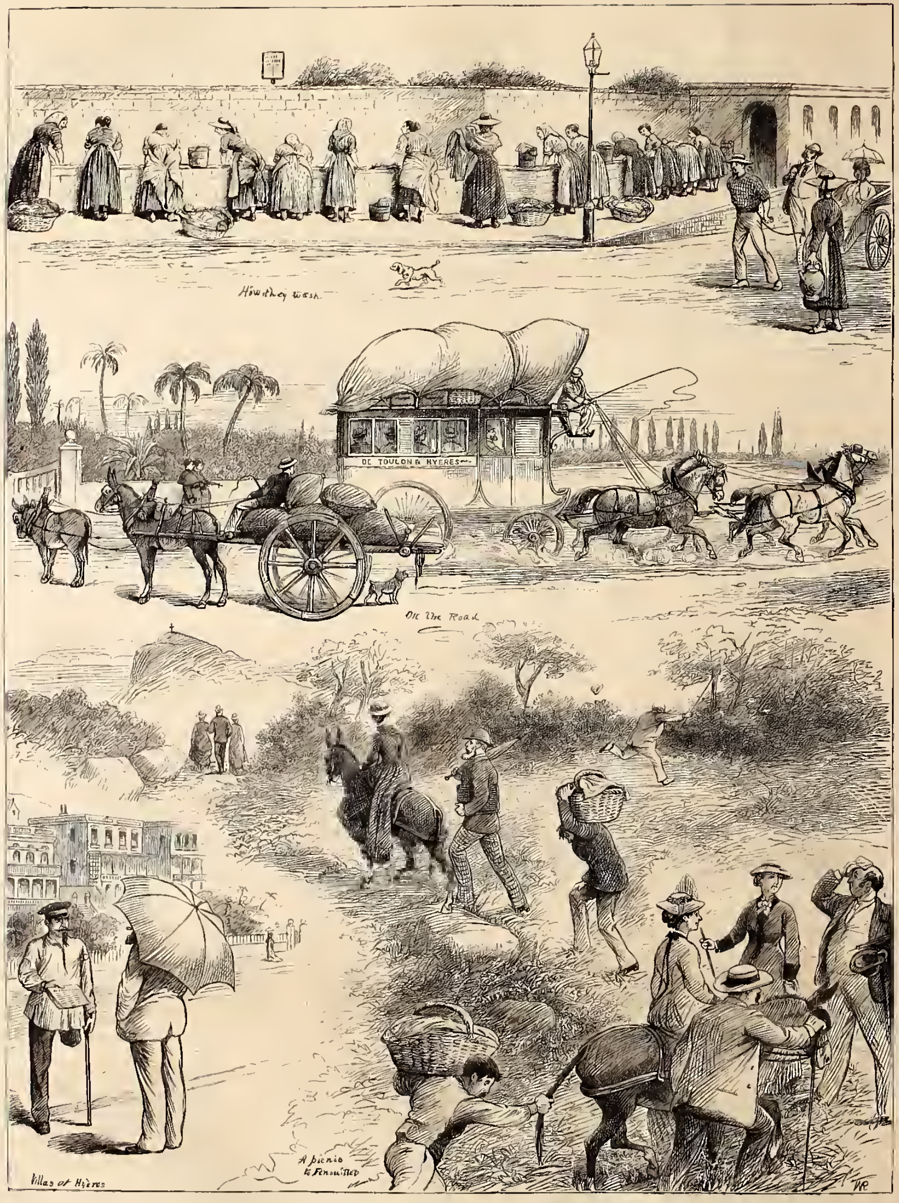
A FEMININE BULL-FIGHTER is the great attraction of the Mexican arenas at Nueva-Arata. Señora Cnucha Salata is asserted to be a most skilful *torreada*. Armed solely with a long dagger, she springs on the back of the most ferocious bull, stabs the creature, and escaping from the pursuit of the enraged animal by flinging herself flat on the ground manages to despatch the bull without receiving the slightest injury.

POPE LEO XIII. is passionately fond of lark-catching, and part of the Vatican garden is being fitted up to allow His Holiness to indulge in his favourite pastime. A small piece of ground is fenced in, and nets laid in readiness on the bushes, while the sportsman hides in a tiny hut at the corner of the enclosure. Worms and different insects are scattered on the earth, and tame larks, secured by a chain on one foot, acting as decoys, speedily attract a large number of their species. As soon as the sportsman considers the number sufficient he rings a bell which frightens the larks and makes them fly up, only to be caught in the nets which have been suddenly extended by means of a spring. This style of bird-catching, call a "rocolo," is much practised in Northern Italy.

THE ELEVATION TO THE PEERAGE of the Lord Chancellor has attracted no little attention in France, more especially as the title of Lord Chancellor is apparently considered synonymous with that of Premier. Thus the *Figaro* and the *Gaulois* announce that Lord Beaconsfield has been created Viscount Garmoyle and Earl Tairns (*sic*), and while the latter remarks that shortly, without doubt, his lordship will be made a Duke, the former, which has a correspondent in London, and makes a special feature of daily quotations from the English papers, devotes a whole column to moralising on the character and policy of that "keen and clever diplomatist, the Hero of Cyprus, who has just been elevated to the dignity of Earl."

EXPLOSIONS IN COAL MINES.——A correspondent sends us the following suggestion:—"Instead of increasing the number of shafts I would dispense with all but the main working one, and instead of trying to coax the foul air either by rarefying at the upcast or by exhausting fans, I would suggest a blowing engine similar to those used at the iron-smelting furnaces, but perhaps not so powerful—and to have a pair in duplicate in case of accident to either of them—to send the compressed air in suitable pipes to every nook and corner of the workings, to let every man have a tap and flexible pipe, so that each could have a constant supply of fresh air from the top, and thus to get behind the foul air and force it out, to remove all trap doors and obstructions, and let the enemy find his way out the best way he can, and up the main or working shaft. I think the men might, in this case, safely work with gas and dispense with the safety lamps, which are a great nuisance at all times, and ought to be discontinued."

PRINCE BISMARCK has a great dislike to posing for his statue, and a German sculptor who wished to execute a full-length figure of the Chancellor had recently to take up his abode in the Prince's house so as to study his model at odd times and complete the task from memory, the Prince refusing to sit quiet for the necessary likeness. The sculptor however was anxious to produce exactly the historic right hand of the Statesman, and tried to persuade the Prince to have a plaster cast taken, Marshal von Moltke having already submitted to the process. Prince Bismarck declined, notwithstanding, declaring that he was too nervous to bear the prickly feeling of the plaster sticking to his skin. The Chancellor evidently lacks the endurance possessed by the feminine original of two curious plaster casts in the Russian department of the Paris Exhibition. These casts are the first ever taken entire of a living form, and represent two recumbent female figures, one lying on the side and the other on the face.



A VISIT TO HYÈRES.

THE affront which England has received at the hands of the Ameer of Cabul by the stoppage of Sir Neville Chamberlain upon the threshold of Afghanistan is of such a serious and unmistakable character that no room is left for any difference of opinion as to the policy it imposes upon the Government. Unless Shere Ali immediately disavows the action taken by the Afghan commandant at Ali Musjid, or at once apologises for it, he must be punished, and that promptly, for his treatment of our Envoy. It is not usual for Afghan officers to go beyond the instructions of their Ameer, and, as we are told that, after a three hours' conference, the mission was not only turned back and the Afghan forces paraded on the heights, but also Major Cavagnari, the officer sent forward by Sir Neville Chamberlain, was told by the commander of the fort that but for his personal friendship he would have shot him there and then, there appears to be little ground for indulging in the hope that war will not supervene; military preparations have indeed already commenced, although it is announced that no immediate hostilities are intended. The garrison of our advance station at Quetta, which now consists of a Regiment of Punjaub Infantry and the Peshawur Mountain Battery, is to be reinforced by two batteries, three cavalry regiments, eight battalions of infantry, and two of pioneers and sappers. The Kohat column under General Roberts is to assemble at Thul, at the entrance of the Kuram Valley, and will consist of one horse and one field battery, two regiments of cavalry, five battalions of infantry, and one of pioneers and sappers. The reserve to collect at Sukkar comprises seven batteries, a siege train, two cavalry regiments eight infantry battalions, and two of pioneers and sappers. Lieutenant-General Crawford Chamberlain (a brother of Sir Neville), of the Oude Division of the Bengal Army, has been named as likely to receive the chief command of the Expeditionary Force.

Without presuming to pass judgment upon the conduct of Lord Lytton in his negotiations with Shere Ali, or to express any dogmatic opinion upon the purely military question of our frontier defences of India, we propose in this article to give a brief account of the geographical position, physical characteristics, and history of Afghanistan, with some description of the people over whom the Ameer of Cabul holds sway.

The Afghans, like the Chinese, have always exhibited the greatest aversion to foreigners entering their country, and therefore our knowledge of it, acquired under circumstances of great difficulty, is very imperfect, even the recent maps being but roughly accurate. Afghanistan is, on an average, about 430 miles from east to west, and 460 miles from south to north. On the north it is bounded by the Oxus till a few miles below

AFGHANISTAN ILLUSTRATED—TEMPLE OF AHMED SHAH AT KANDAHAR

Kilat, and thence the boundary-line dividing it from Khivan territory runs east and by south to a point a few miles west of Sarrakhs. On the west it is bounded by Persia; on the south by Khelat. From its south-easternmost extremity the frontier runs in a north-easterly direction along British territory as far as Swat. On the east it is bounded by Swat, Caffristan, and Kashgar. Afghanistan is traversed across the centre from east to west by a chain of mountains, which may be viewed as an offshoot of the Himalayan system. This chain, called the Hindoo-Koosh, ends in the Koh-i-Baba, a huge mass north-west of and at no great distance from the city of Cabul, the loftiest peak of which is 18,000 feet in height, and is covered with perpetual snow. Thence run two parallel chains, one called the Safed Koh; the other—the southernmost one—the Siah Koh. The northern range terminates near Herat, and the southern range, when it reaches a point just south of that city, trends off to the south-west and by south. These mountains are of no great height. North of the Koh-i-Baba and the Safed Koh is a high plateau, intersected by minor ranges, and called the Hazareh district. Running in a south-west direction from Cabul past Kandahar to Girishk is another chain of mountains. Practically, almost the whole of Afghanistan is a mass of mountains interspersed with valleys, of which some are of considerable size. The main water-sheds of the country are, however, the crests of the two mountain chains which run, one from east to west, and the other diagonally from north-east to south-west.

The chief rivers of Afghanistan are the Murghab, the Hari Rood, the Balkh, the Cabul, and the Helmund. There are also several smaller rivers, the whole country being well watered, and the valleys in consequence being extremely fertile.

CLIMATE AND PRODUCTIONS

The climate and soil of Afghanistan are very variable. In the valleys the climate is very hot in the summer, and fruit and grain are abundant. There is also a good deal of cultivation on terraces on the lower slopes of the mountains. Throughout the country, however, and especially in the north, there are tracts of desert, or rough rock-strewn plateaus, where nothing is cultivated. In the eastern part of the Cabul Valley, and in those to the south, the heat is sufficient to mature all the products of India, such as sugar-cane, indigo, and some tropical fruits, while the northern valleys abound in the productions of colder regions, and the mountains are covered with forests of pines. The soil of the country resembles that of the rest of the great table-land of Central Asia. In Cabul and the northern part of Herat are high forest-clad mountains and vast plains, susceptible of every species of cultivation; but south of Herat and Kandahar the mountains are sterile and the plains are sandy and arid; and the inhabitants only obtain water by means of a series of wells connected by subterranean canals. Throughout the country agriculture is in the same primitive state as in Persia and other Asiatic countries. The soil is broken by a crooked log of wood shod with iron, and drawn by oxen; and irrigation is largely resorted to in those districts where it is found necessary. Only the richest tracts of land are cultivated; but the seasons are regular, and the harvest usually abundant. To the fruits of Europe in high perfection are added most of those common in India, and vegetables of all kinds are reared in great abundance. Of these two deserve mention: the ruwash (rhubarb) and the assafoetida plant; the former is eaten both raw and dressed, and the latter is not only considered valuable for its gum, but is eaten roasted, and esteemed a great delicacy. Its odour is so strong, that, to persons unaccustomed to it, one head of it, while being cooked, is enough to poison the air of a whole camp.

The chief animals of Afghanistan are the horse, camel, and sheep, which last are of the fat-tailed variety, and are remarkable for the peculiar brown colour of their wool. The principal wild animals in the plains are the gazelle, jackal, fox, and wolf; but in the mountainous districts the tiger, leopard, lynx, hyæna, bear, and monkey are found; while in the western deserts a species of wild ass, called from its colour the "gorakhar," or white ass, is met with.

THE PEOPLE OF AFGHANISTAN

The Afghan nation is divided into two great sections, the nomads and the fixed population, both of which are further subdivided into numerous tribes or clans. The nomads are of course a pastoral people, but they vary the monotony of life by engaging in tribal feuds, and predatory excursions upon each other; and though they pride themselves upon the strict observance of the duties of hospitality so long as a stranger is within their tents or houses, he is no sooner beyond the limits of the camp or the shelter of the roof than they are ready to rob and, perhaps, murder him; all comers being considered fair game.

These nomad tribes, as represented by their various chiefs, pay tribute to the Ameer of Cabul, and, besides furnishing a contingent for the regular army of Afghanistan, they constitute the bulk of the militia upon which the Ameer can draw in an emergency. In all other respects they seem to be quite independent of the Government at Cabul. The fixed population are engaged chiefly in agriculture. They never trade or work at any kind of mechanical handicraft, unless compelled to do so by abject poverty. So thoroughly beneath their dignity are commercial pursuits held to be, that the very small number of Afghans who are tempted to engage in mercantile enterprise invariably leave the actual transaction of their business to Persians or Hindoos. The Afghans, like most mountaineers, are proud of their lineage, and are highly national. Their love of individual freedom, though strong, is exceeded by devotion to the family or clan, and this again yields to their love of country at large. Mr. Elphinstone, with whom subsequent travellers are in perfect agreement, sums up their character as follows:—"Their vices are revenge, envy, avarice, rapacity, and obstinacy; on the other hand, they are fond of liberty, faithful to their friends, kind to their dependents, hospitable, brave, hardy, frugal, laborious, and prudent; and are less disposed than the nations in their neighbourhood to falsehood, intrigue, and deceit." The tribes are further divided into branches which are termed *Ooloos*, each of which is a commonwealth ruled over by a chief, or master, if small; or if large, by a khan, who is always chosen from the oldest family, and sometimes selected by the Shah, sometimes by the people. These carry on the internal government, civil disputes being settled by the statutes of Mahomed, and criminal justice administered according to Afghan usage, which is founded on the principle of retaliation. Their marriage customs are similar to those of most Mahomedan countries, wives are purchased and regarded as property, a man marries the widow of his deceased brother, and it is a mortal affront for any other man to take her to wife. Sometimes the bridegroom earns his wife as Jacob did Rachel. Polygamy is permitted, but not largely practised, the poor contenting themselves with one wife, and the middle class with two, and perhaps as many concubines. The wives of the rich live in luxury and indolence, but those of the poor labour both in the household and in the field. In some tribes the smallest familiarity before marriage is strictly forbidden, whilst in others an excessive and perilous degree of it is allowed. Education is conducted much as in the conterminous countries, the children of the poor are taught by a moollah (schoolmaster) to read the Koran and say their prayers; the rich employ private tutors, whilst students intended for the learned professions go to colleges. Literature is at a very low ebb. The Pooshtoo language is an original stock, embracing a good deal of Persian, with some Zend and Sanscrit words, and the character used in writing it is the Niskee form of the Persian alphabet. Very few works of repute exist in the language. The Afghans are all Mahomedans of the Soonee persuasion, but they are very tolerant of other faiths. Christians sustain neither persecution nor reproach; they being called people of the *book*, as deriving their tenets from a written source, which the natives themselves respect, instead of pagans, as the Hindoos, who have to pay a slight tax. The Sheahs are more detested than any other sect, yet many of them hold important offices. Soofeeism (free-thinking) is very common and gaining ground, although denounced by the moollahs and priests, who are mostly bigoted, avaricious, and hypocritical, as well as arrogant. The Afghans are very social in their habits, they delight in dinner-parties, and are fond of listening to love songs sung to an accompaniment of guitars, fiddles, and hautboys; and to the marvellous fairy tales of the professional story-tellers. They smoke a great deal, and take much snuff, of a finely-powdered kind, like the Scotch. They are also fond of the chase, and of all kinds of sports, and they habitually train cocks, quails, rams, dogs, and even camels to engage in combat."

ORIGIN AND ANCIENT HISTORY

From what stock the Afghans have sprung is a difficult matter to determine. They themselves have a tradition that they are descended from the ten tribes whom Shalmaneser carried away captive after the destruction of Samaria, but no proof is advanced in support of the statement. Afghanistan Proper may be said to date as a nation from a period a little before the Norman conquest of England. We have little information with respect to it till about 997 A.D., when Monsoor, a Tartar chief, held sway to the north-west of what is now our Indian frontier, and on his death one of his officers, Sebek-Taghee, seized the opportunity to carve for himself, out of Tartar territory, an independent State, of which Ghuznee was made the capital. In later times the dominant power has been exercised by the tribe of Dooraunees, which was founded by Ahmed Shah, who was crowned in 1747, taking the title of Doree Dooran (the Pearl of the Age). He was a prudent politician and a successful warrior, and at his death the monarchy passed to his son Timour, a slothful and indolent prince, who not only made no effort to extend his dominions, but actually submitted to encroachment upon his own territory. After his death, his five sons engaged in a civil war for the possession of the throne, to which each laid claim. Zemaun Shah secured the crown for a time, but was ultimately compelled to yield to his elder brother Mahmoud, by whom he was imprisoned and deprived of sight, a cruelty which he himself had previously practised upon another brother, Hoomayun. Mahmoud had soon to give place to another brother, Shujau Shah, who put him into prison, but spared his sight, a clemency which Mahmoud repaid on regaining his freedom by reappearing in arms against him. The result was disastrous to Shujau, who fled to Lahore, where he was plundered and confined by Runjeet Singh, but he ultimately escaped and took refuge in British territory. Mahmoud owed his success to the talents of his Vizier, Futteh Khan; but Kamram, the son of Mahmoud, persuaded his father to imprison him and put out his eyes, and the Minister was eventually murdered. The numerous brothers of the Vizier, alarmed at this piece of cruelty, fled to their strongholds, and raised a rebellion throughout the kingdom. Mahmoud fled to Herat, where he died, his son Kamram succeeding to such authority as he had been able to retain, and the rest of the country passing into the hands of various chiefs—the most able and active of whom was Dost Mahomed Khan. This brings us down to the period immediately preceding

THE LAST AFGHAN WAR

In the year 1837 the conduct of Russian agents in the countries lying to the westward of India induced the British Government to seek an alliance with Dost Mahomed Khan, but their overtures were rejected, and the consequence was that the exiled Prince, Shah Shujau, was adopted by them as a *protégé*, and a military expedition was organised for the purpose of restoring him to the throne from which he had been expelled. A force of over 28,000 men, under the command of Sir John Keane, invaded the country, and though it was attended by some difficulties and privations, it successfully pursued its way to Kandahar, where Shah Shujau was solemnly enthroned in May, 1839. On the 23rd of the same month Ghuznee was taken by storm, and on the 7th of August the victors entered Cabul, from which Dost Mohamed had fled, and the war was thought to be over. But the illusion was soon dispelled.

On the 2nd of November a rising took place in Cabul, and an attack was made upon Sir Alexander Burnes's dwelling, in which he and his brother were killed. The British force occupying Cabul consisted of about 16,000 men, including camp followers. General Elphinstone withdrew all his troops into the cantonment, leaving the commissariat fort, containing all his supplies, to be guarded by a few troops, who speedily abandoned their post. From this moment the resistance of the British troops was only a question of time, as every day brought them closer to starvation. After a month of spiritless defence, during which the numbers of the enemy had enormously increased, negotiations were resorted to. But it soon became clear that Akbar Khan, the leader, was only trying to gain time, and to add to the miserable prospects of the garrison a heavy fall of snow covered the ground. Six weeks after the rising a pretended programme was submitted to the British Envoy, to which he assented, and in accordance with which, unaccompanied by any escort, he went to meet Akbar Khan. Sir William Macnaghten paid with his life for his credulity. He was shot through the head by Akbar Khan, and his body was exposed in the principal bazaar of Cabul. A convention under which the British were to leave Afghanistan and have safe conduct to the frontier was subsequently agreed to, and General Elphinstone, on the 6th of January, marched out with upwards of 4,000 fighting men and 12,000 camp followers. Almost immediately the massacre commenced: the rear guard was attacked, the guns captured, and every mile the army traversed had to be won with the sword. Want of food and excessive cold paralysed the native troops, so that they were cut down without any attempt at resistance. The soldiers of the 44th Regiment were destroyed almost to a man. General Elphinstone surrendered to Akbar Khan, and eight ladies, including Lady Sale and Lady Macnaghten, put themselves under his protection. At Jugdulluck, only thirty-five miles from Cabul, there were, with the exception of a few prisoners, 300 survivors out of the 16,500; and of these the only one left seven days after leaving the capital was Dr. Brydon, who died a short time since. Shah Shujau met the same fate as so many of his English supporters, and died by an assassin's hand. As soon as the dreadful news reached the Indian Government a force of 12,000 men, under General Pollock, was sent to avenge our honour, and punish the treachery of the Afghans. It successfully fought its way through the Khyber Pass, and, joining Sir Robert Sale, who for four months had gallantly held the town of Jellalabad, and obtaining a victory over Akbar Khan, it advanced to Cabul, whither General Nott from Kandahar had also marched. The abandoned city was destroyed, the European prisoners rescued, and the British army finally withdrew from Afghanistan.

RECENT POLITICAL CHANGES

Dost Mahomed, who had surrendered himself to us during the war, was set at liberty, and, returning to Cabul, regained the allegiance of his subjects. Subsequently, in 1857, a treaty of alliance was concluded with him, and a mission under Major Lumsden was sent to assist him in organising his forces to resist the Persians, who had begun an attack upon his western frontier. In 1858 the heir apparent to the throne of Cabul died suddenly, and Shere Ali Khan was nominated heir, to the exclusion of an elder brother. The natural consequence of this has been that since the death of Dost Mahomed in 1863 the country has been the scene of perpetual strife among his sons. Shere Ali, the present occupant of the throne, in 1864 obtained a great victory over one of his brothers—who surrendered to him on promise of good treatment, but was treacherously cast into prison.

Shere Ali himself has had five sons, two of whom are dead. The eldest fell, in 1865, at the head of his father's army, in a hand-to-hand encounter with his uncle, Amin Khan, who was a claimant to the throne. Abdullah Jan, the youngest and favourite son of the Ameer, who was then nominated heir-apparent, died quite recently, and it is a matter of doubt whom the Ameer will now appoint as his successor. His three surviving sons appear to have little chance; the eldest, Ibrahim Khan, though loyal to his father, is a man of no capacity and little popularity; Yakoob, the next in age, who seems to have some military genius, and is more ambitious, has been imprisoned by his father since 1874; whilst the third, Ayub, after making a vain attempt to raise a rebellion in his brother Yakoob's cause in 1874, fled into Persia, and has ever since remained in exile. It is thought that Shere Ali's choice will fall upon his grandson Ahmed Ali, the son of Mahomed Ali, who is now about seventeen years of age.

The gradual approach of the Russians towards our Indian frontier has long been a source of anxiety to the British Government. At the beginning of the last century their advanced forts were 2,500 miles distant from those of the English. Towards the close of the century the distance was lessened to 2,000 miles, and early in the present century was further reduced to 1,000. Since the Crimean War they have crept up to within 400 miles. It is therefore easy to understand that the advent of a Russian Mission at Cabul should have been regarded with suspicion, and that Lord Lytton should have sought to neutralise its influence by endeavouring to open negotiations with the Ameer. Whether Shere Ali's refusal to admit our envoy to his dominions was the result of Russian instigation is at present unknown, but we shall soon learn whether the Czar intends to help the Ameer to defend his country. Of course much might be secretly done by Russia, by supplying rifles, mitrailleuses, and the like; but even if the Afghans be left entirely to their own resources, the invasion of the country cannot but cost us much blood and treasure. The Ameer has a standing army, consisting of twenty regiments of infantry, seven of cavalry, and a small force of artillery; besides which there is the militia, which probably includes nearly every adult male in the kingdom. The infantry are armed with flintlocks, modern rifles, crooked swords, and "kindjals;" the cavalry with pikes, matchlocks, "kindjals," and crooked swords. It is said that their drill is entrusted to Anglo-Indian deserters, and carried on in accordance with English rule, the word of command being given in our language; and that a fair degree of success in tactics and manœuvring has been attained. The natural defences of the country are very strong, all the approaches running through difficult mountain passes, which are further strengthened by forts, perched here and there, upon the overlooking heights; and besides this, the independent hill-tribes are little likely to be bound by any promises which they may make in return for the bribes which they are ever ready to accept. Then, too, every town and village in the country has its wall, and innumerable towers are scattered about the country for the protection of the cultivated grounds, and the grazing cattle.

According to the latest intelligence, out of 15,000 British troops now under orders, 6,000 will proceed to Thall in the Koorum Valley, and 6,000 *viâ* the Indian Valley Railway and Jacobabad, to Quetta, and a reserve of 6,000 will form at Mooltan or Sukkur, where the required siege train will be collected. General Roberts commands the Kohat force, and General Biddulph that of Quetta, whilst the reserves are under General Stewart. Lord Lytton intends remaining at Lahore during the winter. The troops are very enthusiastic, but it is said that the expeditions will not cross the frontier until after the winter is over (a statement probably intended to be re-telegraphed to India). General Havelock suggests that the Ameer should be allowed until the 15th inst. to consider his position, and then that in the event of his remaining obstinate, the British forces should on that date divide into four columns, and, entering by the Khyber, Koorum, Gomal, and Bolan Passes, advance simultaneously on Cabul and Kandahar.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

OUR engravings and the following description are all taken from an illustrated work on Afghanistan, published in 1848, by the late James Rattray, Esq., a Lieutenant in the 2nd Grenadiers, Bengal Army.

THE TEMPLE OF AHMED SHAH, KANDAHAR

This temple, in which rest the remains of Ahmed Shah, the founder of the Douraunee tribe, stands upon a raised platform near the palace, or Citadel. It is built of white stone, with Turkish arches, decorated with coloured tiles, and painted with great taste. The *ensemble* thrown up by the dark tints of the Bullock's Hump mountain, rising in quaint and jagged outlines behind it, and viewed through the peculiarly transparent atmosphere, is charming in the extreme. Ahmed Khan, the "Faultless King," was the greatest sovereign the country ever produced, and all Eastern nations, whether friend or foe, still speak in terms of admiration of his military skill, his nobleness of heart, his clemency, and his decision of character. His virtues were as numberless as his victories, he was fond of study, and was a great patron of men of learning and piety. In his latter years he was anxious to acquire the reputation of a saint, and his wishes have been fulfilled, for his Temple is regarded as the very perfection of sanctity, and is resorted to as a place of retirement by nobles or chiefs, who, discontented with, or tired of the world, profess to meditate and pray there. I believe that no European has ever been permitted to cross the threshold of this holy edifice, and though I and others often essayed it, no sooner did we show our unbelieving heads at the outer courtyard, than the Moolahs and Hadjees (pilgrims), who abounded there, drove us away with hoots and cries of disgust.

THE AFGHAN FOOT SOLDIERS

THE summer dress of the Afghan infantry soldier consists of a blue, red, or white loose shirt, worn outside the full trousers; a "kummerbund" (waist-belt) of muslin, and a plaid scarf of silk and cotton mixture, from which hangs the "kummurkusa," or ammunition pouch, of embroidered Russia leather, with a variety of useful articles, including a small hammer, a gun-pick, a knife, a rosary, amulets, relics, and little bags full of texts and prayers, which they believe will preserve them from danger or death. The head-gear is either a close-fitting skull-cap or a high flowing turban. In winter, in addition to the "cameez," or shirt, they wear the "neemcha," a kind of half-jacket of tanned sheepskin, with the wool inside, the outside being tastefully embroidered with silk; and in place of the full trousers, thick black cloth ones are substituted, fastened with rope round the waist, and bound with the same material from the ankle to the knee. Their arms are short iron spears, shields of buffalo or rhinoceros hide, "choras," straight knives, twenty-five to thirty-five inches in length, blunderbusses, called "sherebuchas" (lion whelps), "tofungs," matchlocks, with barrels forty-six inches long, and stocks inlaid with ivory, brass, or silver; curved swords and "juzzails." These last are large heavy rifles, resembling a wall-piece in size, and fixed in an iron forked rest when fired; but which, notwithstanding their calibre, they fling across their shoulders, and handle with great dexterity, while they spring from rock to rock, or swarm hand-over-hand the hanging precipice. One of these formidable weapons, which I picked up at Kandahar had the whole length of the stock inlaid with rows of teeth. The Afghan has no idea of proper proportions in loading. He places a bullet in his half-closed hand and pours powder on it until it is covered, then rams the two down together, careless which reaches the bottom of the barrel first. Sometimes he uses a rude pair of scales, one side of which consists of a string of glass or leaden beads, or an iron tube filled with gravel to weigh against the powder, which is of very coarse grain. The bullets are always cast in a jagged mould, that they may cause a tearing wound, and when lead is scarce pebbles are used as a substitute.

INTERIOR OF THE CITY OF KANDAHAR

THE ancient city of Kandahar is believed by the Afghans to have been built by Alexander the Great, but since that period two more recent cities have been destroyed by earthquakes or abandoned for new sites. North-west of the present (the fourth) city, which was built by Ahmed Shah, under a hill called Chihel Zeenah (forty ornaments), lie the vast ruins of one of these ancient cities. Towards the left of the sketch is seen the tomb of Ahmed Shah; to the right a mosque, the Balla Hissaur, and the citadel. The buildings in the foreground are all more or less dilapidated, from the frequency of earthquakes. This, however, serves to show their interior structure. The roofs are mostly dome-shaped, as, unlike flat roofs, they require no timber, which is extremely scarce in this part of the country. Kandahar is situated in the centre of a fertile and well-cultivated plain encircled by mountains. Every hill and building around has some singular title, and each has its legend. Here, too, are magic grottoes, spots where virgins were turned to stones, and where miracles were performed by despairing lovers; and solitary caves where eminent saints practised their austerities for centuries. The city is an oblong square, four miles round its ramparts. It has six gates, and four principal streets which meet in the centre of the town, where the Nakarra Khana, or royal band-room, is situated. Several streams, crossed by small bridges, run through the city, and the streets were once shaded by avenues of trees, but of these few remain. The city is divided into a number of walled divisions, where each peculiar family or clan takes up its abode. Viewed from without there is little to catch the eye, as nothing is visible above the high walls, except Ahmed Shah's tomb, the summits of a few minarets, and the upper parapets of the citadel. But the interior, as seen from the battlements, cannot fail to delight. Mud houses partly in ruins; square houses of red brick, with doors and windows of Turkish arches; the lofty habitations of the Hindoo; the tents pitched here and there on the flat house-tops, the long terraces crowded with people, the high enclosures of the different tribes, the castles of the chieftains, with the domed houses, mosques, turrets, and cupolas, form a panorama pleasing to look upon.

CABUL, AND THE BRITISH CANTONMENTS

The Afghans assert that Cabul is six thousand years old, and that the Arch Enemy fell there when driven out of Heaven. The present city was built by Mahmoud, and before the visit of the avenging British army in 1842 was a handsome and busy city full of bazaars. Mr. Rattray proceeds: "A few months rolled on, and I again entered their mighty city. Great and terrible changes had taken place. Razed houses and blackened walls met my view. The city was deserted. We rode through the streets without encountering a living soul, or hearing a single sound, save the yelp of a half-wild dog, and the echoes of our own suppressed voices and of our horses' hoofs, sent back through the long grim avenues of the closed bazaars. Our countrymen had perished miserably by the knife of the wild mountain tribes. Merchant, husbandman, and citizen, all had forsaken their occupation and risen as one man to revel in the gore of the detested foreigner; and now upon our approach they had all fled from the city. Our Cabul forces lay cantoned on a piece of low ground on the road to Kohistan, and was surrounded by a diminutive rampart. To the north of the cantonments and attached to them was the Mission Compound (the Envoy's residence), which occupied an immense space, larger than the entrenched camp itself, and was surrounded by the houses of the Mission and the body-guard. The three prominent squares above the scattered lines of soldiery were the officers' quarters, the 13th Light Infantry occupied the building to the extreme right, the 35th Bengal Light Infantry the centre, and the 37th Native Infantry that to the left, which flanked the orchards occupied by the Generals and Staffs, in advance of the square of the Mission. The treacherous assassination of our Envoy and Minister took place on a slight eminence 500 yards from the eastern ramparts. The cantonments were commanded on all sides by hills and forts, opposite the south-west angle was Mahommed Naib Shurreef's castle, to the east was a broad, impassable canal, and several forts only a few hundred yards distant, whilst to the north was the village of Be-Maroo, near a low range of hills of the same name. The name Be-Maroo (without a husband) is derived from a virgin who was buried there. Doubtless our subsequent annihilation may be ascribed in the first instance to the unaccountable absence of judgment or military skill which selected such a position for an army in the heart of a half-conquered country; a cantonment which troops could neither quit nor enter without running the gauntlet of a tremendous fire poured into them from fortress, garden, village, hill, and wall, which hemmed in and commanded every face of the ill-contrived and widely scattered lines."

SHAH SHUJAU'S EXECUTIONERS

THESE portraits of Mahommed Shah, a Ghiljye of Zoormut, and Gowpur, a Populzye of Kandahar, give but an indistinct notion of the truly grotesque and demoniacal appearance of the King's "Nassnukchibaushis," or executioners. To judge of them correctly, they should be viewed in a body of some hundreds, dressed in crimson jackets, and bearing on their heads their high fantastic caps of every conceivable semblance. Some are ornamented with huge ears like asses', or spikes like those of porcupines, while others take the form of goat or buffalo horns, and many are conical, spiral, or bell-shaped, all being more or less decorated with rude figures and devices, and some bearing a spear-head as an emblem of superior rank. The seated executioner was a gentleman by birth, who rode before the sovereign. In his hand is the painted wand, surmounted by a bird, indicative of his being the head of a family. This fashion of dress is of very remote origin, and I have been told has been derived from a practice observed in the times of the ancient Roman Emperors, whose courtiers assumed this extravagant costume. If the dress alone of these people strike the beholder with astonishment, when seen in their peaceable vocation of running breathlessly before the Shah, as they clear the way with staves and shouts, how must they chill the Christian man with horror when pursuing their murderous calling! They seldom kill outright, but rip up, hack, and saw their unhappy victims, and leave the bodies to public exposure. None dare to make death sure, or render succour, for their sufferings are supposed to act as an example to others, and make atonement for sins committed. At the first capture of Ghuznee seventy Afghan prisoners were summoned before the Shah, who upbraided them as rebels. One of them, more exasperated than the rest, stabbed a "Peish-khidmut" in open court. The whole of the seventy were immediately doomed to death. They were taken outside the camp, pinioned back to back, and huddled together, some sitting, some standing, some lying prostrate. Then, jumping from one to another, and brandishing their long strong knives, the blood-stained ministers of vengeance hacked at their heads and necks at random, resting themselves between times until the seventy were all butchered.

THE FORTRESS OF GHUZNEE

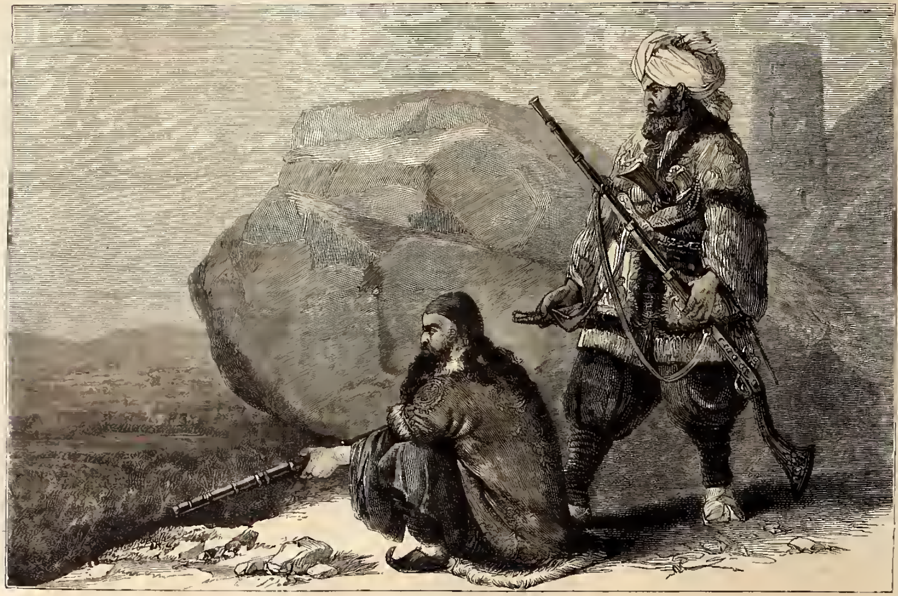
Of Ghuznee, the capital of a mighty empire which, eight hundred years ago, under the famous Sultan Mahmoud, extended its sovereignty from the mountains of Armenia to the banks of the Ganges, only a single fortress remains. In the twelfth century the Kings of Ghore conquered the Ghuzneevide monarchs, and rased their capital to the ground. A damaged reservoir, several dilapidated "musjeeds," two lofty minarets, the tomb of the Emperor, and some architectural fragments, have alone survived the fury of war and the wreck of ages to point out the former site of this magnificent city of palaces. The town stands on the extreme point of a range of hills which slope upwards, and command the north-eastern angle of the Balla Hissaur, near which, among ruined mosques and gravestones, is perched the tomb of Behoole the Wise. As a city it will not bear comparison with Cabul or Kandahar, but it possesses snug houses and capital stabling sufficient for a cavalry brigade within its walls, and in the citadel particularly the squares and mansions were spacious and princely in their decorations. The accompanying sketch was taken from outside the Kandahar Gate on the west of the city, which has two other outlets, the Cabul Gate and the Water Gate, so-called from the Cabul River, which flows close by its walls. On entering the town from the Cabul Gate the ascent to the Citadel is very abrupt, as it is built on the highest point of th hill. In a spacious square to the right of the bastion of the Balla Hissaur may be seen in this sketch a building called the "Dewaun Khauna," or Hall of Audience of Dost Mahomed, the interior of which is shown in another of our engravings. In front of this edifice stood the famous brass 68-pounder, "Jubber Jung" (the mighty in battle), which at the second siege of Ghuznee was worked with such precision that General Nutt was compelled to shift his ground three times to get out of its range. In a room beneath the right bastion of the Citadel, the officers of the 27th Native Infantry were confined for five months, huddled together in a space measuring only 18 ft. by 13 ft., without light or fuel, although the thermometer was 14° below zero. The place swarmed with vermin, and the whole party suffered terribly, their clothes rotting off their bodies; and they were constantly abused and threatened with death. Among the few relics of Ghuznee's ancient magnificence are two minarets remarkable for beauty of design and sculpture, which stand about 500 yards distant from each other on the road to the village of Roza. They are of unequal height, and the Afghans have a tradition that the lesser was built at the command of Sultan Mahmoud, by an aged architect, who afterwards threw himself from its summit on finding that one of his pupils had excelled his masterpiece by erecting a loftier and more beautiful structure. In 1842, when Ghuznee was a second time wrested from the Afghans by the British army, fourteen mines were sprung in the citadel, the Balla Hissaur was completely swept away, and the outer and lower fortifications, with the town and bazaar were destroyed, and the whole place left a heap of smoking ruins.

SHAH SHUJAU'S PALACE AT CABUL

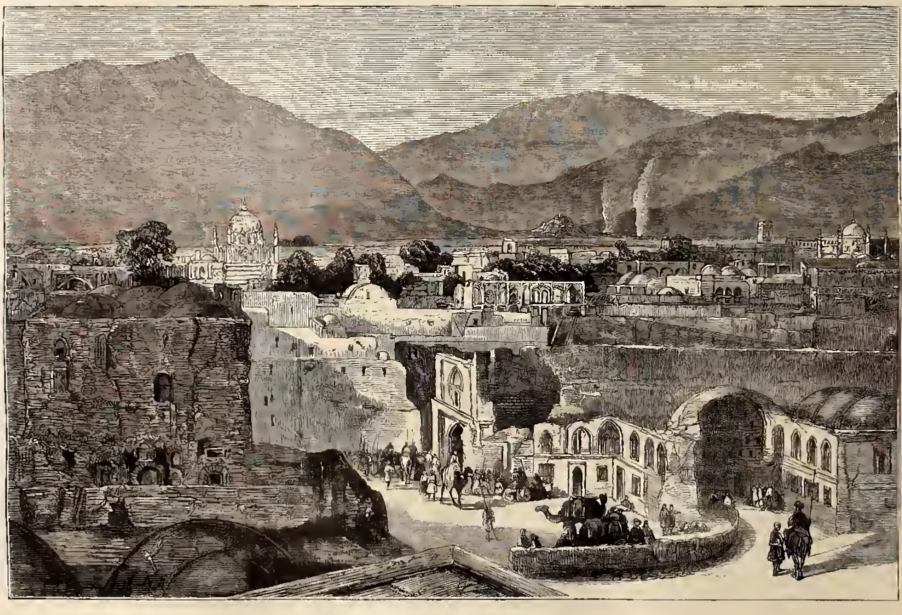
AFTER describing the splendid pageant which he witnessed on the occasion of Shah Shujau's return to Cabul from his winter palace at Jellalabad, Mr. Rattray says: "What a terrible revolution had taken place when I visited Cabul a year afterwards. King, Envoy, Resident, and politicals, generals and army, all murdered, swept away; the palace of the proudest monarch in the world defiled by the presence of a military mess; the sacred throne—a lounge, a pitch-and-toss table; the arched windows were now crowded by some of the very officers, smoking and chatting there, who had taken so humble a part in the ceremony of enthronement, and who stood beneath, as little noticed by the haughty monarch as the ground whereon they trod. Even the Afghans themselves had forgotten the former sanctity of the palace, for, as I sketched the interior, the Wuzzeer of the little Prince Shauhpoor (the youngest son of the late Shah, whom we left behind as king), who was of the same tribe, too, as the royal house, stretched himself on the marble throne itself to listen to the fooleries of the Court jester, who was capering about and displaying his juggling antics for our amusement. In the picture he is represented sitting there. The throne is said to be very ancient; it is composed of an octagonal block of white marble, raised on legs of the same material. The arches and pillars of the windows are of wood, carved, and painted. The sides of the room are full of niches, which are embossed in various patterns on the glittering plaster; the ceiling is richly painted in flowers and scrolls."

THE FORTRESS OF ALI MUSJID, AND THE KHYBER PASS

ON entering this celebrated pass the progress of the traveller is impeded by all those terrific obstacles common to the wild

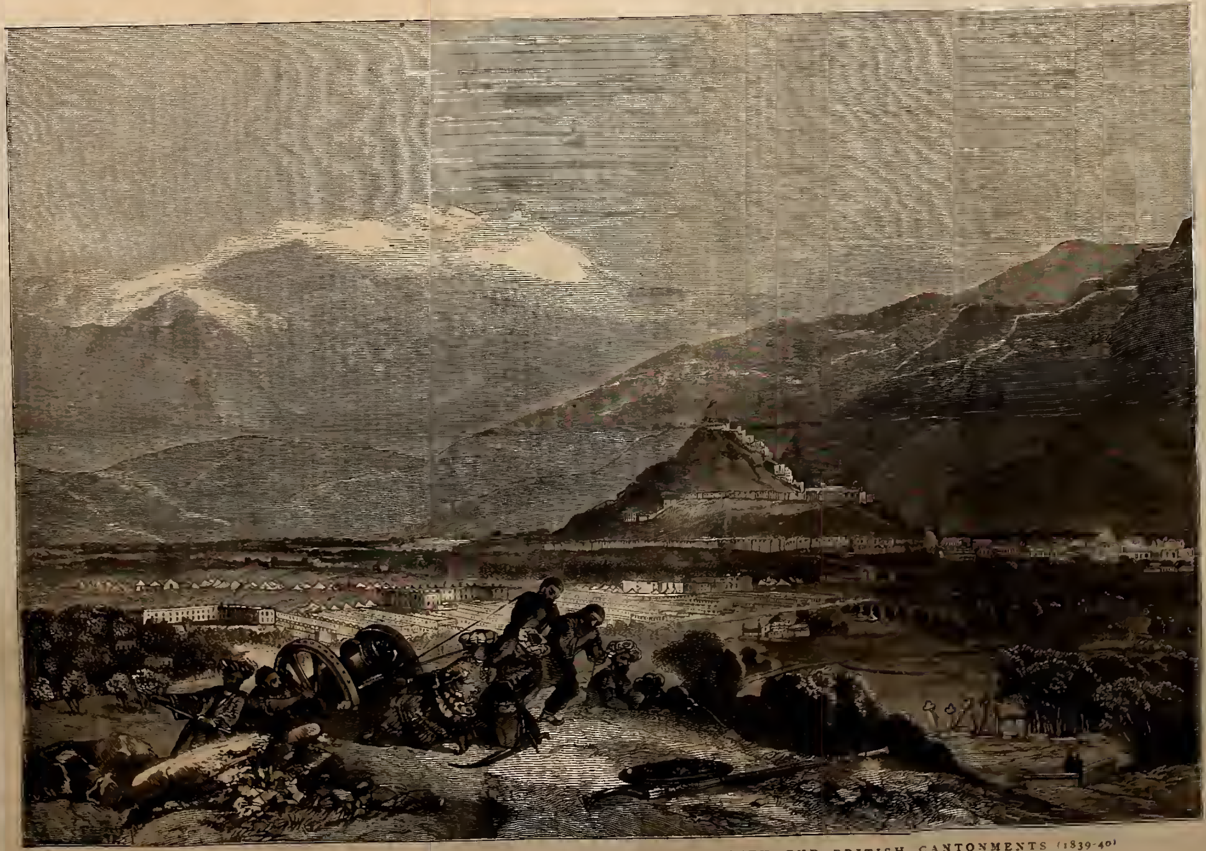


AFGHAN FOOT-SOLDIERS IN WINTER DRESS



INTERIOR OF THE CITY OF KANDAHAR

AFGHANISTAN ILLUSTRATED



AFGHANISTAN ILLUSTRATED—CABUL FROM THE BE-MAROO HILL WITH THE BRITISH CANTONMENTS (1839-40) mountain scenery of Afghanistan. The road lies up the stony bed of a river, enclosed on either side by perpendicular cliffs from 100 to 200 feet in height. The ravine varies in width from fifteen yards to a quarter of a mile, and the narrow path to the heights above winds and twists like a spiral staircase, turning at sharp angles and zigzags until it reaches the fortress itself, Ali Musjid (Temple of Ali), which completely commands the line of road called Kaffir Thunghee (Infidel's Pass). The Khyberees who inhabit the hills acknowledge no chief, but are divided into a number of petty clans or tribes. They live in caves in the hill-sides, climbing higher and higher as the weather waxes warm, and gradually descending in the winter. They are filthily dirty, mean, cunning, and treacherous, much addicted to robbery and murder, and they levy black mail upon all who pass through their haunts. They received heavy toll from both sides during the war of 1839—42, and they will probably do the same in the coming contest. The present fortress, the commander of which behaved so insultingly to our Mission, must be of recent construction, for Lieut. Rattray goes on to say, "While on the extreme rear-guard of General Nott's division, I had been taking the accompanying sketch from the Kaffir Thunghee, and had scarcely completed it, when suddenly a report was heard, and, to my utter astonishment, walls and bastions composing the fortress blew up simultaneously into the air, like a whirlwind of sand, and so completely was it swept from off the summit of the mountain, that when the dense cloud cleared away not a vestige of the building remained."

THE VALLEY AND THE GROVE OF JUGDULLUK

On leaving Cabul in October, 1842, our route lay through those same dark narrow defiles which some nine months before had been trodden in blood by our ill-fated army. Though throughout the valley of Cabul to the gorge of Boodkark skeletons scattered here and there prepared us in a manner for what was to follow; no fables yet feigned, or fear ever conceived a scene so sickening as that which we had to encounter. In the Koord Cabul, a defile five miles long, hemmed in by almost perpendicular mountains, the skeletons of 3,000 men were piled one upon another. It was a fearful thing to hear the crackle of the bones as the gun-wheels smashed them into powder. As we wound down the staircase-like summits of Huft Khootul, three miles long, the dreadful spectacle increased in horror, for between there and Tazeen the bodies of 9,000 soldiers and camp-followers (besides cattle) strewed the road. The frost had wonderfully preserved the corpses, which, though having a dried, mummy-like appearance, were in many instances perfectly recognisable from the complexion, shape of features, colour of hair, and remnants of clothing which still hung about them. Twenty-three miles from Tazeen lies the Valley of Judduluk. Between its stupendous walls of blackened granite remnants of barricades still stood in many places. They were interlaced with bones, skulls, branches of trees, and pieces of rock, and close by were piles of whitening skeletons. The holes in the rock were filled with bodies so choked together that it was hard to conceive how they could have got there. The ruined fort on the right of the sketch was the scene of awful destruction, the worn-out remnant of the army who crept for shelter between its walls was deliberately butchered by the merciless enemy. The slaughter was immense, and the few who managed to escape were all killed before reaching Futtehabad, with the exception of six officers, who there met with the same fate, Dr. Brydon alone remaining to tell the disastrous story. "Why," inquires Lieutenant Rattray, "were those skeletons permitted to remain above ground as everlasting monuments of our weakness and disgrace? Had each successive regiment of the armies passing over them buried, during its brief halt, a portion of those bones, they would have been shut out effectively at least from the gloating eyes, if not from the memories of their slayers; nor would our haste to retreat from the charnel-house have been impeded by this act of decency and duty to our countrymen. Why have the brave been thus abandoned to the insults of a whole nation?"

THE BAZAAR AND CITADEL OF KANDAHAR

The Nakarra Khana, from the terrace of which this sketch was taken, is the room where the Royal Band plays. It is situated in the centre of the city, in a domed building called the Charsoo, beneath which is a covered space, where proclamations and public orders are read, where the mutilated bodies of malefactors are exposed, and where the best shops for every variety of merchandise are located. Nothing can surpass the stunning and unearthly music of His Majesty's band. The performers attempt only three or four notes, repeated in regular rotation on a dozen deafening drums, discordant horns, and hoarse speaking-trumpets, from the most dismal bass to a high braying treble, the whole burthen of the strain being "Shah Shujah—Shah—uh—Shu—jan." These reverberations, heard for miles around, proclaim the entrance of the Sovereign and the Princes, and serve likewise to mark the divisions of the day, as the band plays at daybreak, mid-day, and midnight, after which hour until the morning beat, no one can appear in the streets under pain of imprisonment and fine. The bazaar, extending on this side from the Charsoo to the citadel, was always a gay, thronged, and ever-changing scene, crowded to suffocation with wild tribes and people as various and extraordinary as the goods in which they dealt. The lofty and spacious edifice which we pass on our left from the Charsoo to the citadel is a mosque, sacred by reason of the enshrinement of the Prophet's shirt. Beyond the citadel and ramparts is a plain bounded by a range of mountains, whose rugged outlines appear above the walls, and in front of the same fortification is the square where the Douraunee chief, Ukram Khan, was blown to pieces from the mouth of a gun.

LADIES OF CABUL

The lady Shukkr Lub (sugar lips), the seated figure in this sketch, was the favourite wife of a former Governor of Baumiann, and a niece by marriage of Dost Mahomed. She was a Kuzzilbaushe belle of the first water, and the description of her dress will indicate that of her countrywomen generally. Her long black hair, allowed to enshroud her whole figure, was divided into a hundred strings of gilded plaits. The back of her head was covered with a golden skull cap, adorned with coins of the same metal, while splendid jewels, set in peculiar workmanship, hung from her nose and ears. Her eyes were dyed with "soormah" (antimony), which, put on with a bodkin drawn between the closed eyelids, gives to the organ that almond-shape so much admired. Her brows by artificial means assumed a crescent shape, the dye extending down either side of the nose, and a shawl pattern was painted between the arches. Her neck and cheeks were also dotted with moles, and rouge, and henna stained her hands, feet, fingers, nails, and toes a deep brown colour. These women amuse themselves indoors with their pipes, embroidery, and conversation. They are fond of gossip, but their toilette is the chief object of their existence. A few read, but writing is considered highly improper, as conducing to mischief and intrigues. Their habiliments are a loose shirt of crimson, or some other bright coloured silk or satin, braided with gold lace, open at the bosom, and fastened at the throat by a brooch or jewel; a chintz jacket, resembling an hussar's, adorned with loops and buttons, with wide sleeves pointed at the cuffs, and caught by a stud at the wrist, to display the flowing shirt beneath, and trowsers of rich velvet, or kimboh, edged with a massive band of gold, the joining of which is fringed out into a tassel. When out of doors they don an immense white sheet, reaching from the top of the skull cap to the feet; a large square veil, attached to the back of the head by a jewelled clasp, conceals the face, across which is an opening of network to admit light and air, long loose boots of white calico fastened above the knee, with silken garters embroidered with texts from the Koran, and other inscriptions, complete their outfit. They sit astride on horseback, generally behind their husbands, but when alone the animal is led. Though the ladies of Afghanistan are strictly under the "purdah" (curtain), they enjoy life more, and exercise greater influence over their husbands than is the case in most Eastern countries. They may often be seen riding on horseback, tripping along the crowded bazaars, or listening to the story of some Persian story-teller. On such occasions they keep closely veiled, but they also make frequent excursions to sequestered spots, and then they throw off their disguise and restraint together. I have occasionally come suddenly upon a group of them before they had time to veil themselves, or scud away like startled antelopes, and found the young girls strikingly handsome, though to a European taste their regular features were somewhat disfigured by rouge, white paint, and beauty spots.

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A ROUMANIAN WAR BALLAD

INTRODUCTORY

Basil Alecsandri, the author of "Penes Curcanul," is a Moldavian gentleman of ancient lineage and considerable fortune, who has for the last thirty years been unanimously recognised by his countrymen as the first of modern Roumanian poets. From foreign intrigues and home politics, the almost exclusive occupations of men bearing historic names and holding high provincial station in the Principalities, he has resolutely and consistently kept aloof; devoting his whole life to the cultivation of his property, amelioration of his tenants' moral and physical condition, and the production of literary works which have made his name justly famous in every European country peopled by the Latin races. Very recently the prize awarded by the "Society of Roman Languages" to the finest poem upon "The Latin Races" was conferred by the jury, assembled for that purpose at Montpellier, upon Alecsandri's "Canteeul Gintei Latine."

To Alecsandri, Negri, and Bolintineanu, may justly be ascribed the revival of the Roumanian tongue as a literary language—its purification from many of the barbarisms imported into it by Turks and Sclaves during the frequent foreign occupations of the Dacian Principalities—and the definitive regulation of its orthography, as well as its emancipation from the hideous thraldom of the Cyrillic Alphabet, which, hedging round the acquisition of Roumanian with difficulties that proved equally prohibitive to the foreigner and the native, was slowly but surely degrading the language to the rank of a mere proletarian dialect, forlorn of grammar, indefinite as to its spelling, and defaced by innumerable alien overgrowths. Roumanian, forty years ago, exhibited all the symptoms of inevitable decay, and was regarded by many of the more cultivated and ambitious Moldo-Wallachians as a doomed tongue, the poverty and obsoleteness of which afforded sufficient justification for its dismissal to the limbo of extinct idioms; when the poets above named, aided by the historian and journalist, Michael Cogulniceanu, by Nicholas Balcescu, John Ghika, Donici, Negruzzi, and Voinescu, awakened it from a trance which already resembled death, and, but for their collective energy, would certainly have terminated in dissolution.

Alecsandri has at different times published collections of his poetical works, some few of which have been translated into French prose. The latest of these *recueils* contains a dozen or so of songs and metrical narratives suggested by the late war, in which the Roumanian army played so valiant and distinguished a part. These short poems are instinct with patriotic pride, tempered by the melancholy engendered in their author's soul by the fruitless sufferings and sacrifices undergone by his brave and kindly countrymen, the victims of dishonest intrigue, brutal rapacity, heartless ingratitude, and atrocious treachery.

Alecsandri's chivalrous and loving heart has been wrung by his country's woes; but it has also throbbed passionately in response to the gallant deeds of her heroic sons, and has poured forth its sorrows and joys in verse that has already become an integral part of Roumanian folk-lore.

From his war songs and narratives I have selected "Penez Curcanul" for presentation to English ballad lovers, for that it is, of all his latest productions, the one most vividly illustrating Roumanian characteristics. Its title demands explanation as well as translation. The Roumanian Dorobanisi, or Militia, wear an uniform differing in more than one essential respect from that worn by the Ostasu, or regular troops of the line. One of their distinctive sumptuary attributes is a plume of real feathers inserted in the side of the *caciula* or sheepskin cap, which, in common with every Roumanian peasant, they wear as a head covering. According to the original clothing regulations laid down for the Dorobanisi when they were first constituted a national armed force, this plume was decreed to consist of eagles' feathers; but the military authorities subsequently found it impossible to obtain the necessary supply of so rare and costly an article, and substituted for the plumage of the king of birds that of the humbler monarch of the farm-yard, turkeys being extremely plentiful throughout Moldo-Wallachia. From wearing the turkey's wing in his cap, the Dorobants acquired the popular nickname of "Curcan" or Turkey. "Penes," a feather, is also a not uncommon "front name" in Roumania; and Alecsandri, whose hero is "Penez Curcanel," is a Dorobants, the narrator of his own and his comrades' exploits in the 1877 campaign, has bestowed upon him a twice-punning appellation; making "Feather the Turkey" stand for "Penesh the Militiaman." Such *jeux-de-mots* are untranslatable from one language into another, as far, at least, as concerns the possibility of rendering the humorous equivalent of the original jest. Nor can any one dealing with two idioms so entirely differing from each other in construction and *tournure de phrase* as Roumanian and English hope to convey in a translation from the former into the latter tongue any adequate idea of the beauties especially characterising the versification, arrangement of words and syllables, and dashes of local colour that delight the reader of Alecsandri's poems in their native Roumanian. The more faithful to the text the translator, the less can he hope to fulfil the æsthetic portion of his task. Metaphrasis is a deadly foe to the imitation of style, and offers almost insurmountable obstacles to the achievement of metrical identity between the translated and translating verses. Roumanian is a language numerically poor in words, and consequently compact in expression; it teems with elisions and contractions; there are no limits to the liberties which may be taken with it under the pretext of poetical licence. In its poetry lines which to the eye appear to contain twelve and thirteen feet are so pruned by the enforcement of arbitrary signs that they convey to the ear, when properly recited, only eight feet.

The ensuing English version of "Penes Curcanul" has no pretensions to be anything more than a translation, as nearly verbal as is consistent with the reproduction of Alecsandri's metre and rhythm. The exigencies of rhyme have here and there compelled me to depart from his arrangements of words, and even to invert, in one or two cases, the positions of lines. But "Penesh the Turkeycock" will be found, on the whole, to say in English, as far as the mere sense of his utterance goes, pretty nearly what "Penes Curcanel" says in Roumanian. That his narrative, as here given, lacks the vigour and pathos imparted to it by Alecsandri's genius in a language well-nigh as euphonious and manageable as Italian I am too well aware, and can only crave his indulgence, as well as that of all Roumanian scholars who may chance to light upon this translation, for its many shortcomings and weaknesses. W. Beatty-Kingston

Nine of us marched from Vaslui—
Counting the sergeant, ten;
God knows, not one man's heart
Felt cold within him then!
Light as the soaring hawk, whose cries
The mountain echoes rouse,
We sped along, with wingèd heels,
And plumes upon our brows.

Sturdy militia-men were we,
Roumanians, void of fear,
Each man with sandals, cloak, and belt,
And cap cocked on his ear.
"Turkeys" our nick-name, long ago
Given by a jesting clown;
That name our Balkan deeds have made
A title of renown.

Our sunny fields, our homes, and ploughs,
We left, a joyous band,
To free from Turkish yoke our poor
Belovèd native land.
That, Sergeant Matraguna said,
Our duty 'twas to do;—
And so, with trust in God, we marched,
Resolved to do it, too!

And those who met us on the road
Singing with all our might,
Stood still, with admiration filled
At such a gallant sight.
And when they asked us, whether we
To a wedding-feast were bound,
We answered, with a scornful laugh,
"We seek the battle-ground!"

"Good luck go with ye, dearest lads!
We know you'll do your duty!"
Shouted the old men, wives, and priests,
And many a village beauty.
Then loud our beardless sergeant cried,
"Be not with fear opprest!
A Rouman lad has seven lives
Of brass within his breast!"(a)

Who would have thought, as on we marched
Rejoicing, through the land,
That Fate to perish had foredoomed
Our gallant little band!
Behold! of nine that erst we were—
Counting the sergeant, ten—
I, only I remain, to mourn
The death of those brave men.

'Tis cruel when, among the oaks,
The keen, relentless axe
The giants of the leafy glades
Lays low upon their backs!
But black the star (b), whose lurid rays
On Death's sharp hatchet shine
As through our lives he hews his way,
And stretches us supine!

Ah! bring me, friends, a brimming cup
Of water from the spring,
That I may quench my burning thirst,
Allay my sorrow's sting.
Mine eyes are filled with blinding sparks,
My grief is deep and dour,
When of my comrades dear I think,
All cut down in their flower.

The shepherd, Cobuz, on his flute
At Kalafat was playing;
And we the Hora gaily danced
Whilst shells were round us straying;

A jagged splinter rushing came,
And screaming on its way,
Poor Cobuz's skull it battered in,
And spoilt our dance that day.

Just three days after that we crossed
The Danube at its worst,
And pitched our tents upon the plains
Round Plevna the accurst.
In front of us loomed Grivitza,
And gave us dreadful pause,
That grisly monster, crouching there,
With hidden teeth and claws!

But we crouched also like the snake
When watching for his prey,
And racked our brains to think how we
Might seize that monster grey;
From dawn to dawn the Turks and we,
We rent the skies with lead
Like barley-grains in handfuls thrown
To pigeons, when they're fed.

The earth shook with the cannon's roar,
The shells came thick and fast,
Dismally moaning through the air,
As moans the tempest-blast.
The Turk was hidden in his trench
Like bear within his den;
And, whilst we fired at earthen walls,
He shot at living men.

Poor Tsintses was a gunner smart,
And every shot he sped
The Turkish ant-hill smote with might,
And struck some Pagan dead.
But, just at daybreak, from the fort
A bullet came—but one!
Our gallant Tsintses prostrate fell,
And, dying, clasped his gun!

One night, before the trenches, Bran
And Vlad were mounting guard;
The ebon canopy of heaven
With glowing shells was starred:—
At dawn we found them, dead and stark,
All slashed by yataghan,
And, close beside, a gory heap
Of stiffened Mussulman. (c)

Poor lads! full gallantly they strove
Against a pagan band;
A weapon, tightly gripped, was found
In each dead hero's hand.
Alas! to half our little host
Relentless Death had beckoned;—
Five—only five—of us remained,
Or six, the sergeant reckoned.

Then came the day of the assault,
That day of slaughter dire,—
When face to face with Death we stood
Braving the Moslem fire.
Our sergeant then, that dragon's son, (d)
To us did loudly cry,—
"You five and I, my boys, will do
Our duty, ere we die!"

Crossing ourselves, "Please God, we will!"
We answered with a shout;
And then we made a sudden rush
Straight at the grim redoubt.
Great God! how fiercely they attacked,
My gallant comrades all!
How swiftly stormed the bristling trench
And climbed the bastion wall!

We're up at last!—another spring!
Forward! Hurrah!—'tis won!
But many a voice is silenced there,
For Death his work hath done!
A hellish fire encounters us
From out the bastion's face;
A host is stricken down—forthwith
Another takes its place.

Brave Burcel in the trenches died
Amongst the Pagan rout;
"Long live Moldavia!" Shoimu cried,
And fell in the redoubt.
Two brothers Calin, herdsmen both,
Lay writhing in their gore,
Without a groan, in silence stern,
Each man his anguish bore.

And then our valiant captain,
With a red slash 'cross his brow,
Shouted, "Each Turkey-cock must bear (e)
Him like a falcon now!"
Grasping the standard in his hand
He clomb the ladder steep,—
I and the sergeant after him
As close as we could keep.

Through fire, sabres, bullets, smoke,
And thrusts of bayonet,
We upward strove until, at last,
We reached the parapet.
Allah-il-Allah! at us dashed
The Turks with horrid shout;
Roumania's flag we planted high
Upon the grim redoubt.

Hurrah! how nobly in the breeze
Spread out our standard gay!
But we bestrewed the earth, mown down
In that surpassing fray.
Our dying sergeant fiercely gibed
The Turk with his last breath,
And, gazing at our floating flag,
Our captain met his death.

And, as they bore me off the field,
Aloud I feebly cried,
"On this, our day of victory,
Would God that I had died!
And then, when next I oped my eyes
After my wounds were drest,
I found the Cross of Honour laid
Upon my bleeding breast.

Oh! give me back my shattered hand,
Lord of All Power and Might!
And heal my death-wound, that I may
Return unto the fight!
This world of ours, I ween, affords
No nobler destiny
Than this—to lead a warrior's life,
And like a hero die.

NOTES.

(a) "Seven lives of brass." This is a popular figure of speech, obviously transmitted to the modern Roumanians from their Latin ancestors. It belongs to the same category as does the hackneyed quotation, "Robur et æs triplex."

(b) "Black the star." *Stea neagra*, the "black star," is an anomaly having its only *raison d'être* in Roumanian popular superstition, which typifies Adverse Fate or Cruel Destiny as a "black star." Alecsandri, of course, uses it strictly in its figurative sense, and as an image of evil fortune familiar to all classes of his countrymen.

(c) "Mussulman" is a noun of plurality.

(d) "That dragon's son." *Puiu de zmeu.* A superstition is still prevalent amongst the Roumanian peasantry to the effect that any abnormally valiant, masterful, or physically vigorous man is a son (or rather, a descendant) of a dragon or a giant—mythical beings equally esteemed by a people whose ballad-lore is full of their marvellous exploits. The titles "dragon's son" and "giant's son" will be found in the older Roumanian "cantice batrinesce" applied to Michael the Brave, Stephen the Great, Vlad the Cruel, and other popular heroes of Roumanian traditional history.

(e) "Each Turkey-cock must bear him like a falcon, now!" Another play upon words, in the manner of that presented by Alecsandri in his title to this ballad. Turkey-cock stands here for a punning synonym of Militia-man. The falcon (*soimu*) is the Roumanian popular type of courage, swiftness, and fierceness.

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FASHIONS

THOSE of our readers who are fortunate enough to spend this month in the northern counties must put aside all outdoor costumes of thin materials, as, although the midday sun may be warm, and sometimes even hot, the heat lasts but for a short time, the mornings are chilly, and the dews of autumn are very heavy.

The shooting and hunting seasons are now of almost as much interest to the female as to the male portion of the fashionable world, as the former take more or less share with the latter in these sports. A few hints as to the most useful costumes to be taken for a visit of a month or so to the north of Enlgand or Scotland may be useful to young novices who are making their *début* in the sporting world. First and most important are the dresses for what may be termed "roughing it," two at the least, if not more, are needful; they should be made of dark materials, but not heavy, for example: a costume of *beige*, or camel's hair cloth, of fine Scotch tweed or Lowland cloth, in heather mixtures or plain, made with a short round skirt entirely kilted from the bodice to the hem, put into a deep yoke, and fastened at the waist with a leather belt, tight sleeves, plain linen collar; hat of the same material as the dress, with a long gauze veil to match; these veils, by the way, should be fixed on with a strong silver or fancy buckle only, as they require to be ironed and renewed very often. Those personages who consider this style too severe may embellish it thus: the kilting only three quarters of a yard deep, and the front arranged in six or more folds divided by a *plastron* of plain material, if the foundation be plain, or *vice versâ*; large buttons of mother-of-pearl and silver, or bone and gilt edges, pockets, yoke, and cuffs to match, the skirt either kilted at the back, or plain, with flat trimmed pockets; sashes or scarves on the skirt are very much in the way for climbing. A plaid put on in the orthodox Highland mode, over the shoulders with the ends tucked in, not only looks stylish, but is very warm and comfortable. A long paletot to match may be worn with these costumes. The only real tartans which can be worn by adults are the "Forty-second" and the "Argyll," both of which make very graceful costumes trimmed with green velvet facings and small gilt or silver buttons, a *toque* hat with a velvet band and an eagle's feather. A still more striking effect may be produced by a plaid woollen skirt, over which should be worn what is all the rage just now with Parisians out of town, namely, a *casquin de fermière*, made something in the form of an old-fashioned, swallow-tailed coat, which opens over a waistcoat. The *casquin* in this case should be of dark green moleskin velveteen, with a Gainsborough hat to match, green velvet waistcoat edged with gold.—For a visiting dress nothing can be prettier than a costume of velvet and *poult de soie*, or cachemire, in bronze green, ozone black, Bordeaux peacock green, or mahogany brown, made thus: on a silk foundation a plain bodice and skirt of velvet, fastened with small gilt or silver buttons from the throat, half-way down the skirt, when the corners are turned back, faced with velvet, and fastened together on the square demi-train; the velvet skirt is divided at the hips, drawn back, and forms the train, displaying the silk at the hem three quarters of a yard. A long silk waistcoat may be worn, or a double frill of soft wide white lace round the throat, and down the front to the waist, ruffles at the wrist to match. Bonnet with a double brim, and curtain of velvet and silk, relieved by touches of old gold, which must be used very sparingly, as gilt feathers and ornaments have already become very common. For a home dinner dress our old friend and most useful companion, the black silk, must not be neglected, it looks very nice made with a gathered or fluted *plastron* of black satin; for a slender figure the long tight silk sleeves may be puffed and slashed at the shoulders and elbows with satin. The latest fashion in fichus is made of soft fine Indian muslin, a double square edged with white lace, and fastened with satin bows or loops of two colours across the bosom, and a small bow on the left shoulder; deep lace chemisettes or bibs are also much worn with dark dresses, deep lace cuffs are placed outside the sleeves, and bows of ribbon, either of two colours, reversible, or separate.

The "old masters," foreign and English, are taken as models for the fashions of the day more than ever they were, and the result is most artistic and graceful; to quote the words of a Parisian contemporary: "For fear of not being pretty enough, we consult the great masters. Parisian taste no longer suffices; it is to art galleries we now address ourselves—Rembrandt is the *modiste*, and Watteau the *coiffeur*."

We have been asked again and again, "What are the fashionable shapes for bonnets and hats this autumn?" Our invariable answer is, "Whatever suits your face and general appearance, and is most appropriate to the time and occasion when it is to be worn." The endless varieties of form, from the wide-brimmed black, or sombre-coloured Rembrandt, either made in felt, beaver, or velvet, to the small airy *toque* shape, made of white or some delicate-hued flowers or feathers, are too numerous to catalogue or describe. White felt hats, with moderately wide brims, turned up in the front or at the side, lined with plush, white, or of some rich dark colour, trimmed with fan-shaped bows and long ostrich feathers. Snug little drawn velvet bonnets, lined with pale pink or blue silk, and trimmed with two rosettes of fringed silk, a *bébé* cap under the brim, may be classed amongst the most universally becoming head-gear of the period. Caps are no longer worn by single girls; but for young and middle-aged matrons they are very stylish. One design, for morning wear, is very neat and becoming: the crown is rather high, terminating below in three gathered runnings drawn up with embossed ribbons, not half-an-inch wide, sometimes minute roses or other flowers, at others plaids form the pattern, they are tied in front with bows and long ends.

Amongst the numerous beautiful materials for evening wear we may mention embossed velvet, striped satin and velvet, pékin, and brocaded silk, Genoa velvet in every shade and hue, shot satin, which is as many tinted as mother-o'-pearl—hand embroidery is very much employed for trimming both morning and evening costumes on the dress itself or on bands of net; some of the designs are veritable works of art executed with consummate skill and taste.

A few words as to bridal costumes in general, for we hear of many weddings to come off this month. A charming model dress for a bride comes from Paris, it consists of a long white satin square train arranged in ample folds from the waist, outlined with a wreath of orange blossom, clematis, and myrtle, the dress of white satin trimmed across the front with puffings of *tulle*, studded with small bouquets to match the train; floral collarette and wristlets to correspond, small wreath and sprays of orange blossom, a large veil of plain silk *tulle*, covering the wearer from head to foot, fastened with two diamond stars. The twelve bridesmaids' dresses, in groups of four, are composed respectively of cream colour, evening sky blue and rose pink, made thus: *plastrons* of satin wide at the shoulders, tapering at the waist and expanding to the hem three-quarters of a yard, arranged in folds; train skirt of grenadine with three wide satin loops, and an end edged with wide Breton lace. The head-dresses are, for the cream-colour, deep yellow roses with faded leaves; for the blue, shaded pink china-asters; for the pink, roses shaded from the deepest crimson to the palest pink; all the bridesmaids wear *tulle* veils which cover the face as far as the chin, and are long at the back; they are fastened at each side with mother-o'-pearl butterflies.

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ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS.—VII.

Panem et Circenses.
An empty stomach has no ears.

WE are to leave Paris to-night; but, if we can get packed up, Papa promises we shall go to the Hippodrome, which every one says we ought to see.

But how are we to stow away all the things we have bought at the Exposition—Austrian glass, Japanese mice, Algerian baskets, a clockwork peacock that struts and spreads its tail, swimming dolls, a Moorish easel, and heaven knows what beside? Hours have passed, and at last everything is in, stamped in by Charlie, and we have counted our packages and parcels—twenty-five in all. Now, Papa dear, for the Pont de l'Alma and the big Hippodrome,—please.

We have been in Rome; we stayed at the Palazzo Pelkinghornia in the Via Babuino, and of course we saw the Colosseum. We saw it by moonlight, and afterwards beautifully illuminated by fireworks. The Paris Hippodrome, colossal in size, open to the sky, with its ten thousand spectators, gave us some idea of what the Colosseum once was. By a stretch of imagination we might be standing in the Colosseum itself, and the illusion was carried further when Roman chariots rushed round the arena.

The charioteers were women. They should have been four in number, dressed severally in white, red, blue, and green, the colours of the Roman and Byzantine factions, so Charlie said. They pass and repass one another. The people fill the amphitheatre with shouts. There is one, coming up on the inner curve, will win. How closely she shaves the posts and cords!—too closely—her wheel has struck the post; her horses have jumped the rope and she lies stunned! Can she be dead?

Verily, if Gérôme's gladiators were to come down from the Trocadero and fight it over again here in the arena, and the fallen one were to look up into my eyes for pity, I could just now, with the women in the picture, shriek "Habet," and make the fatal sign to the victor to despatch him.

So could Mamma; her eyes gleam like a Fury's. We are no better than the women of 2,000 years ago!

The men look on in a sort of stolid simmering of excitement. They are used to it.

Cafés abut on to the arena, and in them they can sit and sip their coffee or their syrup of gooseberries, smoke their cigarettes, and feed their eyes all the while.

They can loll at their ease and see English clowns grin and tumble for them; Americans twirl on the trapèze for them; Wainratta (barbarian, country not known) walk on an invisible thread for them; Japanese poise themselves on a bamboo; Mexican boys race standing on barebacked ponies, and finally the luckless Mr. Caudle, an ancient Briton, devoured by cannibals, pelicans, and crocodiles—a burlesque of the bloodshed and wild-beast fights of the old circus.

If this wouldn't make them contented with a paternal government, what would?

Give us "bread and circus games" (*panem et circenses*), shouted the Roman rabble, and we will stand any Cæsarism. And the dearth of bread was a ray of hope for Revolutionists. *Tout va bien ici, le pain manque.*

This was the last we saw of Paris. We walked in the hotel through the green glades of the Champs Elysées, and wished we were not going.

Then came the paying of bills, the tipping of waiters, the search for Papa's hat, which some one had taken from the *salle-à-manger*, the crush at the railway station, and the cramp in the carriages, and, last of all, the boat.

"Why didn't you come over in the *Calais-Douvres*?" said our friends at home to us. Because the *Calais-Douvres* was disabled temporarily. Why did we go down into the saloon? It was filled with people feeling very ill, and trying to sleep, and waking to find themselves on dry land. Their peace had been invaded by a healthy family, man, wife, and child, insensible to sea-sickness.

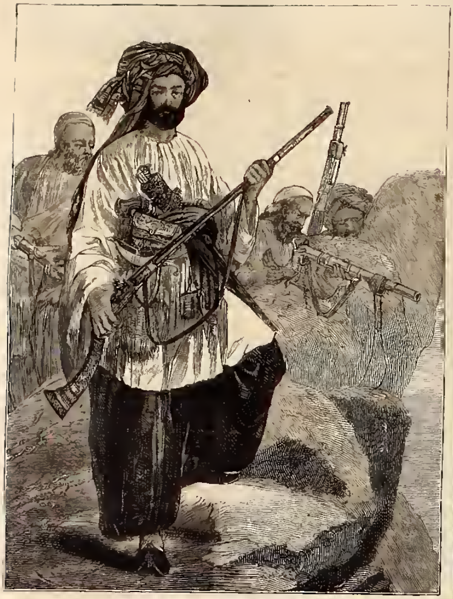
The husband was a clergyman of the muscular type of Christians. He had probably been a rowing man at Oxford. He held that cleanliness was on a par with godliness, and that sickness and want of appetite were crimes best corrected by a good example.

Therefore he ate—and ate enormously—of beef and bread, and pickles and cheese, and drank bottled Bass and Dublin stout—things, the very nauseous sight and smell of which were torture to the reclining sufferers. Meanwhile the child, a boy of five, spoilt to distraction, chattered, battered with his feet, flourished them over the heads of recumbent seniors, blew on a trumpet, and the mother, good, mild lady, happy in the faith that father and son were perfect, kept laying down her book and saying "Naughty" with a smile.

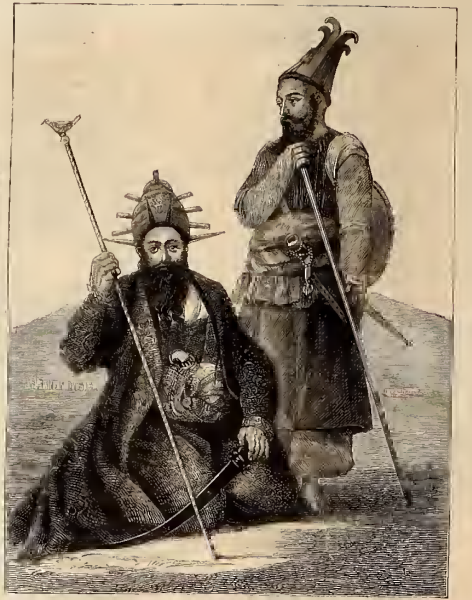
The father was the only man whose ears were deaf to the trumpet.

L'AMENDE HONORABLE

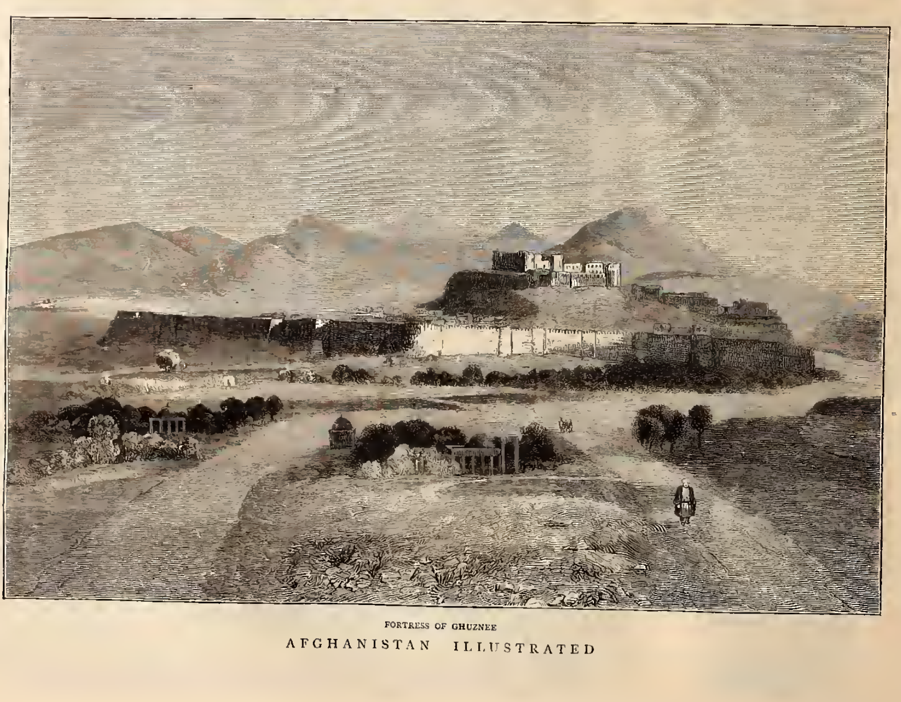
Sir Peter (I mean Lallie, of course) has, in return for all the pleasure this trip has afforded her, drawn the boot-cleaning machine for Papa, standing as it does in the British section of machinery near the Canadian trophy, surrounded, as it always is, by an interested crowd drawn from "All the World at Paris."



KOHISTAN FOOT-SOLDIERS IN SUMMER COSTUME

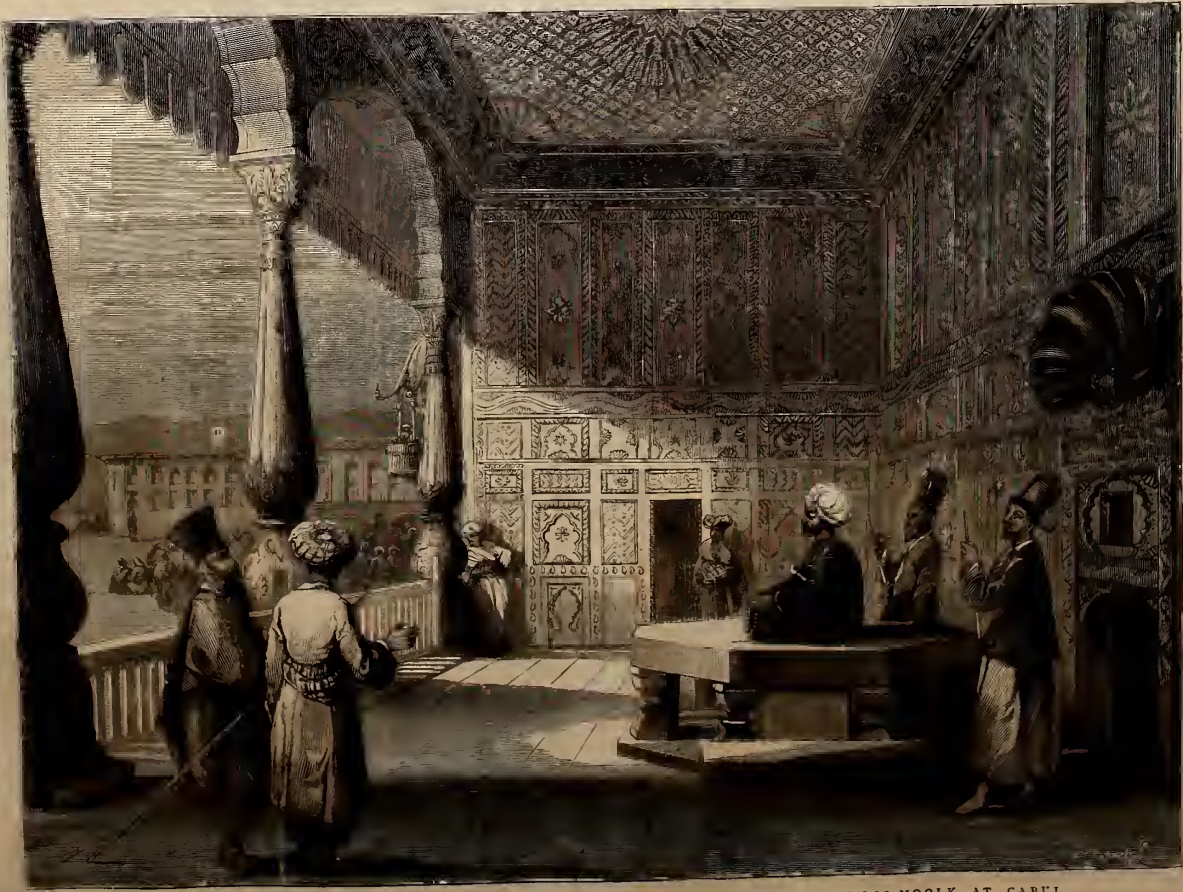


CHIEF EXECUTIONER AND ASSISTANT



FORTRESS OF GHUZNEE

AFGHANISTAN ILLUSTRATED



AFGHANISTAN ILLUSTRATED—INTERIOR OF THE PALACE OF SHAH SHUJAH-OOL-MOOLK AT CABUL

His Little Mother

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"

PART I.—TEN YEARS OLD

THEY sat close together—a rather isolated little pair, boy and girl, apparently brother and sister—at the merry tea-table of a children's party.

Children's parties then were not exactly what they are now. We used to be invited at four o'clock, and we always left at half-past eight—on our feet, generally—for our toilettes were not of a kind which would startle the streets of that innocent country town. We had short sleeves, certainly, and comparatively low necks, but tippets and long white linen gloves made all right, and our frocks descended comfortably to the ankle. Besides which we wore beautiful white frilly "trowsers"—or plain ones of the same material as the dress. Hats, too, which really covered the head, and were tied down, gipsy fashion, over a bush of curls—if our hair would curl; if not, it was plaited into tails—the more the better. I remember, on state occasions, my mother used to plait mine into six, three on each side, tied with bright ribbons, of which I was exceedingly proud.

This little girl—perhaps she had no mother to be conceited about her hair, for it was only divided into two tails, not very carefully plaited, and tied with rather shabby brown ribbon. Neither she nor the little boy were quite as well dressed as the rest of the young party, but they were neat and clean, and, though not exactly blooming children, were interesting, if only from the way they seemed to hang together, as if accustomed to depend upon themselves, or rather upon one another, for everything.

At least, so it seemed to the lady who watched them—one Miss Waldershare, a rich and lonely woman, glad of any interest, especially when it came in the shape of a child. She was only a passing visitor in the town, and had come almost accidentally to the party, where she had nobody belonging to her. Neither had these two little people, apparently. All the other young guests had come with mothers, aunts, or nurses; but these, Miss Waldershare had observed, had walked in, walked upstairs to take their things off, and walked down again, hand-in-hand, and quite alone.

The two little faces, unlike, and yet with a certain family look which satisfied her as to their relationship, touched her more than all the merry faces round the table. Particularly so when dangerous dainties circulated round it, and the boy would look appealingly to the girl, who smiled back either a "No" or a "Yes." But both were given smilingly and accepted obediently. He was a big, handsome boy, much bigger and handsomer than his sister, with a soft, good-natured, rather weak expression; whereas she was small, dark, thin, with sharp, firm features; an "old" face rather, which might almost have been called plain but for the look of love in her eyes, and the sweet decision of her mouth. All the better! since the boy, pretty as he was, seemed of an undecided nature; as if it were almost a relief to have somebody to settle everything for him.

So at least thought Miss Waldershare, amused to notice how character shows itself even at ten years old.

"You are about ten, I suppose, my dear," said she to the little girl, "and a sensible girl you are too, not to let your brother eat too much plum cake. And he is a good boy to mind what you say," added she, patting the handsome head, which had drooped disconsolately when, for the third time, the tempting dish was allowed to pass.

"We are both ten, Ma'am" (children were always taught to say "Ma'am" and "Sir" in those days), "we are twins, though I am so little, and he is so big and tall. I am obliged to be very careful what he eats. He is not as strong as he looks, and he does not like being ill, or taking physic."

"Nobody does, I think. But he is a lucky boy to have such a wise little sister."

"I am his little mother," answered the child, in a grave, old-fashioned way. "Mamma told me I was to be his little mother till she came back again."

"Is she away from home, then?"

"A long way from home—in India. She has been gone two years and a month. It will be four years and eleven months before she and papa are back again."

"Four years, ten months, and two weeks; we counted yesterday, Dor," corrected the little boy—to which the sister assented, looking quite pleased, and saying that "he was always so good at arithmetic."

"And what was it he called you?" asked Miss Waldershare, more and more interested, yet not liking to seem too curious, as she thought the reticence of politeness ought to be observed with children as much as with grown-up folks.

The little girl laughed. "Oh, Dor—or Dormouse—or Dor-beetle—I have lots of names. But my right name is Dorcas. Rather ugly, is it not? But then his is a very pretty one—Cyprian. Mamma said he was always to be called Cyprian in full. She is very fond of him. She thinks there never was such a boy." This was said in a confidential whisper, as the child's heart warmed instinctively to the motherly, childless heart of her questioner.

Somebody now called upon Miss Waldershare to start a game, and she was separated from her two small friends, and swamped in the general vortex for an hour or two; at the end of which time, however, she had contrived to find out all that was to be found out concerning Dorcas and Cyprian.

Their parents, though remotely connected with the little town, where everybody knew everybody, had never been seen there, having gone to Calcutta, or Benares, or Bombay—nobody was quite sure where—leaving behind these children with three old ladies, distant relations, who resided here. The giver of the party scarcely knew the names of her small guests—they were merely "the next-door children," invited "for kindness."

And though both their hostess and everybody else was really kind to them—or would have been, had they mixed themselves up easily with the rest—still, to the very end of the evening, Miss Waldershare noticed a certain forlornness in the little pair, who went about together, or sat close together, hand-in-hand, as if unused to general society, and belonging specially to one another, and not to anybody else. So much so that even she, generally so successful in shaking up a party together, found them a difficult element to deal with.

First, the boy was so exceedingly shy that there was no doing anything with him. He would not, or could not, play at any game—not even simple "hunt the slipper," or merry "kiss-in-the-ring." He refused absolutely to give or to "cry" a forfeit; and when, tempted by the fun and laughing, he was at last lured into blind-man's buff, he somehow got into everybody's way, and being accidentally knocked down, burst into such a piteous howl that he was obliged to be carried off at once upstairs.

There, ever so long after, Miss Waldershare found him, with his faithful little sister sitting patiently beside him, in the deserted bedroom.

"Is he hurt?" the lady asked anxiously.

"Oh no; only he had rather stay here."

"But why should you stay, my little girl? You like fun; I saw you playing very merrily. Go back to the rest."

"Without Cyprian?" said Dorcas, with wide-open eyes; as if such an idea produced in her mind simple astonishment. "O dear no! He does not like being alone. Mamma told me never to leave Cyprian."

"That settles the point," said Miss Waldershare, smiling; and went downstairs again. But several times she returned, and tried to coax the little fellow back to the gay party below. However, he was either too shy, or too sulky, or too much accustomed to have everything his own way, with his "little mother" for his devoted slave; for though once or twice he yielded to persuasion so far as to go to the top of the stairs—being evidently of a soft and yielding disposition—still, he always came back again, and sheltered himself behind his sister, as if, though so much less than himself, she was his natural refuge.

For Dorcas, she did her utmost, poor little woman, to get him into a better mind; and when all failed—and the boy's gentle obstinacy and hesitating sweetness were most difficult to make anything out of—she soothed him—she comforted him—she apologised for him. Finally, when all the kindly inquirers left him and her together, she sat beside the little fellow in the somewhat dreary bedroom, listening to the noisy rout downstairs, for very nearly two hours.

"Would you like to go and have a dance? They are dancing, you hear?"

Dorcas looked up at Miss Waldershare with a world of grateful pleasure in her eyes. She was not pretty; but she had that sort of airy, well-set figure which seems made for dancing. Already her little feet were beating time to the music.

"Do go, child," said the kind lady. "Run away; I will stay with your brother."

Poor little "Dor" was almost off—the music was playing such a lovely tune—nearly as enticing as that of the Pied Piper of Hamelin—when she felt her dress caught by Cyprian's imploring hand.

She sat down again. "*He* doesn't dance—he doesn't like it. Thank you—no. Perhaps I had better stay with Cyprian. It will soon be time for going home. Mamma said we were never to be out after dark, on account of Cyprian. He catches cold so soon."

"But this is a warm summer night," begun Miss Waldershare, feeling inclined to argue the point; and doubtful of the wisdom of allowing one child to sacrifice everything to another child. Still, there was something so pathetic in this literal obedience to the wishes of the far-away mother—this entire devotion to a rather trying little brother, that the kind stranger lady, unto whom it had pleased Heaven to give neither the sweetness nor the bitterness of family duties, held her tongue and remonstrated no more.

When next time she went after them—for amidst all the fun and frolic downstairs she was haunted by a vision of the little forlorn twins sitting in the deserted bedroom, all alone—she found her birds were flown.

Dorcas, she learnt, had quietly crept away with her little brother, not waiting for supper; though she had been seen standing for several minutes at the hall-door till she could say good-bye "politely" to the hostess.

"Mamma said we were never to go away from any visit without thanking the lady of the house for our pleasant evening," she had explained to somebody; and been laughed at a good deal for her "old-fashioned" ways.

No doubt, the family thought, she learnt them from those three prim, elderly ladies, with whom she must lead such a dull life, "to say nothing of that fanciful, disagreeable little brother, to whom she gives up everything, apparently, never thinking of herself at all. Poor little soul!"

But Miss Waldershare, who had seen many a child who thought of itself a great deal, who was everybody's pet, from whom nobody ever expected anything—and certainly never got it—turn out to be not only the most unpleasant but most unhappy of young people—did not altogether pity "Dor." The child had at least—so one of the other children said—"somebody to make a fuss over."

But, having a firm belief in compensation—also some belief in herself as an instrument of the same—for there are those to whom Heaven seems to deny all personal joys, in order that they should be better able to make other people happy—Miss Waldershare set her benevolent wits to work to invent some small pleasure for these two children, whose pleasures were so few.

Fate, kindly seized upon, often turns kind. The very next day every vacant wall in the town broke out into an eruption of huge hand-bills, announcing that Signor Bianchini, the celebrated pyrotechnist, would on a certain evening have a grand display in the High Street; and would end by walking—under patronage of the Worshipful the Mayor—from one of the windows in the Town Hall to a window opposite, on the tight rope, amid a shower of rockets and Roman candles.

Now, the noble art of pyrotechny was then in its infancy, and Blondin the Great had neither been born nor thought of. Consequently the little town was much excited, and on the rumour being spread that the hero of the day was no other than a certain Jem White—who had once fled the town in disgrace for throwing crackers and squibs on Gunpowder Plot day—to return in honour and glory as the celebrated Signor Bianchini—a touch of romance added to the interest. All the townspeople, high and low—the low in the street, and the high upon every available shop-front and first-floor window, assembled to witness the show.

Miss Waldershare, putting off her departure for a day, engaged a tiny room with a balconied window, over a bookseller's shop; and thither, after much perturbation and great hesitation on the part of the three old ladies, she succeeded in carrying off her little friends, Dorcas and Cyprian Hall. There, by seven o'clock on a July night, she established herself, with the twins one on each side of her, which arrangement, however, was soon modified.

"May he come beside me, ma'am? If there should be a—a noise—fireworks do make a noise sometimes, I think?—he will like to be close beside me. He is rather timid, you see,"—added with a half-apologetic air the "little mother."

She was not timid—not even when the balcony gave a sudden crack, and with involuntary instinct she used all her small strength to push Cyprian back upon the safe window-ledge, remaining outside herself. But it was a false alarm, though it frightened Miss Waldershare a little, and Cyprian very much—until there was proved to be no danger, and the trio settled themselves to entire enjoyment of the sight.

What a sight it was! One of the many children who saw it remembers it still: even after five-and-forty years!—the proud delight of sitting up till eleven at night, and being initiated into the mysteries of the nocturnal world—the streets, lit with oil-lamps—gas being still unknown—the houses, dim and tall, and the quiet, starry sky overhead, such a contrast to the noisy crowd below. Then that black platform, whence all the wonderful show was to come—what dozens of young eyes gazed on it in eager suspense!—till, punctual to the appointed minute, there shot from it, with a whizz, a whirr, and a glare—the first rocket. Up it went—making everybody jump, and Cyprian utter an audible cry—up like a live creature, flying, or rather shooting, right into the sky, no one could exactly see where, till it fell down, in a shower of fiery rain, on the very heads of the crowd, who screamed and laughed, and ran hither and thither; trying, some to avoid, some to snatch at, the blazing sparks.

Another, and another, and another—each rising higher and falling steadier than the last; then a grand illumination of "Roman candles"—showing all the faces of the people below—and lighting up the architecture of the old Town Hall, which the townsfolk were so proud of. Finally, a most wonderful set piece—a wheel of light, which kept turning and turning, every moment more rapidly, throwing out a shower of sparks all round.

"The most beautiful thing we ever saw in all our life—isn't it, Cyprian?" cried Dor. "What can it be?"

"A Catherine-wheel," said Miss Waldershare, smiling at the "we" and the "our life" in the singular number—so natural to the twins.

"A Catherine-wheel?" repeated the sister, meditatively. "I wonder has that anything to do with St. Catherine? Mamma had a picture of her leaning against a wheel. She was so pretty—but with a sweet sad kind of face, something like mamma's."

"You have a pretty mamma, then?" said Miss Waldershare, ignoring the other adjective. "And you have heard of St. Catherine—and very likely about Raffaelle, who painted her."

"Oh, yes," brightening up extremely. "I like to read all I can about painters, for I am so fond of drawing. I often try to draw. Mamma says I shall learn properly some day, and then I can teach Cyprian."

"Does Cyprian like reading?"

"N—no," with a slight hesitation. "Indeed, he has not time for reading. He learns Latin, you know. So I read for both of us, and then I can tell him anything interesting. It saves him so much trouble."

"I don't like trouble, and I can't imagine how anybody could like reading," said Cyprian, with his most attractive smile.

"But he likes writing, and he writes so well—small hand—and a great better than I," eagerly said the little sister. "And he can read written-hand beautifully—makes out every word in mamma's letters. If you knew how delightful are mamma's letters—as interesting as a story-book. We get one every mail—and we look for it days before it comes. It has been coming for a week now. Perhaps we shall find it when we get home to-night."

"I hope so," said the lady, with a slight tremble in her voice. Never, either as child or woman, had Miss Waldershare got any mother's letters.

"If it does come, and if she cared to call to-morrow, perhaps we might let her see it," whispered Cyprian to his sister, who slightly hesitated, as if that were a privilege too great for any mortal creature.

"To-morrow, my dears, I shall be miles and miles away. I shall not see you for a very long time, I fear."

"What a pity! Because I shall tell mamma all about you—we always tell her everything—and if she knew how kind you have been to us both she would let me show you her letters. But I should like to ask her first. And it will be six months before we get the answer."

"Of course it will," said Miss Waldershare, thinking of the great gulf of time and space between mother and children—of the letters received ignorantly, months after date, on both sides—and of how sad it was, that with such tender love between children and parents, the one should grow up and the other should grow old in such a long separation that when they did meet again it would be almost as strangers.

"But come, my dears, the fireworks are beginning again. And there is Signor Bianchini on the tight-rope. See how beautifully he balances himself with that long pole. Would you like to be a tight-rope dancer, Cyprian?"

"He is to be a gentleman and go to college, and then go out to India to papa," said Dorcas, with a little touch of pride. And when the boy, boy-like, clapped his hands with delight, watching the *ci-devant* Jem White make his perilous journey over the up-turned heads of the crowd, the more sensitive girl shuddered, and turned pale.

"Would you like to go in, and not look any more?" said Miss Waldershare, kindly.

"No, thank you—something might happen—he might overbalance himself. No, I would rather stay by Cyprian."

And though still white and trembling, she did stay, till the very last. But, besides the buns and oranges, a glass of wine had to be administered to the child before she was able to walk home. She seemed but a fragile little thing, despite her spirit and—only the word was not known in those days—her "pluck."

The last of the fireworks shot up, a sheaf of flame, hissing and crackling, above the Town Hall, and the old church-tower, right into the silent stars; there was a shout of ecstatic cheering from the crowd, and a final "sending round the hat," which ceremony had been gone through several times already, from window to window, Dorcas apologising sadly that she had no penny to drop into it—"But Mamma told us that Papa was not rich, and that we were not to spend more pennies than we could help." And then the Signor bowed his thanks—in a theatrical attitude, beside the very biggest of Catherine-wheels—and the crowd began to separate. The night's delight was ended.

Miss Waldershare walked through the fast-thinning street with her two *protegés*, one in each hand. Cyprian, no longer shy, was chattering like a magpie, but Dorcas, who had hitherto done the talking, now began to be silent, evidently very tired. Her friend would have liked to take her up and carry her—she was strong enough and the child small enough—but Dorcas was so astonished at the idea that she gave it up, and merely helped the poor little girl as well as she could till they reached the Terrace.

"I will just wait and see if you have got your letter, and then I will bid you good-bye. I am going away to-morrow morning," said Miss Waldershare, with a slight regret at her heart. Her life was almost as solitary as that of these little people.

"Is that the children? Bring them in at once to me," said a sharp voice behind the sleepy maid-servant who opened the door.

"Oh, Miss Moffat, is that you? Have you got Mamma's letters?"

"There are letters."

"I am so glad," said Miss Waldershare. She kissed the two children, and walked quickly away.

By one of those accidental delays which visit us all, she, however, did not leave next morning. Business—other people's business, of course—rose up, which detained her nearly a week; and being rather troublesome business, her mind was so full of it that she hardly gave a thought to the twins, Dorcas and Cyprian, till, coming home from church, she passed the end o the Terrace. and saw two little figures walking down it, slowly and quietly, hand-in-hand,—two little black figures, so far as her short sight enabled her to judge, which made her at first think it could not possibly be they. Nevertheless, she felt a strong inclination to call and say good-bye over again—for she was going abroad, on a mission of mercy, with a sick friend—and it might be months, nay years, before she was in England again.

So she sent up her card, asking to see "little Miss Hall."

The servant, looking rather surprised, showed her into an empty parlour, where she waited several minutes, and then the two poor little children, still hand in hand, walked in.

Truly "poor" children, having sustained the utmost loss a child can know.

They were dressed in black from head to foot—not even a white collar, and their faces were very grave, Cyprian's being rosy still, but out of Dorcas's every ray of colour had departed. Her eyes looked as if she had been crying all day long, and the voice she spoke in, though quiet, was forced and strange.

"How do you do, Ma'am? It is kind of you to come and see us."

"My poor little girl, what has happened?"

"Mamma is dead," cried Cyprian, with a burst of tears.

"Yes, our Mamma is dead," said Dorcas, but without crying. She seemed to have wept all her tears away.

"But—the letter?"

"It was from Papa. He said Mamma had been dead a week. That is two months ago. So it is two months and a week since we had any Mamma. I can't understand it at all," added the boy, shaking his head in a forlorn sort of way.

His sister put her arm round him, and drew him to her, at which he began sobbing afresh. In truth, they all wept together; Miss Waldershare never thinking till afterwards how strange it was that she, who had had no tears for many a year, should shed them now, over a woman whom she had never seen and scarcely heard of.

She wondered what kind of person the father was, and even went so far as to ask if she might see his letter.

"Oh yes;" (no hesitation now). "But I remember Miss Moffat has it. She said she should keep it, lest Papa might forget his promise, and take us away from here."

"Would you wish to go?"

"Oh no. It doesn't matter. The Miss Moffats are very kind to us. Everything goes on as usual, except for Mamma's letters. She has been a year away, and this is the first time the mail ever came in without bringing us one of Mamma's letters."

The child spoke in a dull, sad, almost complaining tone—evidently even she did not yet realise—how difficult it is for any of us to realise!—that sudden pause of death-silence.

"Did your Mamma ever say—had you any idea—?" began Miss Waldershare, and stopped. What use was it to question?—the plain, hard fact was there—the children were motherless.

"And you are going abroad, too?" said Dorcas, when she had sat a good while, holding the kind hand, whose firm clasp was the only way in which Miss Waldershare could express sympathy. "We shall never see you again. It will be just like Mamma's going. Only you have no little children to leave behind."

"No, nobody."

"Mamma would not have left us if she could have helped it—she told me so—but she had to go with Papa. She said once—I was not to tell Cyprian, and I almost forgot it myself till now—it seemed so impossible—but she said——" Dorcas hesitated.

"What was it, dear?"

"That even if she died we were not to mind, as she would not be much farther away from us than when she was in India, perhaps not so far. What did she mean?"

Miss Waldershare tried to explain—tried to put into the child's heart, without giving any impression of fear or pain, that heavenly consolation of the continual nearness of the dead, of the narrow barrier that for all pure and loving souls exists between the life here and the life everlasting.

"I understand," Dorcas said at last. "And that is why we were to remember what she used to say to us, and do what she wished us to do, just as much as if she were here beside us. It will be much the same now. Do you hear what the lady says? Do you understand her, Cyprian?"

"Poor Cyprian." He had ceased crying now, and was squatting on the hearthrug, playing with two kittens, quite merry and content. None the less, possibly all the more, did Miss Waldershare say, "Poor Cyprian."

Her time was limited, and she rose to go.

"But I shall not forget you, dear. I shall write to you now and then."

"O, how nice! We never get letters from anybody, except Mamma." Here came a sudden shudder of recollection, and a wild look, almost of despair. "I forgot. We shall never have any more letters from Mamma. What shall we do? O, Cyprian, Cyprian!"

That cry, so shrill, so full of intolerable agony, made the little boy spring to his feet.

"Dor—Dor, what is the matter? Please be quiet. You frighten me so—you make me so miserable."

Then the sister, with a violent effort, checked what was growing into an almost hysterical scream. She put her arms round Cyprian, and hid her face on his shoulder till the sobs ceased, and she lifted up a face, deadly white, indeed, but quite composed.

"Yes, he is right; I must be quiet. He has nobody to take care of him but me, now. Thank you, Miss Waldershare, and we shall be delighted to get your letters. And Cyprian shall write—he writes so very well, you know," with a faint smile, as she put up her lips for a farewell kiss.

It had not quite vanished, that piteous smile, even when Miss Waldershare caught her last glimpse of the twins, standing watching her down the terrace, with their faces pressed against the window pane. Two rather forlorn figures, with their mourning clothes, and grave, sad looks, but they were two—and they stood close together, hand in hand, as usual. Also, Cyprian had his head safely nestled into the shoulder of his "little mother."

The dead mother—could she have beheld them—might have felt that life was not altogether hopeless to her children.

(*To be continued.*)

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OLD-FASHIONED PHEASANT SHOOTING

THOUGH, according to the almanacs and in right of the Game Laws, pheasant shooting begins on the 1st of October, this date is not practically a great sporting anniversary like the 12th of August or the 1st of September. Not one grouse moor in twenty is allowed to lie quiet on "the twelfth," and hardly an acre which is likely to hold a partridge is untried on "the first;" but the case is altogether different on the first legitimate day of pheasant shooting. For this simple reason—you can't get at the pheasants if you would, *i.e.*, at the birds in the great woods and preserves. It is too early to force yourself into the covers, even if you felt disposed to invade these sanctuaries prematurely. Though the brown leaves are beginning to come fluttering down from the beeches, the foliage generally has scarcely been touched, nor will it be before the autumn frosts are followed by gales to shake the branches; and the undergrowth has hardly yet shown signs of its annual decay. At present you might as well go shooting in a tropical cane patch for any chance you would have of seeing a dozen yards before you, and a pheasant might rise whirring from your feet and scarce give you the glimpse of the tip of a tail feather. There are many weeks yet to come before the bright-plumaged denizens of the big woods are to be got at; and even if they could be dealt with satisfactorily in October or even November, in few instances would they be disturbed, except for mere market purposes. The great majority are reserved for Christmas, when country houses and the mansions of "the nobility and gentry" are full of visitors who must be amused, at least the male portion of them, somehow or other with out-door recreation; and when a hard frost stops the hunting, and hunting men are in the pitiable condition of the frozen-out gardeners, "who have no work to do," the pheasant preserves come in handily enough, and grand *battues* are the order of the day. And every year it seems that this style of pheasant shooting is becoming more and more customary, if not popular; and, indeed, there is some excuse for it, for after all it is almost the only kind of pheasant shooting now-a-days which can be got. The old-fashioned sport with the long-tails which used to begin on the 1st of October, years ago, is now hard to find, as modern high-farming, with its practices of grubbing up small woods and spinneys, destroying thick hedgerows, and keeping all the ditches as clear of tangled undergrowth as the fields themselves, has taken away most of the opportunities for pheasants to breed according to their own fancy, and so stock large portions of the country, affording rough wild shooting of the most enjoyable character to the true sportsman.

Fortunately, however, this kind of pheasant shooting has not entirely disappeared; and where it can be had, it is, perhaps, better appreciated than almost any other sport with the gun. There is—if we are not speaking heretically—a monotony in partridge and even in grouse shooting which does not attach to old-fashioned pheasant shooting in October. The former, too, are often pursued with great toil and weariness owing to the heat of the weather and the foolish desire to make big bags. Not so pheasant shooting over a rough country after the olden type. The weather just now is generally the most enjoyable of all weather for a ramble with the gun. At no season of the year is a stroll over the fields, along country lanes, and by the hedgerows more delightful. The first fortnight in October, in nine seasons out of ten, is blessed with fine sunshiny weather; and there is a quiet soft calmness about "the Fall," as the West Country folk still call the Autumn, which is most acceptable; and even when the days are dull the autumnal tints on the trees impart such a brightness to country scenes that as Southey has said—

> —the woods wear on sunless days
> A sunlight of their own.

What more then than pheasant shooting in the old style can a sportsman want to make him supremely happy? Spinneys and small woods, thick hedgerows and ditches with a mass of entangled growth in them, patches of furze, rough corners of fern and bramble, small fields with thick covers of turnips, mangold-wurzel, and seed clover, or rape seed, rough farming generally—in fact, a country where pheasants still breed naturally and require finding, and good shooting, too, when found—these are the requirements for such a day as the sportsman loves. Four guns at most, about the same number of steady, pottering, but good nosed dogs, whether they be spaniels, setters, or retrievers, and about the same number of beaters, a genuine working party;—and you have about the complement for a happy day. Of course, the more pheasants you have on this rough kind of shooting the better, but it must be remembered that however many you have, they are not the tame stupid creatures of the preserves, with hardly more fear or instinct of self-preservation than barn-door fowls. Being bred wild, they are really *feræ naturæ*, and up to a variety of dodges to elude pursuit, wise enough to run along the ditches and creep wherever they can rather than rise. Good generalship and perseverance is then required to bring them to book, and no little steadiness of head and hand with your gun when you spring them. In a large wood you are more or less prepared for your game, and firing at hand-raised pheasants in a *battue* requires hardly more nerve than does firing at a mark. A very different thing it is to bring down the genuine wild birds, as dashing aside all opposing obstacles they oar their way upwards *remigio alarum*, with a mighty crashing sound, which is but feebly represented by the "wroost-cuckle-rickle-wroost" attributed to the cry and fluttering of the noble bird. No—your wild "rocketer" cannot be described; he must be seen and heard; and not one sportsman out of a dozen is altogether free from a certain kind of trepidation when he raises his gun in the hope of staying the strong and rapid flight of his game. The poet's advice is thus given—

> Should pheasant rise, be most particular;
> He rises nearly perpendicular;
> Wait a few seconds till your sight
> Perceives his horizontal flight.

Advice easily given, as much advice about sport is, from an arm-chair, but by no means easy to follow; and even when you have made all kinds of good resolution to be calm, steady, and self-possessed, and do your best to put them in practice, you will often fail. One advantage in a rough day's pheasant shooting is that pheasants are not the only game that will come to hand. As you cross the fields of green cover a partridge or two may fall to your lot, the lively rabbit will occasionally bolt from the ditch or hedgerow, or run across your path in the spinney to his destruction, while the more sober hare will from time to time meet death in the course of your ramble; and so it will often come to pass that at the end of a day's old-fashioned pheasant shooting your bag will show those diversified contents which so delight the genuine sportsman.

After such a day—and would that there were more of them!—those who have borne a part in it have the happy consciousness that it is not one to be ashamed of in any respect, but one for congratulation, presuming, of course, that the pheasants, when displayed on the return home, make a fair show. A winter's evening at this time of year by a happy combination often succeeds a summer's day; and in the cosy dining-room, enlivened by an English fire, the "wasted tissue" is recuperated, and "across the walnuts and the wine," and afterwards, amid the fragrant Nicotian clouds, are recounted again and again the incidents of a day's old-fashioned pheasant shooting.

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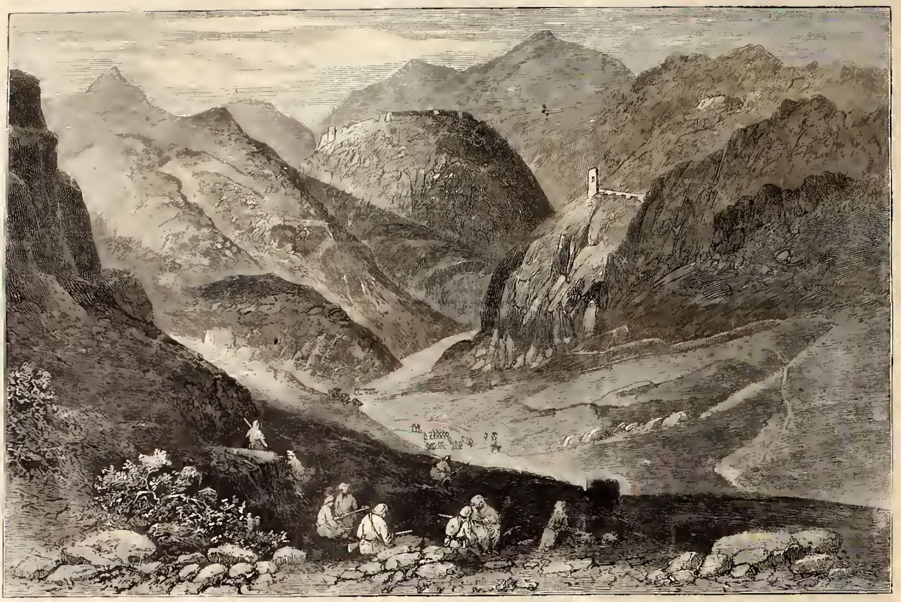
THE READER

"THE FAMINE CAMPAIGN IN SOUTHERN INDIA," by W. Digby (2 vols.: Longman and Co.)—The famine outbreak in Madras and Bombay, from the failure of the south-east monsoon for the second year in succession in October, 1876, till long after the return of the welcome rains towards the close of 1877, stands out conspicuously among the periodic records of Indian famines. No previous visitation of the present century equalled this in duration and extent. One only—that of 1874, in Bengal—attracted as deep and general attention. The great famines of 1792 and 1824 came in a day when the fierce light of publicity had not begun to break on the affairs of India. Even the Orissa disaster in 1866 awoke few echoes outside the limits of that isolated province. The easy, but costly, victory over dearth in 1874 left behind it a distrust of sensational prophecies of evil, a sharper sense than heretofore of the necessity of strict economy. In the famine of 1876-78 we met an enemy with which, for all our efforts, we could only partially cope, losing in the struggle, by death and migration, a fourth (it is said) of the population of the most severely afflicted districts, finding ourselves at its close face to face with a cloud of questions as to the growth of population and of the means of providing for them, land-tenure and cultivation, improvement of irrigation and transport, &c., almost terrible in their importance to a generation just beginning to realise that in India there is an economic as well as a political peril, and that the question whether our dependency will pay its way may not possibly dominate in the end that other question as to the permanency of our rule. The bulky, and sooth to say somewhat cumbrous, volumes in which Mr. W. Digby, late honorary secretary to the Indian Famine Relief Fund, has grouped together the miscellaneous records of these trying years, are in some respects a little disappointing. To the Indian publicist they offer little more than might be gathered, as it is, from Blue Books and returns. To the general reader slenderly acquainted with matters Indian—they present a pile of materials from which the points most worthy notice are not always to be disengaged without some trouble. The story of the famine is in two volumes—the first a *resumé* (under separate headings) of the campaign, according as it was waged in Madras, Bombay, Mysore, or the North; the second, a miscellaneous collection of famine papers—experiences of relief delegates and statistics of relief meetings, discussions of Sir R. Temple's notorious "one pound ration," comparative tables of people, houses, and cattle in the suffering districts at the census of 1872 and now, &c.—often of interest, yet often, too, in decided need of weeding. On the whole, it must be said that Indian officialism came nobly out of the struggle, although doubtless some precious time was lost and some unfortunate mistakes committed before the Supreme Government—personified in the first instance by the over-sanguine and over-hasty, though energetic and capable, Sir R. Temple—could quite admit the urgency of the peril, or all friction between it and the Governments of the Presidencies be effectually smoothed away. In Bombay, where public opinion is more enlightened and more powerful than elsewhere, and where the native association—the Sarvajanik Sabha—worked side by side with the Government in keen and not always friendly criticism of its acts, where, too, distress was much more partial, relief-works were most systematic in their plan, and most pregnant of instruction for the future. In Mysore official routine and false economy were at their worst, though both here and in Madras the flight of the people and the terrible distress could hardly have been completely dealt with by any agencies. On all these matters, as on the vexed questions of a few great or many small relief works, of relief camps, and of the field of private charity, Mr. Digby's volumes contain ample information.

The Imperial spirit which has always characterised the "Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute" is amply evidenced in the present volume (Vol. IX., 1877-8. S. Low and Co.) by the choice of India (though not, strictly speaking, a colony at all) for the subject of three out of the ten papers. But the imperialism of the Institute is not an imperialism of "brag and bluster," but one which delights in collecting and discussing the opinions of men with practical knowledge of the things of which they write, and with opportunities of estimating them from a variety of points of view. Thus, Mr. R. H. Elliot's opening paper upon "Indian Famines"—an able plea *inter alia* for more attention to tanks, wells, and forests—has special attractions as a view of the land question by a non-official Englishman who has himself held land in Southern India. Dr. Forbes Watson, in "Our Colonial and Indian Trade," supplies a still more valuable survey of the chief sources to which, in the gradual decline of our export trade with foreign nations, we must look in future to redress the balance—so terribly against us at the present moment—between our yearly exports and our imports. A suggestive sketch of a "Colonial Naval Volunteer Force," by Mr. T. Brassey—in British North America there are some 70,000 of the hardiest fishermen in the world—may also be instanced—where all are good—as a contribution of special interest.

"Bengaliana" (Thacker, Spink, and Co., Calcutta), or tales and reminiscences by Shoshee Chunder Dutt, if not remarkable for literary merit—though quite as good as the "Annuals" and "Scrap-Books" in vogue some three-and-thirty years ago, when most of them were written—deserve perusal as the productions of a writer, who claims to be neither European, East Indian, nor Mahometan, but a true Bengalee, with a lively faith in the heroic virtues of the mild Hindoo. Most of the tales are from old Indian history. Two only—an amusing sketch of the adventures of a native clerk among the Burrah and Chota Sahibs of a Government office, and a story of the Mutiny—have a more present interest. We cannot, indeed, say much for the realism of a tale where English ladies are made to exclaim, "the Prophet be d——d!" and English officers represented as requiting a timely shelter by atrocious outrage. Perhaps Mr. Chunder Dutt did not believe such things himself, but, thinking an atrocity needful for the story, depicted, on the principle of "the lion and the man," an Englishman as the perpetrator.

It is the fault, thinks Mr. Matthew Arnold, of modern education that it teaches by far too many things, and leaves too little for the student to examine for himself. Hence his pretty edition (Macmillan and Co.) of the "Six Chief Lives from Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' with Macaulay's 'Life of Johnson,'" has, with one exception, neither note nor comment, but simply a brief characteristic preface to explain its uses for the young student of English literature as (in French phrase) a *point de repère*, a "centre of departure and return" from which he may issue forth to discover and compare, and on which he may ever and again fall back. For the period covered by these six lives of poets—all in their degree of the first class, though some of them are greater still as prose-writers—is no less remarkable as the period in which English effects the passage from the rugged, antique prose of Milton to the prose, distinguished only by superficial differences from our own, of Johnson. And in these lives we have the most mature and characteristic work of a writer who, if not always a good judge of poetry—being himself essentially the man of a prose age—is always fresh, vigorous, and manly in his judgments, an admirable type of "the integrity, piety, good-nature, and good-humour of the English people." Of the value of such a selection from a work few will ever read as a whole it is superfluous to speak, and Mr. Arnold has shown good taste in adding to it nothing beyond this graceful preface on the growth of English prose.



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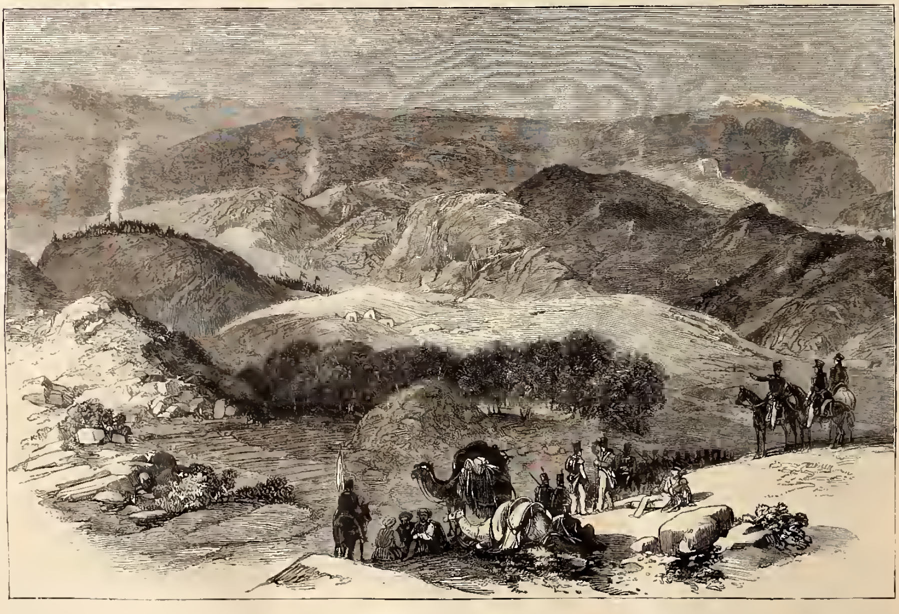
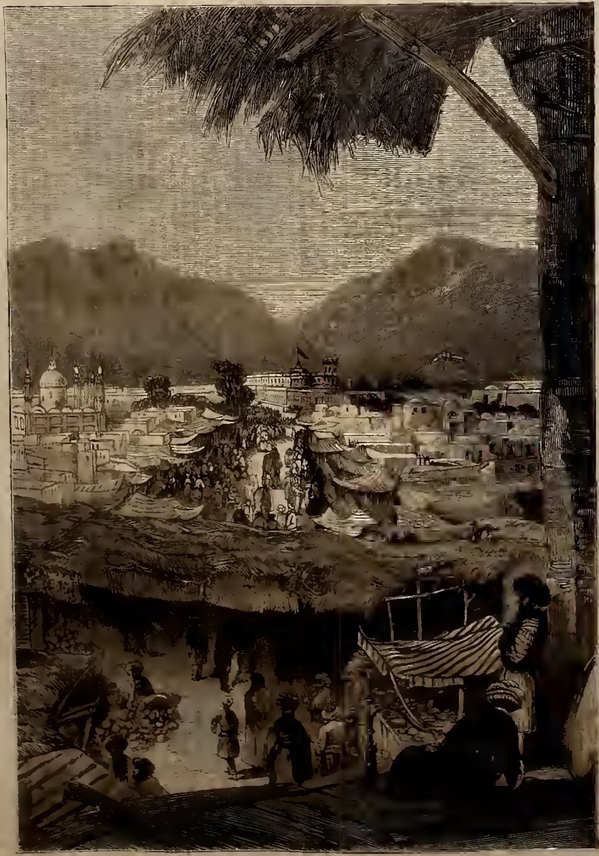
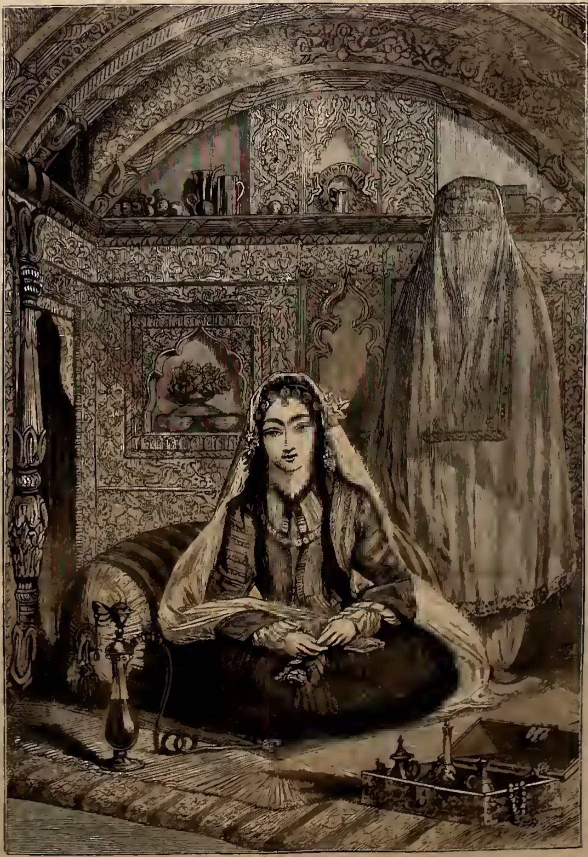


JUGDULLÙK, THE GROVE AND VALLEY

AFGHANISTAN ILLUSTRATED



BAZAAR AND CITADEL FROM THE BAND ROOM, KANDAHAR



LADIES OF CABUL

AFGHANISTAN ILLUSTRATED

Leslie's Second Wife

By T. W. SPEIGHT,

Author of "In the Dead of Night," "The Poor Gentlewoman of St. Clement's," &c.

When Gawain Leslie's wife died it seemed to him that he had lost all that made life worth living for. She had, in truth, been very dear to him. A little imperious in her temper, perhaps; a trifle more exacting in some of her ways than he really liked; but then she came of a family all of whom were noted for their high spirit, and she had brought her husband a considerable fortune; and Gawain himself was one of those soft-hearted, easy-going men, who find a secret comfort, though they would be loth to acknowledge it even to themselves, in having their affairs managed for them, in being told what to do and what not to do, and in being the victims of a mild marital despotism tempered with kisses.

What an odd sensation it was, after four years of such silken bondage, to find himself once more a free agent—his own master! And not only master of himself and his actions, but called upon to weigh and decide this question and the other without reference to the wishes or prejudices of any superior authority! He felt that his servants, and every one in any way dependent on him, regarded him with deeper respect and with a more marked deference than they had ever exhibited towards him before. He was their master now. Perhaps they had hardly recognised the fact of his being so while Mrs. Leslie was alive.

Leslie, however, mourned the loss of his wife in all sincerity. Hinchcliffe was hateful to him now that its mistress was no longer there. He kissed his little Emmeline, aged two years—the one treasure his wife had left him—bequeathed her to the care of a maiden aunt, packed his portmanteau, and started for the East. He was not seen in England again for three years. He turned up one evening at his club, bronzed, and bearded like a pard; and old cronies, who had all but forgotten his existence, were inclined to look upon him as one come back from the dead. He himself did not seem to realise how time had flown till he set eyes on his daughter, and saw the difference three years had made in her. The child startled him by her likeness to her dead mother. Here at least was something to live for. He would cease from wandering, and settle down at Hinchcliffe, and superintend the education of his child.

To Hinchcliffe went Gawain Leslie, taking his daughter with him, and settled down into a very quiet groove—or rather, he would have so settled down if his neighbours would have let him. But it is preposterous to think that a young widower of eight-and-twenty, handsome, healthy, with one child, and an unencumbered rent roll of some seven thousand a year, is to be allowed, even in a supposedly free country, to bury himself alive,—to lead, as it were, the life of a semi-recluse, however much he may feel desirous of doing so. It would have been a downright flying in the face of Providence; at least, all the mammas with marriageable daughters within twenty miles of Hinchcliffe looked upon it as such. Here was a prize worth struggling for, and struggle for him they would, in despite of himself.

"They are angling for you, Gawain, my boy; and one or another of them will succeed in hooking you," said Leslie's chum, Jack Dawlish, one night after a ball at the Kirkforest Assembly Rooms. Leslie laughed a little dismally.

"Let them angle," he said. "Much good may it do them. As I've told you many a time, Jack, I could never think of another woman after my poor Emmeline. I shall never marry again." And he quite believed what he said.

Lady Bloxham about this time wrote of him to one of her friends as "a great, big-hearted, soft-headed goose, whom no woman could help liking, but whom any woman worthy of the name could twist round her finger as easily as she could a skein of silk." It was a little strong on her ladyship's part to term Leslie a "goose," besides betraying a truly feminine ignorance of genders; but in other respects her description was not far from the mark.

Leslie had been about a year at home when the walls and hoardings of Kirkforest were placarded with bills announcing that Dr. Popjoy, "the world-renowned Lecturer and Spiritualist," would hold a *séance* at 8 P.M., every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, in each week, till further notice, "at his rooms over Mr. Trumble's shop in the Market Place; on which occasions some most remarkable Phenomena having relation to the Unseen World will be localised and developed. Private *séances* specially arranged for. Daily communications with the dear Departed. 'Not lost, but gone before.'"

Gawain Leslie read one of Dr. Popjoy's placards one day in the coffee-room of the "Green Dragon," and smiled as he read. He had neither desire nor intention to witness the manifold wonders with which the doctor professed himself able to astonish his visitors. To him the whole affair seemed nothing more than a piece of vulgar charlatanry. He had no prevision—how could he have?—of the important part which this unknown professor was destined to play in the drama of his future life.

Friday was market day at Kirkforest. Leslie attended it about once a month, driving in from Hinchcliffe, which was five miles away, and putting up his horse and trap for three or four hours at the "Green Dragon." Several of his tenants, men who rented farms under him, also attended the market, and there was generally something or other to see one or more of them about at such times. After the market was over there were two ordinaries at the "Green Dragon"—one downstairs for the farmers and another upstairs for such of the neighbouring gentry as were in the habit of driving in after Leslie's fashion.

On a certain Friday afternoon Leslie found himself seated at the ordinary next a stranger whom he had no recollection of having seen before. He was a tall, thin, gentlemanly-looking man of middle age, with iron grey hair and moustaches to match. He was carefully and fashionably dressed, evidently by no provincial tailor. He had very white hands, wore a good deal of jewellery, and had a flower in his button-hole. He had an expansive smile, that came and vanished again with marvellous facility. Nearly everybody at the table were more or less known to each other, but nobody seemed to know the stranger. He was not long, however, before he got into conversation with Leslie, who was the most accessible of mortals, and would chat familiarly with a chimney-sweep.

The stranger began by observing how seldom it was that one could obtain *caviare* at a provincial hotel in England; in fact, in the majority of such hotels they did not seem to know what the article really was. He then went on to remark that the very best *caviare* he had ever eaten was at Novgorod. Leslie was interested at once. He too had been at Novgorod, but his recollections of it were chiefly confined to mud and fleas. The ice being thus broken the stream of conversation flowed on readily enough. Leslie found his companion to be a man of varied information, and considerable knowledge of many of the Bohemian phases of modern society. He had travelled much, and he had a knack of recounting his experiences in a half-humorous, half-cynical style that seemed to Leslie very fresh and fascinating. It was a long time since he had spent a couple of hours so agreeably. As they rose from the table the stranger introduced himself.

"My name is Popjoy," he said. "Dr. Aurelius Popjoy, graduate of the University of Leyden."

Leslie started.

"You have heard the name before?" said the other, drily, as he drew out his cigar-case. "Probably you have read one of my posters?"

"Why, yes, to tell you the truth, I believe I have seen one somewhere," said Leslie a little confusedly.

"Just so. By-the-bye, may I ask whether you have ever attended a spiritualistic *séance*?"

"Never."

"Pardon me if I say that it is one of the traits of a thorough Englishman to cherish a prejudice against anything he doesn't understand, simply because he doesn't understand it, and is too proud to care to."

"I am not aware that I am prejudiced against Spiritualism."

"Pardon me again," said the other, "if I venture to assert that you are—almost unconsciously, perhaps, but still prejudiced. If you have ever given a thought to the subject you have probably labelled it in your own mind with the word 'humbug' or 'charlatanry,' or even with that still more refreshing phrase, 'A regular swindle.'"

Leslie did not answer for a moment. Popjoy was right. He had been prejudiced against Spiritualism, as he had been prejudiced against many other things in his time, without really giving himself the trouble to understand them. At length he said, "You yourself are a believer in Spiritualism, I presume?"

"Try one of my weeds," said Popjoy; "and give me another five minutes before we part, and I will tell you." So they sat down again, and Leslie, who fancied himself a connoisseur in cigars, found that Popjoy's brand was quite equal to the best of his own.

"I am a believer to this extent in what is generally termed Spiritualism," said Popjoy. "I know, through my own experience and through the evidence of my senses, that it embodies a series of phenomena which are utterly unexplainable by any natural laws with which we are at present acquainted. But as to whether that lame result arises from our limited knowledge of the laws of Nature, or whether the phenomena are really the outcome of supernatural agency, is a point respecting which I for one must decline to venture an opinion. I will go no farther than this—that if you, as an educated and liberal-minded man, had seen and heard the marvellous things that I have seen and heard, you would modify one at least of your mental definitions in time to come. You would no longer define Spiritualism as 'charlatanry,' or as 'a juggle to delude the weak-minded.' You would define it as something which the scientists of the nineteenth century altogether fail in their efforts to formulate,—as something entirely outside the range of every-day experience. But why not come and judge for yourself? Come to our *séance* at eight to-morrow night. If, after that, your curiosity is satisfied, there the matter will rest. But if, on the contrary, you should wish to lift a corner of the veil still higher, then I will gladly arrange with you for a series of private *séances*, one result of which I hope will be the addition of another convert to the ranks of those who believe in the reality of spiritualistic manifestations, let them originate from whatever source they may."

"I will come to-morrow evening and see you," said Leslie.

After that the two men shook hands and parted.

At eight o'clock next evening Gawain Leslie found himself in Dr. Popjoy's handsomely-furnished drawing-room. Some half-dozen people were there already, none of whom he knew, and all of whom conversed in hushed tones as though somewhat awed by the solemnity of the business they had come upon.

Presently the Doctor bustled in. The general company he greeted with his expansive smile and a comprehensive bow, but Leslie was favoured with an impressive squeeze of the hand. Then the celebrated medium, Miss Rosa de Vaux, was introduced—a hectic-looking young lady, with very bony elbows and very large ears. Then the folding-doors that separated the front from the back drawing-room were flung open, and the company adjourned in a body to the latter apartment, and had the folding-doors shut upon them.

What took place after that need not be set down in detail here. There were the ordinary table-rapping manifestations, slapping of tambourines, and touches by so-called spirit hands. Then some particular spirit, whose acquaintance in the flesh nobody present had ever made, announced himself, and had matters all his own way while he stayed, nobody knowing enough of his history to contradict any statement he chose to make.

It was all very curious and unaccountable; but so far Leslie had not been particularly impressed. Then the unknown spirit, who called himself Jabez Lightfoot, took his departure, greatly to the relief of everybody, and a fresh spirit was announced as being present. This second spirit, on being asked to reveal its name, rapped out the word, "Emmeline." On being asked to state whether any of the company then present had been acquainted with her when in the flesh, the startling reply came, "I was the wife of one now among you!"

"No more, Doctor, if you please," cried Leslie abruptly, as he rose from his chair and broke the charmed circle.

Tears were in his eyes, and a feeling at his heart as though it were bound by a band of steel. The Doctor was by his side in a moment.

"Good gracious! my dear sir," he said in a voice attuned to sympathy; "you do not mean to say that it is your——? Positively, I had not the least idea." His eyes finished the sentence.

"Her name was Emmeline," answered Leslie in a low voice. "The mention of it in that way has brought back the old pain of long ago."

"I am greatly grieved," said the Doctor; "but you will believe me when I say that I have no control in such matters. Although we may often succeed in summoning some particular spirit, yet any other that may choose to come, comes."

Leslie was standing with a pained and puzzled look on his face. The other man watched him keenly.

"You are somewhat upset," he said. "For to-night the *séance* is at an end; but pray come and see me to-morrow. I mean privately, of course. I can relate to you many experiences even more startling than yours of to-night."

Leslie, as he quitted the house, vowed to himself that he would never cross its threshold again. He was greatly startled, to say the least. He was more than startled. He was in a maze of perplexity and doubt. Could it possibly be true, he asked himself again and again, that the spirit of his dead wife had really been present in that room? How could any one there know that her name had been Emmeline? Popjoy and he had never met till yesterday. Had he done right in coming away thus abruptly? Might he not have heard more? Might there not even have come some message for him had he stayed?

One moment he said, "I'll go back and probe the mystery further." The next he said, "I'll not go near the place again; the secrets of the grave are sacred."

Little sleep had Gawain Leslie that night. All next day he was in a fever of unrest and anxiety. He could not settle his mind to anything. He took his daughter—his little Emmeline—out with him, and wandered all the morning in the shrubberies. All the old recollections that were beginning to grow dim in his memory came freshly back to him to-day. The sound of his wife's voice, the bright, frank glance of her eyes, all her little tricks of manner, were recalled one by one, or rather, they came of their own accord, and without conscious effort on his part.

At eight o'clock he found himself for the second time in Dr. Popjoy's drawing-room. The Doctor was as good as his word, and related to Leslie several startling experiences that had come under his own cognisance, or that of friends of his in the same line of business.

The two men then adjourned to the back drawing-room; for Leslie had made up his mind to hear more, if it were permitted him to hear. There Miss De Vaux joined them, and they all seated themselves at a slightly-built four-legged table. They had not long to wait. In a very few minutes Miss De Vaux announced that a spirit was present.

"What is your name?" was asked.

The answer was at once rapped back: "Emmeline Leslie."

Leslie was startled, but he contrived to maintain his outward composure.

"Is there any question that you would like to ask the spirit?" asked Popjoy in a low voice.

Leslie asked the first question that came into his thoughts: "Are you happy?"

"Ineffably happy!" was the answer rapped out on the little table.

What should he ask next? He could have found fifty questions that he longed to have answered, but he shrank from putting them, partly because the Doctor and Miss De Vaux were present, and partly from a feeling that it would seem like prying into the secrets of the dead.

While he was hesitating the Doctor said, "Perhaps you would like some more positive proof that the spirit now among us is really that of your late wife?"

Leslie caught eagerly at the suggestion.

"That seems to me very desirable," he said. "At present——"

"You are not altogether convinced that such is the case. Suppose we ask the spirit to write her name? Probably, sir, you could recognise your late wife's signature?"

"Yes; I think there could be no doubt on that point," said Leslie.

A small slate, such as a very youthful schoolboy might use, was then produced, to which a piece of pencil was attached by a string. Popjoy showed Leslie that the sides of it were perfectly free from writing. He then laid the slate with one face downwards against the underside of the table, and held it there with his thumb. The gas was then lowered again, and all sat in silence. Presently a faint scratching sound was heard which lasted for a space of three or four seconds. The lights were then turned up and the slate produced. On it were the words, "Emmeline Leslie."

Mrs. Leslie's autograph had been peculiar and distinctive. There was no mistaking her mode of writing her name for that of any one else, and Leslie at once recognised the signature as being the handwriting of his dead wife. He was more startled than ever. He knew not what to think. If any suspicion of trickery on the part of Popjoy had ever found harbourage in his mind it was now banished for ever. That the spirit of his departed wife—of her whom he had loved so truly and mourned so tenderly—was veritably present with him, he could no longer doubt. And she had assured him that she was happy—ineffably happy! How dear her memory was to him still, and would continue to be through life! It was more than four years since he had lost her, and yet there was her well-remembered signature on that slate, written but a minute ago! It was all incomprehensible—a dread mystery which it seemed like profanation even to attempt to solve.

Perhaps the Doctor was growing impatient at Leslie's long silence. At any rate, he said, "Suppose we ask the spirit whether she has any message for you?" Leslie bowed a grave assent. Miss de Vaux put the question, "Have you any message to deliver to your husband?"

"Yes," was the answer at once rapped out.

"What is it?"

"Gawain Leslie must marry again."

"Marry again!" gasped Leslie. "No—no—never!"

"Perhaps the spirit would prefer to write its message," suggested the medium. So the slate was again put in position under the table, and again the mysterious scratching noise was audible. As soon as it ceased the gas was turned up, and the message written on the slate read aloud by Popjoy.

"Gawain Leslie must wed again. It is fore-ordained, and he must obey."

Leslie's face was very pale. A clammy chill wrapped him from head to foot. He tried to speak, but could not. Once more the gas was lowered, and once more the slate was placed in position. Then in slow and impressive accents, Miss de Vaux put the question: "When and where shall Gawain Leslie see the woman whom it is fore-ordained that he shall marry, and by what token shall he recognise her?"

Three minutes later the doctor read out the answer that was written on the slate:—"The first woman Gawain Leslie shall meet who wears a heart-shaped locket set with turquoises will be his future wife. Farewell." The *séance* was at an end, and Leslie went his way, dazed, stunned, utterly bewildered. To say that no thought of a second marriage had ever entered his head would be to state more than the truth, but it was a thought that had never been seriously entertained. He had told himself again and again that he would remain true to the memory of her who was gone, and he fully intended to do so; but then never since his wife's death had he seen any one whom he cared for sufficiently to fall in love with. Had he been suddenly smitten for the second time, who can tell what might have happened? In such a case resolutions and promises are liable to melt away like snow in spring. But Leslie, as yet, had been exposed to no such temptation. He had his little Emmeline to cheer him when ever he felt hipped, and his maiden aunt Maria looked too carefully after his creature comforts to allow of his feeling that he missed anything on that score. In short, Leslie had found that, with seven thousand a year and an unimpaired digestion, a male creature could live a life of tolerable happiness, even though his solitude might remain uncheered by the presence of a wife.

But what a difference that dread revelation in the Doctor's back drawing-room had made in his thoughts and feelings! He dared no longer tell himself, in such positive terms as heretofore, that would not marry again. Had it not been told him from a source which he could not dispute that he must marry again; nay, more, that it was fore-ordained that he should marry again? The revelation had been so sudden, so unexpected, that for the time being it had seemed to shake the very foundations of his life. But hours went by, and next day came in due course, by which time his mind had in some measure familiarised itself with the new and startling idea thrust thus rudely into it, and began to find it far from unpleasant to dwell upon.

A few more hours passed, and Leslie's thoughts began to project themselves in wonder and curiosity towards the unknown woman whom it was pre-ordained that he should take to his heart, and love and cherish as he had once loved and cherished his poor Emmeline. Who was she? What was she like? Was she young or old, rich or poor? Where should he look for her, or would she cross his path unsought? "The first woman he should meet wearing a heart-shaped locket set with turquoises." He no longer said to himself, "I shall never marry again." What he said now was, "How soon shall I see her?" He had not long to wait.

It was on the fourth morning after his last visit to Dr. Popjoy that Gawain Leslie, passing through the conservatory on his way to the kitchen garden, encountered little Emmeline and her governess, Miss Temple, at the door. As usual, Emmy demanded to be kissed. Having complied with the young lady's peremptory request, her father replaced her on the ground. As he raised his eyes again he involuntarily started. Suspended from Miss Temple's neck by a ribbon of black velvet was a small, heart-shaped locket set with turquoises. Leslie looked and looked again to make sure that he was not mistaken. His surprise expressed itself so frankly in his face that Miss Temple in her turn became surprised. Then she blushed; then she took little Emmy by the hand, and, bowing gravely, led her forward into the house. Her first care was to survey herself in the glass. Surely something must be amiss, or Mr. Leslie would not have stared so—either a pin misplaced, a ribbon awry, or something the matter with her hair? But she could discern nothing wrong. Never before had Mr. Leslie looked at her as he looked at her to-day. What could it mean? As for Gawain, he walked out into the garden, his hands buried deeply in his pockets, his hat pulled over his brows, feeling like a man whose dreams have come true, but after a fashion altogether strange and inexplicable.

A governess for his wife? Well, Miss Temple was a lady in manners and education; of her parentage and connections he knew nothing. It was strange that he had never noticed till that morning what beautiful eyes she had, and with just the tinge in them that he most admired. Without being beautiful, she was indubitably nice-looking, with one of those delicate oval faces which, unfortunately for us, are oftener to be seen depicted on canvas than met with in the flesh. Where had his eyes been all this time?

He got out into the woods, and wandered about all day by himself. The thought of making Miss Temple his wife was anything but displeasing to him. His heart warmed towards the girl already. Three months had passed since she first came to Hinchcliffe. How blind he must be not to have seen long ago what a treasure lay close to his hand! And Emmy, too: would it not be better that she should have some one bound to her by closer ties than those of a governess; some one who would care for her, and look after her interests as well, or nearly as well, as her own mother could have done? But through the tissue of all his musings ran a dark thread of wonder, almost of dread, at finding how swiftly one portion at least of the weird spirit-prediction had been fulfilled. Of a surety, the rest would accomplish itself in due course. He went back to dinner with a strange feeling of warmth and elation at his heart such as he had long been a stranger to.

Small need to tell here the story of the courtship of Gawain Leslie and Annette Temple. Leslie found in Annette what seemed to him like a fuller complement to his own life than he had found even in Emmeline. She was, in truth, what he had told himself she was—a lady in manners and education; to him she was, in addition, all that a lover wishes the chosen one of his heart to be. To her antecedents and family connections she had never made any allusion. Gawain asked her once whether her parents were still alive. A look of pain came into her face, and her eyes filled with tears. "My mother died several years ago," she said. "My father is still living, but—I am alone in the world." After that Leslie questioned her no more. It was herself and not her relations that he wanted to marry. Give him but that treasure, and he would ask of the Fates nothing more.

Even Aunt Maria had only the mildest opposition to offer when her nephew told her that he was going to make Miss Temple his wife, for the girl had thoroughly won her way into the old lady's affections. "I hope she comes of a good family. You ought to ascertain all about that, my dear," she said to Gawain.

"It's all right on that score, Aunty," he answered, with a grave face, but a laughing eye. Then the old lady cried a little, and when Gawain sent Annette to her she kissed her and made much of her, and told her that she loved her as if she were her own child.

To Annette it all seemed like a dream of strange and unspeakable happiness. There was hardly a day that she did not say say to herself, "It cannot be real—it cannot be true. I shall wake up to-morrow, and find it nothing but 'an unsubstantial pageant of the brain.'" For the friendless, dependent girl what a change it was! From Cinderella to a Princess! She had nothing to reproach her conscience with on the score of not loving her fairy prince sufficiently well. He had won her whole heart. The still, deep fountains of her love overflowed for him alone.

It wanted but a fortnight to the day fixed for their marriage—Gawain was no believer in long courtships—when they found themselves, one sunny eve, where they had often found themselves before—on the banks of a garrulous streamlet that wound its way like a silver thread through the Hinchcliffe Woods. Said Gawain to Annette, with his arm round her waist, "I never told you how it was that I first came to love you. It was all through that little turquoise locket which you sometimes wear."

"And pray, sir, what had my turquoise locket to do with the fact of your loving me?"

"Much. It was revealed to me at a spiritualistic *séance* that the first woman I should meet who wore a locket similar to yours should become my second wife."

"Revealed to you at a spiritualistic *séance*! Where did the *séance* take place?"

"At the house of a man who called himself Dr. Popjoy."

"Describe Dr. Popjoy to me. Photograph him in words." She was trembling by this time, as Gawain could plainly feel. He described Popjoy to her as closely as he could.

"And it was told you at a *séance* at this man's house that the first woman you should meet who wore a turquoise locket should become your second wife?"

"Certainly it was. Four days afterwards I saw you with a turquoise locket round your neck. And you *are* going to be my wife, are you not? Rather a remarkable prediction, I call it."

Gently Annette withdrew Gawain's arm from round her waist. Then she imprinted one passionate kiss on his hand and rose to her feet. Her face was colourless. Gawain gazed at her with wondering eyes.

"You have been the victim of a vile fraud, Gawain Leslie," she said. "You have been the tool of a man without principle or honour. He who calls himself Dr. Popjoy is my father, Aurelius Temple."

"Your father, Annette!"

"He broke my mother's heart, he spent her fortune and his own. Then he turned lecturer and spiritualist, and because I would not become what he called a 'medium'—in other words, a confederate in his frauds—he cast me off, and has never seen me from that day to this. Once every three months I write to him to inform him where I am. Even in the seclusion of Hinchcliffe I had heard something of the wonders reputed to be worked by Dr. Popjoy. I had a suspicion that the Doctor and my father were the same man, although he had borne a different name only a year previously, but it was a suspicion that I would not verify, as I might easily have done. I was afraid to know the truth. I did not want to think he was so near me. One day a woman came to me—a stranger. She had brought me a message from my father, she said. He had sent me his love, and a locket set with turquoises. The morrow would be his birthday; would I promise to wear the locket on that day? I was touched by the message. 'Perhaps, after all, he does care for me a little,' I thought, and I gladly promised. Next day you saw me wearing the locket, and it seemed to you like a fulfilment of the prediction. But it has been a plot from beginning to end to entrap you, a rich man, into marrying his daughter. In one sense I have been his victim as much as you have, for, as Heaven is above me, I had not the faintest knowledge of the web that was being spun round both of us!"

"I am quite sure that you had not," said Gawain, earnestly. He was still resting on his elbow on the grass, and gazing up into her white face. Two tears trembled in the corners of her eyes. It was only by an intense effort that she kept herself from breaking down. Even in the midst of his bewilderment Leslie could not help saying to himself, "How lovely she looks! What a face for a Madonna."

"It has been a happy, happy dream," said Annette, with a half-sob. "The waking has come at last. I knew that it was too sweet to last."

"But why need the waking come, Annette?" said Gawain, as he sprang to his feet and tried to take her hand. "Why cannot we still dream on?"

"That is impossible," she said, as she drew back, and there was no mistaking the decision of her tone. "I cannot win my husband as my father would have had me win you. I have some pride left in me, though it may sound ridiculous to say so, seeing whose daughter I am. I was a coward. I ought to have told you at first who and what my father was. But I couldn't—I couldn't! And then I was so happy! All that is over now. From this moment, Mr. Leslie, your path and mine diverge for ever."

She ceased, and stood gazing at him with eyes in which there was a strange pathetic yearning. He strode towards her.

"Touch me not," she cried, with a ring of pain in her voice, as she shrank further from him among the rustling leaves. Then all at once with a low cry she unclasped her hands and turned and fled, and next minute was lost to view among the winding woodland ways.

Two hours later Gawain reached home, but only to find that Annette was not there. She had come in, all in a hurry, one of the servants told him, had kissed Miss Emmy, and had gone out again five minutes later, carrying a little hand-bag as her only luggage. Leslie mounted his horse and galloped to the railway station, not doubting that he should find some traces of her there. But neither there nor anywhere else were any traces of her to be found—or rather only such faint traces as served to confuse and baffle him the more. She had gone, and days passed into weeks, and still no tidings of the missing girl reached Hinchcliffe. Dr. Popjoy, too, had disappeared, leaving considerable accounts unpaid in the town, and no one seemed to know into what disreputable limbo he had so suddenly vanished.

Leslie was as nearly distracted as it was possible for a man of his temperament to be. He could neither eat, nor sleep, nor feel any interest in the ordinary affairs of life. His mind was filled with the image of his lost Annette. Had she had twenty fathers, all humbugs and charlatans, he would have made her his wife none the less. Weeks passed into months, and brought no tidings of her, and at last Leslie determined to seek the same relief that he had sought in his first great trouble, the relief of travel.

His portmanteau was packed, and another quarter of an hour would have seen him at the station, when Aunt Maria gave utterance to what for her was a really brilliant suggestion. "My dear," she said to her nephew, "has it never struck you that you might perhaps hear some tidings of Miss Temple if you were to call upon Mrs. Woodfall, the lady upon whose recommendation I engaged her when she came here? Probably Miss Temple has had to look out for another situation by this time. To whom would she be more likely to apply for a testimonial as to her character and abilities than to the person who gave her such an excellent one before? Might you not find some traces of her that way?"

Gawain hugged his aunt as he had never hugged her before. Six hours later he was sitting in Mrs. Woodfall's drawing-room. Yes, Mrs. Woodfall, somewhat to her surprise, had been applied to for a second testimonial in the case of Miss Temple. The address of the lady to whom she sent it was "Madame Chose, Rue de ——, Boulogne-sur-Mer."

Leslie started for France next morning. It was early afternoon when the steamer reached Boulogne. The sands were dotted with a gay crowd of idlers and bathers. As he stood on the pier after landing from the steamer, Leslie's eyes roamed over the yellow expanse. Perchance she whom he had come so far to seek was there among the crowd, all unwitting who was so near her. He took out his binocular and searched the sands to and fro, far and near. Yes, by Heaven! yonder she was, full half-a-mile away, sitting on a camp-stool apart from the crowd, with two children playing near her. "'There is none like her, none,'" he said, quoting from "Maud." Then he gave a porter a couple of francs to look after his portmanteau, and found his nearest way on to the sands.

Annette was reading as he drew near. She was interested in her book, and never once looked up as he walked towards her. The children heeded him not, he was only one Anglais the more. Before Annette knew what had happened a strong arm was round her waist, a pair of glowing lips were pressed to hers. "My love, my darling!" he cried. "I have found you at last, and you shall never leave me again!"

He was down on one knee by this time, but still grasping her firmly round the waist. The few loungers near at hand gazed in astonishment to see big-bearded Gawain pulling the pretty "Mees" towards him, and kissing her again and again. They shrugged their shoulders it was only one specimen the more of English eccentricity. Much cared Gawain for their staring. The lost one was found, and who so happy as he?

And Annette? Well, if you can tell me what wiser thing she could do than surrender at discretion, you are cleverer than I. In any case, that is what she did. She capitulated to the enemy, and had such faith in the generosity of her captor that she did not even attempt to make terms with him.

On his wedding morn, about an hour after the ceremony was over, the following note was put into Gawain Leslie's hand:

"My dear Son-in-Law,—So the spirits were right after all, and the young lady with the turquoise locket *has* become Mrs. Leslie No. 2. No use fighting against fate, dear boy. I might preach you a charming little homily from that text, but I take pity on you, and refrain.

"You have acted a manly part, and I admire you for it. If I know anything of my Annette you will have no reason to regret your choice. A word in your ear: Don't alarm yourself with the idea that the 'old man' will be a thorn in your side. Your ways are not my ways, and we are better apart. Besides—I have secured my object, and want nothing more of you. Kiss Annette for me. In that battered old atomy I call my heart there is still a corner sacred to her, though she may not think so. Farewell. I wing my flight to other climes, where verdant pasturage for such as I still abounds. Bless you, my children! May happiness be yours! Ever your affectionate papa,

"Aurelius Temple (otherwise Popjoy).

"P.S. That little affair of the signature was rather clever, eh? It cost me a couple of sovereigns to get a specimen of your wife's handwriting. But I don't regret the outlay."

"Dr. Popjoy" kept his word. Neither Leslie nor his wife had any further tidings of him. To this day they know not whether he is living or dead.

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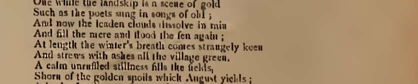
OCTOBER

October's come; the year has almost sped;
The ripened fruit upon the boughs glows red;
The fallen leaves are crisp, and rustling play
In whirling eddies all the gusty day,
While every tree takes on its autumn dress
Of gold and crimson and sad loveliness.
The night is long, the dawn is raw and cold,
The even cheerless, and the day soon told;
The very sunshine, when it lights the air,
Is sweetly sad and sorrowfully fair.
One while the landskip is a scene of gold
Such as the poets sing in songs of old;
And now the leaden clouds dissolve in rain
And fill the mere and flood the fen again;
At length the winter's breath comes strangely keen
And strews with ashes all the village green.
A calm unruffled stillness fills the fields,
Shorn of the golden spoils which August yields;
A hush of well-earned rest, of looked-for peace,
The worker's slumber when his labours cease,
Broods over all; and e'en the winter's care
Is half unthought of and half changed to prayer.

F. R.



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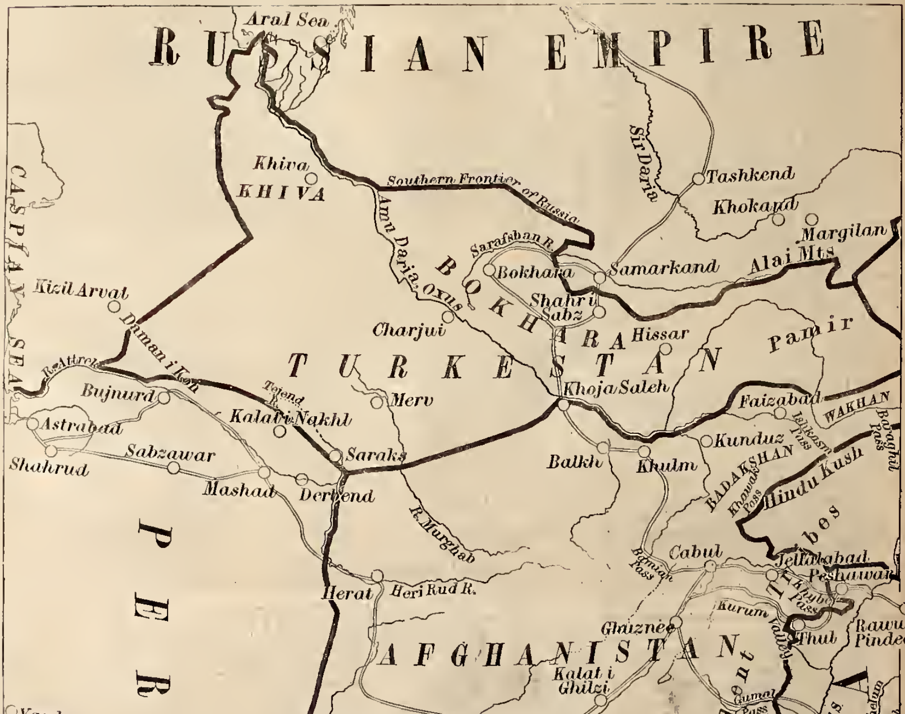
European Literature now counts 13,960 journals and periodicals, according to a German statistician. Of these 937 are claimed by the Roman Catholics.

Some Rare Napoleonic Coins, known amongst collectors as the five-franc pieces "with the lock," have been sold in Paris for 10*l.* a piece. These coins were the first struck after the *Coup d'État*, and a specimen was sent to the Elysée for Prince Louis Napoleon's approval. The Prince, however, forgot to look at the coin for some days, and was then so annoyed by the representation of a certain stray lock of hair on his forehead that he ordered a new impression to be taken. Twenty-three coins had, however, already been struck, and these are now very valuable.

A Curious Phenomenon in the South Pacific is reported by the *Prince Edward Island Farmer*. The captain of a German steamer passing by the island of New Britain on the New Guinea coast found the north-east shores of the island covered with thick smoke, and had considerable difficulty in passing the strait separating it from New Ireland on account of the fields of pumice which covered the sea to the depth of four or five feet. Three craters had opened on a peninsula formed by the island, and were sending forth continuous streams of lava, while in White Bay a new island nearly a mile long sprung out of a depth of eighteen fathoms. For several days the bay was very hot, and large numbers of fish and turtles were thrown on shore.



Stanford's Geogr. Establ. London

AFGHANISTAN AND ITS SURROUNDINGS, SHOWING THE FRONTIERS OF RUSSIA AND BRITISH INDIA

NOTE.—THE DOUBLE LINES INDICATE TRADE OR CARAVAN ROUTES

A VISIT TO HYÈRES

HYÈRES, a picturesque little town in the south of France, situated some three miles from the Mediterranean, and about eight miles from Toulon, is perhaps the best suited for the English invalid of all the resorts along the Riviera. Its climate is delightfully mild, while the neighbourhood abounds in beautiful walks and drives, the fruits and flowers of Europe growing side by side with those of the tropics, and the stately-looking palms giving an Oriental aspect to the richly-cultivated country. Though, perhaps, as a town, Hyères can hardly be compared with Nice, Cannes, and Mentone, it is more accessible, and, with the exception of Cannes, is a more exclusively English resort, while here the quietly disposed visitor is quite out of the vortex of that beautiful but baneful spot Monte Carlo, which attracts the off-scouring of Europe to this coast. At Hyères, that elsewhere almost obsolete conveyance, the diligence, flourishes, and on the Toulon road competes successfully with the railway—as the inhabitants, either from Conservatism or from motives of economy, award it a very decided preference.

The municipal authorities are to blame if the sanitary arrangements are not good, for they have now an abundant supply of good water. One of the peculiarities of the place is the long row of washerwomen pursuing their avocations at the roadside, dressed mostly in the costume of the country, which consists of a light cerise-coloured dress, striped with thin black lines, and the broad Leghorn-straw hats, which, however, are generally taken off when they are washing the clothes.

A great resort for pic-nic parties is Fenouillet, one of the highest hills in the neighbourhood, surmounted, as they often are, by a cross. Here, at a small chapel, the party is regaled by a "petit verre" of liquor, concocted by the good monks from the local herbs, as they say; but to our taste very much resembling cognac and sugar. There are very pretty villas in Hyères and the neighbourhood, with beautiful gardens belonging to them. From the gardens at the back of the villas in the sketch, which rise a good many feet above the level of the sea, one gets a most beautiful view of the surrounding country, with the blue Mediterranean studded with crafts of all kinds, from the mighty ironclad to the smallest fishing-boat, and the Islands of Porquerolles and Iles d'Or.

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CARLO GATTI

BY the death of Carlo Gatti a man has passed away deserving of more than a passing notice. Carlo Gatti was a Swiss, a native of Dongio in the valley of Blenio. This valley is noted for the periodical yearly emigration of a large number of its inhabitants to foreign lands for the purpose of selling roast chestnuts in the streets. They leave in mid-autumn, and return early in the spring. Carlo Gatti emigrated at the early age of twelve with hardly the value of one pound sterling in his pocket, and from a poor shepherd boy became at once a traveller of the world, for he started for the great capital of France, and reached it, walking the whole distance of 600 miles. His chestnut wandering trade in Paris does not seem to have particularly prospered, for, after many journeys there and back home, he resolved on trying his fortunes in London. He came to London in 1847, and two years later he was a French chocolate manufacturer. It is worth mentioning that he carried on this manufacture side by side with the sale of his roast chestnuts and his *gaufres*, and before a public that was not in those days particularly fond of "Frenchmen." Happily those days are past, and let us hope for ever. The star of success was already shining brightly over the head of Carlo Gatti, and he seemed to overcome easily all difficulties and prejudices.

He started *café* after *café* on the Continental style, and built the Hungerford Hall, which stood near his present magnificent "Café de la Confederation Suisse," with its thirty English billiard tables, and for which he obtained ample compensation at the hands of the South Eastern Railway Company, by whom it was demolished for the requirements of the Charing Cross Station. Carlo Gatti's prosperity seems to have made especially rapid strides since 1857, when, finding ice still very dear and its consumption considerably enlarged, he undertook to import it direct from Norway, where Nature manufactures it and preserves it. He was thus at once enabled to sell ice to the public at under one-third of the current price, distributing it with his sixty vans and carts; and the public bought largely and thankfully all over London. In a short time he had become the largest ice merchant in London. His death has been mourned both in London and Switzerland, and in the latter country especially, as he was a munificent benefactor to his native canton. Carlo Gatti, as stated above, was born in Dongio, in the Canton Ticino, on the 17th of July, 1817, and died in his native place on the 6th of September. The funeral, which was attended by some 2,000 people, took place in Bellinzona, where now lie his remains. He who began as a shepherd boy has died, it is stated, a millionaire.

M. CARLO GATTI

Born July 17, 1817. Died Sept. 6, 1878

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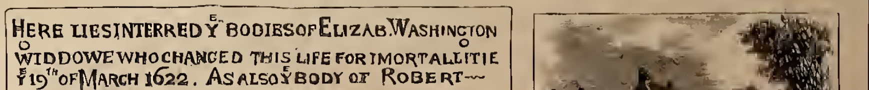
WASHINGTON MEMORIALS IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

OF all the places of interest visited by the Royal Archæological Institute on the occasion of its recent visit to Northampton, few could have presented more points of attraction than the tombs and other memorials of the Washington family, still to be seen at Brington, about six miles from that town.

In the year 1532, and again in 1546, there was a Lawrence Washington, Mayor of Northampton. He was the son of John Washington, of Warton, Lancashire, and a member of Gray's Inn; afterwards, however, he relinquished the profession of the law and settled in Northampton, where he rose to great influence. His uncle was Sir Thomas Kitson, a merchant of London, whose daughter had been espoused by Sir John Spencer, of Althorp. In 1539 he obtained a grant of the manor and lands of Sulgrave, North Hants, together with other estates, which until then had belonged to the Monastery of St. Andrew's at Northampton. Retiring to Sulgrove, he there died at a ripe old age. Three generations of Washingtons only retained possession of Sulgrave, the grandson of the grantee being obliged to sell it and retire to Brington, where he would be under the protection of his kinsmen the Spencers. The house in Little Brington is still shown where he is supposed to have lived. Over the door is the inscription:—"The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away! Blessed be the name of the Lord. Constrvcta 1606."

The parish register, amongst other Washington records, contains notices of the baptism and burial of a son of this Lawrence Washington in 1606-7. The latter died in 1616, and his remains lie buried in the chancel of the parish church. One of our illustrations represents the shield bearing his arms, impaled with those of his wife, engraven on his tombstone. Near to him, but in the nave, is the grave of his brother Robert. It also bears a shield on brass, showing the same blazon (*argent* two bars *gules*; in chief three mullets of the second), with the crescent of a younger brother. This shield, of which we also give a sketch, exhibits even more plainly than the other the characteristics which have caused the device to be regarded as the origin of the American flag, namely, the five-pointed stars and the alternate red and white stripes. Robert Washington died without issue. Lawrence, however, had a large family. The first son was Sir William Washington, of Packington, Leicestershire, who wedded a sister of the Duke of Buckingham, through whose influence the fortunes of the family seem to have revived. The second was Sir John. Repeated mention is made of him in the household books of Althorp, where he and several of his brothers were frequent guests. He was married to a daughter of Philip Curtis, of Islip, North Hants, by whom he had three sons. A mural tablet to her memory still exists in the Islip Church. Little is known of Sir John, save that he appears, like



HERE LIES INTERRED Y^{E} BODIES OF ELIZAB. WASHINGTON
WIDDOWE WHO CHANGED THIS LIFE FOR IMORTALLITIE
Y^{E} 19^{TH} OF MARCH 1622. AS ALSO Y^{E} BODY OF ROBERT—
WASHINGTON GENT. HER LATE HVSBAND SECOND
SONNE OF ROBERT WASHINGTON OF SOLGRAVE IN Y^{E}
COVNTY OF NORTH: ESQ^{R}: WHO DEPTED THIS LIFE Y^{E}
10^{TH} OF MARCH 1622 AFTER THEY LIVED LOVINGLY TOGETHER

1 and 4. Inscription and Shield of one of Washington's Ancestors in Brington Church, Northamptonshire, the Shield showing the supposed Original of the "Stars and Stripes."—2. House at Little Brington formerly occupied by Washington's Ancestors.—3. Brington Church, containing the Graves of Lawrence Washington and Robert Washington, Direct Ancestors of President Washington.

WASHINGTON MEMORIALS NEAR NORTHAMPTON

the other Washingtons, to have taken the side of the King in the Civil Wars, and that he was concerned, along with a younger brother Lawrence, in the troubles of 1656, and so with him obliged to take refuge in Virginia. Before his emigration he lived some time at South Cave in Yorkshire, where he had acquired an estate. Emigrating about the year 1657 he settled at Bridge's Creek, Westmoreland County, and, marrying again, became the great grandfather of President Washington. In the red and white bars and the stars of his shield, and the "eagle issuant" of his crest—borne later by General Washington—the framers of the Constitution undoubtedly, too, got the idea of the stars and stripes and the spread eagle of the national emblem.

◆

Joss, the large Baboon at the Alexandra Palace, who had a tooth extracted some weeks ago, has been obliged to undergo a further operation, as he was suffering from disease of the jaw. The monkey was put under chloroform, and two more teeth and part of the jaw were taken away; while Joss seemed none the worse for the operation when he came to again, but after cooling his face against a window-pane, rejoined his companions, apparently much relieved. The chloroform took 4 min. 37 sec. to produce total unconsciousness in Joss, who is a large specimen of his tribe, and from twelve to fifteen years old, while he revived in about ten minutes.

The Greenland Eastern Ice-fields, between the Danish colonies of Fredrikshaab and Godthaab, have been successfully explored by three Danes and a Greenlander, who spent twenty-three days and nights in the icy territory, enduring great hardships and suffering. The explorers ascended the eastern mountain range, declared by Dalager, after his ascent of the "Nunatak" mountain, near Fredrikshaab, in 1751, to form the east coast of Greenland. Entering the ice-fields on July 14, the travellers took ten days to reach the foot of the range, the loose snow, the uneven surface of the ice, and the numerous crevasses making their progress slow and dangerous, while they were still further hindered by storms and fogs. For six days the party were prevented by the fog from ascending the mountains; but on July 31st the weather moderated, and they were able to climb the highest peak of the range, estimated to be some five thousand feet above the sea-level. On the other side of the ridge, ice-fields were visible as far as eye could reach, the plateau apparently rising higher and higher, and these observations clearly prove that the Greenland coast is not terminated, as had been supposed, by the mountain range.

The Clock at the New Law Courts.——In reference to a statement in our last issue Mr. J. P. Young writes that the dial of the Law Courts Clock is not the second largest in London, the dial of St. Paul's Clock being 57 feet in circumference, or over 18 feet in diameter, that is, more than double the 9 feet diameter of the Law Courts Clock. In fact, the minute hand is as long as the diameter in question.

BIRTH

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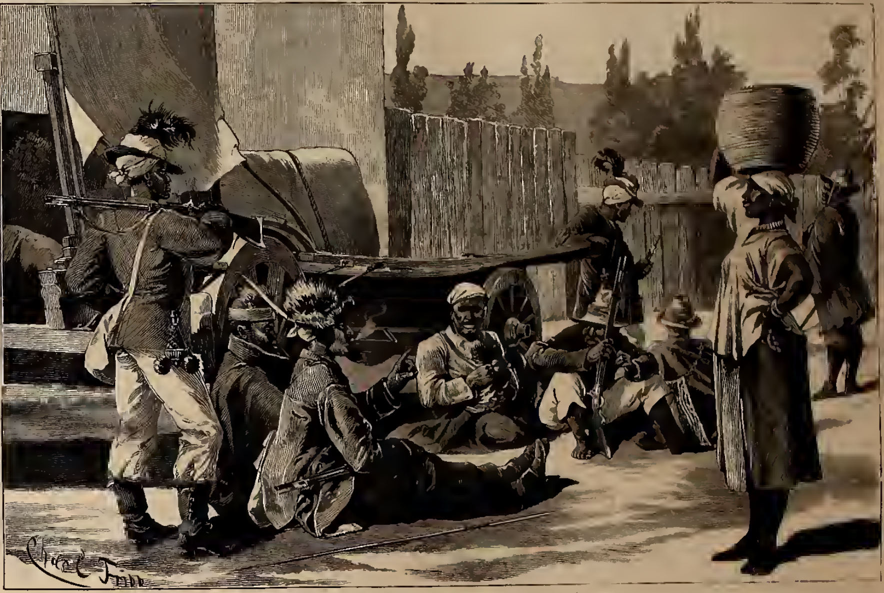

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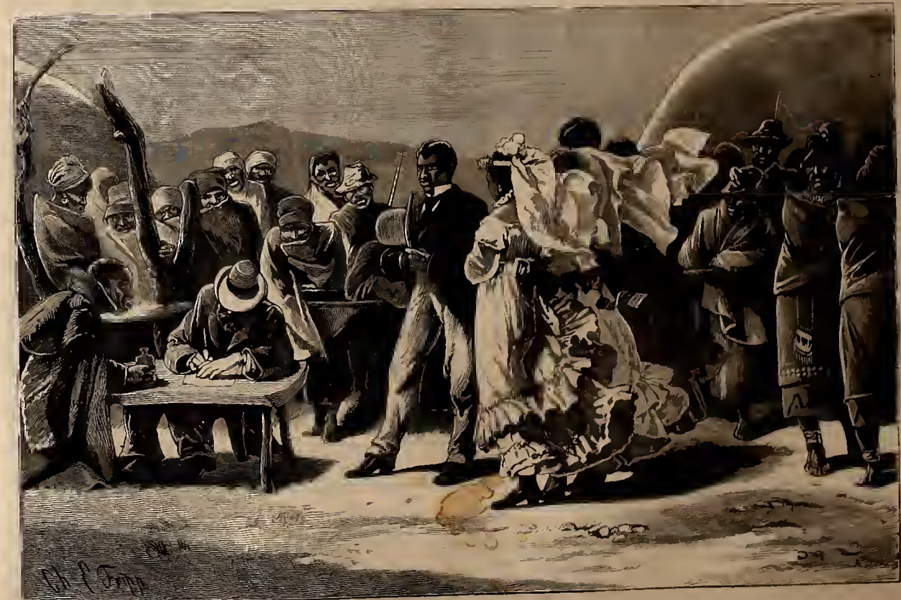

A CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE IN A FINGO KRAAL

SKETCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA—BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

Topics of the Week

The Bank Failure.——The failure of the City of Glasgow Bank may not, perhaps, cause quite so much distress as was at first feared, but under the most favourable conditions it must lead to wide-spread misery. Thousands of unfortunate people will suffer heavy loss, while a large number, including many widows and minors, will be utterly ruined. The more the affairs of the Bank are examined, the clearer it becomes that the disaster is due solely to the incompetence and rashness of the directors. In order to gain an advantage over its rivals, the Bank gave unusually high interest on deposits, and this involved the necessity of extensive speculation. Loans were granted on the most worthless securities, and schemes were supported, the hollowness of which ought to have been obvious to the feeblest business intelligence. By dexterous management the public were led to believe that the Bank was thoroughly sound, while the high dividends induced scores of people who love rapid gains to become shareholders. We do not think any language can be too strong for the condemnation of those who have thus trifled with a most serious trust. It may not be possible to bring any of them to book for their misdeeds; but they are morally responsible for the whole of the havoc and wretchedness the stoppage of the Bank will entail. It is to be hoped that the directors of other Banks will take to heart the obvious lessons of the failure. The public are beginning to question whether the custom of giving interest on deposits is not altogether a mistake; but in any case the interest ought evidently to be so far limited that there shall be no necessity for other than safe business transactions. If investors do not profit by what has happened, we may confidently say that they will profit by nothing. It has once more been revealed to them with startling vividness that large dividends, if attractive, are also dangerous, and should excite, not lull, suspicion. Nowadays, however, people are so eager to be rich that after a very short time the warning will in many instances lose its force, and probably even some of those who are now suffering will be as anxious as ever to make money quickly rather than by the slow, but sure, methods that were popular with our forefathers.

Free Trade and War.——Mr. Bright's letter to the Bologna Professor comes with especial opportuneness at the present time, when the nations of the Continent are groaning under heavier military burdens than they have endured since the days of the First Napoleon. If Free Trade is a little out of favour in this country just now, it is not because Englishmen think it less admirable in principle than they did thirty years ago, but because so few other nations (our Transatlantic and Antipodal cousins not excepted) show any signs of following England's example. We fully agree with Mr. Bright that universal Free Trade would in all probability prevent for the future such wars as those with which the present generation is familiar; but the question remains whether there is any chance of our getting universal Free Trade while the sentiment of Nationality, Patriotism, or whatever we please to call it, remains as powerful as it now is. If men born and bred in these islands, and still united nominally to the British Empire, erect hostile tariffs against us, for the sake of building up an Australian or a Canadian Nationality, what can we expect from two such countries as France and Germany, which are still animated with mutual feelings of suspicion and revenge? Yet, of all the countries in the world, they are the two which ought chiefly to take Mr. Bright's lecture to heart, for they are both staggering under burdens which—in Germany, especially—are almost too grievous to bear. Why should they not try Mr. Bright's recipe? It would be a glorious experiment, and would confer far more happiness on the world than any number of military triumphs. They need not even aim at universal Free Trade; it will suffice, as each country needs many of the other's commodities, to form a Customs' Union between themselves,—it would be, in fact, merely the admission of another province to the German *Zollverein.* All sorts of excellent results would follow; the Alsace-Lorraine annexation would cease to be a cause of bitterness, Prince Bismarck's bugbear, Socialism, would assume a milder form, and before long the vast armies which now suck the blood and empty the pockets both of Jacques Bonhomme and Hans Sauerkraut would be found to be anachronisms, and would be quietly disbanded. The giants having thus put off their armour, the dwarfs (that is, the smaller surrounding nations) would only too readily follow their example, and bit by bit, the Customs' Union might be extended, until at last the nations realised, at least commercially, Victor Hugo's vision of "the United States of Europe."

Russian Intrigues.——Russia seems to have her hands pretty full at present, if we may trust half the statements that are made with an air of authority about her. There can be no sort of doubt as to her intrigues at Cabul; and she seems lately to have been equally busy at Constantinople. In Berlin, at any rate, the charges of the Porte with regard to the cruelty of Austrian troops in Bosnia are attributed wholly to Russian influence, nor is there any reason to question that this view is correct. The Russians would like nothing better than to compel Austria, notwithstanding the objections of Hungary, to go on adding to her difficulties; and this object could not be more readily obtained than by wounding her honour by false accusations. Were Austria to violate, even in unimportant matters, the Treaty of Berlin, Russia would then have an excellent excuse for following her example. Russian troops would be kept long past the proper time on Turkish soil; and an attempt would be made to secure the virtual union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. This is probably the real explanation of the trouble we are now having in Afghanistan. So long as our attention is kept away from Europe, the advisers of the Czar hope that they may act in Turkey very much as they please. Hence the influence they have exerted to induce the Ameer to flout us before the world. Englishmen, however, will he intensely surprised if these tolerably simple tactics are allowed to succeed. After all, our power in Asia is not quite so shaky as Russia imagines. We shall be fully able to look after Shere Ali, to maintain our position in India, and at the same time to see that no injury is done to us in Europe. It is true that we are passing through a time of considerable depression in trade; but the country is still prosperous, and resolved to allow no other nation to trench upon its rights. On the other hand, Russia has rarely been weaker than she is now, and would not dream of doing anything that would inevitably lead to war. We may hope, then, that as she becomes more enlightened with respect to English opinion she will find it safer to be content with the Treaty of Berlin, and to cultivate friendly relations with the only Power which she has in the mean time any real reason to fear.

Sewage Poisoning.——The annual seaside holiday—which was almost unknown to our ancestors, but which is now regarded by the middle classes as a necessity rather than a luxury—is not without its risks to health. Young persons are especially susceptible to malarious influences, and, as our sea-coast towns are naturally resorted to by convalescents from scarlet fever, small-pox, and other infectious complaints, it is common enough to hear of children who have brought home with them from the seaside the seeds of one or other of these maladies. It is to be feared that lodging-house keepers too often let apartments which have only just been vacated by infection-bearing invalids, trusting to luck that no ill-consequences will ensue to the new comers. Indeed, we were recently told of a case where, although the landlady had been paid an extra month's rent by the friends of a person who had died in her apartments of scarlet fever, she put up a bill as soon as they had departed, announcing that these very lodgings were to let. But besides these risks, the danger of defective drainage is quite as great at the seaside as anywhere else. A sad case has just occurred at Ramsgate, where three out of six children (all perfectly robust on their arrival) have fallen victims to diphtheria, clearly produced, it is alleged, by sewer exhalations. Our present plan of disposing of our sewage is, perhaps, on the whole preferable to the primitive method of our forefathers, but it brings with it special evils of its own. The fault of the old system was that the cesspools were rarely emptied, and that in process of time they leaked into the springs from whence the household drew its water supply. But, at all events, at that epoch there was little likelihood of a family being poisoned by sewer gases artificially brought from a distance. The other day a case was reported of a household whose health was good as long as their sewers were insulated, but as soon as they were connected with the main drainage illness supervened, and several deaths occurred. There, is, of course, a remedy against this evil. All drain-pipes leading to the sewers should be ventilated by an upright pipe leading to the roof. But it is hard that tenants—whose occupancy is often very brief—should be put to the expense of this somewhat costly improvement, and landlords will rarely do it, unless they are compelled. Such compulsion ought to be exercised, otherwise the extension of our present sewage system is likely to prove a curse rather than a blessing. At some future date, perhaps, instead of diluting our sewage so as to make it almost useless as a fertilising agent, we may employ our elaborate net-work of sewers merely for carrying away storm-waters, and trust to earth as a deodoriser, accompanied by frequent and systematic removal of all refuse matter.

The Difficulties of Austria.——The Emperor of Austria finds himself at present in an extremely awkward and dangerous position. The Turks absolutely refuse to sanction his occupation of Bosnia; and, what is far more important, the Hungarians are murmuring so loudly against the policy of Count Andrassy that the Hungarian Ministry has been compelled to resign. The alternative the Emperor has before him, therefore, is to stop short in the undertaking he has begun, or to complete it at the risk of permanently alienating the Hungarians. For the latter are thoroughly in earnest. They have all along sided with the Turks, and they side with them more vehemently than ever now that the inevitable consequences of annexing Bosnia are becoming clearer. If the Slav element in the Empire is added to, Austria will more and more have to cultivate the friendship of Russia; and Hungary will play a much less important part than it thinks itself entitled to play, and than it has been playing since the establishment of the dual system. The Slavs will, in short, control the whole policy of the State. We do not believe that the Emperor can afford to stir up the passions which would be thus aroused. His earliest experiences in public life were in connection with Hungarian resistance to tyranny; and he is never likely to have other than a vivid impression of the complete surrender he had to make to Deak after the battle of Königgrätz. He knows very well that Hungary can still make herself troublesome; that, perhaps, if the worst came to the worst, she might bring ruin upon him and his dynasty. By accepting a compromise he will not, unfortunately, make an end of his troubles. The Hungarians will still be offended, and, on the other hand, he will have obtained far too slight a hold of Bosnia to make his tenure of the province either honourable or secure. It is not all improbable that, notwithstanding his ambition and the hardships his army has endured, he may ultimately be forced to act as the Turks and the Hungarians wish: rule Bosnia for a time, and then hand it over again to the Sultan. This was the nominal intention of the Congress, but nobody supposed at the time that its nominal and its real intention had any genuine resemblance. Events, however, are not going in the direction indicated by the statesmen who would fain have controlled them from Berlin; they are quite unexpectedly—in this matter at least—moving in favour of Turkey. Should they continue to do so, Count Andrassy will be responsible for as pretentious and as futile a policy as any that has been known in the present century.

Electricity *versus* Gas.——There are still a good many old people alive who can remember when London was lighted by oil lamps, and now—although it is always dangerous to prophesy—it seems not unlikely that the career of carburetted hydrogen gas as an illuminator of our streets and houses is coming to an end. Mr. Edison, of phonograph renown, announces that he can subdivide the new electric light to any extent—the difficulty of such subdivision having been hitherto the great obstacle to its use for the purpose of interior lighting. As regards expense, the statistics supplied by M. Manchon, of the Rouen cloth factory, show that the electric light is, in France, some twenty per cent. cheaper than gas. In this country, however, where gas is much lower in price, the balance of cost would apparently be against the electric light. The work-people in M. Manchon's factory speak favourably of the new illuminator, on account of the whiteness of the light, and the absence of heat, which latter quality is such an unpleasant characteristic of gas. Judging from our own observation of the new light outside the Gaiety Theatre, it resembles in softness and tint the moonlight of the tropics, only still more powerful, and the adjacent gas-jets look by contrast almost orange-coloured. Time will show whether the electric light will conquer its yellow rival. As we have said above, we shrink from prophesying, but, at the same time, we feel no strong desire just now to invest in gas-shares.

Italy and Count Corti.——It appears likely that Count Corti will be able to retain his position in the Italian Cabinet, but he cannot do so without some hesitation. The fact is not creditable to the Italian people. For he has been guilty of no real offence; he simply refrained from entering upon an enterprise in which he could only have met with ignominious failure. The Italian people have been so much accustomed to getting benefit out of every European trouble that they felt sure they would secure something very large indeed after a Russo-Turkish War. If Austria was to receive Bosnia, they had an absolute right, they fancied, to that "unredeemed Italy" about which they talk so vaguely and so largely. But suppose Count Corti had raised the question at the Congress? How grimly Prince Bismarck would have reminded him of the objects for which it had been summoned! And we may be sure that Count Andrassy would not have failed to throw out some ominous hints as to the possible action of his country. All this ought to be perfectly clear to the Italians, but unfortunately they prefer to pose as an injured people, and poor Count Corti is made responsible for their fancied wrongs. The truth is that Italy is not at present in so healthy a condition as her friends could wish. She has all sorts of restless longings, and cannot even see an Englishman and a Frenchman take office in Egypt without demanding that the Khedive shall have an Italian Minister also. And while the priests are busy, the revolutionary clubs are agitating with a fervour that gives promise of a good deal of serious trouble. It would almost seem as if the death of the rough but vigorous and kind-hearted King Emanuel had made a profound difference in the conditions of Italian political life. He so impressed the popular imagination that his indirect influence kept in check irregular impulses and vain aspirations. It will be a grave disaster if the statesmen now in power are unable to win the nation back to its old paths. The Italians have so much to do before they can regard themselves as a genuinely united and prosperous people that they can ill-afford to waste their strength in foolish projects.

DISTINGUISHING MARKS ON OMNIBUSES.——Everybody who travels outside these useful vehicles is familiar with the would-be passenger (usually a woman), who hails the omnibus, and then discovers that it is not the one she wants. The driver growls because his omnibus has been stopped for nothing, and often adds some remark disparaging to the fair sex in general. Such an experience as this is probably encountered by every omnibus driver in London at least a dozen times a day. But now we would ask: "Is the typical omnibus-seeking old lady always to blame in such cases?" Of course there are stupid or purblind people who would hail a police van or a hearse, but is it not just possible that our omnibuses are less clearly marked than they might be? A lesson in this respect may be learnt from Paris, the parent city of omnibuses. But, as we Londoners are, of all townsfolk, perhaps the most obstinately addicted to old fashions, we would not venture upon any very revolutionary changes. We would keep the old names, the Waterloos, the Favourites, and the Royal Blues; and we would leave the colours of the vehicles, the reds, the yellows, the browns, and the greens, exactly as they now are. But we would make the subsidiary distinctions more clear. For example, you see a yellow omnibus in Tottenham Court Road; but, unless you are close to it, it is difficult to tell, especially after dark, whither it is bound. It may be going to Hampstead, to Highgate, to the Adelaide, to the Mother Shipton, or to the Bull and Gate. Why should not the present system of scattering names at random all over the omnibus be altered; and the *next* terminus of the vehicle be displayed in conspicuous letters on moveable boards upon both sides and at the back? At night a simple arrangement of coloured lamps would at once indicate each of the five possible destinations towards which a yellow omnibus may be travelling. We have observed that when anything special is going on, such as the Islington Cattle Show, the omnibus proprietors plaster their vehicles in the most spirited manner with staring placards. Why can't they give equal publicity to their ordinary daily journeys?

NOTICE.——*With this Number is issued an* EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, *entitled*, "THE LOVERS," *from a Pen-and-Ink Drawing by Professor Gussow.—The Half Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 372 and 381.*

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THE GRAPHIC

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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

SKETCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA

CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE IN A FINGO KRAAL

"NEAR Mr. Hall's Fort," writes our artist, "I had the opportunity of seeing a Christian marriage in a Fingo Kraal. The ceremony took place in the open, the clergyman addressing the happy pair in their own language before going through the service, which was likewise in Kaffir. It was amusing to witness the women watch the event, evidently with the same zest as fairer ladies do a similar one, in Great Britain. Bride, bridegroom, and their followers were attired in the "height of fashion," a strange contrast to the women in native costume on the right, who eyed the proceedings with wonder. The gentleman in the military overcoat on the left was holding the ink-bottle for the clergyman, who must have found the native bench he was writing on far from steady."

A PARTY OF FINGO LEVIES WAITING OUTSIDE THE COMMISSARIAT IN KING WILLIAM'S TOWN

"SOME of the Fingo levies," continues our artist, "are armed with the Snider, others with the Enfield rifle, while many still possess muzzle-loading weapons of different patterns. The Fingoes, like all African tribes, are fond of personal ornament, and decorate their hats with ostrich and other feathers, and cast-off uniforms are in great request among them. They wear all sorts of clothing and present a motley appearance. The man sitting with the pipe in his mouth has a fur cap made from the skin of two or three animals, making up a very curious head-dress. The woman on the right is carrying a basket of native manufacture on her head. The men I have represented are armed with muzzle-loaders, as the powder-flask indicates, and when they have these they also retain their native weapon the assegai."

A STOOL-BALL MATCH AT HORSHAM PARK

IN our issue of September 20th we gave some account of the ancient national woman's game of "Stool-ball, or "tuts," from which cricket probably is derived. It is now being revived in Sussex, the initiative being taken by ladies' clubs, composed of members of the principal county families in the neighbourhood of Horsham. The game very much resembles cricket; a small wooden bat is used, shaped like a fives' racket, and the wickets consist of two boards fixed on supports four feet high, placed at a distance of thirteen yards from each other. Runs are scored, catches made, and the "fields" are placed in the same positions as in cricket. Balls must be bowled underhand and full pitch. The ball used is a full-sized tennis ball.

Our illustration represents a match recently played at Horsham Park, the seat of R. H. Hurst, Esq., between two of the county clubs, *i.e.*, the "Foresters," of which Miss Cureton was captain, and the Horsham Park Eleven, under Miss Hurst. Play began at eleven o'clock, the "Foresters," having won the toss, went in first, and were all out with 109 runs by half-past one.

The two elevens then proceeded to a tent pitched in the park, where lunch was prepared for them. Play was resumed at half-past two, when the Horsham Park Eleven went in and made 60 runs; the fielding and bowling of the "Foresters" was exceedingly good.

The "Foresters" then went in and made 136 runs; afterwards the Horsham Park Eleven had their second innings, which only added 16 runs to their previous score. This result was mainly owing to the light failing, and the eleven being quite tired out by having fielded for so long. The "Foresters" thus won by 169 runs.

At three o'clock a large gathering of the neighbouring gentry assemble to witness the last part of the match, which excited the greatest interest.

The Rev. C. Hodgson, R. Ramsden, Esq., of Woldringfold, and F. Dickens, Esq., acted as umpires.

The two elevens were dressed in picturesque uniforms of light blue and pink, and the beautiful grounds adjoining the house were gaily decorated with flags. The whole formed a most striking scene.

THE ABERCARNE EXPLOSION—MR. SIMPSON'S BOWL

THIS contrivance has become quite an institution in Liverpool; and, indeed, is well known in many surrounding towns. Mr. Simpson, some time ago, hit upon the idea of placing a bowl upon a table before the refreshment rooms on the Liverpool landing-stage. So successful was this bowl, that it quite astonished every one, and aided materially in swelling the contributions to the various charities for which it has from time to time been put into requisition. A list of the amounts dropped into the bowl, and the names of the charities for which contributions were asked, will be found below.

Mr. Simpson has, by his untiring energy in the cause of suffering humanity, earned for himself a name which will long be remembered with gratitude.

Indian Famine Fund, 203*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.*; South Wales Distress Fund, 2,159*l.* 19*s.* 10*d.*; Haydock Widows' and Orphans' Fund, 625*l.* 7*s.* 7¾*d.* The bowl is now in operation for the sufferers from the Abercarne Explosion, and an inscription in Welsh as well as English sets forth its object.

THE NEW BELLS, ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

See page 378.

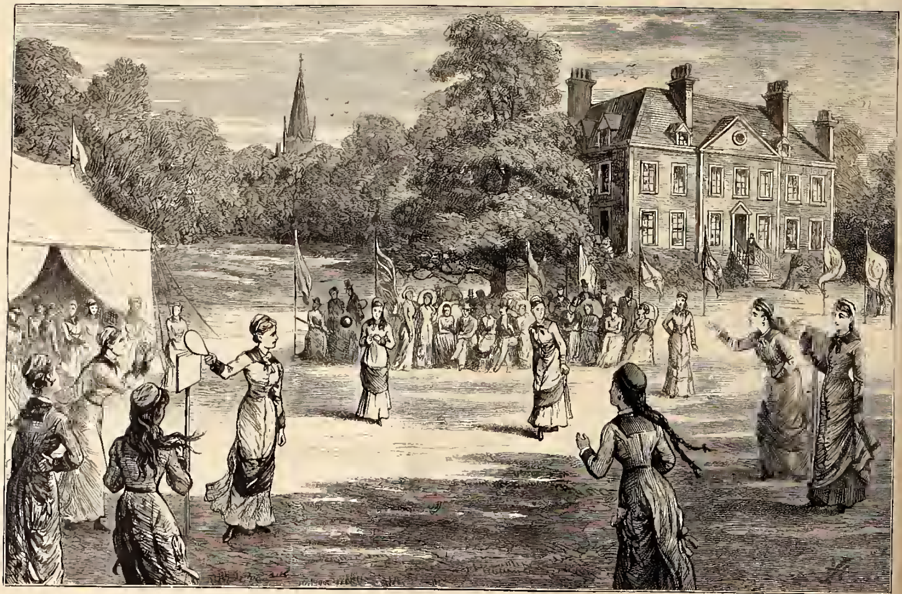
AFGHANISTAN—THE UMBALLA DURBAR

THIS Durbar, which was held in grand State by Lord Mayo in March, 1869, at Umballa, is especially noticeable as the last occasion on which Shere Ali had a personal interview with an English Viceroy. Shere Ali had then been in peaceful possession of his throne for nearly a year, and had received valuable presents of both money and arms from Sir John (now Lord) Lawrence. When Lord Lawrence was succeeded by Lord Mayo, the latter continued to pursue the conciliatory policy of his predecessor, and, as we have said, met Shere Ali in a Durbar held with considerable ceremony at Umballa, where Lord Mayo assured the Ameer that Her Majesty's Government had no desire to interfere with the affairs of Afghanistan except to check civil war, and by so doing to secure the peace and prosperity of the country.

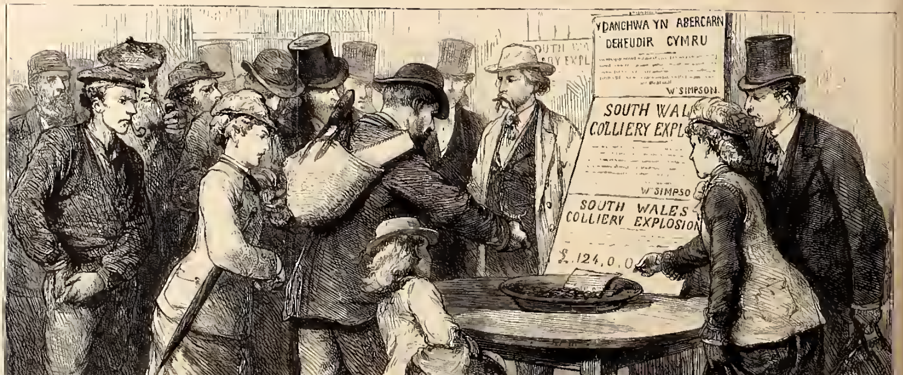
The chief object, however, of Shere Ali's visit to British territory was to secure the Viceroy's consent to the succession of his youngest son, Abdullah Jan (since dead), to the *musnud* of Afghanistan (this youth appears on Lord Mayo's left in the photograph), and to receive a handsome present from the Indian Government of money and arms. As it is well known that he received several thousand stand of Enfield rifles and at least 10,000 rupees, besides a battery of smooth-bore cannon, we shall in all probability shortly have the pleasure of being "hoist with our own petard." There were paraded for his inspection a few of our crack regiments (European), infantry and cavalry, and a mountain battery of artillery. With the exception of the 92nd or 42nd Highlanders, he did not seem to think much of our troops. The stalwart Scotchmen were the only specimens who could compare in physique with his own countrymen, and he expressed an opinion that they might hold their own with his soldiers. As to the Poorbeah Sepoys, he only counted them fit to feed the eagles or manure the soil. He reckoned their fighting power in his country at zero. He would have purchased the mountain battery of artillery, and was willing to give a lac of rupees for it; but the Viceroy was firm, and would not sell the only sort of artillery capable of doing good service in mountainous Afghanistan.

Shere Ali was also unable to secure the recognition by the British Government of his son, Abdullah Jan, as heir to the throne in the place of his elder brother, the brave Yakoob Khan, through whose prowess the Ameer had mainly regained his throne. From this time a coolness seemed to spring up between the Ameer and the British Government, which always faithfully supported the claim of Yakoob Khan; and, when the latter was imprisoned by his father, Lord Northbrook again offended the Ameer by remonstrating with him for incarcerating the son to whom he owed his throne.

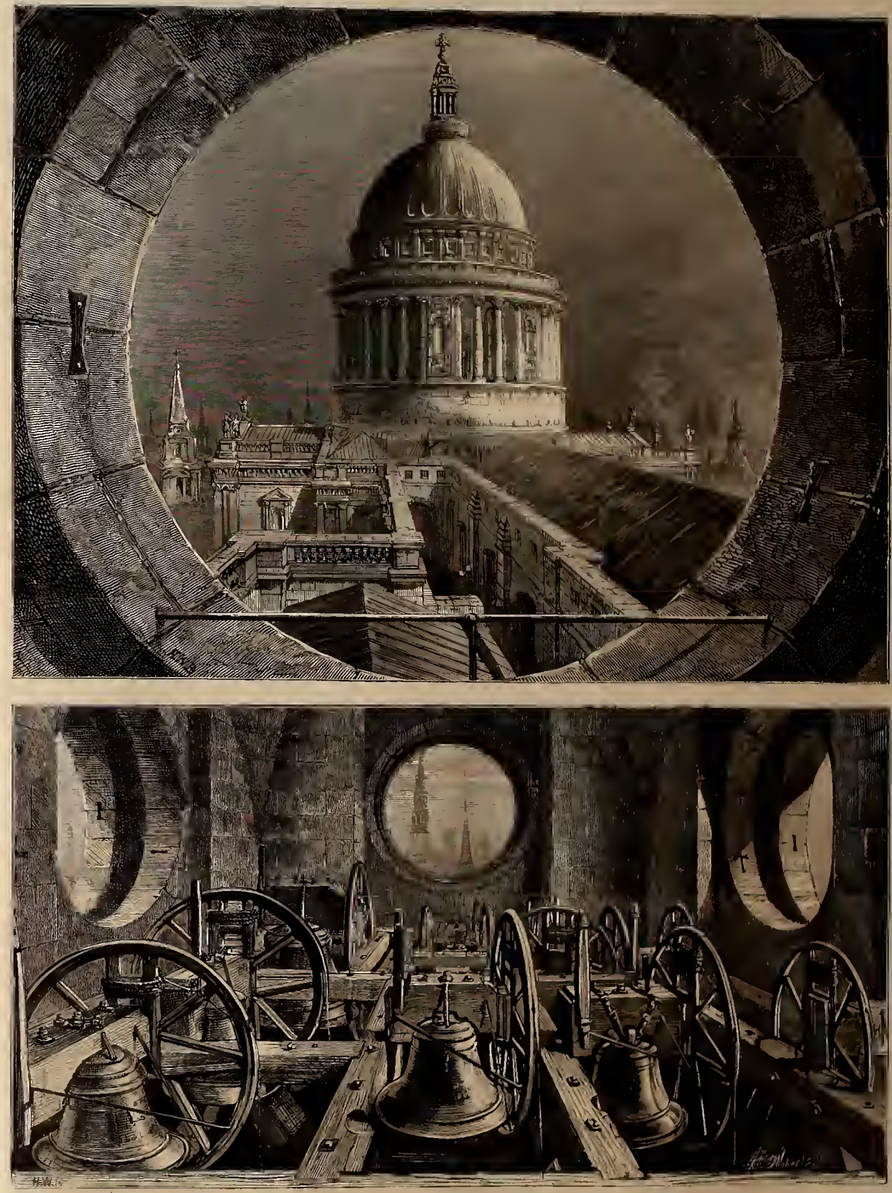
The Afghans are genuine mountaineers, and from the cradle to the grave are trained fighters. They are skilful marksmen and superb swordsmen, and man for man put our soldiers—white, black, or brown—in the shade in point of physique and training to the hardships incidental to warfare. They are now mostly armed with breech-loading rifles; and, bearing in mind how a division of Turks held the Russian army in check at Plevna, we must not underrate the foe we are about to meet on his own



THE ANCIENT NATIONAL GAME OF STOOLBALL—A MATCH AT HORSHAM PARK



THE ABERCARNE COLLIERY EXPLOSION—MR. SIMPSON'S BOWL ON THE PRINCE'S LANDING STAGE, LIVERPOOL



1. View from the Belfry Window, looking East.—2. The Peal of Bells.

THE NEW BELLS AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

ground, and doubtless aided by the strategical and tactical advice of Europeans who are not our friends.

The names of the personages represented in our engraving, beginning from the left, are as follows:—Two Sikh Sirdars, a Sikh Rajah, Rajah of Nabhah, Rajah of Jheend, Maharajah of Puttiala, Shere Ali, Mirza Mahomed, Lord Mayo, Abdullah Jan, Lord Napier, Lieut.-Governor of the Punjaub, Lord Mansfield, Sir William Muir, Sir Richard Temple, Mr. Davis.

CHARLES RIVERS WILSON, ESQ., C.B.

Charles Rivers Wilson, Esq., C.B., who has lately accepted the post of Finance Minister of Egypt, was educated at Eton and at Baliol College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1853, passed a competitive examination, and was appointed a Clerk in the Treasury, February, 1856; was Private Secretary to the Financial Secretary from 1856 till 1858—to the Permanent Secretary from 1858 till December, 1868, and was Acting Private Secretary to Mr. Disraeli (now Lord Beaconsfield) from August, 1867, till July, 1868; was appointed British Representative of the International Coinage Commission in Paris in 1867, and Secretary to the Royal Commission on International Coinage in 1868; was Private Secretary to the Right Hon. R. Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer, from December, 1868, till 1873, when, for special services, he was appointed Comptroller-General of the National Debt Office; was made a C.B., March 3, 1876; was recommended by Her Majesty's Government, at the Khedive's request, for a financial post under the Egyptian Government, and proceeded to Egypt in March, 1876, but returned to England in the following June and resumed his duties at the National Debt Office; was appointed one of the Representatives of Great Britain on the Council of the Suez Canal Company, July 29, 1876; was appointed a Royal Commissioner for the Paris Exhibition of 1878, Jan. 22, 1877.

THE GLASGOW BANK FAILURE

The stoppage of the City of Glasgow Bank has produced great excitement both north and south of the Tweed, and much severe comment upon the conduct of the directors has appeared in the various Scotch and English newspapers. Messrs. Smith, Fleming, and Co., who failed last week, owe the Bank 1,700,000*l.*; another firm owes 1,200,000*l.*, and an Australian house nearly two millions. One of the Directors of the Bank, whose firm has stopped payment, has individually obtained advances to the amount, it is said, of 180,000*l.* Three other Directors owe respectively 500,000*l.*, 170,000*l.*, and 100,000*l.*, and three persons connected by family ties with members of the Board are debtors for 153,000*l.*, 100,000*l.*, and 85,000*l.* The capital of the Bank was 1,000,000*l.*, and the reserve fund 450,000*l.* There are, it is said, 1,200 shareholders, chiefly small capitalists, and the deficit which they will have to make good to the last penny of their possessions, is stated at 2,000,000*l.* The Bank stopped payment in 1857, but resumed business in a short time, and though it has never thoroughly recovered from the blow it then received, its reputation had been maintained and defended publicly with such success that only a week before its collapse its 100*l.* shares were quoted at 243. On Sunday last the subject was alluded to by various preachers in the churches and chapels of Glasgow and Edinburgh. Professor Craig of Glasgow in his sermon asked what was to be thought of a company who in July last declared a dividend of 12 per cent. when they had unbalanced liabilities amounting to millions. The action of such persons seemed to him worse than that of highwaymen of the olden time, who risked their own necks in their trade, but only took what a man had in his possession.

"THE LOVERS," BY CHARLES GUSSOW

This artist commenced his studies at the Saxe-Weimar Academy in 1862, where, after attaining high honours, he subsequently, at the age of twenty-six, became Professor. Four years later he was appointed Professor of Figure Painting at the Ducal Academy in Carlsruhe, Baden. During his two years' stay here he produced several of his most remarkable pictures. "Spectators," exhibited in the London International Exhibition of 1874, and engraved in our number of the 24th October of that year, was the first, followed, amongst others, by "Autumn Flowers," "Town Flowers," and the "Artilleryman's Story of the Battle" this latter (being purchased last year by the Belgian Government), is now in the Museum at Ghent. Early in 1876, at the age of thirty-two, having already gained the Gold Medal of the Royal Berlin Academy, he was called to the Professorship there, the highest distinction that can be conferred upon a German artist; where, with Von Werner and Knaus as his colleagues, he has remained to the present day.

The picture from which our engraving is taken was exhibited this year at the Belgian Gallery, Old Bond Street. It is a forcible specimen of the artist's power and aims; a picture made up of the homeliest materials, yet striking in its truth and realism. It is a perfect little comedy in colours.

Other pictures produced since his residence in Berlin are the "Old Man's Treasure" and the "Widow," the latter gaining the Gold Medal in the Amsterdam International Exhibition last year. And more recently still, his remarkable work, "The Welcome Home," exhibited in the same Exhibition, with "The Lovers," this season. Three of Professor Gussow's works were specially selected by the German Emperor for the present Universal Exhibition in Paris.

"A TIFF"

What is it all about? How comes it that on this lovely summer evening, when Strephon and Chloe ought to be walking together in close companionship, his arm entwining her waist, and perhaps her hand resting unresistingly in his, how comes it that this loving pair are parted asunder, that there is a tearful look on Chloe's fair face as she hurries down the hill, and that Strephon leans disconsolately against the gate, making quite an ugly black blot on the golden radiance of the sky? What is it all about? Faithful Ponto would like to know. Though following Chloe, he is looking back wistfully after Strephon, wondering in his simple doggish mind how it comes to pass that this pair of Siamese twins, as they seemed to be, are no longer together. We can guess the cause of the trouble. There is probably a he or a she in it, perhaps both. Strephon has been paying too marked attention to Phyllis, and then possibly Chloe, just out of pure pique, has had a hot flirtation with Colin. Heaven forbid that the "tiff" should harden into a downright quarrel! Twenty-four hours later, it is to be hoped, they will have kissed, and forgiven each other.

AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE IN THE HOLY LAND,
VIII.

Of all the holy places round Jerusalem, the Mount of Olives is held to be the holiest. The Mount still merits its name. The slopes are cultivated, but the vegetation is not luxuriant. The principal trees are the olive, fig, and carob; and here and there a few apricot, almond, terebinth, and hawthorn trees. The view of the city from the summit is very fine, and is thus described by Dean Stanley:—"A few moments, and the path mounts again; it climbs a rugged ascent, it reaches a ledge of smooth rock, and in an instant the whole city bursts into view. As now the dome of the Mosque El-Aksa rises like a ghost from the earth before the traveller, so in Our Lord's time must have risen the Temple tower; as now the vast enclosure of the Mussulman sanctuary, so then must have spread the Temple courts; as now the grey town on its broken hills, so then the magnificent city, with its background—long since vanished away—of gardens and suburbs."

Near the Kidron Valley is the Chapel of the Tomb of the Virgin, where, according to the legend, she was interred by the Apostles, and where she lay till her "Assumption." A church stood over the traditional tomb as early as the fifth century. The existing edifice dates from the twelfth century. The only part of the church above ground is the porch. The principal façade is on the south side, which is flanked by two flying buttresses, and has a portal in the middle, with a beautiful pointed arch, into which a wall with a small door has been built. The arches rest on four marble columns.

Upon Mount Zion, eastward of the citadel, or "City of David," which consists of an irregular group of five square towers, is Christ's Church, belonging to the English Jewish Mission. English Service is performed here every Sunday at ten o'clock, frequently by the Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem.

The Tomb of Rachel lies near the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, close to the latter town. The dome of the tomb closely resembles those of the innumerable Muslim *welies* (mausoleums of saints), and the whitened sarcophagus is apparently modern. The tomb is revered by Muslims, Christians, and Jews, and is much visited by pilgrims. The walls are covered with the names of devotees. The tradition appears to agree with the Bible narrative, which states that Rachel died on the route to Ephratah (Bethlehem) in giving birth to Benjamin, and was buried "in the way." Some maintain, however, that Rachel's Tomb really lies on the north side of Jerusalem, as it is described (1 Sam. x. 2) as being "in the border of Benjamin."

Another of our engravings affords some idea of the magnificent ruins of Palmyra, or Tadmor in the Desert. The best critics agree that the letter *d* in the Tadmor mentioned in the Books of Kings and Chronicles is wrongly inserted, and that the city, Tamor or Tamar, built by Solomon was quite in a different locality. The remains of the Temple of the Sun (which was dedicated to Baal), and of the surrounding edifices, indicate the magnificent aspect of Palmyra during its prosperity, which attained its height in the third century of our era.

Baalbec is undoubtedly the Heliopolis of Græco-Roman authors, and the Greek name suggests that the place was connected with the worship of the sun, Baal being nearly identical with the god of that luminary. The ruins depicted in our engraving are those of a large temple, said to have been erected to Jupiter by Antoninus Pius. Venus was also specially revered at Heliopolis; but the worship of these deities was suppressed by the Emperor Constantine, who erected a Basilica here.

Damascus is certainly a very ancient city, although its mention in the Book of Genesis (xv. 2) gives no clue to the date of its foundation. It attained its greatest splendour under the Omayyades, who were unquestionably the greatest princes ever produced by Arabia. Merely to tell the history of this famous city briefly would occupy a column, we will therefore here only allude to the massacre of 1860, when the whole Christian quarter was converted into a heap of ruins, and numbers weer slaughtered. The population is about 110,000. Since the massacre the number of Christians has again risen considerably; but the great bulk of the inhabitants are Mussulmans.—Our views are from photographs by Mr. Frank Mason Good.

THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS

THE CHURCH OF ST. SOPHIA

We have already illustrated and described the grand old Cathedral of Famagusta, and our present engraving depicts the ruins of Saint Sophia, another of the ancient churches of that once flourishing seaport. St. Sophia is a much earlier building than the Cathedral, and is in the Romanesque style of architecture, somewhat similar to our Norman style, only more plain. It seems to have followed the usual plan of Basilican churches of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and consisted of a nave and aisles, with a semicircular apse for the high altar; the windows were long and narrow. Probably this church was built soon after the accession of Guy de Lusignan; for, although it looks earlier, yet its arrangement is rather that of a Latin than of a Greek church. The building, however, is so much mutilated and injured, that it is difficult to decide exactly for which "rite" it was erected. If it is a Greek building, it could only have been built a very short time before Richard's conquest, which is not very likely, as the island seems to have been in rather too unsettled a state during the reigns of Isaac the Usurper and his predecessor for church building.

VENETIAN CANNON AT FAMAGUSTA

Here we have another relic of the ancient prosperity of Famagusta—a heap of old Venetian cannon, now dismounted and lying inside the ramparts, grim witnesses of the decay of the fortress and town which they once so bravely defended. They still bear the lion of St. Mark, and the date 1569 is plainly visible upon them, so that Mr. Forbes is doubtless right in his surmise that they had been cast in anticipation of the Turkish invasion which occurred in the following year. Moreover, their worn touch-holes show that they had done strenuous but unavailing service in the protracted and gallant defence.

Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. T. R. Dumas, of Beyrouth.

WORK IN A COAL-MINE, IV.

"Screening."——The trams, on being landed at the bank, are wheeled over the weighing-tables to the "screen." At the top of each screen is a "tippler," upon which the full tram is wheeled and fixed, and then the movement of a lever inverts the tippler, and the coal is shot out upon the screen below. In the sketch the girl at the top, on the left hand, is greasing the wheels of the tram, and pressing with her foot upon the break, which keeps the tippler in its inverted position. When she removes her foot the machine will right itself, and the empty truck will be drawn off and taken back to the pit for a fresh load. The "duck" or small coal passes through the bars of the screen into an iron shoot beneath, which conducts it to a waggon, the end of which is just visible in the sketch; whilst the "round" coal slides down the screen itself into another waggon, the run of coal down the screen being regulated by the heavy shutter and lever which the woman on the left is using. Any dirt or stone that may be mixed with the coal is picked out by hand at the foot of the screen.

"Early Morning—Giving out the Lamps."—Each lamp is stamped with a number, and reserved for the special use of one particular workman, against whose name the number is registered in a book. At the conclusion of the day's work the men take the top portion and gauze of their lamps away with them to clean at home, leaving the reservoirs in the lamp-cabin to be re-filled and trimmed by the man in charge. When they return to work the lamps are all ready upon shelves, upon which are painted their corresponding numbers. The fireman carefully examines each lamp, screws it together, and locks it, so that it cannot be reopened until the men leave the pit. If a lamp goes out during the time the man is at work, it can only be relit at certain appointed places in the mine, and by specially appointed men. The old man in the foreground of the sketch, who has just brought his picks from his shoulder to the ground, has around his neck a coil of safety fuse for the day's use. The large tin in his pocket, and those carried by some of the other men, contain cartridges.

HOME.

Political Affairs.——The Cabinet Council on Saturday was attended by all the Ministers with the exception of Lord John Manners, who was detained in Scotland through an attack of gout.—Speaking at Portsmouth, Mr. Cowper-Temple, M.P., said that he trusted that the wisdom, experience, and skill of the Indian Government, the courage of our soldiers, and the resources of our Empire would soon overcome that blind, wilful, barbarous chieftain, Shere Ali. Mr. T. C. Bruce, M.P., said the public insult upon England was the outcome of a long-cherished feeling on the part of the Ameer, who had been hostile towards us for many years, and had, either by the Russians or by the reports which had reached him, been impressed with the idea that he had an opportunity of bearding the English, and it was for them to teach Shere Ali that he was mistaken.—Responding for the Army at a public dinner at Maidenhead, Col. Loyd Lindsay, M.P., said that he was astonished at the moderation of the Emperor of Russia and his armies in not entering Constantinople when they had their hereditary enemy at their feet. He felt equally grateful to the British fleet for the part which it had taken, and especially that its object had been accomplished without the loss of a single blue-jacket. The respect which had been paid our Plenipotentiaries at the Congress was no doubt in a large measure due to the fact of our extensive preparations, and he believed that the same success would follow us in an Afghan war.—Sir Henry Havelock, M.P., presided over a missionary meeting at Leeds, and referring to the Afghan difficulty, declared that our dispute was not with a half-savage ruler, but with a Power behind, which if it prevailed to break down our rule in India, certainly would not advance the cause of true religion. If we were about merely to avenge an insult, he would not countenance it, for it was no Christian duty to take up arms for revenge; but it was our duty to maintain the tranquillity of the British rule.—Colonel Stanley, M.P., was present at the opening of a new Conservative Club at Blackpool on Wednesday. He said that in spite of desponding views which were taken of it, there was no reason to be dissatisfied with the British occupation of Cyprus; and as to Afghanistan, though he had no wish for aggression or conquest, we must preserve our power of doing our business in our own way.—Mr. Yeaman, M.P., at a dinner in Dundee on Wednesday, defended himself from the charges made against him of systematically voting with the Tory party while holding his seat as a Liberal. After praising the policy of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Yeaman said he had simply been disgusted with suggestions about party. There was no party question as regarded the fight by this country against the ruthless conqueror of Poland. He often felt that he must give his vote for his country rather than his party, and he would certainly say to them that when questions of dealing with an astute and unscrupulous foreign potentate came up, he made up his mind to vote for his country, and let party go to Hong Kong.—Mr. H. B. Samuelson, M.P., at the annual *soirée* of the Frome Liberal Association, spoke at some length concerning Cyprus, which he had recently visited. He was of opinion that it was not likely to be a field for British enterprise, nor valuable in a military or strategic point of view, and he endorsed the statement of Mr. Forbes as to the weakening and enervating effects of the Cyprus fever, and the number of troops who suffered from its attacks.—The Executive of the Home Rule Confederation has announced the course it intends to take in the present complications of the Home Rule party. They have decided to hold a Conference in Dublin on the 21st inst., and a kind of International Convention on the 22nd and 23rd, "between the members of the federation and the more active spirits in Ireland." Representatives of the Farmers' Clubs, Tenant Right associations, and Home Rule organisations are to be invited. Active opposition is anticipated from the Irish League, as Mr. Butt positively declines to call a National Conference.

Miscellaneous.—Waterloo and Charing Cross Bridges were made toll-free on Saturday about noon, Mr. D. Rogers, of the Board of Works, receiving the keys, and making a short speech at each place before the gates were thrown open. The traffic has wonderfully increased, especially at Waterloo Bridge, and the Strand has in consequence become more crowded than ever.—The *Princess Alice* inquest has been adjourned until the 18th inst. Much of the evidence already taken seems to be of a hearsay character. The Board of Trade inquiry was to have commenced on Thursday. The total number of bodies rescued is now stated as 590, the former statement of 631 being explained by the fact that in several cases double inquests were held.—Last week three youths were buried in a cave at Bournemouth by the sudden collapse of the cliff above. They were immediately dug out, two being found dead, while the third was but slightly injured.—The Thornton colliery, in Fifeshire, is on fire, and all other plans having failed, an attempt is being made to smother the flames by building stoppings in the workings. It is supposed the flame has been communicated by an adjoining pit, which has been on fire for twenty years.—Much damage has been done on the west and south-west coasts by the stormy weather which prevailed on Sunday and Monday.—On Wednesday an alarming telegram was received from Plymouth to the effect that a heavy gale was still blowing, and that some accident had befallen the Eddystone Lighthouse, for although the horizon was occasionally clear no light was visible from Plymouth Hoe or Penlee Point.—The Duke of Norfolk has presented three recreation grounds to the town of Sheffield. The land is situated at Brightside and Attercliffe, two crowded suburbs, and comprises twenty-six acres.—The deaths of several well-known public men are this week announced. Lord Chelmsford, who was twice Lord Chancellor, died on Saturday in his eighty-fifth year, and on the same day Sir Francis Grant, the President of the Royal Academy, breathed his last. On Monday Mr. Whalley, the member for Peterborough, and George Thompson, the veteran anti-slavery agitator, died. As we shall probably publish portraits of all these gentlemen, we reserve our biographical notices of them.—On Thursday last week the remains of Mr. Justice Keogh were interred in the Roman Catholic cemetery at Bonn. The mourners were his widow and his daughter, with her husband, Mr. J. Murphy, Q.C., and the valet of the deceased, whom he assaulted whilst in a state of delirium.

THEATRES

TAKING a hint possibly from a now-forgotten skit, entitled *Box and Cox Married and Settled*, Mr. Herman Merivale has attempted to produce a little harmless fun upon the stage of the GAIETY, by following up the career of the late Lord Lytton's Claude Melnotte and Pauline, and exhibiting that romantic hero and haughty heroine under the new condition of married life. The notion, as Mr. Merivale has pointed out, is similar to that which inspired Thackeray's Rebecca and Rowena, and it may be conceded that trifling of this kind involves no necessary disrespect towards a work of genius. *The Lady of Lyons Married and Settled*, however, did not unfortunately give any great satisfaction to the audience assembled at the Gaiety on Saturday afternoon. The spectators, perhaps, missed the capers and "the break-downs," the "topical" songs, and comic ballads, which they have been taught to expect in a piece with a title so suggestive of burlesque. Though Mr. Merivale's trifle has the merit of design, and is not destitute of humour of a mild kind, it was received somewhat coldly; nor did even the excellent parody of Miss Farren's Pauline, or the humorous dolefulness of Mr. Terry as her husband, console them apparently for the lack of that wild abandonment, and general license to be meaningless and absurd, which are the recognised features of modern extravaganza.

Mr. J. S. Clarke's return to England and reappearance at the HAYMARKET have occasioned the revival of *The Rivals*, in which Mr. Clarke once more represents Bob Acres before a London audience. The comedy is well acted—Miss Pateman appearing as Lydia Languish, Mr. Howe as Sir Anthony Absolute, Mr. Terriss as Captain Absolute, and Mr. Charles Kelly as Faulkland.

The STRAND Theatre has reopened for the winter season with a revival of Mr. Burnand's comedy, *Our Club*, and Mr. Farnie's *Nemesis*. The company has been strengthened by the engagement of Mr. Loredan and Miss Violet Cameron.—The ROYALTY Theatre will reopen this evening with an adaptation of *La Jolie Parfumeuse*.

SPORTING

THE TURF.——No one can complain of the lack of interesting racing at the Second October Meeting at Newmarket. Provided the weather be fine, or moderately so, there is not a Turf week in the whole season more enjoyable than that which has just come to a close. It is racing pure and simple that one gets at Newmarket during the Autumn Meetings, and for two-year-old contests, handicaps, and weight-for-age races, there is no racing that can compare with that on the grand broad course of "the little town in Cambridgeshire." Of course the Monday's programme was not a particularly attractive one, and in the opinion of very many of the strongest upholders of Newmarket four days' consecutive racing are quite sufficient for all practical purposes. The Clearwell Stakes, however, had been pushed forward into the bill of fare; but only Rayon d'Or of this year's crack three-year-olds was among the competitors. He was made favourite, of course, and won, though he ran rather ungenerously in the earlier part of the race. In a Plate of 100 sovs. for two-year-olds, the talent insisted on laying 4 to 1 on the Modena filly; but Count Lagrange, who seems more than ever to delight in surprises, or at least to produce them, supplied the winner in Prologue. Tuesday was big with the fate of the Cesarewitch. As it stood with the weights and acceptances from the first, and the after running of several of the horses to take part in it, it is seldom that a more interesting handicap has been before the racing public. With Sefton, the Derby winner, in at 8st., Master Kildare, the third in the St. Leger, at 7st. 4lb., and Insulaire with a few pounds more, and Lady Golightly, a four-year-old, at 8st. 2lb., there was abundant matter for speculation, to say nothing of the lightly-weighted four and five-year-olds, such as Harbinger, Snail, and Jester, who had strong adherents. Sefton, since his hollow defeat of Childeric, Insulaire, and others at the previous Newmarket Meeting, had been a strong favourite, and his position was only threatened or affected by the doubt whether his owner would start him; when, however, it was clear he would do battle, there was an immense run on him, and he started in a field of twenty, as first favourite, with only 3 to 1 against him, Harbinger, Master Kildare, and Lady Golightly being next in demand, in the order named. On paper and by all legitimate Turf reasoning the Derby winner was fully entitled to his position, as on no previous occasion had an Epsom hero been handicapped at so low a weight; and his recent performance had apparently shown that he was many pounds ahead of the Leger horses who would oppose him. The fact that Faugh-a-Ballagh, the Leger winner in 1844, won the race with 8st., and that Corisande, a three-year-old, won it in 1871 with 7st. 12lbs., seemed sufficient to demonstrate the immense chance Sefton had; while Julius, who ran third in the Leger of 1867, winning with 8st., seemed to make the race almost a certainty for Master Kildare, who occupied a similar position last month, and had only 7st. 4lbs. to carry on this occasion. However, the result of the race upset all calculations. The prophets were wrong to a man, though one or two timidly suggested the winner as a possibility; and the public were equally at fault. Tuesday's race will remain on record as one of the most remarkable ever run for the complete upsetting of favourites, not one of the first seven in the betting managing to get a place. Master Kildare was the only one of the three-year-olds anywhere handy at the finish, coming in sixth. From this it would seem that the horses of this age for this season are far below the average; but at the same time it must be remembered that the two St. Leger runners and Sefton were giving a year and two years and weight also to the five-year-old Jester, who won, and the four-year-olds, Start and Shillelagh, who ran second and third. The winner stood at 20, and the two next at 50 and 66 to 1 at the start. Mr. Naylor, the owner of Jester, won this race in 1869 with Chérie, who, curiously enough, started at exactly the same price as yesterday's winner, and, with the exception of Mr. Smith, who won the race with Hartington in 1862 and Rosebery the year before last, he is the only owner who has secured the race twice. The Middle Park Plate, so often called the Two-Year-Old Derby, was moved forward a day, and run on the Wednesday. It lost some of its interest in consequence of Lord Falmouth not starting Wheel of Fortune, a filly which has carried all before her this season in a most marked manner, and bid fair to break the charm of no animal carrying the highest penalty winning the Middle Park, especially as not very long ago she beat Peter, Wednesday's winner, with ease. Peter, however, must have the credit of having carried to victory the highest weight, viz., 9st., yet borne by a Middle Park winner. The second horse, Victor Chief, started at the outside price of 20 to 1, and was only beaten after a close race by a neck. If he had enjoyed the "maiden" allowance, which has been one of the conditions of the race till this year, it is not by any means improbable that he would have beaten Peter. General Peel, one of the veterans of the Turf, must be congratulated on the possession of so good an animal as Peter, who will doubtless be a very strong Derby favourite if he continues sound.

CRICKET.——News has come to hand that the match between the Australian Eleven and the Eleven of Philadelphia was drawn, but in favour of the former.

FOOTBALL.——The season for this game seems to have set in very suddenly, and matches are being played in all directions. At the Oval on Saturday, the Old Harrovians beat the Wanderers, but the game was not one of the Association Challenge Cup Series. The entries for this contest are numerous, and the competition is likely to be one of the best we have yet seen.

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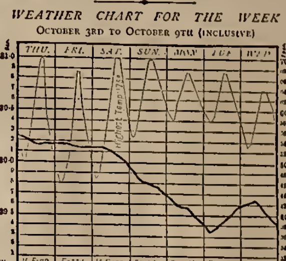
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

OCTOBER 3RD TO OCTOBER 9TH (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.——The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.——The record for this period shows a very decided change in the weather over our islands, and, indeed, over the whole of north-western Europe. Thursday (3rd), Friday (4th), and Saturday (5th) were exceedingly fine and warm in England, but rather showery in Ireland and Scotland. Fogs were observed in many places during the early mornings, but these dispersed, as usual, before noon, and the air became very warm during the midday hours. On Saturday, the 5th instant, however, the barometer began to fall decidedly, and the clouds looked unsettled, although the day was very fine. On Sunday, the 6th instant, the southerly wind became very strong in the west, and on Monday, the 7th instant, a severe south-easterly to southerly gale set in on our south western coasts, and subsequently extended to the other parts of the kingdom, accompanied by rain. The weather on Wednesday, the 9th instant, was entirely broken up, and appeared likely to remain unsettled for a long time to come. The barometer was highest (30.27 inches) at the beginning of the period; lowest (29·15 inches) on Tuesday morning, the 8th instant; range, 0·92 inches. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (75°) on Saturday, the 5th instant; lowest (46°) on Friday, the 4th instant; range, 29°. Rainfall. Total fall, 0·15 inches, on four days; maximum fall in one day, 0·05 inches, on Monday (7th), and Wednesday (9th). On Thursday morning, the 10th instant, the barometer was still falling, and squally showery weather prevailed, with strong south south-westerly breezes.

Scraps

A MUSCOVITE EXHIBITION of Russian produce is to be held in the Kremlin Gardens at Moscow in 1880.

THE SCOTTISH CORPORATION will hold its 214th Anniversary Festival on St. Andrew's Day, Nov. 30th, when the Duke of Richmond and Gordon willl preside.

A WALKING AND DINING CLUB has been formed in New York, the members pledging themselves to a weekly tramp of fifteen or twenty miles. The amount of dinners they are to consume afterwards is not stated.

GAS-LIGHTING COMES CHEAP to the inhabitants of Fredonia, in Chautanqua County, New York, for the town has been supplied during the past fifty-two years with natural gas, which finds its source between two large coal measures.

THE INVENTION OF THE TELEPHONE is now claimed by the Celestials. A Chinese writer in the *Pekin Gazette* declares that Kung Foo Whing, a distinguished philosopher, who flourished at the close of the tenth century, invented the telephone in 968. The instrument is known in China as "Thumthsein."

GENERAL GARIBALDI is now living quietly at Caprera with his daughter Teresita and her husband, Colonel Canzio. The general spends the morning on the seashore; in the evening his daughter plays and sings old American songs taught her by her father, while Garibaldi himself frequently joins in the songs, his voice being still fresh and young. The whole party will adjourn for the winter to a villa near Genoa.

AN IMPROVED HORSESHOE has been invented by an ingenious Swiss gentleman, Dr. J. Hirsiger, which bids fair to be a great boon to the equine race, insomuch as it contains no nails, the shoe being secured to the hoof by three clamps, which are set by a spring and a couple of inoffensive screws. The invention is now being tried at the Horseguards, and if successful will doubtless be instrumental in saving many a valuable animal from lameness and more serious diseases.

COMPETITION FOR GOVERNMENT EMPLOYMENT is keener than ever, to judge from an anecdote in the *Times of India*. At a Lahore office a Hindoo clerk recently fell down suddenly in a fit. Some of his fellow workers ran at once to help him, but found that the unfortunate man had expired. "Now's the time for promotion," whispered one of the lot, and all rushed off in a body to lay their respective claims for the vacant post before their chief.

A SERIES OF FREE POPULAR LECTURES FOR MEN AND WOMEN is to be inaugurated this week at the Working Men's College, Great Ormond Street. These lectures will take place on Thursday evenings, are to be on literary and scientific subjects, and are intended to attract the public to the College so that people may become aware of the advantages offered by the Institution. Founded by the late Professor Maurice in 1854, the college, now under the direction of Mr. Thomas Hughes, has always maintained that the end and function of all learning is the making of good citizens, and has kept the teaching subordinate to that end.

MONKEYS ARE FAMED AS ADEPTS IN MIMICRY, and a British doctor in Java recently received an unpleasant proof of their imitative propensities. The doctor had a large monkey, tame and very clever, which was generally its master's companion in the dissecting-room whilst he pursued his anatomical studies. Jacko used always to watch the proceedings attentively, and one day, when alone with its master, seized the unlucky doctor, popped him upon the dissecting-table, and was just going to put its lessons to practical use, when the doctor's cries brought the people of the house to the spot just in time to save the doctor from immediate vivisection.

ENGLISH OCCUPATION IN CYPRUS has so altered the character of the place that anyone landing in Larnaca now, declares the Cyprus newspaper, *Κύπρος*, would find it hard to recognise the sleepy place of two months since. When the English entered Larnaca there was not a single hotel, but only one wretched eating-house, while 50*l.* would have nearly bought up the contents of all the European shops in the town. Now new banks have established themselves, houses have been converted into shops, and almost anything to be found in an ordinary English town can be bought at Larnaca. The latest addition is an International Club, which is shortly to be opened in the Marina.

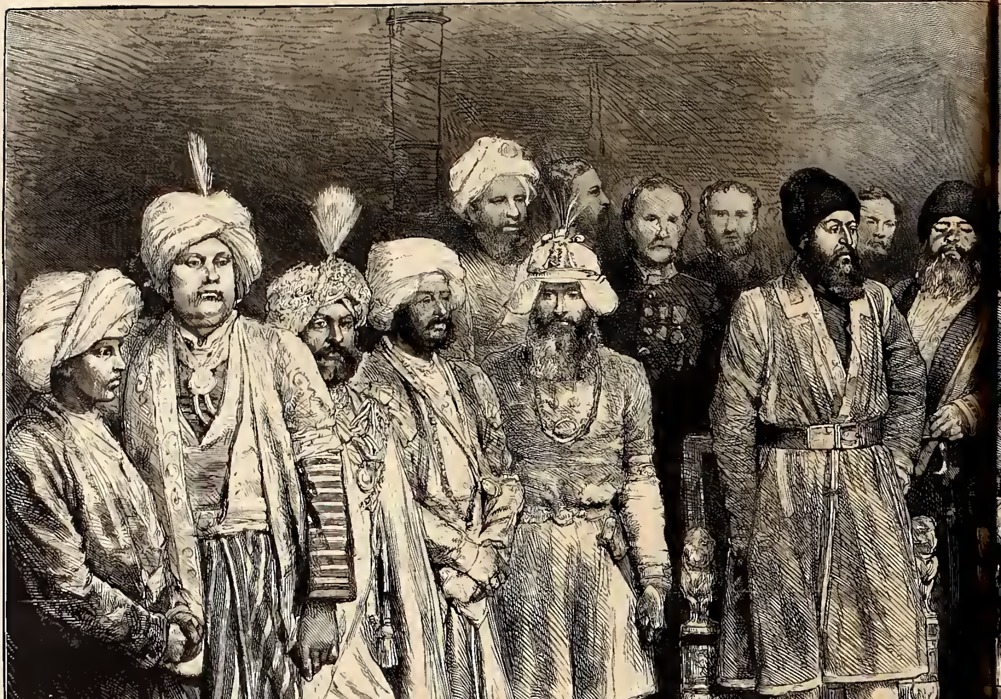
"THE WILDS OF KERRY."——With reference to the articles which we recently published under this heading, a correspondent at Dingle informs us that "Minard Castle is not 'a ruined castle of the Husseys,' but of the Geraldines—an old Anglo-Norman family which has been associated with this country since the thirteenth century of the Christian era. Minard Castle, which stands on the north shore of Dingle, was formerly a stronghold of the once famous and illustrious Earls of Desmond, and was blown up with powder by Cromwell's soldiers; and the violent effect of the explosion is still evident in the dilapidated remains of the said fortress. Many a human skeleton has since—even in our own time—been found buried under its crumbling ruins."

LONDON MORTALITY numbered the same last week as in the previous seven days, 1,355 deaths being registered. There were 4 from small-pox (an increase of 2), 19 from measles (an increase of 13), 34 from scarlet fever (an increase of 4), 20 from diphtheria (an increase of 7, exceeding the average by 11), 40 from whooping-cough (a decline of 13), 28 from different forms of fever, and 45 from diarrhœa (a decline of 16, being 17 below the average). There were 247 deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs (an increase of 31), of which 155 resulted from bronchitis, and 61 from pneumonia. There were 2,429 births registered against 2,494 during the previous week. The mean temperature was 55·8 deg., or 1·9 deg. above the average. There were 41·0 hours of sunshine, the sun being 80·5 hours above the horizon.

THE LIGHTHOUSE NEAR THE ISLE OF SEIN on the Breton coast, now being built, presented great difficulties of construction at the beginning, according to *Engineering*. The lighthouse was to be built on a hard gneiss rock from 40 to 50 feet long and 25 feet wide, and the preliminary works could only be executed by the neighbouring fishermen, familiar with the waters. Accordingly, when the weather was favourable, two men wearing cork belts got out of their boats and lay on the rock, clutching the ground with one hand while they made holes at intervals of 3 feet with the other. While doing this they were covered with spray, and were often swept off by the waves. In 1867 only eight hours' work could be accomplished on the rock and only fifteen holes were made, but forty holes were finished in the following year, and in 1869 the building itself was commenced. Now the lighthouse is 40 feet above the highest tides, and when finished will be 90 feet above.

THE THIRD ANNUAL DAIRY SHOW, held by the British Dairy Farmers' Association, opened at the Agricultural Hall on Thursday. It includes all matters that appertain to dairy farming, from the animals themselves down to their produce and the various apparatus which are used in the manufacture of butter and cheese. The entries included 233 cows, heifers, and bulls, and 100 specimens of that useful but little used animal, the goat, while butter appears from every county in England, including the Royal Farm at Windsor. There is a very large trophy of Stilton cheese, some fifty feet high, flanked by two gigantic Transatlantic contributions of 15 cwt. each. Dairy maids are to be seen at work, while models and plans of dairy homesteads form not the least interesting part of the Exhibition. A poultry and pigeon show is held in the gallery, there being a special "flying" class of the homings. Amongst the cattle exhibitors are Her Majesty and the Baroness Burdett Coutts.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT has at last been adapted to domestic purposes by that well known inventor, Mr. Edison, whose agent, Mr. Adams, writes that that gentleman expresses perfect confidence in having solved the difficulty of electric lighting. He believes that he has achieved the means of subdividing the electric current at 1,000 or 10,000 different points from the same machine. The American papers print a statement of Mr. Edison's, in which he says: "When the brilliancy and cheapness of the lights are made known to the public—which will be in a few weeks, or just as soon as I can thoroughly patent the process—illumination by carburetted hydrogen gas will be discarded. With fifteen or twenty of these dynamo-electric machines, recently perfected by Mr. Wallace, I can light the entire lower part of New York City, using a 500-horse power engine. I purpose to establish one of these light centres in Nassau Street, whence wires can be run up town as far as the Cooper Institute, down to the Battery, and across both rivers. These wires must be insulated, and laid in the ground in the same manner as gas-pipes. I also propose to utilise the gas burners and chandeliers now in use. In each house I can place a light meter, whence these wires will pass through the house, tapping small metallic contrivances that may be placed over each burner. Then housekeepers may turn off their gas and send the meters back to the companies whence they came. Whenever it is desired to light a jet it will only be necessary to touch a little spring near it. No matches are required." The expense for light equal to 1,000 feet of gas is calculated at 7½*d.*



AFGHANISTAN—THE LAST INTERVIEW OF SHERE A

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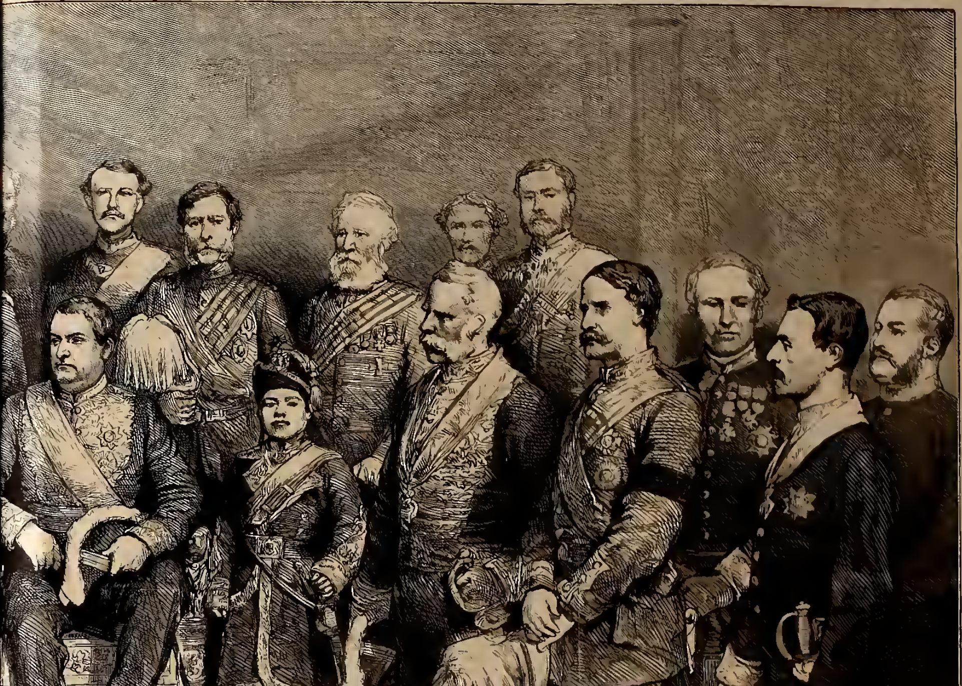


I WITH AN ENGLISH VICEROY AT THE UMBALLAH
MARCH 27, 1869

FOREIGN

THE EASTERN QUESTION.——The Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina is now an accomplished fact; the last place of any noteworthy importance—Visegrad—was entered at the close of last week, and although on Sunday there was sharp fighting between General Reinlander's detachment and some strong bodies of insurgents at Peci, close to the Dalmatian frontier, all systematic resistance has been quelled for the present, and the Austrian authorities are now busy organising the government of the country. As the hope of any really valuable co-operation of the Turkish Government in this task is now all but out of the question, Commissions are now sitting both at Vienna and at Serajevo to consider the subject, and it seems probable that the plan of administration will be much the same as at Cyprus, namely, that the existing system, which is good enough in theory, will be efficiently carried out—of course, with certain alterations and reforms. The financial problem, by which the provinces are to be made self-supporting, presents the greatest labour; and next comes the land question, as it will be exceedingly difficult to break down the present Mahomedan monopoly for land, for hitherto no Christian has dared to become a freehold purchaser of the soil. Nor are these difficulties lessened by the action of the Porte, as the Sultan has just definitively rejected all idea of an Austro-Turkish Convention—even though his sovereignty and the temporary nature of the occupation are acknowledged—for as head of the Mahomedan religion he could not in any way appear to sanction the recent "inhuman" proceedings of the Austrian troops, and thus become a partaker in the destruction of Mahomedans. Still, in a Note to the Austrian Government, the Sultan lays great stress upon the maintenance of cordial relations with Austria, and declares that he will neither send arms nor men to the insurgents, nor in any way encourage resistance to the occupation. He hopes, however, that the Austrian Government will act in the same conciliatory spirit, and that the occupation of Novi Bazar will not be insisted on for the present, in view of the excited state of the population. This step of the Sultan is evidently prompted by the discontent in Albania and the West, which is manifestly on the increase, as the Albanians, both Mahomedan and Christian, have suddenly developed a nationality, and emulating the Montenegrins, Servians, and latterly the Bulgarians, are violently opposed to all idea of annexation, and now wish to organise a Principality of their own. Thus, not content with murdering poor Mehemet Ali, they have now assassinated Saaddetden Pasha, on his making known that he had come to surrender Podgoritza to the Montenegrins. Of course, in many quarters, and amongst others at Berlin, the rejection of the Convention is attributed to the influence of the Russians, who wish to advance the argument that as Austria has exceeded the stipulations of the Berlin Treaty by her conduct in Bosnia, so Russia will be justified in prolonging indefinitely the occupation of Eastern Roumelia. This may be the case, though it is difficult to see how two wrongs will make a right. To return to Austria, her hands are still further tied with regard to the Bosnian occupation by home political complications. The resignation of both the Austrian and Hungarian Ministries has been accepted by the Emperor, and as yet no new Cabinets have been formed.

In CONSTANTINOPLE continual Cabinet Councils are discussing the British proposal for reforms in Asia Minor, and the Porte has presented a counter-scheme slightly modifying three points in the British demands, modifications which are not unlikely to be accepted. The Porte is also said to have addressed a Circular to the Powers complaining of the conduct of Austria in Bosnia, and stating that she ought to stop the advance of her troops and put an end to their excesses until the Powers decide whether she is acting in accordance with the declaration made by her Plenipotentiaries at the Congress. The Eastern Roumelian Commission is continuing its sittings, but the Russians as usual are raising complications, and now declare that they will administer Roumelia in accordance with the Treaty of San Stefano, and not the Treaty of Berlin. General Totleben was warmly welcomed by the Christian inhabitants of Adrianople on the 2nd inst., and telegraphs to the Czar that "extraordinary enthusiasm prevails through the province," that the towns are decked with flags, and that many Bulgarian families are following the departing Russian troops. On account of this and certain outrages alleged to have been committed by the Mahomedan population after the withdrawal of the Russian troops, the latter will cease retreating for the present, and halt at the line of Tchataldja. Russia is now disarming her Black Sea harbours and taking up the torpedoes laid down during the war. There is still great distress at Constantinople amongst the refugees, who still number 70,000, and it is proposed to transport them to Asia Minor, near Ismid. The question of the *caimés* or paper money is still greatly agitating the capital. The Minister of Finance has declared himself unable to draw up a scheme for their redemption, and in the mean time the notes are becoming greatly depreciated, and there is a fear that the bankers and tradespeople will refuse them, and so bring about serious disturbances.

FRANCE.——There has been much discussion concerning the date of the forthcoming Senatorial election, when seventy-five of the 225 Senators elected by the Provincial delegations will have to offer themselves for re-election. The Conservative members, knowing what little chance they have of being returned, wished to postpone the evil day as long as possible, and argued that their time was not legally up until March, but the Government has fixed the date at January 5th, while the electoral delegates are to be chosen as early as the 27th inst. There is no other political news, save the election as a Municipal Councillor for Paris of M. Maret, an Extreme Radical, who beat the Moderate Gambettist candidate by a considerable majority. Indeed, the action of the Extreme Radical party, which is once more raising its head, is not unlikely to embarrass the Cabinet seriously during the ensuing Session, more especially as Church and State questions are not unlikely to form the chief subjects for contention, and the Conservatives are hoping that MM. Dufaure and de Marcère may ultimately be compelled to take refuge in their arms, more particularly since the late utterances of M. Gambetta have proved that the Radical leader has much of the old Irreconcileable leaven left in him still. The rumour, however, that any "misunderstanding" whatever exists between the Ministry and M. Gambetta has been semi-officially denied.

Paris is preparing for the great *fêtes* of the 21st and 22nd, on which latter day Marshal MacMahon will officially entertain the various Royal guests who may attend the ceremony of the preceding day. There will be a grand dinner and *fête* at Versailles, and the Park will be lit up by the electric light.—Although there are still large numbers of arrivals, the tale of visitors is somewhat decreasing, and people are beginning to feel that the end is drawing nigh. Large numbers of provincials are now coming in to see the Exhibition, while the Government is organising trips for several thousand working men from the provinces, with the proceeds of the National Lottery, which has proved an enormous success. No less than 240,000*l*. worth of tickets are to be issued, and so great is the demand, that they can hardly be printed sufficiently rapidly.—There have been two great theatrical events, the revival of Offenbach's *Grand Duchess*—which it may be remembered was produced during the 1867 Exhibition—Mdlle. Paola Marie now taking the famous part of Madame Schneider; and the production of M. Gounod's long looked-for opera, *Polyeucte* (founded, like Donizetti's *Polinto*, on Corneille's *Polyeucte*), at the Grand Opera House. The opera will be fully treated of on a future occasion, but we may mention that the first representation was crowded to excess, and that to all appearance the success was unqualified, both as regards the music and the *mise-en-scène*.—A musical and dramatic performance, in which the best artists of the capital will take part, is to be given next week at the Trocadéro Palace, in aid of the sufferers from yellow fever across the Atlantic.—There has been a duel between M. Georges Duval of the *Événement*, and M. Jouy of the *Tintamarre*, in which the former, who was the challenger, was wounded in the hand; and another brutal murder is reported, a young man, named Parrot, having, together with a companion, paid a visit to his grandparents at Auxerre, and there and then murdered them in cold blood during the night, for the sake of what money he could find in the house.

GERMANY.——The Anti-Socialist Bill was read for a second time in the Reichsrath on Wednesday, when Prince Bismarck made an angry speech accusing Herr Sonnemann, the editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, who criticised the Bill somewhat sharply, of having relations with the French Government, and excusing himself for having written to *The Times* during the Congress on the plea that "*The Times*, being a powerful organ, he applied to it to secure the preservation of peace. He always turned to those who were influential when he wanted to secure an object, and in the case of *The Times* he applied to the only quarter likely to help him under the circumstances." Respecting the Anti-Socialist Bill, he roundly denounced the German Socialist Press, and declared that he was grateful to the Crown Prince for "not allowing mercy to supersede justice." In the mean while the Crown Prince, the Emperor, and Prince Bismarck are overwhelmed with letters threatening assassination, and great apprehensions are expressed for the future safety of the Emperor, who, although his nervous system is much shaken, and he now no longer laughs at the threats of the Socialists, refuses to go about with a military escort, or to allow any special police precautions to be taken when he drives out. At present he remains at Wiesbaden, but it is thought likely that he will return to Berlin, and reassume the reins of Government on the passing of the Anti-Socialist Bill.

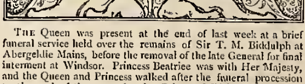
The case of Prince Bismarck against Herr Loe for violently denouncing the former's assertion that when it was proposed to appoint Count Arnim as Ambassador to London that diplomatist was objected to on the score of being a "notorious liar," has ended in the Superior Court re-affirming the original sentence, notwithstanding that Herr Loe was anxious to have the testimony of Prince Bismarck, who declined to appear, pleading official privilege.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.——Both the Ameer and the Indian Government are vigorously preparing for hostilities, and, according to the assertion of the well-informed *Times* correspondent, the Viceroy's plan of operations appears to be to endeavour to coerce the Ameer to yield an unqualified submission by a strong military demonstration on his frontier, and so prove to him that the Government has both the power and the will to occupy, and if necessary to annex, his territory in the event of his proving unsubmissive. Much also is hoped from internal dissension in Afghanistan, as it is said that a great number of the Sirdars are hostile to the Ameer, while it is thought that when the Afghans see the British are determined upon war they will dethrone the Ameer in preference to agreeing to the other alternative—a Russian alliance. In the mean time the Indian Government is losing no time. The native regiments are being heavily-reinforced, all officers on furlough have been recalled, and troops are being pushed forward to the frontier with all possible speed, the deficiencies of the Commissariat Department being, as usual, the chief hindrance. Every endeavour will be made to avoid a winter campaign, if possible. The exact plan of operations is, of course, kept carefully secret, but it seems certain that a large force will be despatched to Quettah, and that the *debouches* of both the Bolan and the Khyber Passes will be occupied with a view to an immediate march in the beginning of spring upon Cabul and Candahar, in which case it is said that the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Frederick Haines, will command in person. At present, however, the occupation of the Kuroom Valley is the great question, as this valley turns the Khyber Pass, and stretches almost to Cabul, while the inhabitants are said to be well disposed towards the British, as they are Mohammedans of the Shia sect, while the Afghans are mainly Sunnees. It is, therefore, proposed to locate a force in the centre of the Kuroom Valley, which would be only nine marches (119 miles) from Cabul, and would give us possession of the Peiwar and Shutargurdan Passes, while this route is described as possibly the best of all roads between Afghanistan and the Punjaub, owing to the existence of roads, and the abundance of water, fuel, grazing, and procurable supplies. With a military force therefore located at Thall, the whole valley under military dominion, and the Khyber, it is thought that military operations might be commenced in the spring under the most favourable circumstances. Jamrood, a small village situated about five miles from the Khyber Pass, has already been occupied by our troops, a step of which the importance may be gathered by the fact that the Ameer has heavily reinforced his garrison at Ali Musjid. Indeed, the Ameer is in no way idle, and, besides summoning the frontier tribes to his assistance, has entered into an alliance with the Mommunds, which will render great vigilance necessary on the part of the officer commanding the Peshawur Valley, as one or two successful raids into our territory will set an example which the other border tribes will not be slow to follow. On the other hand, several tribes, including those of the Kuroom Valley, will probably throw in their lot with us; and, according to a Bombay telegram the Khyberees have already declared in favour of the British. The total strength of our forces on the immediate frontier, from the sea to Abbottabad, at present amounts to 800 British and 7,000 native cavalry, 12,000 British and 21,000 native infantry, with 102 guns. The greatest enthusiasm, however, is displayed throughout India at the prospect of the war, and both native and European troops vie with each other in their eagerness for service.

In RUSSIA, while in official circles a strong desire for peace is manifested, the semi-official organs are allowed to inveigh against England to their hearts' content, and to declare that Russia will allow her officers to fight in the Afghan ranks, as the British Government permitted its subjects to serve with the Turks in the late war. The *Golos* is especially rabid, and after referring to the hostility of the Afghans towards England, declares that "England is intent upon attacking Afghanistan, imitating Reynard the fox when charging the innocent rabbit with beginning the feud; but the world knows the rights of the case, and will not be deceived by these fraudulent tactics."

Whichever way the issue of the conflict turns the Russians intend to push forward their frontier. If England is victorious they will occupy Merv and Balkh, while, should Shere Ali triumph, Russia will equally advance to prevent a Mahomedan revival in her own dominions. In any case the fiction of a neutral zone between the two nations will be a thing of the past.

MISCELLANEOUS.——In the UNITED STATES the yellow fever is declining in the large towns, but is greatly on the increase in the country districts. President Hayes has received the Fenian Condon, who thanked him for the interest he has taken in his case. O'Leary is again a victor in the pedestrian match, having walked 403 miles, his antagonist having only accomplished 310. An excursion train ran off the line near Boston on Tuesday evening. Twenty-five persons were killed and 150 injured.—There has been a serious negro rising in the Danish island of SANTA CRUZ. Before it could be quelled the insurgents burnt down the town of Frederiksted and murdered several leading planters. Fifty estates have been burnt and only twenty have escaped destruction. A French frigate has visited the island, and has landed troops, carrying off fugitive women and children to St. Thomas, and American and British cruisers are expected there.—In CANADA Lord Dufferin has received the resignation of the Ottawa Ministry, and Sir John Macdonald is to be called on to form a Cabinet immediately. After the change of Government Lord Dufferin leaves for England, when Sir Patrick Macdougall, Commander of the Forces in British North America, who has just arrived in Quebec, will act as Administrator till the arrival of the Marquis of Lorne.—In NEW ZEALAND five Wesleyan missionaries are said by a New York paper to have been eaten by bush natives, eighty of whom were subsequently killed in retaliation by the traders and coast natives.



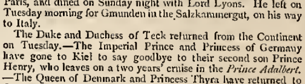
THE COURT

THE Queen was present at the end of last week at a brief funeral service held over the remains of Sir T. M. Biddulph at Abergeldie Mains, before the removal of the late General for final interment at Windsor. Princess Beatrice was with Her Majesty, and the Queen and Princess walked after the funeral procession to the end of the grounds, the Prince of Wales following the hearse to the station. The Countess of Dufferin arrived at Balmoral on Saturday, and Sir Stafford Northcote also arrived as Minister in Attendance. On Sunday the Queen and the Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Crathie Church, when the Rev. Dr. Lees officiated, and in the evening Sir Stafford Northcote and Dr. Lees dined with Her Majesty.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their three daughters are expected in town on Tuesday next, and the Prince will leave for Paris on Thursday. Meanwhile, the Prince and Princess continue at Abergeldie, and at the end of last week they visited Col. Farquharson at Invercauld to join in a deer drive in the forest. The Prince brought down several stags, and the party afterwards had lunch in a tent erected in the grounds. During his stay in Paris the Prince will be present at a *fête* offered him by the French Freemasons.

The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne leave for Canada on November 14th, and will thus arrive in midwinter in Nova Scotia. They will travel not in the *Northampton*, as had been arranged, but in the Allan Steamer *Sarmatian*, which conveyed some of the troops in the Ashantee War. Next Wednesday the Princess will inaugurate the Leaf Memorial Wing of the Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools at Russell Hill, near Croydon, her husband presiding at the subsequent *déjeûner*.—The Duke of Connaught was present last week at the first meeting in Woolwich of the Regimental Temperance Society, of which Association he is patron. On Monday he attended Sir T. M. Biddulph's funeral at Windsor, and last night (Friday) he was to distribute prizes at the Guildhall to the successful students attending Mr. Busbridge's drawing classes. The Royal yacht *Osborne* is being fitted up for the Duke's use next spring, and is to be ready by March 1st.—Prince Leopold has been staying in Paris, and dined on Sunday night with Lord Lyons. He left on Tuesday morning for Gmunden in the Salzkammergut, on his way to Italy.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck returned from the Continent on Tuesday.—The Imperial Prince and Princess of Germany have gone to Kiel to say goodbye to their second son Prince Henry, who leaves on a two years' cruise in the *Prince Adalbert*.—The Queen of Denmark and Princess Thyra have returned to Copenhagen from staying with the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse at Rumpenheim, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark leave immediately for Paris to be present at the distribution of the Exhibition prizes.



CHURCH NEWS

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.——On Thursday last week the sittings of the Church Congress at Sheffield were continued, the first subject discussed being "The Relation of the Church to Literature and the Drama." The Rev. Boyd Carpenter said that, owing to the pressure of modern life, the middle classes seldom read anything but the lightest literature, and were in danger of being "drugged into mental imbecility." The Rev. C. Bullock and Rev. G. Everard spoke in terms of severe condemnation of the stage, the former remarking that when a young man he had discovered that he must either give up the theatre or give up Christ; and the latter suggesting the formation of a Recreation Society for the promotion of harmless amusement. The Rev. Brownlow Maitland and the Bishop of Manchester, however, defended the stage, Dr. Fraser saying that it rested with society rather than with theatrical managers to elevate the drama. The Rev. H. Jones recommended the elimination of the "goody" element from the publications of Religious Societies. On the same day there was a lively discussion on "Women's Work," Mr. Berdmore Compton's advocacy of "Sisterhoods" leading to a scene, which increased when the Rev. G. Weldon, who opposed him, said that he wished half the clergy preached as wisely as he had heard some women preach, and went on to allege that he knew of a whole community of "Sisters" who had gone over in a body to the Church of Rome. On Friday the Congress was brought to a close. Amongst the subjects discussed were "Spiritual Life," "Cathedrals," and "Sunday Schools." A working men's meeting was held, and in the evening a *conversazione*, at which some sacred music was rendered by the choir of the parish church, and votes of thanks to the President, readers, and speakers were unanimously adopted. Next year the Congress meets at Sheffield.

The Baptist Union.——The autumnal session of the Baptist Union has been held this week at Leeds, under the presidency of the Rev. H. Stowell Brown, of Liverpool. On Monday there was n special service at the South Parade Chapel, the preacher being the Rev. G. Gould, of Norwich, Vice-President of the Union; and a temperance meeting was held in the Albert Hall. On Tuesday morning a missionary service was held in Blenheim Chapel, when the Rev. R. Glover, of Bristol, preached a sermon to the young. In the afternoon a presentation of a silver tea-service was made to the Rev. C. B. Lewis, who has just returned from Calcutta, broken in health after thirty years' labour as a missionary; and a meeting was held to take leave of the Rov. Mr. James, of Llangynidr, missionary elect to India. In the evening a public missionary meeting was held in the Town Hall, Sir H. Havelock presiding. Amongst the speakers were the Rev. S. E. Johnson, formerly a slave, and now missionary elect to Central Africa. On Wednesday the public session of the Union was opened at East Parade Chapel, when the President delivered his address, making a fervent appeal to the well-educated and well-circumstanced young men of the denomination to devote themselves to the ministry, which was greatly in need of recruits. Many poor students entered the ministry under educational disadvantages, which they never overcame, and which, indeed, some of them were not all sensible of. He regarded character as of far greater importance than intellectual power or scholastic acquirments, yet, in these days of freethought and bold inquiry it was more than ever needful that the Christian ministry should be up to the mark in an intellectual as well as a moral point of view. Deputations from the Congregational Union, the Leeds Nonconformist Union, and the Leeds Women's Christian Temperance Union were subsequently received, and in the afternoon the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached to n large congregation at the Oxford Place Chapel, which belongs to the Wesleyan denomination. On Thursday the session was resumed, amongst the subjects discussed being "Forms of Worldliness prevalent in the Christian Church," and "Home and Irish Missions." In the evening sermons on special topics were preached at various places of worship in the town.

Various.——On Tuesday, a special mission for young men and others was commenced at Exeter Hall, and will continue at the hall and other places until the 7th of next month. At St. Margaret's Church, Lothbury, there will be services in connection with the mission daily, except Sundays. At Devonshire House, Bishopsgate Street, there will be an evening service on the 11th inst., and the Lord Mayor has promised to preside at special services to be held at the Guildhall on the evenings of the 15th, 18th, and 25th inst.—On Friday last the Bishop of Sodor and Man presided at a meeting at Sheffield, at which it was resolved to form a Church of England Funeral and Mourning Reform Association, the object being "to encourage the adoption of such observances only as are consistent with a hope of resurrection to eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord; and to discourage feasting and treating on the day of burial, and all useless or extravagant expenditure on the coffin and its furniture on the occasion of the funeral, and in the wearing of mourning."—The Rev. J. C. Rost, preaching at Cambridge University on Sunday, urged the desirability of Churchmen making themselves better acquainted with the history and principles of the various Nonconformist bodies, and said that if it could be proved that Disestablishment would promote re-union it would be a potent argument in its favour, but there was no proof that it would do so. There was no relation between Church and State in America, yet the disunion of Christians, as witnessed in the number of different sects, was greater than in this country.—The Bishop of Pennsylvania, preaching last Sunday at a special service in York Minster, said that he rejoiced in the discrepancies between the Bible and "modern science," because modern science was changeable, whilst the Bible was unchangeable.—The Bishop of Chichester, in delivering his Triennial Charge, referred to the recent perversions to Rome of several of his Brighton clergy. Distress and grief at such unfaithfulness had bowed down many hearts, but none more than his own. From one church alone five clergymen had lately passed over to Rome, and they had to the utmost of their power leavened all they could influence with Romish doctrine. Craft, subtlety, and secrecy were the characteristics of the Roman propaganda, and in this instance they had been unsparingly employed. No man could say how far the poison had extended. Such defections betrayed inward unsoundness and unsettlement, and they asked with fear, "Who shall be the next to forsake our communion?" The path towards Rome had been smoothed for their converts by excessive and illegal ritual, and he strongly counselled his clergy to abstain from ceremonials which the English Church had rejected.

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Afghanistan.——We have received two maps from Mr. E. Stanford of Charing Cross; one of "Western Asia," which depicts with admirable clearness the relative positions of Afghanistan, Persia, Turkestan, Beloochistan, Asia Minor, and the Russian and Indian frontiers. The other portrays the Indian and Afghan frontiers on a larger scale, and will undoubtedly be extremely useful to all those who wish to follow the movements of the British and Afghan troops during the ensuing campaign.

Charles Mathews' Grave in Kensal Green now bears a marble monument with the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of Charles James Mathews. Born Dec. 26, 1803; died June 24, 1878. O bliss! when all in circle drawn about him. Heart and ear were fed to hear him. How good! how kind! and he is gone! *In memoriam.*" *Apropos* of monuments, a marble cross, surrounded by emblems of Christian life and hope, executed by Mr. E. J. Physick, has been erected over the grave in Cheam Churchyard of Lieutenant Frank Tabor, who was rescued from the wreck of the *Eurydice*, but died from the effects of the immersion.

Mr. H. J. Byron's evergreen "Our Boys" has made its home in Scandinavia, apparently much to the disappointment of British tourists, who go to the theatre in the hopes of witnessing specimens of the native drama. Thus *Mayfair* relates that a recent traveller in Norway entering the theatre at a town with an unpronounceable name, discovered he was listening to a Norwegian translation of the Vaudeville play. Coming down to Stockholm he conscientiously visited the theatre, and had the satisfaction of hearing H. J. Byron's jokes done into Swedish. Travelling into Denmark, and taking a stall at the Copenhagen Theatre, the irrepressible drama was presented to him from a Danish point of view.

Music

Crystal Palace Concerts.——There is little to add to the observations in our last with reference to the programme of the first of these concerts. As had been anticipated, it was a genuine success. The music-hall has seldom been more densely crowded. Wagner's *coda* for Gluck's overture to *Iphigenie in Aulis*, notwithstanding some difference of opinion among connoisseurs, seems destined to replace the more brilliant one by Mozart. Mozart's own orchestral prelude to *Don Giovanni*, in order to fit it for the concert-room, was submitted to similar treatment at the hands of Peter Winter, a composer whose industry far exceeded his genius. Nevertheless, seeing that neither of these overtures were intended as anything more than the introduction to an opera, it might, perhaps, have been more discreet to let both occupy the position originally assigned to them. Wagner's meddling with Gluck is no more to be tolerated than Winter's meddling with Mozart, though the æsthetic reasons put forth by the composer of the *Ring des Nibelungen* are indisputably worth consideration. M. Brassin, the much-talked-of pianist from Brussels, justified the repute he enjoys abroad by his execution of Beethoven's concerto in E flat (fifth, last, and grandest), and was applauded with a heartiness the sincerity of which could not be questioned. Doubtless we shall hear more of this gentleman, who evidently belongs to the "Higher Development" school, about which some useful hints may be found in the series of papers called "Notes upon Notes" (now appearing in the *Musical World*), by our own distinguished pianist Mr. W. H. Holmes, first preceptor of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, and others who have made their mark. M. Brassin also played the *fantasia* on Hungarian melodies (with orchestral accompaniments) which Franz Liszt composed for his son-in-law, Dr. Hans von Bulow. With regard to the second symphony of Herr Johannes Brahms, the performance of which, under the direction of Mr. August Manns, was unanimously pronounced one of the finest ever heard even at the Crystal Palace, we prefer reserving our judgment until another occasion. This will be furnished next month, by Mr. Weist Hill, in St. James's Hall, at the new series of concerts announced by that enterprising and truly music-loving artist, Madame Viard Louis. Some amateurs protest that the symphony in D is an advance upon the symphony in C minor, first introduced to the English public at Cambridge (1877), on the memorable occasion of the installation of Joseph Joachim as "Doctor in Music" at the University. Others hold a different view. All, therefore, we need state for the present is that it was received with the most cordial marks of approval from the entire audience. That the symphony in D is of a less sombre and less severe character than the C minor is by general consent admitted. An arrangement for four hands on the pianoforte, published but lately, has afforded those who wish to know something about whatever Brahms (Schumann's demi-god) produces an occasion of becoming acquainted with it; and thus many went prepared to compare the orchestral effect with that which had impressed them through the medium of the pianoforte version. The result, as we have hinted, was a difference of opinion, not as to the general excellence of the work, but as to its special characteristics and the more or less value to be attached to movement after movement, when placed in comparison with movement after movement in its immediate precursor, which at the time of its production raised a storm of enthusiasm in many quarters, hardly, we think, after mature reflection, commensurate with its absolute *bonâ fide* merits. About Sterndale Bennett's exquisitely fanciful, melodious, and original overture, the *Wood Nymph* (first entitled by its regretted composer the *Dryades*, and intended as a companion tone-picture to his famous *Naiades*), there can hardly now be two estimates. First performed under the direction of Mendelssohn, at the Gewandhaus in Leipsic, it has lived out nearly forty years, sounds as fresh as though it were only written yesterday, and is by musicians and cultivated amateurs accepted as a masterpiece. The singer at the concert was Miss Emma Thursby, the gifted young American lady who had already won golden opinions among us. In selecting one of Mozart's grand concert "scenas," the "Bird Song" of Taubert, an air from Handel's *Rodelinda*, she gave convincing proofs not merely of her artistic talent, but of her versatility. The "Bird Song" might have been omitted without loss; but the others were right welcome, and alone sufficed to show that Miss Thursby is a singer of no common pretensions, gifted with an exceptional voice, and thoroughly devoted to her art. The programme of the second concert (to-day) contains a very interesting novelty—that is, novelty for us—in the shape of a concerto in A flat for pianoforte with orchestral accompaniments by Field, the pianist being that most indefatigable of explorers, Madame Arabella Goddard. John Field—"Russian Field," as he used to be styled—the favourite pupil of Muzio Clementi, has been too much neglected among us, taking into consideration how much his successors (and not the least of them Frederic Chopin) are indebted to him.

Waifs.——M. Ambroise Thomas, composer of *Hamlet*, *Mignon*, &c., and director in chief at the Paris Conservatory of Music, was married last week to Mdlle. Elvire Rémaury, sister to Madame Montigny Rémaury, the eminent pianist, who but recently won such well-merited laurels by her performances at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts.—Madame Christine Nilsson has begun her tour in the country. At Liverpool, where the accomplished Swedish vocalist had not been heard for some years, she met with a reception so warm and unanimous as to make quite clear the fact that she had not been forgotten.—Signor Schira has returned from Italy, with a large part of his new opera finished. The author of the libretto is Signor Zanardini, the well-known Milanese advocate. The title of the opera is *Leonora*; enough, however, is known about Signor Schira to make us sure that he is not treading in the footsteps of Beethoven. He is too excellent a musician for that, and too earnest a worshipper of the mighty dead. Paer has a Leonora, Donizetti has a Leonora, in *La Favorita*, and Verdi another in *Il Trovatore*, but it may be taken for granted that Signor Schira ignores them all three, Paer especially, whose opera is not only entitled *Leonora*, but is on the same subject as *Fidelio*.—The *Alhambra National* of Brussels, now transformed into a Flemish lyric theatre, opened recently with a new opera, *Frans Ackerman*, the music by Charles Miry, one of the most productive and popular composers in Belgium.—At the Woltersdorf Theatre in Berlin, a new comic opera has been produced, under the somewhat long spun-out title of *Senora Matula Florida, or the Merry Monks of the Convent of St. Just*. The author of the libretto of this opera, the composer of the music, and the representative of the principal character are united in the person of Herr Waldmann. If we may credit the *Berliner Musikzeitung*, the result proved by no means as successful as the thrice endowed author might have wished.—The Worcester Theatre, which, not long since, was burnt to the ground is being diligently replaced by another; in fact the new building, which looks both handsome and commodious (not unlike, by the way, the theatre at York) is in a forward state of completion.—Dr. Hans von Bulow, though he has yielded his place at Glasgow to Herr Tausch of Dusseldorf, has not abandoned England altogether, as will be shortly seen.

Legal

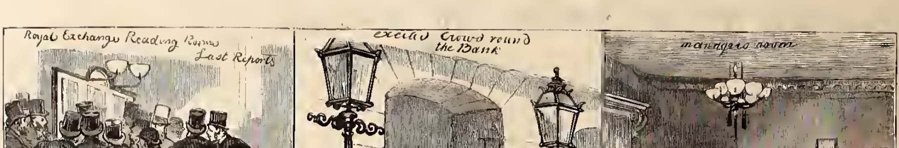
The New Police System.——Mr. Vincent, the chief of the Criminal Investigation Department, has issued a circular to the superintendents of the Metropolitan Police in answer to their complaint that the control of plain-clothes constables had been taken out of their hands. It states that from the 1st prox. the criminal business will be transacted through the several superintendents, as it would be impossible to conduct the police system efficiently if rivalry existed, and that the appointment of plain-clothes constables did not in any way remove responsibility from the uniform men.

A Strange Verdict.—The station-master at Galway, who has been in the employ of the Railway Company for twenty-five years, was the other day placed on his trial for stealing provisions from the goods store. Two Dublin detectives, who had concealed themselves in barrels, which were placed in the stores, saw him come in about one A.M., cut open a hamper, and help himself to some of its contents. They seized him there and then, refusing his request that for the sake of his wife and family the matter might be left to be settled between himself and the manager. The prisoner's counsel made an eloquent appeal to the sympathies of the jury, urging that certain discrepancies in the evidence rendered it doubtful whether his client took the things with a criminal intent, and the Recorder, although in his summing-up he pointed out that these discrepancies only helped to prove the truth of the charge, was so affected at the position of so respectable a man that he burst into tears. The jury, after four hours' deliberation, returned a verdict of Not Guilty, which the Recorder characterised as "monstrous."

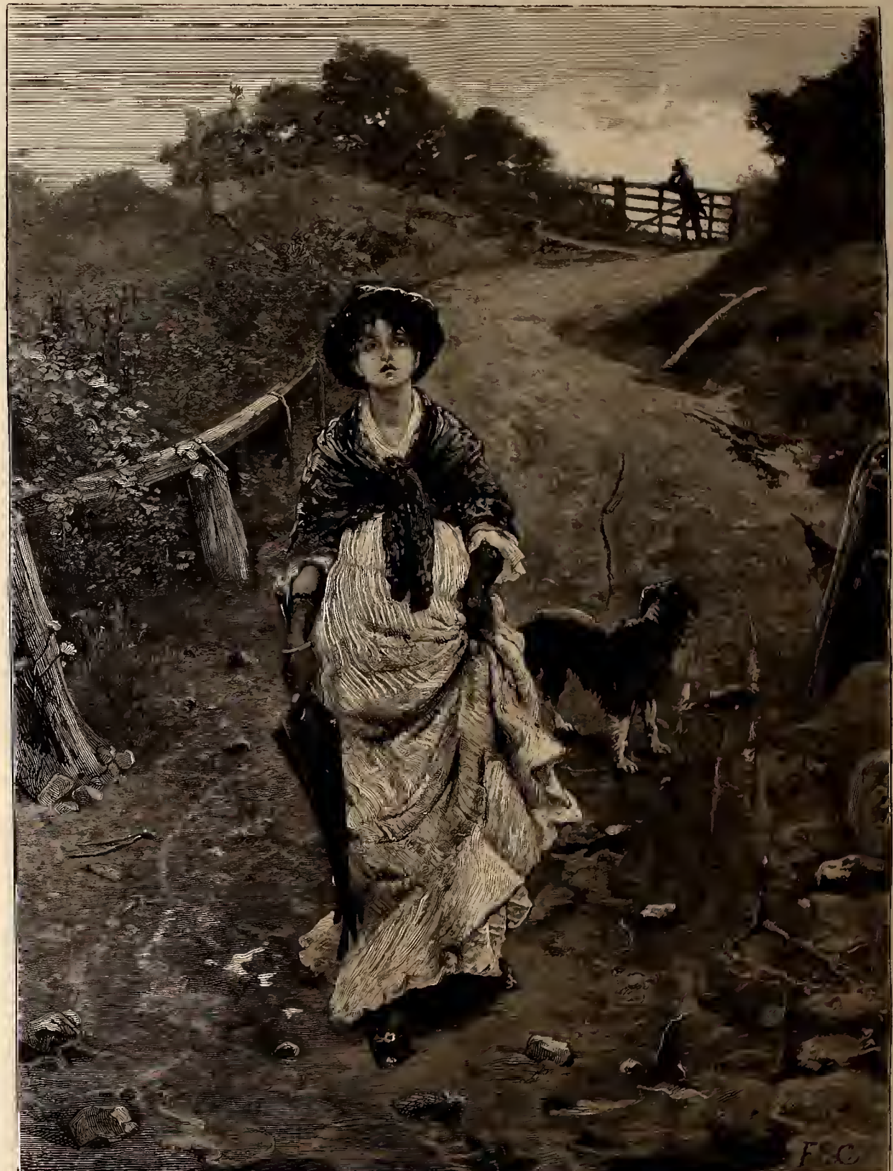
Miscellaneous Items.——The Manchester magistrates have decided that the special engagement of a compartment of a railway carriage does not entitle the passengers to do what they like in it during the journey. They have imposed fines of 20*s.* each and costs upon four gentlemen for smoking in a first-class compartment which they had engaged for their sole use. The directors of the Macroom Railway attended before the coroner last week, and were ordered to enter into their own recognisances for a nominal amount to appear at the Assizes, the coroner remarking that he had intended merely to take their word of honour; but he found that he could not legally do that. Their counsel asked that no bail should be imposed, as an application would be made to the Court of Queen's Bench to quash the verdict of the jury, but the coroner replied that he had no option in the matter. The traffic superintendent and the working ganger were also admitted to bail.—The Rev. W. Hooper, of Dorchester, the other day attended before Alderman Knight to make a statement with regard to a cow which he had sold to a butcher, and the carcase of which was subsequently seized and condemned as bad meat. He said that he had parted with the animal because of a fault which rendered her unfit for dairy purposes, but which, according to the opinion of a veterinary surgeon, did not make the flesh unfit for food; and that he had since learned that the meat was handed about from place to place, drawn in a cart eight miles during heavy rain, packed and repacked, and, after several days of intensely hot weather, reached the London market, where it could not, of course, fail to meet the fate it must then have deserved.—Much attention has recently been drawn to the attempted revival of prize-fights under the euphemistic name of "boxing competitions," the combatants wearing thinly-padded gloves, which do not greatly interfere with their power of "punishing" each other. We are now to have an authoritative decision as to the legality of these contests, as some Leicestershire pugilists have been committed for trial for engaging in one.—A chemist in Somers Town has been fined 5*l.* for selling prussic acid without recording particulars of the sale in his books. A second summons for neglecting to place a label on the bottle fell through, as it was shown that no more than one penalty could be enforced for one offence. An objection was also raised that the date of the sale was not proved, while the Act required that it should have taken place within six months. On this point a case for a higher Court was granted.—Mrs. Weldon again appeared at Bow Street Police Court on Monday to ask for summonses against her husband, General Sir H. de Bathe, and Drs. Winslow, Winn, Rudderforth, and Semple, whom she accused of conspiring to put her in a lunatic asylum. Mr. Flowers said it was open to her to draw up a statement of her case, in the form of an information, and to present it before him in the usual way, and if he did not feel able to deal with it, she could take the matter to a higher court. Another heartless swindler has been detected. Provided with printed lists he went round the poorer districts of Brighton, representing himself as authorised by the Mayor to collect subscriptions for the *Princess Alice* and Abercarne Relief Funds, and he seems to have gathered a good round sum. He has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment.—Much excitement has been created in Manchester by the prosecution of two "Sisters of Mercy" under the Vagrancy Act. The prosecutor, Mr. Rayner Wood, a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of Lancashire, himself arrested them when they called at his house and asked for a "little charity," and they were detained at the police station all night. When the case came on next day it was at once dismissed, and it is said that an action for false imprisonment will be brought against Mr. Wood, when 1,000*l.* damages will be claimed.—The defalcations of Mr. Marshall, the assistant-secretary of the Curates' Augmentation Fund, are now stated to be upwards of 7,000*l.* The Post Office authorities have undertaken the prosecution of a man named Cooke, who is charged with stealing a number of letters containing cheques and money-orders, and forging the endorsements to them. The man, who is in no way connected with the Post Office, is supposed to have abstracted the letters from door letter-boxes at various places of business in the City.—A young girl aged twenty, rejoicing in no fewer than four *aliases*, and who seems to have got her living for some time past by obtaining situations as a domestic servant, and then absconding within a few days with whatever valuables she could get hold of, has been convicted on three distinct charges, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.—One of the clerks at the Liverpool branch of the Bank of England, has absconded with 15,000*l.* worth of notes. He is said to be a man of good family, the

(Continued on page 38[illegible])

MR. RIVERS WILSON, THE NEW EGYPTIAN FINANCE MINISTER


Royal Exchange Reading Rooms
Last Reports
excited Crowd round the Bank
managers room
BANK CLOSED
CITY OF GLASGOW BANK
24
Clerk "Too late"
Depositor "An me after travellin thirty mile"
Royal Exchange, Merchants awaiting Telegrams

THE STOPPAGE OF THE CITY OF GLASGOW BANK



"A TIFF"
FROM THE PICTURE BY F. E. COX EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

His Little Mother

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"

PART II.

TWENTY YEARS OLD

MISS WALDERSHARE did not return to England for ten years. Part of that time she spent with her friend very peacefully, even happily; and, when the invalid needed her no more, there were many others who did need her. That sweet, sunny nook of Southern France was always full of sick and sorrowful folk, come to die, or to watch their beloved die, beside the blue Mediterranean. Consequently this rich and kind-hearted English lady, who had no home ties, never wanted—who ever does want?—an object whereon to expend her time, her money, and her sympathies. And this was well. Sad she might sometimes be; but she was never either idle or lonely; as in truth no woman ever is, unless she wishes to be the one, and deserves, by her unloveableness, to be the other.

Miss Waldershare thus lingered on, year after year, in the place whither she had accidentally drifted, until it almost became a second home. She might never have come home at all—that is, to England—had not business called her to the little town where she had happened to be born, but where, nevertheless, she had not a single living tie. And in ten years even her few acquaintances there had so entirely disappeared that there was not a house she cared to go to. She put up at the inn. And in spite of what the cynic writes about the man who, going through life, finds "his warmest welcome at an inn," this well-loved maiden lady was so accustomed to find every door open to her and every face a friendly face, that the inn appeared just a little solitary, even dull.

Having transacted her business, she wandered about, noticing how many new houses had sprung up on the skirts of the old town; but the place itself remained unchanged. There were the same names over the shops in the High Street; the usual market went on just below the Town Hall, from the windows of which Signor Bianchini had taken his memorable tight-rope promenade, watched by herself and the little twins, Dorcas and Cyprian Hall, on the night of the fireworks. The fatal night—how long they must have remembered it! when, on coming home, they got the news of their mother's death.

"Poor little souls!" she thought, recalling that time. Familiar as she was with sorrow, the expression of the children's faces, as she last saw them looking out of the parlour window that Sunday afternoon, had never gone out of her mind. "But they cannot be children now. They must nearly be grown up by this time. I wonder what has become of them."

For though she had faithfully written, and received, at long intervals, several letters in return—not from Cyprian—"he had so little time," his sister said—but from Dorcas, still ten years is a long period to keep up any correspondence, especially a foreign one, and with such very small correspondents. Miss Waldershare was scarcely surprised when it gradually ceased. Two years at least had passed since she had had any tidings of the young Halls.

She was a shy and sensitive person, curiously so for a middle-aged woman of good position, whom nobody would have expected to have any doubt of herself at all. But she had—though circumstances rather than natural temperament had caused this. She never liked to intrude herself upon anybody, especially the young, and was only too ready to accept the fact that people had forgotten her. Therefore, even when she passed the end of the Terrace where the twins used to live, she hesitated, and was some minutes in making up her mind to knock at Miss Moffat's door.

There it was—the brass plate with "The Misses Moffat"—who had begun by keeping a school—staring her in the face. She lingered, looked round, might even have gone back again, but that a lady and gentleman crossed the road to her. He tall, fair, handsome; the girl hanging on his arm (people usually walked arm-in-arm in those days), small, dark, and decidedly plain. Miss Waldershare might have recognised them, had she not forgotten the lapse of time. But they knew her at once, and called her by her name.

"We had no idea you were in England. When did you come? Why did you not let us know?" said the young man impulsively; and in spite of the incipient beard she recalled at once the pretty boy-face of Cyprian Hall. His sister—yes, of course, it was his sister—his "little mother" that used to be. She looked like it still—being both graver and older in appearance than her twin.

"Then you have not quite forgotten me?" said the lady, pleased, as most middle-aged ladies are, at being recognised after so long a time.

"Oh! Dor knew you at once. Dor never forgets anybody."

And though Dor scarcely said a word, leaving all the talk to her brother, who seemed to have a great gift that way, the pleasure in her eyes, and the warm grasp of her hand, proved to Miss Waldershare the truth of that character. Yes, Dorcas Hall looked like a person "who never forgot anybody."

"You will come in, of course? It is just tea-time; and Miss Moffat will be glad to see you, or any friend of ours. There is only one Miss Moffat now. The other two are dead; poor old dears! so Dor and I have almost the house to ourselves—except for Mr. Moffat, a nephew of theirs; but he is a great scholar, and as quiet as a tame cat. Bless me! I hope he didn't hear me. There he is."

And Cyprian nodded to a half-bald head, and bright eyes, which had evidently been watching them from the window.

"Very quiet, but a good fellow for all that," continued the youth, with a slightly patronising air. "He and I shall be off to Oxford in two months more, and then Dor will have to make the best of it alone."

Dor smiled, as if quite accustomed to "make the best of it," and they entered the house together.

When she took Miss Waldershare upstairs to arrange her dress a little—for the "old maid" was just a shade "particular" as to her appearance—Dorcas explained, with a look of proud pleasure, that her brother was just going up for his matriculation examination.

"Papa was a long time in consenting; he was never at college himself, and does not see why a young man should go at all, especially one who might be a Calcutta merchant. But Cyprian does not want to be a merchant, and does not care to go out to Calcutta."

"No, indeed," cried Cyprian, meeting them on the staircase, and overhearing; "Papa has married again, and there is a horrid lot of children. I had much rather stop at home with Dor. She makes me work—that is, if anybody could do it. But I'm an idle fellow—I shall never do much anyhow; shall I, Dor?" said he, with that charming frankness and engaging contrition, which in some people seems equivalent to doing what they ought to do. They feel as if confessing a fault were almost as good as amending it.

"You will do more by and bye," said the sister, with a sad expression flitting through her smile. "Cyprian had a great deal to contend against, Miss Waldershare. Papa could not afford to send him to a public school, so he has had to get educated here, and when at last he went to a clergyman to study—he—he came back again."

"Was sent back," laughed the young fellow, with charming candour, which, however, sent the hot blood into his sister's face. "But I am sure if I told the whole story to Miss Waldershare she would agree with me that it was a confounded——"

"Tea is waiting," said Dorcas, hastily, and then introduced the bald-headed man—not such a very old man either—as "Mr. Moffat, from Oxford, who has been so very kind to Cyprian."

"Kindness itself!" added Cyprian. "I am sure, if I pass, it is his coaching I have to thank for it."

"You must pass," said Mr. Moffat, and "He will pass," said Dorcas.

"Oh, don't lecture! I hate lecturing. But I mean to be such a good boy—some day."

That day, however, had been evidently long of coming. Not that he was in the least a "naughty" boy. On the contrary, Miss Waldershare liked him extremely, and could quite understand how everybody liked him too. He had that invincible attractiveness, born of a pleasant inward conviction that he did attract, which makes some people so charming. They throw themselves on you with the simplicity of a child to whom no one has ever said a hard word; they are quite sure of your regard—so sure that you have not the heart to refuse it. Before she had been an hour in the room with him, Miss Waldershare felt a weak consciousness that, were he to ask her, she would do almost anything for young Cyprian Hall.

And his "little mother."

"Yes, I am still his 'little mother,'" Dorcas answered, smiling, to some question which Miss Waldershare put on bidding good-bye—not a farewell at all, for she had been already persuaded by Cyprian to remain in the town a few days longer ("just to comfort poor Dor after I am gone," said he, with a pleasing conviction that she would want comfort, and that nobody could make up to her for the loss of himself—which, perhaps, was not untrue). "He needed a 'little mother' more than most boys. And, besides, Mamma told me to take care of him."

"Mamma said that"—"Mamma wished that," seemed, even after all these years, to be the invisible law of right to the orphans, evidently as completely orphans as if they had been left without either father or mother. And Dorcas, with her silentness and somewhat careworn face, much older-looking than that of her twin, seemed to have taken upon herself all the duties and anxieties of a mother.

Altogether, Miss Waldershare quitted the little household—where Miss Moffat, its nominal head, had never once appeared (she was an invalid, and Miss Hall managed everything)—with a somewhat heavy heart. The brightest bit, however—she being of a rather "sentimental" turn—was in the fancy she took for Mr. Moffat's honest countenance, and the pleasure she had in watching how he seemed to do everything he could think of for quaint, plain, gentle Dorcas Hall.

She saw a good deal of both him and the twins during the next two days, and after Cyprian had started for Oxford in the highest spirits, and without a doubt concerning his "exam.," she and his sister had much talk together. But Dorcas was not very confidential, not even on the subject of Cyprian. In all she said there seemed to be some *arrière pensée*, a sense of past disappointment and future doubt, almost amounting to fear, which, putting together fragments which she rather betrayed than told, gave a still deeper uneasiness to the older and more experienced woman.

Cyprian "did not much care for reading;" found study difficult; his sister had taught herself Latin, a bit of Greek, and even something of mathematics, in order to teach him. He had never had any systematic education of any kind—well, that was not his fault, but Miss Waldershare knew that real students, true workers, who mean to make their way in the world, whether boy or girl, will, when they get into their teens, begin to educate themselves. And self-education is perhaps the soundest of all.

But Cyprian was twenty, and had not began earnestly to study yet. If he passed even the preliminary examination for Oxford it would be, Dorcas was forced to own, chiefly owing to the excellent and gratuitous "coaching" for the last eight weeks, of Mr. Moffat.

"But oh! Miss Waldershare, you see how much my poor boy has had to fight against!" pleaded the sister, in fond deprecation. "Even his good looks and his winning ways have been dangerous to him—because everybody is always admiring him, and inviting him out. Yet he is as steady as a rock—never gets into late hours or any ill ways, and he is always so easily led, and so good and affectionate. To part from him will be dreadful, but then if I know he is all right, and if I can sometimes go and see him—Oxford men like to have their sisters visiting them, Mr. Moffat said. Only it must be pretty sisters—not such as me."

Miss Waldershare asked gravely if it were Mr. Moffat who said that? because she herself thought the little, dark-eyed face and dainty figure made up a sister quite well-looking enough for any College "man."

"Well, then," said Dorcas, laughing, "I really will go up next Commemoration. It will be so grand to take a walk with Cyprian in his cap and gown. How handsome he will look—how proud Mamma would have been! Mamma always said Cyprian must go to Oxford."

So talked they, the elder and the younger woman, in the dim evening light—waiting for the letter—there were no telegraphs then—which was to bring the important news.

At last it came. Two letters arrived—the second being from Mr. Moffat. Dorcas laid it aside, and opened Cyprian's.

Only one line—Miss Waldershare could see. She saw also that Dorcas's poor little hands fell helplessly on her lap—she had instinctively sat down—and then were clasped together in a mute acceptance of the inevitable.

"I always expected it. He could not help it. He says he did his best. My poor boy!"

"Poor girl!" Miss Waldershare felt inclined to say, but she said nothing—only kissed her silently. Then Dorcas leaned her head on her friend's shoulder, and wept bitterly.

"Tears won't do," she said at last, drying them. "He will be here to-night, no doubt—or to-morrow morning—for he will have to go out to India at once. Papa said he must, if he failed in his matriculation. He has lost only too much time already. And we are wholly dependent upon Papa! O my poor boy!"

She wrung her hands, oblivious of everything—even of the second letter—which Miss Waldershare proposed to open and read.

"DEAR MISS HALL,—

"'Plucked' is a hard word—but Cyprian must not let his courage sink. Many a man has succeeded in the world after being plucked. Perhaps, after all, he is scarcely fit for University life, and this may be for the best in the end. Try to believe so—though I know it is hard. We shall be with you almost as soon as this letter.

"Yours sincerely,
"JAMES MOFFAT."

"How kind he is!" said Miss Waldershare.

"Yes, very kind."

And so he was—as kind as Miss Waldershare herself—for the two took counsel together over the helpless sister many a time during the melancholy days which ensued, when it was necessary to arrange everything for Cyprian's departure, and for the parting of the twins, literally for the first time in their lives—except that brief attempt at tutoring of which everybody had said as little as possible.

So great was the despair of both at first, that Miss Waldershare suggested Dorcas's going out with him to India.

The girl shook her head. "No; it would be too expensive. It would vex Papa. He only sent home money for one. Besides," with a sad casting down of the eyes, "Papa does not want me. He never did want us, you know."

Miss Waldershare asked no explanations of what was evidently some family difficulty. She saw that Cyprian must go, and Dorcas stay behind—at least for the present. It was very sad—so sad, that being more accustomed to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, she put off a grand London visit, and remained still a few days more in the dull little town, where she knew not a creature but these, her sorrowful friends.

It was a terrible time. Most people nowadays know it—have witnessed or gone through it—when some young member of the family has to be sent away abroad;—an agony sharp as death—even under the best of circumstances—coming nearer and nearer each day to the fatal day—almost—as Cyprian declared, "like a man who is going to be hanged."

He felt it very much at first, poor boy! grew quite thin and white, and could never look at Dorcas without the tears coming into his eyes. But by and bye the excitement of preparation comforted him a little. He became such an important person in his little circle, and even in the town, where seldom such a thing was heard of as a young man "going out to India." Even his outfit created a secondary interest, and also his trunks—which the shopkeeper exhibited at the door, marked in white letters "Cyprian Hall, Esq., Calcutta." There was a pleasant and consolatory side even to this cruel parting.

"But it shall not be for long, that I am determined on," said Cyprian, with great energy. "As soon as ever I am settled, I will send out for Dor, and we will live together, bachelor brother and maiden sister, and be as happy as the day is long—won't we 'little mother?'"

She half-smiled, half-sobbed at the word. "Cyprian always sees the bright side of things; and he is right. Don't you think so, Miss Waldershare?"

"Yes," answered she, but thought also how little *he* thought who it was that had invariably made life turn its sunny side to him, if possible, even though somebody else had to walk in the shade.

So much so that even the last day was not such a very dreary day at the Terrace, where Miss Waldershare paid her final call, at least forty-eight hours before Cyprian's departure. With her constitutional shyness, she thought it best not to stay till the very end, not being a relative, nor exactly a "friend of the family." And, judging by herself, she considered that, after the two were really gone—Mr. Moffat was to see the poor fellow off from Liverpool, and then come back, *en route* for Oxford, with the latest news—it would be easier for Dorcas to be left quite alone.

Therefore, she bade the twins a cheerful good-bye, reminded them both how young they were, and how the world was all before them, and their lot in their own hands, to do what they liked with it almost; for at twenty, with health, strength, work to do, and the capacity and will to do it, what young man or young woman need feel hopeless or forlorn? She "preached" a little, yet feeling all the while how vain "preaching" is, and how each young soul must buy its own experience in its own way.

And then she kissed and blessed them both—poor young things!—now going through the sharpest experience of their existence, and feeling their anguish with all the passionate intensity of youth, to whom every sorrow appears, at the time, like a sorrow eternal.

She understood this—and them: the solitary woman to whom life was no longer a vista of the future, but a dream of the past. And then she went away, walking rather slowly and sadly, and trying hard to believe all the hopeful things she had been saying a few minutes before to both Cyprian and Dorcas, when she was overtaken by a quick footstep, Mr. Moffat's.

"Allow me to walk home with you. Oh!" seeing she hesitated, "that is no matter. They don't want me."

A fact which Miss Waldershare could not deny—which, indeed, she had noticed, and been almost sorry for:—feeling that the twins did not half appreciate the kindness of a friend so much older than themselves, and so familiar that they both took his devotion for granted. But she, who knew the world better, respected it as a thing only too rare.

He walked on beside her, talking a good deal about them both, or rather about Cyprian. He did not seem to consider Dorcas as a person to be discussed at all—not even her sorrow, which she bore so silently that her friends instinctively were silent too.

"Do you think there is the making of a man in that boy?" said Miss Waldershare at last, when they stood face to face at the hotel door.

"I hope there is—I think there is—if only he falls into good hands. There are some people, you know, who make themselves and their career; others are made by circumstances or influences. It remains to be seen under what category we may place Cyprian Hall."

"And Dorcas?" said Miss Waldershare, looking fixedly in the eyes of the good, honest man—a curious, penetrating, half-sad, but exceedingly tender look, not unbefitting a kind old woman who had once been young.

Mr. Moffat's sallow face blushed all over, but he unhesitatingly returned the gaze.

"Dorcas cares more for that boy's little finger than for any one alive. I know that. Still, I shall take care of her. I am a poor man—a very poor man—but I shall manage somehow to take care of her."

"I believe that,'" was the cordial answer. "God bless you. Good-bye."

Six months after this, business again called Miss Waldershare to her native town, and of course she went at once to the Terrace to see Dorcas Hall. Only to look at her, having already heard by letter all the news of Cyprian; exceedingly good news, so that she was hardly surprised at the gentle content of his sister's face, and the more than usually hopeful tone in which Dorcas spoke of him and of everything.

"Papa"—that long invisible, seldom-named father, had been quite glad to see his eldest son—he was growing elderly, with a lot of young children. Cyprian might become of the greatest use to him. Cyprian had taken kindly to business, found it rather "amusing" than otherwise, and liked the gay Calcutta life, where, no doubt, he was as great a favourite as he had always been everywhere. He was poor, certainly, for his father only allowed him a clerk's salary, probably all he deserved at first, but he hoped to "make it do," and to earn more by and bye.

"And what does he plan about bringing you out to him? You must have a dull life here with Miss Moffat, and he knows it. What does he say?"

"Nothing," answered the sister, casting down her eyes. Then, suddenly, in the old apologetic way, "I did not expect anything else. Cyprian used to leave me to do all the planning. He is content with the present. He never looks ahead in any way. I know that."

"But, surely, as soon as he can, he will send for you or fetch you?"

Dorcas again cast down her eyes, and a vivid blush overspread her face.

"Perhaps—Mr. Moffat might not quite like me to go."

(*To be continued.*)

◆

A FISHING PORT IN AUTUMN

In that season which Spenser has described as "full of merry glee," there are few sights more picturesque than that of the ancient fishing ports which stud the coast—more especially those on the north-east—for they have usually accomplished their part in the reaping of the chief of the harvests of the sea, and the great shoal of herrings, diminished by millions, has gone on its southward and mysterious track. In the middle of an autumnal day, when the sun attempers with warmth the breeze that blows fresh and cold from over the moors, coming down from the uplands, through the fields of stubble given up to the geese, through the long lanes in which the hedgerows are tinted with brown, amber, and scarlet, and whereon bunches of brambles show bronze and black, under the green of trees dashed with streaks of yellow, of ruddy brown, and here and there marked with the red of the berries of the mountain ash, the path winds slowly; whilst below, fringed by a yellow strip of sand, there "glooms the dark broad sea," much as Ulysses saw it when he purposed to sail beyond the baths of all the western stars. And struggling up from the seashore, half-hidden in a cove, in the quiet and the solitude, lies the little fishing port, sunning itself in the pleasaunce of the day, enjoying its rest after the toils of months, and preparing for the storms of the coming winter. There is still animation in it, but it is solitude in comparison with the throng and the bustle of the fishing season it has just passed through; there is yet in early morning a bringing in of cargoes which leave, as they are hurried to distant stations, an ancient and fish-like smell; but the chief work of the year on the seas is over here, and the boats have either gone to distant fishing-grounds—or waters, rather—with the herring shoal, or they have been for the most part laid up high and dry for the winter; mute mementoes of the toils of the past. The village sets its house in order, counts and apportions its gains, and prepares for what is to it the seed-time of the coming season of the fishermen.

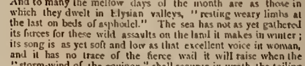
Drawing near to it, we appreciate better its extent, its signs of poverty and wealth, and its quaintness and that of its surroundings. Straggling in apologies for streets on the steep banks of little hills, divided by a stream that brawls noisily seaward, swollen with the late October showers, hemmed in on the east by the sea, and shut off from the table-land by the high hills and moorlands that stretch out towards the west in barren grandeur, relieved by the well-wooded and fertile little dales that wind around them. Odd and irregular little houses range up the hill-sides, and in front of some of the highest, in dingy little gardens, stunted trees are shedding a few of their thin leaves, and leaving the black-brown boughs clearly defined against the bluish-grey of the sky, whilst every puff of wind bears with it downwards rustling heaps of dead leaves. Where the gardens bear no such load of dull remembrances of forest, they are decorated with mementoes of the prowess of the sea in the shape of gaily-painted figure-heads of long-stranded vessels. Below these dwellings of the aristocracy of the place trade makes its presence known in miniature in the shops which display, through their small windows, goods making up in variety what they lack in quantity. Still nearer the sea, where its beat at its highest tide should shake the dwellings from their dingy-white bases to the green-specked thatch of their roofs, are the houses of those whose industry gives to the little place its special character. Around these small houses there are here and there tokens of that industry. On the higher ground above, the purple nets are spread on the sward to dry; a lane leading inland has a gay fringe of fishing-cobles, turned with their bright streaked timbers and keel uppermost; and nearer the dwellings there are to be seen at times the "trunks" which, in their season, are used for crab-catching purposes. You may tell that the men are fishermen by their dress of woollen guernsey and coarse pilot coat; and if the gear of the females does not betray them in like manner, their kinship to the fisherfolk is proved by their inveterate habit of carrying on the head pails of water from the spring, loaves from the baker's, or other household requisites, in a manner suggestive of the "tubbers" whose musical voice is known in distant towns. There are signs of the character of the place in the names of the public-houses, which affect marine combinations, in the less savoury remains that litter the sands from the time of the arrival of the few boats that venture out for the white-fishing till the sea came up and swept them away, becoming scavenger of the fishermen, as it was cemetery to the dwellers in the Château d'If; and in the boats that lazily toss on the waves in the little bay, showing, as they move on the waves of the ocean, the piles of bladders and cork-floats, the heaps of dark netting, and the other preparations for the followers of the ancient craft.

Days come and go in the autumn in lazy fashion; some in golden haze, dropping down on an amber sky and an empurpled sea; and others tossing and troubled with storm-winds, till the waves become turbid masses of greyish-yellow water, and the far ocean becomes a rolling canvas of deep blue caverns and white-capped hills. Though the shoal of herrings is now far off—in the earlier days—the village is deserted by its men almost entirely, for a few of the boats have not yet returned from distant seas of labour, and others are outward in the bay acting as pilots, or fishing, or they are in their own homes recruiting nature after a night on the dark deep. But when the early breezes of winter begin to blow, the boats are moored, the nets and floats are put aside, and at the lookout there is a daily congregation which is no longer one of women screening their heads with apron or shawl, but one in which the "sou'-wester," the pipe, and the rough oilskin coat are frequent, whilst the raging of the sea is the signal for the lighting of the fire in the lifeboat-house, and the making ready of the boat for any service that may be called for from it and its brave crew. Autumn passes on these coasting places watching their dwellers, as those on whom the lotos-eaters looked, having

> reaped the harvest with enduring toil,
> Storing little dues of wheat, and wine, and oil.

And to many the mellow days of the month are as those in which they dwelt in Elysian valleys, "resting weary limbs at the last on beds of asphodel." The sea has not as yet gathered its forces for these wild assaults on the land it makes in winter; its song is as yet soft and low as that excellent voice in woman, and it has no trace of the fierce wail it will raise when the "storm-wind of the equinox" shall scourge in wrath the toiling surges. Shifting shadows of drifting clouds fall on the waters, now plunging them in golden haze, now purpling them, and now bathing them in emerald, in swift succession, till the eye falls on the distant horizon as it follows the track of the rays of passing light. Day dies away, and night shrouds the hills in a fleecy fog that folds itself along their sides and lies low in the valleys, till elevations rise like islands from a sea of mist, drifting with the puff of wind; whilst on the sea the faint phosphorescence of the waves is lost a little from the shore, where parting day died like "a dolphin whom each pang imbues" with new beauty as it gasps its last; and when darkness veils it, and the presence of the Infinite is known only by its weird solo through the night, there is mysterious beauty, which the golden-tipped morning shall discover to the eyes of the watchers by the shore, as it has been discovered since the distant date when the Creative Spirit "moved on the face of the waters."

J. W. S.



"The Primrose Path," by Mrs. Oliphant (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—There is passage upon passage in this tale which is in Mrs. Oliphant's very best manner, and which hardly any one but herself could have written; but we have had occasion to review so many of her novels of late that we need not linger long over a book that, in all essential literary and artistic characteristics, shows her on no fresh path. We note again that Mrs. Oliphant's novels are ceasing to be what can properly be styled "love-stories." Margaret Leslie, the heroine here, never is in truth the least "in love" with the cleverish, plausible young fellow, of very inferior rank, with whom she becomes entangled, only half-conscious, in her innocence and inexperience of life, what it is she is doing. She has grown up, at her own sweet will, a genuine Scotch lassie, without training and almost without education, in the half-ruined mansion of Earl's Hall, in "the kingdom of Fife," with the old father who likes his "little Peggy" best as she is, and in whose eyes, indeed, she is almost as much a child at seventeen as she was at seven. So when Rob Glen, the old playfellow of her childhood, whom chance has again thrown in her way, seeks to console her in her sorrow for her father's death after a lover-like fashion, she is only aware that he is meaning to be "very kind" to her, and accepts his wooing with but a dim consciousness that anything is to come of it. Rob, though shallow and somewhat vulgar, is not bad-hearted, and is genuinely in love with Margaret after his lights; but he is too thorough a Scotchman not to have an eye to the main chance, and knows that in winning a young lady of position, who inherits a fortune of her own from her mother, he has done a very good stroke of business for himself. How Margaret fares in the toils wich are thus woven around her, and whether she is extricated or not in the end are matters which we leave to the reader. We have here and there a few well-nigh perfect "bits" in the way of description both of the old house of Earl's Hall, and the Fife scenery round it, and of the Grange, Margaret's own house in a southern county of England; and there is hardly a single character in the tale that does not seem individual, well-marked, and thoroughly alive. Old Sir Ludovic Leslie, with his courtly grace, his quaint humour, and secret enjoyment of his "little Peggy's" misplaced pronouns and frequent "Scotticisms" of phrase, his faithful old servitors, John and Bell, Margaret's aunt-like elder sisters, the children of a former marriage of Sir Ludovic's, Rob Glen and his worldly-minded mother—not to speak of the heroine herself—are all drawn with admirable force and finish. It is wonderful that one who has written and writes so much as Mrs. Oliphant should still write with such unfailing strength and freshness, and acknowledging this, we must not complain too much that her story is somewhat unduly spun out, and yet wound up a little over-hastily at the last.

"The Cheveley Novels: A Modern Minister" (2 vols.: Blackwood).—The statement sounds rash, we are aware; but it really seems to us that in its unfortunate combination of extreme pretentiousness with almost total incapacity this portentous story—which, if published in the usual way, would be considerably over 2,000 pages in length—is about the very worst novel it has ever fallen to our lot to read. That it is among the worst we can entertain no doubt whatever. The absurd preface, which the author with characteristic eccentricity has appended to Part XIII. instead of prefixing to Part I., would be of itself almost fatal to the success of the book in the eyes of readers of taste. That the author of "The Cheveley Novels" "fancies himself," as the phrase is, very much, and regards his own performance with the most intense complacency, is quite amusingly evident; difficult as it is to understand how he can have come to regard himself as possessed of gifts that should delight and instruct the world. He seems to us to rely for success on mere "bigness." His story, as we have said, is as long as three ordinary novels; we are introduced to some hundred characters, all tabulated under several heads upon a couple of fly-leaves at the beginning of the first number, with an appropriate descriptive label affixed to each; and we are overwhelmed with mysteries and seeming mysteries, "tall talk," overdone sentimentality, rhodomontade, and gorgeous upholstery. In upholstery, indeed, the author shows himself a connoisseur of the first water, and his description of the boudoirs of Helen, Lady Lindon, or Lady Helen Lindon—for the lady is indifferently spoken of by either title—at Brighton and Sleperton Manor, may be commended to the attention of the curious in such matters. Of course anything in the nature of detailed criticism of a work of this nature would be labour thrown away. It does not take long to see that the book has attained its monstrous dimensions simply because the materials for some three or four stories have been clumsily rolled together into one, so that even if we could for a moment feel any interest in the various groups of actors presented to us we should soon be wearied and confused by the incessant scene-shifting. But, in truth, it is impossible to feel a spark of interest in any of the *dramatis personæ*, who are, one and all, saints and sinners, adults and those "engaging little ones" of whom the author is so fond, alike the most inanimate of puppets, wooden, stagey, and conventional to the finger-tips. That the author is not without some idea of the qualities that should be shown in a good novel the language which (Vol. I., p. 210) he puts into the mouth of one of the personages of his story affords some proof, but there is a most glaring and painful discordance between his theory and his practice.

"A Latter-Day Novel," by Lieut.-Colonel Edward Mansfield, H.M.'s Agent and Consul-General at Bucharest (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall).—There is merit enough in this story to lead us to think that should Colonel Mansfield get tired of diplomacy, or fall into difficulties with the Foreign Office, he might find another career open to him as a writer of fiction. Many of the sketches of character we have here, notably those of old Mrs. Chetwynd and Mr. Fredericks, only want filling out to become highly successful pictures. The hero is one Count Valery Krapski, a young Anglo-Pole; and perhaps the best chapters in the book are those that describe his life at Warsaw. His family estates having been confiscated by the Russian Government he has to find the means of support by becoming apprentice to a cabinet-maker, and afterwards bears a part in the Polish insurrection of 1863, of which we have a very graphic account. It seems to us that Colonel Mansfield does not think much of Poles, or of the cause of Poland; at any rate, the tone of "A Latter-Day Novel" is in marked contrast to that of "Blue Roses." The episodes that follow in England, whither Valery is summoned by the death of his aunt, Mrs. Chetwynd, are hardly so good. They are entertaining enough; but the main situation is too far-fetched to be artistic. It is quite beyond all reasonable probability that Valery should continue to take Lucy Mears for Mary Robertson, and *vice versâ*, when he is in constant intercourse with both cousins and their friends for many weeks together. Still, the book is a very good one; and Colonel Mansfield writes throughout like a man who knows his world.

"Wood Anemone," by Mrs. Randolph, author of "Wild Hyacinth," &c. (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—Here, as usual, Mrs. Randolph takes us into some very good society, and informs us how that section of society which it is customary in some quarters to style the "Upper Ten Thousand" contrives to divert itself and get rid of its time. The tale is no great things; indeed, it strikes us as rather a case of "much ado about nothing;" but, at any rate, there is no harm in it; and it is told not without a certain cleverness, and much of that quiet cynicism as regards the masculine half of the human race which is, perhaps, the author's most marked characteristic.

Of "County *versus* Counter," by Theodore Russell Munro, author of "The Vandeleurs of Red Tor," &c. (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), it may be enough to say that it is a lively story, with some fairly-well executed rough sketches of character, but somewhat too over-flooded with vulgarity to be altogether pleasant reading.

◆

A SPRIG OF HEATHER

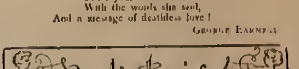
Far, far away,
On a Scottish brae,
Where the north winds wake and roar,
I bloomed in the light
Of the noonday bright,
When summer was almost o'er;
Though the southern breeze
From the sunlit seas
Yet kissed the wild northern shore.

A maiden fair,
With dark shining hair,
Came wandering near one day,
When the sunset's glow
Lit the wave below
With many a golden ray.
She gazed on the sea,
Saying, "Woe is me!
Why went my true love away?"

Then, stooping low,
She said to me, "Go
To my love far over the sea,
And tell him I mourn
All the day forlorn
And sad on the lonely lea;
While the waves' deep roar
On the distant shore
Keeps murmuring his name to me."

And so I come
From my distant home,
Where the polestar shines above,
On the northern gale
That filled the white sail,
To the wild land where you rove,
From your Scottish maid
With the words she said,
And a message of deathless love!

George Barnett



The Rival Crusoes. W. H. G. Kingston; "Buttons." A. R. Hope; The New Girl. M. E. B. Griffith and Farran.

On Horseback through Asia Minor. Capt. F. Burnaby; Our Woodland Trees. F. G. Heath. S. Low and Co.

The Polyphemus Ship. C. M. Barnes. E. Stanford.

Town and Country Toy Book. Pictures of Animals. Harrison Weir; French Pictures. Rev. S. G. Green; Christmas and New Year Cards. Religious Tract Society.

International Copyright. A. Morgan. Cockcroft and Co.

English Folk Lore. T. F. Thiselton Dyer. Hardwicke and Bogue.

Margery's Son. E. S. Holt. J. F. Shaw and Co.

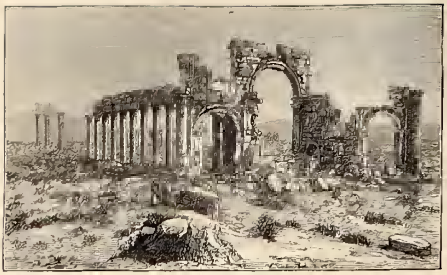
The Poetical Works of Reginald Heber (Chandos Poets); The Works of George Herbert (Chandos Poets). F. Warne and Co.

Le Téléphone, Le Microphone, et le Phonographe. Comte T. du Moncel; Henri Bué's First French Book; Henri Bué's Second French Book. Hachette and Co., Paris.

The George Eliot Birthday-Book. W. Blackwood and Sons.

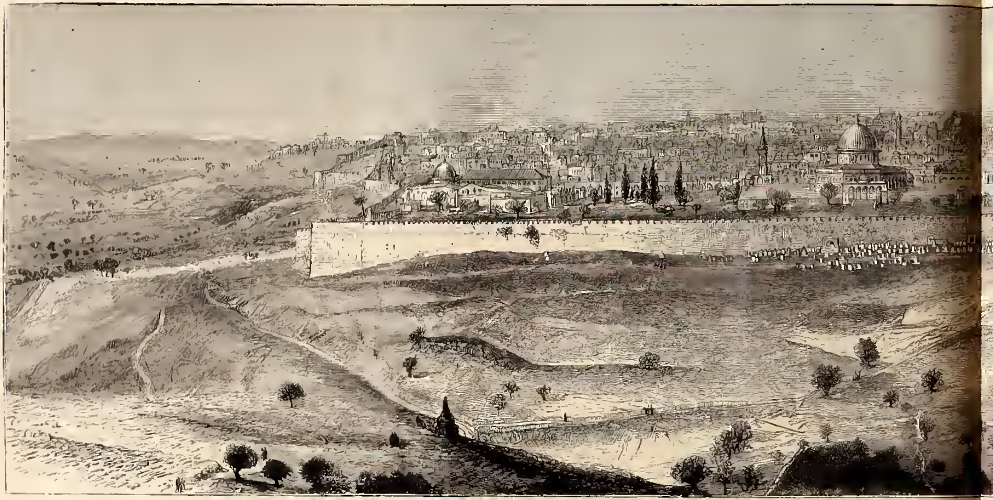
◆

Chinese Women are brought up most carefully in every domestic virtue, and their education is conducted strictly according to the rules set forth in two famous works—"Nu el Ching," which describes the daily routine of a girl's life, and "The Girl's Four Books," which were compiled in the Ming dynasty 300 years ago, and have two prefaces by Emperors. The boys also have their "four books," which they read before the study of the five classics, and which were compiled in the Sung dynasty, 700 years since.



THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH, TADMOR

RACHEL'S TOMB, "A LI



JERUSALEM, FROM TH

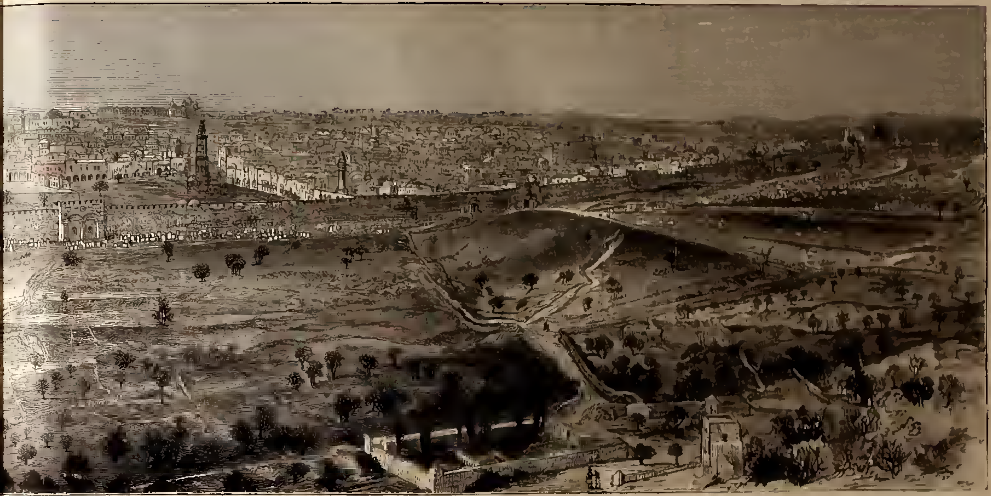
FAÇADE OF THE TOMB OF THE VIRGIN AT JERUSALEM

DAMASCUS, THE OL

AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE

TLE WAY FROM BETHLEHEM"

THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT JERUSALEM



HE MOUNT OF OLIVES

CITY IN THE WORLD

THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER, BAALBEC

TO THE HOLY LAND, VIII.

Magazines

I.

In the *Contemporary Review* Mr. Gladstone, to whose indefatigable activity the magazines for this month bear marked testimony, answers the Abbé Martin's inquiry, "What Hinders the Ritualists from becoming Roman Catholics?" after a somewhat roundabout fashion by explaining why the bulk of members of the Church of England, who, like himself, have no pretensions to the name of Ritualists, "are either unable to recognise the paramount claims of the actual Roman Church, or resolutely determined to repel them." The article, then, is in the main only another chapter in "the great Roman controversy;" but Mr. Gladstone makes one point of some novelty in insisting that religion in Protestant England has dealt and is dealing more hopefully with the great movement of reaction against Christian faith and practice which, taking its rise in the earliest beginnings of Mediæval culture, gained so much in force and volume in the days of the Renaissance, than in the lands of the Papal Church. But even if Mr. Gladstone had proved this point more completely than he does, it would be open to the Abbé Martin, or any other controversialist on his side, to argue that the two principles in Christianity most obnoxious to the Pagan or Naturalistic movement being those of dogma and of asceticism, the comparative absence of those principles in the teaching of the Church of England would have naturally blunted the edge of the mutual antipathy between faith and unbelief.—The gem of the number we should say was Miss Wedgwood's paper on "Sir Walter Scott and the Romantic Reaction," which well deserves a far fuller notice than we can bestow upon it here. It would be impossible, for instance, to characterise the most prominent qualities of Scott's work more justly or happily than Miss Wedgwood does when she says that "That broad objective painting, that clear representation of simple feelings, that rapid movement, that sense of life and stir, which we find everywhere in the best writing of Scott, we find almost nowhere in the literature of our own day." Her remarks, too, on Scott's pathos, and on the general treatment of pathos in literature, are of high excellence.—From Dr. Elam we have an interesting exposition of the attitudes of the great German naturalists, Professors Haeckel and Virchow, towards the doctrine of Evolution, and the farther consequences—such as the Descent of Man from an ape-like ancestor—which may possibly be deduced from it. There can hardly be a question that Professor Virchow is in the right in maintaining that, though the doctrine of Evolution may be a highly probable hypothesis, it still remains a hypothesis, and is not to be taught as an established truth; we could wish, however, that Dr. Elam had set out Virchow's views with somewhat more fulness.—Professor F. W. Newman's article on "The Atheistic Controversy" may have an interest for readers of a metaphysical turn, and Mr. Stanley Jevons insists on the necessity of providing healthy amusements for the people as a condition of social reform and, in particular of replacing the music-hall by some better style of musical entertainment,—an object certainly most desirable if only it is practicable, for unfortunately people will only be "entertained" by what they like, not by what they are told is good for them.

The most striking article in the *Nineteenth Century* is, no doubt, Mr. Hyndman's on "The Bankruptcy of India." The people of India, it is contended, are growing poorer and poorer under our rule, and are all the time being ground down under an increasing load of taxation which they are quite unable to bear. General collapse and national bankruptcy must follow from this state of things unless the system is changed without delay. We are glad to find, however, that experts have put forward valid reasons for thinking Mr. Hyndman's apprehensions unduly pessimistic. He underrates, it is said, the resources of India, and overrates the burden of taxation, which, though heavy, is still far from crushing; and is, indeed, no heavier than what has been customary in Asiatic countries through all history.—Mr. Archibald Forbes's article, "The 'Fiasco' of Cyprus," is an ably written and energetic protest against the retention of that island by Great Britain. It produces nothing, says Mr. Forbes, and is permanently and incurably unhealthy, on which points, it will be noted, that Mr. Forbes' testimony is directly at issue with that of Mr. Hamilton Lang. Cyprus, we are told, would be useless as a basis of operations against Russian aggression upon Asia Minor, and a Russian menace to India must be answered from Herat and Cabul, "not from a miserable island in a dead angle of the Mediterranean."—Mr. Romanes publishes his lecture on "Animal Intelligence," originally delivered before the British Association at Dublin. His argument, as our readers may remember, is that, enormous as is the difference which now obtains between the mind of man and the mind of the lower animals, this difference is due solely to the power of abstraction rendered possible to man by the faculty of speech.—Mr. E. D. J. Wilson draws a gloomy, but we do not think an exaggerated, picture of the evils likely to be introduced into English politics by the adoption of a system of party organisation indistinguishable from the American "caucus;" and Mr. Mallock gives us an essay on "Faith and Verification," able and suggestive, as his writings always are, but one which we must leave to the appreciation of the reader, as we have not room even to state Mr. Mallock's case, much less to criticise it.

In *Blackwood* the recent policy of the Government is defended in a couple of papers, "New Routes to India" and "Eastern Prospects," which are sensible and moderate in tone, but hardly striking.—We have the commencement of "The New Ordeal," another tale of the military life of the future, in which we feel little doubt we recognise the well-known hand of the author of "The Battle of Dorking" and "A True Reformer;" and a readable summary of the adventures in Europe, Asia, and Africa of William Lithgow, a Scotch traveller of the seventeenth century.—Graceful translations from Heine, by Mr. Theodore Martin, continue to form a welcome feature in the magazine.

Macmillan is an exceptionally good number, but we can only find space to mention two of the contributions to it. One of these is a paper by Mr. Arthur Evans on the Austrian occupation of Bosnia, a point on which he, of course, rightly speaks as one having authority. He insists that the Austrian "occupation" is, put in plain terms, simply annexation, an annexation which had been resolved on by the Court and Military Party at Vienna, at least as far back as 1875, before the troubles in Bosnia and the Herzegovina had attracted the attention of Europe. That one of the results of the annexation will be ere long the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy Mr. Evans considers to be beyond a doubt.—The other leading feature in the number is a poem of rare beauty by Mr. George Meredith, entitled "Love in the Valley." Mr. Meredith's literary gifts to us are so few and far between that any one of them would demand a welcome, if it were of less intrinsic worth than this.

The Theatre, of which the third number is now before us, seems a new magazine of some merit. The biographies, accompanied by portraits, of Mr. Byron and Miss Litton, are very creditably executed, and we have an interesting study of the character of "Lord Dundreary" by the late John Oxenford. The brief paper on the question whether theatres should be opened on Sundays strikes us as very fair and sensible. The writer, we are glad to see, decides that, no matter what there may be to urge from an abstract point of view, to open the theatre on Sunday would in England be nothing but a deplorable mistake.

In *Temple Bar* we have an account of that John, Lord Hervey, of George the Second's time, celebrated as the author of Memoirs of somewhat evil repute, and another of General Oglethorpe, the friend of Johnson and "the Club," and a personage of some mark in the last century. There are also some theatrical reminiscences concerning Macready and Miss O'Neill.

There is little that calls for notice in *All the Year Round.* Its most readable pages are, perhaps, those occupied by further instalments of the series of papers entitled "Personally Conducted," a title which sufficiently indicates their character. Mrs. Cashel Hoey's novel, "All or Nothing," continues to form the *pièce de resistance* in the way of fiction.

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THE NEW BELLS, ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

A good deal has been done within the last few years towards the completion of the great metropolitan cathedral; the latest addition is a noble peal of bells.

It must be many years since anything resembling the tones of a peal of bells has been heard from St. Paul's Cathedral; the present church has certainly never possessed more than the ordinary service bell, and the great one which is rung at the death of the Sovereign or the Bishop of London. Dugdale informs us that a "clochier," or bell-tower, stood at the angle of the east end of the churchyard of Old St. Paul's Cathedral, which contained "four very great bells, called 'Jesus bells,' in regard they specially belonged to Jesus Chapel, situate at the east end of the Undercroft (crypt) of Paul's." He also relates that these bells were in existence until the time of Henry VIII., when a certain Sir Miles Partridge, "having won them from the King at one cast of the dice, pulled them down." Evidently Church property was considered game by this Partridge! It is consoling to know that Sir Miles did not long enjoy the fruits of this act of sacrilege, as he was put to death by Edward VI. for high treason. Whether these were the only bells possessed by Old St. Paul's Cathedral may be doubted. If a peal ever existed in the central tower of the church, it must have been destroyed by the fires which burnt the tower in 1444 or in 1561, and as no mention is made by Dugdale of bells being placed in the tower after the restoration of the structure by Queen Elizabeth, it is probable that the Cathedral has not been furnished with a peal of bells from the year 1561 to the present time.

The new peal consists of twelve bells, which are hung in the upper storey of the north-west tower, in the same position as that occupied by the clock in the opposite tower. The chamber is rather confined in space for such a large peal, and great ingenuity has been displayed in hanging the bells, so as to give each one space to swing in. The tenor weighs 63 cwt., and was presented by the Corporation; the other bells were presented by the Fishmongers', Clothworkers', Drapers', Merchant Taylors', Salters', and Turners' Companies, and Lady Burdett Coutts. The cost is said to have been about 2,500*l.*, exclusive of the supporting beams, floor, &c. These bells were cast by Messrs. Taylor of Loughborough, and together weigh rather more than 260 cwt., of which the tenor weighs 63 cwt. The finest peal of bells previously existing in London was that of St. Saviour's, Southwark, which also consists of twelve bells, and weighs 215 cwt. 1 qr. 9 lbs., of which the tenor weighs 51 cwt. 2 qr. The views from the great circular windows which light the belfry are remarkably interesting, especially that from the eastern window which is represented in our sketch; from here the dome is seen rising from the roof of the nave of the church, and forming a grand and magnificent architectural composition. One can from here also see the singular method to which Wren had recourse to hide the flying buttresses which support the vaultings of the nave, transepts, and choir. This consisted of a vast wall standing upon the walls of the aisle, about 40 feet high, and forming an upper "order" to the exterior of the church, concealing flying buttresses, clerestories, roofs, upper windows, supports to the dome. Pugin used to be very severe upon this wall, and in his "True Principles of Gothic Architecture" he says that "one half of St. Paul's Cathedral was built to conceal the other." There may be some exaggeration in this, but it is really difficult to conceive why such a great architect as Wren should have had recourse to this clumsy, undignified, and totally unnecessary contrivance. One cannot help feeling that the building would have looked far better without these great masking walls, and if roof, clerestory, and buttresses had been left to tell their own story. Another great defect of this plan adopted by Wren is that it renders the interior of the cathedral dark and gloomy, as the clerestory windows, instead of receiving a direct light, are only lighted from a narrow area. It is singular, too, how very much better the dome looks, when one sees the way in which it sets down upon the building, than it does when seen over these great masking walls, which from most near points of view conceal half the drum, and give a flat and uninteresting appearance to the flanks of the building. It is, however, an ungracious task to find fault with the masterpiece of a great architect, if, at least, St. Paul's Cathedral is Wren's masterpiece. It may be doubted whether St. Stephen's, Walbrook, does not rather deserve that distinction: at least many eminent architects have been of that opinion.

Looking through the great circular windows upon the west and north sides of the belfry, beautiful views of the city are gained, rendered interesting by the many graceful spires of Wren's churches, and it is hard to believe that amongst other City "improvements" the destruction of most of these is contemplated. Surely the most opulent city in the world might preserve them if only on account of the ornaments which they are to what will be without them a singularly hideous town.

H. W. Brewer

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The Khédive of Egypt, on economic thoughts intent, is asserted by the Paris *Figaro* to have given the contents of his menagerie in the Ghezireh Garden at Cairo to the Paris and Marseilles Jardins d'Acclimatation, as he finds the animals too expensive to maintain.

A Boot and Shoe Famine is threatening Chicago. A thousand shoemakers have struck, the manufacturers refuse to accord higher wages, and propose to call in Chinese cheap labour, so the Chicago Crispins menace the city with a riot if the Celestials appear, and the militia leaders are said to have secretly promised the strikers their assistance.

THE READER

While the curious in black letter lore will delight in the faithful reproduction of the antique type and quaint woodcuts of "Caxton's Golden Legend: Holbein Society's Fac-simile Reprints" (Wyman and Sons), readers less deeply antiquarian in their taste will be no less pleased with Mr. Alfred Aspland's introductory chapters on Caxton and Caxtoniana, including the catalogue of Caxton's publications from the Memorial Exhibition of 1877, particulars of prices fetched at famous Caxton sales, and lists of all the printers that had established themselves on the Continent up to the year of Caxton's death. The Golden Legend of Saints and Martyrs—the most popular, if we may judge from the number of copies in more or less mutilated condition still in existence, of all the publications of the father of English printing, although undertaken by him with a timid reluctance which was only overcome by the promise from William, Earl of Arundel, of "a bucke in sommer and a doo in wynter" as a yearly fee—was probably the most widely-read book in the world between the thirteenth and the fifteenth centuries, just as later on it became the germ of the ponderous "Acta Sanctorum" of Bollandus, and of that still more ponderous "revision and continuation" which, after weathering the troubles of the French Revolution and the difficulties of compressing into 230 pages the stories of the 11,000 Virgins to whom the Church allots October 21st, will be brought down, it is thought at last, to the end of the Calendar by the Belgian Jesuits in about another century. It was utilised by Caxton in his adaptation from the French version of Jehan de Vignay to spread, so far as might be done with safety, a knowledge of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, by copious extracts from the Pentateuch and the Gospels, and was even in last year's Exhibition included in the general list of Bibles. No perfect copy is known to exist, a fact easily explained by the spoliation of the monasteries under Henry VIII., and the special proscription of all documents containing mention of Thomas A'Becket as a saint. The Society's Reprint is a partial reproduction of the imperfect copy in the Manchester Free Library, with the curious woodcuts from the Dutch edition by Eckert von Homperch, Antwerp, 1505. As a literary, no less than a typographical curiosity, it will quite repay attentive inspection.

Under the title of "Chips from Many Blocks" (S. Low and Co.), we have from the pen of the veteran Elihu Burritt a collection of short essays for old and young—essays on national and international politics for the old, "talks" upon language lessons or on the "law of kindness" for the young—all fragrant with the shrewd simplicity and hopeful spirit of good-will to man which have of late become a little strange to our ears. For Dr. Burritt moves as of old on the serene table-lands to which national prejudice and national interests (of the selfish type) can never mount. He can dream, though an American, of "the integration of the British Empire" by a closer legislative union between the mother country and the colonies, and deplore, though a warm admirer of Great Britain, the suspiciousness which keeps England back from hailing Russia as a sister, not a rival, in the predestined work of civilising the East. But he has a keen eye, too, for presumed defects at home, for the waste of millions on a navy and an army which have no enemies save a few Indians to apprehend, for the increasing severance, even in America, of the labourer from the land, the transformation of the old "down-east" yeomen into town-clerks and artisans, and the consequent appearance at every financial crisis of a dangerous multitude of "unemployed." Best of all, from a literary point of view, are the tales illustrating the law of kindness—tales so naturally and prettily told, it is only on looking back we become aware that we have been through a series of reading lessons in words of one syllable. Essays these which few, whether young or old, can read without being in some degree the wiser and the better.

Greatly as the sanitary condition of large towns has been improved in recent years, it still leaves something to desire. It is still a fact—of potent, though unacknowledged, influence on the labour market—that the rustic who comes even from not too healthy Rutlandshire to better himself in Manchester doubles thereby his risk of death and sickness; that insanitary dwellings add so largely to our death-rate that in towns where men are more employed indoors than women, the mortality among the former exceeds that of the latter precisely as it falls below it where the conditions are reversed. More knowledge, as well as better sanitary appliances, is needed under these circumstances, knowledge of air and of its influence on health, of clothing in its relation to health and disease, of what makes dwelling-rooms unwholesome, or why so many little children die. It is this which "Manchester Health Lectures for the People" (Vol. I J. Heywood, Manchester)—clear, simple addresses on these and similar topics, well fitted, too, for distribution singly as tracts—are especially intended to teach. We cannot praise the series more highly than by saying it gives promise of taking rank with the "Science Lectures for the People" for which Manchester is already famous.

In "The House of Life" (Chatto and Windus) Mrs. Flor. Fenwick Miller has most successfully laboured to combine a sufficient text-book of the physiology of the human frame with the practical health-lessons which suggest themselves as we pass through each division of the subject. It is a volume well suited for lecture-rooms and classes—above all for students of that gentler sex whose power in the household should qualify them to take the lead in every work of domestic hygiene.

In "Irish Pedigrees: Second Series" (M. H. Gill and Son; J. Duffy and Sons, Dublin: Whitaker and Co.; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London), Mr. J. O'Hart, Q.U.I., carries on with infinite industry the lines of the chief off-shoots from the Houses of Heber, Ir, and Heremon, sons of Milesius, and Ith, their uncle, from the Saxon Conquest to the present day, or until, at any rate, all traces disappear. Unhappy, we are tempted to exclaim, must be the Irishman—though curiously we find few prominent Home-Rulers in the volume—who cannot claim, with Mr. O'Hart's assistance, collateral, if not direct, descent from bard or Brehon or minor chieftain at the least. An Anglicised patronymic need be no hindrance. Who at first glance would detect, for instance, in the plebeian Hodson or Hudson the chivalrous Mac Aoadh? Yet the transition, once pointed out, is simple enough—"Son of Aoadh;" *anglicè* "Son of Od"—Od's-son—'Odson—Hodson or Hudson. Of the dedication to Sir Bernard Burke, in which Mr. O'Hart shows so convincingly that Gaelic *must* have been the speech of Paradise, preserved most happily at the confusion of tongues by the refusal of righteous Ba'ath, the forefather of the Celtic race, to have act or part in the building of Babel, we have no space to speak. The descendants of the mighty Celts of old have every reason to be grateful to Mr. O'Hart; and their number is clearly large enough for him to want no other *clientèle.*

Why, asks a clever "Hand-book of Home Life and Elementary Instruction" (Chapman and Hall), should not instruction in the three R's be utilised in our Board schools for instruction in the practical duties of home life? Why should reading lessons be all about "Faithful Poodles" or the "State of the Navy in 1841," and not about cookery, needlework, economy, and health? Might not writing be combined with the copying of receipts, and arithmetic with examples of butchers' and bakers' bills? Might not apparatus to play (scientifically) at housewives or shop-managers be provided as readily as apparatus for art and science classes, and might not finally much time be gained by the combination of two useful objects in a single hour's instruction? The suggestion certainly seems worth something, and the Hand-book, showing how it should be carried out, may well be commended to the managers of elementary schools.

We have received the first volume of *Brief* (Wyman and Sons), a weekly epitome of news of every kind, which cannot fail to be of use to every one, whether busy or idle. It contains in a condensed form current information regarding politics, literature, the arts and sciences, fashion, in fact, every imaginable topic, not disdaining even household recipes; and includes extracts from new books and the magazines, and a concise summary of the opinions of the Press. As a work of reference it will prove very valuable.

"The Congress and Socialism," by Lieut.-Colonel Tyrrell (Trubner and Co.), a little pamphlet on the connection between the burden of Militarism and the passionate character of Socialism abroad; and an "English Student's French Examiner" (S. Low and Co.), by F. Julien, or useful exercises for home practice on the model of the Examination Papers at the London University, the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations, &c., scarcely require ampler notice.

The necessity of some better method of signalling than is in use at present between ships at sea has been impressed on the world by so many collisions that "The Stellar Code: International" (J. Brown: Glasgow) of Captain A. S. Harrison claims, as of right, the attention of the expert. Roughly speaking, it is a system in which signals are transmitted by white discs (illuminated at night) on a blackboard, by the aid of which, in a few easily-learned combinations, as many as from thirty-five to forty-five letters can be spelt in a minute, and conversation thus kept up between approaching vessels either in terms of the existing Flag Signal Code, or by the simple spelling out of words. Of the rapidity or the distinctness with which signals can be transmitted on this system in almost any weather there is, we believe, no possible doubt. Only it requires to be universally enforced, and for every signal-man to know how to spell.

"Was Adam the First Man Created?" by Argus (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), an argument for the theory of a double creation—the first (as in Gen. i. 26) of the original ancestors, male and female, of the Asiatic, European, and African nationalities, the second (Gen. ii. 7) of a later Adam, the progenitor, in truth, of the Jewish people only, though magnified by Hebrew Scribes and Rabbis into the father of the whole human race, is clever and unassuming. We fear, however, while the theologian will hardly accept the writer's standpoint, the sceptical scientist has gone far beyond it.

"Monarchy Defended" (Wyman and Sons), by J. Vickers, or an argument for the superiority of an hereditary and constitutional Monarchy over Republicanism in any shape, is another clever little *brochure*—albeit given to show one side only of the shield. Its comments on Republicanism abroad seem, however, to our judgment a little superficial, and its writer's faith in human progress simply *nil*.

RURAL NOTES

The Weather and Harvest.——In all the fields the ploughs have been going, preparing for another harvest—one that, it is prayed, will not be less fruitful than the present has been. With all the bad prognostications we had in the middle of the summer, the end has been far better than expected. The black cloud discovered its silver lining in the latter end of the harvest, and on the threshing floor. Wheat, according to most accounts, has turned out well, and although the prices are comparatively small, taking samples all over, the best ones will pay the growers this year. Barley and oats thresh out poorly north of the Tweed. With reference to wheat prospects, the *Farmer* says:—"The agricultural markets have been less weak than formerly, the condition of English wheat has given a shade more satisfaction. . . . . American shipments, and the quantity of grain on passage, have each undergone a diminution on the holder's side," &c. Still it would appear that there need not be any fear this winter of having to pay too extravagantly for our bread unless the bakers "put it on."

Sewage Farming.——The Royal Agricultural Society of England is this year offering prizes for the best sewage farms in England and Wales—prizes which we hope will be largely competed for in the interest of the public in all ways, for getting rid of a nuisance and increasing the food of the people. The first prize is for farms utilising the sewage of not more than 20,000 people, and for such profitable provision as the farm can show. The prize of 100*l*. is offered for a farm absorbing the waste of more than 20,000 people. The market gardeners are not neglected. Within a radius of twenty miles from the Mansion House, for farms exceeding ten and not more than fifty acres, 50*l*., 25*l*., and 10*l*. will be given in the three awards; and like sums to other farms of the same compass, situated within a radius of fifty miles, providing they are in the five Metropolitan Counties. The roots grown on sewage farms this year have competed very fairly with those grown on more favourable soils. There is a vast amount of manurial substance that ought to make bread sent into the rivers to kill fish and poison the people who live upon the banks. Mr. Mechi should be appointed one of the Committee to award the prizes. No man has taken greater interest in the work of encouraging the use of valuable material, which, being wasted, does harm. The entries for these competitions close on the 31st October.

Foreign Live Stock and Meat.——From the Board of Trade Returns issued on Tuesday (Oct. 8), we note that the imports of live cattle are considerably more than they were in the previous nine months of last year. The total number of live stock received from abroad—horned, woolled, and haired—were, up to the end of September, 937,857. The cost was 5,848,502*l*. Yearly our cost for *killing* live stock (there is a great deal of difference between the pedigreed animal and the butcher's price) is growing larger; we might make it less, and, from some out-of-Session speeches by County Members, we fancy that in the course of a year or two they will give their tenants liberty to grow either corn or cattle, as it pleases them, or both, in such manner as they desire—restrictions in cropping being abolished. Such abolition must come speedily. While live cattle were coming in more numerously, dead meat was not imported so extensively. Of fresh meat the value was only 371,693*l*., to compare with 376,000*l*. in the corresponding term of last year. With 12,000cwt. increase on "meat unenumerated, salted or fresh," there was a large decrease; on "meat preserved otherwise than by salting," the sum of 842,174*l*. to contrast with 995,891*l*. in the first three quarters of 1877. There has not yet been much change made in the price of meat to consumers; but if American consignors can, as they say they can, bring healthy live stock in summer, and dead meat in good condition in winter, we ought to have joints reduced a penny per lb.

Miscellaneous.——Mr. M'Combie, the champion at a hundred shows, and twice at Internationals in France, has resolved to dispose of fifty of his beautiful black "pollies." It may be remembered that the Queen honoured his beautiful "Black Prince," which some years ago carried all before him. Those who buy at Mr. M'Combie's sale on the 16th may rely upon true pedigrees.—The Smithfield club gives 3,000*l*. in prizes for stock at the Christmas Show. Entries close on Nov. 1, and Mr. Pullen, Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, will give the information intending exhibitors require.—About a like sum in prizes is offered by the Birmingham people (2,900*l*.). Implement entries in the "hardware village" close on October 19; stock on the same date as at the Agricultural Hall.

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THE EARLY SCOTTISH PAINTERS

The fine arts flourish most vigorously in times of peace. When a nation is engaged in war it absorbs attention, and the allurements and excitements of the field attract the youth and talent of the country. Glory and honour may be found there, and the calm retreat of the studio loses its charm to him who is possessed of manly vigour and aspiring ambition. In such times the artist is at a discount, the people are too deeply interested in the strife to give much heed to his works, and the wealth of the land, which might otherwise be directed in fostering the fine arts, is absorbed in the production of war material.

In no country in Europe was this state of affairs more clearly defined than in Scotland prior to the Union. A small country, having a thinly-scattered population, had to struggle against mighty odds in order to maintain her independence, and the intervals of peace were too short to permit of the growth of the national taste. The only art then shown was in the matter of architecture, buildings were absolute necessities, the Church had to maintain its position, and was to some extent exempt from the ravages of war. The abodes of the barons were strong towers, with few comforts within, and paintings were luxuries undreamt of.

The first Scottish painter of any note was George Jameson, who appeared at the close of the sixteenth century. He was the son of an architect in Aberdeen, a city which has since kept up its reputation as a fosterer of artists. It is probable that the nature of his father's calling gave him a taste for drawing. Be that as it may, he left his native city to study under Rubens, and became a fellow-student with Vendyke. This association produced a similarity in their style, so much so that Jameson's works have sometimes been mistaken for those of Vandyke.

When thirty-four years of age Jameson returned to Aberdeen, where he married and settled. At first he directed his attention to historical and landscape painting, but he found the pursuit unremunerative, and took to portrait painting, which he found to answer better, and in this branch of art he soon attained such a position as induced him to remove to Edinburgh, where he might have wider scope for his talents.

Upon the occasion of the King's visit to the Northern metropolis in 1633 Jameson was employed to superintend the decoration of the city. Some of his painted decorations attracted the attention of Charles, who commissioned the artist to paint a portrait of himself, which gave so much satisfaction to the King that he presented to Jameson a ring from his own finger.

Allan Cunningham says of Jameson:—"That he stands at the head of the British school of portrait-painting there can be no question; nor had England an artist of her own worthy of being ranked above him in his own walk before the days of Reynolds. When we consider the circumstances of the painter and his times, the want of instructors and models, and the various difficulties which the fanatical prejudices of that dark age must have presented to the cultivation of the graceful arts, it is impossible not to admit that Scotland has all reason to be proud of George Jameson."

In regard to his style Walpole remarks:—"He was one of the most esteemed of Rubens's scholars, and painted in the broad, thin, transparent manner. His excellence consists in delicacy and softness, with a clear and beautiful colouring; his shades are not charged but helped by varnish, with little appearance of the pencil. He had much of Vandyke's second manner, and to Sir Anthony some of his works have occasionally been imputed."

Allan Ramsay, son of the poet, was born in Edinburgh in 1713. At an early age he displayed a love for art, and when twenty-three years of age went to Rome to prosecute his studies, remained there for three years, and then returned to his native city. Desirous of a wider scope for his abilities, he removed to London, and there he met with so decided a success as to be appointed Court Painter to George III. Not only was Ramsay eminent as an artist, but he was a man of considerable learning, and of him Dr. Johnson remarks: "You will not find a man in whose conversation there is more instruction, more information, or more elegance, than in Ramsay's."

When on a visit to Edinburgh, Ramsay took an active part in the formation of the "Select Society," the forerunner of other societies which have had a marked influence upon the literature of the country. Ramsay was a proficient in several foreign languages, and carried on a correspondence with some of the most eminent men on the Continent. He is the author of several pamphlets, which have been collected and republished.

Finding that his health was considerably shaken from the effects of an accident, Ramsay repaired to Italy with the view of recruiting his health; he remained there several years, and expired on his way to England, at the age of seventy.

As to his qualities as a painter, Northcote says:—

"Now and then we find tints and sketches which show what he might have been if his hand had been equal to his conceptions. I have seen a picture of his of the Queen soon after she was married—a profile and slightly done, but it is a paragon of elegance. A professor might despise it, but in the mental part, I have never seen anything of Vandyke's equal to it."

Alexander Runciman, born in Edinburgh in 1736, like Ramsay, showed an early predilection for art. When fourteen years of age he was placed under the care of John and Robert Norris. After six years' study he set up a studio of his own, but did not receive much encouragement. In 1700 he went to Rome, and when there became the intimate associate of Fuseli. After a residence in the Eternal City of five years he returned to Edinburgh, and was elected to fill the post of Master to the Academy. His bent was towards landscape painting. His works are not very well known; they aim at a high ideal, but are not happy in execution.

In the town of Alloa, on the northern shores of the Firth of Forth, David Allan first saw the light in 1744. From the effects of an accident to his foot he was, when a boy, prevented for a time from attending school or joining in the sports of his comrades. To pass the time he amused himself by drawing with chalk. Upon his return to school, he was detected drawing a caricature of the schoolmaster, which caused the indignant preceptor to complain to his father. The caricature was considered so good, that Allan's father conceived the idea of fostering the lad's bent, and sent him to a drawing academy established in Glasgow.

At the age of twenty Allan followed the usual course of proceeding to Rome to prosecute his studies, which he did with success. His picture of "The Origin of Painting, or the Corinthian Maid Drawing the Shadow of Her Lover," procured him the Gold Medal of the Academy of St. Luke. Upon his return to Scotland he was appointed to succeed Runciman in the Mastership of the Academy in Edinburgh, which post he held for ten years, but his success as a teacher was not great.

His designs, illustrating Ramsay's poem of "The Gentle Shepherd" were much admired and are still prized by collectors, but it was in depicting humorous scenes that he excelled. His "Scotch Wedding" is well known from the engraving which procured a ready sale, and is perhaps the best work he produced. He died at the age of fifty-two.

Henry Raeburn was born in Edinburgh, on the 4th of March, 1756. Having become an orphan at an early age, he was admitted to the benefits of Heriot's Hospital, in which he received a liberal education. Upon leaving that institution he was apprenticed to a goldsmith, but during his leisure hours he took to painting, and ultimately resolved to devote himself to that art, paying a penalty to his master to be freed from his indenture.

Raeburn received no systematic teaching in his art, for, although he received a loan from Martin of some works to study, he got no instructions from that artist. This loan was the cause of a quarrel between these artists which was never cemented, and embittered the feeling of rivalry which ensued between them as portrait-painters. In this contest Raeburn became the victor, and ultimately succeeded in driving his rival from the field.

There is a touch of romance connected with Raeburn's marriage such as the novelist delights in introducing to his pages. One day, when the artist was sketching from Nature a young lady appeared upon the scene, whose figure he introduced as an accessory to the landscape, and from this incident an intimacy ensued, which resulted in the marriage of the parties. Accompanied by his wife Raeburn went to Rome, where he remained for a period of two years.

Raeburn was a man of great energy and industry, for not only did he devote eight hours a day to the practice of his profession, but in the evening he spent much of his leisure in the study of architecture and mechanics. His success was commensurate with his industry, and upon the occasion of the visit of George IV. to Scotland he was appointed Limner to the King, and received the honour of knighthood. He died on the 8th of July, 1823, in his sixty-seventh year.

In his portraits he concentrates his effort upon the head, keeping the costume and accessories subordinate. The character of the sitter is depicted rather than a mere likeness, and the contour is generally mellow and pleasing.

The name of Wilkie is a household word—engravings from his works are scattered broadcast over the land, and are found alike in hall and cottage. Since his time a constant flow of artists has set in from Scotland towards London, and most of them succeed in establishing their position as men of mark.

W. G. S.

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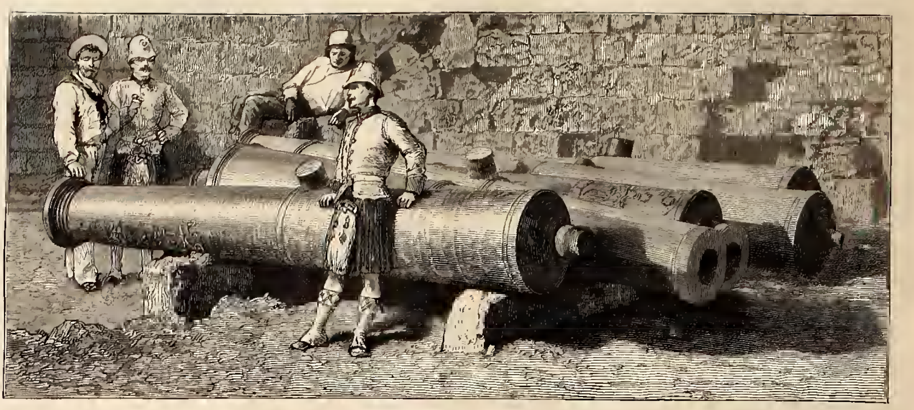
LADY NURSEMAIDS

Although it is only at intervals—yet with painful iteration—that the complaints against domestic servants, and against the carelessness and cruelty of nursemaids to their young charges, find vent in the newspapers, the evils complained of are ever present, and have come to be accepted in many quarters as chronic, and being past remedy have to be endured with all the patience which can be commanded. Some well-meaning philanthropists imagined that the Lady-Help movement would have diminished these domestic annoyances, but it is hardly in the nature of things that it should do so, for in large households the Lady-Help can only take the place of the mistress or housekeeper, and in small ones the difficulty of finding persons willing to help the Help only reproduces the servant question in an aggravated form: and although it has been suggested that the proper sphere for the Lady-Help lies in the nursery, as head nurse or superintendent, yet this again only applies to large establishments, and leaves the families of middle-class people, who are the chief sufferers, wholly unaffected.

Side by side with the scarcity and consequent dearness and arrogant independence of domestic servants, is presented the undeniable fact that a great number of young people, gently born, and well educated, and brought up in good society, are at their wits' end to find out some means of making a living, and are compelled to compete keenly for situations as governesses, or to resort to shifts which can only afford temporary relief. The repugnance to living in a different grade of society from that to which they have been accustomed induces many a young lady to endure annoyances in a gentleman's house to which the most menial servant in the place would not submit; and it not unfrequently happens that the cook or housemaid is in receipt of higher wages than the gentlewoman who has to educate the children, "as if," as Mr. Ruskin says, "the soul of your child were a less charge than jams and groceries."

Although the problem how to get better servants, and how to find employment for young ladies who have to earn their own living, is essentially a middle-class one, and although the middle class of society, like everything else which is mediocre, is a very prosaic and uninteresting body, any practical suggestions which may tend to produce comfort and economy ought to be worthy of consideration, if only because of the large numbers of persons interested. In a great many cases the girls who seek employment as governesses are members of large families with small means, and consequently have had to make themselves useful in a hundred ways in their own homes, and although they have to do many things there, which, were their parents better circumstanced, would fall to



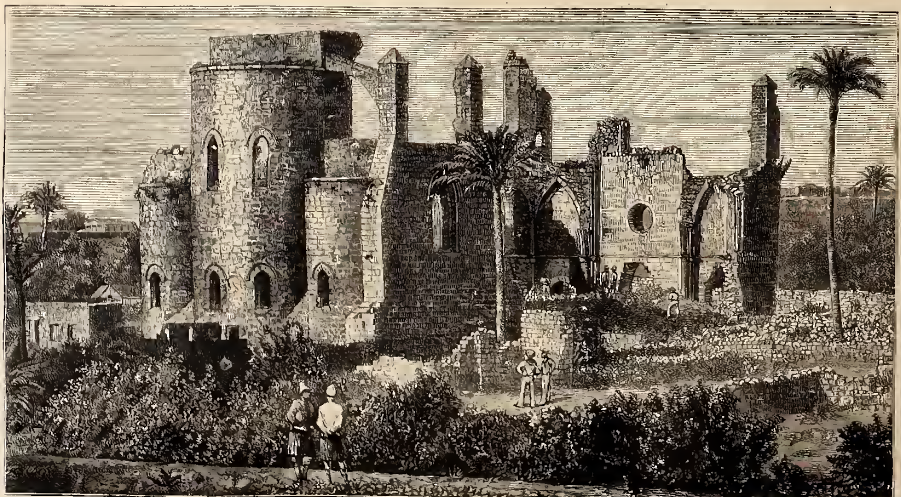
ANCIENT CANNON AT FAMAGUSTA

the lot of the servants, they are never thought of or regarded as servants, because their position as daughters is too well defined and upheld. And so in families of the same kind where young girls are visiting it may be their schoolfellows, the visitor helps her friend in her household occupations, and does it gladly, without any idea that she is demeaning herself by so doing, or that she will be less highly thought of than if she held aloof, and this from the same reason as before, because her social position in the house is fully recognised, and not because of her being not obliged to work for her living. When, therefore, as daughter or as friend, a young lady can make herself valuable in the household by looking after the nursery, doing a little housemaid's work, or helping to cook the dinner, why cannot she do the same thing when going amongst strangers, and receiving a payment for the work she does? Without accepting it as the exhaustive reason, there is little doubt that the answer, "Because the master and mistress of the house would not treat her as a lady," is not very far from the truth. In a great number of cases amongst the middle classes, the persons employing governesses are neither so gently born nor so well bred as the girls they employ; they have more money, of course, and take their stand upon that, and assert a superiority in consequence, and it is not much to be wondered at if, in such circumstances, the snubbed and slighted girl takes *her* stand upon her better breeding, and gives herself some airs which in her heart of hearts she despises herself for being guilty of.

As a rule nursemaids have neither hard work nor dirty work to do, and a superior nurse is almost as much waited upon as the children under her care; there is no reason, therefore, why a young lady should not undertake such duties as these, and there is still less reason why she should lose caste by so doing; let her position as an equal in the family be entirely admitted and recognised, and all idea of her light duties being menial will at once vanish. There can be no doubt of the advantage to the children in having a nurse who will be like an elder sister, and not like a servant, while all mothers ought to be able to appreciate the gain of having the impertinent vulgarity of the kitchen replaced by the gentle manners and ladylike behaviour of the Lady Nursemaid.

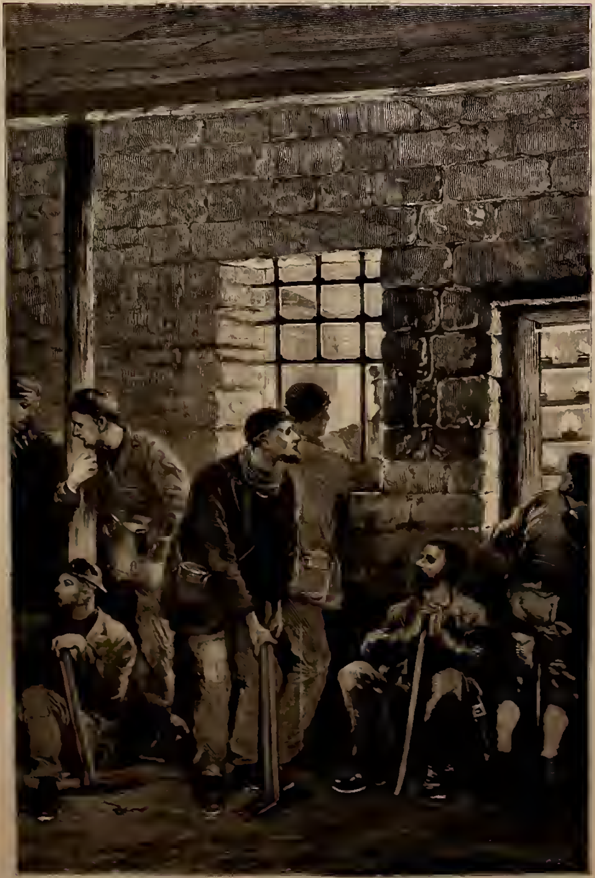
There is no doubt that there are hundreds of young ladies quite willing to undertake nursery work under the conditions just indicated. Not long ago a friend of the present writer's advertised for two servants—one of them a nursemaid; the advertisement appeared six times and in three different papers. To these she only had two replies! She afterwards advertised *once* for a nursery governess and received forty applications, and many of these applicants were willing to go out for less wages than the dirty sluts of servants she had previously employed had demanded for their precious services. Another friend in reply to two advertisements of a similar character received more than 150 letters, and a large number of the applicants in both cases were willing to act as upper nurses as well as instructors of the children. Their letters suggested a very sad amount of misery and privation amongst people little used to it; a large proportion of the applicants were daughters of professional men; the father of one had been a physician, several more were daughters of medical men and solicitors, while clergymen's daughters were very numerous, and comparatively few belonged to the trading classes.

With such a state of things existing it would surely be worth while for young ladies to help themselves, by accepting engagements as lady nursemaids, on the assured understanding that they would be treated as ladies and as members of the family. Let them look at the good nursemaids living near them, and they will notice neat and well-dressed girls, a large portion of whose time is spent in the open air, and whose indoor duties do not severely tax their physical strength. Even the wheeling of a perambulator—that apparently necessary evil—is not very arduous work, and in many places mothers occupying good positions in society are not ashamed to be seen taking their children out for an airing in one of these objectionable but convenient machines. In a comfortable home the work would not be more laborious than that of a governess, and such a situation could be accepted by many a girl whose training and temperament did not fit her for more advanced teaching; and, besides finding suitable employment for many who know not where to turn to find work, an extended adoption of the suggestion would set free a large number of domestic servants, which in itself would be no inconsiderable advantage, and might go far to relieve the aggravation of the seemingly insolvable servant question.

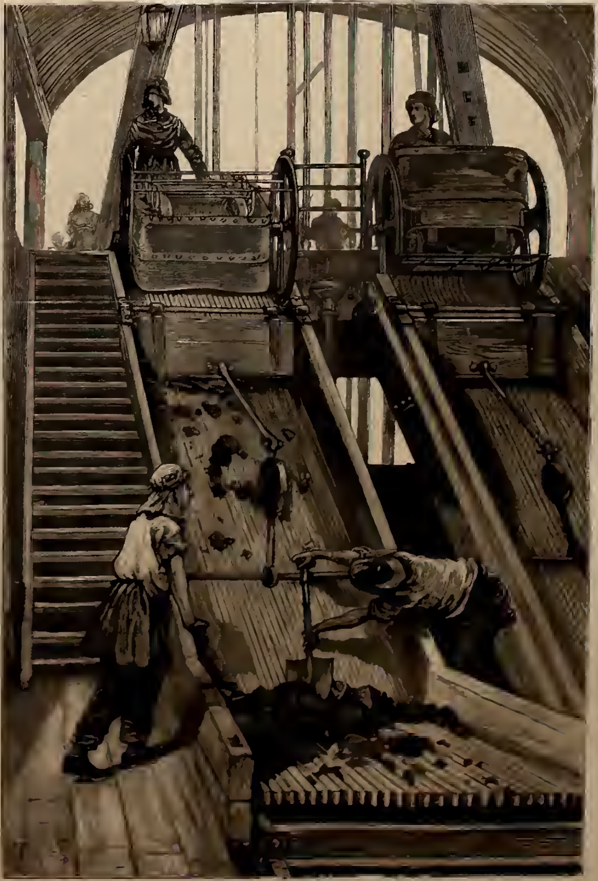


CHURCH OF ST. SOPHIA, FAMAGUSTA

THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS



EARLY MORNING—GIVING OUT LAMPS



"SCREENING"

WORK AT A COAL MINE, IV.

nephew of a member of the late Liberal Ministry, to whose influence he owed his position at the bank.—The other day an extraordinary statement was made at the Hammersmith police court, by a woman who had summoned her husband for assaulting her. The man's excuse was that she was a drunkard, and was carrying on illicit correspondence with another man, and he handed to the magistrate a photograph in which the two were seated side by side. The complainant then said that she had travelled all over the world with her daughter, who was a celebrated gymnast known by the name of "Miss Victoria, the Queen of the High Wire." The defendant was not her father. She fell while performing in Berlin, and was killed. The photograph was the picture of their manager, who had since confessed that he caused her daughter to fall, by loosening the wire and net, from motives of revenge. She had since heard that he was drowned. The magistrate bound the husband over to keep the peace.—It is surely time that something was done to make our police stations more secure. Last week a man named Froman, who has since been given up under an Extradition warrant to take his trial for a double murder in the United States, escaped from the cells at Bow Street, and would probably have got clear away had it not been for the outcry made by another prisoner, who had assisted him in getting the door open, and upon whom he ungratefully slammed it to again as soon as he was outside. On Tuesday another man, charged with highway robbery, managed to "slip away" from the Westminster police court, where, it is said, the "facilities for escape are numerous."

◆

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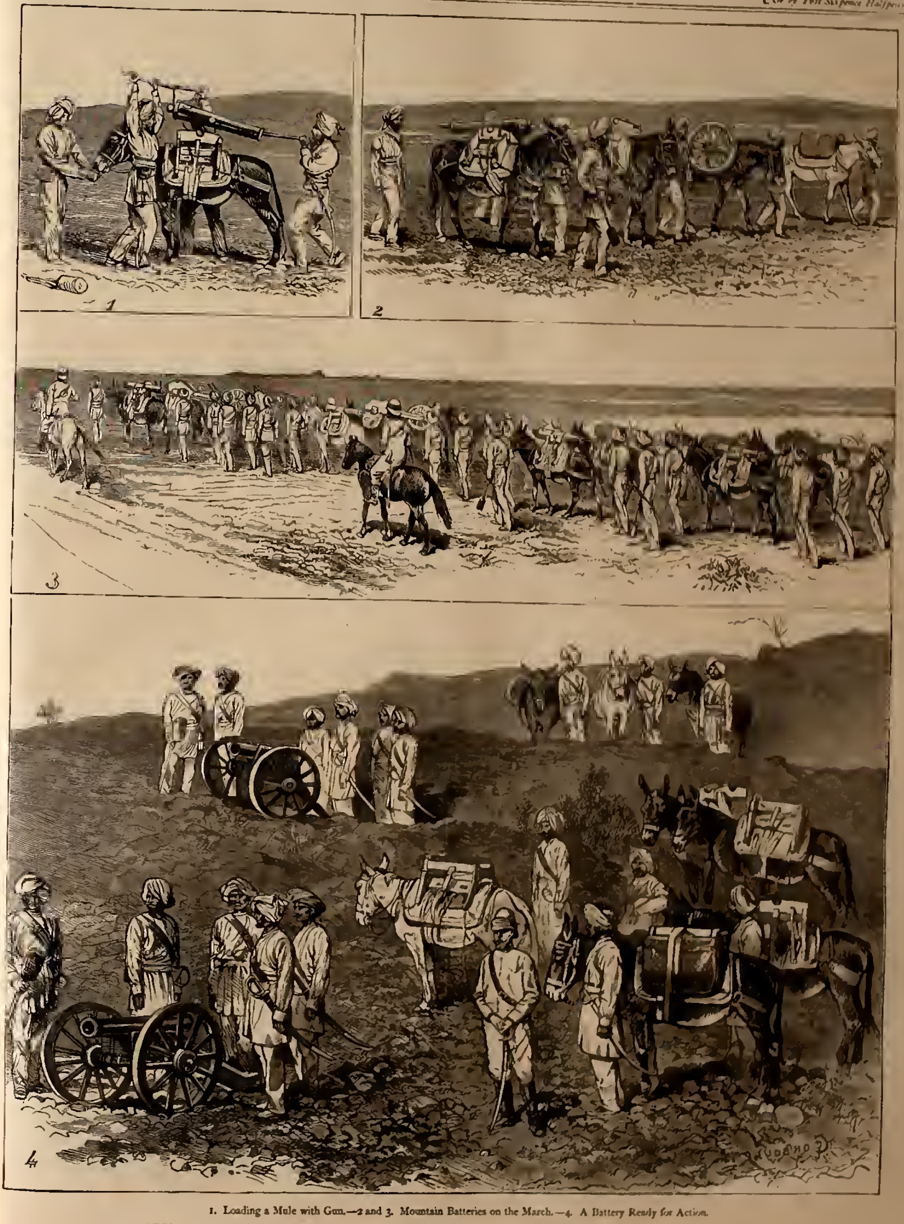

1. Loading a Mule with Gun.—2 and 3. Mountain Batteries on the March.—4. A Battery Ready for Action.

AFGHANISTAN—MOUNTAIN BATTERIES OF THE ANGLO-INDIAN ARMY ON THE FRONTIER

Topics of the Week

England and Afghanistan.——It is generally agreed that if Shere Ali is willing to make ample amends for the injury he has done us, we ought not to force war upon him. He has proved himself a rude barbarian, and we all know that he has behind him a Power which loses no opportunity of thwarting us; still, it would be unworthy of a country like England to enter upon a conflict about the justice of which she was not absolutely convinced. Should he prove obstinate—which he almost certainly will—we shall have no alternative but to fight. We do not enter into the question whether the policy either of Lord Lytton or of his predecessors has been perfectly wise. On that point there is room for much difference of opinion; but there can be no difference of opinion as to the effect that would be produced upon the native population of India by our tamely submitting to an insult, whether we have needlessly brought it upon ourselves or not. It would be said that we were afraid either of the Ameer or of Russia; and very little insight is needed to perceive that that would not be exactly favourable to the stability of our rule. If war becomes inevitable, we believe with Sir James Stephen that the opportunity should be seized to obtain, once for all, a safe frontier. As he pointed out in his masterly letter, and as is also shown in the exhaustive paper on our frontier policy addressed four years ago by Sir Bartle Frere to Sir John Kaye, what England has to dread is not an invasion of India by Russian troops. Any one who glances at the map, and sees how far Russia's base of operations is removed from her resources, must be convinced that this danger is a purely chimerical one. But why should she not, by stealthy and perhaps unavoidable advance, attain to a position in which it would be possible for her to arm against us the Afghans and other tribes on our northern frontier? They would be only too glad to undertake over and over again an enterprise that would give promise of almost unlimited plunder; and the respect for our power would be so much broken in India that we should have to increase enormously our military establishments to guard against internal as well as external perils. But let India be made impregnable, and it will be possible greatly to diminish our present expenditure, and to devote our energies almost exclusively to peaceful progress. Russia might then come up to our frontier if she chose; perhaps it would be best that she should do so, for we should have no reason to be afraid of her, and could afford to cultivate with her the most friendly relations.

Cyprus and its Climate.——The British occupation of Cyprus may possibly bear good fruit in the future, but at present the results are all on the debit side of the national account. Of all countries in the world, England—magnificently furnished with colonies, and already overburdened with dependencies, little and big—stood least in need of any accession of territory, and yet we have managed to impress foreign nations with the belief that we, too, as well as Russia and Austria, must have our slice in the virtual partition of the Ottoman Empire which was decreed at Berlin. The actual results of the occupation thus far are that, of a good many British soldiers, who would otherwise have been both alive and in sound health, some are dead, and a great many are at least temporarily invalided. The island may not be absolutely unhealthy to the natives—no inhabited countries are, or they would soon cease to have inhabitants; but it is plain that fever is not merely an occasional, but a regular visitor, and that it forms as ordinary a subject of conversation as colds and coughs do in England. If, therefore, acclimatised natives suffer, newcomers arriving in the height of summer from the chilly regions of the North Atlantic were still more likely to suffer, especially as they were not, as free immigrants would be, their own masters, but were obliged to wear a dress by no means suited to the climate, to sleep in stifling tents, and to perform arduous work under a scorching sun. Putting aside all questions of humanity, when will our big-wigs learn that the British soldier is a costly commodity, deserving of the most careful tending? Much of the work under which our men sickened would have been as cheaply and as efficiently performed by natives; indeed, it would have been far more sensible to keep the bulk of the troops at home till the cold season began, having in the mean time, through the agency of contractors, provided proper barrack accommodation for them. No doubt, in the course of years, when marshes have been drained, and Australian gum trees have grown big enough to diffuse their anti-miasmatic aroma, Cyprus may become tolerably healthy, but even then it will probably still remain a question whether the same money and trouble might not have been more profitably devoted to some other purpose.

Jurymen.——Large numbers of respectable citizens must be highly pleased that the subject of juries and jurymen has once more come up for discussion. There is hardly any public question which more urgently needs to be examined. At best it is a considerable hardship that a man should be dragged from his ordinary employments and forced to serve the public, perhaps for days, either without any remuneration whatever, or with remuneration that is utterly inadequate. Sensible Englishmen, however, would put up with inevitable hardship if it pressed equally on everybody. But this is precisely what the present grievance does not do. Some men pass year after year without ever being called upon to discharge the functions of jurymen; others receive frequently the peremptory notice in obedience to which they must put aside every engagement if they are not prepared to pay a heavy fine. Various theories are offered to account for this absurdly anomalous state of things. Some one wrote to *The Times* this week, explaining that he is not called because few names begin with the first letter of his surname, whilst a friend of his, who is less fortunate, has often to do his duty as a loyal Briton. Such are the inanities of which the official mind is capable, that this is not at all improbable; and we hope the unlucky people who suffer by the arrangement will make so great an outcry about it that even the official mind will begin to think a change desirable. It is simply a vile abuse that a mere accident should cast upon one section of the community more than another burdens to which all alike are theoretically liable. Various others ought to be attended to at the same time. Surely, for instance, there is no reason in the nature of things why a grand juryman should serve for three days for nothing, while a special juryman is paid for each case he considers. Honest work is done in both instances, and in both it ought to be honestly paid. Jurymen have also a right to expect that they will not be confined in a dull, ill-ventilated room; and there would be no particular magnificence—much less would there be extravagance—in providing them with a substantial luncheon.

Panics.——The sheep-like tendency of the human race, ready to follow the bell-wether and to jump over sticks, imaginary or otherwise, provided the bell-wether has jumped first, has been for ages the theme of satirists, and is notably conspicuous in that special form of terror known as a panic. In a panic, whether induced by the fear of losing money, as in our periodical financial crises, or by the fear of losing life, as in the Colosseum Music Hall at Liverpool, terror begets terror, the alarm as it spreads becomes intensified, till at last the nerves, even of the firmest, give way. Many, no doubt, who read the account of the Paradise Street disaster felt how differently they would have behaved had they been present, how calmly they would have sat amid the most terrifying cries of "Fire," feeling sure that even if there was a fire they had a better chance for their lives by remaining quiet than by joining in that wild stampede for the open air. We do not feel at all sure that this sensible arm-chair philosophy would stand the ordeal of actual fact, and we may also presume that some at least of the poor creatures who were trampled to death were hurried forward against their will by the efforts of others. In this headlong rush nearly forty lives were sacrificed, although the places of exit were, judging by the average of such accommodation, by no means inadequate. But it is quite possible that, with even smaller outlets, fewer people would have been killed, for a tightly-wedged crowd cannot do much mischief; it is when people have space in which to move that the momentum, especially if it meets with an unexpected obstacle, becomes so tremendous. The most efficient remedy against such tragedies as these would be a course of discipline. The higher classes do get some training of this sort, they acquire certain habits of self-restraint both at home and at school, but the lower classes, unless they have served in the army or navy, know little or nothing of such influences. If there was more discipline there would be fewer round shoulders and slouching figures, and less rudeness and shoving. Look at the brave soldiers, drawn up in rank on board the *Birkenhead*, and awaiting certain death without moving a muscle except in obedience to orders; and then look at that yelling, panic-stricken crowd in Liverpool, almost every man in which was "fighting for his own hand."

The Position of Russia.——There has been a good deal of alarm this week as to the intentions of Russia. All the evidence goes to show that she has been intriguing very hard to induce Turkey to sign a treaty by which the recent settlement would be virtually set aside, and it has been concluded by many observers that the difficulties she is creating are so great that, whether we will or not, we shall be forced into war with her. We are unable to accept this pessimist view. If, indeed, Russia were in a position to fight us, we have little doubt that she would quickly decide in favour of a desperate conflict. It has become more and more clear to her that in the mean time Great Britain is the supreme obstacle to her ambition. Before these Eastern troubles began she knew vaguely that England jealously watched her movements; but now she understands that we have a settled policy, and that it is in some respects flatly opposed to her own. The discovery has excited intense bitterness among the ruling classes, and if war with this country could be conducted under favourable conditions they would look forward to it with delight. Unfortunately for them, they cannot but see that the conditions would be highly unfavourable. The strain upon the resources of Russia has been so great that her finances are in a state of hopeless confusion, and she seeks in vain for temporary relief by means of a loan. Every day that the present confusion lasts she approaches nearer to bankruptcy, and at the same time the Government is confronted by a revolutionary movement, the real force of which it can only guess. Never was Russian society more profoundly agitated. The Czar is passionately denounced in papers which, in spite of the police, are scattered broadcast over the Empire; and the people are asked to consider whether they will any longer tolerate grinding despotism and sham crusades. Is it likely that Russia will in these circumstances dream of plunging into war with a country which, she well knows, would be quite capable of meeting her even if her population were united and her finances prosperous? She will strive a little longer, by all her usual arts, to obtain her will; but she will in the end give way, and await a more fitting opportunity for further action. It would be well if the British Government took some steps to hasten her retreat from her present position. A strong word, which need not be uttered offensively, would be followed by the best results for Russia and for the world.

Music and Dancing Licenses.——This is a subject upon which we have written for several successive Octobers, and we have always taken the view which we are now glad to see is also upheld in a sensible letter in *The Times*, signed "A Londoner." The two chief points for which we have contended are these, namely, first, that the Middlesex magistrates, if only because they are a fluctuating body, are not the most fitting persons to decide on such matters; and secondly, that the extreme disinclination shown by the magistrates to grant dancing licenses, so far from tending to promote morality, is in itself a cause of mischief. We will here confine ourselves to the last point, namely, the advisability of licensing public dancing places. Nobody will deny that young people delight in dancing, and that few young people get as much dancing as they would like. Even the rich, with their spacious apartments, feel this to some extent; but how much more does it apply to the lower middle classes, whose tiny rooms are usually, after true British fashion, crammed full of furniture? Supposing the existing magisterial prejudices were turned topsy-turvy, and no would-be licensed victualler had a chance of getting permission to sell alcohol unless he could show that he was prepared to provide a spacious saloon for dancing purposes? We should then have Terpsichorean resorts by the hundred. What would be the result? Well, one result would be that, as the respectable far out-number the disreputable, the disreputable element in these dancing-rooms would always—under careful management—be in a minority, and would therefore be compelled at least to simulate respectability. The case of the Argyll Rooms has really little to do with the dancing question. The proprietor lost his license, because, although his establishment was licensed for music and dancing, his visitors did not dance and did not listen to the music, but resorted thither with other objects in view. The magistrates decided, and we think rightly, that the license was being used for a purpose other than that for which it was intended, and therefore declined to renew it.

Austria's Reply to Turkey.——We do not think Austria could have met in a better spirit the charges brought against her troops by the Porte. Her reply is at once calm and firm, and probably the Turks themselves regret by this time that they were induced to write their famous and absurd circular dispatch. That ugly things were done while the Austrian troops were advancing we do not need to be told; no struggle of this kind, particularly no struggle on Turkish soil, is likely to pass without scenes of horror. But we are without evidence that the Austrian troops were guilty of deliberate cruelty; everything rather tends to show that they executed their task with the least possible severity. The Turks undoubtedly injured their cause by their reckless accusations. They offended even the Hungarians, the best friends they have in Europe; and the Austrian Germans, who were also inclined to support them against Russia, are now seriously alienated. If the Sultan is wise he will make amends by signing the Convention which Austria is anxious to obtain from him. This would greatly lighten the duty the Austrians have undertaken, inasmuch as the Mahomedan landowners, now that they have been defeated in the field, would have in the sanction of the Porte an honourable reason for complete surrender. But the Porte itself would benefit quite as much as Austria. What the Russians above all things want is a pretext for regarding the Berlin Treaty as a dead letter. They would not, we believe, hope to effect much at present, even if this object were attained; but it would prepare the way for future attempts to resuscitate the extinct Treaty of San Stefano. Any violation by Austria of the settlement achieved at Berlin would give her this pretext, and it is only too probable that if a Bosnian Convention is refused, Austria will be forced to adopt measures which may, at least, be represented as such a violation. By granting the concession now asked of it, the Turkish Government would make a considerable sacrifice; but it would probably save itself from very much larger involuntary sacrifices hereafter.

CURATES' AUGMENTATION FUND.——This case of embezzlement is of a particularly painful character. The funds of the Society were contributed in small sums from all parts of the country, often at the cost of considerable self-denial on the part of the givers; and the money was destined for the benefit of a body of men who, though better paid than they used to be, are still, considering the costliness of their education and the importance of their functions, very inadequately remunerated. It does indeed seem cruel that seven thousand pounds of this money, gathered together so painfully, and destined for such praiseworthy objects, should have been squandered "in fast living" (we use his own words) by an official of the Fund. But this Marshall, who was paid a salary of 250*l.* a year, was only the Assistant-Clerk. Where, we should like to know, were his superior officers—the Secretary, the Finance Committee, and the Auditors—while Mr. Marshall was playing his villainous pranks? Were they all asleep, or did they consider themselves as a set of ornamental dummies, whose duty it was to place unlimited confidence in their assistant-clerk? A robbery of such magnitude, and extending over such an extent of time, could never have been committed if Marshall had been properly looked after by his superiors. This affair should act as a lesson to other charitable societies, for, if any of them manage their business as the Curates' Augmentation Fund managed theirs, the public will very soon leave off subscribing.

NOTICE.——MR. SYDNEY HALL, *who was our Special Artist during the Franco-German War, will shortly sail for* CANADA, *in order to make Sketches for this Journal on the occasion of the* ARRIVAL OF THE MARQUIS OF LORNE *and H.R.H. the* PRINCESS LOUISE.—THE GRAPHIC *next week will consist of* TWO WHOLE SHEETS, *one of which will be devoted to a* HISTORICAL DESCRIPTION *of* PARIS, *illustrated by* ENGRAVINGS *of the* PRINCIPAL PLACES *of* INTEREST *in and about the* CITY.

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Our Illustrations

AFGHANISTAN

A MOUNTAIN BATTERY

HERE we have a section of our Indian army which will prove of great utility should an Afghan campaign be definitively decided upon next spring. Large guns with cumbersome limber and heavy wheels are manifestly unfitted for mountain warfare, when the paths to be traversed are frequently but a few feet in width, so that the chief artillery in the Abyssinian and Ashantee campaigns were miniature field-pieces weighing scarcely 150 lbs., but which, with a charge of 8 oz. of gunpowder, could carry with precision for a distance of 1,000 yards. In the Abyssinian war especially these guns, which went by the *sobriquet* of "steel-pens," did great service, and in the various Indian campaigns with the frontier tribes they have been found invaluable, more especially when, instead of being drawn by hand, they are mounted, as we represent in our illustration, upon the backs of mules, whose sure-footedness and great powers of endurance render them especially fitted for this purpose. The various sketches need little explanation. In two we have the battery on the march, in a third the cannon are unpacked, mounted on their wheels, and drawn up in readiness for action, while the fourth depicts the artillerymen loading the mule with the gun.

CROSSING THE INDUS

THIS great river, which flows from the Hindoo Koosh through our two north-western provinces of India, the Punjaub and Scinde, is of especial interest at the present moment owing to the Indus valley being the route by which a large portion of our forces will reach the frontier. Southwards from Lahore to Sukkur runs the Indus Valley State Railway, crossing the Sutlej, and skirting the Chenab and Ravee, while northwards the railway reaches as far as Rawul Pindee; but elsewhere the journey will have to be accomplished on the march, and the river will have to be forded after very much the same fashion as represented in our illustration. The Indus, however, is not a good river for navigation, as, owing to the arid sandy nature of its basin, and the small number of its affluents, the volume of water, after a certain point is passed, actually grows smaller rather than larger as it flows towards the sea, the river suffering from absorption and evaporation, and also dividing into numerous channels, many of which never return at all to the main stream.

THE EMPRESS BRIDGE OVER THE SUTLEJ

THE State Railway Bridge across the River Sutlej is probably the largest engineering work in India, being four-fifths of a mile long, and placed on seventeen foundations of more than one hundred feet in depth, while it has cost about fifty-nine lakhs of rupees. The bridge is particularly remarkable from the celerity with which it was built, under very trying circumstances, owing to the unhealthiness of the situation. It carries the Indus Valley Railway across the most dangerous and shifting river of the Punjaub, and serves as the completing link between Mooltan and Sukkur. The present complication on the north-west frontier gives this work an especial interest, and it was no doubt with a view to its great strategic importance that the Government of India pushed on the works with such rapidity. Our illustration is drawn from a photograph by Messrs. Shepherd and Bourne, of Simla.

The bridge was completed last June, when, at a public breakfast given in honour of the ceremony, Sir Andrew Clarke, who, by special command of Her Majesty, named it the Empress Bridge, said, in the course of a speech, that sixteen years had elapsed since Mr. Brunton, the engineer, pitched his camp and collected his forces in that then desolate spot, having a task to perform not less vast than that which mighty Iscander undertook when, with his hosts, he crossed the Ravee and the Chenab, and came to this very site for the conquest of India. In bridging the Sutlej a task had been accomplished which had baffled the mighty conqueror, great and interesting engineering difficulties had been overcome, chief of all the vagaries of the Sutlej itself, which was a very Bohemian in its nature and an Ariel in its eccentricities.

THE JAPANESE NAVY

See page 392.

OUR OBITUARY RECORD

GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. SIR THOMAS MYDDLETON BIDDULPH, K.C.B., Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse, was the second and youngest son of Mr. Robert Biddulph, of Chirk Castle. He was born in 1809, entered the Army in 1826, and served in the 1st Lifeguards till his promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel in 1857, when he went on half-pay. In October last he became a full General in consequence of the promotion under the new Army scheme. On the retirement of General Sir George Bowles he was appointed Master of the Queen's Household and Extra Equerry to Her Majesty. Afterwards he was appointed Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall, and one of the joint keepers of the Queen's Privy Purse in conjunction with the Hon. Sir Charles Phipps, K.C.B., and in May, 1867, he became Keeper of the Queen's Privy Purse, when that appointment was limited to one official. In 1863 he was created a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath for his civil services, and was recently made a member of Her Majesty's Privy Council. The remains of the late Sir Thomas were brought from Abergeldie, where he died, to Windsor, where they were interred in the picturesque churchyard of Clewer. The funeral was attended by several members of the Royal Family, and the coffin was completely covered with floral wreaths, one of which was sent by Her Majesty, who had already expressed her profound grief at the loss of one of her most valued and confidential servants, and her sympathy with the bereaved widow, Lady Biddulph.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Hills and Saunders, Eton.

SIR FRANCIS GRANT, President of the Royal Academy, was the fourth son of the late Mr. F. Grant, of Kilgraston, Perthshire, and brother of General Sir J. Hope Grant. He was born in Edinburgh, and commenced his professional career in 1827; but it was not until 1834 that he first exhibited at the Royal Academy (then located at Somerset House). Some years later, when the Exhibition was removed to the National Gallery, he had become a regular contributor, and in 1842 he was elected an Associate. He became an Academician in 1851, and in 1866 was chosen President in succession to the late Sir Charles Eastlake, and received the honour of knighthood in the same year. Amongst the best known of his early works are "The Melton Hunt" and "The Meet of His Majesty's Staghounds," portrait groups of celebrated sportsmen, both of which were engraved. He is, however, best known as a portrait painter, his principal portraits being those of the Marchioness of Waterford, the Ladies Howard, Lady Rodney, Mrs. Beauclerk, Lord Macaulay, the Earl of Beaconsfield, Mr. Lockhart, Lords Hardinge, Gough, Campbell, Derby, Palmerston, Clyde, and Russell, his brother, Sir Hope Grant, and his friend, Sir Edwin Landseer. Sir Francis died somewhat suddenly of heart disease, at his residence at Melton Mowbray, where he was buried on Saturday last, the funeral being attended by a large number of Academicians and Associates. The service was conducted by the Archbishop of York, who is chaplain to the Royal Academy, and who, at the special request of Lady Grant, delivered an address. Our portrait is from a photograph.

CYPRUS—CONVEYING CONVICTS BACK TO TURKEY

WHEN the British took possession of Cyprus numerous prisons were found to be full of convicts undergoing their sentence, and after some discussion it was determined to send them in a British ironclad to Turkey, there to be distributed amongst the various Ottoman penal settlements. Not, however, that their life in Cyprus appears to have been particularly uncomfortable, as these men had been kept in a lax and easy custody, had been permitted to work and sell their work in the bazaars, and it was not an uncommon sight, the correspondent of *The Times* writes, to see a murderer passing through the streets unguarded, bearing back to prison the money for which he had sold the produce of his labour. So remunerative, indeed, was their work that when they left Nikosia they were owed some thousands of piastres for which they had given credit. These men were the worst criminals collected from different parts of the Turkish Empire, but the Mahomedan population appeared grieved to see them go, and as they marched away the women spectators gave vent to a low monotonous wailing. Nor had all the gentleness of human nature gone altogether out of the rascals, as they had small pet dogs amongst them with which they were loth to part, and which, on marching away, they bore in their arms. A number of these convicts were embarked on board H.M.S. *Black Prince*, where our illustration depicts them, and were conveyed to the different Turkish ports to which they were to be distributed—some going to Rhodes, some to Acre, and others to Adana.

"TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE,"

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S GOLD CASKET,

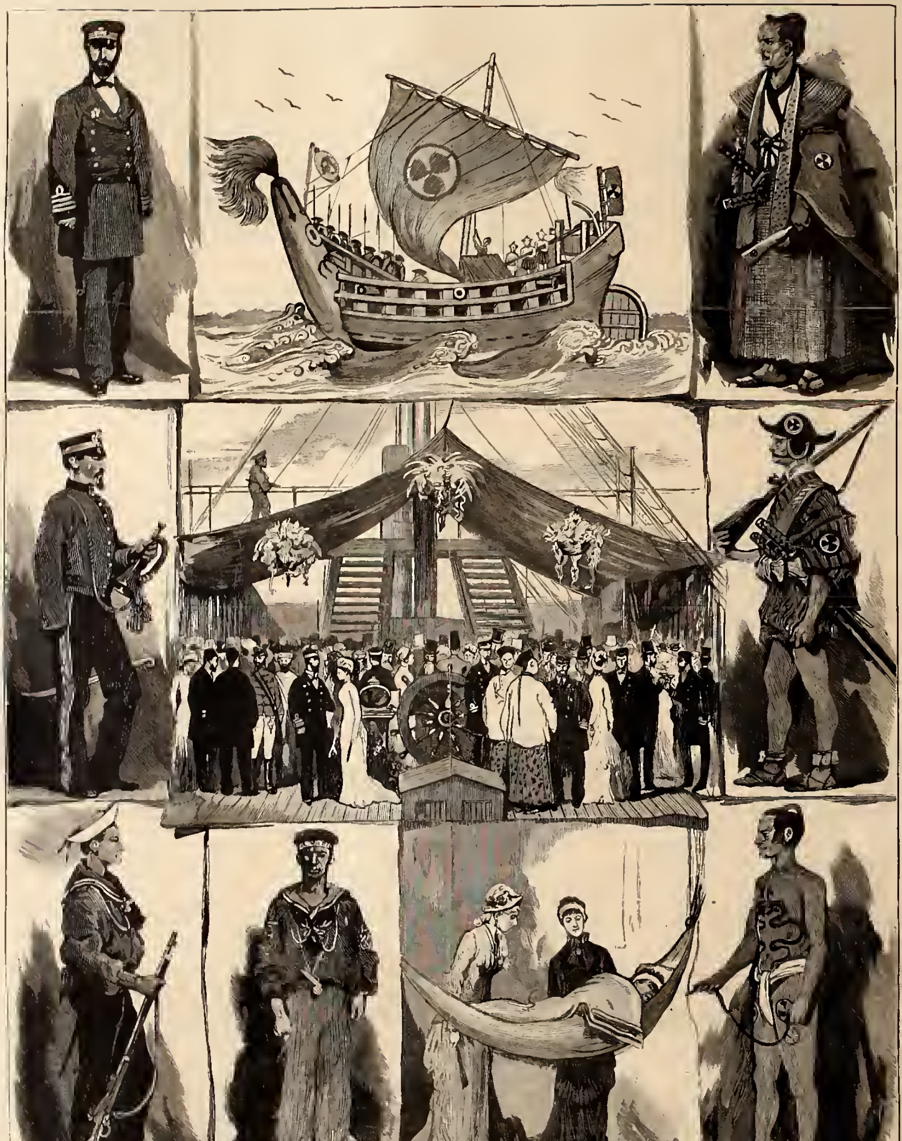
AND

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT

See page 392.

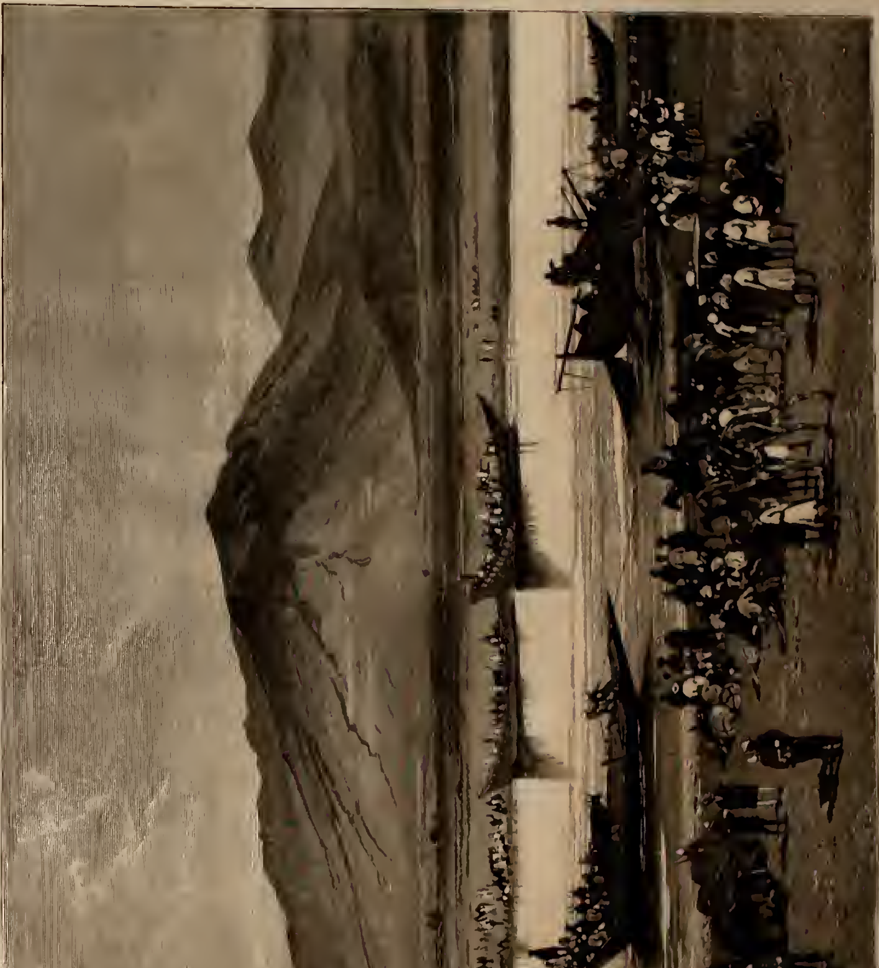
SKETCHES IN A NORMAN CIDER ORCHARD

THE cider districts in Normandy are, as a rule, exceedingly picturesque, and to those in search of pretty scenery, quaint



1. Captain Enouyé.—2. A Japanese Man-of-War of the Olden Time before 1866.—3. A Japanese Admiral in 1867.—4. Nagata Masakata, a Marine Bugler.—5. A Reception on the Quarter-Deck of H.I.J.M. Corvette "Seiki."—6. A Japanese Marine of 1867.—7. A Japanese Blue Jacket, 1878.—8. Yamada "Bosun's Mate."—9. In the Sick Bay: An Object of Sympathy.—10. A Japanese Sailor, 1867.

THE JAPANESE NAVY, PAST AND PRESENT



AFGHANISTAN—CROSSING THE INDUS

costumes, and sketches of primitive rural life we would recommend a visit to the apple growing province of Northern France. The time to go is, of course, the autumn, when the trees are laden—even as we saw them a month ago—with small, bright, pink-coloured apples, sweet and toothsome, and of which you can obtain your fill for a sou. Peep into the tumble-down shed that adjoins yon cottage and you will see a mysterious-looking machine with a handle and three hammers—for all the world like the arms of the Isle of Man, attached to a monster coffee-mill. This is the cider press, where the roseate fruit, packed between two layers of straw, is converted into a square cake of brown madder hue, the juice being squeezed out into a large tub wherein it is left to ferment. Cider-time, like harvesting, is always a period of some little merry-making, the favourite game of bowls, depicted in our illustration, being with the men a frequent diversion during lunch or dinner time. They are very good-natured, are these worthy Normans, and many a time have they permitted the writer, when a boy, to pick and choose among the apples without any charge, and one winter they watched with considerable astonishment the climbing efforts of some English lads to whom they had given permission to mount the trees to obtain some bunches of mistletoe for Christmas decorations. "What can they want with those nasty white berries? *Parbleu*, one must not wonder at anything with these poor eccentric islanders!" Our illustrations are sufficiently explained by their titles.

AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE IN THE HOLY LAND, IX.

See page 398.

EDMUND SANDILLI AND FOLLOWERS AWAITING THEIR TRIAL IN THE YARD OF THE COURT-HOUSE, KING WILLIAM'S TOWN

"This drawing," says our special artist, "represents Edmund Sandilli and other Kaffir prisoners awaiting their trial in the yard of the Court House, King William's Town. The Kaffirs have a mode of sitting on their heels, peculiar to most African tribes, and when in this position they are wrapped up in their sheepskin mantles (wool inside), or their ochre-coloured blankets, there is very little of their forms to be seen; indeed, it often looks as if it were impossible for the whole frame of a human being to be contained in so small a compass. Some long fellows, on rising from this posture, seem to unfold like a telescope, and the uninitiated wonder when it is all to finish.

"The Kaffir on the left, in a light felt hat with a black band, is Edmund Sandilli, eldest son of the late old chief, Sandilli; and on his left is his half-brother, Matanzima, who, as one of the rebels, took a conspicuous part in the late war. Edmund is of a very light colour for a Kaffir; and his brother, Matanzima, has a beautiful, small hand. The two figures squatting on the right, in front, show how their mantles are cut with lappets, allowing the sheepskin wool to be seen by turning it back. In feature the Kaffir is intelligent-looking, and is bodily well formed; though now, from hardship and starvation, the prisoners do not look up to their usual mark."

A SHIP BESET BY ICE

See page 404.

HOME.

Political Affairs.——The Afghan difficulty still continues the chief topic of most political addresses. Sir H. James, M.P., speaking at Taunton last week, said that of course Englishmen would never entertain the idea that the existence of the Indian Empire could be endangered. If they had to enter upon an Afghan war they had to fear not what was in front, but what was behind, in shape of Indian discontent. Though caution would have to be pursued, and the stake was great, we might feel confident that English arms would sustain the character and honour of the country. Mr. C. B. Denison, M.P., speaking at Leeds on Monday, said that it would be an evil day for Russia if she pushed England into a corner, for he believed that if we were compelled to put forth our power we could in one or two campaigns undo the work of Russia in Asia for the last twenty-five years.—At the annual meeting of the Midland Arbitration Union held at Birmingham on Tuesday, several letters expressing disapproval of the Government policy with regard to India and Afghanistan were read, and resolutions were adopted condemning the action of the Indian Government as rash, aggressive, and contrary to all principles of right, and as likely to involve England in a war which even, if successful, will increase the suffering of the people, must require an immense sacrifice of life and treasure, and may seriously endanger the stability of British rule in India.—Mr. Blake, M.P., addressing his constituents at Leominster on Wednesday, said that the power of the Crown had formerly been used in moderation, but the whole thing had changed since the present Premier came into office. The members of the Government were dummies—one man had the ear of the Queen, and he had absolute power over his colleagues, who simply followed suit.—On Monday Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., addressing a Liberal meeting at Newton Heath, denounced the acquisition of Cyprus as a theft committed in the dark, and said that it was only a statesman of the charlatan character who would begin a war in Afghanistan under the pretence of making India more secure.—Mr. Gladstone has received, from the Bombay branch of the East India Association, an address of thanks for the part which he took in the House of Commons in regard to the Vernacular Press Act.—A memorial signed by 65 Armenians residing in England, and principally engaged in mercantile pursuits, has been presented to Lord Salisbury, expressing satisfaction at the prospect of an English Protectorate of Asia Minor.—No fewer than five candidates have entered the lists to compete for the vacancy at Peterborough, Mr. George Potter, the well-known working-men's advocate, who is first upon the list, has written to Messrs. Gladstone and Bright asking them for "some kind recommendations," but has failed to get them from either, the ex-Premier excusing himself on the ground of the inexpediency of fostering any divisions in the Liberal party at so critical a period, and Mr. Bright declining because he once got into trouble for doing something of a like kind. The other candidates are Mr. J. H. Raper, Permissive Bill advocate, Mr. Macliver, President of the Railway Servants' Society, the Hon. J. F. Fitzwilliam, "Independent," and Mr. J. C. Lawrence, Q.C., Conservative.—On Monday, Mr. Morley, M.P., attended a meeting of the Liberal Four Hundred of Bristol, and explained that his wish to retire from Parliament was simply because he was getting old, and needed rest. A resolution was passed thanking him for past services, and asking him to reconsider his intention.

Miscellaneous.——The dreadful accident at a music-hall in Liverpool has been one of the principal topics of the week. It occurred on Friday last in a building occupied by an audience of about 4,000 people, who, alarmed by a sudden cry of "Fire," rushed panic-stricken to the doors, at one of which a block was created. Thirty-seven persons were either suffocated or crushed to death, and a large number of others sustained severe injuries. The building has four exits, but it appears that the doors open inwards, and the passages leading to them are of the most inconvenient description. There is a curious conflict of opinion as to the origin of the alarm, for which as has since been proved there was not the slightest foundation. One theory is that the cry was a malicious one; another that it was caused by the sudden flaring up of the footlights; a third that it was a demand for a song called "Fire;" a fourth that it was one of the audience calling out to a companion who was nicknamed "Fire Dick," and a fifth that the fall of some plaster from the ceiling suggested the idea. The proprietor has offered a reward of 20*l.* for the name of the person who raised the alarm. An inquest has been opened and formally adjourned.—The Board of Trade Inquiry into the loss of the *Princess Alice* was opened at Poplar on Monday before Mr. Balguy, the Special Commissioner, assisted by Commander Forster and Captain Parfitt as nautical assessors, and Mr. Ravenhill as engineering assessor. On Tuesday, the Committee appointed by the Board of Trade to consider the subject of Thames navigation held their first meeting. It is understood that any evidence which the Committee may take will be published with their Report on the conclusion of their inquiry.—The Report of the Royal Commission on the London Stock Exchange has just been issued. Fifty-three witnesses, officials, dealers, and brokers, were examined, and their evidence occupies 350 folio pages, to which are added a number of appendices containing documents and statements handed in by them.—The twenty-second annual Social Science Congress opens at Cheltenham on Wednesday next, under the presidency of Lord Norton.—On Monday, the balloon "Crusader," employed by the Royal Engineers in the military ballooning experiments at Woolwich, broke from its moorings, and sailed away without any car attached. It descended at Oxford some hours afterwards, and was found to be very little damaged.—The electric light was the other day utilised at Sheffield, by some enthusiastic footballists, who played a match in the presence of 30,000 spectators. Four Siemens' lights were used at the cost of 3½*d.* per hour each, and the experiment was a complete success.—Two men have been killed and a third injured by a collision between two coal trains, which occurred on Monday in a tunnel belonging to the Nunnery Colliery Company at Sheffield.—At Stoke-on-Trent, on the same day, a number of men were very seriously hurt by the explosion of a boiler, which is stated to have been in use for thirty-eight years.—The Shaker community at Lymington are in very straitened circumstances, and are said to be feeding mainly on chesnuts gathered in the forest. Mrs. Girling asserts that she has received a revelation that they will return to New Forest Lodge.

THEATRES

The old-fashioned sentimental drama in which Miss Agnes Leonard has been lately representing the part of the heroine at the Court Theatre has given place to a "comedy drama," entitled *Memories*, which claims to be new, but is in truth, only a recombination of very familiar dramatic incidents. The anonymous author of this piece has chosen to tell the old story of a rustic maiden of limited education and homely manners who is suddenly discovered to be a young lady of aristocratic parentage. Her birth, we learn, had been the cause of the death of her mother, Lady Gascoigne, who was so tenderly loved by her husband, Sir Jasper Gascoigne, that the sight of his child henceforth became distasteful to him, and he placed her with an ignorant but kind-hearted old farmer and his wife down in Devonshire. This done he apparently thought no more of the matter until she had entered on the state of womanhood, when, for unexplained reasons, he began, as he expresses it, to "hunger for her love," and, therefore, dropped in one day at the farmhouse and claimed his offspring. As Sir Jasper is represented as a person of refined feelings, and it was certainly no fault of his daughter that she had from infancy upwards been led to regard the farmer and his wife as her veritable parents, it might reasonably be expected that the repentant parent would have proceeded with tact and moderation in so delicate a business as that of suddenly declaring himself, and removing the young lady from her old protectors. Sir Jasper bluntly desires his daughter to pack up and depart, and having taken care to insult the old folks in a perfectly needless and gratuitous way he accords ten minutes for reflection, and proposes what he calls his "ultimatum." Naturally enough the young person observes that it was not her father's "place" to neglect her so long; and further shows signs of rebellion; but an offer of 500*l.*, coupled with the discovery that her foster father is sadly in want of that sum, decides her; and "Bell" as she is called, departs to take her place in "society." Henceforth begins the old contrast between rough manners and an exalted station. Bell is sharp of tongue, and much given to lecturing her father on the duties of his station; and her father gives way to frequent explosions of passion. Now and then he indulges in such ejaculations as "Ah! how happy I could be if your heart were as full of love for me as your head is replete with sound common sense and wisdom!" but the audience are unfortunately not permitted to observe many tokens of these latter redeeming qualities. The young lady is, indeed, depicted as a rather shallow and pert person, slightly wanting in the instinctive self-respect of her sex, and wholly deficient in consideration for the feeling of others. Some notion seems to have haunted the author's mind of conveying through the utterances of his heroine a rebuke to pride of birth and the insincerities of fashionable folks; but if so he certainly fails in attaining his object, for his heroine is not merely unfashionable—she is excessively vulgar and selfish. An attempt is made to win sympathy for her by representing her as frustrating the villany of a transparently roguish steward, and thus shielding her father from the consequences of his own infatuated trustfulness; and on this ground the spectator is invited to rejoice over the final permission accorded to her to marry a young man of humble position, whose acquaintance she had made in her Devonshire home. But the *dénouement* excites only a languid interest, and the pomposity of the dialogue and curious feebleness of purpose of Sir Jasper awaken unseasonable laughter. There is little in the acting to call for comment. Miss Agnes Leonard reserves for herself the part of the heroine, which she plays with sufficient—indeed more than sufficient—spirit and vivacity; but probably no attempt to soften the coarser lines of the portrait would be of much avail

At Drury Lane Theatre, on Saturday afternoon, the 12th inst., a large audience witnessed the opening performance of a series of Operas in English. The representation was *The Taming of the Shrew*, a comic opera, in four acts, composed by Hermann Goetz, and produced in English for the first time in this country. The music may be fairly spoken of as high-class, and the artists who were selected to render it won deserved applause. Mdlle. Zuliani exhibited sterling histrionic power as Katharine, the Shrew; and Miss Rolt was acceptable as Bianca. The honours of the performance, however, were carried off by Mr. Walter Bolton, who has achieved considerable fame abroad as a baritone. His acting and singing on this occasion were loudly and frequently applauded. The performance was ably directed by Mr. Karl Meyder.

The amusing adaptation of *La Boite à Bibi* which was brought out at the Folly Theatre last year under the title of *A Night of Terror* has been refurbished by the adaptors, Messrs. Wyndham and Matthison, and converted into a comic extravaganza with the title of *Tantalus*. In its new form the piece receives efficient support from Mr. Lionel Brough, Miss Lydia Thompson, and other members of the Folly company; and though it is disfigured by one incident, not of a very refined character, it is unquestionably entertaining.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment.——Mr. Arthur Sketchley will give his popular entertainment, "Mrs. Brown at the Play," during the enforced temporary absence of Mr. Corney Grain, who has been ordered complete rest.

◆

THE CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES

The neat uniform worn by the above corps must be tolerably familiar to the eyes of most Londoners, and there are few business men who have not at one time or another been glad to avail themselves of the services of one of its members. The public generally, however, knows very little of the organisation of the corps itself or the conditions under which it exists, and a short paper calling attention to the most important features may be interesting. The corps was originally raised by Captain Walter, and is still superintended by him. It is not composed entirely of old soldiers, as many suppose, but candidates for admission must, as a rule, have served in the Army, Navy, Militia, Volunteers, or Police, and be in the receipt of a pension. The corps had but a small beginning, but in the twenty years or so since its first establishment its numbers have increased from a baker's dozen to between, we believe, seven and eight hundred men. Branches have been opened in some of the larger towns, and it is hoped that eventually there will be one in every town of 100,000 inhabitants. A novel and interesting feature has been added this year, namely, a department presided over by a lady adjutant. To her charge all matters relating to the interests of the wives and children of the members will be entrusted. When it is remembered that these form a community of two thousand strong, some idea of the magnitude and importance of the lady-adjutant's duties is obtained, as well as of the additional labour which must hitherto have devolved upon the working staff of the corps. It is important to note, moreover, that the corps is in no sense of the word a charitable institution, though it owes its origin to a charitable impulse. All these women and children are provided for by the exertions of the members themselves. There is an endowment applicable to the expenses of administration, and to which the public or any regiment of Her Majesty's service may subscribe, but for the rest the institution only undertakes to find suitable work for the men, whose honesty and sobriety it guarantees. It brings its members and employers of labour together to their mutual advantage, and moreover its object is to supply almost any kind of labour. Accordingly we find that the services of Commissionaires are available for almost any kind of duty, either permanent or temporary. As messengers they will undertake the charge of property or papers to any part of England and the Continent, or they will go with a note to the next street. More than 150 are employed as ticket-takers, money-takers, or door-keepers. Night watchmen and hospital attendants are supplied, books, circulars, visiting cards or newspapers delivered, and circulars directed and folded. There is a band, the services of which, or any part of it, can be secured for private parties. Moreover there are men of high education or with special qualifications, and who, of course, expect a proportionately higher scale of remuneration. The scale of pay is so arranged as to suit every possible convenience or requirement of an employer. The Commissionaire can be engaged by the day or night, week, year, or season. Where board or lodging, or both, are given, a fixed deduction is made from his pay; and if he should fall ill, his place will be supplied by another, at no expense to the employer.

It is perhaps not a matter for much wonder that there should be a steadily increasing demand for these services. The authorities at the General Post Office have expressed themselves well satisfied with the men they have employed, and there is reason to hope that thus other Government offices will be induced to increase the number of men engaged. As sixty more were added to the roll of the corps, and seventy-three more permanent engagements have been obtained during the past twelve months, it is evident that the institution is gaining in public confidence. Some members, of course, have had to be discharged for misconduct; but it must not be forgotten that the peculiar and confidential duties undertaken necessitate rules and regulations of exceptional stringency. The Commandant of the Corps can have nothing but its prosperity to desire; and for the sake of the members generally, who depend for support upon public confidence, it is necessary to be strict in enforcing discipline. It is therefore impossible sometimes to overlook offences of a certain order which, under different circumstances, might and would be condoned for once.

We have enumerated a few of the services which the Corps of Commissionaires is prepared to render to the public, and have only space to catalogue very briefly the benefits which the men themselves derive from the institution. From time to time the mind of the public has been occupied with the question of providing in some way for the gallant and deserving men who had served it faithfully; but it was left to private enterprise to devise a really practical scheme. The great point, of course, was to enable men still able to work to obtain suitable employment. About this time last year we remember pointing out the difficulty which old soldiers used frequently to experience in doing this. For men who had lost a limb, or had been worn out in the service, so that they were incapable of severe physical exertion, there was no regular machinery provided by which they might find occupation the lighter kinds. In addition to supplying this want, the institution provides, as far as possible, accommodation in the head-quarter barracks, a canteen, a mess, a co-operative store, a savings' bank, an insurance fund, a retiring and convalescent fund, and finally a fair education to those who desire to join the corps, but are unable to satisfy its requirements in this respect. It is perhaps unnecessary to pursue the subject further. Captain Walter's benevolent and comprehensive scheme for the benefit of his old comrades, and veterans of all the services generally cannot fail, we think, to receive the hearty appreciation and cordial support which it so richly deserves from the public as its merits become more and more widely known. And we believe that its great value lies in the fact that it shows, on a small scale, how a question of the highest national importance can be solved, and that the principle, which has been so ably worked out in its smallest details by an individual, can be applied by the State in fulfilment of a national duty.

THE ISLAND OF CAPRI

NAPLES is almost as well known, nowadays, to the majority of regular autumn tourists, as Aberdeen, or the Welsh mountains; and so, they will tell you, is the adjacent island of Capri. But, as a rule, this latter assertion is founded on the mistaken idea that they have succeeded in "doing" the island when they have spent half-an-hour in its famous "Blue Grotto." It is true that Capri is very small, but at the same time it is not all contained in a grotto, and, even without personal knowledge of its beauties, it would be natural to conclude that it must have possessed some other charms to tempt the ancients, and above all to induce Tiberius to build *seven* villas on it. The ill-used remains of several of these still afford many an interesting hour's study, while collectors of mosaic fragments can indulge their taste in the ruins more harmlessly, perhaps, than anywhere else in Italy. The beautiful old morsels appear to be gathered up chiefly to aid in making floors for halls and rooms in private houses, or else they are smothered under a rank growth of weeds and rubbish, as though it were an object with this age to get rid of even these interesting traces of one of the tyrants who disgraced a past time.

Of course, in this period of hurry and emulation, it is a half necessary object with many travellers "to say they have been there," wherever it may be, but to those who like to see places for the places' sake, and not only because the world goes to see them, or because their friends or rivals have visited them, a stay of three days at Capri can be strongly recommended. It may be as well to note, however, that the excursion should be made in settled weather, or the three days may grow into ten, or even more. The Mediterranean sometimes lashes itself into a state of splendid fury which renders navigation round these rocks far too dangerous to be attempted by the cautious Italian sailors, and although for people with tranquil minds and plenty of time that would be no hardship, the larger part of the world have neither, and would chafe sorely at imprisonment even in such a lovely prison. However, there is quite a little colony of English artists to afford companionship, and, for human objects of admiration, such a number of beautiful native girls and children as a gleaning from the whole of Italy would scarcely afford. The beauty of some of the olive-tinted, oval faces, and glorious dark eyes, is almost superhuman. They captivate the artists, occasionally, who marry their owners, and then send them to school, and try, not always successfully, to teach them to like wearing shoes and stockings better than being beasts of burden for travellers' portmanteaus and labourers' hods, such being their usual occupations.

A new wing was being built lately to one of the hotels. There was a man to oversee and direct, and a boy as foreman; all the rest of the labourers were young girls between the ages of eight and sixteen. One of these young builders, whose chief office appeared to be mixing the mortar, need have feared no rival in any London *belle*, even as regarded grace of movement, courtesy of manner, or daintiness of the strong little brown hands. Amongst the whole set there was not one who did not deserve a more glowing epithet than "pretty," and who did not look most misplaced in her hard and rough employment. "But," as one of them observed, "how can it be helped? Nearly all the men have to go off to the coral fisheries to earn money for the heavy taxes. And meantime the families cannot quite starve." Most of the inhabitants are on the verge of doing so, however, as a rule, and it is little wonder, under the circumstances, that begging is more universal than it is even in Ireland. In notes I made during many walks on the spot, I find "Capri is the place for beggars, even the babies lisp, 'Un Baioc.'" One cannot blame the poor creatures, when a day's work will not provide a day's sufficiency even of the simple food with which they are contented. One afternoon, as we were returning from Monte Solario, the highest point of the island, about a dozen girls begged and accepted with eager gratitude the small remnants of a frugal picnic luncheon, the whole of which one would not have dared to offer to the most ragged, miserable-looking Londoner. Another time tears of mortified longing came into a cowherd's eyes as he watched me feeding his lean little dog with broken bits of bread I had pulled off the crust. Seeing that, after considerable hesitation, I held what was left out to him. He almost snatched at it, and the dog got no more, not even a dropped crumb. But it is in Capri itself, rather than its inhabitants, that most people will be interested.

The first day should undoubtedly be spent in making the tour of the island. The morning after our arrival we left the hotel at half-past ten A.M., walked down the rough path to the "Piccola Marina," one of the only two accessible landing-places of the whole rock-bound coast, and taking the boat of one Beppino, a Capri favourite, we were rowed round the island by him and two of his companions in little more than five hours. Four hours is enough for the voyage in very calm weather, and then the red groundwork appears just above the edge of the water with the most perfect regularity, while the ornamentation of scarlet coral shines out on its dark hue with dazzling brilliancy. We were rowed into the "Green Grotto," which certainly deserves a share of its "Blue" sister's fame. Then visits were paid to the "Rose Grotto" and the "Sailor's Grotto," into which latter, with its double entrance, the island legend has it, the bodies of Tiberius's victims used to drift when they were flung down the face of that awful rock which is crowned with one of the tyrant's many villas. The "White Grotto" must not be forgotten, looking, with its domed roof, like the side chapel of some fine Italian church. A natural gallery runs round it, which the stalactites have adorned with an appearance of marble, or rather Parian, statues, while the almost pointed entrance arch is draped with stalactites resembling rich and heavy silken fringes.

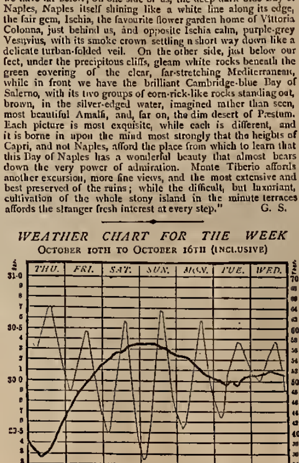
The last part of the voyage leads through the natural archway in the smallest, and centre, of the three picturesque masses of rock popularly known, not by their guide-book name, but as the "Tre Fratelli." It is impossible, without taking some such voyage, duly to estimate the majestic, and even, in some parts, awful rocks, both composing and guarding this minute island, which generally looks, from Naples, like a fallen purple cloud, only slightly more solid than its higher companions.

Another day may be devoted to the steep climb up Monte Solario, and a visit to the village of Anna-Capri, with its curious old church. The first part of the expedition may be made in one of the only two carriages on the island, along a fine road cut out of the face of the rock within the last few years; but those who can walk had far better linger along on their own feet, for the beauty varies at almost every step, and the really fatiguing climb up old water-courses full of maidenhair fern and violets, and over loose, grey stones, partially bound together by every imaginable wild flower, *must* be made on foot. The views from the summit of the rugged old mountain are compensation for almost any amount of weariness. The following notes written on the spot about two o'clock in the afternoon give an accurate, though startling, picture of the many distinctly marked colourings:

"Sheltered from the strong wind and the blazing sun, by the nearly two thousand-year-old walls of this, the fourth ruined villa of Tiberius of which we have found remains on the island, we have far below, on one side of us, the deep dark blue Bay of Naples, Naples itself shining like a white line along its edge, the fair gem, Ischia, the favourite flower garden home of Vittoria Colonna, just behind us, and opposite Ischia calm, purple-grey Vesuvius, with its smoke crown settling a short way down like a delicate turban-folded veil. On the other side, just below our feet, under the precipitous cliffs, gleam white rocks beneath the green covering of the clear, far-stretching Mediterranean, while in front we have the brilliant Cambridge-blue Bay of Salerno, with its two groups of corn-rick-like rocks standing out, brown, in the silver-edged water, imagined rather than seen, most beautiful Amalfi, and, far on, the dim desert of Pæstum. Each picture is most exquisite, while each is different, and it is borne in upon the mind most strongly that the heights of Capri, and not Naples, afford the place from which to learn that this Bay of Naples has a wonderful beauty that almost bears down the very power of admiration. Monte Tiberio affords another excursion, more fine views, and the most extensive and best preserved of the ruins; while the difficult, but luxuriant, cultivation of the whole stony island in the minute terraces affords the stranger fresh interest at every step." G. S.

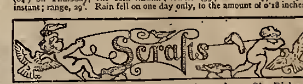
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

OCTOBER 10TH TO OCTOBER 16TH (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The seven-day period ending on Wednesday, the 16th instant, opened with a low barometer and rough unsettled weather; but at about mid-day on Thursday, the 10th instant, the mercury began to rise very decidedly, and though the wind continued gusty throughout the greater part of Friday, the 11th instant, the sky cleared considerably and the day was bright. The next three days—Saturday (12th), Sunday (13th), and Monday (14th)—were extremely fine; but on Tuesday, the 15th instant, the weather became very cloudy, and both that day and Wednesday, the 16th instant, were dull and gloomy, with a good deal of haze at times. Lunar halo was observed on two or three occasions at the close of last week. Temperature was rather low about Saturday and Sunday, the 12th and 13th, the thermometer on the early morning of the latter day falling to 35° in the shade. Scarcely any rain has fallen. The barometer was highest (30·35 inches) on Sunday, the 13th instant; lowest (29·27 inches) on Thursday, the 10th instant; range, 1·08 inches. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (64°) on Thursday, the 10th instant; lowest (35°) on Sunday, the 13th instant; range, 29°. Rain fell on one day only, to the amount of 0·18 inches.



THE IRISH NATIONAL GALLERY is to have Sir Richard Wallace and Lord Gough as Trustees.

HERR RUBINSTEIN is writing a new opera, *Ivan Kalashnikoff*. M. Gounod is also projecting a new work in five acts for the Paris Opera, to be called the *Tribut de Zamora*.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS have lately received a fresh rhinoceros, a full-grown female, from Sumatra. The Gardens now contain five rhinoceroses belonging to five different species—four from Asia and one from Africa—and the only known specimen required to complete the set is the white African rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros simus*).

THE RUSSIAN PRESENTS TO THE AMEER OF CABUL, taken by the Muscovite Mission, are said to have been magnificent. The "Khillut" included, according to the *Times of India*, a splendid suite of Parisian jewels, a sabre set with brilliants—the Czar's personal gift to Shere Ali,—some war material, and several unique articles of Circassian art for the Seraglio.

FEMININE BETTING at the various Transatlantic pleasure resorts is said to have been unusually prevalent this summer. During the racing season at Saratoga one lady won twenty boxes of gloves, ten boxes of *bonbons*, and 40*l.* in money. Not all visitors to Saratoga Springs, however, go there for mere pleasure, for one old lady made it her daily task to go the rounds of the Springs, and consume twenty-one glasses of water per diem.

MR. SYDNEY HALL, who was our special artist during the Franco-German War, has just finished painting a picture of the Marquis of Lorne's Marriage, which his lordship was about to take with him to Canada, but has allowed to remain for a year in this country in order that Mr. Hall may make a copy of it for the Queen by command. Mr. Hall has also been commanded to paint a picture representing the marriage ceremony of the Duke of Connaught, which will take place next February at Windsor.

THE LONDON DEAF AND DUMB DEBATING SOCIETY.—An animated debate took place in the Lecture Hall on Wednesday last, the 9th inst., on the question, "Is the Indian Government justified in going to war with Afghanistan?" It was opened by one of the Vice-Presidents, Mr. M. Cant, who spoke in favour of the war, and the Hon. Secretary, Mr. E. South, who argued against it. Five or six speakers followed, and the result of the votes was 33 Ayes and 5 Noes, thus approving the policy of the Government.

CAMP-STOOL LIFE BUOY.—The camp-stool, as everybody knows, is one of the most familiar objects on board of our pleasure steamers, and Messrs. J. and A. W. Birt, of Dock Street, London Docks, bearing this fact in mind, and also the *Princess Alice* disaster, have patented a camp-stool life-buoy. Four large pieces of cork are fastened to the legs of an ordinary camp-stool, the article thereby being rendered buoyant, and capable of supporting at least two people in the water. The idea deserves the attention of steamboat proprietors.

THE NATIONAL TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR MUSIC.—The friends and patrons of the above-named Institution assembled in great force at the Mansion House on Wednesday afternoon, to assist at a Students' Concert. The Egyptian Hall, which had been placed at their disposal by the Lord Mayor, was crowded to excess. The students acquitted themselves well—two deserve special mention—Miss Lucy Riley, for her brilliant and finished execution of Mendelssohn's Concerto for Violin; and Eugene d'Albert—who is quite a lad—for his masterly performance of Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E Minor.

A SCRAP OF THE SKIN OF ANNE OF AUSTRIA, wife of Louis XIII. of France, is shortly to be sold in Paris. This historic relic is about 4 inches broad and 11 inches long, and strongly resembles, both in colour and substance, the favourite Parisian *gants de Suède*. Anne's body was buried in the church of the Val-de-Grâce, which was founded by her as a thanksgiving for the birth of Louis XIV., and the morsel of skin was taken from her right arm in 1800 by a Dr. Dabos, physician to the Val-de-Grâce, and had been carefully preserved in the family until, the last descendant having died, his property is to be sold.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,418 deaths were registered against 1,355 during the previous seven days, an increase of 63, being at the rate of 20·7 per 1,000. There were 5 deaths from small-pox, 13 from measles (a decline of 6), 33 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 1), 17 from diphtheria (a decline of 3, but exceeding the average by 7), 52 from whooping-cough (an increase of 12), 34 from different forms of fever (an increase of 6), and 37 from diarrhœa (a decline of 6). Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 286 (an increase of 39, and exceeding the average by 59). There were 2,358 births registered, an increase of 71. The mean temperature was 56·9 deg., or 5 deg. above the average. The duration of registered sunshine during the week was 31·3 hours out of 77·3 hours that the sun was above the horizon.

M. THIERS' PHILOSOPHICAL WORK, left unfinished at his death, was regarded by the statesman as greater than any of his historical works, and shortly after its commencement he wrote to his sister-in-law that if he were not spared to witness its success, his wife and she must reap the fame. He began the work in 1864, and worked at it at intervals until his resignation of office in 1874, when he studied botany and astronomy, and consequently made great alterations in his composition. In 1876 he began to revise his manuscript at Lausanne and Cannes, writing each page afresh and tearing up the old copy, while he also wrote an introduction. His duties as President of the Army Commission so occupied his time in 1877 that he could only glance at the beginning of the second volume, and he had merely revised a few pages at Dieppe and St. Germain when he died. Two volumes thus remain to be revised, and M. Mignet is to superintend and edit the copy, the original manuscript remaining in Madame Thiers' possession.

LORD DUFFERIN'S SUGGESTION to form an International Park round the Falls of Niagara is looked upon very favourably in the United States, and the Americans consider that such a step would eventually lead to a coalition of the American and Canadian peoples. Thus the *New York Herald* declares that if the project were carried out, Niagara would become the great summer resort of both Americans and Canadians, who would there constantly meet together, become knit by social and domestic ties, and gradually advance towards political union. Our contemporary's propositions on the æsthetic view of the subject are, however, better than on the political side. The journal very sensibly urges that in laying out such a park, the great object should be to restore the surroundings of the Falls to their pristine condition, instead of forming them after the plan of prim civilisation. The Park should be wild in nature, and only ornamented in keeping with the subject; the groups of statuary in particular being descriptive of aboriginal life, as Indian scenes would afford plentiful scope for the imagination.

DRESS IN BURMAH is directed by law. Every article of costume or ornament is strictly regulated, and if any of the lower orders usurp the insignia of a higher class, they may be immediately slain by the first person who meets them on the road. Indeed, Mendoon-Men, the King of Burmah, who has recently died, ruled his subjects with an iron hand. His officers of State were entirely dependent on his caprices, and when they fell into disgrace were exhibited on the side of the high road under the burning sun, with a heavy weight on their stomachs, while those in favour were not paid in money, but by a grant of land, or of public labour. Spies and detectives were honourable Court institutions, and the Lord of the White Elephant devoted a certain time daily to receiving the reports of his secret emissaries. Mendoon-men was literary in his tastes, had keen commercial instincts, and heartily hated the British, holding, on the other hand, Italians in high favour. He was much under the dominion of the Buddhist priests, and had greatly increased the taxation for their benefit, while he had covered Burmah with new pagodas, and at the time of his death was engaged in building an immense edifice, to which all his subjects had been forced to contribute.

BRIDESMAIDS IN FRANCE are now replaced by two tiny pages, says *Mayfair*, who are chosen from the prettiest of the boy-relatives of the bride or bridegroom, and are dressed in velvet of the bride's favourite colour. At a recent wedding the tiny court dress worn was of sapphire velvet, with white silk stockings and velvet shoes with diamond buckles. A bouquet composed of a rosebud, an orange blossom, and a branch of myrtle is attached to the left side. They perform the usual rôle of bridesmaids, carry the bride's missal, bouquet, gloves, and, in addition, meet her and assist her from the carriage-steps. The fashion of adapting reptiles for the tiny *porte bouquet* has been succeeded by something prettier and more happily inspired. Ladies are now replacing them by butterflies, bees, and birds, with wide-spread wings, in diamonds. H.R.H. the Princess of Wales has adopted the dragon-fly with its sapphire wings for her cognisance. The Princess de Sagan, whom she honours with her friendship, takes the white rose of her family traditions and fastens it in her corsage with a ruby swallow. One of the presents sent to the Princess Thyra by the Empress Eugénie was a butterfly in topaz to fasten in the cyclamen of which the younger Princess is so fond. The Duchess of Teck adopts the bee as the holder of her favourite flower, the daisy, which she wears continually. And so, during the winter, we shall find *les dames du beau monde* choosing each respectively her own insect and flower.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S GOLD CASKET

It will be remembered that in August last, soon after the return of our plenipotentiaries from Berlin, they were entertained at the Guildhall, and presented with the Freedom of the City in recognition of the services which they had rendered to the country during the Berlin Conference. The parchment certificates were handed to them at once, but the golden caskets in which they are to be preserved have only just been completed. They were designed and manufactured by Stephen Smith and Son, of Covent Garden. The sides are panelled in eight recesses, seven of which are occupied by enamelled shields representing the arms of the Powers at the Congress, the eighth bearing the arms of the recipient, this being the only difference between the one presented to Lord Beaconsfield and that intended for the Marquis of Salisbury. The cover is surmounted by a figure of Britannia; the base, which is of olive wood, decorated with palm leaves, bears the City arms and the inscription, and has at its four angles models of Landseer's Lions on the Nelson Column.

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'TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE"

The Hon. Edward Stanhope, M.P., Under-Secretary of State for India, whose work among the hop-pickers is well known and remembered in the districts where they are employed, has taken great interest in the movement to promote thrift among them, through the agency of the National Penny Bank, of which he is the chairman and one of the most active supporters. The scheme which is being tried is to open penny banks in the hop-gardens at the time the wages are paid, so that any hop-picker who can be induced to become a depositor will, on reaching London, find his money credited to him at any one of the seventy-three Branch Penny Banks now in operation. Our illustration represents an interesting gathering which took place on Sunday, the 22nd ult., at Buffalo Farm, Mereworth, near Wateringbury, when Mr. George C. T. Bartley, the manager of the National Penny Bank, delivered an address, pointing out in a popular manner the advantages of care and thrift in money, and the benefit of making the most and best use of everything we have. We may add that the work of the National Penny Bank is divided into three distinct branches—the penny Bank, the sale of Government securities, and the loans to assist in purchasing houses.

THE LATE SIR T. M. BIDDULPH
Born July 29, 1810, Died Sept. 28, 1878

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THE ELECTRIC LIGHT

The apparatus exhibited by Messrs. Wells and Co., of Shoreditch, for the production of electric light by the Jablochkoff process, and shown in our engraving, consists of a Gramme machine, a section of which is given to show the arrangement of magnets around a central axis. This rotates about 1,100 times per minute, and is driven by any ordinary engine. The Jablochkoff candle consists of two sticks of moulded carbon, embedded in a mass of composition to give them solidity, and are separated by a column of plaster of Paris, which acts as an insulator. The two carbons are connected at top by means of a thin stick of carbon one millimetre in diameter. The entire candle is held in a strong metal clip. Four of these are contained in a lamp, and are burnt in succession, an automatic arrangement shifting the current as each one is burnt out.

Messrs. Wells exhibited three of these lamps inside, and one outside of their large show rooms, the illumination of which was perfect, showing colours distinctly, and, being diffused, did not cast heavy shadows. They afterwards burnt six candles on one stand, simultaneously producing a brilliant light and solid shadows. As to the light itself, there is but little difference, and that only to be noted by experts, between it and the light produced by the systems that have already been adopted in London. It is of a very powerful character, and it extends its illuminating influence for a considerable distance without much apparent diminution of strength. Until Mr. Edison's recently-announced discovery is placed more definitely before the world we must, we think, give the palm to M. Jablochkoff for his electric candle.

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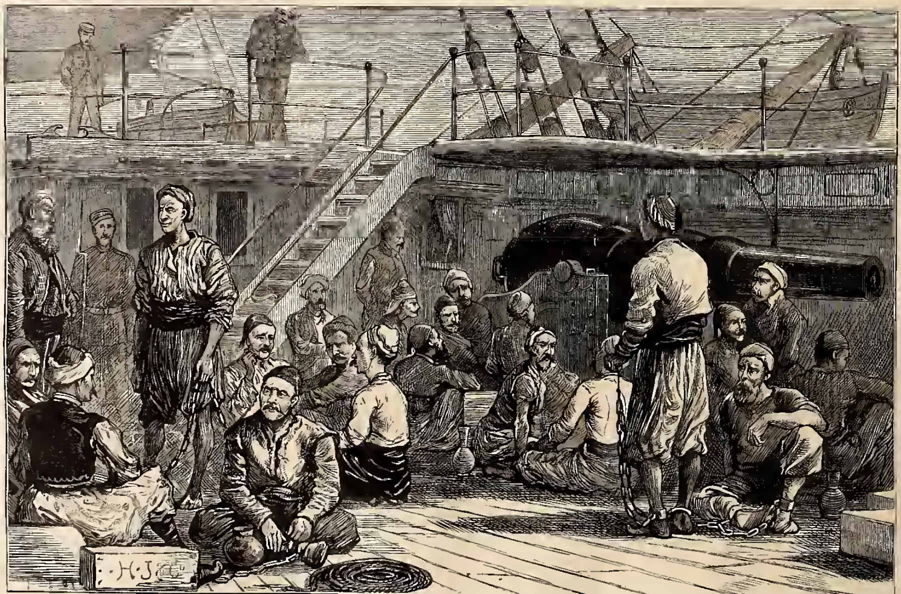
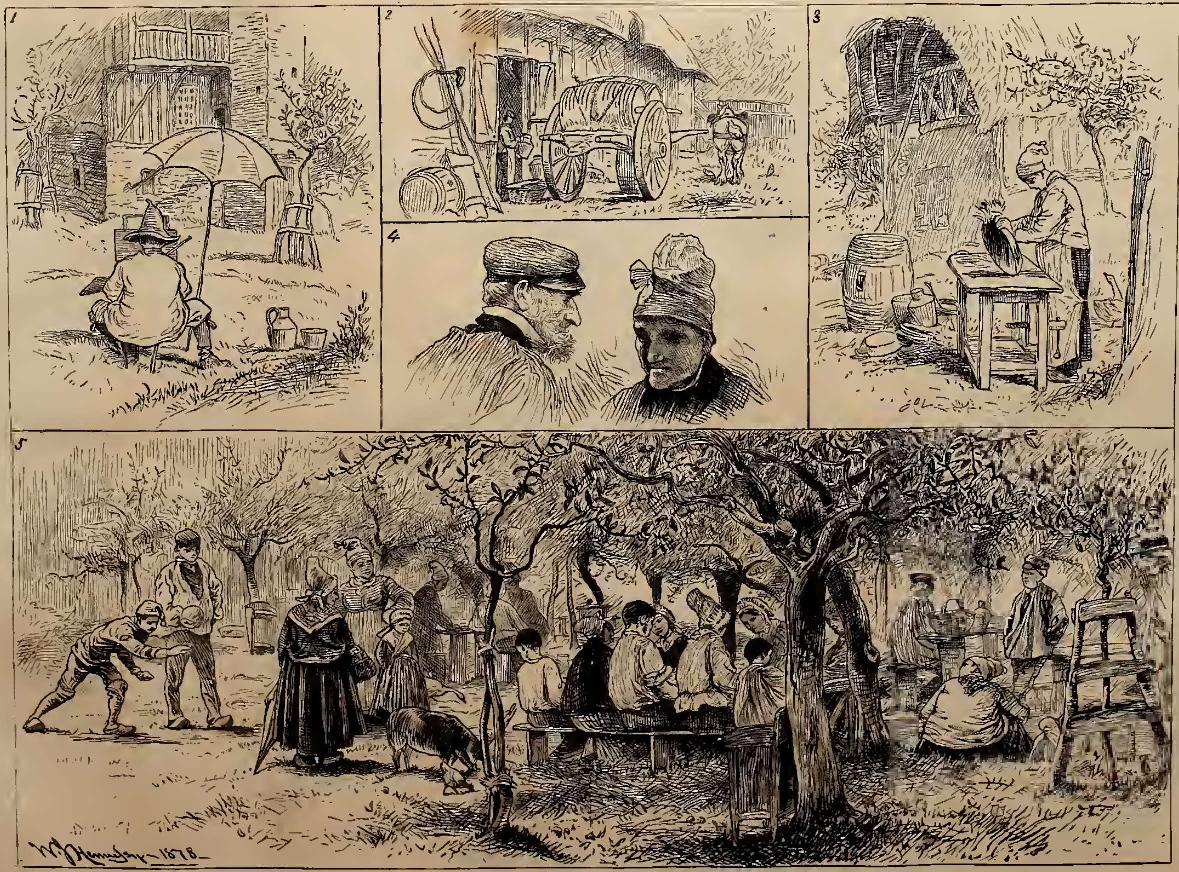
Pious Celestials in California go annually to the graves of their relatives to feed the spirits of the dead. They take with them roast pork, a quantity of whisky, and such other food as a well-regulated spirit of the Chinese persuasion is supposed to relish, and place the eatables on the graves, pouring a bottle of whisky on each as a libation. After waiting long enough for the spirits to make a hearty meal, the economical Chinese pack up the food and take it home again.



THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS—CONVEYING TURKISH CONVICTS BACK TO TURKEY ON BOARD H.M.S. "BLACK PRINCE"



1. A French Artist at Work.—2. Drawing Cider.—3. Scouring the *Batterie*.—4. Norman Types.—5. A Game of Bowls, *Déjeûner*, and Watching the Shot.

SKETCHES IN A NORMAN CIDER ORCHARD, I.

His Little Mother

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"

PART III.

THIRTY YEARS OLD

THE second decade of Miss Waldershare's acquaintance with the twin brother and sister differed a little from the first one. It flew faster,—years do fly much faster between twenty and thirty than between ten and twenty. How then must it be between fifty-five and sixty-five?—which she was now: no longer an "elderly," but an old lady.

A fact which she had at last learnt patiently to recognise. Like many another active, energetic, and unselfish woman, she had resisted fate to the last, maintained her youth and her brightheartedness; refused to succumb to many a cruel shock; resolved to "die with harness on her back." But the wear and tear of life gradually overcame her. After one bad illness she suddenly found out that she could not revive as heretofore—that she had grown, to all intents and purposes, an old woman.

After that she had to learn to be quiet, to let others do her work instead of doing it all herself; content if she were still the head, though not the hands as well; and more than content, thankful, to see the young rising up to do her duties for her, and to work in her stead, against the time when her place should know her no more.

Something on this wise she wrote to her friend Dorcas Hall. For they had long become

A pair of friends
Affectionate and true,

in spite of the difference in their ages, and the great gaps of time that intervened between their meetings, owing to the busy life of both. But they corresponded regularly; and Dorcas's simple history, as told in her letters, became the strongest interest Miss Waldershare had. Especially so, when for this active woman all the pleasures of existence slowly dwindled down to her own house and garden: and at last, during the winter months, to the limits of four silent walls.

Dorcas's letters—they are now arranged and labelled and packed together in a box, to go some day possibly to some rightful owner; if not consigned previously, by still tenderer hands, to that safest receptacle of all treasures—the fire. They began immediately after Cyprian left for India, and were full of him and his doings. Sometimes his letters were enclosed therein—bright, clever, funny, but by no means confidential epistles, if, indeed, he had had anything to confide, even to his "little mother." At first they came every mail, then less frequently, then they stopped entirely for a while; and Dorcas had to deaden her anxiety by the brief tidings she got of him through father and step-mother.

After that—sudden, startling news! Cyprian was married—actually married! at the age of two-and-twenty; unknown to any one, and to a girl whom nobody had ever heard of. He had met her at some hill-station—a mere child of sixteen—most charming, in spite of a slight touch of the despised Hindoo blood shining through her beautiful brown face. So said Cyprian, who had fallen madly in love, and in three weeks brought her home to Calcutta as his bride. But the father—irritated, and not quite without cause, at such an imprudent proceeding—turned him adrift, thus depriving him of his clerk's salary, the only income he had.

"Yet he is so clever—has so many friends—he will speedily find other work," wrote the sister, trying to look on the bright side of things. And it was so; for Cyprian seemed always to fall on his feet. But the breach between him and his father was made—and made for life.

This was Dorcas's agony; not the marriage. She forgave that. In the heart of the "little mother" jealousy—sisterly jealousy—was impossible.

"He was sure to fall in love; and to marry early was the best thing that could happen to him. I always told him so. Cyprian could never do without a woman to take care of him. Only I wish he had waited till he had just a little more money—and—I wish he had not vexed Papa! For all else—look at her likeness. Isn't it a sweet face? My pretty 'sister!' How could he help loving her? And after all, dear friend, don't you think that love is best?"

Whether Miss Waldershare did or not—that Dorcas did, she knew. For James Moffat had just persuaded her to wait indefinite years, till the Fellowship he now held should result in a College living.

"We are not like Cyprian"—and her friend fancied she could almost have seen the smile, half-tender, half-amused, yet just a little sad, with which Dorcas always spoke or wrote of Cyprian—"we can wait. Papa will never need to be angry with us." Which indeed was not likely, as Mr. Hall, senior, had always been too indifferent to his daughter to feel either pleasure or displeasure at any of her proceedings.

So time went on; and Dorcas still lived with Miss Moffat, upon a very small allowance, apparently—for she began to supplement it in various silent ways—especially in selling her drawings, which were remarkably good for an amateur. It was a dull life; except in the long vacation, when Mr. Moffat came to share her devoted care of his infirm old aunt, and to speculate with her on the chances of that college living which was to open all Paradise to these simple souls. But more than one living fell in, and was given to somebody else—somebody more "pushing," or with more College influence than honest James Moffat. Year after year went by, and he was still a Fellow—and Miss Hall a spinster—travelling through her twenties as she had done through her teens—complaining to no one and troubling no one. Few even knew that she was engaged—she and James being both silent people, who preferred not to perplex any one with their affairs.

Thus she drifted on, till she had ceased to feel herself a girl any more, and one day told Miss Waldershare, with a sort of pathetic amusement, of somebody who had called her a "born old maid." This was about the middle of the ten years. Very soon after, she arrived, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, at Miss Waldershare's door; dressed in deep mourning, looking pale and grave, but with a strange smile, not at all of hopeless misery, creeping about her mouth.

"I come to you in my trouble," she said; "I wanted to consult you—James would not understand—it is only a woman that would understand."

"What—what has happened?" looking in dread at her black dress. "Not—not Cyprian?"

"No—his wife—poor Issa. She has died, and left him with twins. Think, twins—brother and sister—just like Cyprian and me!—only a month old."

And then her self-restraint of many hours gave way, and Dorcas burst out weeping in her friend's opened arms.

It was a very sad story, to which, elderly and prudent woman as she was, Miss Waldershare could not refuse her sympathy. Rash and foolish as the young couple had been, they had paid for their folly in keen suffering. At the last, the poor dying mother would have wanted the commonest comforts of life, but for the kindness which even strangers often show to one another in India.

"And what of the babies? Surely your father will relent now, and take the poor helpless babies?"

"N—no," said Dorcas, looking down. "In fact, Cyprian would not have let them go. He preferred sending them, in charge of his wife's ayah, to me."

"To you? Good heavens!"

"Oh—you could not say I am not to take them! My poor little babies—Cyprian's own children. Where should he have sent them except to me? I was his 'little mother,' you remember?"

"But the burthen—the trouble—the expense even—in case he does not send money enough to maintain them."

"He will, or if not I can work," said Dorcas, calmly. "I do work as it is. It will be merely keeping the money here instead of sending it."

Here she stopped, blushing so violently that Miss Waldershare turned her head another way. But she had only found out a fact long guessed, that every penny the sister earned and could spare went out to the poor young couple in India.

"God bless you, my dear. If you come for my advice, it is—just follow your own. But—Mr. Moffat?"

"James is a man who always does his duty—he will never hinder me in doing mine," was the answer, given with such proud confidence that Miss Waldershare smiled—and sighed.

"Well, and when do your twins arrive?"

"Cyprian put them on board a merchant vessel in charge of the captain and his wife. They may arrive any day. Only think—me with my two babies—my dear little twins!"

"You foolish girl! and how do you intend to manage them?"

"Doesn't somebody—yourself, I think—say that any woman with common sense and a motherly heart can soon learn how to manage a baby?"

So, caught in her own trap, Miss Waldershare ceased to look "severe," and entered heartily into the joy, which almost extinguished grief, that filled the heart of Cyprian's "little mother" in having these motherless babies to take care of. The burthen of them—and Miss Waldershare foresaw how heavy it was likely to be, for willing shoulders never lack a weight—was wholly forgotten in the inexpressible pride and delight.

So the two spinsters, young and old, made every preparation for the reception of the babies, feeling as happy as children with a new doll. It was foolish, perhaps, but natural, considering the sort of women they were, women whom it often pleases Heaven to make childless, if only for the sake of the many children in this world who are, outwardly, or in reality, motherless.

And when at last the twins arrived—two poor little skinny things, with great dark eyes and brown, wizened faces, not at all like wholesome English babies—their aunt's pride in them knew no bounds. For were they not her very own flesh and blood—Cyprian's children, bearing his name? And as they began to improve in looks, not unlike him—or she fancied so. Her happiness in them was something absolutely inexpressible.

And when, after a month or two, the ayah sailed for India—no slight relief—she took them entirely under her own charge, and, despite the forebodings of neighbours and friends, made such a capital nurse, that instead of dying, which everybody fully expected, the twins—"Miss Hall's twins," as they were somewhat oddly called—were, though still brown and thin, as nice, and even as pretty children as any on the Terrace—nay, in the whole town. Even old Miss Moffat was proud of "our children;" and in her second childhood rather enjoyed having the silent house filled with young voices and the sound of pattering feet. Especially as, being thoroughly healthy, happy, and well-cared for, they were almost always good. Their education, begun by their aunt at two months old, and never entrusted to any one but herself, was certainly no failure, as many a grave matron had prognosticated it would be, in smiling over the proverbial perfection of "old maids' children."

"Trouble?" wrote Dorcas, in answer to some questions of Miss Waldershare's, "the poor little things are no trouble at all. I never amuse them—I teach them to amuse themselves. 'Two kittens and a ball of worsted'—the grand remedy for low spirits: —why, *my* 'kittens' are far the best, and they never hinder work" (the work which she now owned had become vitally necessary) "'Auntie busy—must not interrupt auntie,' they say, settle together in a corner of my painting-room—their 'den' we call it, and there they play together for hours. I keep an eye—or half an eye—upon them, and that is all; they never trouble me. They are such good little children."

It did occur to Miss Waldershare that a good nurse generally makes good children, and that those who complain of unruly ones might often, if they looked within, find better cause to complain of themselves. But she said nothing. There is a common but shrewd proverb, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and certainly no one could see the merry, wholesome, easily managed children and their contented aunt without feeling that, however she did it, she contrived to make both them and herself thoroughly happy, without interfering with the happiness of anybody else. Even Mr. Moffat, though at first a trifle jealous, soon became quite satisfied. For he saw her satisfied; with her heart full of love, and her life full of duties, which, though not always easy, were always sweet.

And Cyprian?——

Cyprian's letters—which Miss Waldershare sometimes got sight of—were clever and charming as ever, and became gradually less and less sad. He was not of the temperament that grieves eternally, even for a lost wife. And presently he found plenty of work to do; though it was hard work, and such small pay, Dorcas said, that it was "fortunate" she herself was able to maintain the twins entirely. Dressed very plainly, and brought up simply, they were yet children whom any father might be proud of; and so would their's be, she hoped, when he came home.

"Papa's coming home,"—the ideal "Papa" whom the twins were constantly told of, and taught to believe in with a passionate admiration, as soon as their little minds could take in anything—was now the dream of Dorcas's life.

"If I could see him once again!—give his children into his arms, and watch him with them—he used to be so fond of children, and such a favourite with them, as he was with everybody. It is very hard for him to be parted from his pretty twins—many things have been very hard for him; but I think all is brightening. He is much better off now than he was. Poor Cyprian!"

In spite of the advancing prosperity, which showed itself, if not in regular payments, in very valuable Indian presents, "from Papa"—she still called him "poor Cyprian!" But—it was a curious fact—she never by any chance called Mr. Moffat "poor James!"

No, not though he worked hard and had few pleasures; his Fellowship barely gave him enough to live on, and the College living still hung afar off "in the clouds." But he trusted Dorcas and she trusted him; they wrote constantly and met occasionally, whenever they could. And what is it that makes happiness? I think, not prosperity; not even the attainment of all one wishes, but the power of enjoying what one has. A clean heart, a quiet conscience, a loving and faithful soul—these, in spite of outward circumstances, will create a happy, at least a not unhappy life. Therefore, I refuse to consider James Moffat and Dorcas Hall altogether miserable.

Miss Waldershare, seeing this, ceased to be needlessly miserable concerning them. In truth, as the years slipped by, her restless anxiety over those she loved somewhat abated. She learned to trust Heaven a little more, and herself a little less; to believe that the Father above would take care of her dear ones as well as she could—possibly a little better. Therefore, though she and Dorcas, tied by many duties, seldom met face to face, still she rested content about her friend; until one day, when, to her great surprise, she got a letter from Cyprian.

"I am not quite easy concerning my sister," he wrote; "and would be grateful to you to tell me exactly how she is. She rarely speaks of herself, but now she owns to being 'not strong;' and is very anxious that I should come home. Why? She is young still—we are not thirty yet"—that half-comical, yet infinitely pathetic "we" of twins. "But if her health is really failing, what should I do? Who would take care of my children? I trust to you, her faithful friend, to tell me the exact truth concerning her."

Which, having exerted all her small strength in a four-days' visit to Dorcas, Miss Waldershare did.

"I do not consider your sister 'failing,'" was the letter that went out to Calcutta by the next mail, "but she is naturally delicate, and she has had a hard life. Two children to bring up—first to earn the money, and then expend it" (Miss Waldershare could be severely candid when she thought right) "a feeble old lady to take charge of, and the anxiety of a doubtful future; being torn in two, as it were—for when Mr. Moffat does get the living, which is promised him, and seems very near now—what is she to do? No man likes to enter on married life burthened with another man's children. Yes, my dear Cyprian, though not failing now, she may fail. I do think it would be right and best for you to come home."

Having written thus strongly, and without delay—for she felt these things ought to be said, and who was there to say them but herself?—Miss Waldershare was a long time before she heard any further. For, shortly afterwards, she fell ill, and lingered weeks and months in that sort of semi-existence when everything but the things close at hand seems to grow dim, and she began to understand clearer how, by and by, the outside world and all its interests might fade away from her altogether, almost without pain.

She had been a little surprised that Dorcas Hall never came to see her, never offered to come; though writing regularly, and telling all the news about everybody, except herself. But these letters, so sweet and cheerful, as well as punctual, took away all suspicion that anything was wrong.

More especially as each letter brought brighter tidings. Mr. Moffat had at last got the expected living, in Derbyshire, such a pretty neighbourhood and a prettier parsonage, everything they could both desire. And Cyprian was coming home—they hoped in time for the marriage. Also, not alone. The twins would have to welcome not only their unknown father, but a stepmother—young, and, by her letters, very sweet and good.

This last piece of news Dorcas communicated by word of mouth, waiting beside Miss Waldershare at the station, whither, on her way to Buxton Baths, the invalid had begged to be met. By a battalion, as it turned out; Mr. Moffat, Dorcas, and the little twins, now growing quite big children.

"I have told them they must learn to say 'Mamma,' and that they are sure to love her. I was not surprised—indeed I was quite glad," she added. "Cyprian needed a wife so much, and he has waited a long time."

"Yes, six years *is* a long time, and men don't like waiting," said Miss Waldershare, rather satirically. "There is almost no such thing as a faithful man."

"Except James," said Dorcas, gently, as she held out her hand to him with a smile. To the end of her days Miss Waldershare will never forget that look and that smile.

Somewhat to her friend's surprise, Dorcas never referred to the question as to what was to be done with the twins when their father came home, or after he went back to India again. Nor did she speak much of her own future, scarcely of the future at all. She seemed quite absorbed in the happy present.

"Only to think, in one week Cyprian will be at home. After ten years—ten long anxious years. He will look quite middle-aged, I dare say. I shall hardly know him—or he me. Oh yes, we shall—we shall! And I shall show him his children, just like what he and I were, in the days when I was his 'little mother.' Do you remember?"

Miss Waldershare did remember; and thought, irradiated by this wonderful flood of joy, Dorcas, pale and thin as she was, looked almost like the little Dorcas of the children's tea-party, so many years ago. They spoke of it—and of heaps of other things—spending a most merry hour together: till at last the train started, and Miss Waldershare caught her last glimpse of the little group standing as they would so soon stand on Southampton Quay—Dorcas with her two children, one in each hand—waiting for the ship with "Papa" on board.

After that day, for more than ten days she heard nothing of the Halls. She thought, perhaps, they were too happy to remember her, and, being very suffering herself, was almost glad. When just making up her mind to write and say so, in the tenderest and least obtrusive way, she took up a two-days' old *Times*, and there read, in that fatal column which we often glance over so idly—as being no concern of ours—the "Deaths."

"On the 24th, very suddenly, aged thirty years, Miss Dorcas Hall."

That same day a letter from James Moffat, brief and subdued, full of the quiet grief of one who knows he has half a life-time still to work and to grieve in, explained everything.

People have died of joy, it is said: if any one ever did so die, it was surely Dorcas Hall.

As they found out afterwards, she had been ailing for some time, but said nothing; and had even supported, with a marvellous courage, five days of killing suspense, when the Indian mail became overdue; and there were vague reports of some terrible disaster having happened in the Red Sea. But on the sixth day there came a telegram from Southampton, from Cyprian: "*Arrived safe and well; shall be with you this evening.*"

It was too much. Uttering a cry, almost a shriek, of joy, she clasped her hands in thankfulness, then put them suddenly to her heart. In a moment, without word or moan, with the smile still on her lips, and the telegram grasped in her fingers, Dorcas was "away." She had

Taken up her crown and gone home,

according to a sweet childish song—American and negro—which she was fond of singing to her little twins. All that day and night it rang in Miss Waldershare's half-stunned brain,

> She has taken up her crown and gone home,
> And the angels are waiting at the door.

But—poor Cyprian. Feeble as she was, the very next day Miss Waldershare put herself in the train, and went to see Cyprian.

The Terrace looked exactly as usual; just as it had done twenty years before, when she went to the children's tea-party. Old Miss Moffat sat at the open window, basking in the summer sunshine, in her peaceful second childhood. There were no blinds down; of course; all had happened a week ago; they had resumed that old life—Dorcas was quite—quite "away."

Miss Waldershare was shown into the drawing-room, where sat writing a tall handsome bearded man—farther off a lady, very sweet looking, was trying to amuse two children—*her* children.

"We try to make them happy, and we shall succeed by-and-by," said Cyprian, after the first bitter half hour. "They are our own dear children."

"And such good children," added Cyprian's wife. "I never saw such good children."

"It is all her doing," the father exclaimed. "You knew what she was; and what she was to me, even when we were no older than these twins. They will never forget her—nor I. She has done everything for me all my life; and now when I might have done something for her——"

"God has done it differently," said Miss Waldershare, laying her hand on the shoulder of the big strong man, who had sunk down sobbing like a baby. "Be content. He knows best."

"I believe that. But oh! my 'little mother'—my 'little mother!'"

THE END

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THE JAPANESE NAVY: PAST AND PRESENT

"Look on this picture and on that!" Here we have a Japanese war-ship of the olden time—not so very old either, for such high-bowed, high-pooped, queer-looking craft bore the Shogun's flag over the narrow seas of Japan not more than twelve years ago.

A wondrous vessel she is, with her clumsy looking helm, her mast consisting of several poles lashed together, and the crest of the Shogun or Taïkun displayed on her oiled-paper lantern and her huge single sail. What a contrast between her and His Imperial Japanese Majesty's corvette *Seïki* (*The Brilliant*), one of the tightest, best built, and most completely equipped men-of-war of her class that ever sailed the high seas, and rendered famous evermore by the fact of her being not only the first modern sea-going war-vessel built in a Japanese dockyard, but also the first vessel belonging to his Imperial Majesty the Mikado which has ever visited Europe! One of our sketches represents the quarter-deck of the *Seïki* as it appeared on Friday, the 26th of July, when the ship, then lying in the Thames off Greenhithe, was the scene of a splendid entertainment given by Captain Enouyé and his officers to the friends of Japan in London, who had been bidden to the feast by the Imperial Japanese Legation.

Were it not for the unmistakeably Japanese features of the officers and crew, for the white flag with the red device of the Sun-Circle, for the strange character in which the ship's name was emblazoned on the men's hat ribbons, and for the superb Japanese furniture, lacquer-work, wood-carving, porcelain, and brocade in the captain's cabin and ward-room, the visitor might easily have fancied himself on board one of Her Britannic Majesty's smartest ships. As great as the contrast between war-junk and corvette is that between the Japanese Admiral "all of the olden time" (1867), and gallant Captain Enouyé of the *Seïki*. A contrast in outward appearance and in naval knowledge only, for both in the Great Revolution of 1868, and in the Satsuma Civil War of 1877, Captain Enouyé has shown that by cutting off his "magé," or top-knot, and adopting a uniform almost identical with that of our Captains, R.N., he has not foresworn the true "Yamato Damashi," that fine "spirit of Old Japan" which yet animates the gentlemen of the Empire of the Rising Sun, and to this day bids them lay down their lives cheerfully for their country and their Emperor.

Next, are contrasted a Japanese "sendo," or sailor of the old *régime* (1867), scantily attired in a "fundashi," or loin cloth, and the jolly Japanese tar of our days, his muscular brown limbs encased in an exact imitation of our own blue-jackets' "rig," which he wears with a jauntiness and smartness truly British. Then a Japanese "Kaï-Heï," or marine; of 1867; amphibious by profession, "half-and-half" as to his equipment, which is a strange mixture of Japanese and European arms and accoutrements, he represents the transition period. As a contrast, we have the bugler of the *Seïki*—Nagata Masakata, best of buglers, and as bold a little warrior as ever sounded the "Advance;" for Nagata has a decided liking for the "Advance!" and the only instance of disobedience on his part—in its humble way as sublime as Nelson's disregard of the signal at Copenhagen—is that, when at a critical moment of the struggle in Satsuma in 1877, the sturdy little marine would not hear the command "Retire!" but kept on sounding the "Advance!" (and firing an effective shot now and again) until his side had won the day. This man may be taken as a very fair specimen of the average Japanese sailor, and a glance at his career will explain how it is that at every port at which the *Seïki* has called—and she has visited nearly every naval station of importance in Europe—the conduct of her men, when on shore, has been so exemplary.

Nagata was a "Samuraï," a two-sworded man, a nobleman, before the Revolution of 1861, which threw him (and the whole class to which he belonged) out of his employment, which had hitherto chiefly consisted in the practice of military arts and the study, to a certain extent, of native literature. Thus obliged to work for a living, the great majority of the "Samuraï" class joined the services which were so congenial to their tastes, but as they could not all be officers, the bulk of them went to make up the rank and file of the Imperial navy and army, and so we find a corvette manned by gentlemen in the best acceptation of the term, and rejoicing in the possession of a ship's bugler, who, besides being a doughty warrior, twice wounded in battle, has received a remarkably good education, who speaks very fair English, and whose manners would do honour to a Master of the Ceremonies. The last sketch represents an incident of the grand reception on board off Greenhithe. Some of the charming young English ladies have gone below on an exploring expedition, and have penetrated to the sick bay, where a poor Japanese seaman lies in his hammock nursing a sore eye, and listening in amazement to the popping of corks and the sounds of the woefully European string-band on the upper-deck.

The *Seïki* was designed in Japan under European supervision, but from the moment that her lines were down she was taken in hand by natives, and she has been entirely built, fitted, rigged, and engined by Japanese, at the Imperial Naval Dockyard at Yokoska, and almost entirely with Japanese materials. Her principal guns are German breechloaders from Krupp's celebrated factory at Essen, but she also carries a small Armstrong breechloader. The rifles of her crew are Martini-Henry's, *the* fire-arm of the day, their revolvers are Adams's breechloading, but the cutlasses, axes, the boarding-pikes, and bayonets are all made of the far-famed Japanese steel. No European has a berth on board, and the only officer who has ever left Japan before is the first-lieutenant, Mr. Etzuki, who served for some years as midshipman and sub-lieutenant in the British Royal Navy.

When we compare the Japanese Navy of 1867 with that of 1878, we cannot help admiring the wonderful progress of that nation, which now modestly claims a place in the great fraternity of civilised peoples, but whose flag is destined one day to float over the Eastern seas as an emblem of progress, prosperity, and culture.

We are indebted for these sketches, and for the above particulars, to Mr. Arthur Diosy, R.N.A.V., known in Japanese circles as Shüyama Sama.

Magazines

The place of honour in the *Fortnightly Review* is occupied by Mr. Lowe's paper on "Imperialism," but this has already been so fully discussed and commented upon in the daily press that we need not dwell upon it here. It may be enough to say that it is in the main an apology for—rather, indeed, an encomium of—that policy of strict non-intervention steadily pursued by this country from the close of the Crimean war until a very recent date. We should imagine that Mr. Lowe's appeal will be addressed to deaf ears. Nothing could better show his want of sympathy with the present, and, as we believe, the abiding, mood of the bulk of his countrymen, than his language here touching India. If Englishmen have a national purpose at all, it is that they mean to hold India at all costs and against all comers. But India, in Mr. Lowe's eyes, is simply a wolf we have by the ears, which it is as difficult to let go as to hold; and he would plainly be glad to be quit of the great dependency if he could see his way to withdrawal from it without over-much discredit. The article strikes us as another instance of that curious mental twist in its author which stands so much in the way of his playing that part in public affairs to which his splendid abilities and eminently sound opinions on many subjects so well entitle him.—Another political paper is Mr. Ralph Earle's on "Mr. Gladstone and the New Equilibrium," a criticism on the late Premier from the point of view of intelligent and cosmopolitan Liberalism. Even in the fervour of his anti-Turkish crusade, Mr. Gladstone, says Mr. Earle, never could get rid of the idea that Russia was a Power whose aggressive tendencies Europe had to dread and guard against. He failed to see how completely the unification of Germany had changed the former state of affairs. It is essential to Germany to put a curb to Russian aggression, and we may safely leave that task to her. But the "new equilibrium" for Europe will only have been secured when the Slavs, like the Italians and the Germans, have attained their just position—that is, when Russia has been allowed to come down to the Ægean. Disagreeing as we do with much that is advanced in this paper, it is impossible not to recognise and admire its thoughtfulness and ability.—Mr. Frederic Harrison's essay on the theory of Sovereignty as laid down by John Austin, and Mr. Romanes's on the beginnings of nerve-tissue as first found in the ascending series of animal life in the Medusæ, or jelly-fishes, are both singularly able papers, but, as may be imagined, of a highly technical character.—Mr. Walter Pater gives us a "study" of Charles Lamb, admirably written, of course, but somewhat thin and unsatisfactory. We fancy Mr. Pater is trying to persuade himself that he values and enjoys Lamb a great deal more than he really does.—We must not omit to mention Mr. A. C. Lyall's poem, "A Rajput Chief of the Old School," a vigorous, picturesque, and sympathetic picture, even if it can hardly rank high as poetry.

English periodical literature not affording a sufficiently ample field for Mr. Gladstone to disport himself in, he appears this month in the *North American Review* as the contributor of an article styled "Kin Beyond Sea," a title the meaning of which is not very clear. We must confess that there seems to us only too much truth in the criticism that has been passed upon it—that Mr. Gladstone contemplates the prospect that America will probably in the not distant future wrest from this country her commercial primacy too much as if such a prospect afforded him gratification. But his account of how the Queen's Government over the British Empire is actually carried on by that "fourth estate" of the realm—the Cabinet—cannot but be read with much interest, coming, as it does, from a statesman who has been a prominent member of many Cabinets, and at the head of one. The *Review* further contains a valuable paper on "Torpedo Warfare," by Admiral Porter, U.S.N., and another—not very valuable—by Mr. G. W. Julian, entitled "Is the Reformer any Longer Needed?" and intended as an attack on the *laissez-faire* theories as to matters political and social put forth by Mr. Herbert Spencer and his school.—Mr. Perry's notice of Alfred de Musset, whom he calls "the most poetical of modern French poets," is also worth looking at.

In *Fraser* Mr. M'Coan continues his series of papers on Turkey by an account of Slavery and Polygamy, such as they are at present. The latter institution, he thinks, may safely be let alone, and left to run its comparatively harmless course, and die the natural death which inevitably awaits it.—The article, "Is Schoolmastering a Learned Profession?" insists on the necessity—*inter alia*—of doing away with that Boarding-House system, which, it is urged, makes the schoolmaster seem to have more in common with the butcher and the baker than with members of a learned profession; and we have a very candid, not to say appreciative, paper on "Some Aspects of Modern Nonconformity," which is very well worth reading. We are told, too, something more about the Burmese, and about "M. B. E.'s" holidays in Eastern France.

The *Cornhill* contains an ingenious article on "Literary Coincidences," giving a curious and entertaining collection of the gross plagiarisms which eminent men of letters have unconsciously committed.—We have a very readable paper on "Colour in Painting," the object of which is to assert—in no spirit of condemnation, be it observed—that bright hues, red, purple, orange, and yellow, are to be found in greater proportions on the canvas of painters than in the average every-day scenes of external Nature or human life, and to inquire how the fact comes to be so. The sketch of Runeberg, a Swedish poet of our own century, all but unknown in England, is also praiseworthy.

The feature of chief interest in the *Gentleman's Magazine* is a paper by Dr. Richardson on "Ether-Drinking and Extra Alcoholic Intoxication." It is an account of ether-drinking and its consequences, as witnessed by himself in Draper's Town, a village in the north of Ireland. Ether intoxication, it seems, is produced much more rapidly than intoxication from alcohol, but is also much quicker in passing away; so that a man may get drunk half-a-dozen different times in the course of the twenty-four hours if he has a mind. Farther, from the rapidity with which ether intoxication comes on, its victim can only for the very briefest space be dangerous or troublesome, as he soon passes into complete insensibility. At the same time Dr. Richardson has no doubt that ether-drinking is a bad practice, attended with many dangers; though, as a choice of evils, he thinks ether less hurtful than alcohol.—Mr. R. A. Proctor's exposition on scientific grounds of the essential unfairness, and therefore immorality, of all betting on races, is forcible enough, though, perhaps, he may be considered to write with somewhat more warmth than the occasion calls for.

We have a very fairly good number of the *University Magazine*, the most noticeable among its papers being, one on Adam Smith by Mr. Eric S. Robertson, and another, which has at least the merit of freshness and variety, by the Marquis de Nangis, entitled "The Monk's Nemesis." It is quite a new experience to come across a writer in a periodical of these days who manifestly sincerely believes that a curse attends those families who continue to hold property torn from the Church at the Reformation.

We have received the first number of a new serial publication, "The Lives of the Cardinals," by Mr. P. J. O'Byrne (Roland, Ladelle, and Co.), to be completed in seventy-five shilling numbers, issued weekly. Each number will contain a memoir of one of the members of the Sacred College, together with his portrait. Of course the work starts with a sketch of the career of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., accompanied by a very finely executed likeness, and, if we may judge of the rest of the work from this specimen, its portraits of themselves ought to win for it a large measure of popularity. During the progress of the work, we are told in a prospectus, some chapters will be devoted to the history of the Origin and Development of the Sacred College of Cardinals, the Origin and Functions of the Congregations, and the Procedure of the Conclave, all matters of some interest, as to which it is exceedingly difficult to obtain really trustworthy information.

The *rapprochement* between the progressive West and the (so-called) immoveable East is illustrated by the success of the *An-Nahlah*, or *Bee*, an Anglo-Arabic illustrated magazine which has now survived the first year of its issue, and may therefore, it is to be hoped, be considered to have made for itself a firm footing. The *Bee* comes out once a fortnight, and the editor, the Rev. J. Louis Sabunje, deserves great credit for the excellence of the illustrations which he provides for his Eastern readers, and also for his carefully-selected articles on science and literature, his biographical sketches and portraits of British and other eminent men, and his succinct summaries of news. We are glad therefore to learn that this unpretending little periodical is gaining appreciation in India and throughout the East.

Mr. S. C. Hall is often spoken of as a "veteran *littérateur*," and we are well aware that he was industriously catering for the public before many of our present celebrities were born or thought of; at the same time we are unable to trace any senility about the editing of *Social Notes*, which, for those who take an interest in something beyond mere frivolity, and who desire to make their fellow creatures happier and better, is one of the most readable magazines of the day. Indeed, it is just because it is so readable that we so seldom notice it. The editor takes it home in his pocket for the amusement and instruction of his family, and it is never seen again. Part VII. now before us is fully equal to any of its predecessors.

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AUTUMN: IN A SICK ROOM

They tell me the Summer is over,
The Summer is dead,
The thrush and the linnet are silent,
The swallows are fled;
And the perishing leaves of the forest
Hang fevered and red,
Waiting the hands of the Winter
To smooth their death-bed.

O, why did'st thou tarry no longer,
Thou Child of the Sun,
Who made our chill pulses beat stronger,
And thrill every one
With magical senses of gladness
And joy re-begun?
O Child! thou art gone ere we knew thee,
And gladness is done!

To-day the whole heaven is darkened
With clouds and with rain:
The winds are all wailing and sighing
In terror and pain.
Is the great world itself dying?
Or praying in vain
The beautiful death-stricken Summer
To waken again?

W. J. Dawson

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A Railway up Vesuvius is to be constructed within the next few months, if the threatened eruption does not interfere with the present plans. There will be a double line of rails laid on an iron framework, supported by iron pillars, on which will run eight small carriages, drawn by a wire rope instead of the usual locomotive, and so arranged that four will be making the ascent as the four others descend. These carriages will hold four persons apiece, and will be kept some two hundred yards apart, while strong automatic brakes are to be fitted, so as to stop the carriages immediately if the rope should break. The line will be rather over half a mile long, and the gradients very steep—1 in 2. The carrying out of this project will put a stop to all such attempts to levy black mail from travellers as the episode recently related by a correspondent of *The Times*. Two American ladies and a gentleman, with a courier, lately ascending the mountain at night, were fastened upon by ten hangers-on—extra guides, torch-bearers, &c.—who, when at the summit, tried to force the ladies to descend into the outer crater, in order to obtain extra fees, and on their refusal fairly fought the courier; the party being unable to get away from their persecutors for two hours. In the previous week also a gentleman met with similar annoyances, but another party courageously refused to accede to any exorbitant demands, and effectually cowed the Italians by a fictitious display of rage.

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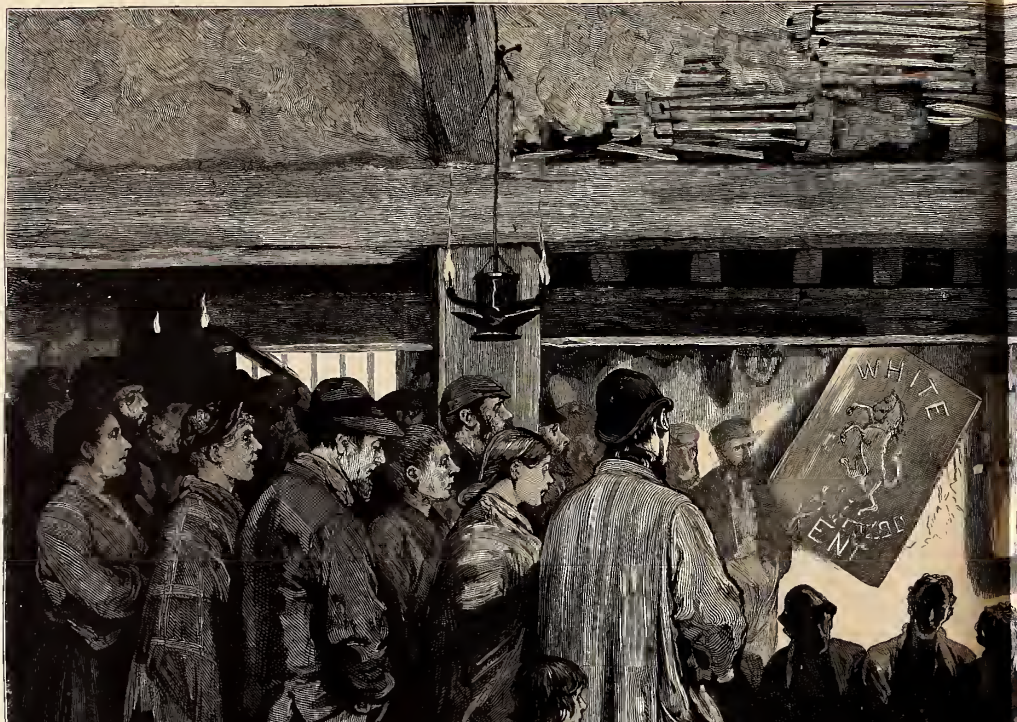
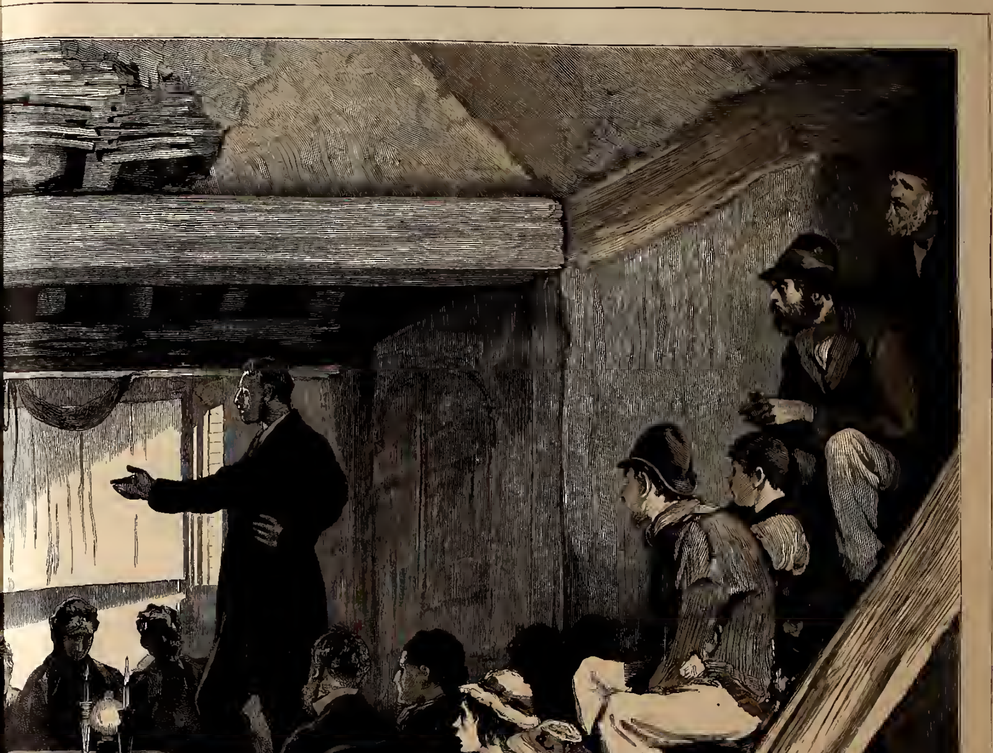
BOOKS RECEIVED

England's Language: William Marshall; Songs of the Sierras: Joaquin Miller; Songs of Far Away Lands: Joaquin Miller. Longmans.
Cabul, the Ameer and His Country: Phil. Robinson. S. Low and Co.
Yoicks! *Judy* Office.
A True Marriage: Emily Spender. Hurst and Blackett.
Our Blue Jackets. Hodder and Stoughton.
Cyprus: R. Hamilton Lang. Macmillan.
Old and New London, Vol. VI. Cassell.
Root and Flower: John Palmer Griffith and Farran



"TAKE CARE OF

MR BARTLEY OF THE NATIONAL PENNY BANK ADD



THE PENCE"

ESSING HOP-PICKERS AT MEREWORTH, KENT

New Novels

"Lady's Holm," by Annie L. Walker, author of "Against Her Will," &c. (3 vols.: Samuel Tinsley).—We find in Miss Walker's new story the same careful and conscientious workmanship, and the same power of drawing characters whom we feel to be natural, and just what such people must have been with such surroundings, that we noticed in "Against Her Will." The first volume is, indeed, in its way very nearly perfect. Nothing could be better than the picture of little Mary Langford's childhood under the care of her "Aunt Maynard"—a childhood "repressed, emotionless, artificial," because the woman of many sorrows, old before her time, held down all feeling within herself with such an iron grasp that she was simply incapable of showing the little one how dear she was to her, and the child felt herself a person merely tolerated, and of no use or importance to any one—and of her awakening to liberty, life, and love on her first visit to beautiful Lady's Holm, a sort of glorified farm-house, originally one of the smaller religious foundations, the home of her bachelor uncle, Stephen Langford. Excellent, also, and very amusing, is the story of the taming of the arrogant and conceited little heiress, Millicent Lyndon, the other heroine of the piece, by the clever, motherly governess, Mrs. Ryan. Nor do these young ladies lose their interest when grown up, though with most readers Mary will rightfully be the favourite, and the story of their respective love affairs, which at one time threaten to be troubled enough, forms thoroughly pleasant reading. The sensational element which the author has thought fit to introduce into her novel we confess we do not find attractive. It seems rather an incumbrance on the tale than an aid to it. Secret marriages, mysterious deaths, foundlings, witch-like old women, magic rings, and visions, are matters with which Miss Walker—not at all to her discredit, to our thinking—has manifestly no skill in dealing, and which belong to writers of an altogether different school. She is quite strong enough to swim without the aid of any such corks; and if she will take our advice she will keep to those scenes of simple, ordinary life which she understands so well how to paint. In the main, and in its best parts, this story consists of such scenes, and it is on this ground that we think it worthy of no small admiration, and heartily recommend it to the reader's notice.

"Caleb Booth's Clerk," by Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, author of "The Manchester Man," &c. (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—This is another tale of manufacturing life such as it was some thirty or forty years ago, when the masters were often as rough and uncultivated as their workpeople, and some of them, as the Mr. Marsden who plays so prominent a part here, coarse and brutal domestic tyrants besides. As novels go the book deserves praise for its homely vigour, and for many scenes which we feel to be life-like; but it certainly cannot stand on the same level as "The Manchester Man," the tale on which it is clear that the author lavished the cream of her own recollections and experiences. Daniel Dent, the scheming clerk, is a rather conventional and stagey kind of villain, who, with his plotting and unscrupulous sister, keeps on reminding the reader too much of Uriah Heep and his mother. There is, indeed, overmuch conventionality in the leading personages of the tale generally; the only one of them—of the likeable amongst them, that is—quite free from it being the quick-witted and lively Sophy Marsden. The tale, too, is put together not a little clumsily. Nevertheless, though we cannot speak of "Caleb Booth's Clerk" as we have spoken of former works of the author's, we fully recognise that there is a substantial character and animation about it that separate it widely from the mere pointless and empty tales of the season.

"Virgin Soil," by J. S. Turgénief, translated by Ashton W. Dilke (Macmillan).—There is little doubt, we should say, that Mr. Dilke is justified in his surmise that those who read this novel of Turgénief's with understanding "may retain a more correct impression of Russian Socialism than many who have studied the question through the light of correspondent or essayist." The tale is chiefly interesting as a picture of various phases of Russian society of our own day; but many, if not most, of its leading personages are of strong and clearly marked individuality. Nedjánof, the hero, is the natural son of a Russian noble, a young man whose aristocratic tastes and fastidious personal habits are always in the way of his becoming that rough-and-ready man of the people which, in accordance with his democratic principles, he ought to be. Hence Nedjánof is a sceptic, "a Russian Hamlet," as he is called by one of his intimates; doubtful, first, of his own power to work for the triumph of that Socialistic or Nihilistic cause to which he has pledged himself; doubtful afterwards whether he really believes in the cause, or thinks its success possible. In strong contrast to this self-questioning dreamer who has undertaken that *rôle* of revolutionary conspirator which he is so ill-adapted to sustain, we have the thorough-going enthusiasts, Markelof and Ostrodúmof among the men, and Mashurina and Mariánna among the women, with the latter of which heroines Nedjánof, after a feeble, hesitating, passionless fashion, is in love. But the interest of the book, as we have already said, is rather political and social than personal. It vividly depicts the vague restlessness and discontent with all existing institutions which is so widely diffused throughout Russian society outside official circles, though for the present this discontent would seem too blind and too much without definite aim to constitute a serious menace to the Czar's Government. But no one who, in Mr. Dilke's words, reads the book "with understanding" can look upon the condition of Russia as one of stable equilibrium.

We have also received "Eyes So Blue," by Agnes Law (3 vols.: Samuel Tinsley), a novel of which it seems enough to say that its plot is unpleasant, and its style, so far as we have had the patience to examine it, feeble and commonplace.

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AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE IN THE HOLY LAND, IX.

ANCIENT SCROLL OF THE PENTATEUCH

After the return of the Jews from the Captivity, the breach between them and the Samaritans widened. In Nehemiah's time the mutual enmity burst forth. After the Samaritans had failed to prevent the Jews from rebuilding their walls, and the Jews had banished all non-Jewish women from their community, the Samaritans founded a holy city and a sanctuary of their own. Mount Gerizim was selected for this purpose, and the town of Shechem (now Nabulus) at its base thus rose in importance, while Samaria declined. After the Christian era, as most of the Samaritans adhered to their old religion, they frequently came into collision with Christianity and with the Roman Emperors. Afterwards many of them fled to Persia, while others embraced Christianity. In the 12th century there were about 1,000 adherents of the sect of the Samaritans at Nabulus, but there are now only forty or fifty families, who live in a distinct quarter of the town. Their synagogue is a small, plain, whitewashed chamber. When the ancient Samaritan Codex of the Pentateuch (represented in our engraving) is taken out of the box, all present press forward to kiss it. The antiquity of this MS. is undoubted, but it is not older than the Christian era, and the current report that it was written by a grandson or great-grandson of Aaron is a myth.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

The present church, which stands on the reputed site of Golgotha, is for the most part a modern building, as the former church (much of which, however, dated only from the eighteenth century) was burnt down in 1808. The chief façade of the church is now on the south side, as represented in our engraving. The ornamentation is interesting. There are two portals, each with a window above it. The arches are of a depressed Pointed character. The columns adjoining the doors, probably taken from some ancient temple, are of marble. They have a common connecting beam, adorned with foliage and other enrichments. The bas relief over the left portal represents scenes from Bible history; that over the right portal is an intricate mass of foliage, fruit, flowers, &c.—This and the engraving of the ancient scroll are from photographs by Mr. Frank Mason Good.

A DANCE AT JERICHO

The Jericho of the New Testament is not the Jericho which travellers stay at on passing from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea. It is in the village, called the Modern Jericho, where the visitor finds whatever accommodation there is to be had *en route*. It was just as the sun was setting when we arrived at the collection of miserable mud hovels and dirty-looking tents which constitute the village. Having been previously warned against the dirt and vermin of the inn of the place, we had commissioned our dragoman to provide us tents in its garden.

After a dinner, which might have done justice to a better dining-hall—for, after all, we were obliged to dine in the inn—the mosquitos and sand-flies having driven us away from our tents, our Shêkh appeared and wished to know if we would like to see a native dance performed; so we lit our tobacco and sat down under the verandah. The night was very dark, and the Chinese lanterns hung to the portico only gave sufficient light to distinguish our entertainers. Lying around in a semi-circle were Arabs of all ages, dirty and ragged, squatting on the ground, or lounging against the portico of the house. Presently from out of the darkness which closed around our paper lamps came shrill cries, and two hideous women appeared, and entered the space cleared for the dancers. After snatching a scimitar from the scabbard of the Shêkh and another from a bystander, they approached us, still keeping up their weird cries, and advancing their faces to within an inch of ours, made horrible grimaces, rolling their eyes, showing their toothless gums, and wrinkled tattooed faces. Skipping back a little, they would then spring forward, and make passes with their swords, as if to shave off our ears and noses. After these cheerful and amusing preliminaries, they settled down to real business, whirled into the semi-circle, and danced a *pas de deux*, flashing the scimitars through the air, while the rest of the women advanced and retired in two lines, clapping their hands and hooting. The first five minutes of this entertainment is indeed novel, but longer becomes monotonous, so we gave the necessary *backsheesh*, and retired to our tents, skirmished with the bugs and beetles in our beds, and fell asleep, while our Shêkh kept guard outside, for the inhabitants of the village are sad thieves.

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AUSTRALIAN GUM TREES

One of the Australian gum trees (*Eucalyptus globulus*) has been largely planted in North Africa and South Europe as a remedy for malaria. Through its agency the ruin-dotted Campagna, some say, is once more to be thickly peopled. The purifying influence steams from the leaves, being one of the volatile oils which make the air of the Australian bush so deliciously fragrant to the camped-out traveller, awakened to see the sun rise by the harsh and saucy-sounding cackle of the laughing jackass; but which, when the sun has attained his full strength, give to the atmosphere, where the scrub stands thick, somewhat of the oppressiveness of excessive incense.

The eucalyptus which has found favour with European planters is the Blue Gum, so called from the colour of its leaves, but four stand above it in the list of richness as oil-yielders.

First stands the Dandenong, or Narrow-leaved Peppermint (*E. amygdalina*), a tree which is known to have attained the height of 420 feet. Another measured eucalyptus was as high as the Great Pyramid; and it is supposed there are even loftier trees of the kind. Before these Titans were discovered the greatest tree giant known in Australia was a Karri 400 feet high, within whose hollow trunk three mounted men with a led horse could turn. It would seem then that even Californian pines are over-topped by Australian gum trees; and after such figures "as tall as the Monument" sounds somewhat like "as big as a shrimp." As a timber-tree, the Peppermint is chiefly useful for the construction of the grey railed fences with slip-panels which form so characteristic a feature of the landscape in settled and semi-settled Australia—a poor substitute, in a picturesque point of view, for our variously luxuriant hedges, which, I believe, have been reproduced in Tasmania. Coarse paper might be made from the inner bark of the Peppermint; its bark, generally, contains 20 per cent. of tannic acid; and it exudes a gum-resin.

Next comes the Mallee tree (*Eucalyptus oleosa*), a small tree covering thousands of acres of what is called from it Mallee scrub. It may be called a vegetable camel; its roots retaining so much water that travellers through the wilderness rip them up for refreshment.

The Ironbark (*E. sideroxylon*) stands third. Its name explains itself. *It* might be called the rhinoceros of timber-trees. The wood which its rugged bark covers is close-grained, greasy, and almost imperishable; and accordingly is used in ship-building, and for cog wheels, spokes, shafts, and poles.

The White Gum (*E. goniocalyx*), which follows, is another giant, utilised by builders and sometimes by coopers. Packing paper can be made from its bark, which yields about 18 per cent. of potash; its wood about 20 per cent.

Bloodwood (*E. corymbosa*) exactly ties Blue Gum as an oil-producer, each yielding 12.50 per cent. Its bark makes strong wrapping-paper. Its wood is red (as might be inferred from the name), and of a good grain, but so thickly veined with resin that it is chiefly used for fuel.

The Blue Gum runs up to a height of 300 feet, half of the huge bole without a branch. House-builders, coach-builders, ship-builders, and civil engineers make good use of it, and from its bark also paper can be made.

Stringybark (*E. fabrorum* or *obliqua*), is the next in order. It is a huge tree occurring in vast numbers, and although it warps and (dry) rots readily, it is much used for fences and shingles because it splits so easily. The blackfellows make spear strings out of its fibre. Printing paper and pasteboard can be made out of its bark, which is used for roofing bush huts.

Messmate (*E. fissilis*) yields a bush carpenter's and wheelwright's wood. The blackfellows use it for spears.

Another Peppermint (*E. odorata*), on whose leaves the opossums feast, save for the oil in them is not a very noteworthy tree. Woollybut (*E. Woollsii*) yields a hard, red, straight-grained timber.

The Red Gum (*E. rostrata*) is the common gum tree of Australia, growing plentifully along the banks of creeks and rivers. It yields a hard, red, curly-grained wood, almost as indestructible as that of the Jarrah, or Swan River mahogany, which defies wet, dry rot, and white ants. Its gum is prescribed for chronic diarrhœa.

The Manna Tree (*E. viminalis*) runs from 50 to 120 feet in height. The blacks make canoes and drinking vessels out of its bark, and shields out of its wood. Its leaves in early summer are covered with white manna, which falls like snow when the wind stirs them. Another kind of manna, the secretion of an insect, candies the leaves of a eucalyptus in the Mallee Scrub. A delicious lemon-scented perfume is obtained from the leaves of the *Eucalyptus citriodora*. An Australian town was for some years lighted with gas distilled from gum tree leaves.

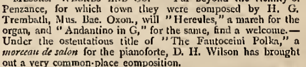
There are other eucalypti: amongst them, the Box (*E. leucoxylon*), which yields a timber hard and greasy like the Ironbark's; the Grey Box (*E. dealbata*), very similar in its qualities; the Mountain Ash (*E. inophloia*), supposed to resemble its European name-giver, the Mountain White Gum Tree (*E. Gunnii*), which grows to a greater height on mountains than in plains; the Broad-leaved Box (*E. acmenoides*), and the Blackbut (*E. persicifolia*), which yields a timber like the Bloodwoods. Altogether, the gum tree has good right to be called the Australian oak, and can far more safely be introduced at random into an Australian picture than a palm tree into an Indian one.

The wedge-tailed eagle circles high even over its high head, and builds his nest within its forks. The silver and black little wood duck splashes up from the winding creek to perch upon its branches, on which the drowsy nankeen night heron mopes, and the bronze-wing pigeon plants himself where the glowing sunshine can best fall upon his burnished wings.

High on the gum tree, also, the green thrush ever begins the sweet little song, which can find neither a middle nor an end; and between the gum tree and the ground bell-birds flutter up and down, ringing out their "ting-ting, ting-ting." The satin bower birds, when weary of their polite pranks in their curious nests, pay visits to the gum tree, and tiny spotted diamond sparrows dodge twittering about its boughs. The screaming, gorgeously-plumaged Blue Mountaineer and the green paroqueet probe its yellow blossoms with their beaks. The red-shouldered paroqueet pecks on the ground beneath them, and glossy magpies and crows hop about silvery logs and felled and fallen monarchs of the forest, liquidly fluting, mellowly croaking.

The weird, arid, weary-eyed iguana writhes up the gum tree's bole; myriads of locusts clatter upon it in summer; rare butterflies flutter about it; in its hollows bees, wild, and run or flown wild, hide their rich stores of honey. In its hollows, also, the opossums make their homes; coming out after sunset, to scamper up and down, growling under their breath; or to make themselves, as they sit here and there upon the lofty boughs, blots of blackness on the grey-pearly moonlit sky.

Richard Rowe



New Music

Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co.——A bass song, written and composed by Charles Swain and Ciro Pinsuti, entitled "Tom the Sailor," displays an equal lack of originality on the part of both writer and composer.—A brace of pianoforte pieces by Fritz Spindler are, the one very good, entitled "Die Fahnen Weh'n;" the other, of but mediocre style, "Am Neckar Am Rhein."—Tuneful, with well-marked time, are "The Assault of Arms," a march by Claude Davenport, and "The Love Bird's Polka." The latter especially may be recommended for schools in anticipation of Christmas, when dance music, *well* played, takes precedence of classical compositions.

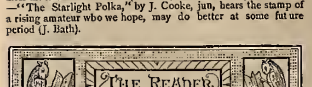
Messrs. Weekes and Co.——Far beyond the vicinity of Penzance, for which town they were composed by H. G. Trembath, Mus. Bac. Oxon., will "Hercules," a march for the organ, and "Andantino in G," for the same, find a welcome.—Under the ostentatious title of "The Fantoccini Polka," a *morceau de salon* for the pianoforte, D. H. Wilson has brought out a very common-place composition.

Joseph Williams.——Accustomed as we are to associate the quaint old sixteenth century words of "O! by rivers" with Bishop's madrigal and Saville's Appendix (The Waits), it is impossible to accept Florian Pascal's setting of the same in the form of a serenade in 6-8 time, albeit the music is melodious. Many before him have tried in vain to improve upon an old established favourite with an equal lack of success.—Far more satisfactory is "Dreaming," a pleasing idyll in 12-8 time, compass from E on the first line to F on the fifth line.—By the same composer is a pretty little sing-song ballad, "Bird of Day," the tame words by F. Enoch.—"Lady of the May," words A.D. 1580, is a singable but commonplace ballad for a soprano or tenor by F. Pascal.—Sentimental young damsels will admire and take up "My Hero," a song of medium compass, written and composed by Reginald Barnett and J. B. Waldeck.—Florian Pascal has done well with "Pensées Celtiques" *(rapsodies Irlandaises)*, *pour violon et piano*. They will serve to pass away many a dull winter's evening.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co.——The appearance of each succeeding number of "The Dictionary of Music and Musicians" is eagerly looked for by all who are interested in music in its many forms and bearings, ancient and modern, English and foreign. Part IV., Vol. I., is fully up to the high standard of excellence and completeness required by its able editor, George Grove, D.C.L., and to be anticipated from its staff of talented contributors. Amongst numerous interesting contributions may be specially mentioned an account, by M. Gustave Chouquet (of the Conservatoire de Musique, Paris), of the "Concert Spirituel," a great musical institution of France, dating from the reign of Louis XV. The first of these concerts took place on Monday in Passion Week, March 18, 1725; they ceased to exist in 1791, but were revived in 1805, and the Sacred Concerts given during Holy Week in Paris still bear that name.—E. Prout also gives a very comprehensive and useful explanation of the nature of a concerto, its birth and origin; whilst Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., does the same by "Counterpoint;" in his clever treatise he gives illustrations of plain counterpoint in its five forms, or species, which will be of assistance to the student of harmony.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—From this firm come the three latest numbers of "Music Primers." "Plain Song," by the Rev. Thomas Helmore, M.A., is at times somewhat beyond the comprehension of any but the most advanced student; yet the ordinary reader and elementary student who will patiently and carefully read this clever work from beginning to end will gain much valuable information therefrom.—James Higgs, Mus. Bac. Oxon., deserves the thanks of all whom it may concern and interest for his Primer on "The Fugue," a difficult subject, which he has treated so skilfully as to make it comprehensible to the general reader, whilst the erudite scholar will gain further knowledge from its perusal.—"The Tonic Sol-Fa" Primer, by John Curwen, is, as the author explains, "not intended to teach those ignorant of music how to sing, but to explain the Tonic Sol-Fa Notation and method of teaching to those who are already familiar with the established mode of writing music by means of the staff." There is much to be said in favour of this form of notation; and some readers of this book will doubtless become converts to the system.—In readiness for the winter season, Philip Armes, Mus. Doc, Oxon., has brought out a neatly got-up, though inexpensive, edition of "Hezekiah," a short oratorio by him, which has already produced a favourable impression in musical circles, and is well adapted for the use of choral societies. The words are selected from the Book of Isaiah.—The two latest numbers of Novello's "Original Octavo Edition" are Dr. Stainer's sacred cantata, "The Daughter of Jairus" and Astorga's "Stabat Mater," both admirable works in their way, and in their present form will be found useful for limited as well as extensive choral societies.—In family circles where the female element predominates, "The Sleeping Beauty," a cantata for female voices, will be acceptable to pass away the long winter evenings. The music, by Henry Lahee, is light and melodious, the poetry is by Alfred Tennyson. This cantata is arranged with accompaniments for the harmonium and pianoforte.—Part 40, Vol. V., of *The Organist's Quarterly Journal* contains, as usual, some sterling good works, namely, an "Allegro" and "Allegretto" by Gustave Merkel, both showy and effective; a soundly-written, well-worked out "Fugue," by E. W. Hedley, Mus. Bac. Oxon; "Communion," Nos. 1 and 2, by Perrio Tozer; and "Festal March," by C. S. Heap, Mus. Doc. Cantab., a spirited composition, suitable for the opening of an organ in a hall or on any festive occasion.—"Marche Solennelle," composed by Charles Gounod, for full orchestra, and transcribed for the pianoforte, is but a poor, shadow-like specimen of his genius.—Berthold Tours has skilfully transcribed a pleasing "Gavotte," by Rameau, which will catch and retain all musical ears.—Quaint but encouraging are the words and music of a song for a mezzo-soprano, written and composed by Betsy Jennings, entitled, "Sweet Hope that Singest."

MISCELLANEOUS.——A somewhat pleasing and well-written tenor song, written and composed by R. Crompton and S. S. Stretton, is "The Lover's Star."—By the same composer, words by E. Oxenford, is a bass song, "The Woodman," dedicated to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, who, by the way, modestly owns to an ignorance of all musical subjects, and is therefore all the more liable to accept the dedication of such feeble compositions as the above-named song (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—Two satisfactory and taking pianoforte pieces are "Graziosa," a *melodie caprice*, by C. A. Ebrenfechter (G. Jefferys), and "Sabbath Evening Bells," a reverie by A. J. Howard (Messrs. Shepherd and Co.).—"Eclipse" is the unmeaning title of a pleasing tenor song, written and composed by L. S. Bevington and Mary C. Carmichael.—A poetical and well-designed frontispiece calls us to expect something super-excellent from Carli Zoeller's "May Flowers," an "idyll" for the pianoforte, which after all is but a feeble composition (Messrs. Neumeyer and Co.).—"The Starlight Polka," by J. Cooke, jun, bears the stamp of a rising amateur who we hope, may do better at some future period (J. Bath).



THE READER

"STIRRING TIMES, by the late James Finn; or Records from Jerusalem Consular Chronicles of 1853-6, edited and compiled by his Widow, with Preface by the Viscountess Strangford" (2 vols.: C. Kegan Paul and Co.), are a curious and opportune addition to the many recently published volumes of European experiences in Syria. Mid-way in point of date between the late Consul Barker's reminiscences of the days of semi-independent Pashas and the journals of modern Palestine explorers, they bring before us Syria as it was when Abd-ul-Medjid was still young. The Pasha of the Djezzar type had long since been improved away, the memory even of the stern but short-lived Egyptian occupation had grown dim when Mr. Finn began his record. A Protestant Bishop had for some years been installed at Jerusalem. A brand-new Patriarch, a nominee of the French, had more recently superseded the old Franciscans of the "Terra Santa" as the supreme protector of the Latin Christians. Among the little Consular colony of which Mr. Finn was the *doyen* there were rivalries and aspirations; the representatives of the Latin races grouping themselves, though not without occasional jealousies, around the French, the Austrian and the Prussian hardly disguising their sympathies with Russia, sympathies which did not, however, preclude the last from certain visions—they could scarcely be called more—of an occupation of the Holy Land by Prussia as the one disinterested and Protestant Power of them all. Turkish authority, though, of course, fully re-established since 1840, was still fitfully and feebly exercised. To the natives of Syria, engrossed in their own local blood-feuds, the war which agitated the greater world was matter of absolute indifference. No Border reiver of the fourteenth century ever cared less for the doings of the Black Prince in France than did the Sheikh of Hebron or Nablous for events in the Crimea or on the Danube. "*That* is not what I want to know," screams a woman, to whom, demanding tidings of the war, Mr. Finn has explained the position at Sebastopol; "but has Kâsim el Ahmed joined with Abdu'l Hadi?" It is true there are echoes of the war at times, among mysterious pilgrims at Jerusalem from Hindostan, among the Jews when it is known that Kars has fallen, and that the "Prince of Rosh, Mesech, and Tubal" (Russia, Moscow, and Tobolsk), was thus far on the way to the Holy Land, or when there was enlisting for Bashi-Bazouk regiments under English officers. On the whole, however, the war caused little stir in the vicinity of the Holy Places for whose protectorate it had nominally been waged, and fills but little space in our Consul's pages by the side of pictures of Syrian life and Turkish rulers, or of Jew and Christian in Jerusalem. One of the most interesting chapters is the account of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Brabant to the Holy Sepulchre—the first time the sacred precincts were unclosed to a Giaour—of the singular stratagem by which the safety of the visitors was secured, and of the resignation of the Moslems, when all was over, to the sovereignty of accomplished facts. Of equal interest, though in a different way, is the description of the Jewish settlers in Jerusalem—settlers for whom, until Mr. Finn came to the rescue, was neither work nor wages; whose Rabbis, indeed, held that the Jew of Palestine should not work, but only pray for the restoration of Jerusalem, living the while upon such wretched alms—collected painfully among his Western brethren—as filtered down to him through the hands of these worthy chiefs of Ashkenaz and Sephardim. The political moral of these instructive volumes will vary, we fear, with "the proclivities" of the reader. To some they will but be fresh proof of Turkish incapacity for rule—incapacity past, present, and to come. Others, like Lady Strangford, may see in them certain evidence of progress, slow but actual—progress which, had not England waxed indifferent and remiss, might have solved the Eastern Question without bloodshed by the "levelling up" of subject races. But to both alike they will be widely useful as a perfect store-house of information on things in Palestine twenty years ago.

With Russian Generals and Russian Grand Dukes more than one "special" has made us tolerably familiar. It has been reserved for Mr. Drew Gay, of the *Daily Telegraph*, Commander of the Osmanié, and Plevna Medallist, author of "Plevna, the Sultan, and the Porte" (Chatto and Windus), to introduce us in the same familiar way to the private apartments of the Yildiz Kiosk, the summer villa of the Commander of the Faithful, and to the trenches from which Osman Pasha—foe to "specials"—kept so long at bay the armies of the Czar. Mr. Gay, however, as we gather from his book, was not so much a "special" of the common or reporter type as a commander of "specials"—a superior person, whose office it was to send this or that man to the front, but to remain himself by the side of Abd-ul-Hamid, hardly more for the purpose of studying his character for the instruction of the British reader than of enabling the Sultan to thoroughly understand the principles and course of British policy. It was only when no news arrived from Plevna, and no correspondents could get admittance within Osman Pasha's lines, that Mr. Drew, in the interests alike of the *Telegraph* and of the Sultan, deemed it expedient to proceed thither himself, directly fortified with a "Commission from the Palace" before which, as in the presence of a brother soldier, the scruples of the Ottoman Commander fell necessarily to the ground. Of the trying journey from Stamboul to Plevna, of the arrival in time to witness the battles of September, of the hair-breadth escape to Orkhanie across the Russian lines and amid swarms of hostile Cossacks, and of the lengthy interview on his return with Said Pasha and the Sultan, a few days after which the silver medal of Plevna was fastened on the Correspondent's coat, we have no space to speak. From Osman Pasha, "grim and desperate," to Mr. Gay, calm and collected on his white horse, the mind wanders in perplexed admiration, uncertain whether to extol most the coolness which can count the falling shells, or the self-denial which, with rouble notes to be bought at 3½*d.* apiece—the Russians throw away their paper money when they run, possibly to check pursuit—can yet resist all temptation to a "deal." No Turcophile who would slay his Russians over again can do without this amusing volume.

A graceful *in memoriam* chapter to the memory of his soldier-servant Radford, containing, amongst other things, a spirited account of how Baker Pasha, with 2,400 men, held the Russian advance in check at Knimarli, and a new preface on the Anglo-Turkish Convention, and the necessity of not allowing it "to become a cypher"—a point on which men much less Russophobist than the writer will probably agree with him—make the seventh edition of Captain Burnaby's "On Horseback through Asia Minor" (S. Low and Co.) something more than a cheap reprint. Were it, however, no more than a reprint, we could have only welcome for a pocket edition of a work which with all its exaggerations is eminently and invariably readable.

The clever, caustic, amusing sketches of politics and society across the Channel collected out of the *Daily News*, by W. Grenville Murray, under the well-known title "Round About France" (Macmillan and Co.), are worth studying even after the occasion which inspired many of them has passed away. For Mr. Murray knows his France as do few Englishmen besides, and amidst every shifting of the scene—with Liberal or Conservative, Clerical or Freethinker, a De Broglie or a Jules Simon to the front—can bring out with admirable effect the true French character which lies under it all, and which itself is still the same, however the surroundings change, though gaining rapidly, we are fain to think, under the Third Republic in "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control." Slight as many of these sketches are, they will tell their readers more of modern France than can be learned from books far exceeding them in bulk and in pretension.

Though somewhat gushing in style and diluted in substance, pretty illustrations and pleasant letter-press make "Our Woodland Trees" (S. Low and Co.), by Mr. F. G. Heath, a very agreeable gift-book. It is not scientific in any way; but it will tell town-born readers how to discern by fruit or foliage most British woodland and garden trees, will describe to them (by no means badly) the life of a tree from the seed to the full growth, will lead them half a dozen pretty walks in Epping or even the far-away New Forest, and discourse sagely—though to our judgment with much too strong an inclination to glorify foreign towns, like Brussels, at the expense of London—on the beauty of trees in streets and in the neighbourhood of dwellings. Altogether a volume of excellent intention and far from unsatisfactory execution.

"Teatre Catala," by Joan Maluquer Viladot (Barcelona: Imprenta de la Renaixensa), an essay (historical and critical on the Catalonian stage, its traditions and its present state (in Catalan), we regret to leave to readers better skilled than ourselves in the Romance languages and literature. The subject is certainly an interesting one, and the essay, we should add, received honourable mention at the Barcelona Floral Games in 1876.

"Aldermen of Aldersgate, 1451-1616" (Golding and Lawrence, Great Russell Street).—Here we have a charming little volume, which will delight the hearts of heraldic antiquaries. It is a fac-simile of an heraldic MS. by John Withie, in the Harleian collection, and is skilfully reproduced by Mr. Francis Compton Price, who has also added some racy notes, which show that he thoroughly understands the epoch of which he is treating. Among the Aldermen whose armorial bearings are here reproduced is Sir Bartholomew Reade, who, being Lord Mayor in Henry VII.'s time, imitated Cleopatra with her pearl by swallowing a pulverised precious stone for the sake of showing the French Ambassadors what "warm" men there were in the City of London. It is interesting, too, to note that Lord Cranbrook bears the same arms as one of these Aldersgate worthies, namely John Hardy, who was Sheriff in 1527. It is a matter of regret that, as far as we are aware, there are not equally full heraldic memorials in existence for the remainder of the six-and-twenty City Wards. For what he has done, Mr. Price deserves our best thanks.

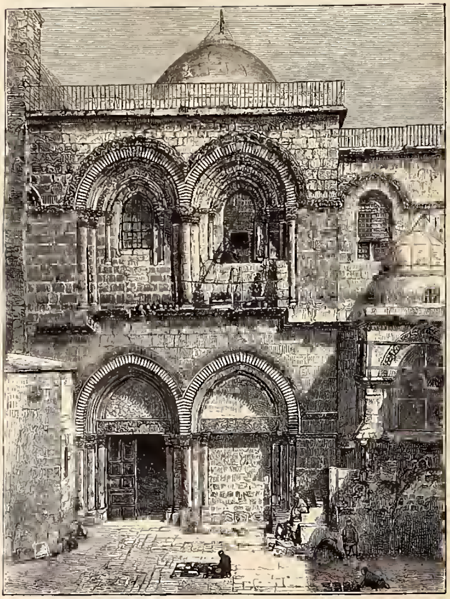
"The Days of the Year" (J. F. Shaw and Co.)—This is one of those pretty little birthday books which are now so deservedly popular with young people. We say "deservedly," because these little volumes, in which we inscribe the date of various friends' birthdays, act as kindly remembrancers of the friends themselves. In the volume before us each day of the year is illustrated by three proverbs, and the child must indeed have been born on an unlucky day who cannot find some wise, pithy, and appropriate saying opposite his own birth-anniversary.

The growth of the early Christian Church, and the history of those great men who devoted their lives to proclaiming the Gospel, are treated practically and briefly in several series of works on ecclesiastical history, issued by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, the curt treatises being intended to afford an accurate and comprehensive view of Church affairs. To deal primarily with "The Fathers for English Readers"—the Rev. H. S. Holland, in the first of the series, "The Apostolic Fathers," presents a sketch of the state of the Church at the close of the Apostles' labours, the difficulties with which she had to contend, and her eminent early supporters—thoughtful Clement, the enthusiastic martyr Ignatius, and saintly Polycarp. The Rev. F. Watson delineates "The Defenders of the Faith," and gives some excellent abstracts of the apologies or arguments set forth from the first to the third century in support of the Christian religion. Turning from a general survey to individual biography, the life and writings of the greatest of the Latin fathers, "St. Augustine," are described by the Rev. W. Clark, who supplies a slight outline of the part taken by Augustine in the great controversies of his day. The portrait of "St. Jerome," however, is the most life-like of the collection, and the Rev. E. Cutts gives not merely the dry bones of his subject, but vivid sketches of the scenes and social life in which Jerome moved. Spreading from its Eastern cradle Christianity is now chronicled in "The Conversion of the West." The labours of the Apostles of Scotland and Ireland are narrated by "The Celts," wherein the Rev. G. F. Maclear pictures Celtic heathendom and its fall. Further, in "The English," the same author ably describes the struggles, failures, and eventual triumph of the Roman mission to Britain, and subsequently depicts the conversion of the Scandinavians in "The Northmen." Dean Merivale contributes the fourth of the series, "The Continental Teutons," and includes a large amount of information in very confined space.—A highly interesting account of the Sinaitic Peninsula forms the latest volume of Ancient History from the Monuments, "Sinai"—the fruits of the Sinaitic Survey Expedition of 1869, related by Major H. Palmer, himself a member of the Expedition. A lengthened report of the explorers' work was published in 1872, and on this the present narrative is based. Major Palmer writes with the ease of actual experience, and his geographical and historical descriptions are lucid and picturesque.—Fitly related to the search for the Mount of the Law is "The Jewish Prophets"—the history of the Jews from their return from the Babylonish Captivity to the close of the Old Testament canon, in the form of a commentary on the Books of Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther, and the three last prophets.—From the Jewish Scriptures to the Mahomedan sacred writings, Sir W. Muir, in "The Corân," reproduces his "Testimony borne by the Corân to the Jewish and Christian Scriptures," which has long been out of print, and now affixes a terse summary of Mahomet's life and the teaching and compilation of the Corân, the whole forming a volume of special interest now that British and Mussulman interests are so closely intermixed.

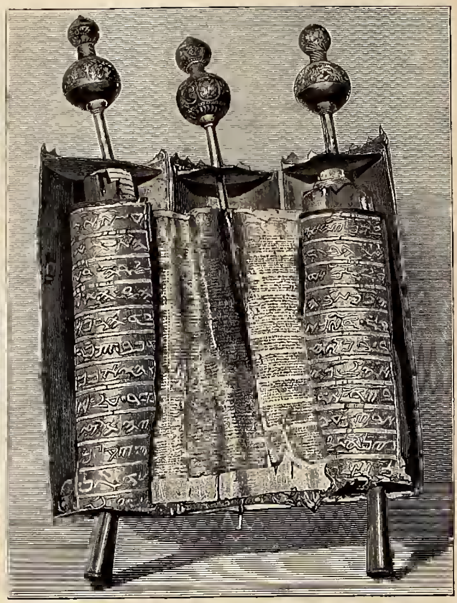
The career of the great Florentine reformer, Girolamo Savonarola, finds a fresh chronicler in the Rev. W. R. Clark, whose "Savonarola, His Life and Times," is the first of another series, the Home Library, published by the same Society. Steering a middle course between the blind admiration and fanatic abuse of diverse critics, the author has produced a calm, unprejudiced composition, lacking dramatic interest, it is true, as though he had not warmed to his subject, but abounding in valuable extracts from the best biographies of the fervent prior of St. Marco. The other volumes of the Home Library are for Sunday reading. "The Inner Life," edited by the Rev. T. Erskine, consists of extracts from the correspondence of noted Churchmen and women, and mainly relating to the trials of daily life. Bishops Gray, Wilson, and Patteson, Keble, Kingsley, Wilberforce, and Arnold are among the chief writers quoted. Thoughts which should be inspired by our parish church are brought forward by "The House of God the Home of Man," and the Rev. G. E. Jelf in a series of admirable chapters presents the different aspects of the church as the House of Rest, of prayer, of Teaching, &c. The same author furnishes an excellent commentary on the Decalogue, "The Rule of God's Commandments," adapted for Sunday Schools and confirmation classes; while the Rev. W. C. Bromehead's "Step by Step," couched in simple and reverent language, illustrates and comments on the Communion Service. Good old Bishop Ken's "Manual of Prayers for Winchester Scholars" appears anew in its quaint, heartfelt language, while comforting meditations for old age are contained in "The Aged Pilgrim's Staff," by the Rev. R. Grant, printed in large type for failing eyesight.

The shooting season has brought out a well-timed volume for votaries of the rod and gun, "Sporting Sketches with Pen and Pencil" (*The Field*), wherein Mr. Francis Francis supplies the entertaining letter-press, and Mr. A. Cooper the effective drawings, the head and tail-pieces to each chapter being specially tasteful. An old tried sportsman, the author has something lively and to the purpose to say on all styles of shooting and fishing, and can supply plenty of good stories. Londoners looking over these sketches will refresh many pleasant recollections of holidays on moors and rivers.

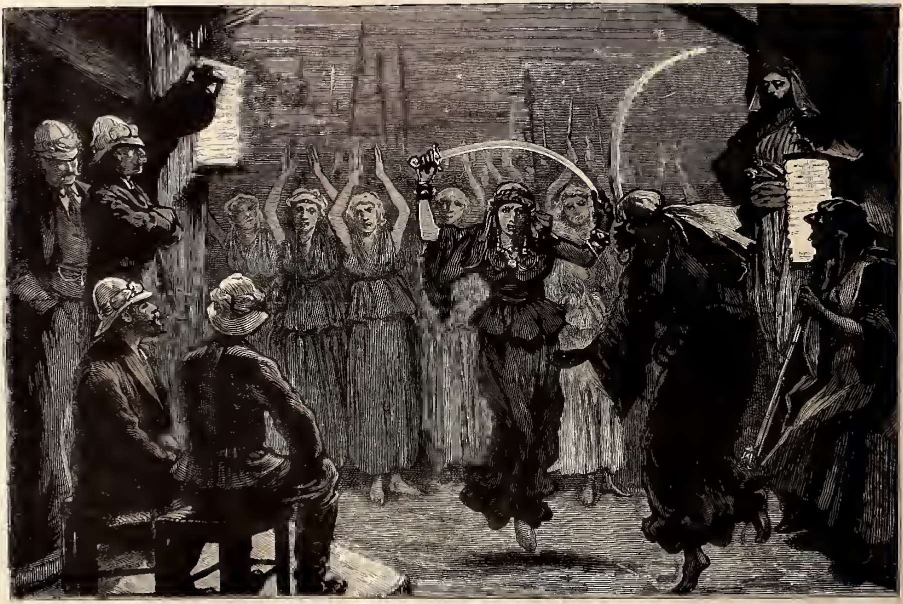
Two capital French primers have been compiled by M. Henri Bué, the "First French Book" and "Second French Book" (Hachette). The first work has been adopted by the London School Board, and is thoroughly fitted for beginners, who are instructed in the regular grammatical routine, and taken through a rising scale of exercises and practical conversations to a series of short and amusing readings. The idioms which form so great a stumbling-block to students of the Gallic tongue are specially located in the "Second French Book," which, while retaining the features of its predecessor, further contains a synopsis of the previous lessons, a short explanation of certain grammatical difficulties, a list of the irregular verbs, and some examination papers. Really useful sentences are utilised in the exercises, and a vocabulary is appended to each volume, so that the student need not turn aside to a dictionary. Altogether M. Bué's productions, small and cheap as they are, will prove valuable aids to the teacher, and will really interest the pupil.



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM

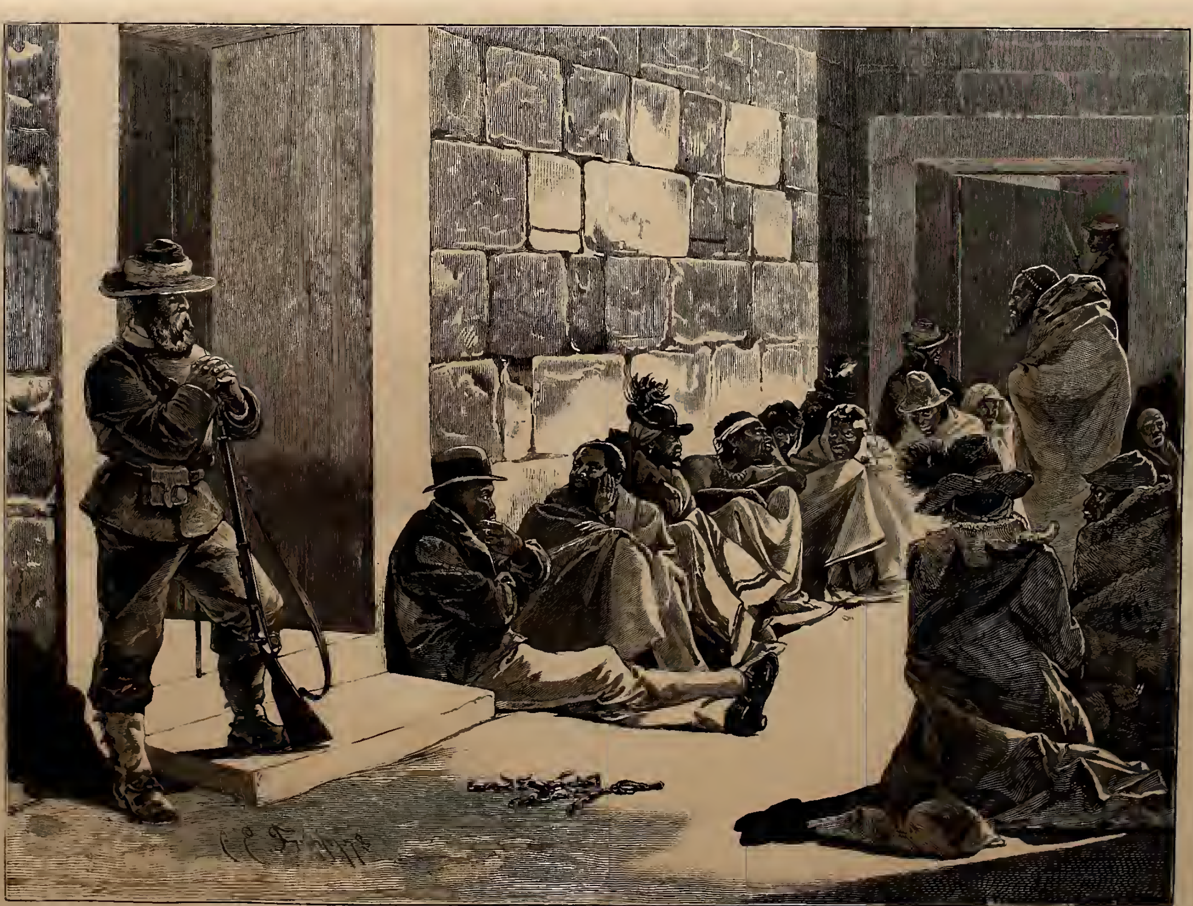


ANCIENT SCROLL OF THE PENTATEUCH, SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY ELEAZAR, THE SON OF AARON



A DANCE AT JERICHO

AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE IN THE HOLY LAND, IX.



SKETCHES FROM SOUTH AFRICA—THE ELDEST SON OF THE LATE KAFFIR CHIEF SANDILLI AND HIS FOLLOWERS AWAITING TRIAL IN THE YARD OF THE COURT HOUSE, KING WILLIAM'S TOWN

FOREIGN

The Crisis in the East.——Now that Austria has succeeded in completely occupying Bosnia and Herzegovina, she is busy organising the government of those provinces, and is already talking about partial demobilisation, though what proportion of the forces will be recalled is as yet uncertain. The Turkish circular despatches, declining the Convention and complaining of the "atrocities" committed by the Austrian troops, have, as might be imagined, aroused profound indignation throughout the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and in Hungary, where great sympathy has been expressed for the Turks throughout, the most intense irritation is felt. The Austrian Government has made a calm and dignified reply to the Porte, whom it reproaches with having brought such accusations before the Powers without first communicating with the Austrian Government, which would have given every facility for inquiry. The sacking and burning of Serajevo (which appears to have been reported by Hafiz Pasha on mere hearsay evidence) is emphatically contradicted, while there was not a single case of pillage on the part of the troops, who, indeed, prevented the natives from pillaging. "Notwithstanding the most savage treachery on the other side the army, conscious of its own honour, acted in the spirit of the proclamation. The calumnies brought forward cannot reach it, but as they acted on public feeling in Austro-Hungary it became a duty to repudiate them, and to point out to the Porte the regrettable effect they have produced." To say the truth, however, the Porte is somewhat ashamed of its violence, and is now doing all in its power to be polite to the Austrian Ambassador, and the Sultan in personal interviews has reiterated the expression of the "friendly feelings" by which he is animated towards the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Indeed, the Porte has been showing signs of conciliation to all this week, and owing to stringent orders from Stamboul the Albanians has surrendered Gussini to Montenegro and Vranje to the Servians. The Constantinople newspapers have been ordered to give vent to no more anti-Russian sentiments, as Turkey is again on "most friendly terms with Russia." The Porte is also busy negotiating the supplementary treaty with Russia provided for by the Treaty of San Stefano, but at present declines to make known any of its provisions, while in the mean time the Russians refuse to make any further retreat on Adrianople, alleging that the Turkish authorities take no measures to secure the tranquillity of the districts which are vacated by the Russian troops. With England the Porte is especially friendly, and the scheme for the proposed reforms in Asia Minor is said to have been accepted by the Porte, the stipulations being somewhat as follows: A corps of *gendarmérie* to be composed both of Christians and Mussulmans, and commanded by British officers, an English assessor to be attached to every Court of Appeal established in the chief towns, of which the Governors are to be appointed for five years with the consent of England, whose sanction is also to be obtained to the nomination of a Defterdar, or general receiver of taxes in every vilayet. The rival railway plans of the Duke of Sutherland and the Hungarian General Klapka will probably result in a combination of the two plans. Since the publication of the two last Circulars of the Porte the Powers appear to have made very urgent representations as to the necessity for immediately carrying out the stipulations of the Treaty of Berlin, and this, combined with the refusal of the Russians to withdraw their troops until some definitive settlement had been arranged, probably accounts for the sudden amiability of the Porte. A gratuitous piece of civility towards England, however, has been a leading article in the *El Jawaib* deprecating Shere Ali's attitude towards Great Britain, and declaring that by making war against the "sole ally of Islam," the Ameer would draw down upon himself the censure, not only of all Mahomedan sovereigns but of every Mussulman.

From the other countries concerned in the Eastern crisis we hear that the Roumanian Parliament has adopted the clauses in the Treaty of Berlin respecting Bessarabia and the Dobrudscha by 48 votes against 8, while Servia has been indulging in a Ministerial crisis, M. Ristics, however, having formed a new Cabinet.

From Cyprus comes the welcome news that fever has nearly disappeared from the island. The invalids have been mostly shipped off to more salubrious climes.

France.——The Senatorial elections are now beginning to engross public attention. The electoral delegates are to be chosen to-morrow week, when 14,021 Municipal Councils will be convoked to choose their representatives. The delegates will number 14,411, composed as follows—173 Deputies, 877 General Councillors, 1,175 Councillors of Arrondissement, and 12,186 Municipal Delegates. The outgoing Senators number 75, and of them only 19 are Republicans, while there are 56 Conservatives, 14 of whom are Bonapartists, so that the Republicans look forward to great gain in the election, more especially as their party is united, while the Conservatives are divided into half-a-dozen different shades. In the meantime, they neglect no opportunity of energetically stirring up their followers, and M. Gambetta has been making another speech, this time at Grenoble, in which be urged the necessity of electing Republican Senators in order to ensure the prosperity and tranquillity of the country, and advised that no member of the De Broglie Cabinet should be voted for, but that only staunch Liberals should be elected. He also took the opportunity of denying that he was hostile to the Church any more than was the Republic. "Religion and liberty of conscience must not be confounded with the spirit of ascendency. A distinction must be drawn between religion and the ministers who compromised it." The speech, as usual with most of the ex-Dictator's utterances, has given great offence to both of the extreme parties, the *Marseillaise* charging him with aiming at a "Cæsarian Republic." The Conservatives are greatly surprised and considerably discouraged at the elections having been fixed so early, as they had hoped that they would not have been settled until after the meeting of the Chambers, when they trusted that something favourable to their party might turn up from inevitable "scenes" and "crises."

Next to the Senatorial elections, the great topic of the week has been the death of Bishop Dupanloup, a man whose talents were respected by even his adversaries, who, however, heartily detested him, while he was equally adored by the Conservative party, to whom be has rendered important services. The deceased prelate was born in 1802, ordained a priest in 1825, and quickly came to the front, becoming a chaplain to the Duc de Bordeaux, and subsequently to the Dauphine. In 1841 he became Professor of Science of the Paris Faculty of Theology, but owing to his vigorous attacks on Voltaire was compelled to resign, and in 1849 he was created Bishop of Orleans, which see he has held ever since. The Bishop has always avowed the most liberal and independent opinions, even towards the Holy See, and in 1870 at first opposed the dogma of Infallibility. In 1871 he was elected a Deputy, and in 1877 a Senator, and has always taken a most active part in the debates against the Republic, his last speech being a violent denunciation of the proposal for any official recognition of the Voltaire Centenary. In early days Bishop Dupanloup was a great friend of Talleyrand, to whose dying bed he was summoned to hear the great statesman's confession. If, however, rumour is to be believed, the wily diplomatist, with the ruling feeling strong in death, made few revelations—a report which gave rise to the well-known lampoon:—

Il a trompé du même coup
(Si ce n'est vrai c'est vraisemblable)
Le Bon Dieu, le Monde, et le Diable,
Et De Quélen, et Dupanloup.

The Bishop's funeral is announced for Monday.

The Exhibition still continues to attract a daily average of from 60,000 to 80,000 visitors, and Paris is looking eagerly forward to Monday's ceremony and its subsequent festivities, the only grievance being that there is barely room for 21,000 spectators, a very large proportion of whom will be officials. As, however, the medals are not ready, they manifestly cannot be distributed, so that only the 150 diplomas of honour will be handed to their recipients by the Marshal, who, *The Times* calculates, had he the task of distributing all the medals, would have to remain on his feet bowing and holding out his hand for sixteen consecutive days,—no light work for an American, let alone a French Republican President. The Marshal, however, will make a speech, and M. Teisserenc de Bort, the Minister of Public Works, will make a report of the labours of the juries. On Sunday, the first day of the festivities, eight of the principal theatres will be opened free. The closing day of the Exhibition has now been officially fixed for the 10th prox., but exhibitors will be allowed to hand over their wares to purchasers from the 1st November.

Considerable attention has been excited in Paris by Prince Bismarck's remarks about Socialism having been driven out of France into Germany, and the Republican papers twit the man of iron with having failed to curb by despotism what France has extinguished by liberality. The assertion that the editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* was connected with the French Press is even said to have been discussed at a Cabinet Council. To pass from things political to things theatrical, there has been a first representation of a lyrical drama, by the Marquis d'Ivry, *Les Amoureux de Verone*, founded, as the title suggests, on *Romeo and Juliet.* The piece was well received, and is considered to possess no little merit. M. Capoul and Mdlle. Heilbron are the two unfortunate lovers. The Ambigu Comique, hitherto the dirtiest theatre in Paris, has been cleaned and decorated, and has revived with great success the elder Dumas' *Jeunesse de Louis Quatorze*, a piece which possesses one great advantage—that an Englishman may take his daughter to see it.

Germany.——The debate on the Anti-Socialist Bill has been energetically continued in the German Parliament, which, while approving of the majority of the clauses, has not shown itself backward in rejecting those which it considered to be unjust and oppressive. Thus a clause enabling the Government to arbitrarily suppress Socialist periodicals has been thrown out, while another, authorising the expulsion of Socialist agitators, even from their own residences, has been equally rejected, as the Government declined to entertain a modification proposed by the National Liberals. The House, however, approved the clause permitting the Government to prohibit meetings and expel persons from localities threatened with disturbances, and the Bill, with its modifications, was read a second time on Wednesday; but it is thought that the Government will effect some compromise with the Liberals before the third reading with respect to the rejected clauses. The speeches, though in some cases powerful, present few features of outside interest, if we except one from Herr Hasselmann, a Socialist member, who, after a virulent attack on Prince Bismarck, exclaimed, "I am not personally in favour of revolution. I prefer pacific means. But if we are forced to fight we shall have to fight; and I shall be proud to lay down my life and die on the field of honour. Let Prince Bismarck remember March 18th, 1848." On Tuesday, at a meeting of Berlin Socialists, the same gentleman declared that "Socialism and Democracy were inseparable; there could be no Socialism unless the people—that is, the working classes—had the control of the State." These words were received with frantic enthusiasm, and the meeting then sang the "Petroleum" song and the working men's "Marseillaise."

Italy is annoyed at the rejection of her claim to share in the new Government of Egypt, and the *Opinione* declares that Italians, "great as may be their resignation regarding politics," cannot resign themselves to seeing their influence in Egypt completely extinguished. Little had been expected from Lord Beaconsfield, "who has revived the ancient tradition of British egotistical policy; but we had a right to hope for the support of Liberal France." As a contrast to this, there has been considerable discussion respecting a pamphlet by Signor Jacini, entitled "A Few Comments on the Treaty of Berlin," wherein the much-abused policy of the present Cabinet is justified, and in which the author tells his countrymen some wholesome truths. After remarking that there are other "unredeemed countries," for instance, France, Germany, and Spain, and yet no popular clamour regarding them, he writes:—"We are too much in the habit of considering whatever question appear above the horizon as one from which we may draw some advantage for ourselves rather than according to its real value. If it were possible to look inside the human brain, we should see, for example, thousands upon thousands of Italians reading to-day's telegrams relating to Afghanistan, and calculating whether perchance, through a war there, the occasion might not arise for our obtaining Trento and Trieste"—in fact, the old story of *L'Italia fara da se.* In the meantime the Italians are consoling themselves by endeavouring to found a trading colony in Central Africa, and a company has been sent to the King of Shoa. Even here, however, indignation has been aroused by the discovery that French and German mercantile companies are equally on the alert and anxious to obtain the upper hand. On Wednesday the Prime Minister made his long expected speech to his constituents at Pavia. Touching upon finance, he said that a surplus of 2,400,000*l.* was expected next year, of which upwards of 1,000,000*l.* would be devoted to the abolition of the Grist Tax. The new Electoral Bill will give a vote to every citizen above twenty-one who can read and write, and passing on to foreign affairs, he energetically defended the course Italy had taken at the Congress, and pointed out that the interests of Italy were unprejudiced, as the Treaty cannot be modified without her consent.

India and Afghanistan.——The report last week that Ali Musjid had been taken by the British troops was unfounded, having arisen from the fact that the Afghans had been practising firing in the Khyber Pass. It was at one time, however, according to *The Times* correspondent, contemplated to make a rapid advance on Ali Musjid and seize the fort by a *coup de main;* but this was abandoned for various reasons, one being that the garrison had been strengthened by large reinforcements of troops, accompanied by artillery. Indeed, it is said that the Pass is defended by stronger artillery than had been anticipated; while 6,000 troops are said to occupy the Pass, so that, even if we captured the fort, it would be very difficult to hold it until our preparations were complete. The inefficiency of transport is another reason for delay; while our envoy has not yet come back from Cabul, which be left on October 6, being expected to arrive at Kohat yesterday (Friday). As he is the bearer of the Ameer's reply to the Viceroy's letter, there is a remote—though, be it said, a very remote—hope of the missive being couched in conciliatory terms. Meanwhile war preparations are being pushed forward actively and extensively, and the whole of India is reverberating with the din of military movements towards the frontier. The official list of the troops told off for frontier operations are:—"The Kuram column, Major-General F. S. Roberts, V.C., C.B., commanding. Three batteries of artillery; a squadron 10th Hussars, 12th Bengal Cavalry, 17th Foot, six regiments of native infantry. Mooltan Division, Lieutenant-General Donald Stewart, C.B., commanding: Eight batteries, with siege train, 15th Hussars, two regiments of Bengal Cavalry, 54th and 60th Foot, and five native regiments. The Quetta column, Major-General A. S. Biddulph, C.B., commanding: Two mountain and one field batteries, three regiments of native cavalry, the 18th Foot, and six regiments native infantry. Sappers and engineers are attached to each column." The Maharajah of Ulwar has offered to equip and maintain at his own expense a corps of camel drivers for service on the frontier, while the Mhairwarra battalion has also volunteered for frontier duty. It is rumoured also that the Shia tribes are threatening to withdraw their support from the Ameer.

It appears that the first account of the interview between Major Cavagnari and the Ameer's Commandant, at Ali Musjid was greatly exaggerated. Although Faiz Mahomed was exceedingly firm in his refusal, he was extremely courteous, and the whole conversation was conducted with true diplomatic politeness on both sides.

United States.——The yellow fever epidemic is slowly abating, but the deaths in New Orleans still continue to average from forty to fifty daily. There was a heavy gale on Saturday on the New England coast. Many marine disasters are announced, and the loss of life is considerable.

Egypt.——The negotiations between England and France have at last been concluded as follows:—All the railways and ports, with the exception of that of Alexandria, will belong to M. de Blignière's department. The new possessions of the Daira will be administered by an Englishman, a Frenchman, and an Egyptian under the control of the new Cabinet. The ancient estates of the Daira remain attached to the Department of Finances. Mr. Rivers Wilson will return to Egypt on the 28th inst., and it is expected that he will sign the treaty of a new loan before returning to Cairo.—The Nile has risen this year considerably above the average.

Miscellaneous.——In South Australia the Ministry resigned on the 27th ult., a new Cabinet being formed under Mr. William Morgan.—In Victoria a telegram of the 3rd inst. tells us that the Ministerial Bill for a reform of the Constitution, curtailing the powers of the Legislative Council, has passed the third reading by 50 votes against 21, in substantially the form in which it was originally presented. It is probable that a Conference of the two Houses will be held to agree upon the amendments proposed by the Legislative Council.—Spain has been greatly excited about the assassination of an official of the Spanish Consulate near Tetuan, in Morocco. The Government has addressed vigorous representations to the Sultan on the subject.—From South Africa we hear that the country appears still to be unsettled; hostilities continue with Secocoeni, and reinforcements have been sent from Pretoria to the front.

THE COURT

The Queen will remain at Balmoral with the Princess Beatrice for another five weeks. Her Majesty and the Princess will then stay a month at Windsor, and go to Osborne for Christmas. Last week the Princess of Wales and her three daughters came over several times from Abergeldie and lunched with Her Majesty, and on Friday week the Prince and Princess dined with the Queen, while Colonel Teesdale, Mr. F. Knollys, Drs. Robertson, Profeit, and Marshall, and the ladies and gentlemen in attendance on Her Majesty, joined the Royal circle in the evening. Next day Sir Stafford Northcote dined with the Queen, and on Sunday morning Divine Service was performed at Balmoral before Her Majesty, the Princess Beatrice, and the Royal Household, the Rev. A. Campbell officiating. In the evening Sir Stafford Northcote dined with the Queen, and next morning Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice went to the Glassalt Shiel.—The Queen intends to appoint Lieutenant-General H. Ponsonby, her private Secretary, to the late Sir T. M. Biddulph's post as Keeper of the Privy Purse, with two assistants, one of whom will be Lieutenant-Colonel A. Pickard, V.C.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their three daughters left Scotland for the South on Saturday. Wishing to cross the Tay Bridge the Royal party went by special train to Dundee, and as their train was the first containing any of the Royal family which had crossed the bridge since it was opened for traffic, the Dundee authorities were anxious to make some demonstration. The Prince and Princess, however, could only stay a few minutes, so the Provost, magistrates, and various officials briefly welcomed the Prince and Princess at the Tay Bridge Railway Station, the Provost's wife presenting a bouquet of roses and Earl Strathmore two baskets of grapes. The shipping and neighbouring buildings were liberally beflagged, and numbers of persons assembled to watch the passage of the Royal train. The Prince and Princess travelled on to Edinburgh, where they dined, and reached London on Sunday morning. Next day the Prince presided at a meeting of the Finance Committee of the Royal Commission for the Paris Exhibition, and in the evening accompanied his wife and the Duke of Connaught to the Promenade Concerts. On Tuesday night the Prince and Princess and their eldest daughter, Princess Louise, went to the Opera Comique. The Prince and Princess left for Paris on Wednesday night, travelling by Dover and Calais.—The Prince has appointed Sir W. Knollys Receiver General of the Duchy of Cornwall.

The Duchess of Edinburgh completed her 25th year on Thursday. The Duke leaves Coburg at the end of the month to join his vessel, the *Black Prince*, at Marseilles, whence he will bring her to England in order to convoy the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne to Canada in the *Sarmatian.* The Princess Louise on Wednesday inaugurated the Leaf Memorial Wing of the Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools at Russell Hill, Caterham.—The marriage of the Duke of Connaught with the Princess

Louise Margaret of Germany will take place about the second week in February at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The Duke was at the Gaiety Theatre on Saturday evening.

Duke and Duchess Bernard of Saxe-Meiningen (Princess Charlotte of Germany, eldest daughter of the Imperial Prince and Princess) have been staying in Paris as the Count and Countess Altenstein. They kept the strictest incognito, and visited all the Parisian sights and theatres, the Princess even making an ascent in the captive balloon. Prince William of Germany too has been in Paris, and the Crown Prince of Sweden has also arrived, travelling as Count Tullgarn, while the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark are daily expected, having stopped at the Hague by the way to visit Prince Frederick of the Netherlands. Before their departure the Danish Crown Prince and Princess had their baby daughter christened at their residence, Charlottenlund, naming the child Ingeborg Charlotte Caroline Louise Frederikka.—According to the Dutch *Middelburger Courant*, the coming marriage of the King of Holland has so annoyed his second son Prince Alexander, that the Prince has gone to Stuttgardt into voluntary exile. The civil marriage of the King and the Princess Emma will take place at Arolsen, and the religious ceremony in the Nieuwe Kerk at Amsterdam.

CHURCH NEWS

The Congregational Union.——The thirty-ninth autumnal session of the union has this week been held at Liverpool. On Monday the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, Principal of Airedale College, preached a special sermon; and the Congregational Total Abstinence Society held a meeting, at which Mr. E. Baines, of Leeds, delivered an address. On Tuesday the business sittings of the Union were commenced under the presidency of the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, who in his opening address said that, in the matter of love and loyalty to the Gospel, the Independents were the healthiest of all the Christian communities in the land, and he firmly believed that the Churches of the future must increasingly conform to their model. The penalty of the faults of the pre-Reformation Church was the schism of Christendom, the Thirty years' war, and the losses and devastations from which fair regions of Europe had not even yet recovered. The penalty of leaving to the eighteenth century sceptics the sacred mission of the Church to maintain the cause of the afflicted and the rights of the poor, was the French Revolution, and the awful anguish which it inflicted on the world. Monarchy, aristocracy, plutocracy, and the middle classes—the stronghold of commerce, morality, and religion—had in succession tried to rule Europe, and each had failed. Democracy would come next. It was easy to brand Democratic schemes of social regeneration as insane. They were no more insane, nor less, than the schemes of kings, priests, and nobles which had vexed the world." His hope that in England the struggle would be conducted with moderation, and would issue in progress, lay mainly in the influence which might be established over these wild, fierce hearts by the preachers of the Gospel. Resolutions were passed recommending the adoption of some systematic method of teaching the Scriptural principles of Church organisation, of instructing the Committee to make special arrangements for the popular exposition of the principles and history of Congregationalism during the Jubilee year of 1881, and also to enter into immediate correspondence with non-established Evangelical Churches, with a view to a conference at an early date on matters connected with the religious condition of England and the promotion of faith and godliness among the people. The mover of the last-mentioned resolution said that many Churches in all denominations were dying of kid-gloveism and too much dignity, and much had still to be learnt in the way of reaching the masses, and converting the domineering squire and the attitudinising clergyman from the error of their ways. In the afternoon some of the members of the Union were received by the Mayor at an "At Home," held at the Town Hall; and in the evening public meetings were held at various places in the town and suburbs. On Wednesday deputations were received from various Nonconformist bodies, and the President, in thanking them for their expressions of sympathy, said that the noble love and beautiful unity of the free Evangelical churches of England which had been demonstrated that day gave a large promise in the future when that great blighting shadow of Establishment which existed was dissipated, as it must be soon. There was always one great body which was conspicuous by its absence on these occasions. The Church of England seemed to be stone-blind to the ministrations of the spirit. Would she never learn that one of the chief graces of a Church was the power to discern the grace of God wherever it was at work? A large number of subjects were dealt with in the Sectional meetings, some of the speakers indulging in political allusions, and comparisons of the respective policies and character of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, mostly in favour of the latter.

Various.——At the Lincoln Diocesan Conference the Bishop said that, from a religious point of view, he looked upon the acquisition of Cyprus as providential, as it might afford an opening for friendly intercourse between the Church of England and the present Church in the East.—At the Oxford Diocesan Conference a resolution was adopted recommending the better observance of the Sabbath throughout the diocese, and it was determined to petition Parliament to close the public-houses on Sunday, or to shorten the time. The Rev. S. A. Knox proposed a resolution declaring that the teaching of Cuddesdon College was not entitled to the confidence of members of the Church of England; but, on the motion of Sir R. Phillimore, the Conference declined to entertain the subject.—At the Winchester Conference the spread of scepticism and the best way of dealing with it was discussed. The Bishop said that there was no use in ignoring the fact of the prevalence of sceptical opinions, but he looked to the future with the most sanguine hope. Lord Carnarvon, who was also amongst the speakers, said that whoever undertook to deal with the question of scepticism, except in private conversation, was bound in the eyes of God to train himself so as to have an absolute mastery of the whole subject.—On Saturday Sir C. S. Reed, M.P., presided at the prize distribution of the Church of England Schools of Norwich, and made a speech in which he said that the few withdrawals from religious instruction in elementary schools showed that the religious difficulty had been met. This was creditable to the people, but not much could be said for the Government of a Christian country that insisted on secular, and appeared afraid to notice or encourage religious instruction.—The Bishop of Manchester, preaching at a choral festival on Saturday, urged the desirability of having such music as the congregation could join in, and said that many of our modern hymns, and some of them the most popular, were strangely namby-pamby, strangely silly. They were full of erroneous conceptions of all sorts of things—of Almighty God, of Heaven, of Hell, of Angels, and he knew not of what besides. Many of them were grossly materialistic, and had he suspected very much tended to form the materialistic and superstitious conception of Christ's presence in His blessed Sacrament. Some of the hymns took what would be called the High Church view, and some the Evangelical view, but to him they all seemed filled with a gross and revolting materialism.—As a pendant to the foregoing, we hear that last Sunday Mr. Spurgeon, after his congregation had sung the first part of a hymn, told them to sing the other verses more quickly, remarking that "this is not a funeral."—The Rev. S. H. Reynolds, vicar of East Ham, Essex, has made a curious innovation in his method of conducting Church service. On Sunday, the 6th inst., he broke off immediately after the Second Lesson, to unite a loving couple in the bonds of matrimony, and, after filling in the register in the vestry, returned to the church and resumed the ordinary service. The parishioners have protested against the change, but without avail, and the churchwarden says that no provision has been made for such a contingency in the Public Worship Act.—The Rev. W. Gaskell, Unitarian minister of Manchester, was on Tuesday entertained at a *soirée* at the Manchester Town Hall in celebration of the fiftieth year of his ministry. The sum of 2,190*l.* had been subscribed as a testimonial, and a Gaskell scholarship of 70*l.* per annum has been endowed therewith. Mr. Gaskell was also presented with a service of plate of solid silver.—Mr. Ira D. Sankey, formerly associated with Mr. Moody, the Evangelist, has arrived with his family at Liverpool from New York. It is stated that Mr. Sankey contemplates making a religious tour through the country.—The Bishop of Peterborough consecrated the new church of St. Laurence, Northampton, on October 10. This is the first of the churches intended to be built, as funds permit, by the Northampton Church Extension Society. The plan consists of a nave and chancel in one span, narrow aisles, chapel for week-day services, bell-turret, north and south porches, and narthex or western porch. The end arrived at in the arrangement of the plan has been to seat the whole congregation, so that every one may be able to follow the entire service, from whatever part of the church it is proceeding, without sight or hearing being abstracted by the intervention of columns. The whole of the seats are free and unappropriated. The architects have been two of Sir G. Gilbert Scott's former pupils, Messrs. Burder and Baker, of 14, York Buildings, Adelphi.—The Right Rev. Bishop Mackenzie, Sub-Dean of Lincoln, and formerly Bishop Suffragan of Nottingham, died on Tuesday. He was seventy years of age, but although he had long been in feeble health his death was quite unexpected, as he had preached on the previous Tuesday, and taken part in the Diocesan Conference on Thursday last week.

LEGAL

The Electric Light in Chancery.——On Wednesday an interim injunction was obtained against Messrs. Wells, of Shoreditch, restraining them from continuing the use of the system of electric lighting, the apparatus of which is shown in one of our engravings this week. The applicant, a Mr. Wilde, claims that the Jablochkoff system, which is the property of a French Company, is virtually the same as that invented by himself, and for which he took out a patent as far back as 1863.

"Unbending Honesty and Unswerving Truth."——The promoters of a "Universal Society," whose motto was that above quoted, but who seem to have had singular ideas as to its interpretation, have got into trouble at Exeter, where their failure to satisfy a claim made by one of its members has led to a magisterial investigation. It was found that although there was a committee, the chairman was a mythical personage, that another person never knew that his name had been associated with the affair, and that the entire list of names was issued by the London secretary alone. The Metropolitan was mentioned as the bank of the society, but no authority had been given to put the name of the bank to the prospectus, and there had never been any deposit made. The bank had no funds of the society, and at the office no proper account books could be found. The secretary and the local agent were both arrested, and though the latter has been acquitted the former is still in custody on remand.

Sunday Closing in Ireland.——Reports from all parts of Ireland show that the Sunday Closing Act has been received with a good grace. No unusual quantity of drink was sold in the provincial towns on Saturday night, and no organised drinking clubs seem to have been formed. In Sligo and Mullingar, towns notorious for Sunday drinking, there was not a single case of drunkenness. Sixty-nine licensed houses in Athlone were closed, and the police contingent was increased, but no breach of the Act occurred. In Dublin in many places of worship, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, allusion was made to the enactment with the object of interesting the congregations in its success, and even some of the National journals have taken the side favourable to the Act. In Dublin, where the new law only closes the public-houses at seven P.M. instead of nine, there was no appreciable reduction in the number of drunken persons arrested in the streets, while at Cork, another of the five cities which do not come under the general provisions of the Act, a rather unusual amount of intoxication was observed, the people having apparently made up for the shortened hours by a more rapid consumption of liquor. In some of the country districts large numbers of persons went to neighbouring towns and claimed the privileges of *bonâ fide* travellers. On Monday, Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P., presided over a meeting held at Manchester to celebrate the passing of the Act. More than one hundred letters of sympathy were read from members of Parliament, clergymen, mayors, magistrates and working-men, and resolutions were passed expressing the confident hope that a similar measure applying to England and Wales would soon be passed.

Miscellaneous Items.——William Stafford, the clerk who absconded from the Liverpool branch of the Bank of England, has been arrested at Jersey, whither he had gone in a small yacht hired at Cowes with the intention of reaching the Spanish coast. As soon as the vessel entered the harbour she was boarded by the Jersey police, to whom Stafford at first gave a false name, but subsequently made a full confession, giving up 10,000*l.* in notes, and stating that he had "been defrauded" of the remaining 5,000*l.* by an accomplice, whose name he refused to divulge.—At Birmingham, a "merchant" named George Dunn has just been convicted of some extensive commercial frauds. Having tried his 'prentice hand by becoming a fraudulent bankrupt (an offence for which he served twelve months in prison), he resolved on doing business on a large scale, and accordingly opened a small shop, from whence he sent circulars over all the country requesting orders *and remittances* on behalf of the "Birmingham Bedstead and General Hardware Company." The scheme answered well, cheques and money-orders came rolling in, followed after a time by complaints respecting the non-delivery of goods, but at length the fraud was detected, the "Company" was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment, and the sale of the stock in trade realised exactly 6*l.*—Mrs. Weldon again appeared at Bow Street Police Court on Saturday, with the information which she was to make against her husband and the doctors who had signed the certificate pronouncing her insane. Mr. Flowers said that although there were certain statements in it which, if proved, would entitle her to a summons against the parties, others were somewhat vague, and he therefore recommended civil proceedings. Mrs. Weldon said she had been treated with courtesy by the Commissioners in Lunacy, who were unable to help her, as the law did not allow any married woman to institute an action without the consent of her husband, a condition which in her case was not very likely to be complied with.—A provincial publican has had to pay 20*l.* damages for disappointing a lady to whom he offered marriage two days after the death of his first wife.—The other day, at Plymouth, a woman, on being sentenced to a week's imprisonment for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, impudently retorted that she "could do that lot on her head," a contempt of Court which was promptly punished by the presiding magistrate, who told her that as she could do seven days on her head he would sentence her to do seven days more on her feet.—A penalty of 50*l.*, with the alternative of a month's imprisonment, has been imposed upon the proprietor of the so-called "Working Men's Club" at Tottenham. The prosecution was conducted by the Treasury, and it was shown that the "club" was established on premises which the local magistrates had repeatedly refused to license as a public-house, and that drinking, dancing, and card-playing were constantly carried on there at hours when the ordinary taverns were closed, the members paying only a nominal subscription.—A few nights ago a burglar was caught *in flagrante delicto* at Blackheath by two policemen. He fired five shots from a revolver at one of them, who was so severely wounded that he was unable to appear against him at the first examination before the magistrate.—On Sunday, the Sheffield police visited a house in Pond Street in quest of two men who were "wanted" for stealing some leather. As soon as the door was burst open one of the thieves jumped through the window, carrying with him both woodwork and glass, and falling a distance of twelve feet upon the roof of an outbuilding. He then dropped into a yard to a distance of ten feet, scaled a wall eleven or twelve feet high, and got clean away, although traces of blood showed the course which he had taken.—On Monday, at the Clerkenwell Police Court, a seaman was charged with being concerned in a garotte robbery at Canonbury on the 25th ult. He was apprehended in consequence of some statements made by a female associate during a quarrel with his sister, which was overheard by a policeman. The prosecutor, a diamond merchant, who was attacked close to his own house, identified the prisoner as one of his assailants, and stated that they had robbed him of over 300*l.* worth of property, and that he had 200*l.* worth more in his possession at the time. He said that for two years he had been in the habit of carrying large quantities of jewels about with him, and had never before been molested—a statement which drew from the magistrate the remark that he must consider himself a most fortunate man.—Michael Heraghty, one of the men charged with the murder of Lord Leitrim and his servants, has died in Lifford Gaol of typhus fever, a disease with which the two other prisoners are also laid up in the prison hospital.—A person named Dean, living at Cuddesdon, in Surrey, has been charged with attempting to murder his wife. The circumstances are peculiar. Dean's statement is that early on Sunday morning his wife having left the bed-room, he thought he heard thieves in the house, and taking a revolver, he fired it at the first person he met on the stairs, which unfortunately happened to be his wife. The woman was hit in the arm, and it is said that no medical man was sent for until fourteen hours after the occurrence, when the wound had assumed a dangerous aspect.—The Duke of Montrose, while staying at an hotel at Newcastle, has been robbed of his dressing case containing valuables worth 200*l.*—The Royal Court of Jersey has affirmed the validity of a marriage with a deceased wife's sister in the case of a widow. It appears that she was the third wife of her deceased husband, her sister having been the second wife, and that she sued for her dower. The claim was disputed on the ground of the illegality of her marriage. It was argued that as Lord Lyndhurst's Act, which prohibited such marriages, had not been registered in Jersey, the law had no force in that island. This view was held by the Court, and judgment was given for the widow.

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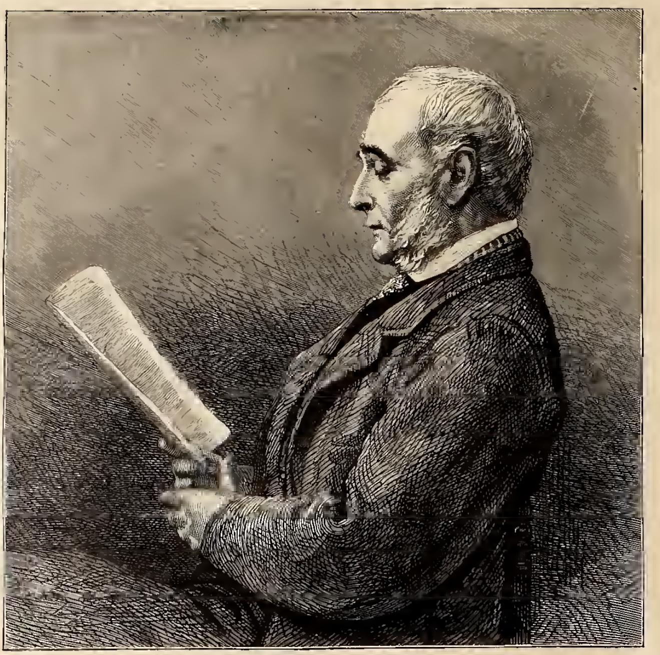
A Compendious Vesuvian Library has been formed by Signor Palmieri in his famous Observatory on the slopes of the volcano, every work relating in any degree to the history of the mountain and written in any tongue having been collected by the energetic Italian. The Observatory has occupied its present perilous position for over thirty years, having been established by King Bomba of Naples.

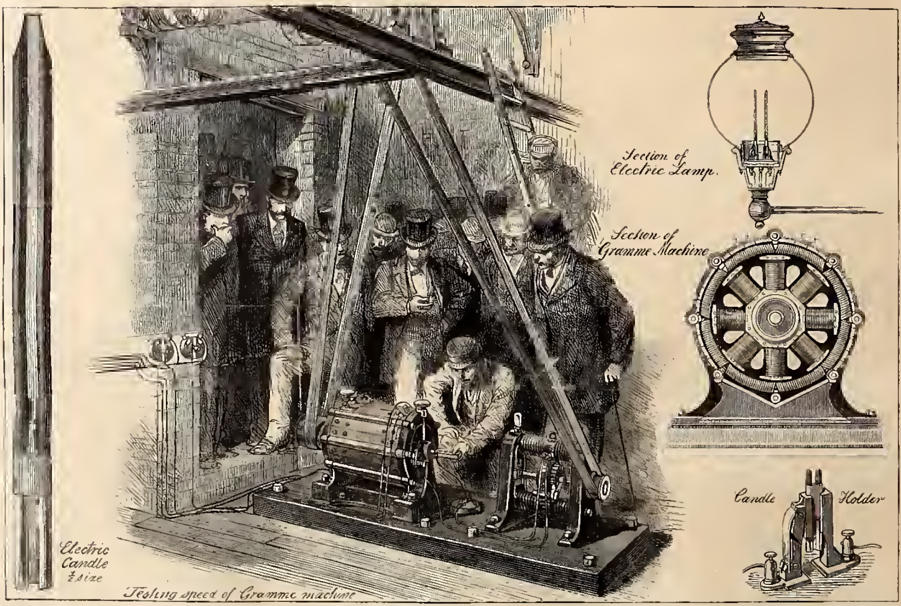
The Blind Congress at Paris.——The Congress, which has just concluded its sittings at Paris, to consider the best means of improving the condition of the blind, is not the least interesting of those which have been held in connection with the Paris Exhibition. The proportion of the blind to the seeing in Western Europe is about 1 in 1,000, but although this proportion may seem small the actual number of blind is considerable, being about 30,000 in England, 40,000 in France, &c. Putting philanthropy aside, it is a matter of great national importance that these people should receive the kind of education which will fit them to add something to the national wealth and well-being. The first question discussed was the best system of embossed printing, and this was decided nearly unanimously in favour of the Braille system, which has this great recommendation, that it is easily *written*, and that such writing is extremely legible by touch. Indeed, the Congress in this decision has done little more than record the fact that there is scarcely a blind institution in Europe, and few in other parts of the world, where this excellent educational system is not more or less used. The next most important question decided was that the best mode of educating the numerous blind children who cannot gain admission into institutions is to establish day schools where they may learn the best methods of education by touch, while at the same time they should be encouraged to attend ordinary schools for the seeing. This plan has long been followed by the Indigent Blind Visiting Society of London, and has been found to work very well. A third decision arrived at was the desirability of forming a Society in France similar in scope to the British and Foreign Blind Association, which has already shown how much may be done towards promoting better methods of education. It is well occasionally to pause and see what progress has been made in any particular subject, and such Congresses are useful in drawing public attention to matters which are a little removed from ordinary observation.

A SHIP BESET BY ICE

As Cape Horn extends beyond lat. 55°S., homeward-bound vessels from Australia and New Zealand are compelled to pass through high southern latitudes, where icebergs are not an unusual spectacle. But this phenomenon is chiefly observable during the summer season, when the icebergs have been loosened by the warmth of the sun from their original habitat, and when they are floated by winds and currents towards the Equator until they are melted. The dangers of collision are, at this time of year, lessened by the length of the days, and during winter time, fortunately, the bergs are usually fast frozen up in the rarely-visited regions within the Antarctic Circle. There are, however, exceptions to this rule, ice is sometimes met with in the depth of winter; the writer of these lines came home in a vessel, the *Swiftsure*, which was for several days beset by ice off the Horn, in July, 1861, and now we have a similar experience to record of the New Zealand Shipping Company's ship *Waikato*, on her voyage from Canterbury, N.Z., to London. On the 25th July last, in lat. 57° S., long. 58° W., after passing several large icebergs (one about two miles long and several hundred feet high), the *Waikato* was completely surrounded by pack ice, but by picking out a place where the pieces were smallest, she got through into clear water. At noon, however, the captain of another vessel informed Captain Worster of the *Waikato*, that there was another barrier of pack ice to the north, and soon afterwards the latter vessel came in sight of it. As night was coming on, and the only clear passage visible was right to windward, Captain Worster resolved, if possible, to keep his vessel in the space between the two barriers until daylight. This was no easy undertaking, as the night was sixteen hours long, and there were every now and then very heavy snow squalls. During these squalls the vessel struck against a great many pieces of ice, and twice went through a barrier, but fortunately kept clear of the bergs. There were three other vessels in the ice at the same time. "At daylight on Friday, July 26th," says Captain Worster, "I found myself close to a large barrier of pack ice, with great quantities of pieces, large and small, all round us. As one of the ships in company, the *Ellerslie*, from Callao (this vessel is long overdue, and is supposed to be lost), had gone through the barrier, I determined to try to get through also. I did not like the idea of remaining in the ice another night, especially as the weather began to look threatening. I, therefore, steered for the pack, and picking out a place where the pieces appeared smallest, got through, though not without a



THE LATE SIR FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A.
Born Jan. 18, 1803, Died Oct. 5, 1878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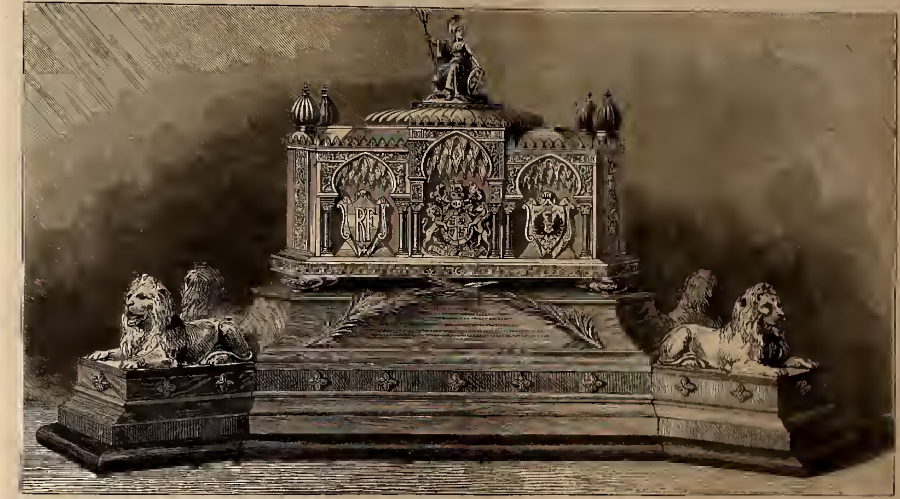
THE ELECTRIC LIGHT—SKETCHES OF THE APPARATUS

THE NEW ZEALAND SHIPPING COMPANY'S SHIP "WAIKATO" FORCING A PASSAGE THROUGH A BARRIER OF PACK ICE, JULY 26, 1878



GOLD CASKET IN WHICH THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON WAS PRESENTED TO LORD BEACONSFIELD

THE INDUS VALLEY RAILWAY—THE "EMPRESS" BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER SUTLEJ good many hard knocks. Fortunately, most of the pieces appeared rotten at the edges, and therefore did us no harm. After getting through we had comparatively clear water, and on the following day not a particle of ice was to be seen. Had we while in the ice encountered boisterous weather and rough seas, I am fully persuaded we should never have got through, the *Waikato* being an iron ship, and therefore not able to stand the knocks and rubs we should have received."

Our engraving is from a sketch made on board by Capt. J. C. Maling, 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

◆

"DREADNOUGHT" SEAMEN'S HOSPITAL, GREENWICH.——During the quarter ending September 30, 349 seamen have been admitted to the hospital as in-patients from British and foreign ships, of which number 74 came from the port of London, 21 from Liverpool, 24 from Glasgow, 8 from Newcastle, 8 from Hartlepool, and 7 each from Shields and Sunderland. In addition to the British seamen, 80 sailors of different nationalities were benefited. We are asked to appeal for the sum of 500*l.*, which must be obtained before Christmas from voluntary sources in order to meet current expenses.

THE NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION.——The objects of this Association, which was founded by the late Mary Carpenter, are mainly to create a wider knowledge of the condition of India, and to indicate various practical methods of co-operating with social reformers in that country. The Association seeks to accomplish these objects by the delivery of lectures by Indians and Englishmen; the organisation of conferences on Indian questions between men of both countries; the establishment of Branches of the Association in India, the maintenance of correspondence with the latter, as well as with individuals, and the supply of information and advice when desired; the encouragement of educational work in India (especially for women) by the selection of English teachers, the supply of books and apparatus, and the establishment of scholarships for girls, &c.; friendly services to Indian students visiting this country, by furnishing information as to means of education for various professions, and as to our philanthropic institutions, as well as by introductions to cultivated English society; and the publication of a Monthly Journal relating to questions of interest to social reformers in England and in India. H.R.H. the Grand Duchess of Hesse has accepted the post of President, and takes much interest in the work. The Hon. Secretary, Miss E. A. Manning, 35, Blomfield Road, London, W., will be glad to give full information and to send the printed papers of the Association.

MARRIAGES.

On the 16th inst., at St. James's, Piccadilly, by the Rev. J. E. Kempe, M.A., rector, Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, assisted by the Rev. Lacy Henry Rumsey, M.A., Vicar of Llansadwell, Pembrokeshire, cousin of the bride, CHARLES EDWARD STRACHAN, eldest son of the late JAMES INNES STRACHAN, of Ceylon, to BEATRICE RUMSEY, younger daughter of HENRY RUMSEY FORSTER, of Brunswick Square, London.

On the 8th inst., at the Collegiate Church, Neuchâtel, GEORGE GREENWOOD PEARSON, son of the late MICHAEL PEARSON, of Lancaster Gate, to ADELINE, sixth daughter of WILLIAM EVANS, of Cornwall Gardens, South Kensington.

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THE GRAPHIC

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ENLARGED TO TWO SHEETS

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NAWAB GHOLAM HUSSEIN KHAN, C.S.I.

"IT may be interesting," says the *Times*, "at the present crisis to give a sketch of the career of Nawab Gholam Hussein Khan, the native gentleman deputed by Lord Lytton to announce to Shere Ali Sir Neville Chamberlain's intended Mission. It tends to illustrate the unswerving loyalty displayed by certain sections of our Pathan fellow-subjects—loyalty, unfortunately, not rewarded as it should be; and certainly shows that in no part of Her Majesty's dominions has more unshaken devotion been shown than along the Punjab border.

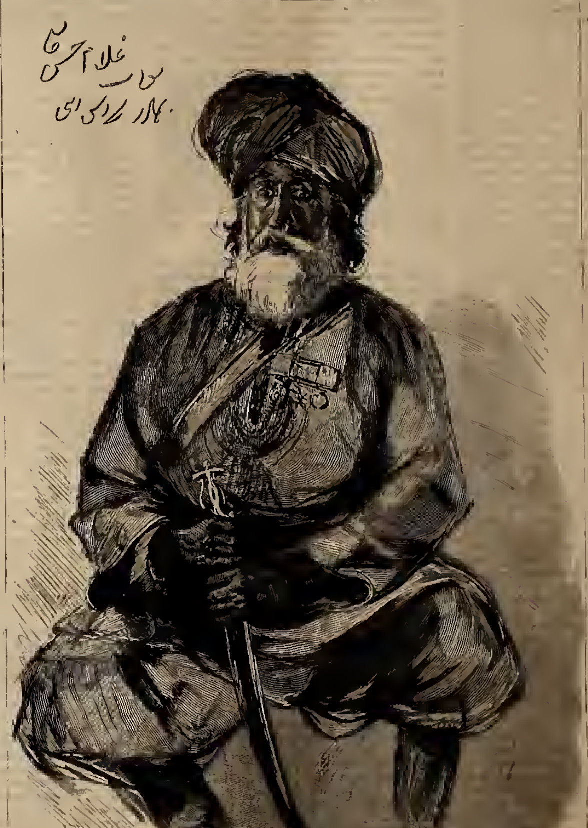
"Gholam Hussein Khan, whose clan, the Alizae Pathans, have, according to their own traditions, been settled in the Derajat for upwards of 1,000 years, is the eldest son of one Ashik Mahomed Khan, who was ruler of the Tank subdivision of the Dera Ismail Khan district under the Maharajah Runjeet Singh. The country was held under a military tenure by which Ashik Mahomed was allowed the whole revenue of the province, he guaranteeing to furnish the Sikh Maharajah a certain contingent in time of war. On the death of his father, Gholam Hussein Khan went to Lahore, and in 1847, under the orders of the late Sir Frederick Currie, then Resident at the Sikh capital, he, together with other Mahomedan chiefs, attacked the rebellious Bhai Maharajah Singh, completely dispersing his band. The handsome rewards and warm thanks of the British officer apparently won the heart of the Alizae chief, for we find Gholam Hussein Khan a few weeks later earning the approbation of Major R. Napier, chief engineer at the siege of Mooltan. No sooner was that fortress captured than Sir Herbert Edwardes despatched the Tank Nawab to Dera Ismail Khan, with the order to hold the country against the Sikh troops then in open rebellion in Bannu. Their loyal assistance to Lieutenant Reynell Taylor enabled that officer, with a few untrained levies and two old cannon—the only shot for which were stones—to reduce by siege the fort of Laki, which was defended by 500 men and 10 guns. This little-known exploit is, perhaps, one of the finest military achievements in our Indian history. During the siege Azim Khan, Dost Mahomed's son, marched down from Cabul with a strong force, and endeavoured to seduce the Alizae chiefs from their allegiance, but it was of no avail; and, on finding that he could expect no support from his co-religionists in the Derajat, Azim Khan fell back. From 1851 to 1857 Gholam Hussein remained at or near Bannu, aiding his old chief, Major Reynell Taylor, in the civil duties of the place; but on the outbreak of the Mutiny he once more placed his sword at the disposal of the British, and was directed by Sir Herbert Edwardes to raise a body of horse for service in the Derajat, so that the regular garrisons might be detached for service in Hindostan. In a few weeks Gholam Hussein had raised 2,000 men, who were the mainstay of the District Officer on the frontier during the early part of the rebellion. Towards the end of 1857, Sir John Lawrence directed the Nawab to take six troops of his Mooltani Horse to Lahore, where they were formed into a regiment and placed under the command of Captain, now General, C. Cureton. This corps took part in no less than sixteen different engagements with the rebels; and for his services during that period Gholam Hussein received the title of Khan Bahadur, the Third Class Order of Merit, the Mutiny Medal, and a pension of 60*l.* per annum! Many tales might be told of these wild Mooltani horsemen, and of the good service they did in Oude and Rohilkund under Sir Thomas Seaton and Brigadiers Penny and Jones. Perhaps the most characteristic is that, on the first occasion of their being formed up on parade, the rear rank flatly refused to ride behind the front, asserting that they were equal in every way, and, therefore, fully entitled to ride side by side. On the fact being explained that the formation was one for drill purposes and not intended to reflect in any way on either rank, the men consulted among themselves, and finally consented to give way, provided that the rear-rank files should lead every other day. In spite of their slight peculiarities, the Mooltani made excellent Irregular Cavalry, and were as dashing in action as they were willing and obedient in quarters.

"At the close of the Mutiny the Nawab was despatched to Cabul as our Envoy, and remained there until 1863, during which time he did the British Government excellent service. He accompanied the Afghan army to Herat, and was the means of inducing Shere Ali to punish Sultan Mahomed Khan (his own father-in-law), who openly assisted the Mamunds in the affair against us at Shubkudder in 1863. During the five years he remained in Cabul his conduct received the warmest approval of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, who placed on record his appreciation of the wisdom, tact, and loyalty of the Nawab; and Shere Ali himself officially expressed himself thoroughly well pleased with the manner in which Gholam Hussein had fulfilled his duties, naively writing, "God knows there have been few Envoys deputed by the British Government distinguished by so much worth and fitness." On his return from Cabul, Gholam Hussein was raised to the rank of Nawab, and in 1868 he was made a Companion of the Star of India. In the same year he was appointed Commandant of the Army of the State of Bhawalpore; but, owing to a slight put upon him at a durbar before the Nawab, where he, an old and tried servant of Her Majesty and a Companion of the Star of India, was made to sit below many underlings of the Bhawalpore State, he took umbrage and requested to be removed. Lord Napier of Magdala promptly reinstated him in his position of Native Commandant of the Mooltani Horse; and, to show his disbelief in certain charges that had been preferred against Gholam Hussein, appointed him his Aide-de-Camp at the Camp of Exercise in 1873. During the Prince of Wales' visit to India the Nawab was nominated to his Royal Highness's Staff, and subsequently was granted a pension and small estate in the Bannu district.

"On the decision being arrived at by Lord Lytton to despatch a mission to Cabul, the Government of India wisely determined to send Nawab Gholam Hussein Khan as an *avant-courier*. His personal friendship for Shere Ali and the tact he had displayed while Envoy in Cabul from 1859 to 1864 peculiarly justified this selection. But it seems that, in spite of his diplomatic skill, Gholam Hussein has been unable to avert the coming storm, which he himself predicted would burst if ever a British Resident were forced on the Ameer. It is strange that Sir Harry Lumsden and the Nawab, both of whom have filled the position of Envoy at the Court of Cabul, should have been so opposed to any attempts at imposing a British Ambassador on the ruler of Afghanistan.

"We are glad to learn of the Nawab's safe arrival in British territory. India can ill afford to lose a man of whom one of our best and bravest Punjab officers wrote—'Gholam Hussein Khan is a perfect gentleman, with chivalrous ideas of honour, a peacemaker among his equals, kind and benevolent to those under him. In soldierlike spirit there is not probably his superior in the country.' As long as India contains such men as Nawab Gholam Hussein Khan, and as long as Indian officials can retain their friendship and loyalty, we have little reason to fear discontent within our borders."

Our engraving is from a sketch made by Mr. Sydney Hall when he went to India as Private Artist to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and the Sirdar's signature is a fac-simile of that affixed by himself to the drawing immediately after Mr. Hall had finished it.



AFGHANISTAN—SIRDAR BAHADUR NAWAB GHOLAM HUSSEIN KHAN, C.S.I., "ALIZAE" CURETON'S MOOLTANEE CAVALRY (15TH B. C.), THE BRITISH ENVOY TO SHERE ALI, WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM CABUL

Drawn from Life by Sydney P. Hall, and Engraved by Special Permission of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

Topics of the Week

England's Troubles.——There is now little or no hope of peace in the East. Lord Lawrence, indeed, still argues against war, and his services to India were so great as to entitle him to assume an air of even higher authority than he has adopted in this controversy. At the same time, to most of those who judge the question impartially, he seems to leave out the most important element of the problem. Everybody admits the difficulties of the enterprise; perhaps he underrates rather than overrates them. But the question is, Has the enterprise become inevitable? If the Afghans were friendly to us, or if there was no Power behind them which we had reason to fear, England would be only too delighted to leave them alone. There is not, we presume, a single Englishman of ordinary good sense who wishes to add a square mile needlessly to our vast Empire. But if a real danger threatens us, we are bound for our own sakes and for the sake of India to make any sacrifice to remove it; and that there is such a danger is not altogether denied by Lord Lawrence himself, while its existence is beyond doubt, in the opinion of nearly all the highest authorities on Indian subjects. The Russians themselves would probably never think of invading India, but if they were masters of Afghanistan nothing would be easier for them than to despatch against us native armies led by Russian officers, and equipped with Russian money. A disturbed feeling would thus be aroused in India, and we should have to impose fresh burdens on a country already overtaxed in order to secure our rule. The prospect before us, therefore, is a war for our own protection; and although we believe it will in the end save both life and treasure, it will in the mean time put a heavy strain upon us and our Eastern dependency. Unfortunately, if we turn to Europe, we do not find that our experiences in the immediate future are likely to be much brighter. The Russians have not only stopped their march towards Adrianople, but are pouring down troops from Bulgaria into Eastern Roumelia; and they positively declare that they will not leave Turkish soil until a new Convention has been signed by the Porte. As this Convention provides for the payment of an enormous indemnity by the Sultan, it is tolerably certain that the Russians have resolved to remain in Turkey long past the time contemplated by the Congress; and they can have no other aim in doing this than the virtual ruin of the Treaty of Berlin. If diplomatic pressure can alter their determination, it is high time that it were vigorously applied.

Will Turkey Recuperate?——The question is an interesting one, both for the sake of humanity in general, and for the sake of the creditors of Turkey in particular. So long as the subjects of the Sultan continue to be oppressed, and consequently discontented, Turkey will remain a convenient field for the intrigues of adjacent Powers, and the insecurity thus produced will tend to perpetuate the poverty and misery of the country. We might have better hope of Turkish reform if the Empire were ruled by a man who was as much master of his own dominions as the Khedive is of Egypt. The Khedive had the good sense to perceive that, if he followed the course he had been pursuing for some years, he would go to utter ruin, so he has called in Western counsellers to help him out of his straits, and promises to do what they bid him. The Sultan of Turkey may be as sensible a man as the Khedive—Lord Beaconsfield, who ought to know, has spoken of him in terms of the most elaborate eulogy—but is he sufficiently master of his own dominions to carry out any similar project of reform? Is it not rather to be feared that he is the puppet of a Constantinople Camarilla, who take care to thwart his reforming tendencies when they run counter to their own selfish interests? The capital of a country ought to be like a man's heart, the instrument by which the life-blood is made to circulate throughout the body. The capital of Turkey, if all accounts be true, rather resembles a cancer, an alien substance which, instead of nourishing, preys upon the body. The great need of Turkey is a sensible system of taxation. The climate is good, the soil is rich, the people are frugal and industrious. But their energies are paralysed by the wretched and oppressive method of collecting the taxes. For this they have chiefly to thank the bloodsuckers of Constantinople. Yet the financial condition of Turkey is by no means desperate. It is true that she owes a hundred and sixty millions, and has paid her creditors no interest for three years. But even under the present inefficient, yet grinding, fiscal *régime*, there is a revenue of eighteen millions a year, and, under good management, it might soon be increased. But nothing practical will be done unless the Porte can be induced to enter on a course of genuine reform. Very plain speaking on the part of England and France might conduce to this end. The Turks well know that these two nations really wish them well, that they have no sinister ends to serve, and they will cheerfully endure to hear their rulers rebuked if the rebuke is intended to promote the well-being of the Turkish people.

The City of Glasgow Bank Directors.——The shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank are receiving a great deal of excellent advice as to the propriety of exhibiting a Christian spirit. It is easy, however, for gentlemen who have suffered nothing to be calm about other people's losses. Those who have been ruined by the hideous dishonesty of men whom they trusted naturally look at the matter from an entirely different point of view. And we are not at all sure that it would be well for them in the general interest to take their misfortunes meekly, for directors are likely to be all the better for seeing that misdeeds of this kind arouse the sternest national indignation. We may hope that several of those now in prison will be able to show that they knew little better than the public what was really going on; but even if they do so they will not have freed themselve from heavy guilt. For they undertook a serious duty—a duty which involved the happiness of hundreds of innocent families—and they acted shamefully in neglecting it. Surely the shareholders of all banks will in future take care that directors are more effectually looked after. Auditors' reports are not always models of accuracy; but the slightest impartial examination of the affairs of this particular bank must have revealed the dire confusion into which they had fallen. Honest directors would themselves prefer that in such vast transactions the whole responsibility should not rest upon them. Meanwhile, the Scotch authorities have displayed commendable promptitude in setting the law in motion against the accused; and intelligent Englishmen are rather inclined to envy the state of things which enables them to carry on quietly the investigations that precede the trial. South of the Tweed the public would have been bored to extinction by the whole story long before the trial came on; and prejudices would have been created when less than half the evidence was known. Might not England take a lesson in this matter from the Scotch?

Gas Shareholders and the Electric Light.——In most cases those persons who invest for the sake of an income, and not for speculative purposes, may be safely advised to hold when a panic affects the stocks in which they are interested. As the panic usually arises from transient causes, everybody who acts thus helps to allay the general uneasiness, and the holders generally find after a time that, even though the nominal value of their property has been temporarily diminished, the income thence derived remains unaffected. But such simple advice as this cannot be prudently offered at the present juncture to gas shareholders. Here the panic is produced—not by political complications or by commercial distresses, all which troubles experience proves to be transitory—but by a belief, which may or may not turn out to be well founded, that a discovery has been made which will render the property of gas companies practically valueless. If Mr. Edison can do all that he boasts he can do, a shareholder had better realise at once, while there is still some doubt existing on the subject, rather than wait until the American inventor's success is so clearly established that it becomes plain to every one that gas is doomed to yield to electricity. In our opinion, however, circumstances do not justify the idea that gas has such a disastrous future before it. The experience of the last century—emphatically a century of inventions—shows that old methods and instruments die hard in the presence of new ones. It took a long time for the spinning jenny to kill the wheel and distaff; steam-horses have made flesh-and-blood horses more in demand than ever; sailing-ships still hold their own pretty successfully against steam-packets. If we turn to the history of illuminating substances, the gas shareholder may find still greater comfort, for whereas our ancestors were only acquainted with wax or tallow-candles and fish oil, we have in addition gas, and paraffin, and colza, and stearine, and a dozen other kinds of light-producers, and yet wax and tallow and fish oil are dearer than they ever were. Then even if the electric light is found suitable for small rooms, its want of heat will still render gas an almost indispensable household agent. We advise gas shareholders, therefore, to hold on obstinately to their shares despite all the sinister growlings of stock-jobbing "bears," and to devote their energies to the encouragement of the use of gas for cooking and house-warming purposes.

France and the Exhibition.——All the world is congratulating France on the success of the Exhibition, and with good reason. Its success has far exceeded anything anticipated by its most sanguine promoters; and the bringing of foreign money into the country is not the only benefit that will result from it. An Exhibition is usually non-political; but politics have had much to do with the triumph scored in the present instance. Had Marshal MacMahon continued his opposition to the national wishes, it is incredible either that exhibitors would have come forward so splendidly or that visitors would have flocked to Paris in such numbers. It was the thorough establishment of the Republic that excited the confidence of the world; and the French will have altogether changed their nature if they are not largely influenced by the universal foreign opinion. The Bonapartiss and Monarchists do not readily profit by experience, but even they must admit that it will not be easy to overthrow institutions which have rendered possible so great a national achievement. There is another way in which the Republic is likely to gain by the Exhibition. Hitherto it has been vaguely supposed that the Republic is not so favourable to industry as a Monarchy or an Empire. This can hardly be urged in future by the most bitter opponents of Republicanism. The truth is that a Republic alone can give French industry a fair chance, for it alone can secure that contentment among the industrial classes which is the first condition of important commercial undertakings. The Exhibition has also brought out the fact that while the Republic encourages trade it is not incompatible with the love of show and splendour inherent in the French nature. In the great celebration on Monday an Emperor was in no way missed. Paris was even gayer and more brilliant than when Napoleon III. made it his chief object to win popularity by magnificent spectacles. It is one of many proofs that Republicanism is adapted to France that it can provide even those elements which were formerly believed to be peculiar to more pretentious forms of government.

Oberammergau at Westminster.——So-called public opinion is not always to be implicitly depended on for judging rightly in every matter, the reason being that even if, as Robespierre imagined, the *vox populi* were really the *vox Dei*, it is seldom that the whole people are so strongly interested in any question as to speak out their minds fully. What is usually styled public opinion is merely the opinion of a section, and hence, as has been acutely remarked, it is often just the reverse of the aggregate of private opinion. We think, however, that if the Aquarium manager had persevered in his intention of bringing out the Oberammergau Passion Play he would have had arrayed against him a very formidable phalanx of public opinion, composed of Christians of all sects, and he has, therefore, acted wisely in his prompt and graceful withdrawal. The fact is that the Passion Play, although a survival from a long-past epoch, is essentially a religious ceremonial, and has always been so regarded in the valley (till lately so remote and sequestered) where it has been performed for so long. The mediæval charm and simplicity of the ceremony has been sorely diminished by the increasing throng of sight-seers at each of the decennial representations of the last twenty years, that is, in 1860 and in 1870; but it would become utterly repulsive if transferred to the stage of an ordinary theatre. There would be elaborate criticisms by "our dramatic critic;" such announcements as "Triumphant Success! 154th Night of Herr So-and-So as St. John the Evangelist," and probably a tendency in other quarters to burlesque the performance. It is true that our ancestors went to see Miracle Plays in which scenes of the most solemn character were intermingled with passages of broad buffoonery; but it is sufficient to say, in reply to this, that we are not as our mediæval ancestors, who, in many respects, were simply grown-up children, and were therefore endowed with that peculiar simplicity of childhood which it is so utterly impossible to recal in after life.

The Break-up of Home Rule.——It is highly probable that we shall soon hear the last of the Home Rule movement. The negotiations connected with the Conference at Dublin have revealed profound differences among the leaders; and it is admitted on all hands that the mass of the people have lately taken hardly any interest in the question. Some Englishmen have rushed to the conclusion that Irish discontent is at an end; but this is to take far too sanguine a view. Whether they are reasonable or not, Irishmen undoubtedly dislike England; and many of them detest and loathe her. We, may, then expect, if the Home Rule organisations are destroyed, to see others of a like nature take their place. It is even possible that there may be a revival of the old National party, which will be satisfied with nothing short of a complete repeal of the Union. In some respects this would be an improvement on the ignoble agitation which is now about to cease; the Nationalists would at least have an honest policy, and everybody would know exactly what it was they wanted. That they or any other similar parties could ever succeed no one who has studied Irish history will for a moment believe. Even if England were less resolved than she is to maintain the Union, the character of Irishmen is such that they are incapable of carrying on a great enterprise. This is not solely due to their quarrelsomeness, although that counts for a good deal; it is also caused—to put the matter plainly—by the Irishman's reverence for the interests of number one. It is the fashion nowadays to praise Irish generosity; but the fact remains, as a Home Rule leader has just been telling them, that while they denounce and plot against the Empire they take every opportunity of profiting by Imperial institutions. They come in large numbers to hated England and make a living there which they could not make at home; they crowd into the Imperial army and eagerly compete for offices in the Civil Service. They have not the courage to say openly, "We think the Empire a monstrous injustice, and shall have nothing to do with it;" they say it is wrong, and turn it to the utmost possible advantage. And so it will be in all future so-called revolutionary movements. Meanwhile, by keeping up bad relations with England, Irishmen drive away English capital from their country, and prevent the growth of that prosperity for which they continually envy us.

POSTE RESTANTE.——The fact that we can only express this concise phrase in our own language by some such clumsy periphrasis as "To be left till called for," seems to show that we do not sufficiently appreciate the advantages of the thing itself. "A Traveller" hits this Post Office blot very effectively in Wednesday's *Times*. Strangers in London who have letters addressed "Poste Restante" are now only allowed to receive them at the General Post Office, and so have to come trooping down from all sorts of remote suburbs to St. Martin's le Grand. Some time ago, we remember, the Post Office authorities declined to deliver letters addressed to initials at post-offices, and now they seem to have carried their repressive tendencies still further. They were supposed to be acting in the interests of morality, as much of the correspondence thus carried on was said to be of a clandestine, and frequently of a disreputable character. But if so, their object in this latter respect has been entirely frustrated, as a number of shops make a very good thing by taking in this species of correspondence. People who want to carry on this sort of secret epistolary intercourse soon learn where these shops are to be found; whereas the stranger in London, who has no reason to be ashamed of his letters, but who simply has no fixed residence, not being aware where these epistolary houses of call are situated, has to go to the Central Office. The same remark applies to ladies and other persons of limited income, who not unnaturally do not wish the correspondence addressed to their own residences. Thus the innocent are punished, and the guilty evade the rules. But are not the Post Office authorities straining at gnats and swallowing camels, while they keep a large staff of clerks at work on Sundays, the chief business of the said clerks on that day of rest being the forwarding of racing telegrams?

NOTICE.——MR. SYDNEY HALL, *who was our Special Artist during the Franco-German War, will shortly sail for* CANADA, *in order to make Sketches for this Journal on the occasion of the* ARRIVAL OF THE MARQUIS OF LORNE *and H.R.H. the* PRINCESS LOUISE. —THE GRAPHIC *this week consists of* TWO WHOLE SHEETS, *of which one is devoted to a* HISTORICAL DESCRIPTION *of* PARIS, *illustrated by* ENGRAVINGS *of the* PRINCIPAL PLACES *of* INTEREST *in and about the* CITY.—*The* PARIS SHEET, *though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding after page 424.*

AMUSEMENTS

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Conductor, Sir MICHAEL COSTA.—The FORTY-SEVENTH SEASON will commence on Friday, Nov. 22, with a performance of Mendelssohn's HYMN OF PRAISE and Rossini's STABAT MATER. During the Season the following works will also be performed: Rossini's "Moses in Egypt," Handel's "Samson," "Israel in Egypt," and "Messiah," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Mozart's "Requiem" and "Twelfth Mass," Spohr's "Last Judgment," and Costa's "Eli." Subscriptions (tickets transferable), 2, 2½, and 3 Guineas for Ten Concerts. Season Prospectus now ready, and subscriptions received, at No. 6, Exeter Hall, daily, from Ten till Five, Saturday Ten till Two.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—Every Evening (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, New Comedy by E. Manuel, Esq., entitled DAISY. Mrs. S. Lane. Mdlles. Brewer, Summers; Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Charlton. Followed by CONCERT. Alf. Rivers, Misses Nelly Plimmer and Nelly Bryant, Sydney Franks. Recitation, Miss Marie Henderson. DAUGHTER OF NIGHT. Messrs. J. B. Howe, Drayton, Bigwood, Lewis, Reeve, Towers, Mrs. Newham; Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Rayner. Saturday, GUY FAWKES and Fireworks. Wednesday, Benefit of Mr. Charlton.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. G. CONQUEST.—Monday, Oct. 28, Benefit of Mr. G. CONQUEST, on which occasion will be produced an entirely new and original drama, written by Messrs. Conquest and Pettitt, entitled THE ROYAL PARDON, with new scenery and effects. Followed (for this night only) by Mr. Charles Collett and Company and the Sisters Claremont. To conclude with GALE BREEZLEY. To commence on Tuesday and following evenings with the ROYAL PARDON. Conclude on Wednesday with the POLISH JEW. On Thursday the LOTTERY TICKET, and other evenings the SHAUGHRAUN, supported by the entire Company.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—No. 204, MRS. BROWN AT THE PLAY, by Mr. Arthur Sketchley (during Mr. Corney Grain's temporary absence), and CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.—EVERY EVENING, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8. Every Thursday and Saturday, at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place.—In preparation, A TREMENDOUS MYSTERY.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Night of the Crucifixion," "Soldiers of the Cross," &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

MASKELYNE AND COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL.—EVERY EVENING at Eight, and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoons at Three. A programme of inexplicable illusions and mechanical wonders. Music by Mechanism is Mr. Maskelyne's latest and greatest achievement. The performance of Fanfare, the Cornet Player, and Labial on the Euphonium, are just now the attraction and talk of the entire kingdom, the Press having spoken in terms of unqualified praise. Private Boxes from 21s. to 2½ Guineas; Stalls, 5s. and 3s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.—W. MORTON, Manager.

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BRIGHTON SEASON.—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS, leaving Victoria for Brighton every Weekday at 10.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and from Brighton at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m., and on Sundays from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and from Brighton 8.30 p.m.

EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.15 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.30 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.

Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.

EVERY WEDNESDAY.—Cheap Day Return Tickets to Brighton, including admission to the Aquarium, are issued from Victoria, London Bridge, and nearly all Stations.

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28th Oct. . . .	dep. 6.45 a.m.	dep. 7.0 a.m.	arr. 7.50 p.m.
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30th Oct. . . .	dep. 7.25 a.m.	dep. 7.35 a.m.	arr. 8.25 p.m.
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The Tickets available to return within 14 days
By the Train leaving Paris at 8.50 p.m.

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(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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Our Illustrations

SIRDAR GHOLAM HUSSEIN KHAN

See page 409.

HUBERT HERKOMER

See page 438.

SKETCHES IN A NORMAN CIDER ORCHARD, II.

FOREMOST amongst the most important personages of a Norman village is the Curé, who is well versed in all the gossip of the neighbourhood. "I must say, however," writes our artist respecting the subject of the sketch, "he never interferes with political affairs." On the same page is a portrait of La Mère De Mousseux, the landlady of a little country inn; while below is a sketch of an English family who are spending their holiday in Normandy. They have, however, a Breton *bonne* with them, which, our artist writes, is not an unusual thing even with the well-to-do Normans themselves at the present time. These *bonnes*, be it said, are exceedingly kind to their little charges, to whom they become very attached, and indeed are frequently somewhat apt to spoil them by yielding to all their little whims and fancies.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION—AWARDING THE PRIZES

THE crowning ceremony of the *fêtes* attending the Paris Exhibition of 1878 took place on Monday—the distribution of awards by Marshal MacMahon in the presence of some 20,000 spectators, including various princes and other distinguished foreign visitors. The Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées, where the ceremony took place, is a building all the more fitted for the occasion, as it was built for the first World's Fair ever held in Paris—that of 1855; and the large hall which was set apart for the ceremony still contains the stained-glass windows at either end depicting France convening all nations to the Exhibition, and Equity presiding over the increase of exchange. The hall had been most brilliantly decorated in red and gold, the galleries being bountifully hung with these colours, and the columns being swathed in crimson velvet, and embellished with gilded shields inscribed with "Pax" or the initials of the French Republic—"R. F." Pennons of the various countries represented at the Exhibition hung from the roof, while gigantic shields inscribed with their names were ranged round the galleries. The immense area of red velvet benches beneath also was broken by trophies representing the industrial and agricultural arts; while at one extremity an immense platform had been erected for the Marshal, his guests, the Diplomatic Body, the members of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies and the chief functionaries of State. Immediately beneath the platform a space had been reserved on either side respectively for the foreign and French winners of gold medals and *prix d'honneur*, then came an enclosure for the juries, next the general mass of exhibitors, and finally the orchestra, which was composed of the bands of the Garde Republicaine and the 5th Regiment of the Line, and some twenty-three choral societies. The galleries were filled with ladies and other privileged spectators. Although the ceremony was not announced to take place until one o'clock, the stage was filled some two hours earlier, so afraid were the ticket holders lest their places should be appropriated. At a quarter to one the music struck up, the soldiers presented arms, and with M. Grévy, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, began the entry of a long line of distinguished guests, either in the regulation evening dress, or in uniforms resplendent with brilliant decorations. At one punctually Marshal MacMahon, together with the Prince of Wales and various other Royal guests, appeared, and took his seat on the dais, the Prince being on his left, and the ex-King of Spain, Don Francis d'Assisi, being on his right, the Princes of Denmark, Sweden, the Duke d'Aosta, and the Count of Flanders being behind; while Madame MacMahon, with the Princess of Wales, was in a box at the side. Then ensued a picturesque international procession, formed of the regiments which had been sent over by the various nations to watch over their respective sections. These clad in their national uniforms, and bearing their country's flag, formed a most effective feature of the proceedings, as they ranged from the silk-clad Celestials, with their Yellow Dragon, to the United States sailors, with the stars and stripes, from the picturesquely-clad Hungarian to the burly negroes of Senegal, with a perfect Goliath of Gath for their leader. Next came a procession of groups of exhibitors, representing their various classes, also with banners, some of which are said to have cost from 800*l.* to 1,000*l.* After all had passed, Marshal MacMahon made a brief speech, thanking the various princes for the assistance they had rendered to the Exhibition, and congratulating France upon its unqualified success, more especially as at the time that the Exhibition was first proposed France had just passed through "severe trials," while "her industry had not escaped the effects of that vast commercial crisis which weighed on the entire world. Yet the Exhibition of 1878 has equalled, if it has not surpassed, its predecessors." The Marshal was loudly cheered on resuming his seat with mingled cries of "Vive la République!" and "Vive le Maréchal!" and then M. Teisserenc de Bort, rapidly summarised the work of the Exhibition, and MM. Georges Berger and Dietz Monin, the Directors, proclaimed the names of those exhibitors who had been decorated with the Legion of Honour, and the proceedings finally closed with the announcement of the various awards, the President and Vice-Presidents of each group of juries coming up to the dais to receive the crosses and recompenses to be distributed amongst the members of their class, amid the cheers of the assembled multitude.

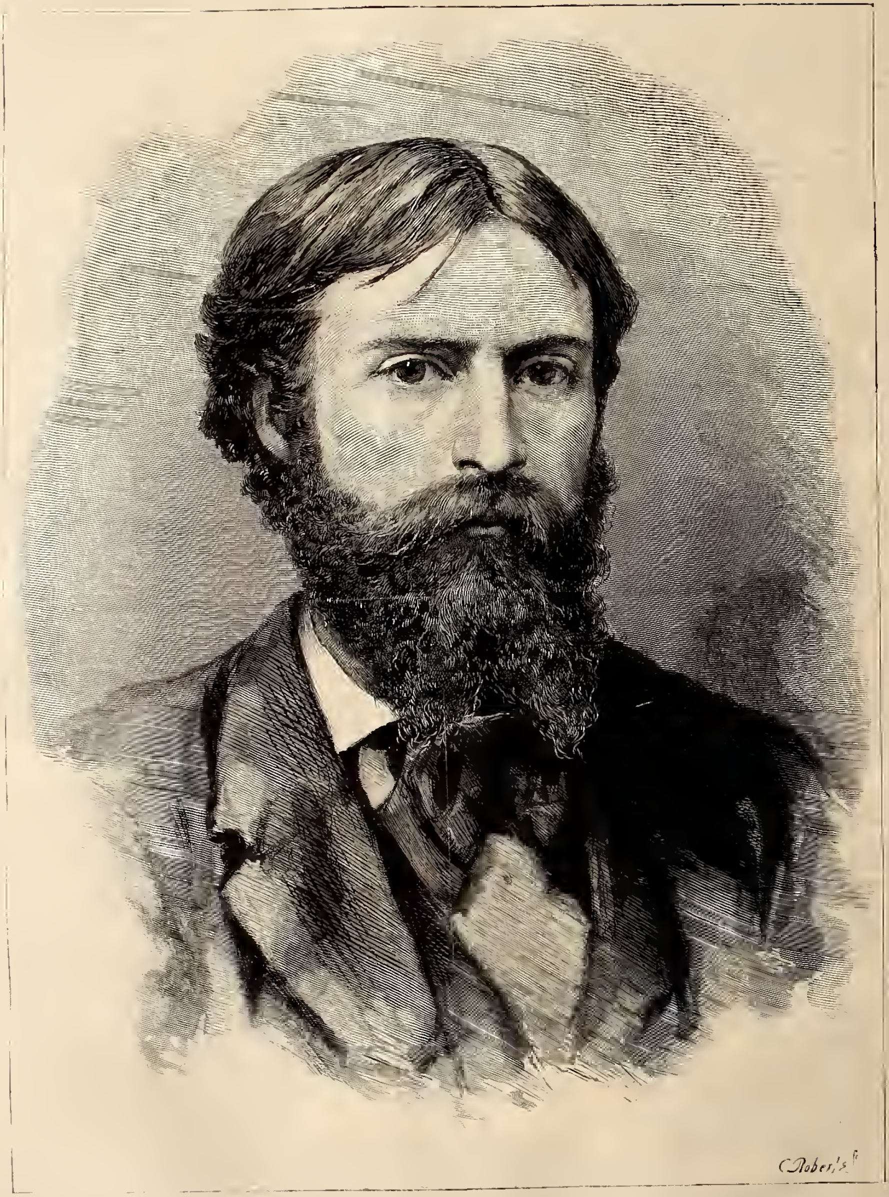
SKETCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA

"M'NAUGHTEN'S KRANTZ," writes our artist, "is one of the many precipices which rise abruptly out of and about the Peri Bush, and is so called after an officer of Carrington's Light Horse, who lost his life in an engagement with the Kaffirs, which took place on the spot depicted in the foreground of the illustration, and resulted in the driving of the enemy out of his positions behind the huge boulders over the Krantz, which they descended in safety, marvellous to say, although they assisted themselves with grass ropes. In placing themselves in such a position, it is evident the chiefs considered a safe retreat to consist in the inability of their opponents to follow them when defeated. Directly opposite is Murray's Krantz, all around stretches the Peri, the difficulty of penetrating which consists not merely of the extreme closeness of the vegetation, but also of huge rocks, piled and strewn about amongst the trees, but perfectly invisible from outside. Although the Kaffirs are said to be driven out of it, patrols are constantly moving about to prevent any assembling of them, and it was with such a patrol of the Hottentot Militia, commanded by Captain Davies, that I made the sketch."

MAJOR CAVAGNARI AND THE AFRIDI MULLICKS

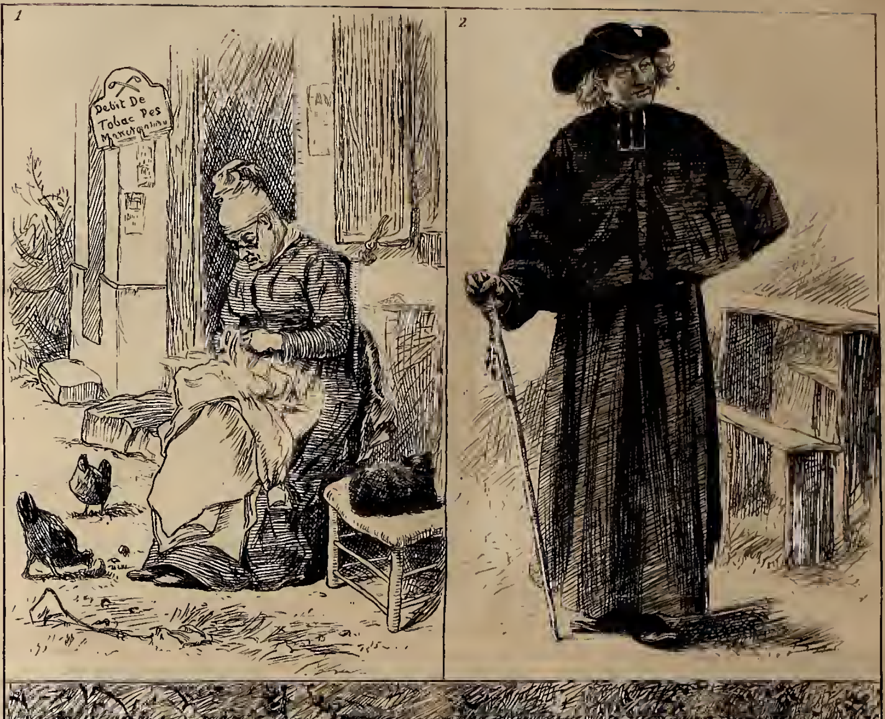
THE interview between Major Cavagnari and the Ameer of Cabul's Commandant at Ali Musjid is of historical interest. The Mission started from Peshawur for Jumrood on Sept. 21st. It comprised 1,000 persons. Eleven were British officers, four native gentlemen, 234 fighting men, and the rest camp-followers. The *cortège* consisted of 315 camels, 250 mules, and 40 horses. As it was deemed unwise to send the whole convoy into the Pass until the intentions of the Commandant were known, Major Cavagnari rode forward, taking with him a small escort of the Guides. After considerable delay a messenger arrived, and announced that the Commandant (Faiz Mahomed) would come out to meet the Major and three others at a spot indicated. The Major accordingly, thus accompanied, went forward, leaving the rest of his escort on the ridge. On meeting Faiz Mahomed, Major Cavagnari shook hands with him, and then the two parties sat down, surrounded by a couple of hundred Afghan soldiers. The conversation was conducted on both sides with perfect courtesy; but Faiz Mahomed said that he could not permit the advance of the Mission, and that he had already been severely reprimanded for allowing the Viceroy's Envoy, Nawab Gholam Hussein, to pass. Finally, Major Cavagnari asked whether he was distinctly to understand that the Mission would be resisted by force. Faiz Mahomed replied that he had no alternative if the Mission were pressed. This, and another courteous hand-shaking, terminated the palaver.

Major Cavagnari, we learn from *Vanity Fair*, is the son of General Adolphe Cavagnari, who belonged to an ancient and



HUBERT HERKOMER

RECIPIENT OF ONE OF THE GRAND MEDALS OF HONOUR AWARDED TO THE ART SECTION OF GREAT BRITAIN AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION



1. La Mère de Mousseux, Landlady of the Auberge.—2. A Village Curé.—3. An English Family in Normandy

SKETCHES IN A NORMAN CIDER ORCHARD. II.

noble family of Parma, who was in the French Service under the First Empire, and who subsequently became Equerry and Private Secretary to Prince Lucien Bonaparte. Major Cavagnari, his son by an Irish lady (the daughter of Mr. Hugh Lynes-Montgomery, of Belhavel, County Leitrim), was educated at Christ's Hospital, and was one of the late East India Company's direct cadets. He has shown himself an excellent frontiersman in India, and on one occasion killed in single combat a notoriously troublesome chief. He has long been Deputy-Commissioner of Kohat (where the incident took place which is depicted in our engraving), he has acted as Deputy-Commissioner of Peshawur, and last year was made a Companion of the Star of India for his services. Although of foreign extraction, he is by birth nearly, by education and training quite, English.

"Major Cavagnari," a correspondent informs us, "possesses a more thorough knowledge and habits and temperament of the frontier tribes than almost any officer living. He happens to be an amateur photographer, and in the course of a Durbar held by him at Kohat a few years ago, he persuaded the principal Afridi Chiefs to group themselves, and thus secured the photograph a copy of which we to-day present to our readers, who may wonder how Major Cavagnari managed to photograph himself with the group. This was very simply done. After focussing and preparing the plate he seated himself, and made one of his native servants uncover and recover the camera. Another month may see these Chieftains either our most useful allies or our most troublesome foes, and we hope that Major Cavagnari may be as successful in grouping them by our side in battle, as at his side in the photograph. Their traditions claim for the Afridis and others descent from the lost Ten Tribes, and this photograph certainly shows a strongly marked Jewish cast of feature."—We are indebted to Mr. Crompton, late of the Rifle Brigade, for the use of the photograph, to whom it was given by Major Cavagnari himself.

ATTOCK

THE small town and port of Attock is situated on the east bank of the Indus, close below the point where it receives the waters of the Cabul river, and first becomes a navigable stream. The fortress of Attock was built by the Emperor Akbar in 1581, to command the passage of the river. It is strongly constructed of stone, and the town which it encloses was formerly of much importance; but has now fallen into decay. On the opposite bank of the river is Khyrabad, another fort built also by Akbar, according to some authorities, but according to others by Nadir Shah. The banks of the river are formed of slate-rock, the surface of which, polished by the force of the stream, shines like black marble. They are extremely high and steep, so that the enormous increase of water in summer, caused by the melting of snows on the adjacent hills scarcely affects its breadth, but merely adds to its depth, which at different periods of the year ranges from thirty feet to some sixty or seventy feet. The bridge of boats shown in our engraving is only used in winter, a ferry being the means of communication at all other times. At some distance higher up the river there is a ford, which, however, is seldom used on account of the extreme coldness of the water and the swiftness of the tide. The project of erecting a permanent bridge at this spot, so that the line of communication with the frontier might not be interrupted, has for some years occupied the attention of the Indian Government. Lord Napier of Magdala, when a Major in the Bengal Engineers, designed an iron suspension bridge and submitted the plans; but, for some reason or other, the suggestion was never carried out.

PARIS ILLUSTRATED

See page 425, *et seq.*

HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——Sir Stafford Northcote has made several public appearances during the past week at Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and other places, but his speeches have contained no very startling statements. He defends the acquisition of Cyprus on the ground that it will enable us to teach the Turks by force of example what reforms are expected of them, and, setting aside the military expenditure, he considers that the administration of the island will cost us nothing. The Afghan difficulty is, he thinks, the only cloud on the horizon in regard to foreign affairs, and he of course considers that the sending of our Envoy to Cabul was a reasonable measure, considering that Russia's agent had already been received there. With regard to our financial position, he draws comfort from the reflection that the taxpayers are now paying much less per year than in 1856, and he repudiates responsibility for the annual increase of expenditure, which he points out is the necessary result of legislation effected when the Liberals held the reins of power. The final speech of the series was delivered on Wednesday at Dudley, for which place Sir Stafford first sat in Parliament. After acknowledging his indebtedness to the borough for starting him on his political career he contrasted the present condition of the country with what it was at the close of the Crimean War, arguing that the nation had made a steady advance, not only in political intelligence and power, but also in comfort, education, and independence. He repudiated all plea of "stumping the country," declaring that he had only consented to visit the Midlands because he wished to give pleasure to those who invited him, and because he thought it sound and healthy that Ministers and public men should go amongst the constituencies and have a little political talk with them.—Mr. Chamberlain, on the other hand, takes quite another view of affairs. Never in this generation, he declares, has the political horizon looked darker both abroad and at home. Our Plenipotentiaries have been to Berlin; they have left Europe disturbed; they have irritated France and Italy, and have betrayed the cause of Greece. The Government, too, have wilfully courted rebuff from a semi-barbarous potentate. Trade was bad; but no sooner did it revive than industry was paralysed by fresh outbursts of the disastrous policy of the Government.—Mr. Gladstone (who, by the bye, has just declared the open condition of his mind with regard to Spiritualism) is to address his constituents on the 16th prox., so that he may reply to the Premier's speech at the Guildhall banquet on the 9th.—Lord Rosebery, speaking at a meeting of Liberals at Aberdeen, condemned the acquisition of Cyprus and the engagement which we had entered into with regard to Asia Minor, and said that even India might be kept at too high a price.—Mr. Forster was present at the Mayor's dinner at Bradford on Tuesday, and though he avoided general politics in his speech, he managed to have a slap at the Government by saying that during last Session the House of Commons sat up night after night to try and find out what the Government were doing, but were unable to succeed until the things had been accomplished.—The Peace Society have issued an address calling upon their friends to use whatever power and influence they possess to prevent the country being hurried into a war of aggression, for which the only justification pleaded is a selfish regard to interests which, in their solemn belief, would be far more imperilled than protected by such a policy.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, speaking at Carlisle last week, said that Lord Lytton had proved himself utterly unworthy to be a servant of the Crown and to rule over India. Day after day we were called upon by the London Press to go and chastise the Ameer of Cabul; yet if he had refused to receive a Russian mission, and Russia had gone to chastise him in the way proposed, and teach that barbarous Power a lesson for affronting a civilised Power, we should have had the Afghans spoken of as gallant mountaineers, defending their mountain fastnesses.—The Home Rulers are all at sixes and sevens. Mr. Butt would have nothing to do with the Convention held in Dublin this week. Mr. Parnell, M.P., presided, and the other Members of Parliament present were Messrs. Biggar, O'Sullivan, O'Clery, O'Donnell, Gray, Ennis, Sheil, and O'Connor Power. The meeting adopted resolutions declaring that "Irish members should be called upon to offer determined and energetic resistance to all the enemies of Irish interests; that the inaction of the Council of the Irish Home Rule League is detrimental to the Home Rule Movement;" and that "the only way to obtain our ends is by constituencies electing only those members who will pledge themselves to sustained action in the House of Commons, irrespective of other interests." The public demonstration which followed was more quiet than had been expected, there being only "occasional fights" during the evening, but there was great confusion towards the close.—One of the Liberal candidates at Peterborough having retired from the contest, in obedience to the preliminary ballot, three still remain, and if these all stand the Conservative will, of course, head the poll. The nomination was to take place yesterday (Friday).

MISCELLANEOUS.——On Tuesday the First Lord of the Admiralty left London for Paris on his way to Cyprus and Malta. He would join Colonel Stanley at Paris.—The Social Science Congress was opened at Cheltenham on Wednesday under the presidency of Lord Norton. There was a Council meeting in the morning, followed by a special service in the parish church, the preacher being Dr. Barry, of King's College. The members afterwards attended a banquet given by the Mayor, and finally the inaugural meeting was held in the Assembly Rooms, Lord Norton delivering an address in which he said that secular work and religion could no more be separated than fuel and fire, for social work and mutual duties were the very substance on which religion was kept alive. He then referred in turn to each of the principal subjects which the Congress would have to discuss. With regard to the repression of crime, the system of prison schools and school prisons was a doubly false idea, by which they had shut up in a caged existence, and lost to industry, a large portion of the able-bodied population. As to education, the effect of mixing the two systems, the eleemosynary and the national, was ruining the quality of both, confusing the course and subjects of instruction, and producing ridiculous results. He thought that the present depression of trade was only temporary, trades unions were the workmen's equipoise to masters' meetings, and it would be well if arbitration could be made a condition of service in every engagement, so that every dispute might be referred to an umpire, on some established principle, such as the fixed relation of wages and profits. On Thursday the Sections met for the discussion of a long list of subjects, which were divided into five departments:—Law, with Mr. Miller, Q.C., as president; Health, Mr. Mitchell, Q.C.; Education, the Hon. G. Brodwick; Art, Mr. T. Gambier Parry; and Trade, Professor Bonamy Price.—The electric light is likely to have a fair trial. The Civic authorities intend using it on the Holborn Viaduct and in front of the Royal Exchange, and the Board of Works will give it a three months' trial on the Thames Embankment. It is also to be provisionally adopted at various other places in the kingdom, notably at Dublin, where the harbour is to be illuminated by four lights.—A fatal railway accident occurred on Saturday at Pontypridd, on the Taff Vale Railway, two trains being thrown into collision by the premature action of a signalman, who admits his fault, and will be tried for manslaughter. Twelve persons were killed, and about forty more or less injured.—One of the firemen engaged at a large fire in the Minories on Tuesday fell from a wall, and was so badly injured that he is not expected to recover. The fire, which occurred at a warehouse in which whisky and wool were stored, burnt furiously for several hours, despite the fact that huge volumes of water were thrown on it by sixteen engines.—The United Kingdom Alliance held its twenty-fifth annual meeting on Tuesday. Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Professor Smyth were the chief orators.—Monday last was the seventy-third anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar. The only surviving officers are Admiral of the Fleet Sir G. Rose Sartorius, K.C.B.; Admirals Robert Patton, W. W. Percival Johnson, and Spencer Smyth; Commanders Francis Harris, and William Vicary; and Lieutenant-Colonel James Fynmore, R.M.—Mr. James Johnstone, who for some twenty years has been the proprietor of the *Standard* newspaper, died on Monday last.—The death is also announced of Mr. Ben George George, editor and proprietor of "Peter Parley's Annual," a publication well-known to the youth of both sexes.

The late Mr. George A. H. Holt.

WE have to deplore the loss of MR. GEORGE A. H. HOLT, who was the first Chairman of the Company organised for the publication of *The Graphic*. He died on Tuesday last, in his sixty-seventh year, having been born on the 25th of March, 1812. His great business capacity and unflinching honesty, coupled with calmness and keen insight, were of the greatest value in giving solidity to the undertaking, and confidence to all concerned during the early days of what was emphatically an uphill fight. In every respect MR. HOLT was the *beau ideal* of what a Director should be: he accepted nothing without himself looking into it thoroughly, and his whole thought was devoted to the interest of the shareholders. MR. HOLT's early life was spent in South America, his first years being passed in Bahia, and afterwards at the River Plate. At the time of his death he was Chairman of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway, Deputy-Chairman of the London and River Plate Bank, and Director of the English Bank of Rio Janeiro.

THEATRES

THE theatre which was known as the HOLBORN until Mr. Burnand during his brief management conferred upon it the name of the DUKE'S, has recently assumed the character of a cheap popular house, with few private boxes and no stalls, and a programme in which romantic drama is the standing feature. Consistently with this policy we lately had here a melodrama—founded on Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables"—which was picturesque and stirring enough, and was performed by Mr. Clarence Holt and his company with spirit, if with no great subtlety or refined art. *The Barricade*—such was the title of this play—is now succeeded by a revival of Mr. Boucicault's American drama, *The Octoroon*, which was originally produced at the Adelphi some years ago, not with the same success which had attended the previous production of the popular *Colleen Bawn* on the same stage, but still with a fair measure of prosperity. The story of *The Octoroon* strikes the spectator in these days as a rather hackneyed picture of the wrongs of the slave community in the Southern States of America before the Emancipation; the piece belongs to that class of plantation dramas in which a beautiful female slave is incessantly persecuted by the attention of a brutal slave-owner, generally a scheming overseer, who has contrived to plunder and oust from his possessions a former kind and indulgent master. In this case increased sympathy is sought to be awakened by representing the heroine as so nearly a white woman that no subtle art of chemistry could be expected to detect the black blood, which is nevertheless supposed to be within her veins. Even Worcester's and Webster's great American dictionaries are, we believe, silent as to the meaning of an "Octoroon," nor are we able to say more regarding this mysterious term than that it obviously seems to indicate some eighth degree of removal from the pure African type. Nothing further need be noted of the story of Mr. Boucicault's piece. The revival is provided with scenery of a luxuriant and gaudy character, purporting to represent landscapes in Louisiana, and something of the same attributes may be said to infect the acting. Mr. Wilmot, who plays the part of the ruffian overseer, possesses, however, the requisite strength of voice, and the sturdiness of bearing, and stalwartness of appearance which are absolutely indispensable to a part of this kind in a drama of the class of the *Octoroon*, and Miss May Holt represents the Octoroon girl with spirit and grace. We learn from the bill that the part of Wah-no-tee, the Indian chief, has been played by Mr. Clarance Holt throughout Australia, New Zealand, and America. Practice, however, has certainly not taught him the value of at least occasional moderation and self-restraint, and some of his proceedings seemed more appropriate to the boisterous scenes of a pantomime than to anything in the action of *The Octoroon*.

The adventures of *Jeames* at the GAIETY have been cut short after a comparatively brief trial; and, in place of this unfortunate attempt to dramatise the diary of Thackeray's yellow-plush hero, we have now an operetta, and the farce of *Stage Struck*, which are followed by a revival of Mr. Byron's burlesque of *Faust*. Of the merits of *Stage Struck*, which has been performed several times lately at Gaiety *matinées*, we have already spoken. The mock heroic performances of Miss Lawlee—a young lady of very remarkable talents—and of Mr. Elton, who is no less clever in various ways, cause immense merriment. The improvised *Colleen Bawn* scene is inexpressibly ludicrous; and the piece generally is performed with a degree of briskness and humour altogether exceptional.

Miss Agnes Leonard's management of the COURT Theatre has been brought to a close not too soon for the reputation of Mr. Hare's house for high-class performances, or for the managerial fame of Mr. W. H. Stephens, who was ostensibly responsible for an ill-advised attempt to secure for a novice in the art of acting a leading position. Miss Leonard is not without qualifications for the stage, but time and study are required before she can assume so much prominence without exciting unfavourable comment. It is to be hoped that the history of her brief reign in Sloane Square may serve as a warning to actresses and actors who may meditate "taking a theatre," as the phrase is, for the sake of performing parts which nobody but themselves would think of assigning to them. It would be as well, however, that the outspoken advice which has been so liberally bestowed on this unfortunate lady should be more uniformly applied under like circumstances. Her experiment, we fear, may derive some excuse from the unwise indulgence which has been too often extended to ambitious manageresses.

In deference to a strong expression of public opinion, the management of the AQUARIUM Theatre have determined not to vary their "variety" entertainment by *tableaux* representing "The Fall and Redemption of Man." The performances by the Oberammergau peasants will not, therefore, take place.

Mr. Matthison has published his prohibited play, entitled *A False Step*, founded on M. Augier's *Les Lionnes Pauvres*. Its tendency is unquestionably not immoral; though subjects are handled in it which are not of a pleasing kind.—*The Winter's Tale*, at DRURY LANE Theatre, will be withdrawn this evening (Saturday). In its place *Macbeth* will be performed, with Mr. Charles Dillon and Mrs. Hermann Vezin in the leading characters.—A burlesque of *Proof* at the ADELPHI has been written by Mr. Burnand. Its title is *Over Proof; or, What Was Found in a Celebrated Case*. The burlesque will be produced at the ROYALTY Theatre.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.——Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's present programme sounds enticing and well fulfils its promise. The entertainment begins with the amusing little farce, entitled *No. 204*, founded on matrimonial misunderstandings occasioned by needless jealousy. This is succeeded by "Mrs. Brown at the Play," read by Mr. Arthur Sketchley. Both reader and subject are too well known to need further notice. Then follows *Charity Begins at Home*, a musical proverb, in one act, in which Bumpus the Beadle and the elaborate machinery of which he is the outwardly imposing, though actually very humble representative, are held up to well-deserved ridicule and contempt.—A new vaudeville, entitled *A Tremendous Mystery*, by F. C. Burnand, music by King Hall, will shortly be produced.

EGYPTIAN HALL.——Mr. H. Liston, whose last appearance in London took place about ten years ago, and who has since made a series of successful tours in the provinces, opened the "Drawing Room" at the above establishment on Monday last with his "Merry Moments." His entertainment belongs to the Woodin and Maccabe order, consisting as it does of the impersonation of various phases of character, aided by rapid changes of costume, and enlivened by songs and ventriloquial effects. Mr. Liston possesses a good figure and a very mobile and expressive face; he has a fund of genuine humour, a quality for which some of his predecessors were not particularly conspicuous;

and he is at the same time quite free from vulgarity. The characters in which we liked him best were the hearty old gentleman at the commencement, the Irish peasant girl (this was really a remarkable impersonation), and the two public singers, namely, the nervous gentleman who has to take Sims Reeves' place and who swallows his moustache during his vocal efforts, and the ragged hoarse-voiced denizen of the Seven Dials. The entertainment concluded with a comic lecture on Cyprus (in the character of a Christy Minstrel "who has always performed out of London") the puns and political allusions in which were highly relished by the audience. Altogether, a couple of very agreeable hours may be spent with Mr. Liston, who is worth a visit if only for the sake of witnessing his exceptional ventriloquial powers.

Mr. Stanley's Lectures.——At St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, Mr. H. M. Stanley received a most hearty and enthusiastic welcome from a numerous audience, who listened to this the first of his lectures with very great interest. His topic, on this occasion, was his last African Journey from Zanzibar to the Mouth of the Congo; and though many of the incidents and adventures of that great undertaking have become familiar to the public through the lecturer's book, "Through the Dark Continent," they gained a fresh interest from the quiet manliness and modesty of his description. Not the least interesting feature of the lecture was Mr. Stanley's account of the conversion to the Christian religion of the Emperor of Ugandi, the mighty Mtesa, and his chiefs; and the introduction of a very interesting African, Mtesa's favourite page, who seemed much impressed with his reception. The lecture was most attentively listened to, and was received with frequent and hearty applause.

The Turf.——The old-fashioned and always popular Houghton Meeting at Newmarket takes up the whole of the six working days of the week just concluding, and by the time Saturday afternoon comes nearly sixty races will have been decided during that period. The most ardent lover of the Turf can hardly desire more in quantity, and up to the time of making these jottings the quality of the racing has been good, and is likely to continue interesting to the close of the meeting. Bad fields have been the exception, and many have been unusually large, while most of the best animals in training at Newmarket and from all parts of the country have put in an appearance. The Trial Stakes, with which the ball was opened, saw Kaleidoscope still as fresh as paint, and able too add yet another to the long list of victories credited to him since he won the Lincolnshire Handicap at the first legitimate meeting of the year. The good races, however, which Ancient Pistol made with him, told Mr. Gretton something more than he already knew about the prospects of Isonomy for the Cambridgeshire. The victory of Sutler in the next race, the Weller Handicap, also put the Duke of Hamilton and his friends in high spirits as to Greenback. In the All Aged Stakes, Cagliostro, who was thought so highly of for an important sprint race in the summer, but failed to distinguish himself, at last made a winning mark, and was very nearly doing so again on the second day, when in a Three-Year-Old Handicap he ran second to Tower and Sword in a field of sixteen. The Criterion Stakes for Two-Year-Olds, established as long ago as 1829, fell as it often has of late years to a foreigner, M. André's colt, Monsieur Philippe, who beat Lancasterian, Rayon d'Or, and five others. On this performance be was greatly entitled to be made favourite for the New Nursery Stakes on the Wednesday, but he just failed to give 15lbs. to Japonica. Unfortunately he is not entered for any of the "classic" contests of next season. The Cambridgeshire, which was run for the fortieth time on Tuesday, created even more than usual interest, and on no former occasion, perhaps, were so many horses backed to win fortunes. Macbeth, on the strength of a trial some time ago with Julius Cæsar, held the position of first favourite from the time the acceptances were declared, but at the start Greenback shared the premiership with him, both figuring at 100 to 15, Tallas and Touchet (with Fordham up) being next in demand, while Placida, Start, Lord Clive, and Master Kildare stood next on the market list. Only one, however, of those named gave their backers much hope in the race which ended disastrously, as did the Cesarewitch a fortnight ago, for favourites, Isonomy the winner being hardly backed at 40 to 1. Macbeth was another instance of many in the annals of the Turf of the fallacy of private trials, though *per contra* it must be noted that it was on the strength of one that Isonomy was so heartily supported by his owner to the tune of a 40,000*l.* *coup*. Touchet, one of the most disappointing horses of late years, ran second, and La Merveille third, both the latter being trained by R. Peck, who through Kaleidoscope had been able pretty accurately to judge her chances of winning the race. Perhaps the best performer was Hampton, who with 9 st. 3 lbs. ran fourth. Since the inauguration of the race in 1839, when the famous Lanercost won it as a four-year-old with 8 st. 9 lbs., this weight has never yet been carried to victory. The competitors on Tuesday numbered thirty-eight—a number which has only been exceeded on two or three occasions. It may be noted that the six first horses in the recent Cesarewitch ran in the Cambridgeshire, but not one of them could get a place. Indeed, Cesarewitch horses have had but poor luck in the shorter-distance handicap, and only three times in the last ten years has an animal which ran in the former won the latter race. The prophets—if, indeed, their spirits have not been below zero ever since the Cesarewitch—must feel terribly crest-fallen at the result of Tuesday's contest, not one, as far as we know, even remotely whispering the winner's name. But they are a buoyant race, and generally "come up smiling" after the most signal reverses. By a curious coincidence Mr. F. Gretton, the owner of Isonomy, not only supplied the first but also the last in the race, Harbinger, the Cesarewitch impostor, getting the latter position. It may be noted, also, that Mr. Gretton and the Kingsclere stable, after a long series of bad luck, now seem to be carrying all before them, being credited with several other good stakes—a phenomenon which frequently occurs on the Turf. The Dewhurst Plate on Wednesday brought out no less than thirteen two-year-olds; but as Lord Falmouth's crack filly, Wheel of Fortune, hitherto unbeaten, was among them, the interest in the race was largely discounted. The talent laid 2 to 1 on her, and, though she required a little rousing at the finish, the issue was never really in doubt, as she won from Flavius by a length. She carried the extreme penalty, and there can be little doubt but that she would have done the same successfully in the Middle Park Plate had she started sound and well. Probably she is as good a filly as the Turf has ever seen, not even Crucifix, Blink Boony, and Achievement excepted. Of course she will not be seen out again this year.

Football.——The contest for the Association Challenge Cup, the interest in which increases yearly, commenced on Saturday last—Barnes playing Maidenhead. The game on the Barnes Ground was continued till almost dark, and ended in a draw.—The Sheffielders have made a bad beginning of their season, having been beaten ignominiously by Nottinghamshire.—The Westminster Boys have beaten the Gitanos.

Cricket.——The Australian Eleven have got as far as San Francisco on their journey homewards, and are now playing a match at that city.—The English Eleven, under the captaincy of Lord Harris, sailed for the Antipodes on the 17th inst. On the 12th of December they hope to play sixteen of South Australia, and on Boxing-Day, at Melbourne, the Eleven which has recently left us.—The death of Walter Mynn, who was one of the Kent Eleven at the same time as his famous brother Alfred, has recently died at Peckham, aged seventy-five.

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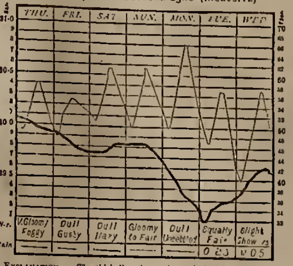
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

October 17th to October 23rd (inclusive)



Explanation.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.——The weather during the earlier portion of this week was dull and gloomy, but very quiet. The changes in barometer and temperature were slight and gradual, and the winds gentle; but on Sunday evening, the 20th instant, a decided fall of the mercury began to take place, and on Monday, the 21st instant, the weather became rather more disturbed. The barometer fell briskly throughout the whole of Monday, the 21st instant, and during the ensuing night a small atmospherical depression passed across the south of England, causing hard westerly squalls and rain. The barometer was at its lowest at about four a.m. on Tuesday, the 22nd instant; but a rise soon afterwards set in, which continued slowly but pretty steadily until Wednesday, the 23rd inst. The winds then subsided, and the weather became a little brighter; but rather strong gusts were experienced at times, and reports from other parts of the country show that the weather is by no means in a settled condition. The barometer was highest (30·06 inches) on Thursday, the 17th instant; lowest (29·08 inches) on Tuesday, the 22nd instant; range, 0·98 inches. Temperature was highest (66°) on Monday, the 21st instant; lowest (40°) on Wednesday morning, the 23rd instant; range, 26°. Rain has fallen on two days; total amount, 0·28 inches. On Thursday morning, the 24th instant, the barometer was again falling fast, with occasional heavy showers of rain, and a strong and increasing southerly wind.

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Panics in Theatres—the Use of Handrailings.——Concerning the above subject, Mr. T. H. Hopwood, of 134, Deansgate, Manchester, writes thus:—"A characteristic feature of such panics as the one at Liverpool is, that the fatal results almost invariably arise in consequence of the rush coming from the upper or gallery portion of a building. Now a little reflection will convince any one that it is utterly impossible for a crowd of panic-stricken people to scamper down a public stairway of the present construction without some of their number stumbling forward, and thus causing a block or obstruction either in the passages or landing. And this will always be the case, even supposing the external doorway were as wide as the building itself; the catastrophe is therefore a foregone conclusion, because the mischief is done before the street doorway is reached. But the liability to disaster is increased when the outlet at the inside doorways leading on to the stairway is capacious, and this applies especially to the gallery or any upper story. Any one who has experienced the annoyance of personal pressure from behind when descending a public stairway will conceive what I mean. Under such circumstances there is danger in the merest touch, for, like a row of dominoes set on edge, the fall of one causes the 'knocking over' of those in front. The outlet of the inside doorways of the gallery should therefore be capable of being narrowed, and the street doors widened, this would reduce the number of people on the stairway to a safe minimum, and the struggle would take place near the inner doorways, where the only danger would be a crush such as the British playgoer is used to, thus giving time for those on the stairs to descend freely. But the most imperative requirement in public stairways is a liberal supply of handrails, the width between each of which should be about a yard. A stairway of two yards wide ought to have a central handrail in addition to those at the sides. By the assistance of handrails a crowd may descend much more easily and rapidly than when, as now, the central individuals of the descending mass have no other support for their bodies than their feet and the muscles below the knee. The push of a child against the strongest man, standing at the edge of a stair and 'taken unawares,' would suffice to precipitate him headlong to the bottom if he had no friendly handrail to grasp in his descent. If then the inside doorways are widened, the importance of handrails is much more evident. Given: a thousand people advancing towards a stairway of say, 125 steps—equal to about 40 yards in a straight line, what would be the utmost number required to fill the stairway from top to bottom reckoning four persons on each stair? and the answer is 500. Now the slowest of pedestrians—not enfeebled by disease—could easily walk forty yards in one minute, which is at the rate of a little over a mile an hour, therefore we may infer that with the aid of handrails, the clearance of a gallery containing 1,000 persons would be effected easily in two minutes, even supposing they emerged at the funereal pace of one mile per hour! The above is the engineering phase of the question, and it is one which calls for prompt and decisive action, for I am quite sure that our public buildings are very poorly supplied with the indispensable handrail. Wide as are the stairways of the Free Trade Hall and other public buildings in Manchester, a calamity similar to the one in Liverpool is not only possible, but will some day as surely happen under like circumstances as that a gun properly loaded and capped will go off when the trigger is pulled. Another safeguard would be to have large placards posted up about a theatre, and worded somewhat as follows: 'On any alarm of fire the audience are earnestly requested to keep their seats. The fire brigade is close at hand, and the theatre can be cleared in an orderly manner in four minutes. Disorder and crushing may result in great loss of life. Offenders will be prosecuted with the utmost severity,' &c., &c."

The Crucifix which Louis XVI. wore on the Morning of his Execution has been left to Pope Leo XIII. as a legacy from his cousin Mgr. Prosperi, who has recently died.

Dean Stanley, during his visit to America, has been overwhelmed by invitations from Sunday Schools to address them on the subject of his late remarkable explorations in Africa, if we are to believe the New York *Christian Union*.

The Grosvenor Gallery Winter Exhibition will include a collection of drawings and sketches by the late French artist, Ingrès. Two of Ingrès' best known paintings, the "Sphinx" and the "Source," are now in the Paris Louvre.

King Louis of Bavaria, following out his usual solitary tastes, intends to have a special performance of Wagner's *Nibelungen Ring* at the Munich Theatre for himself alone. The Tetralogy will be played on four nights, beginning on the 11th of November.

Great Britain and her Colonies have given a great portion of their ethnographical and educational collections at the Paris Exhibition to the French Government to be placed in the proposed Ethnographical Museum. Russia, Spain, the Low Countries, Switzerland, Austria, the United States, China, and Japan, and other States, have made a similar donation.

Icebergs off Cape Horn.——With reference to one of our sketches, last week, Messrs. George Bell and Co., of Liverpool, informs us that the barque *Campana*, on her recent voyage from Mexillones, Bolivia, to Hamburg, was surrounded off the Horn by immense icebergs. The mate of the vessel, who had been twenty-seven times round the Horn, says that this is only the second occasion he has met with ice.

Ornaments made of the Blood of Bullocks are the latest mania among fashionable dames, according to the Paris *Figaro*, ladies admiring the peculiar black tint which pervades the ornaments, and which is absent from those of similar appearance derived from the mineral instead of the animal kingdom. The blood is first dried in a sieve, and reduced to powder, and then again sifted to ensure the utmost fineness in the material. The powder is next fired in moulds and powerfully pressed for five or ten minutes, and is ultimately cut and polished to the necessary shape.

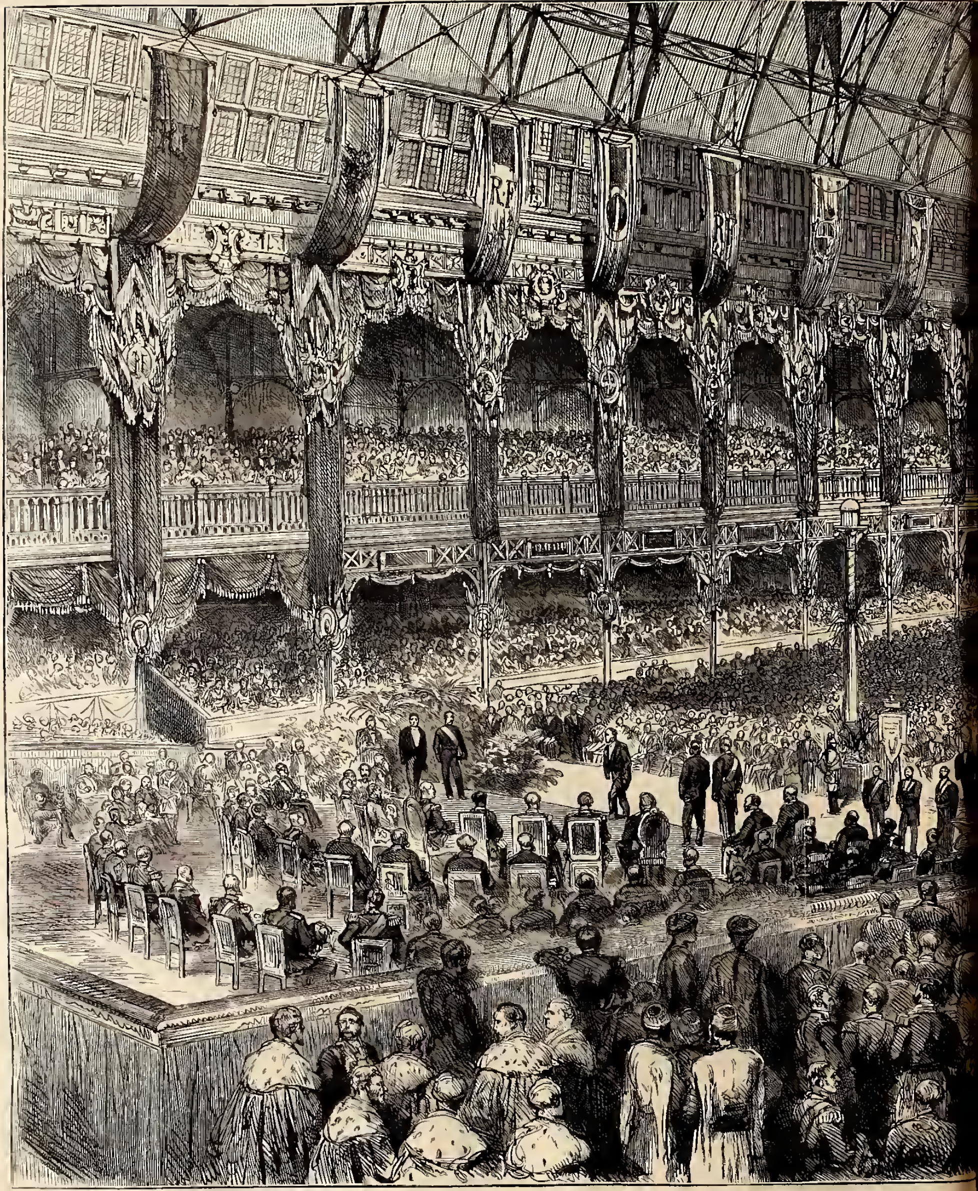
The Sydney International Exhibition is to be held next August under the auspices of the New South Wales Agricultural Society, and will take place in the hall at Prince Alfred Park. Medals and certificates are to be awarded in nine sections, including the fine arts, apparatus of the liberal arts, furniture and domestic articles, clothing, products of mining industry, forestry, chemicals, &c., apparatus and processes of the common arts, food, artisans' sections, and school work. Melbourne follows suit with an International Exhibition in 1880, and a similar display is projected by Queensland in 1881.

British Officials at the Paris Exhibition.——A Committee has been formed, consisting of several prominent Exhibitors, to organise a fund for the presentation of a testimonial to the Staff of the Royal Engineers, the Police, and subordinates connected with the British Industrial Section of the Paris Exhibition, whose services and attention have been exercised during the whole period of the Exhibition for the advantage and convenience of British Exhibitors. Subscriptions will be received by Mr. Iliffe (Elkington and Co.), Treasurer. The list of subscribers will close on Saturday, 26th October.

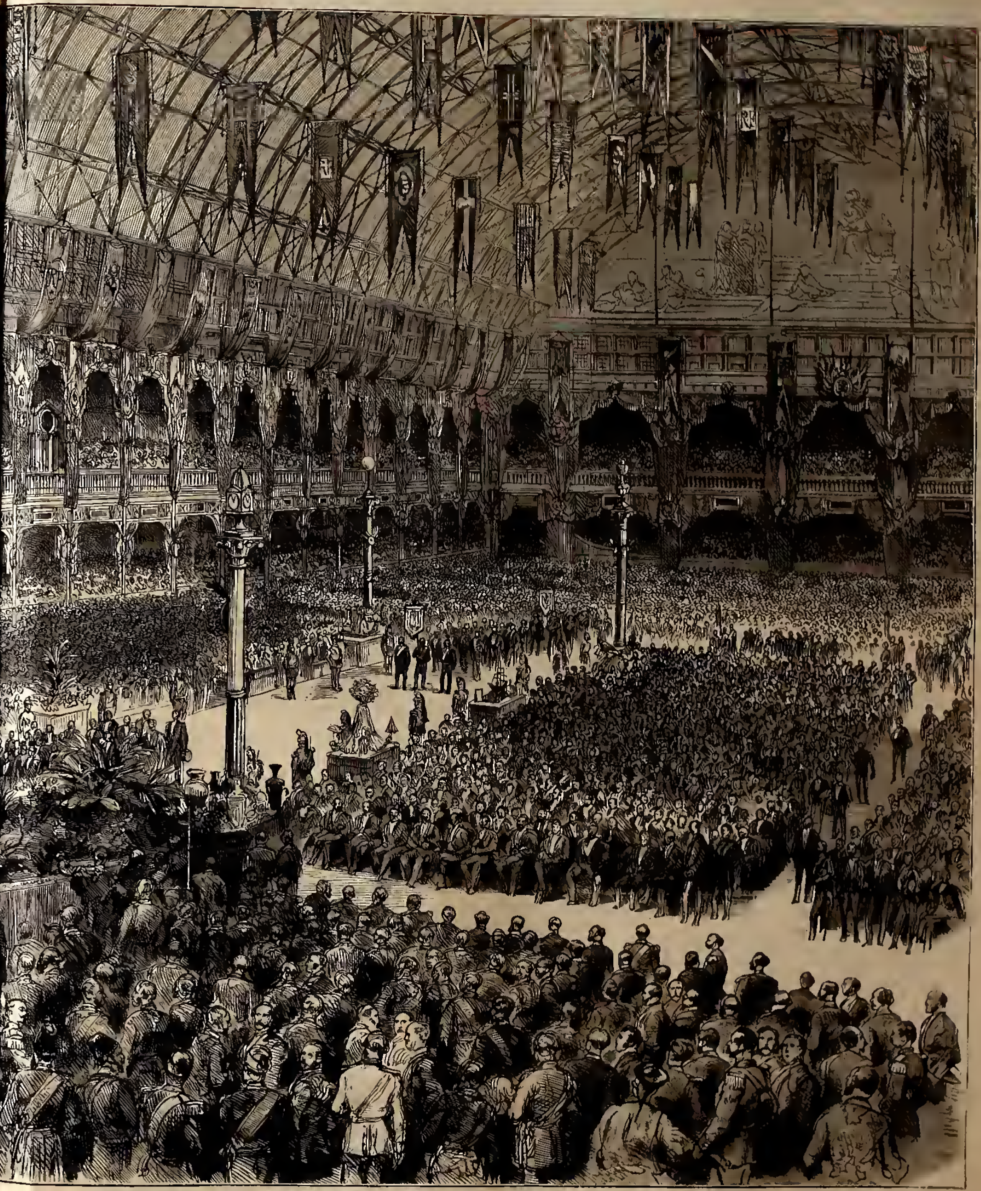
Australian Gum Trees.——A correspondent informs us that the stringy bark (*E. fibrosum et obliqua*) is much used in the upper districts of Queensland for sewing articles together, and especially opossum rugs. "A friend of mine captured from some Mayall blackfellows about fifteen years ago a beautiful rug of the above description, most exquisitely sewn by the black *gins* (women). As the country becomes more settled, this particular use for the stringy bark may become a developing trade; if so, the skill of the utterly untutored savage, and use of the commodity, can hardly be beaten by the march of science."

London Mortality decreased last week, and 1,369 deaths were registered against 1,418 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 49. There were 5 deaths from small-pox, 10 from measles (a decrease of 3), 45 from scarlet fever (an increase of 12), 12 from diphtheria (a decline of 5, but exceeding the average by 4), 33 from whooping cough (a decline of 19), 30 from different forms of fever (a decrease of 4), and 36 from diarrhœa. Deaths referring to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 326 (being an increase of 149, and exceeding the average by 66), of which 216 resulted from bronchitis and 73 from pneumonia. There were 2,558 births registered against 2,358 during the previous week. The mean temperature was 51·9 deg., or 1·9 deg. above the average of the corresponding week of the last sixty years. The duration of sunshine was 18 hours, the sun being above the horizon during 74·2 hours.

Cyprus Wine and Cyprus Cotton are looked upon by the tiny newspaper *Kupros*, published at Larnaca, as likely to prove very valuable sources of revenue if their production could be well managed by English heads and hands. Hitherto the generality of the native wine has been poor, but the cultivation of the vines has been bad, while under Turkish rule the cultivator could not gather his grapes, even when ripe, until after the visit of the tax-collector, the fruit thus frequently being entirely spoiled. Then the wine was kept in porous jars, coated inside with pine resin, and transported in skins on the back of the mules, the two latter proceedings imparting a peculiar flavour. Wine made by foreign residents, however, was quite equal to ordinary Burgundy. As to cotton, a large quantity is already grown and worked up on the island, both the raw material and the cloth being sent to Marseilles, Trieste, and Italy. The crop, however, like the grapes, was often spoilt by the delay of the tax-gatherers, as it was ready for picking about the time of the first autumn rains. This year there will be a specially good crop, nearly double that of last season. Nearly every Cypriot girl knows how to weave, labour is cheap, and, according to *Kupros*, there is no reason why cotton mills with superior looms should not flourish in the island.



THE PARIS EXHIBITION—DISTRIBUTION OF THE DIPLOMAS OF HO



OUR BY MARSHAL MACMAHON IN THE PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE

FOREIGN

The Eastern Question.——The relations between Turkey and Russia show very little signs of improvement, and the events of the past week appear to point to a revival of English influence with the Sultan. Prince Lobanoff, the Russian Ambassador, has announced to the Grand Vizier that the Muscovite troops will not retreat from their present positions—*i.e.*, Midia Visa, Lule-Burgas, Tchiflikkoi, and a point near Keshan—until some arrangement has been made respecting the refugees who are following the army. It is not true, however, that the Russians are at Tchataldja, as the Turkish outposts are close to the above mentioned positions. Respecting the retirement also of the Russians beyond Adrianople, Prince Lobanoff further declared that this would not be effected until the definitive treaty of peace provided for by the Treaty of San Stefano has been signed. This treaty, indeed, is one of the burning questions of the hour, and negotiations respecting the clauses affecting the indemnity (said to be 300,000,000 roubles), and the withdrawal of the Russian troops are being actively carried on. The Turks, who had expected that the Russians would withdraw their troops when the European fortresses and Batoum were evacuated, are naturally annoyed and disappointed, while the Russians are in no hurry to go, so that the negotiations for the final treaty are not progressing as rapidly as might be desired, notwithstanding that the Turks are very anxious to have the evacuation completed as soon as possible. In the mean time the Sultan is showing every disposition to be civil to England and the English, has entertained Sir Henry and Lady Layard at dinner, has decorated Lady Layard with his newly instituted decoration for women, and hearing from Hobart Pasha that he was suspected by England of inclining towards a Russian alliance, the Sultan assured our Ambassador that he never would conclude such an alliance. The British scheme for the reforms in Asia Minor, however, has not yet been definitively accepted. Much distress still prevails in Constantinople, and very great apprehensions have been aroused as to the prospects of the coming winter, some of the necessaries of life—fuel in particular—are alarmingly dear, while, as may be imagined, money is far less plentiful than usual.

The Eastern Roumelian Commission do not appear to be making rapid progress in their efforts to organise that province, both Russia and Turkey respectively throw obstacles in the way of the Commissioners, Russia declaring that she will not hand the administration over to a Christian Governor until the military occupation is at an end, on the ground that the Treaty of Berlin does not fix a date for the Governor to enter upon his functions. On its side the Porte insists upon having the financial administration handed over to its care. Meanwhile the Russians are still moving their forces southward, and are calculated to have 80,000 men in Eastern Roumelia alone, while General Skobeleff has a large force on the frontier, and 15,000 men are stated to be in Adrianople. In Bulgaria the committee of notabilities, who had been appointed to test the qualifications of the various candidates for the princely throne, have chosen General Ignatieff—the Princes of Servia and of Montenegro having been rejected as likely to be objectionable to Russia and Austria, the Roumanian Minister, Bratiano, as displeasing to Russia, the Servian Minister, Ristics, as obnoxious to Austria, and Prince Louis of Battenberg as not possessing the necessary experience. That the eminent Russian diplomatist who has obtained their suffrages could please any other nation than Russia does not appear to have entered their heads. The nomination will have to be confirmed by the Bulgarian National Assembly, which is shortly expected to meet.

In Bosnia and the Herzegovina, Austria continues to consolidate her rule, and is arranging for the repatriation of the refugees, whom she has been supporting ever since the beginning of the insurrection in 1876, while General Reinländer has occupied the fortress of Kladus on the Bosna-Croatian frontier. The Bosnian refugees in Servia have sent an address to Prince Gortchakoff bitterly complaining of the Austrian "atrocities," which have driven 6,000 Bosnians from hearth and home. The conduct of Austria which, "entrusted with the mission of restoring peace and order, has only destroyed the dwellings of peaceful inhabitants, and let loose the fury of civil war," is contrasted with that of Russia, "who has spilt her blood for the equality of all Christians living under the Turkish rule," and Russia is accordingly urged to interfere and stop the advance of Austria. To turn to Roumania, there has been a triumphal entry of the troops into Bucharest, which enthusiastically celebrated an event that has not occurred during the past three centuries. Bessarabia has been formally handed over to the Russians, according to the report of the new Governor, M. Schebeka, "amid the unbounded enthusiasm of the inhabitants," and the Roumanian Ministers are now devoting all their energies to the organisation of their recent acquisition the Dobrudscha, which is already being occupied by Roumanian troops. In Albania the chiefs of the League repudiate all responsibility in the murder of Mehemet Ali, whose death they ascribe to the excesses of a band of outlaws. This somewhat palpably lame excuse will probably be accepted by the Porte, which has too much on its hands just now to risk a conflict with these hardy mountaineers. As for the Cretan difficulty, Ghazi Ahmed Mukhtar, who was despatched by the Porte to come to terms with the rebellious islanders, has succeeded in his mission, and an arrangement has now been signed by both parties and ratified by the Sultan with one unimportant alteration.

France.——Paris has been wholly occupied with the closing festivities in honour of the Exhibition, and both on Sunday and Monday held high holiday. The streets were gaily decorated with bunting, and on Sunday afternoon there were free performances at eight of the principal theatres, which were attended by upwards of twenty thousand persons, many of whom waited *en queue* the whole of the night in order to secure good places. Complete order prevailed everywhere, but the aspect of the Opera House during the performance is said to have been most singular. "The Opera," writes the Correspondent of *The Times*, "never had such an audience as it had to-day. The most luxurious building in Paris was thronged with men in blouses and women in white caps or bareheaded, who, during the intervals between the acts, promenaded up and down the sumptuous corridors and lounged in the balcony. Such a juxtaposition of wealth and indigence has not been seen in Paris, except when revolutionary mobs have taken Royal and Legislative Palaces by storm." At the close of the second act of *William Tell*—which piece had been selected for the occasion—the "Marseillaise" was loudly demanded, and at once played by the orchestra. Notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, the streets were densely thronged. We have elsewhere given an account of Monday's ceremony of awarding the prizes at the Palais de l'Industrie, but we may mention that the Marshal's speech has given great satisfaction to the Republicans, and has proportionately annoyed the Conservatives, who do not like the President's frank acknowledgement that France has prospered under the Republic, while the fact that the sentiments the Marshal expressed were spontaneous, and not the inspiration of a Republican Cabinet, give them additional value in the eyes of the public in general. To return to the festivities. There were illuminations and popular fireworks on both Sunday and Monday evenings, while on Tuesday night there was a grand ball at Versailles, in the celebrated Galérie des Glaces. Ten thousand invitations were issued, and the Park, illuminated *a giorno* by the electric light, was thrown open to the general public. The arrangements for admitting the guests, however, were exceedingly bad, some 2,000 persons having to return to Paris without gaining an entrance, while hundreds of ladies with low-necked dresses were compelled to wander about the courtyard, searching for their carriages, not being allowed to stand under the shelter of the corridor by the attendants. On the same day a deputation of British Commissioners, headed by Lord Granville, presented an address to the Prince of Wales, thanking him for his active participation in the "multifarious, onerous, and frequently difficult duties of Chief of the Executive of the Royal Commission," declaring that, had it not been for the personal example and superintendence of the Prince, the Paris Exhibition of 1878 would, as regards the United Kingdom have been a failure, and concluding by mentioning, in the highest terms of praise, the name of Mr. Philip Cunliffe Owen, secretary to the Royal Commission. The Prince made a suitable reply, stating that the hearty participation of Great Britain in the Exhibition should knit together, even more closely than before, the mutual feelings of cordial friendship which so happily exist between France and England, and thanking the authorities for facilitating the arrangements of the British section, the British members of the international jury for their labours, and heartily concurring in the praise accorded to Mr. (now Sir) Philip Cunliffe Owen, whose approaching nomination as Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George is announced. Considerable disappointment has been felt by many English exhibitors that the British Government would not allow them to accept the decorations of the Legion of Honour which the French Government were willing to bestow on them. It appears, however, now, that the British authorities only objected to the decorations being publicly conferred.

To pass to political affairs, there is little or nothing to chronicle beyond that the Budget Committee is energetically continuing its labours under M. Gambetta, that owing to the police having unauthoritatively arrested several asserted Communists, who had without their knowledge been condemned *in contumaciam*, M. de Marcère has ordered all proceedings against them to be stopped, and that the trial commenced on Tuesday of the 38 persons who attempted to hold a Socialist Congress last September, notwithstanding the prohibition of the Government.

Germany.——The anti-Socialist law, slightly modified by a compromise which had been effected between the National Liberals and the Government, was duly passed last week by 221 votes against 149, all the Conservatives and National Liberals voting in its favour. The Federal Council at once approved the Bill, on Tuesday it was published by the *Official Gazette* and on Wednesday the law was at once put into force by the prohibition of thirty-four Socialist papers (including the *Berlin Free Press*), and of various Socialistic associations. Prince Bismarck closed the Reichstag on Saturday, and expressed his satisfaction at the passing of the Bill, declaring the Federal Government were determined, with the means provided by this measure, to make a serious effort to cure the prevalent "disease." They could scarcely achieve this in two years and a half, but hoped for further concessions from the Reichstag.

Italy.——The long-expected Ministerial crisis has come at last, and Count Corti the Foreign Minister, and General Bruzzo and Admiral de Brochetti, the War and Marine Ministers, have resigned in consequence of the manifest sympathy which the Prime Minister, Signor Cairoli, expressed in his recent speech at Pavia with the *Irredenta* party, and with the right of public meetings and military-political clubs. Signor Cairoli returned to Rome on Tuesday, at once held a Cabinet Council of the remaining Ministers, and on Wednesday himself assumed the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, appointing Lieut.-General Bonelli to the Ministry of War.

The Pope and his Secretary are still busy with foreign affairs, the organisation of the Roman Catholic Church in Bosnia and Herzegovina, the negotiations with Russia as to the Church in Poland, and those with Germany as to a *modus operandi* between Church and State, the prospect of a serious quarrel with Belgium, the attack of M. Gambetta on the Church in France, and the existing strained relations with the Italian Court, being a series of complicated difficulties which even such astute diplomatists as Leo XIII. and Cardinal Nina will find it no easy task to overcome.

India and Afghanistan.——The Ameer's reply, brought by the Envoy Gholam Hussein Khan, is, as had been expected, stated to be eminently unsatisfactory, and to be couched in an unconciliatory tone, although the exact terms of the letter are not yet publicly known. Thus energetic war preparations are being continued on both sides, the troops both in Calcutta and Bombay having been warned to hold themselves in readiness, while transport arrangements are being made on a large scale. Troops are being pushed on as fast as possible both for Thull and Quettah, while important reserves are being concentrated at Mooltan. According to *The Times* correspondent, it is now anticipated that there will be three columns of attack, the largest, consisting of upwards of 35,000 men, will be led by the Commander-in-Chief in person, and will make the main advance on Cabul by forcing the Khyber. The Thull column will co-operate by the Kuram route; while the Quettah column will take and hold Candahar. All definitive details, however, are kept secret, as the military authorities are naturally anxious to keep such matters from the Ameer. Jumrood has been strongly fortified and reinforced, and the road to Peshawur is to be thoroughly repaired. All men have been recalled to their regiments, and women and children are ordered to proceed at once from Peshawur to Nowshera. The wives and children of those European officers who are ordered for service in the North-west will also be provided with a free passage home by the Government. The column of advance on Quettah is estimated at 900 British and 3,100 native soldiers, with 4,000 camp followers.

The Ameer, who is also busy with his preparations, is strenuously endeavouring to raise a Jehad, or holy war—hitherto apparently without success; while it is said that he has massed 25,000 troops at Ali Musjid. On the other hand it is reported that his troops are deserting, that the Mohmunds are showing a decided intention of joining the British, and that Ali Musjid is by no means so well defended as is popularly rumoured, while the Khan of Khelat has cordially consented to allow British soldiers to pass through his territory on their way to Quettah. Disguised Russian agents seem to have been busy in Cabul for some months, an accredited Resident is said to have been there for the past six months, while the Russian Envoy, General Stolietoff, is said to have returned to Tashkend with a special Envoy from the Ameer, who at once went to Livadia to see the Czar. As for the report that an Afghan agent has visited Constantinople it appears that the rumour arose through the accidental passage of an Indian Prince on his way from Bagdad to Paris, while the Sultan has told Sir Henry Layard that he has written to the Ameer, calling upon him as a good Mussulman to come to an amicable arrangement with the British Government.

Miscellaneous.——The Emperor of Austria has, in letters to the Austrian and Hungarian Ministers, publicly thanked his soldiers and militia for the promptness with which they responded to the recent appeal for mobilisation. The Minister of War and several of the various commanders have been rewarded with decorations. The Hungarian Parliament opened on Tuesday, when the Emperor congratulated the Deputies that, thanks to the bravery of the Army, the first part of the task cast upon Austria by the Berlin Congress had been accomplished.—In the United States the only news of interest is that the frosty weather is causing a noteworthy diminution in the yellow fever epidemic.—Lord Dufferin left Canada on Saturday.—In Egypt the Nile has broken its banks, causing serious damage.—In South Africa it is feared that Cetewayo will soon break out into open hostility, as his spies are closely watching the British troops. The finds at the new gold fields at Blaauwbank, in the Transvaal, are said to be very large.—In Australia the New South Wales Parliament was opened on Sept. 10, the Governor stating that efforts were being made to bring about a general customs' union, but that the proposed loan of 1,500,000*l.* had been postponed owing to the disturbed state of the English money market.—The report that eight missionaries had been killed and eaten in New Zealand has been contradicted by Sir Julius Vogel.

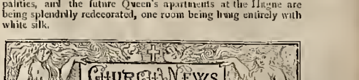
THE COURT

The Queen and the Princess Beatrice returned to Balmoral at the end of last week, from spending a few days at the Glassalt Shiel. On Saturday Capt. Edwards, the Rev. Dr. Taylor, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach arrived at the Castle, and the two last-named gentlemen dined with Her Majesty in the evening. The Queen and the Princess attended Divine Service on Sunday morning at Crathie Church, where the Rev. Dr. Taylor officiated. Next day Lord and Lady Muncaster lunched at Balmoral, and were subsequently received by Her Majesty.—The Queen has given 50*l.* towards the establishment of a Museum of Hygiene.

The Prince and Princess of Wales continue in Paris. Immediately on their arrival they called upon Marshal MacMahon at the Elysée, and received a return visit from the Marshal and his wife, while the Prince afterwards spent the day arranging Exhibition matters. In the evening the Prince and Princess went to a reception given by the Minister of Public Instruction, where the Comédie Française gave a brief representation. The Prince spent Saturday at the Exhibition, and in the evening went to the Renaissance Theatre. On Sunday night the Prince and Princess dined privately with Lord Lyons. Next day the Prince and Princess were present at the distribution of the Exhibition awards at the Palais de l'Industrie. On Tuesday the Prince received an address of thanks from British Exhibitors at the Exhibition, at the British Embassy, and in the evening the Prince and Princess went down to Versailles, where they dined, and were subsequently present at the *fête* given in the Palace. They slept at Versailles, and returned to Paris next day for the Prince to attend the *fête* offered him by the French Freemasons.

The Duke of Edinburgh has also been in Paris for a few days, having left Coburg at the end of last week. He has now started for Marseilles to join the *Black Prince*, and instead of accompanying the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne on their voyage out he goes at once to Canada to welcome them on their arrival.—Prince and Princess Christian have returned home from Germany.—The Duke of Connaught was at the Folly Theatre on Saturday night.

The ex-Empress Eugénie and Prince Louis Napoleon have come back to Chislehurst from their autumn visit to Arenenberg. The ex-Empress met with a slight accident on arriving at Dover. When landing from the steamer her foot slipped, and she fell, injuring her right cheek, but the injury was not serious, and after a short rest she was able to continue her journey. Curiously enough the widow of another ex-ruler of France, Madame Thiers, travelled in the same train from Dover.—The marriage of Princess Thyra of Denmark is once more reported, the bridegroom elect this time being the Duke of Cumberland. It is stated that the Duke will visit Copenhagen at the beginning of next month, and that the engagement will then be formally announced. The Princess with her mother and father had a narrow escape recently. The Royal party were driving into Copenhagen from their country house, Bernstorff Castle, and were crossing the railway just as a train came up and grazed the very wheels of the Royal carriage. No serious results ensued however. Talking of Royal weddings, the King of Holland is said to be deeply in love with his *fiancée*, the Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont. The marriage ceremony will after all be celebrated at Arolsen, whence the Royal pair will go to Amsterdam for the new Queen to be crowned. Grand *fêtes* will take place at Amsterdam, and there will be a formal entry into the Hague. Presents are being purchased by the different municipalities, and the future Queen's apartments at the Hague are being splendidly redecorated, one room being hung entirely with white silk.



CHURCH NEWS

The Congregational Union.——The Conference meetings at Liverpool were resumed on Thursday last week, when delegates from the Unions of Scotland and Ireland were received. The President, speaking of the Disestablishment campaign, said that it was evident that the next great battle would be fought in Scotland, and that it was his firm conviction that if Mr. Gladstone was ever to return to the post to which it appeared to them the Providence of God had signally designated him, the leadership of the Liberal party, it must be through his perception as a statesman that the period had arrived when the Establishment question, for the sake of the peace, honour, and welfare of the country, demanded immediate settlement.—In the evening several sermons were preached and meetings held. On Friday the delegates spent the day in making excursions to places of nterest in and around the city, and in the evening a Young Men's meeting was held, at which the Rev. A. Norris of Tynemouth spoke on "The Perilous Side of Amusements," contending that the good from theatres in the present day was counterbalanced by the evil, and that modern plays often flung aside the Ten Commandments, and took savage pleasure in outraging all the decencies of life. Mr. Henry Irving was a grand reformer, but the Augean stable was too black with filth to be cleansed with one hand or in one age.

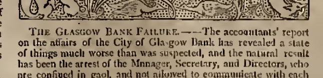
VARIOUS.——The Bishop of Peterborough, in his Triennial Visitation commenced on Thursday last week in the diocesan cathedral, said that the three forces which were now attacking the National Church were Infidelity, Sectarianism, and Democracy. It would be fatal to combat this political attack by mere political weapons; or to disarm attack by divesting themselves of whatever in their character as clergymen might be especially offensive to such opponents, by preaching an undogmatic Christianity, deprecating theology, and secularising their teaching. But the greater danger was in the undue exaltation of the claims of the priesthood, in order, as some thought, to afford spiritual strength to the Church in proportion as her temporal powers and privileges are assailed. The Ritualist excesses, by which certain clergy hoped to restore the masses to the faith of their fathers, could only have a partial and temporary success at the expense of a large and enduring one, more being alienated from the Church than were attracted to it. If any Church could have secured the allegiance of the people by imposing ceremonial and gorgeous ritual, it was the Church of Rome, yet, under her rule, there was more practical and speculative infidelity than in England; and such he was convinced would be the result of the experiment if ever largely tried by the Church here. A narrow spiritual despotism would be established over the few, at the cost of a deep and widespread spiritual revolt on the part of the many. On Saturday the Bishop continued his Charge at Kettering. He quoted statistics showing the progress of church building and restoration, and of education; protested against foolish impatience for great and sweeping changes in the Church; and suggested a scheme for the revival of a permanent diaconate, to which young men should be admitted at twenty-one, but not licensed, except under special circumstances, to preach, and the enrolment of a larger number of lay readers or sub-deacons.—The Home Secretary last week laid the foundation stone of a new church in Kirkdale, Liverpool, and delivered an address in which he said that he did not believe a greater calamity could happen than the disestablishment of the Church of England. Putting it on the very lowest ground, it was one of the greatest institutions we could possibly have for civilising, humanising, and making the people better and happier.—The affairs of the Curates' Augmentation Fund should certainly be subjected to a searching investigation. A poor clergyman, writing to the *Globe*, tells how he applied to the Society for aid and got no reply for a year; when, on calling at the Office, he was told that his case "would be considered." His character and antecedents were inquired into as suspiciously as if he had been a ticket-of-leave man, and after some farther delay, he was required to obtain the signature of his Bishop and some beneficed clergyman in support of his application, then after a further lapse of three years he received a letter informing him that the Society had granted him 20*l*., but thought it better to withhold payment for a few years longer, as they hoped to raise the sum to 50*l*. He concludes:—"I felt my humiliation only equalled by this evasion; and with what spirit was left in me I instantly requested that my name should be removed from the Society's list of applicants." Perhaps if the Society had not trusted Mr. Marshall quite so much some portion of the 7,000*l*. which he spent in "fast living" might have found its way into the pockets of this poor clergyman.—The announcement that the Oberammergau Passion Play was to be produced at the Westminster Aquarium produced such a storm of indignation that Mr. Robertson has very wisely forgone his intention. Such an exhibition was of extremely doubtful propriety, even in a lonely German village, where it was regarded more in the light of a religious service than as a histrionic performance; but its production upon the boards of a London theatre, before an audience who a few minutes before, or after, would watch with equal interest the gyrations of a ballet-dancer, would have been a spectacle to make the angels weep.—Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, has evidently no intention of hiding his light under a bushel, or of burying his talents in a napkin. Besides being a popular preacher, he is the editor of a publication called the *Fountain*, which "is given away in thousands" at the door of the City Temple every Sunday. Like other enterprising newspaper proprietors, he has engaged a Special Commissioner, not to go out to Cyprus or Afghanistan, but to visit and describe the establishments of any business firms who are willing to pay ten guineas for such a species of advertisement. This is making the best of both worlds with a vengeance. No wonder that some of our contemporaries suggest that we may before long see the façade of the Temple, and the panels of the pulpit, covered with Messrs. Willing's announcements, and possibly hear the names of this tailor and that wine-merchant worked into Dr. Parker's sermons.

MUSIC

NORWICH FESTIVAL.——This festival has been so genuine a success, that any doubts which may have existed as to the "20th Norfolk and Norwich Festival" being held three years hence are virtually dissipated. The novelty was Professor G. A. Macfarren's third and finest oratorio, *Joseph*, which, to the credit of Norwich amateurs, was received with no less enthusiasm than attended it at Leeds, in September, 1877. The performance had been carefully prepared, and did honour alike to the leading singers, and to the orchestra and chorus (both excellent), numbering together some 350 players and singers; to the chorus-master, Mr. J. Harcourt, and, last but not least, to Sir Julius Benedict, the conductor, at whose suggestion the oratorio of *Joseph* was included in the programme. Sir Julius worked assiduously on behalf of his brother-composer, and has every reason to be proud at having introduced so great a work—the greatest work of its kind by an English musician, and the greatest work of its kind since Mendelssohn's *Elijah*—to his long associated Norwich friends. Professor Macfarren must have been gratified by the hearty welcome with which his oratorio was greeted from all sides, and is not likely to forget the music-loving inhabitants of East Anglia, who thus unanimously conferred upon its author the "freedom" of their chief city. Only a short time ago Professor Macfarren was made "Bard" at a Welsh Eisteddfod; and what future honour are in store for him it is impossible to guess. While such as he, in fact, and the late Sterndale Bennett, spring up among us, there need be little fear of the shoals and quicksands it behoves every earnest musician to avoid. Had Mendelssohn lived till now, Richard Wagner, with all his satanic subtlety, and Franz Liszt, the Frankenstein who created him, their obsequious satellites and incoherently raving advocates, would have been emphatically *hors de combat*. That the receipts of the Festival have considerably exceeded expenditure, notwithstanding the absence and, to speak plainly, the indifference of many of its most seemingly influential patrons, is due to the earnest efforts of the "General Committee," with Lord Suffield at their head. What the result will bring to the "Charities in the County of Norfolk and City of Norwich" cannot just now be accurately ascertained; but we quite agree with a local paper that the "Patrons," absent and present, should subscribe among them a considerable sum (say 1,000 guineas, which they could easily afford) towards the permanent existence of an institution projected both for the purposes of benevolence and the cultivation of musical taste. What is 250*l*., the estimate already spoken of for charities like those of Norfolk and Norwich, and performances attractive enough to interest all East Anglia? Jenny Lind alone has proved, more than once, that, by the enchantment of her voice, she could not only add wings to hospitals, but occasionally even go far towards building them.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE reopened on Saturday for a series of performances during the autumn and early winter. The opera on the first night was *Fidelio*, cast very nearly as during the regular season, the only exception being a new Florestan, in the person of Signor Candidus, who, if he did not satisfy all requirements, obtained certainly a *succès d'estime*. Of Madame Pappenheim's Leonora we have already spoken. Upon *Rigoletto* and *Faust* it would be superfluous to bestow many words, but about *Carmen*, with Madame Trebelli, who replaces the unsurpassable Miss Minnie Hauk in the character of the gipsy heroine—"Mia Carmen adorata," as Don José exclaims after killing her—there will be something to say next week. We have now six performances a week at reduced charges, and with no restrictions as to evening dress. Whether this excess of Italian opera is for the good remains to be proved. At any rate, Italian opera has ceased to be a privileged indulgence for the rich; and, as we have now so few *bonâ fide* Italian singers, it can no longer be regarded as a thing apart, but must take its chance promiscuously among any other musical and dramatic entertainments. Why the English, like other musically-given people, should not have a permanent opera in their own language is hard to explain. Professor Macfarren, helped out by our poets, from Shakespeare and Milton to Byron and Shelley (not forgetting Burns, Moore, the present Laureate, and our unsurpassable national ballads, English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh), has styled it one of the richest and best suited to musical purposes. Nor can any one reasonably deny the truth of the assertion of that eminent musician, who has set to music both German and English songs in the happiest manner, being as familiar with Schiller, Goethe, Heine, &c., as with his poetical compatriots. Why then, we repeat, in face of the arguments of Sir George Bowyer (who ought to read the letters of Mendelssohn and Spohr about the singing at the Sistine Chapel), should we not possess a permanent English opera? The flying visits of Mr. Carl Rosa are of little use under the circumstances. They merely disturb us (agreeably, it must be owned) for awhile, making us regret the more that we have not a lyric institution of our own. Moreover, Mr. Rosa (the only man to provide us with it) gives comparatively little original English music—M. Guiraud's *Piccolino* and—*mirabile dictu!*—Wagner's *Rienzi* are to be the chief attractions of his next year's London season.

WAIFS.——Signor Bottesini, the famous performer on the contrabasso, and director of music to the Khedive, when that potentate brought out Verdi's magnificent *Aïda* at Cairo, has lately been married at Geneva, to a lady who will be remembered as Madame Fiorentini, performing at Her Majesty's Theatre (Balfe being conductor, and Benjamin Lumley director), we care not to say how many years ago. No artist ever won more deserved esteem in this country than Signor Bottesini.—Judging from the Parisian musical journals, opinions vary with regard to the merits and actual success of Gounod's *Polyeucte*. It is said, however, that Mr. Gye has secured the right of performance at the Royal Italian Opera, in which case we shall be able to judge for ourselves.

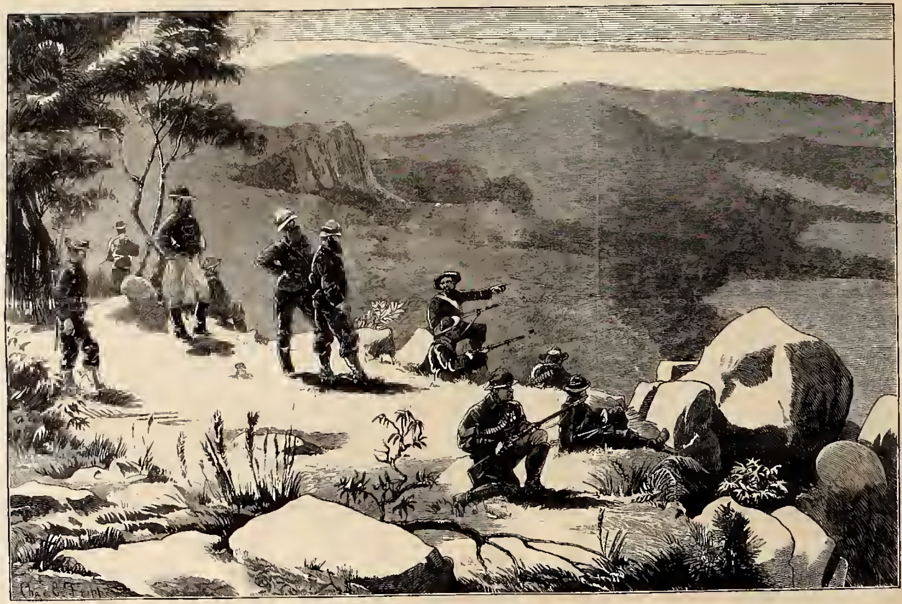


LEGAL

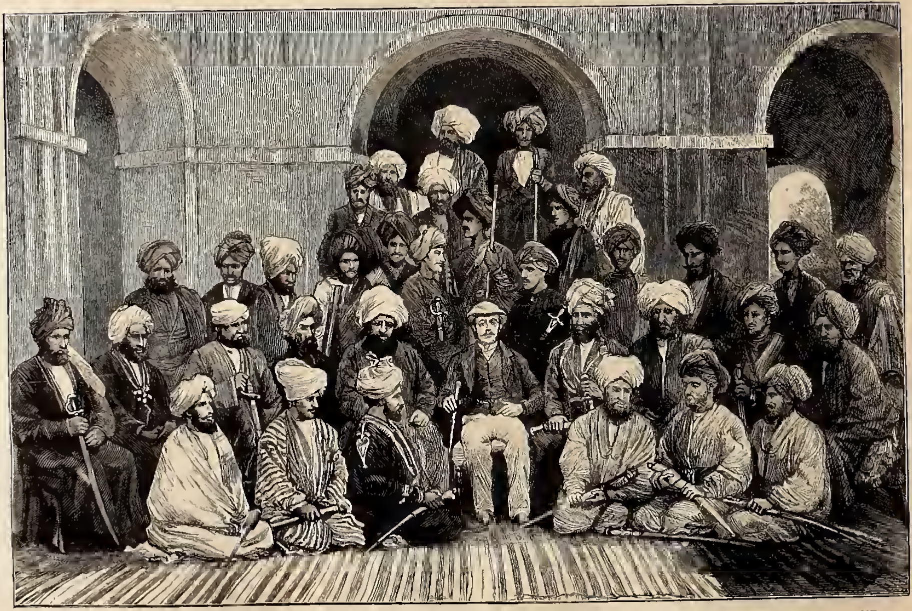
THE GLASGOW BANK FAILURE.——The accountants' report on the affairs of the City of Glasgow Bank has revealed a state of things much worse than was suspected, and the natural result has been the arrest of the Manager, Secretary, and Directors, who are confined in gaol, and not allowed to communicate with each other, or to receive visitors. Bail cannot be accepted until they are finally committed, even if then. By the Scottish procedure the Crown is, of course, the prosecutor, and the comprehensive nature of the indictment, "falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition," leaves very little chance for the guilty to escape. The accounts have been deliberately falsified for some time past, securities entered at fictitious values, bad debts taken as good assets, and false returns made to the Government respecting the gold which ought to have been held against the note issue. The extent of the falsification shown in the report is 2,103,000*l*. in the liabilities, and 4,680,000*l*. on the assets, making a total deficiency of 6,783,000*l*., of which as much as 4¼ millions arises on four accounts, representing advances to firms engaged in speculative ventures in India, New Zealand, and other parts of the world. The directors, the youngest of whom is fifty-two, were all held in high esteem in society, and took an active part in religious and benevolent movements. Many of them were elders of the Presbyterian Church, and one of them is a deacon; and another was warmly attached to the Free Church, and such a strict Sabbatarian that he refused to take in or read Monday's newspapers because they were printed on Sunday. Mr. J. Nichol Fleming, who was formerly a director, but who left the Board in 1875, is said to have fled to Spain.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND ROBBERY.——William Ohmann Stafford, the Liverpool bank clerk, who absconded with 15,000*l*., and was arrested in Jersey, was taken before the Lord Mayor on Friday last and remanded for a week. It seems that he left Liverpool with a young woman named MacLean and a man named Malcolm Macbeth, telling them that he had just received a legacy. On reaching London, however, he confessed to Macbeth that he had robbed the bank, and asked him to change some of the notes, offering him a share of the "swag." Macbeth feigned consent, and, taking the notes to the Bank, made a statement; but, in the meantime, Stafford grew uneasy, and leaving his female companion at the hotel, quitted London for Cowes, whence he hired the yacht in which he made the voyage to Jersey. The amount given up by Macbeth was 3,000*l*., and 10,610*l*. was found in Stafford's possession, and as upwards of 1,000*l*. of the remaining notes have been traced, the Bank will not be great losers by his defalcations.

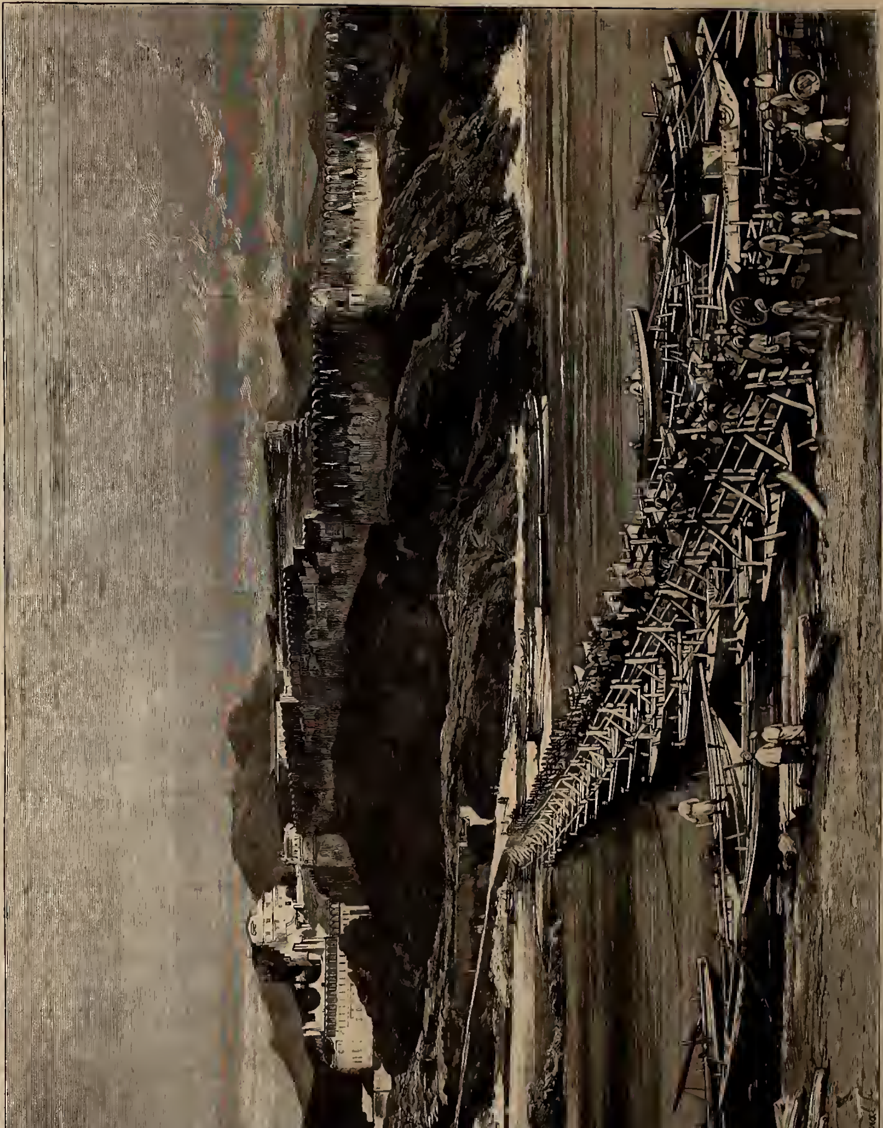
MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——A very important legal point was raised at Bow Street Police Court on Saturday, in connection with an adulteration case. The adulteration was admitted, but the defendant contended that the Act required the adulteration to be "to the prejudice of the purchaser," which could not be held to be the case, when the article had only been bought for the purpose of analysis. Sir J. Ingham said he believed the Lord Chief Justice had upheld a decision of the Scotch Judges to that effect, and adjourned the case for further consideration.—The milkman who, a few weeks ago was sentenced by Mr. Barstow to six months' hard labour for assaulting a policeman has been liberated, the conviction having been quashed by the Middlesex Magistrates, who, however, thought that although it was a case of mistaken identity, the detectives had given a correct and truthful account of the occurrence as far as their knowledge extended.—Two gentlemen named Keene, father and son, have had to pay somewhat smartly for a hasty display of temper. A few days ago, Mr. Keene senior, was taking a carriage drive at Kensington, and his son was riding a bicycle beside the vehicle, when just at the corner of a road the bicyclist came to grief by getting into collision with a cab which was going in the opposite direction. Keene the elder thereupon jumped out of the carriage and ordered the cabman to get off his box, and on his refusal tried to pull him off, the driver's whip being broken in the struggle. Cross summonses were subsequently obtained, cabby being charged with driving to the common danger and assaulting the two Keenes, whilst he charged them with assaults, and sued for the damage to his whip. The cabman was completely triumphant, for the defendants were fined 3*l*. and 1*l*. 3*s*. costs for the assaults, and had to pay 10*s*. for the whip, with 12*s*. 6*d*. costs, while the three summonses against himself were dismissed with 10*s*. costs in each case.—Some strange disclosures were made at Brighton on Monday during the hearing of a charge of fraudulent appropriation brought against the secretary of an Odd Fellows' Lodge. It was stated that the defalcations had only just been discovered, although the defendant's accounts had been audited six times, that the treasurer of the Lodge was unable to write, that the defendant himself was an illiterate man, and that the Lodge had been defrauded to the extent of 167*l*. The Bench sentenced the defendant to two months' hard labour, and expressed a severe opinion at the business of the Society being conducted in such a manner as it was.—Mr. E. Clark, the Edmonton Guardian, who last sessions pleaded guilty to several charges of embezzlement and forgery, was on Wednesday brought up for judgment at the Central Criminal Court. His offence was that for a long time he had altered the tradesmen's accounts, and forged the endorsements to the cheques signed by the Board, pocketing the difference in the accounts. A memorial signed by 500 residents in the district, praying for a lenient punishment, was put in, and a number of well known persons, gave him a high character; but the Recorder, after remarking that Lord Justice Brett and Mr. Justice Hawkins concurred with him in opinion, said that he considered the prisoner's offence was without any extenuation. He had, without being tempted by poverty, grossly abused the confidence which was placed in him, and he should therefore order him to restore the embezzled money, pay the costs of the prosecution, and suffer five years' penal servitude.—In the Holyhead County Court on Saturday the Shipbuilders' and Boilermakers' Trade Society sued a former secretary of the Anglesey branch of the Society for 27*l*. The defendant had been prosecuted and sentenced to three months' hard labour for withholding the money, and the present proceedings were instituted on the ground that the criminal prosecution was no bar to the recovery of the money. The judge said the question raised was novel, and he reserved his decision.—At the Brighton Quarter Sessions, on Monday, two men were charged with stealing a yacht, in which they had put out to sea and got ten miles down Channel before being overtaken. Their defence was that they had taken the vessel "in a drunken freak," and the jury created much amusement in Court by returning a verdict of "Guilty, but not with a felonious intent." The prisoners were of course discharged. The other day, at the Guildhall, one of those peripatetic prestidigitateurs who profess to sell a purse full of money for a shilling, was charged with fraudulently obtaining 3*s*. from a person who had bought three purses from him, believing them to contain silver coins, but in which he found only a few halfpence. The man acknowledged that it was done by sleight-of-hand, and went through the performance in the dock. Alderman Finnis then said that he was convinced that there was a fraud in it, and that the prisoner could not plead ignorance of the law, as there had been found in his possession a printed report of a similar case, in which a man had been committed for trial. To this the prisoner replied that that man was himself, and that the grand jury threw out the bill, on hearing which the alderman remanded him for further inquiries.—A professional runner has been committed for trial for a singular species of fraud, having obtained a prize in a match for which he had entered under a false name, that of another well-known pedestrian.—A verdict of "Not guilty" has been returned in the case of Sir Capel Fitzgerald, who was accused of stealing jewels belonging to "Mrs. Stevens," with whom he recently made a trip to Paris. His counsel urged that the Court had no jurisdiction; but the Recorder, while reserving the point, declined to stop the case, and in summing up left it for the jury to say whether the property had been pledged for a temporary purpose only, or with the intent to defraud the owner of it altogether. Something must no doubt be allowed for the special circumstances of the case; yet it is difficult for the non-legal mind to understand why the plea of "hopeful intentions" should be admitted in one such instance if not in all.—At Chelmsford a precocious criminal, aged ten, has just been sentenced to five years' penal servitude for breaking into a church and stealing a Prayer Book and the contents of the poor-box. Though so young, he had been several times imprisoned, and had been sent for five years to a reformatory, where, however, he behaved so badly that the Home Secretary had ordered his dismissal. Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson, in passing sentence, said that it was painful to deal so severely with a boy of his years, but it seemed the only possibility in the interest of society as well as his own. Several notorious burglars have this week got into the hands of the police. Three men and a woman who are charged with breaking into a house near Regent's Park, and seriously wounding the occupant, a Unitarian minister, have been remanded. The same course has been adopted with another man, who was caught by a policeman just as he was leaving a post-office at Clapham, into which he had broken; and at the Surrey Sessions three others have been sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude for a burglary committed at the Old Kent Road. One of these



SKETCHES FROM SOUTH AFRICA—M'NAUGHTEN'S "KRANTZ" IN THE PERI BUSH



AFGHANISTAN—MAJOR CAVAGNARI, THE MEMBER OF THE BRITISH MISSION WHO WAS REFUSED ADMISSION TO THE KHYBER PASS, AND AFRIDI AND OTHER PATHAN MULLICKS



AFGHANISTAN—VIEW OF ATTOCK, SHOWING THE BRIDGE OVER THE INDUS was a man named Rogers, whom the police had been watching for a long time, but had never been able to take, in consequence of the absurd condition of the law which prohibits them from searching suspected persons who may be found prowling about before 9 o'clock P.M. He had frequently been seen by them, and would impudently challenge them to follow him as he jumped into his pony cart and drove away.—Seven years' penal servitude has been allotted to one John Bowen, who has been carrying on an ingenious system of fraud through the medium of the Post Office. Obtaining money-orders for small amounts, such as *1s.* or *1s. 6d.*, he erased the figures and writing with some chemicals, filled in larger sums, and then sent them to jewellers and other tradesmen accompanied by orders for goods. The circumstance which led to his detection was that he filled in one of them for *17l. 10s.*, whereas the Post Office never issues an order for more than *10l.*—Major Bellamy, of the 17th Regiment, committed suicide at Shorncliffe on Saturday last by blowing out his brains with a pistol. He had been more than thirty years in the service, and was a great favourite with the men and much regretted by his brother officers. Latterly he had been much depressed in spirits, the result, it is supposed, of pecuniary difficulties, he having spent the whole of his fortune in the Yelverton trial, on behalf of Mrs. Longworth Yelverton, to whom he was closely related.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Family Practice. E. Gould and Son.
London Preachers: T. Williams. Elliot Stock.
Folk Lore: James Napier. Alex. Gardner, Paisley.
Revista General de Marina, Tomo III., Cuaderno 4°. Madrid.
The Marquis of Lossie: George Macdonald; Through a Needle's Eye (2 vols.): Hesba Stretton. C. Kegan Paul and Co.
New Quarterly Magazine for October.
The Story of the Christians and Moors of Spain: Charlotte M. Yonge. Macmillan.
The Pottery Gazette, No. I., Vol. I.
The Life of Christ: Canon Farrar; Odd Folks at Home; *The Quiver*, 1878; Wee Willie Winkie. Cassell.
The Contralto Album; Spohr's Violin School: Ed. by Henry Holmes. Boosey.

BIRTH.

On the 23rd inst., at Little Codham Hall, Wethersfield, Essex, the wife of Mr. B. Morris of a son.

DEATH.

On Tuesday, the 22nd inst., at 36, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, Mr. George Alexander Hancock Holt, in his 67th year, deeply regretted by a large circle of friends.

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"LIFT IN SORROW." Music by Sir John Goss, Mus. Doc.
"ROCK OF AGES." The Hymn and its Author. By the Rev. Robert Shindler, M.A.
CHRIST'S TEARS FOR JERUSALEM. By the Rev. C. J. Elliott, M.A.
GOOD DEEDS AT HOME AND ABROAD.
THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE. New Serial Story. &c., &c.
N.B. The QUIVER CHRISTMAS ANNUAL (entitled "ARROWS OF THE BOW") will be published Nov. 25, price 6d.

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153 pieces in Three Designs,
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254 PIECES BEST PLAIN BLACK CACHEMIRE DE PARIS,
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33 inches long, 9½ guineas.

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36 inches long, 12 guineas.

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40 inches long, 14 guineas.

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45 inches long, 16 guineas.

WAYRE'S RUSSIAN SABLE TAIL SETS, 20 guineas; Real Marten Tail, 8 guineas; Skunk, 4 guineas. Length of fronts, 36 inches; depth of flounce, 9 to 12 inches.

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Established Half-a-Century.

CAUTION. — The MACASSAR OIL for the hair and ODONTO for the teeth, manufactured by A. ROWLAND and SONS, of 20, Hatton Garden, are the only genuine articles sold under these or similar names. Avoid cheap imitations, and buy only Rowland's.

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A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London.

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BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S
PESTACHIO NUT
SKIN AND
COMPLEXION POWDER
Imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin, attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration.
2, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.
MAY BE HAD OF
All fashionable Perfumers and Druggists throughout the Earth, with the same facility as a Book.
In Boxes, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d.

HOLY BAZIL — PIESSE and LUBIN.—This is a most rare perfume distilled from the HOLY BAZIL FLOWER OF HINDU (*Ocymum sanctum*), so remarkable for its unique fragrance. Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s. 6d. at the Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London, and by Chemists and Perfumers in all parts of the world.

PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP.
Pure, Fragrant, and Durable.
Used by the Royal Family.
Best for Toilet, Nursery, and Shaving.

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Recommended in the "Journal of Cutaneous Medicine," by the Editor,
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PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP.
For a Healthy Skin and Good Complexion.
Of Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.
Wholesale and Retail of
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GIGANTIC SHOW OF DRESS FABRICS
For the Fall and Winter of 1878.
The Real and Rough and Ready Serge, 28 in. wide, 10¾d. a yard, very suitable for warm costumes and winter wear.
Winter Cashmeres, 26 in. wide, 8¾d.
Douglas Brilliantine, new Autumn Shades, 8¾d.
Twill Foule in all leading colours, at 10½d.
French Merinos, 45 in. to 48 in. wide, 1s. 10½d. and 2s. 10½d.
Small Fancy Designs for mixing with plain textures. The Leopard Mixture, at 8¾d.; the Cabul Mixture, at 10½d.; the Costume Mixture, at 1s. 3½d.; the Afghan Silk Mixture, at 1s. 9½d.; the All-Wool Silk Mixture, at 2s. 11½d.
Heather Mixtures for Autumn, 1s. 6½d.
Ottawa Beiges, 16 in. wide, 1s. 0½d.
Fancy Scotch Clans, as now worn in Paris, 1s. 3½d.
Serge Negligé, a light, warm wool material in eleven new fashionable mixtures, 26 in. wide, 1s. 5½d.
Indian Cashmeres, 42 in. to 48 in. wide, 1s. 10½d. and 2s. 10½d.; English Cashmeres, 1s. 3½d. and 1s. 6½d.
The Estremene Serge, newest colours, 1s. 0½d. and 1s. 6½d.
Cashmere Estamene, 25 in. wide, 9½d.
French Beige Poule, 26 in. wide, 1s. 4½d.
The Scarborough Twill, new autumn colours, 10¾d.
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An endless variety of New Skirtings, 40 in. wide, at 1s. 11½d., 2s. 11½d., 3s. 6½d., and 4s. 11d. a yard.
Patterns of all kinds post free.
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SILKS, SATINS, VELVETS, AND VELVETEENS.
Black Silks, rich Gros Grains, 2s. 11½d.; late 3s. 6½d.
Black Silks, a new make, wear guaranteed. "The Empress," not weighted with dye, but made of all pure silk, price 3s. 10½d. a yard.
Black Silks, several thousand yards, from the best Lyons firms, from 3s. 6½d. to 15s. a yard.
Oxonian Velveteens are blue blacks, 1s. 11½d. to 4s. 11d.
The Louis Velveteen is dyed in the fashionable Oriental blue black, and made various qualities.
7,000 yards Rich Coloured Velveteens, fifty different shades, 26 in. wide, 2s. 10½d. a yard.
Silk Costume Velvet, in Black, only 27 in. wide, 6s. 11d. the yard. Patterns free.
Black Satins, a specially cheap lot, at 2s. 6½d.; Coloured Satins, in every possible shade, 1s. 11½. to 4s. 11d. a yard. Patterns free.
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COSTUMES FOR THE AUTUMN AND WINTER.
A Special Costume Parisian à l'Ecossais, made in fashionable Clans, with Silk or Velvet Vest, price 3½ gs. complete. This Costume is an exact copy from the Paris Exhibition, having been sold there 245 times up to Sept. 23, gaining more admiration than any other in that magnificent building.
Other new and equally fashionable Costumes, at 35s. 6d., 39s. 6d., 2 gs., £2 12s. 6d., 3 and 4 gs. each.
Measurement Forms, Patterns of Materials, with Sketches and Price Lists post free.
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HENRY GLAVE'S
UNDERCLOTHING AND CORSET DEPARTMENT.
A Fashionable Deep Corset, with Belt and Taper Busk, so much improving the outline of the figure, and giving ease and freedom to the body. The prices are 4s. 11d., 6s. 11d., 8s. 11d., and a superior article at half-a-guinea, equal to any in the market at a guinea.
A Superior Wedding Outfit for £20, unequalled in the world at the price.
Illustrated Underclothing and Outfitting List post free.
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CHARLES GASK & CO. (Limited),
58 to 63, Oxford Street;
1 to 5, Wells Street, London.
Carriage Entrance, 5, Wells Street.

RICH SILK and other Costumes.
A grand display of rich Silk, Broché Velvet, and Silken Fabric Costumes for the autumn, forming such a collection of recherché novelties as is rarely seen out of Paris, at most moderate prices.
A large variety of novel COSTUMES of fashionable New Fabrics in Serges, Lichen Cloths, Cyprus Cloths, Camel's Hair, &c., two, three, and four gs. each.

MANTLES, ULSTERS, and SEALSKINS.
A large importation of the latest novelties.
The Sedan Beaver Paletot, one to two guineas, handsomely trimmed.
New Travelling Ulsters, all wool, in 27 shades, at one guinea, unequalled.
Fine Sealskin Paletôts, 36 in. in length, 9½ guineas each. Smaller sizes in proportion.
Fur-lined Mantles and Paletôts, 31s. 6d. to five gs.

DRESS MATERIALS in all the NEWEST TEXTURES.
New Lichen Cloth, 11½d. per yard, Camel's-hair Cloth, 1s. 4d.
Tartans, Rampoor Cloth, and the new Broché Cashmeres, so much used in combination, 2s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. per yard.
Fine French Cashmeres, in new shades, 1s. 11d., 2s. 7½d., and 2s. 11d. per yard, double width.

MOURNING GOODS.
Of every description, at most moderate prices.
Black Serge Costumes, all wool, two guineas; black and white Broché Costumes, one guinea; handsome Costumes, trimmed with patent unspotting crape, for all grades of mourning, 3½ to eight guineas. The Dressmaking Department is under new and superior Management. A successful fit and the best style may be relied upon, at moderate charges.
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We are now offering 40,000 yards of Black and Coloured Silks in all the new shades, or fully 15 to 20 per cent. under last year's prices, from 2s. 11d. to 6s. 11d. yd.
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SWAN and EDGAR
ARE NOW SHOWING
A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT.

AUTUMN NOVELTIES.
SILKS, MANTLES, COSTUMES, AND SEALSKIN PALETOTS, at all prices.

SWAN and EDGAR,
PICCADILLY and REGENT STREET,
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WOOLLEN CLOTHS for Ladies' Jackets, Cloaks, Ulsters, &c., in great variety, at very moderate prices. We also keep a very large stock suitable for Gentlemen's and Youths' Wear. Livery Cloths, &c., equally cheap. Terms ready money only.—C. MEEKING and CO., Woollen Warehouse, Corner of Hatton Garden, Holborn Circus.

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SILK MERCER AND DRAPER,
to
THE ONLY ADDRESS,
103 to 108, OXFORD STREET, W.
(where the business was established in 1833).

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SPECIAL NEW SHADES.
110 New Tints, at 3s. 6d. per yard.
Coloured Satins to match, at 3s. 6d. per yard.
Richer qualities, Coloured Silks, 4s. 6d., 5s. 3d., and 6s. 9d. per yard.
369 Pieces extra rich Brocaded Silks, 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d.
600 Pieces of China Washing Silks, 18s. 9d. for 20 yds.
Grisaille and Quadrille Silks, 23s. 6d. the Piece.
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.
Established at this address in 1833.

BLACK SILKS.
One Thousand Pieces
at 2s. 11d. and 3s. 11d. per yard.
A special purchase of Bonnet's Black Silks, commencing at 3s. 11d. per yard.
Black Satins of extreme brightness,
2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. per yard.
For patterns please address only
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RICH AUTUMN COSTUMES.
One Thousand Coloured Silk Costumes, at 6½ gs.
BLACK SILK COSTUMES,
at 5½ gs.
Black Silk Skirts, one guinea.
PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

AUTUMN DRESS MATERIALS.
CACHEMIRE MERINOS,
Fine Textures and rich shades, 45 inches wide,
2s. 6d. to 2s. 11d. the yard.
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All the New Tints, 46 inches wide,
3s. 6d. per yard.
VELVETEENS,
Velvet finished, in all colours, 3s. 9d. to 4s. 6d.,
in black, 1s. 11d. to 5s. 6d. per yard.
ANGOLAS,
and other fashionable materials,
1s. 3d. to 3s. 3d. per yard.
WINTER SKIRTINGS,
Novelties in Stripes, Plain and Snowflake,
from 1s. 9d. per yard.
CREPE CASHMERE (REGISTERED).
A most useful material, in six designs, Black,
full width, 1s. 9d. per yard.
FOR PATTERNS address only
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MANTLES and JACKETS for AUTUMN and WINTER,
NOVELTIES from PARIS and BERLIN DAILY,
in Beaver Cloth, Diagonal Cloth, Mille-raye Cloth, and Drap Bute; also, in Velvet, Face, Sicilian, and Gros Grain, lined and quilted.
Several New Shapes in Ulster Mantles.
The New Waterproof Tartan Mantles.
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33 in. deep, from 7 gs.
36 in. deep, from 8 gs.
Several New Shapes in Seal Mantles,
in the finest quality.
GREY SQUIRREL PALETOTS (a great novelty).
Sable, Seal, Fox, Racoon, Skunk, Beaver,
Otter, Russian Hare, Chinchilla, Ermine,
and every other description of
Muffs, Necklets, &c.
A Large Stock of
RUSSIAN SEAL FUR JACKETS,
24 in. to 27 in. deep, from 4 guineas upwards.
Imitation Seal Fur Jackets,
42s. each, 26 in. to 28 in. deep.
Cashmere Circulars, with Hood, and lined Russian Squirrel, 45 in. deep, from 2 gs. upwards.
Cashmere Circulars, with Hood, and lined from Russian Squirrel, 48 in. deep, 58s. 6d. upwards.
A great variety of New Shapes
in Silk Mantles,
lined with the finest quality of Russian Squirrel,
Fur Carriage and Travelling Rugs, from 30s. upwards.
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NEW FASHION BOOK.

NEW FASHION BOOK. The eighteenth number is now ready, containing Descriptive Illustrations of the latest and most approved Novelties in Costumes, Millinery, Mantles, Ball Dresses, and Boys' and Girls' Dresses. The information is drawn from the best sources, and no pains have been spared to obtain the models best adapted to the English taste. The articles illustrated are briefly described and the price quoted, so that ladies unable to visit town "can shop at home."

THE NEW FASHION BOOK, post free for 12 stamps.—DEBENHAM and FREEBODY, Wigmore Street and Welbeck Street, London, W.

IMPROVED JANUS CORD,
Registered, both sides alike,
1½ guineas the full dress length.
Made specially for Messrs. JAY, and recommended by them as the best and cheapest material
at the price ever manufactured for a lady's dress.
Janus Cord makes up remarkably well,
and ladies who at this season of the year habitually wear black will find it an excellent wearing dress.
JAY'S, Regent Street.

MOURNING.
MESSRS. JAY'S experienced
Dressmakers and Milliners
Travel to any part of the kingdom,
Free of expense to purchasers,
when the emergencies of mourning require the
immediate execution of orders.
They take with them dresses and millinery, besides
Materials at 1s. per yard
and upwards, to cut from the piece,
all marked in plain figures,
and at the same price as if purchased at
The London General Mourning Warehouse.
Reasonable estimates are also given for
Household Mourning
at a great saving to large or small families.
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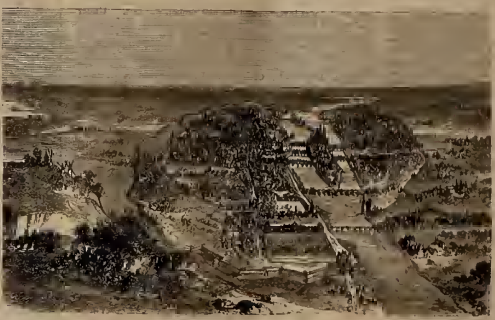
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Regent Street, W.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.— "The most perfect fitting made."—*Observer.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka, 30s., 40s., 45s. per half-dozen. Illustrations and self-measure post free.—41, POULTRY, LONDON.

PARIS ILLUSTRATED

THIS year many holiday roads have led to Paris, and never throughout the course of her chequered history have her streets been thronged by so numerous, so motley, and so cosmopolitan a crowd as that which has flocked thither for the great World's Fair of 1878. There have been former Exhibitions at Paris, it is true, and Exhibitions moreover which have been held under the radiancy of an Imperial rule, with brilliant attendant festivities, and with Royal and Imperial guests to grace them, but neither in 1855, nor in 1867, did the tale of visitors attain the figures which have been reported during the past five months. Doubtless this may be partly accounted for by the great facilities which are afforded on all sides for travelling, and which, owing to an admirable system of careful combination and organisation, have reduced a trip to Jerusalem or to Niagara Falls, or for that matter round the world itself, to a mere question of a summer's holiday, and partly by Paris being a species of Grand Junction, where you change for Vienna or Rome, Constantinople or Madrid; but the main reason lies in the intense interest with which all nations have regarded Paris of late years, not simply from the fact of her sturdy resistance to the victorious German armies, but owing to the marvellous manner in which Paris, and, indeed all France, has recovered from the heavy series of disasters which accrued during the *Année Terrible* of 1870-1. When Jules Favre yielded up the treasured provinces of Alsace-Lorraine, and the German troops peacefully bivouacked in the Champs Elysées, even France's best friends were apt to declare that at last her pride was humbled to the dust, that Berlin would thenceforward become "the centre of civilisation," and take the lead in Europe as much in the weighty matters of International diplomacy, as in the yet important questions of after what colour, form, and fashion the fair sex were to shape their garments for the future.


PARIS UNDER LOUIS XIII.

Paris, however, speedily showed that, although Berlin must for the nonce be accorded a premier place in political affairs, the Parisians were in no way inclined to abdicate their social sovereignty over Europe; does not one of their most popular proverbs state, *Il ne fait jamais mauvais temps pour retourner à Paris?* and ere long the French capital had to all appearance—save for the blackened ruins which marked the ruthless excesses of the Commune—regained her usual sprightly gaiety, while now there remains little outwardly to mark the difference between Republican Paris and the Paris of the Second Empire. The Boulevards bustle with the same pleasure-seeking throng, the shops are still filled with the thousand and one useless but ornamental wares characteristically called *articles de Paris*, the same gay cavalcades and humble processional weddings are to be met with in the Bois de Boulogne, the *cafés* and *restaurants* are still crammed to suffocation with the most voluble of gastronomes; little red-breeched *piou-pious* yet make love to gaily be-ribboned nursemaids in the Champs Elysées or the Luxembourg Gardens, while the children play at *cache-cache*, or excitedly watch the adventures of Guignol, that curious Gallic progenitor of our English Punch. Art, Literature, and the Stage prosper as well—nay, better—than under the doubtfully beneficent patronage of the Emperor; it is true that the pompous consequential *sergent-de-ville* has given place to the polite *gardien de la paix*, but this is almost the only external social change between the Paris of to-day and the Paris of the Napoleonic epoch. As, however, the object of the present supplement is to give our readers a brief retrospect of the chief historical and topographical features of the city where so many of them have doubtless been spending some portion at least of the past half year, we will leave the modern city for a while and look back to

ANCIENT PARIS, OR LUTETIA

LIKE London, Paris lays some claim to a descent from Trojan sources, and as the English capital professes to have been founded by Brute, a descendant of Æneas, so Paris claims to have been originated by Francus, Hector's son, who named his new settlement after his uncle Paris, whence, it may be surmised, comes the assertion that the city, like that imprudent Greek who preferred Venus to Minerva or Juno, even in these days is more noteworthy for pleasures than either for wisdom or dignity. The more generally accepted story of the origin of Paris, however, is that the original settlers were Gaulish fishermen, who established a small village on the island in the centre of the Seine whereon now stands the Cathedral of Notre Dame. These fishermen, however, must have possessed some military knowledge, for, thirty-five years before the Christian era, Cæsar in his Commentaries speaks of Labienus leaving with four legions for Lutetia—"The fortress of the Parisii, situated on an island of the river Sequana." Julius Cæsar laid siege to the town, and after some sharp fighting captured it, although the inhabitants did their best to burn it to the ground before it fell into his hands. Julius Cæsar rebuilt the town, fortified it, compelled the Parisii to change the Druidical divinities for the Roman gods, and built a temple to Jupiter in the *Cité*, another to Mars on Montmartre, and a third to Isis on the hill where St. Germain des Prés now stands. It is thought by some that the Parisii came originally from Belgium, whence they had fled in order to place themselves under the protection of the powerful Gaulish tribe, the Senones. Equally with the origin of Paris and the Parisians is disputed the etymology of the name Lutetia, which some translate from the Latin as a "city of mud," and others derive from the Celtic, "a dwelling on the waters."

THE DOME OF THE INVALIDES

ST. ÉTIENNE DU MONT

THE SAINTE-CHAPELLE

The first really authentic record which we possess of Paris as a town dates from about the middle of the fourth century, when the city had vastly improved, and had become the capital of Northern Gaul. Two bridges then connected the island with either bank of the river, on the shores of which were scattered a few temples and other monuments, of which the most important was the Palais des Thermes, of which the ruins—the most ancient relics of olden Paris—may yet be seen adjoining the Cluny Museum. On the north a wide road led to Boulogne-sur-Mer, while on the opposite bank was the highway to Orleans. The right shore was mainly covered by a forest, the Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes being then one and the same, intersected only by narrow paths leading to Druidical altars. The Emperor Julian himself lived in the Palais des Thermes, and in his "Misopogdon" describes the beauties of Paris as it then existed as follows: "My dear Lutetia is built in the middle of a river, upon a little island, which bridges on each side join to the main land. The river does not alter with the seasons, and is as navigable in winter as in summer. The water is excellent to drink. The climate is soft and temperate, perhaps on account of its proximity to the sea; and the vines are of good quality and exceedingly numerous."

Twenty-six years later the Frank invasion, spreading throughout France, reached Paris; and in 500 A.D. Clovis fixed upon the city as his residence; and, if the legend speaks the truth, was converted to Christianity by his wife, Ste. Geneviève, who has since become the patron saint of Paris, and to whom the Church of the Panthéon is dedicated. This lady was originally a shepherdess, and is said to have averted by her prayers a visit from the terrible Attila. Not, however, that Ste. Geneviève was by any means the first saint who had made Paris a home, for some two hundred and fifty years earlier St. Denis had introduced Christianity into the city, and had suffered martyrdom on Montmartre for his pains. During the Carlovingian period Paris remained comparatively stationary, Charlemagne having transferred the capital to Aix-les-Bains; and the reigns of his successors were marked by a series of disasters, the Norsemen ascending the river in their leathern boats, and pillaging and burning all that came in their way. In 885 Paris was once more besieged, this time by an army of 30,000 Norsemen, who, less expeditious than Marshal von Moltke, prosecuted a fruitless campaign for eight months. At the close of the tenth century, however, Paris showed signs of material increase, and the *faubourgs* of Sainte-Geneviève and Saint Germain-l'Auxerrois were enclosed within her walls. In 987 Hugh Capet, being elected King, once more made Paris the capital of France, a position which it has never since lost, and from that time the city grew apace, and a regular administrative Government was organised for the town, which was presided over by the King's Provost, who was a complete king within the city walls, and by a Prevôt des Marchands, a species of Lord Mayor of the City. Paris now began to develope its commerce, for the vessels of that date could easily ascend the river, and thence arose the arms of Paris which have so often puzzled the casual visitor—the full-rigged galley, and the motto, *Fluctuat nec mergitur.*

MEDIÆVAL PARIS

WITH the accession of Philip Augustus, towards the close of the twelfth century, began the real architectural era of Paris, as numerous churches, including Notre Dame, the Temple, and the fortress of the Louvre (although the Louvre is said to have been already a royal residence in the days of "good King Dagobert"), together with various aqueducts, gates, and other important works were begun and finished, while the fortifications were still further extended; but by far the most valuable achievement of this reign was the concentrating of the various Parisian schools, which then contained some 20,000 scholars, into a University, which not only speedily rose into world-wide renown as foremost amongst the European places of learning, but by attracting large numbers of scholars from the provinces and abroad, contributed greatly to increase the Parisian population. At this epoch the right bank of the Seine was, as, indeed, at present, mainly occupied by the more wealthy inhabitants, and here stood the merchants' offices and establishments; the island of the Cité was inhabited by more humble citizens; while on the opposite shore little could be seen but churches and monasteries, with well-cultivated large gardens. This portion of Paris lying to the south was called the Latin County (whence sprung the since famous *Quartier Latin*), the northern shore was known as the Town, while the island still retained its old denomination of the Cité. These three Quarters, as we have said, were connected by bridges, over which tolls were levied, on one of which, the Grand Châtelet, ambulating proprietors of monkeys were passed free, provided they made their charges dance. Thence comes the curious proverb "Payer en monnaie de singe." Philip Augustus, moreover, did not content himself with adding architecturally to Paris, he also tried to improve it from a sanitary point of view, and having one day noticed a frightful stench coming up from some mud in the Cité, which had been stirred up by the passing vehicles, he immediately resolved to have the streets paved, and, summoning the Provost and the *bourgeois*, he ordered them to have pavements immediately constructed. The *bourgeoisie*, or middle class, which later on was destined to form a very important portion of society under the name of the "third estate," now for the first time began to be recognised as a weighty factor of the State, and Philip Augustus was the first to grant to the Paris *bourgeoisie* a legal constitution, notwithstanding the vigorous opposition of the feudal nobility, whose power and arrogance he was anxious to break, and whom he ultimately subdued by the help of the very Communal authorities whom he had enfranchised, and to whom he had granted the favours—hitherto seldom enjoyed by corporate bodies—of legal jurisdiction and the right of coinage. It was in the tower of the Louvre that Philip Augustus confined the chief of his rebellious vassals for twelve years. Under the reigns of Louis VIII. and Louis IX. (St. Louis), a still further number of religious houses were founded, and amongst other churches the Sainte Chapelle was built. The population increased in the same proportion, so that in 1328, under Philip le Bel, the city contained 274,000 inhabitants, and paid a poll tax to the amount of over 60,000*l.*, the total amount of the Paris revenue amounting to 3,000,000*l.* Towards the end of the fourteenth century Paris came to be noted as one of the most important cities of Europe, both from the extent of the population as also from the fact that, as at present, the Parisian possessed almost the monopoly of the trade in objects of luxury.

Already the Parisian tailors were unrivalled for their peculiar cut, the manufactures of gloves, of hats, of plate, and of jewellery were of world-wide renown, while, as we have said, crowds of students from every part of Europe thronged the schools and university. It was about this time also that the Paris Parliament began to hold its regular sittings, while to still further enfranchise the middle class the King inaugurated the custom of ennobling the *bourgeoisie* whenever a member of the "third estate" was sufficiently rich to render important service to the Court. After the battle of Poitiers Paris was once more extended and refortified, and it was under the reign of Charles V. that the formidable fortress-prison, the Bastille, was begun, and Paris rendered capable of withstanding a most formidable siege, while the architectural improvements that the king made in the Louvre and other public buildings induced the members of his Court to follow his example, and handsome mansions and buildings rapidly rose from the ground in the best parts of the city. Notwithstanding all these improvements, famine and plague frequently devastated the humbler quarters; indeed, in 1437-8, such distress prevailed that the wolves prowled about the desolate streets, while the miserable condition of the poor was not lessened by the extravagance of the nobles and richer classes, whose clothes alone cost a princely revenue. The description of the feminine fashions of this epoch greatly reminds one of the present time, as Robert Gaguin tells us that sometimes they were worn wide and flowing, at others as tight as was consistent with safety. "Occasionally the dresses trail to an inordinate length, while after a while they become absurdly short. Always anxious for novelty, the Parisians can never keep the same fashion for clothing for ten years!" We wonder what the modern Parisians would think of keeping to one fashion for ten years now! In the 14th century, also, pins came into fashion, but this did not prevent the *Parisiennes* from bountifully displaying their charms or from wearing their dresses partly slit up the side like a Greek maiden of yore, a whim which Robert de Blois describes as follows:—

> Aucune lesse deffermée
> Sa poitrine, pour ceç 'ouvoie
> Comme fetement sa char blanchoie.
> Une autre lesse tout de gré
> Sa char apparoir au côté,

In addition to the vagaries of fashion, literature and art advanced with quick strides during this period, while it was at this time that gunpowder was invented and the first cannon was cast. Under the reign of Charles, also, the number of *fleurs de lys* on the Royal banner were reduced to three, in honour, it is said, of the Holy Trinity. Under Charles VI. the English, despite all the careful fortifications of Charles V., made themselves masters of the city, whence they were not dislodged for sixteen years. During the reigns of Louis XI., Charles VIII., and Louis XII., there seems little noteworthy to record in Paris beyond the establishment of printing offices and a postal system, although the influence of the middle class continued materially to increase, and Paris became more and more the resort of all who sought Literature, Art, or mere pleasure. The following acrostic is said to have been composed by Louis XII. on his capital:—

> Paisible Domaine,
> Amoreux Vergier,
> Repos sans danger,
> Justice certaine,
> Science hautaine,
> C'est Paris entier.

In the reign of Francis I. Paris began to feel the effect of the Renaissance movement then agitating the south of Europe, the Louvre was partly pulled down in order to be reconstructed, while the first stone of the Hotel de Ville was laid in 1533. Henry II. continued to embellish Paris, while under Charles IX. the Palace of the Tuileries was begun by Catherine de Medicis. The religious troubles that followed the persecution of the Huguenots and the terrible Massacre of St. Bartholomew temporarily retarded the increasing prosperity of Paris.

AFTER THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW

IN this terrible slaughter there perished over 10,000 hapless Protestants in Paris by order of Catherine de Medicis and her weak son, who himself is said to have taken part in the massacre, which was only too vigorously carried out by his fanatical followers, for as Voltaire describes in his *Henriade*:—

> Quand un Roi veut le crime, il est trop obéi!
> Par cent mille assassins son courroux fut servi;
> Et des fleuves Français les eaux ensanglantées
> Ne portaient que des morts aux mers epouvantées.

Old Admiral Coligny, hardly recovered from a previous attempt at assassination, was first murdered in cold blood by Le Besme, a servant of the Duc de Guise, who awaited the result of the crime in the courtyard below, and then the most terrible massacre in history was carried on without respect to age or sex. The scenes in the streets of Paris on the morning of August 24 have been vividly described by contemporary historians. Nearly 60,000 men perambulated the streets, blaspheming and sacking houses, in which they cruelly murdered all they met. A horrible tempest of yells and shouts mingled with the report of pistols and arquebuses and the pitiable shrieks of the victims, while carts traversed the streets filled with booty or laden with mutilated bodies, which were cast into the Seine. Henry of Navarre and the Prince of Condé alone were saved from the hecatomb. The window whence the signal was given is still pointed out in the Louvre—then the residence of the Sovereign—facing the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. As we have said, Paris took some time to recover from the effects of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and despite the balls and *fêtes* given by Catherine de Medicis to obliterate the memory of that terrible day it was not until Henry IV.—"brave Henry of Navarre"—came to the throne that the capital once more began to manifest any further steps towards any noteworthy improvements. The reign of Henry III. had done little to reassure the disturbed minds of his subjects, while the turbulent times which followed his death, the ensuing civil war, and the siege of Paris by Henry IV. in 1594, during which the inhabitants suffered the utmost misery and want, thirteen thousand persons perishing from the hardships, almost achieved the ruin of the French capital. "At the close of the siege," says a contemporary writer, "few houses remained entire and uninjured, the grass grew in the streets, while the faubourgs were utterly destroyed." Paris, however, has always shown herself marvellously recuperative, and no sooner had Henry IV. abjured his Protestant faith in the church of St. Denis, and had firmly established himself on the throne, than Paris began once more to grow apace, and the King became a Royal Haussmann, lending every effort to erase the evidence of past misfortunes. He enlarged the Louvre, and built the gallery which connects that Palace with the Tuileries, finished the Hotel de Ville, founded the Savonnérie manufactory of tapestry, and built the Pont Neuf, whereon stands his statue at the present day. In fact, under his rule Paris was transformed into what at that time was a handsome city—"that Paris," writes M. Poirson, "which before his accession was only composed of wretched buildings, which lacked air and space, and possessed no single quarter or square which the Parisians could show without blushing."

PARIS UNDER THE LOUISES

WE now come to a period when Paris really became the literary and scientific capital of France—a period when the splendour and refinement of the French Court had a powerful influence in forming the artistic tastes of subsequent generations, and whose relics are still highly treasured by all lovers of art. Nor does literature owe this epoch any less a debt, for it was under Louis XIII. that the Imprimérie Royale was created, and the Académie Française founded—that renowned "Forty" into whose ranks it is still the dream of the French *littérateur* to enter before his career is closed. The zoological collection in the Jardin des Plantes was also begun, the city was bountifully embellished with handsome buildings, bridges, quays, and monuments, Marie de Medicis planted the Cours de la Reine, now the Champs Elysées, and built the Luxembourg, Anne of Austria constructed the Val de Grace, while Richelieu commenced the Palais Royal; once more the *enceinte* was extended, new and handsome quarters sprang up, while many old districts were completely metamorphosed. Louis XIV. also, after the civil wars of the Fronde which embittered his minority (Paris raised some formidable barricades in 1648), and notwithstanding all his lavish expenditure at Versailles, in no way neglected the embellishments of the capital, the ramparts were transformed into handsome boulevards, the stern-looking gates into handsome triumphal arches, of which the Porte St. Martin and the Porte St. Denis are still prominent features of modern Paris; the Place Vendôme was formed, Le Nôtre laid out the Tuileries Gardens, the great building of the Invalides was begun and finished in eight years, whilst various theatres, amongst others that of Molière, began to spring up and flourish. Moreover, as we have said, these were the halcyon days of literature and art, as the names of Corneille, Racine, Molière, La Fontaine, Boileau, Bossuet, Fénélon, and such artists has Poussin, Le Sueur, Jouveult, and Lebrun will amply testify, while Academies for architecture and science were founded under Royal patronage. And yet all the luxurious splendour of the Court and its Monarch was preparing the way for terrible days of revolution and riotous anarchy. It is true that some little attention was paid to the amelioration of the humbler classes, insomuch that the streets began to be lighted, and a regular police organised, but great misery still existed in the poorer quarters, while at that time Paris counted amongst her population of half-a-million some 40,000 acknowledged thieves and beggars, without reckoning innumerable *chevaliers d'industrie* who merited no better name. Although also, as we have said, new quarters were built and the old ones improved, these latter were mainly in the richer part of the town, and "old" Paris remained much as it had always been—a town of wretched, gloomy, and ill-smelling streets, such as Gustave Doré depicts in one of our illustrations. The orgies and reckless conduct of the courtiers and nobles also, when contrasted with the poverty of the humbler Parisians, went far to bring about that bitter feeling against the upper classes which later on found vent in the popular excesses of the Revolution.

Indeed, when one reads of the reckless spendthrift luxury of the Court, where hundreds of useless sinecure posts provided nobles with enormous incomes, while the sick in the Hôtel Dieu and the soldiers in the barracks had to sleep three in a bed, of armies officered by young nobles utterly ignorant of military science, of Parliaments banished to the provinces for resisting the King's wish, and of the glorious selfishness of that King who, warned that money could not always be borrowed, replied, "It will last our time—*et après nous le Déluge*," we can only wonder that the Revolution was delayed so long as it actually was. It is also curious to note the prejudice which in "society" existed against the comparatively honest and useful pursuit of trading. Few persons cared to confess themselves traders, but disguised themselves under the denomination "financiers," who, from their usefulness to the King, the nobles, and the State, were regarded with considerable respect. Sometimes, however, these "financiers" brought their clients more harm than good; for instance, the Scotch adventurer, Law, who undertook to regenerate the failing finances of the nation, and by his wild Mississippi scheme, and his Royal Bank, created a speculative mania equal to our own South Sea Bubble, besides nearly ruining the country by an unlimited issue of worthless paper notes.

Nor was the Revolutionary feeling of the Parisians lessened by the well-known antipathy of Louis XV. for Paris. He would frequently prefer to make a long circuit, in order to avoid passing through the streets. Nevertheless, the King added considerably to the embellishments of his capital, and such buildings as the École Militaire, the Mint, the Halle aux Blés, the Palais Bourbon (where in old Imperial days the Corps Législatif were wont to sit), the Madeleine, and Church of St. Germain were begun, the lighting was still further improved, names were inscribed at the corners of the streets, while the King also also attempted to instil an artistic taste in the mind of his people by throwing open the collection of the Louvre for the first time. The names of Voltaire, Pascal, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Buffon, and Montesquieu show that this reign was as prolific in *littérateurs* as that of Louis XIV.; while the building of three theatres proved that the popular taste for the drama was on the increase. Under the reign of Louis XVI. the monumental additions to Paris were still further continued, while the walls of the city were yet again put farther back at a cost of a million sterling, a bill against which the Parisians, now growing rebellious, loudly remonstrated, whence originated the famous line,

> Le mur murant Paris rend Paris murmurant.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1789

WITH the accession of Louis XVI., however, the history of Paris becomes more social and political than monumental. The people of Paris, driven almost to madness by the extravagance of Louis XV., oppressed by innumerable social restrictions, and overweighted with taxes, of which the proceeds went to pay for the pleasures of a profligate Court, were ripe for revolt; and although Louis XVI. at first tried to economise, he was finally compelled to issue edicts for fresh taxes, which edicts the Parliament of Paris roundly refused to sanction. For this the Parliament was first banished and then dissolved, but matters were in no way mended. The States-General were then assembled, with an increased number of Deputies—the Third Estate being included—but all to no avail. The Third Estate constituted itself the National Assembly, and in less than a month, on July 14, the Revolution had begun with the destruction of the Bastille. Of the terrible years which followed, our space will allow us to treat but briefly. Suffice it to say that, after various attempts at compromise, the King was attacked in his Palace at Versailles, and brought to the Tuileries, in 1793 he was confined in the Temple, brought to trial before the National Convention, condemned to death, and executed in the Place de Louis Quinze, which had been renamed the Place de la Revolution. The King had been allowed a last interview with his unfortunate Queen and children—prisoners like himself; and bore his fate with true regal fortitude. When the carriage arrived at the scaffold, the King said, *Nous voici donc arrivés.* He pulled off his coat, unbuttoned the neck of his shirt, ascended the scaffold with steadiness, and surveyed for a few moments the immense multitude; then approaching the edge, he cried, "Frenchmen! I die innocent. I pardon all my enemies, and I wish that France may——" At this moment the drums beat, the executioners seized hold of the King and placed him underneath the knife of the guillotine, his confessor cried, "Enfant de St. Louis, montez au ciel," the fatal knife descended, and the executioner held up the King's head to the gaze of the crowd beneath. Of the aspect of Paris during this period we can say little beyond that "the Centre of Civilisation" presented to Europe a succession of horrible scenes, of which no parallel has ever been known before or since. The whole populace appeared to have been transformed into a combination of childish and yet bloodthirsty madmen. The worshipped hero of one day became the dreaded tyrant of the next, and on the third was executed amidst howls of execration from his former followers. Marat, Danton, and Robespierre successively rose, flourished, and decayed, neighbour denounced neighbour as a traitor to the Constitution, and the denouncer in his turn was declared faithless by a third patriot burning with a senseless eagerness for gore. The women, wholly unsexed, showed themselves even more bloodthirsty than the men, and danced and howled in procession before the carts containing the unfortunate "traitors," on their way to the daily *levée* the two Sansons held on the guillotine. The worship of the Deity was abolished, and replaced by festivals in honour of the Goddess of Reason, while the streets teemed with every species of riot and misrule. Truly Paris, which Victor Hugo aptly describes as the vast pendulum of Civilisation ever oscillating between Thermopylæ and Gomorrah, had then reached the uttermost point of that iniquitous City of the Plain.

THE EMPIRE AND THE RESTORATION

As may be imagined, from an architectural point of view little change was wrought in Paris during the Revolution, the only building of any note which was finished being the Pantheon; and it was not until the victories of Napoleon Bonaparte secured his election as First Consul that Paris began in any way to recover her right mind, and even then long years elapsed before society could regain its equanimity after the terrible convulsions which it had passed through during the Reign of Terror. When, however, Napoleon I. became Emperor, in the intervals between his campaigns he devoted himself to embellishing Paris in honour of his various battles and victories. Foremost amongst these triumphal monuments were the Arc de Triomphe, at the top of the avenue of the Champs Elysées (which was also finished during the Empire), and the Vendôme Column, while the Bourse and the Church of the Madeleine were among the various edifices which were completed at the Emperor's order. Various new quarters were also built, while markets were organised, and numerous bridges—the Pont d'Austerlitz, the Pont d'Jena—which joins the Trocadéro to the Champ de Mars, togther with many of the fountains, which form one of the greatest charms of Paris, were also built under the Imperial rule. During the Restoration the monumental additions to the city were mainly religious and commercial, the former comprising the Church of St. Vincent-de-Paul, and the Expiatory Chapels commemorating the memories of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and the latter the immense *Entrepôt des vins* and various markets; while it was during the reign of Louis XVIII. that Paris was first lit with gas. Louis Philippe, the Citizen King, however, greatly contributed towards making Paris the Paris which we know now. He completed the various works begun under the Emperor, and by his predecessors, such as the Madeleine, the Arc de Triomphe, opened out new streets and boulevards, and by demolishing the intervening buildings formed the Place de Carrousel, between the Louvre and the Tuileries, doubled the size of the Hotel de Ville, laid out the Place de la Concorde in the old square of Louis XV., raised the Obelisk of Luxor on the very place where so many victims had perished by the guillotine, and erected the Column of July on the site of the Bastille. Neither were military nor commercial works neglected. Paris was refortified at a cost of 6,000,000*l*., while Railway Stations now began to make their appearance; the Terminus of the Strasbourg Railway exciting general admiration at the time of its erection. In fact, with this epoch, and, above all, with the junction of the Louvre and the Tuileries, and the enlargement of the streets of the Cité, ended, with but few exceptions, all of what might be called "Old Paris."

PARIS UNDER NAPOLEON III.

It is curious to look down a column of dates relating to the history of Paris, and see how frequently the word "Revolution" occurs. Louis XVI.—Revolution; Louis XVIII., Charles X. —Revolution; Louis Philippe—Revolution. It might be almost said that Revolutions had become almost endemic in Paris, and yet the Parisians were never so happy or prosperous as when a strong hand kept them in order. Take away the strong hand and they became as a parcel of children clamouring for the first new thing that took their fancy, and ending by becoming thoroughly dissatisfied with King Log and openly wishing for King Stork to make his appearance once more. The Republic of 1848 attempted to teach the Parisians sobriety and austerity, but these virtues were far too Spartan-like for the Parisian taste. They had their *panem* in plenty, but they hankered after their *circenses*, and when Napoleon III. mounted the throne by that terrible ladder of massacre in December, 1851, the Parisians quickly forgot the crime in all the brilliant paraphernalia and show of the Second Empire, with its courtly festivities and its popular highdays and holidays. Certainly, as far as embellishments go, Paris owes the Emperor a deep debt of gratitude. In a very short time he spent some twelve millions sterling on civic improvements. The most extensive works were proposed and undertaken, the old quarters were ruthlessly cleared away, and old Rabelaisian streets and alleys were replaced by wide avenues bordered with handsome shops and mansions. In all this Napoleon III. was ably seconded by Baron Haussmann, the Prefect of the Seine, who while inflicting upon Paris a tremendous debt succeeded in making the city by far the handsomest capital in the world. In 1855, following the example of our own sovereign, Napoleon III. organised the first Paris International Exhibition, which was visited by the Queen and Prince Albert—the first time an English monarch had visited Paris since 1422, when the entry partook of the character of a triumphal entry instead of a friendly visit. In 1867 a second Exhibition was held, the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and the Kings of Prussia, Belgium, Greece, and Sweden being the sovereign guests of the occasion. Then came the beginning of the end, the Parisians with their accustomed fickleness began to tire of the *circenses*, and to complain of the luxury and extravagance of the Empire. In January, 1870, Baron Haussmann, after showing a Budget for the City of Paris of more than 9,000,000*l*., was compelled to resign, and in a very few months afterwards his Imperial master, overwhelmed beyond all recovery at Sedan, gave up his sword to the very sovereign whom four years before he had entertained with so much brilliancy in the Tuileries.

THE REPUBLIC OF THE FOURTH OF SEPTEMBER

Once again there came Revolution and a Republic, but this time a Revolution without the spilling of a drop of blood, and a Republic which hitherto, morally speaking, has been *sans reproche*. Paris hailed the proclamation of her emancipation from Imperial rule with all due enthusiasm, but King William and his victorious army were at the gates, and the defence of hearth and home became every Parisian's first care. The "pendulum of civilisation" had swung back to Thermopylæ, and for five months Paris sustained one of the most remarkable sieges of modern times, terminating with a terrible bombardment. On the 18th September, 1870, the last train left Paris, and on the next day the city was completely invested, being amply protected, however, from all immediate advance of the enemy by the sixteen surrounding forts and the neighbouring redoubts. The actual army of defence numbered 50,000 regulars, 100,000 Gardes Mobiles, and an innumerable herd of ill-drilled, badly-disciplined National Guards. On the 16th October, M. Gambetta left Paris in a balloon in order to organise the government of the provinces, and this was the beginning of that balloon service by which during the siege Paris communicated with the outer world —no fewer than fifty-seven in all being sent off. The aeronauts carried pigeons with them, which bore back to Paris despatches photographed down to microscopically small missives, which were enlarged on their arrival by means of a magic-lantern. The readers of *The Graphic* will doubtless remember the sketches by balloon post which enabled this journal to illustrate the chief events of Besieged Paris. In the mean time the iron circle was being drawn tighter and tighter round the city, and, notwithstanding some gallant sorties, the besieged troops were unable to make the slightest impression on the surrounding army. Moreover dissension reigned within, and on the 31st of October the Hotel de Ville was invaded by a turbulent crowd, who loudly demanded the deposition of the Government of the National Defence and the constitution of the Commune. However in a few hours the would-be rioters calmed down again—at least, for a time. On November 30th, and again on December 21, General Ducrot made an attempt to effect a sortie, but failed, and by the close of that month great want began to prevail universally in Paris, and no fewer than 12,885 deaths occurred during the month. On the 5th of January arrived M. Bismarck's "Psychological Moment," the bombardment of the city commenced, and the shells which hitherto had fallen outside the walls began to rain in the Luxembourg Gardens and the Jardin des Plantes. Then ensued the fatal battle of Buzenval—the last effort of the Parisians to repulse the invader, which cost them 3,000 men, the resignation of General Trochu, the assumption of the Governorship by General Vinoy, and finally on January 28th —the armistice and the capitulation. The Parisians had held out bravely for a hundred and twenty-five days, bearing uncomplainingly the hardships of one of the severest winters on record, and of semi-famine—being at the last rationed on only half a pound of bread but little better than sawdust, for which they had to wait their turn for hours—perhaps for the whole of the night. Horseflesh was a luxury only reserved for the rich, cats and dogs found a ready sale, the ratcatchers of the sewers drove a thriving trade, while even the animals in the Zoological Gardens were ultimately sold for food—elephant's trunk fetching 45 fr., camel's flesh 15 fr., and kangaroo 12 fr. the pound. Thus, on Jan. 28th, the Defence Government having only ten days' provisions left for two million souls, capitulated, and a few weeks later the Germans tethered their horses in triumph to the trees of the Champs Elysées. Paris stood even this ordeal well, and although on the entry of the hated "Prussian" an outbreak of fury had been expected, no untoward event occurred, and the Teutons, satisfied with their two days' occupation, retired as peaceably as they had entered. Not that all the troubles of Paris were yet over, as the humbler classes of Paris, demoralised by the siege and their enforced idleness as National Guards with free rations and a few sous a day, and led by the extreme Red faction, which had so nearly overthrown the Government of National Defence on October 31, seized a number of batteries of artillery on the Buttes Chaumont, refused to hand them over to the troops, shot Generals Lecomte and Clement Thomas, and proclaimed the Government of the Commune. Once more Paris had to sustain a siege, this time from an army of her own countrymen, which only ended after two months' stubborn resistance, the Communists in their despair setting fire to the Tuileries, the Hotel de Ville, and numerous other public buildings, whose blackened ruins for years afterwards bore grim witness to their ruthless excesses. For a time the populace seemed to have had a relapse into their old fury of 1793, women and children paraded the streets with bottles of petroleum firing the houses as they passed, while barricades were raised and vigorously defended upon the entry of the Versailles Army. Two hundred and thirty-eight buildings, including thirty-one public edifices, were destroyed by the Communists, whose reign of seventy-three days is calculated by a Paris writer to have cost the city over 34,000,000*l*.

THE PARIS OF TO-DAY

We have only touched thus lightly on the later history o Paris, as the events of the Franco-Prussian War are doubtless still fresh in the minds of our readers, while they have already been fully chronicled and illustrated in these pages; and we will now pass on to the Paris of the present day, which in less than seven years has almost completely healed the wounds which the double disaster of a foreign and a subsequent civil war had inflicted upon her. Nearly the whole of the ruins have been cleared away, and other and handsomer buildings have arisen in their place. The Vendôme Column is again erect, the Palais de Justice has been restored, the Hotel de Ville is now being rapidly rebuilt, and the ruins of the Tuileries alone remain to testify to the madness which seized the Parisians in 1871. Nor has the Republican Government confined itself merely to restoring the injured monuments of Paris—it has taken in hand the improvements which Napoleon III. had begun. The New Opera House, which during the siege had been used as a vast storehouse for flour, was completed and inaugurated in 1875; while the long-projected Avenue de l'Opera, leading from the Opera House to the Place du Palais Royal, was opened at the beginning of this year, and, as a contrast to our wilderness-bound Northumberland Avenue, is already lined with handsome buildings, and moreover brilliantly illuminated with the electric light. Indeed, there is little Republican austerity about the Paris of to-day, the Parisians seem to have regained all their light-heartedness, and neither on the stage nor in literature can the productions be pronounced any less frivolous or, for that matter, any more moral than ten years since. Certainly *Niniche*, the now popular play in Paris, cannot be said to be an improvement on the *Vie Parisienne*, neither is Zola's *Assommoir* any more fit for drawing-room reading than the notorious *Mdlle. Giraud*. Neither in the shops can any difference be noticed, except, indeed, that, Exhibition prices apart, things are dearer, food especially, the restaurants having increased their tariff, many at the rate of 25 per cent., while the prices of the bare necessaries of life have risen considerably. And yet when you come to talk to people, to pierce through that outward gloss of levity which seems to pervade all things Parisian, you find that there is no longer the self-confident bumptiousness which used to characterise the old Parisian. He no longer talks of the Napoleonic glories, of the Grande Armée, of the Italian Campaign, or of the victories in Africa; he no longer speaks disparagingly of the Teutonic *pickelhaube*, or laughs at his *zundnadelgewehr*; he has been taught a severe lesson, and has profited accordingly; he speaks proudly of the way his country has recuperated itself, but modestly of his army, and admits that there is much yet to be done before France can venture to measure swords with any powerful adversary with good prospects of success. And then comes out the old bit of leaven—the innate longing for the *revanche*—the half-hidden yet deep-rooted determination that, one day or other, Germany shall be forced to restore Alsace-Lorraine, and once more acknowledge the supremacy, in military matters at least, of the Gallic over the Teutonic race. Moreover, despite the gaudy wares in the boulevard shops, he has become yet more frugal in his habits, the taxes are heavier—and then there is the interest on the debt to pay. This thrift, which is inherent in the French nation, is the real reason of the marvellous recuperative power of France. In times of prosperity the humbler classes rarely fail to put by something for a rainy day, and whenever a Government loan is issued—the bonds being purposely issued at a low price (4*l*.)—workmen and employers alike come forward with their savings with a double feeling of satisfaction, namely, that they are doing a good turn to themselves and patriotically by the State. This was particularly the case after the recent war, when, in June, 1871, a loan of 80,000,000*l*. was twice over subscribed for in France alone, while, when the second loan of 120,000,000*l*. was announced in July, 1872, long *queues* of men and women waited all night outside the *mairies*, in order to be in time for the opportunity to invest their money at 6½ per cent. There is one thing, however, that still weighs heavily on the Parisian mind—the disgrace inflicted upon the capital by the removal of the Parliament and seat of Government to Versailles. The Parisian loves his city to an extent of which the migratory Londoner can have no conception. "Ou voulez vous que j'aille?" asked a lady of the writer just before the gates of Paris were closed. "I have never been farther from Paris than Versailles, and I should be utterly miserable." The lady in question bravely sustained all the terrors of the siege, even to boiling down the bean counters of some years old, with which her children were wont to play: and yet, curiously enough, a middle-class Parisian likes his little *pied de terre* outside the walls, in some suburban quarter, whither he can retreat—a little villa of some three or four rooms, with a few square yards of garden, embellished with a bright tinsel ball in the centre, and, if possible, situated near the river. Here in summer, from Saturday night until Monday morning he spends his weekly holiday, enjoying, in wide straw hat and loose brown holland coat, complete freedom from the thraldom of city life, and heartily enjoying all the *al fresco* amusements of *la campagne*.

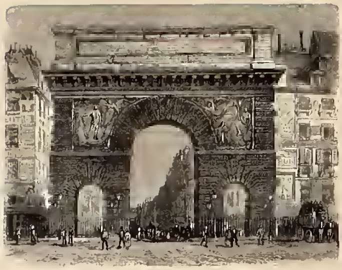
ROUND THE CLOCK IN PARIS

Paris is certainly an earlier riser than London, though perhaps, as the life is more of an out-of-door nature, the fact is more apparent than real. Be this as it may, however, Paris is very early astir, and as the visitor drives in, grim, tumbled, and dirty from a night's journey, he feels his discomfort all the more keenly from the contrast of the trim, clean look of the people he passes, although they may only be the white-capped market girls, or the ever-energetic waiter of a café (when *do* these waiters sleep?) setting his tables for the morning coffee of his first customers. Indeed, a matutinal walk through the streets will well repay the trouble, but it should not be confined to the great boulevards, nor to those caravanserai quarters in which the stranger usually fixes his abode. Let him go into the larger side streets, drop into a *crêmerie*, and take a delicious bowl of rice milk, or into one of the humble *cafés*, and watch the *habitués* as they drop in for their *café au lait* and *petit pain* before beginning the day's labours, Jacques, the cabinet-maker, who lives in a lofty storey in the Rue Brûletout, or Alphonse, the porter, who takes his stand at the corner of a thriving mercantile boulevard, and who is equally willing to carry your parcels, black your boots, or clean your windows; then our early riser should betake himself to the market, and watch the voluble Dames de la Halle arrange their wares—true Mères Angots, many of them fully capable of doing staunch battle with the closest-fisted of housewives—and be it understood that the Paris housewife is one in deed as well as in name, for an hour later she will come, with her white-capped *bonne* close behind with a basket, and carefully inspect and appraise Mère Angot's goods at the lowest marketable value. An economic soul, the Parisian housewife, one who knows how to make the best of dinners out of the scantiest of materials, and one whose thrift and inherent talent for good cooking went far to lessen the terrible hardships of the siege. Who else could have made such palatable dishes as *entrecôte de cheval au Trochu*, *filet d'âne au Badinguet*, or *ragoût de chat à la Garde Nationale?* But to return to our markets and its denizens, they are not all Mères Angots, there are plenty of "daughters" too, picturesquely-clad wenches, short of petticoat, with the sturdiest of ancles, and clad with stockings of the brightest of hues, and owning voices which remind one of that refrain of Désaugiers which Oxenford translates—

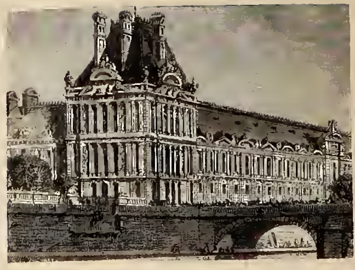
I see Javotte,
Who cries "Carotte,"
And sells a lot
  Of parsnips cheap.

Her voice so shrill
The air can fill,
And drown it will
  The chimney sweep.

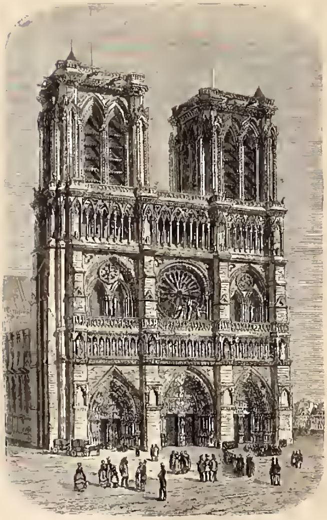
The streets now begin to grow more and more animated, strings of clerks, both male and female—for woman's labour is in no way despised across the Channel—begin to stream towards the more commercial quarters, brisk little victorias begin to drive about, the shops are open, and soon the whole city is awake and abroad. Then spruce nursemaids bring their clean pinafored little charges out for their morning's airing in the Palais Royal or the Champs Elysées, where they sit and work and gossip with the neighbouring *bonnes* and *nourrices*, while little Jean and Marie romp around them, making chairs into horses for the nonce, or mayhap taking early lessons in gambling by venturing their only *sou* on the needle that spins for gingerbread or nuts. The Tuileries and Champs Elysées are at their prettiest on a fine summer morning with whole armies of the rising generation popping in and out the trees, surrounding the *coco* man with his tinkling bell and the fearfully and wonderfully made red velvet and bright tin cistern on his back, thronging the roundabouts which are flying round to the popular tune of the day, imbibing a taste for things theatrical by watching the marionettes or the dancing poodle, or gazing at that well-known eccentric ornithologist who rarely passes a day without feeding the birds of the Tuileries, which love him right well, and never fail to flock round at his call. In a very short time, however, the nurses glance up at the sun, and gathering up their work and their charges, hurry home to their mid-day meal, for it is the hour of *déjeûner*, and *cafés* and restaurants are resonant with the clatter of plates and of knives, and the hoarse screams of



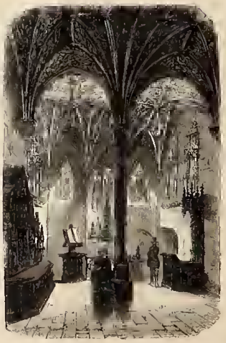
THE PORTE ST. MARTIN



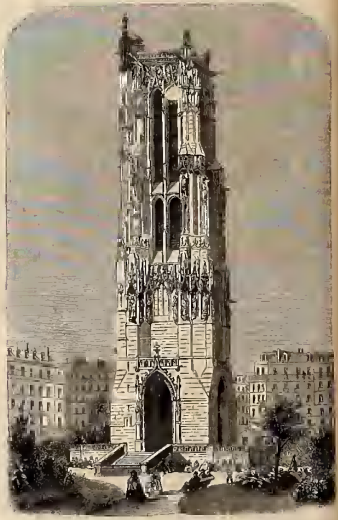
THE PAVILLON DE FLORE OF THE TUILERIES



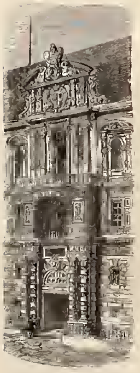
NOTRE-DAME



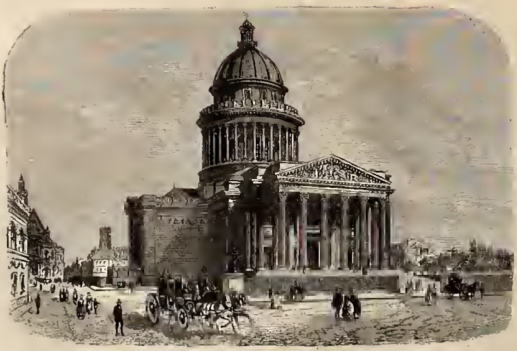
CHAPEL OF THE HOTEL DE CLUNY



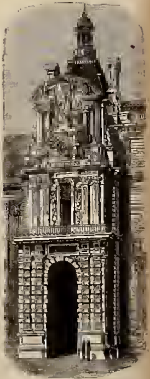
TOWER OF ST. JACQUES LA BOUCHERIE



OLD PAVILLON DE LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE, THE LOUVRE

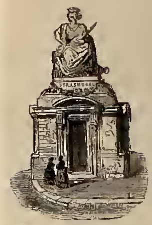


THE CHURCH OF STE. GENEVIÈVE—THE PANTHEON

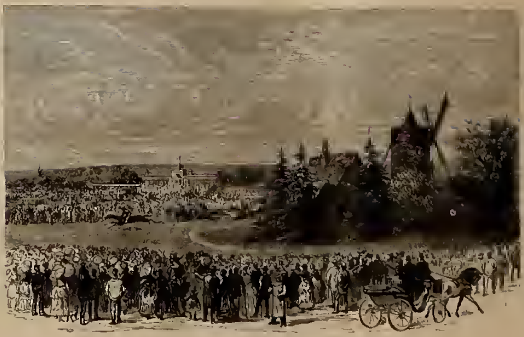


THE PAVILLON DE ROHAN, THE LOUVRE

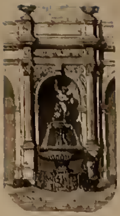
PARIS ILLUSTRATED



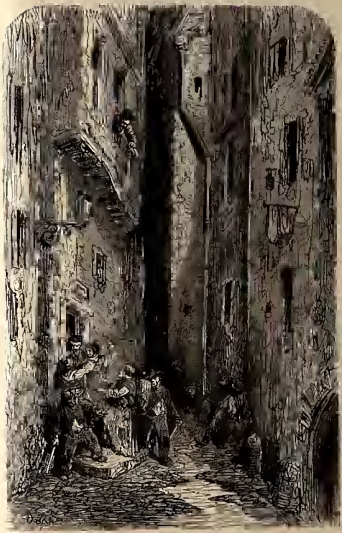
THE STATUE OF STRASBOURG, PLACE DE LA CONCORDE



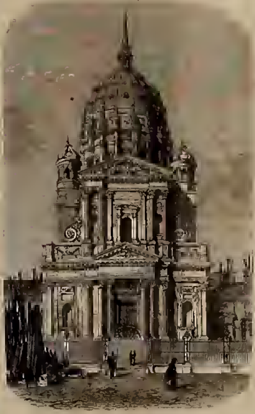
THE RACE-COURSE AT LONGCHAMPS



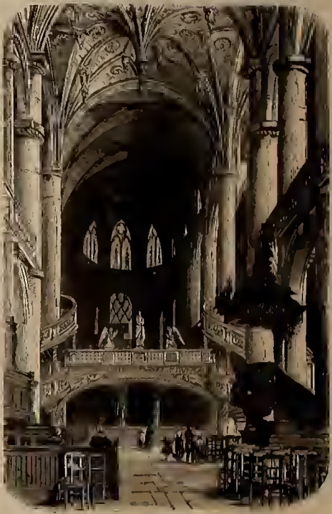
THE GAILLON FOUNTAIN



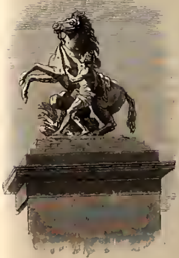
STREET OF OLDEN PARIS, DRAWN BY GUSTAVE DORÉ



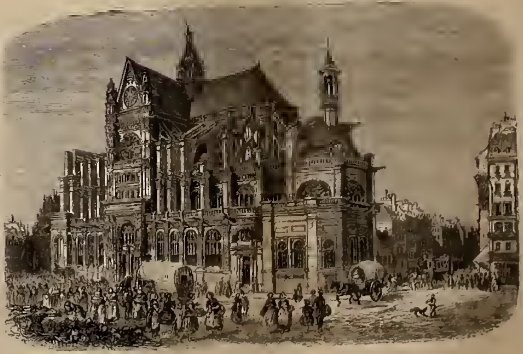
THE VAL DE GRÂCE



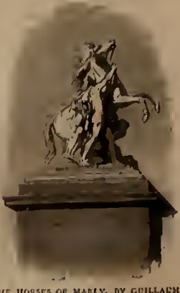
INTERIOR OF ST. ÉTIENNE DU MONT



THE HORSES OF MARLY, BY GUILLAUME COUSTOU



ST. EUSTACHE



THE HORSES OF MARLY, BY GUILLAUME COUSTOU

PARIS ILLUSTRATED

the busy *garçons* loudly yelling a succession of orders to the *chefs*.

Not that any difference is noticeable in the main streets or the boulevards, but if perchance you go into any office on a matter of business you will probably find the principal and half the staff absent, and on inquiry learn that they are at *déjeûner*—almost as inexorable a meal as the Roman *prandium*. After lunch fashionable Paris begins to wake up, the Boulevards and Passages are thronged with fair promenaders and their attendant cavaliers, the shops are filled, and the human stream flows down the Rue de la Paix towards the Tuileries, while a little later a line of carriages and equestrians pours up the Champs Elysées to the Bois de Boulogne—eminently the afternoon rendezvous of the fashionable world—even as our own Ladies' Mile and Rotten Row. The vehicles, however, are frequently of a more eccentric and heterogeneous nature than are seen in Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens, ranging from the humble *voiture de place* at a couple of francs an hour to the four-in-hand of the Marquis de Trois Etoiles, who likes to drive an English team with jaunty British grooms behind him, or the pretty Comtesse de Polinsky, who prides herself upon the magnificent stepping jet-black ponies which she has just received from Moscow. It is curious to notice how English words, more especially those relating to horseflesh, have become adopted into the French language, *Le Turf, mon groom, mon drag* are almost Gallicised, while when a boulevard dandy names his cane he invariably terms it his *stick*, while he styles his overcoat *un coachman* or *un waterproof*. Moreover English and Russian visitors abound, in vehicles distinctly national, while Austrian and German and other members of the *Corps Diplomatique* are rarely absent from the afternoon drives. Returning to Paris we find a large majority of the male portion of the community yet again at their respective *cafés*, sharpening their appetites by a glass of Vermouth or absinthe. Not that the *cafés* can ever have been called empty throughout the day, as those ever useful establishments supply every possible want. Do you want to read a newspaper, to cool yourself under the shade of a refreshing awning, to write a letter, or chat with a friend?—there are the little tables and comfortable chairs spread invitingly before you, and for a few sous you can spend five minutes or an afternoon without ever being reminded that you are not at home. Frequently men transact the majority of their business over their afternoon *demi-tasse*, while many are the leading articles which have been written on those little marble tables of the Café de Madrid. Then comes the most important hour of Paris, the dinner hour, when, as a French poet writes,—

Now the motley throng,
As it rolls along,
With its torrent strong,
Seems to ebb away.

Business-time has past,
Dinner comes at last,
Cloths are spreading fast—
Night succeeds to day.

Here woodcock fine
I can divine,
On fowl some dine
And turkey, too;

While here a lot
Of cabbage hot
All in the pot
With beef they stew.

After dinner comes once again the inevitable *demi-tasse* at the the *café*, and then the boulevards become more thickly peopled than ever, all classes turning out for their evening stroll, from the humble *ouvrier* who, together with his wife or *bonne amie*, walks up and down, looking at the grand folk enjoying their post-prandial coffee, to the *gandin* or *crevé*, who indulges in his curaçoa or chartreuse before adjourning to the theatre. The main streets of Paris certainly present a very animated appearance after dark, with the well-lighted shops and the ceaseless tide of people. As the evening advances, however, the stream lessens until the closing of the theatres, when there is a temporary reanimation; yellow, red, and blue-lamped *voitures* fly down the streets to their various quarters—for you are requested when driving home to take the vehicle bearing the particular coloured light that belongs to your district—while many prefer a quiet walk home after the intolerable heat which is the great drawback to a French theatre—perhaps taking a last *bock* by the way, or mayhap a cosy little supper in the *cabinet* of the ubiquitous *café*. Then at last a temporary lull comes over even the busy boulevards, the *cafés* put up their shutters, the yawning *garçons* take in their tables, and for a season Paris is left to the *gardiens de la paix* and—the rag-pickers.

THE THEATRES OF PARIS

BEFORE, however, we leave the daily routine of Paris life we should say a few words about that amusement above all amusements, the theatre. The Parisians are now pre-eminently *the* theatre-going race of Europe, and a "first representation" of a new piece by Sardou, Dumas, or even Offenbach, Hervé, or Lecocq engages public attention for weeks previously, while on the eventful evening seats are not to be purchased under princely prices, and frequently neither for money nor love. Such a first representation, indeed, is sure to be crowded to suffocation, and the audience of a first night presents a curious medley of the *Monde* and the *demi-monde*, of *littérateurs*, anxious to see, and of wealthy citizens anxious to be seen—in fact of all Paris that aspires to any *ton*. Not, however, that the stage has always attracted the attention and respect that it does now, for although the Parisians were always passionately addicted to sight-seeing, even from the time of the ancient Jongleurs of the Middle Ages, the performers themselves were looked upon as of the lowest possible caste, and readers of Voltaire will remember his bitterness at the refusal of Christian burial to Adrienne Lecouvreur simply because she belonged to the tabooed race of stage players. As usual, his indignation found vent in verse.—

What will ye say, ye races yet unborn,
Who learn the cruel wrong these arts forlorn
Endure from those who rob the dead of peace!
A grave they her deny with scorn.
Her to whom altars had been raised in Greece,
Flattered, adored, while she on earth remained,
I saw obsequious crowds her glance await.
She dies—and so the idol is profaned!
She charmed the world—a sin to expiate.

To those who would obtain an insight into the life of players in the Middle Ages we would recommend a perusal of Théophile Gautier's admirable novel *Le Capitaine Fracasse*, which brings vividly before the reader the vicissitudes of the followers of Thespis in those times. To go back yet further, Lacroix tells us that the jugglers, the progenitors of the actors, were held in universal opprobrium, owing to their vices and licentiousness, insomuch that in the 12th century St. Bernard declared in one of his sermons that "A man fond of jugglery will soon enough possess a wife whose name is Poverty. If it happens that the tricks of jugglers are forced upon your notice, endeavour to avoid them, and think of other things. The tricks of jugglers never please God." In the days of St. Louis, also, the jugglers wandered about with their trained animals nearly starved; they were half-naked, without coats or shoes, and always without money. Nevertheless, they formed themselves into a Corporation in a street of Paris called after them the Rue des Jongleurs, and even founded the Church and Hospital of St. Julian. The first actual stage plays, however, were not given until 1398, and were, like all mediæval dramas, based upon Scriptural subjects. Under Charles IV. a troupe was permitted to occupy the Hospital of the Trinité at St. Denis, where they and their successors were allowed to remain until 1539, when they shifted to more convenient quarters. Other troupes then began quickly to spring up, but the original company held its own, and, moreover, had its privileges confirmed by the Paris Parliament, which, however, prohibited for the future all representations of "the mysteries of the Passion of Our Saviour and other sacred mysteries." It was not, however, until the end of the sixteenth century that any really noteworthy progress was made in the drama. In 1588 the successors of the "Confrères de la Passion" became the "Comédiens Ordinaires of Louis XIII.," and a few years later Corneille produced his *Horace*, his *Corinne*, and his *Polyeucte*. Then really began the theatrical era; in 1637 Cardinal Richelieu built the Palais Royal Theatre, and in 1658 appeared the company of the incomparable Molière. In 1671 the Opera was founded, and under the reign of Louis XIV. the stage flourished, and women were first permitted to perform in public. Under Louis XV. the popularity of the theatre increased enormously, while in 1791 the Constituent Assembly went so far as to declare that any citizen was at liberty to build a public theatre and represent pieces of every kind. Almost immediately forty new houses sprung into existence, though these theatres lasted but a short time, as a Decree some fifteen years later reduced the number to eight—the eight which at the present moment form the chief theatres of Paris—to wit, the Opera, Opéra Comique, the Théâtre Français, the Variétés, the Vaudeville, the Gaîté, the Odéon, and the Ambigu Comique. This number, however, has gradually increased, and at present Paris numbers some thirty theatres, besides various Café Concerts and minor entertainments. First and foremost amongst all the theatres is the Théâtre Français, that perfect school of acting which dates from the amalgamation in 1680, under Louis XIV., of the comedians of the Hotel de Bourgogne (the old *Confrères de la Passion*), the Comedians of the Marais, and those of Molière's historical troupe. The newly formed company was at once subventioned with a yearly grant of 600*l.*, and, after staying for a short time in the Rue Mazarine, the troupe built a house in the Rue des Fossés-St. Germain-des-Prés, where it performed for eighty-two years, bringing out all the most famous comedies and dramas of that age, including those of Regnard, of Darcourt, of Baron, &c., and all the plays of Voltaire. It was in this theatre, indeed, that for the first time the audience inaugurated the now invariable custom of calling for a successful author. The Théâtre Français speedily became the first theatre in Europe, and in 1770, finding its quarters somewhat confined, again, after a short sojourn in the Tuileries, where Voltaire came, at the age of eighty-three, shortly before his death, to be present at his play *Irene*, changed to a new theatre on the site of the present Odéon, and here Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro* was brought out, and Talma and Madame Contat made their first appearance. During the Revolution the company became disorganised by internal dissensions, and notwithstanding that they yielded to the exigencies of the times, and changed the name of the house to the "Théâtre de la Nation" and "Théâtre de l'Egalité," the members were thrown into prison, whence they were released the following year, and subsequently reconstituted by Napoleon, when First Consul, into a society of "French Comedy." Thus reorganised, the Society took possession of their present house in the Rue Richelieu, where they have since remained. During the Empire, the Society, having become the favourite company of Napoleon I., followed him not only to Fontainebleau and St. Cloud, but even to Erfurth and Dresden. So great was the interest the Emperor took in the company, that even when at Moscow he found time to sign a decree revoking in a great measure the privileges of the Society—a decree which was quashed at the Restoration. Under Louis Philippe, however, the state of the Society's finances were so bad that they applied for permission to dissolve to M. Thiers, who, however, refused their application, and, shortly after, the talent of the great Rachel speedily restored the theatre to the popular favour which it has never to this day lost. The Society is now subventioned, and, in addition to a theatre free of rent, receives a yearly sum of nearly 10,000*l.*, and possesses the privilege of being able to take any actor or actress it pleases from any Parisian theatre on giving a year's notice.

Next in national importance to the Théâtre Français comes the Grand Opera, which, as we have said, has lately found a new home in a magnificent building begun by Napoleon III., and finished in 1875. The first time any performance really worthy of the name of Opera was performed in France was in 1581, when a semi-choral, semi-dancing piece, entitled *Le Ballet Comique de la Royne*, was played on the marriage of the Duc de Joyeuse. In 1671, however, a veritable Opera House was founded by the Abbé Perrin in the Rue Mazarine, and it was under the management of the conductor, Lulli, that the establishment received the name of "Royal Academy of Music"—a designation, with the Republican substitution of "National" for "Royal," which the Grand Opera now bears. Lulli subsequently changed his quarters to the Rue Vaugirard, and thence to the Palais Royal, where, amongst other works, Jean Jacques Rousseau's much-discussed *Devin du Village* was brought out, and where in 1763 the first Opera balls were given. There it was that that well-known dancer, Vestris, flourished, who is once said to have remarked: "There are three great men in Europe—the King of Prussia, Voltaire, and myself." In 1770, the old house having been burned down, a new theatre was built, and here several of the masterpieces of Gluck were produced. After a second fire and various changes to the present Porte St. Martin and a house in the Rue Richelieu, where Cherubini's works were produced, and where it may be remembered the Duc de Berry was assassinated in 1820, the Opera took refuge in the present home of the Opera Comique, and subsequently in the theatre in the Rue le Pelletier, where it remained until burnt out in 1873. There were produced the most famous works of Rossini, Meyerbeer, Auber, Donizetti, and Halévy, and there were held the famous masked balls, at which all Paris used to go mad during the earlier times of the Second Empire. The new Opera House, which is one of the handsomest edifices of Paris, and of which we give several illustrations, was nearly fourteen years building, being commenced in 1861 and finished in 1875, and has cost upwards of 1,400,000*l.* It was designed and erected by M. Charles Garnier, who, in 1860, then a young man of thirty years of age, carried off the palm from 171 competitors. M. Garnier actually began work on the day following his appointment, but, owing to the immense labour involved in the clearing away the existing houses and draining the site, it was not until 1862 that the first stone was laid. In 1867 the *façade* was uncovered, but in 1870 came the war, and M. Garnier's magnificent edifice was turned into a huge storehouse and granary. M. Garnier, however, anxiously watched over his charge, swathed the incomparable pillars in sand-bags, and during the Commune succeeded in preventing the building from being rased by the Communists. As it was, the building suffered to the extent of 12,000*l.* The plan of the Opera House is somewhat different from any other that has been constructed. It is divided into three distinct parts—firstly, the grand entrances, staircases, crush-rooms or *foyers*, which are capped with a low flat roof; secondly, the auditorium, with a round dome of sonorous copper; and thirdly, the stage, which for scenic effect needs a much higher covering than any other portion of the building, and accordingly is roofed with a lofty gable structure. The space of ground covered is more than three times that occupied by the St. Petersburg and Munich Opera Houses, hitherto the largest theatres in the world. Some idea of the exterior of the building may be gathered from our illustration of the principal entrance, which faces the Avenue de l'Opera; but we may mention the sixteen Corinthian columns, monoliths of red marble from the Jura, the balconies of red marble from Sweden, the bronze groups of Harmony and Poetry which surmount each end, and M. Millet's famous group of Apollo flanked by Two Muses and elevating a golden lyre, the god appearing to give his benediction *urbi et orbi* over the whole structure. The pavilion of the Opera is the entrance for the "Chief of the State," originally erected for Napoleon III.; while to come to the interior, it is not until the staircase is reached that the exceeding beauty of M. Garnier's work is at once seen. This entrance hall is exceedingly grandiose; it forms an exact square, and reaches the height of the *façade*, is decorated with the most magnificent mosaics, groups in bronze, columns in yellow marble, and colossal Caryatides, and is ceilinged with exquisite mosaics and allegorical paintings. The *foyer*, that resort of all French audiences between the acts, is a saloon which runs the length of the *façade*, and is magnificently decorated. Brobdingnag columns, picked out with different coloured gold, monster mirrors, and gorgeous painted ceilings, form but a tithe of its ornamental features. The auditorium itself appears somewhat small when compared with its surroundings, but it holds no fewer than 2,156 persons, or 385 more than the old Opera House. Like the Théâtre Français, the Opera receives a yearly subvention from the State, amounting to 32,000*l.*

Of the other theatres space precludes our giving any lengthened details, but we may mention the Opéra Comique, the old Théâtre de la Foire, which receives a subvention of 14,000*l.* and which dates from 1837; the Odéon or Second Théâtre Français which receives a subvention of 2,400*l.*, and which mainly produces pieces of a spectacular dramatic nature; and the Théâtre Lyrique, which is subventioned to the extent of 8,000*l.* This ends the list of the subventioned theatres, and next in order comes the Théâtre Italien, which traces its permanent origin to a company of Italian singers installed in the Odéon by Napoleon I. in order to teach the Parisians the beauties of Italian music. They now occupy the house called the Salle Ventadour. The Gymnase Théâtre, which is now one of the most fashionable houses of Paris, of which Scribe made the fortune, and which is the favourite home of the comedies of Sardou and the younger Dumas, only dates from 1820; while the Vaudeville, a house of a somewhat similar nature, was first founded in 1792 for the performance—as its name implies—of small pieces, but was handsomely rebuilt in 1861, and is now decidedly the prettiest house in Paris. Few Englishmen ever go to Paris without visiting the Théâtre des Variétés, the home of such musical extravagances of rollicking fun but doubtful morality as *Fleur du Thé*, *La Vie Parisienne*, or *Niniche*. The Palais Royal is another house where the censor is in no way strict, and where screaming farces in three or four acts are not only tolerated but—interpreted, be it said, by first-rate actors—thoroughly appreciated; as to wit, *Tricoche et Cacolet*, *Le Procès Veauradieux* ("The Great Divorce Case"), and *Les Dominos Roses* ("The Pink Dominos"). The Théâtre of the Porte St. Martin was at one time the house *par excellence* where the humbler classes of theatre-goers revelled in spectacular melodramas. Burnt down during the Commune, two theatres sprung upon the site, a new Porte St. Martin and the Théâtre de la Renaissance, of which we give an illustration, and which is devoted to opera bouffe, *La Marjolaine* being hitherto its greatest success. The great house for spectacular opera bouffe, however, is the Gaîté, which is capable of holding nearly 2,000 persons, while other but smaller shrines of the devotees to this modern form of extravaganza are the Folies Dramatiques, and the Bouffes where respectively *Madame Angot* and the much-talked-of *Timbale d'Argent* first saw the light. The Ambigu Comique is a large theatre mainly devoted to the heavier kinds of drama, but the largest of all the theatres is the Châtelet (see illustration), which, like the Gaîeté, is devoted to *féeries* and spectacular dramas, and can hold 3,000 spectators. The adjoining Théâtre Historique is built on the site of the old Théâtre Lyrique, which was burnt down during the Commune, The other theatres call for little mention, but we must not forget the great circus of the Champs Elysées, which is one of the sights of Paris, and which can seat 6,000 spectators. Nor must we omit the various open-air Café Concerts in the Champs Elysées, where the popular songs of the day are rendered on summer evenings, and which have supplied some of the cleverest *divas* of opera bouffe.

THE CHURCHES OF PARIS

ABOUT 250 A.D. the Parisians beheaded St. Denis on Montmartre for venturing to attempt to convert them to Christianity, but the seed he had sown bore fruit, and in 365 a Cathedral Church was erected on the extreme eastern part of the island of the Cité on the site of the Temple of Jupiter. When, however, Clovis made Paris the capital of his kingdom, the Cathedral came to be considered too insignificant for so important a see, and in 555 his successor, Childebert I., built on the northern side of the island a magnificent edifice dedicated to Saint Étienne, which long shared the title of Cathedral with the original church, Ste. Marie or Notre Dame. The latter, however, was never actually superseded; it was at the high altar of Notre Dame that Fredegonda, the wife of Chilperic, claimed and obtained refuge after murdering her husband, and in 1160 Maurice de Sully, the then Archbishop of Paris, determined to unite the two cathedrals into one, and accordingly in 1163 the first stone was laid by Pope Alexander III., then a refugee in France. It was not until 1235 that the Cathedral was completed, after which, for nearly five centuries, the building remained unchanged. In 1699, however, Louis XIII., in execution of a vow, began a series of alterations and additions, which lasted until 1787, since when "Restoration" had greatly changed the original aspect of the Cathedral—many say for the worse. In 1793 the Church suffered greatly from the excesses of the Revolution, the statues being removed, and the Cathedral was transformed into a Temple of Reason, while in 1801, it being feared that the spire was endangering the stability of the edifice, it was removed. In 1843 Montalembert warmly urged that the Cathedral should be properly and completely restored, and M. Viollet le Duc, one of the few architects of the present day who thoroughly understand and appreciate the art of the Middle Ages, was entrusted with the work, which was well and characteristically accomplished in 1864, and on the 31st of May of that year the dedication of Notre Dame, which in the Middle Ages had never been formally performed, was celebrated by the late Archbishop Darboy. Of our illustrations the first portrays the *façade*, with its Door of Judgment and the two towers so well described in Victor Hugo's inimitable story of the "Hunchback," the rear view depicts the exterior of the grand old edifice as seen from the river, while that of the Porte Rouge represents a doorway under the window of the Choir Chapel, over which is sculptured the Crowning of the Virgin, while around are figured scenes from the life of Saint Marcel. The new steeple was erected in 1859-60 by Viollet Le Duc, and is a characteristic reproduction of the Mediæval style. A dry architectural description of this—certainly one of the first ecclesiastical monuments of France—would be wearisome, but we may say that the interior fully justifies the expectations aroused by the external architecture, and is throughout perfectly harmonious with its surroundings. What a flow of memories also are excited while contemplating the dimly-lighted nave of the Cathedral of France—memories ranging from the old Merovingian Kings, through dark ages of oppression and superstition, of Royal coronations and Princely marriages, to the days when Paris guillotined her King, abolished her Deity, and consecrated her cathedral to the Goddess of Reason, only in a very few years to crown an Emperor with all the gorgeous trappings and paraphernalia of the Roman Catholic Church. Once more the scene changes, and it is again a King who is being anointed by the soft hand of the Archbishop; and but the lapse of a few years, and it is once more an Imperial coronation ceremony—that of Napoleon III. Still the wheel goes round, and, lastly, we have yet another ceremony, this time in honour of no King nor Emperor, but a simple, heartfelt, commemoration of the death of one of the greatest citizens whom France has ever known, one who, despite the weight of his threescore and ten years, thought little of going round the Courts of Europe, begging help for his country in distress, and one who, unanimously chosen the leader in the hour of her greater need, in a few years freed his country from the enemy's grasp, evolved order out of financial chaos, put an end to civil discord which threatened to engulf France in greater evils than the horrors of foreign invasion, and restored her to a honoured place among the nations of Europe—Adolphe Thiers.

Notre Dame apart, there are sixty-eight central churches in Paris, but of these our space will only permit of the mention of a few to which the illustrations refer. First in order we have Ste. Geneviève, the church of the patron saint of Paris, which, however, is quite a modern building, Louis XV. having laid the first stone in 1764 on the site of an old abbey church of the same name. The church, however, built by Soufflot was hardly completed before the outbreak of the Revolution, when the Constituent Assembly re-named it the Panthéon, and decided that thenceforward it should be devoted to the preservation to posterity of the remembrance of Great Citizens, and inscribed the following legend on the *façade*, "Aux Grands Hommes, La Patrie Reconnaissante." In 1822 Louis XVIII. restored the building to the clergy, but under the Government of July the Panthéon was declared to be a Temple of Fame until the advent of Napoleon III., by whom it was once more devoted to the Christian faith. Certainly, whether Temple of Fame or Church, Panthéon or Ste. Geneviève, the building is one of the most handsome monuments with which the eighteenth century endowed Paris. Embellished also as it is with statues and *bas-reliefs*, ranging from groups of such citizens as Mirabeau, Voltaire, and Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose remains were deposited in the vaults beneath, to sculptures of Ste. Geneviève and King Attila, of St. Denis and St. Rémy, the Panthéon, for so it is usually termed, presents a curious phase in the political history of the past century. The interior presents to our mind a somewhat cold, albeit majestic, appearance. Let us pass from the Panthéon to the Invalides, which to the popular mind is a far greater Temple of Fame, for does not it enshrine within its gilded dome the remains of that great Imperial hero, Napoleon I.? The Invalides—the Paris "Chelsea Hospital"—which was founded in 1671 by Louis XIV. for the relief of old soldiers, is, properly speaking, the range of buildings in which the pensioners are lodged, and the Church adjoining the Dome, which contains the Emperor's tomb, is entitled St. Louis.

The Dome, however, is separate from the Church, and only serves as a monster canopy to the red granite sarcophagus wherein reposes all that remains of Napoleon I., whose last wishes have thus been fulfilled. "I wish," said the Emperor, "that my ashes should lie on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have so loved." Around the Emperor's tomb twelve colossal statues—emblems of twelve of his chief victories—keep guard, while between these silent sentries hang some fifty flags—trophies of Austerlitz.

No greater contrast can be imagined than between these two monster samples of modern architecture and the exquisite delicate tracery of the Sainte Chapelle—the most charming of all the sacred edifices of Paris. This so-called "Chapel" owes its origin to St. Louis, who, having received from Constantinople a piece of the true Cross, placed the precious relic temporarily in the Chapel of St. Nicholas, which stood on the present site of the Sainte Chapelle. St. Louis, however, determined to erect a shrine worthy of so priceless a treasure, and thence arose the present Church, which was only three years in building, and was consecrated on the 25th of April, 1248. Viollet le Duc, in speaking of this magnificent piece of architecture, writes: "It can hardly be conceived how this work, so astonishing in the multiplicity and the variety of its details, the purity of its execution, and the beauty of its materials, could have been accomplished in so short a time." The steeple, however, was not erected until the time of Charles VIII., and, being burnt in 1630, it was replaced by Louis XIII., again destroyed during the Revolution, and once more repaired under Louis XVIII. by indefatigable M. Viollet le Duc. During the bombardment of Paris by the Prussians, as also during the reign of the Commune, although the adjoining Palais of Justice was destroyed, the Sainte Chapelle escaped without injury. Another relic of olden Paris is St. Étienne du Mont, which dates back to 1517, and the reign of Francis I., when the present church was begun on the site of Clovis' Abbey of Ste. Geneviève, although it was not definitely consecrated until more than a century afterwards—1626. This church in its earlier days was regarded with especial reverence, as it contained the remains of Ste. Geneviève, whose sarcophagus was re-discovered in the crypt in 1801. In later days, however, the church has become celebrated from a terrible crime, the assassination of Archbishop Sibour on the 3rd of January, 1856, by the priest Verger. The interior of this church is one of the handsomest in Paris, being chiefly remarkable for a singular rood screen which separates the choir from the nave and winds round the pillars on either side. The screen is highly sculptured, and is justly regarded as one of the ecclesiastical curiosities of Paris. Saint Eustache, of which we also give an illustration, is a contemporary of St. Étienne, the present church having been begun in 1532 and finished in 1642. Of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, one of the oldest churches in Paris, as the present building dates back to the 12th century, and in earlier days had been a school founded by Charlemagne, a terrible memorial will always preserve its place in history, for it was from this church, which faces the Palace of the Louvre, that the signal tolled for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Nor is the church any the less interesting from an architectural than from a historical point of view. The church of the Val de Grace was erected by Anne of Austria as a thanksgiving offering for the birth of Louis XIV., and presents few noteworthy features, save its dome, which is one of the many imitations of the dome of St. Peter's, which became so fashionable in architecture during the seventeenth century, and the tomb of unfortunate Maria Henrietta, the Queen of Charles I. Of St. Bernard there is little to say, save that it is one of the most modern churches in Paris, having only been consecrated in 1861, while the Trinité, which is built after the Renaissance style at a cost of 120,000*l*., is yet more modern, dating from 1867. The Russian Church, also, depicted in our illustration, situated in the Rue Croix du Roule, calls for no remark beyond that it is considered a fair specimen of Byzantine-Muscovite architecture. Our illustration of Tour St. Jacques is all that remains of the Church of St. Jacques La Boucherie, which was built before the twelfth century. The Tower, which is one of the finest relics of olden Paris, and which has recently been restored, was at the beginning of this century used for the manufacture of shot. It stands at one end of the Rue de Rivoli, a strange contrast to all the busy hum of modern civilisation beneath. The Chapel of the Cluny Museum, wherein are stored priceless relics of Ancient and Mediæval Paris, belonged to the old Abbaie de Cluny, which towards the middle of the fifteenth century was built on the site of the old classical Palais dez Thermes. The interior is a masterpiece of delicate tracery.

THE QUAYS AND BRIDGES

THE Quays of Paris are amongst the most picturesque features of the city. Shaded by trees, they form a pleasant promenade from the Bois de Boulogne to that of Vincennes, while, in addition to a busy thoroughfare, they form a favourite lounging place for the humbler class of idlers, in fact, of the "lower ten" of Paris, who love to watch the tiny *bateaux-mouches* as they fly past up and down the river, or hang on the parapet to gaze at more energetic souls patiently angling for gudgeons (the *goujons de la Seine* form a famous *friture*), or the old women washing and clipping sad-looking poodles, which, so great is the military spirit of the nation, are invariably endowed with the fiercest of moustaches. Here also are long lines of book-stalls, at which even the busier spirits of the throng occasionally halt and inspect the piles of musty volumes, while below in the river are the comfortable swimming baths, where, on a hot day, for a few *sous*, you can obtain a refreshing dip, a cup of coffee, and an unceasing fund of amusement. Of the bridges, which number twenty-seven, we illustrate the Pont au Change, where in 1141 the money-changers and goldsmiths were wont to vend their wares, and where on fine Sundays the birdsellers held high market, a privilege conceded to them on condition of their freeing two hundred dozen of birds whenever the King and Queen made a solemn entry into the capital over the bridge. The present structure only dates from 1858. Of the Pont Neuf, with its statue of Henri IV., we have already spoken, while the Pont aux Arts is chiefly remarkable for the fine view it affords of the Tuileries and Louvre.

PALACES AND MUSEUMS

NOTRE DAME apart, the Louvre is the most ancient existing monument of primitive Paris. We have above traced its career from its foundation as a fortress by Philippe Augustus down to its supplanting as a Royal Palace by the Tuileries. Although Louis XV. had opened part of the Louvre to the public, it was not until the Revolution that all the works of art which were scattered abroad throughout the various Royal palaces were concentrated into one collection. At present the Louvre contains eleven different collections of artistic, historical, and antiquarian treasures, foremost of which are the incomparable galleries of paintings and of sculpture, to the careful study of which there is little doubt that the Parisians owe much of the proverbial good taste displayed in the various artistic manufactures for which they are renowned. Indeed, one of the most characteristic features of the Louvre is the number of students, men and women, youths and grey-bearded veterans, who, mounted on scaffoldings, or merely standing before a low easel, spend whole years of their lives in copying the countless masterpieces of the collection. Zealous Sabbatarians, also, might learn a profitable lesson from the aspect of the Louvre on Sunday, where they would see hundreds of the humbler classes heartily enjoying the various works of art, and moreover frequently showing themselves capable of appreciating their beauties in a manner which would surprise many an English connoisseur. Indeed, there is little doubt that the great superiority as far as artistic taste goes, which the Parisian workman possesses over his London brother, is owing to the facilities which the State places at his disposal for studying art in every form, from antique furniture in the Cluny Museum to Raphael's "Madonnas" in the Louvre. Even in walking through these galleries his eye becomes unconsciously educated as to what is or is not good taste. The illustrations we publish are the "Mirror of Marie de Medicis," which was sent as a present by the Venetian Republic to Henri IV.'s Queen, the *façade* of the Louvre, seen from the pretty garden courtyard, round which run the Galleries, the old Library Pavilion, the Rohan Pavilion, and the Richelieu Pavilion, which last was burnt down during the Commune, but has since been restored.

The Palace of the Tuileries, which was first begun by Catherine de Medicis in 1564, and which subsequently formed the Paris residence of the French Sovereigns, was, like the Louvre, greatly embellished by Napoleon III., who rebuilt the Pavilion de Flore represented in our illustration, which curiously enough was one of the few portions of the Imperial Palace which escaped destruction during the Commune.

What pleasant memories the mere mention of the Palais Royal arouses in the mind—infantile memories of a happy playground, with a sparkling, splashing fountain, which engulphed the tiny craft which had been set to cross the basin—older memories of wonder at the sparkling diamonds in the shops (we did not know what *en imitation* or *or double* meant then), and yet more recent memories of cosy little dinners, while listening to the band, and of the subsequent *glorias* at the Café de la Rotonde, served by the ever rapid "Boum." Historic memories also crowd one's mind, as we sip our coffee, of Cardinal Richelieu, for whom the Palace was originally built, of Anne of Austria, who lived there with Louis XIV., then a boy, of our unfortunate Queen Maria Henrietta, who there spent the dreary days of her exile, of the debts of Philippe Egalité, which compelled him to surround the garden with the present buildings and shops, of Camille Desmoulins who, mounted on a chair, urged the crowd to revolution, and adopted as his badge a green leaf from one of the trees, and of that very Café de la Rotonde, subsequently a favourite resort of all the bucks of the Revolution. Later on it was in the Palais Royal that the Duke of Orleans offered the crown to Louis Philippe, while, under the Empire, the Palace became the official residence of Prince Jérome Napoleon. The Palace suffered somewhat at the hands of the Communists, but has now been completely restored.

The Luxembourg Palace, which is now devoted to an exhibition of paintings and statuary of the modern school, which have been bought by the State at the yearly exhibitions of the Salon, was originally built for Marie de Medicis, somewhat after the style of the Pitti Palace at Florence, though the building, it is needless to say, has been since considerably added to and altered. During the Revolution the Convention, overburdened with Royal Palaces, turned the Luxembourg into a prison, while subsequently the Directory made it the seat of Government. Before the 18th Brumaire also it was the residence of Napoleon I., while under Napoleon III. it was transformed into a Senate House. One of its chief charms, however, is its exceedingly pretty garden, which is to the south of Paris what the Tuileries are to the more fashionable north.

OUR REMAINING ILLUSTRATIONS

THE Place de la Concorde, now the handsomest square in Paris, was during the Revolution the scene of the fearful butcheries which, by the aid of Dr. Guillotin's fatal invention, the two Sansons were wont to perform each morning during the Reign of Terror. Previous to the Revolution it was known as the Place de Louis XV., an equestrian statue of whom had been erected by the Provost of Paris, and which subsequently formed a favourite spot, where lampoons against the King might be deposited. One of the most famous read

> Grotesque Monument, infame piédestal:
> Les vertus sont à pied, le vice est à cheval.

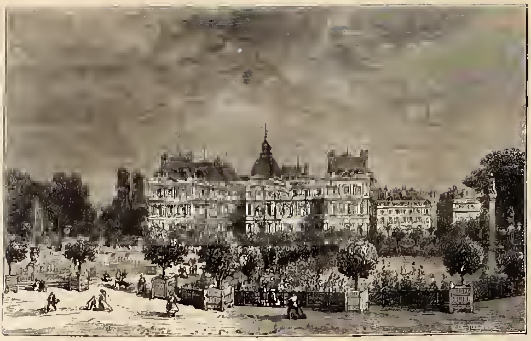
while another put forth

> Il est ici comme à Versailles
> Il est sans cœur et sans entrailles.

The Place de la Concorde, however, no longer bears the mark of political conflict if we except the funereal wreaths at the foot of the statue of Strasbourg, one of the eight figures representing the great towns of France, which surround the Place. In the centre is the Obelisk of Luxor, the sister to our Cleopatra's Needle, and which was brought over from Egypt, and erected in 1836. At the entrance to the Champs Elysées are the famous "Horses of Marly," the two equestrian groups by Coustou, which were erected by the National Convention. From the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe is an easy step, and few people require to be told that this monument was built by Napoleon I. to perpetuate the glories of his campaign. Of our remaining illustrations a few lines will suffice to say that in the Portes St. Martin and St. Denis are also triumphal arches, which were erected by the people of Paris in 1672 and and 1674 respectively, to commemorate the victories of Louis XIV., that the two "Halls of Lost Footsteps," as the French characteristically term the Waiting Halls of the Courts of Law, represent the old vestibule of the Palais de Justice, and the new Hall, which has only recently been constructed, while the Salle de la Cour d'Assises is a new Court of Sessions which was completed in 1875. Indeed, the Palais de Justice suffered severely at the hands of the Commune, and has been almost rebuilt. Opposite the Palais de Justice is the Tribunal de Commerce, which is depicted in two of our illustrations, a new building, which was only built in 1864, when it was inaugurated by Napoleon III. The Prison of Mazas, which is one of the five prisons of Paris, was the temporary place of confinement of a large number of the Deputies of the National Assembly who were arrested by the orders of Napoleon III. on the eve of the *Coup d'Etat*. Amongst them was M. Thiers, and, in "The History of a Crime," M. Victor Hugo graphically describes the prison and the manner in which the Representatives of the nation were treated. The Gaillon Fountain is a sample of the various fountains which embellish Paris, but is of recent date, having been built in 1828 from the design of Visconti. The National Record Office, which was only founded in 1794 by Camus, the Keeper of the Archives of the Constituent Assembly, is a combination of the old mansions of Clisson, of Roche-Guyon, and of Laval—the gate illustrated belonging to the first-named, and being one of the few architectural relics of the fourteenth century in Paris. The Conservatory of Arts and Sciences, in the Rue St. Martin, occupies the buildings of an old abbey, whose monks were dispossessed in 1790, the building being transformed into an arsenal for the army. In 1794, however, the Convention decided to unite the three collections of machinery which then existed in various parts of the city and place them in the building, which was subsequently formed into a free scientific school, where, at the present moment, gratuitous courses of the various sciences ranging from Geometry to Chemistry, and from Agriculture to Political Economy, are publicly delivered. The special School of Design, in the Rue de l'École de Medecine, is one of several schools where Art is taught at the expense of the State, but owes its origin not to the Revolution, but to Louis XV., who founded it at the request of five of the Corporations of the capital. The teaching of this school is of the highest class, and a large majority of the most talented Parisian carvers and designers have received their Art education there.

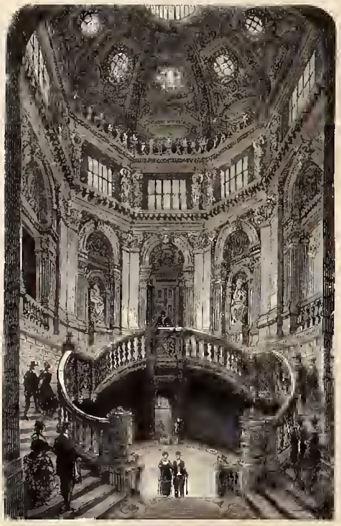
CONCLUSION

No article on Paris, however brief, would be complete without some passing allusion to Underground Paris, that marvellous labyrinth of catacombs, long, tortuous galleries of old quarries, which extend on the south side of the river, from the Jardin des Plantes to the Vaugirard. In 1780 a Lieutenant-General of Police suddenly conceived the idea of utilising these galleries by transporting thither the contents of the Cimetière des Innocents. This was afterwards done, and the galleries, blessed and consecrated with great pomp, were thenceforward named the Catacombs. Our illustration will give some idea of the appearance of the Catacombs, which, unlike those of Rome, were never used for the actual interment of the dead. Our other illustration of subterranean Paris depicts a section of this part of the city with the catacombs beneath and the gas, sewer, and water service above. The sewers of Paris call for especial notice, as the main drain is large enough not only to allow people to walk on a path by the side of the stream, but also to permit of the passage of a boat constructed for this purpose. Three other illustrations finally demand our notice: firstly, the Race Course at Longchamps, where all Paris, which during the Second Empire became great votaries of *Le Sport* (only last month we met a young Parisian urchin, aged fourteen, who knew the name of every French and English winner for the past ten years), turns out in great force on certain Sundays in the year, and where the principal races are annually contested. To pass to the other end of Paris we illustrate the Castle of Vincennes as it appeared in the seventeenth century, when Louis XIV. transferred the old Royal hunting palace into a veritable fortress—as it now stands. The illustration of the Artesian Well at Passy depicts the jet of water coming to the surface on the 4th of September, 1867, when, after twelve years' work, the Paris Municipality

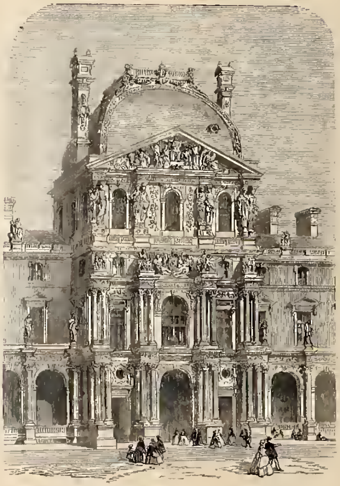


THE LUXEMBOURG PALACE FROM THE GARDEN

PRINCIPAL FAÇADE OF T



GRAND STAIRCASE OF THE TRIBUNAL DE COMMERCE



THE PAVILLON RICHELIEU, THE LOUVRE

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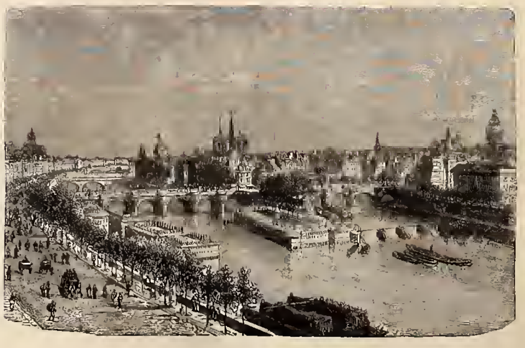


THE PONT NEUF

FAÇADE OF THE

PARIS IL

E SQUARE OF THE LOUVRE

PALACE OF THE TRIBUNAL DE COMMERCE

EW OPERA HOUSE

THE TRINITÉ

INTERIOR OF STE. GENEVIÈVE, THE PANTHEON

OPERA HOUSE

HALL OF THE COUR D'ASSISES

USTRATED

were rewarded with the same success that attended their efforts at Grenelle. Finally, we have Boileau's old house and the temple reared to the memory of Molière, on the site of the house in which he lived at Auteuil. The so-called "temple" is a brick rotunda, with a Doric peristyle, surmounted with four columns. A *bas-relief* represents Thalia letting fall her mask, while beneath is the inscription, "Here was Molière's House." There took place that famous supper when, together with Boileau, La Fontaine, and a few other boon companions, Molière and his guests, who had extended their libations beyond the bounds of prudence, decided there and then to drown themselves in the river, upon the idea that the greatest happiness is never to have been born, while the next is to die with as little delay as possible. On their way to the river, however, Molière suggested that so doughty a deed should not be performed in the dark, but that it merited the blaze of noonday sun. "He is right," cried his companions; one of whom, Chapelle, added, "Well, as we are not going to drown ourselves until to-morrow, let us go back and finish the wine!"

T. H. Joyce

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

Some very satisfactory balloon experiments have lately been carried out at Woolwich by Captain Templar. The object has been to ascertain whether, with such apparatus as can conveniently be carried by an army on the march, it is possible to produce the conditions necessary for a balloon ascent. The gas used is hydrogen, both on account of its lifting power, which is nine times that of ordinary coal gas, and also because it can be readily produced by portable apparatus. The method adopted is that used some years ago in producing gas for the trial of the lime light on Westminster Bridge. A tube containing iron borings is placed in a furnace and made red hot, and steam is projected through the tube. The vapour of course consists of the two constituents of water, namely oxygen and hydrogen. The red-hot iron borings arrest the oxygen, while the hydrogen passes through the pipe to inflate the balloon. Thus with a bushel of coals, a portable fire-place, and a few iron borings, hydrogen can be produced. This seems a rough and ready mode of obtaining the gas, and, in the absence of any apparatus for drying the product, the watery vapour with which it is charged must greatly affect its buoyancy. It has, however, proved capable of raising a man attached to a small balloon to the height of 700 feet, an elevation quite great enough for all practical purposes in the field. The balloon employed was made of lawn, and had a capacity of 10,000 cubic feet. Its concluding performance was to break from its moorings, and travel to Oxford on its own account. Captain Templar hopes to compress the gas into iron bottles, so as to avoid the inconvenience of making gas for each ascent. Many gases can now be bought in this compressed form, notably the nitrous oxide, or laughing gas, which is now so universally used as an anæsthetic by dentists.

The *Live Stock Journal* gives an interesting account of a very curious competition which has just concluded at Hemel Hempstead. It consisted in a contest for supremacy between several egg-hatching machines. The eggs were bespoken from the different farmhouses round about, and were all laid on one particular date. They were afterwards intermixed before being distributed to the incubators, in order that the chances of success might be equalised. Each machine held about fifty eggs, and the process of hatching commenced on the 5th ult., and terminated on the 26th. The incubator invented by Mr. Christy carried off the prize of 25*l.* by hatching thirty-four out of a possible forty-five, the remaining five eggs proving to be non-fertile ones. The other machines were far behind, two of them failing to produce a single chick. The result is encouraging, as it points to a new source of food supply. But all poultry fanciers know that the task of rearing chickens without a natural mother is the real difficulty to be overcome. In another competition it might be advisable to give a prize for the largest family of orphan fledglings which survived to the age of spring chickenhood.

The late sad colliery accident has once more turned attention to the causes of these lamentable occurrences. The recklessness of the miner himself in tampering with his safety lamp has often enough been given as the probable reason of the catastrophe, but, for obvious reasons, the delinquent is never detected. Another cause, in the explosive nature of finely-divided coal-dust when mixed in certain proportions with atmospheric air, has lately received serious attention as being very possibly the hidden means whereby so many lives are annually sacrificed. Explosions of the same nature, in American flour mills, have been traced to the flour itself, rendering the air which it impregnates in a finely divided state as dangerous as a mixture of air and gas. In short the union of particles of carbon with atmospheric air furnish the conditions necessary for the existence of an explosive demon, which only requires the application of a flame to set it loose. If we enclose some lycopodium (a fine powder composed of the spores of club moss) in a paper tube, and gently urge it by the breath through the flame of a candle, we can test for ourselves the reality of dust explosions. Finely powdered resin will exhibit precisely the same phenomenon. The flame obtained is so great that the latter plan is adopted at theatres to imitate the sudden flash of lightning.

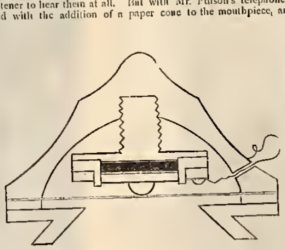
Now that electric lighting is receiving so much attention we may surely hope that it may be applied to coal mines as a preventive of these terrible accidents. It is not generally known that the light is in no way dependent upon the oxygen of the atmosphere—in point of fact, it can be burnt with increased advantage in a vacuum. Some years ago the proposal was made that it should be thus used enclosed in thick glass globes, which were to be hermetically sealed, but, as far as we can learn, it has never been tried. Possibly this is owing to the want of a suitable arrangement of the carbon points, but surely this difficulty could be overcome. At any rate, the first colliery proprietors who institute inquiries into the subject will deserve most honourable mention.

The case of Electricity *v.* Gas still continues to excite great interest, and to elicit many wonderful statements on either side. The report that the terrible Mr. Edison has solved the problem of making one machine feed if necessary ten thousand different lights has lowered the value of gas shares by about twelve per cent. At the time of the introduction of the Jablochkoff candle a similar panic arose—but the shares on that occasion only dropped eight per cent. The present increase in the depreciation is no doubt due to the remarkable promises which accompany the announcement of the new discovery. The entire lower part of New York is to be lighted by one machine. The wires are to be laid along the streets like the present gas pipes, which will, of course, be discarded, but fittings, such as chandeliers and brackets, can be retained for the new light. We may as well quote, from the *New York Sun*, part of the programme which is attributed to this irrepressible and sanguine inventor:—"The same wire that brings light to you will also bring power and heat. With the power you can run an elevator, a sewing-machine, or any other mechanical contrivance which requires a motor, and by means of the heat you may cook your food. To utilise the heat it will only be necessary to have the ovens or stoves properly arranged for its reception. This can be done at trifling cost. I have computed the relative cost of the light, power, and heat generated by the electricity transmitted to be but a fraction of the cost where obtained in the ordinary way. By a battery or steam-power it is forty-six times cheaper, and by water power probably ninety-five per cent. cheaper."

The light from the carbons has often been compared to the light of the moon, and after reading this account of Mr. Edison's doings we are more than ever convinced that there is a good deal of moonshine about it. Unless he has discovered some substitute for the carbon points, and several new qualities of electricity, the account we quote from is simply that of an impossibility. That Mr. Edison has made some new and perhaps valuable discovery there is no reason to doubt, but until details are before us we must receive all statements with extreme caution. It will, perhaps, help us not to be too precipitate in esponsing the claims of either side to remember that there are three separate interests at work. First there are the electricians, next the gas shareholders, and last, but not least, the dealers in those shares.

The light has now been adopted for interior illumination by Messrs. Wells, of Shoreditch, and by the London Stereoscopic Company in Regent Street, so that we soon may hope to have some reliable data to go upon as to its advantages and disadvantages. Messrs. Pullar, the well-known dyers, of Perth, have also introduced it into their workshops. Its great superiority over all other lights where colours are concerned may be gauged when it is remembered that the light is actually whiter than that of the sun itself.

Mr. Edison's inventions formed the subject of a lecture given by Professor Barrett at the Midland Institute a fortnight ago. Among other instruments the Carbon Telephone was tested with the most surprising results. In the ordinary Bell Telephone the sounds heard are so very weak that it really requires great attention and absolute silence in the neighbourhood of the listener to hear them at all. But with Mr. Edison's telephone, and with the addition of a paper cone to the mouthpiece, an audience of 1,500 people were able to hear on the above occasion such sudden exclamations as "Bravo!" "Holloa!" &c., with the greatest ease. There is no doubt that, if telephony is to play an important part in the future of telegraphy, the carbon form will be one of the first to claim attention. We append a diagram which will give a rough idea of its interior arrangements.



A button of carbon is enclosed within an ebonite ring, one side of it being connected by a screw with the metallic frame of the instrument, and the other side being covered with a layer of platinum foil. Over this foil is a plate of glass to which is attached a round knob of metal. This knob slightly touches the iron plate which closes the mouthpiece of the telephone. The variations of pressure conveyed to the carbon button are converted into undulating currents of electricity, and speech is reproduced as in other systems of telephony.

It will be seen that the arrangement of the carbon is very similar to that exhibited in the microtasmeter of the same inventor which was figured in these pages two months ago. The latter instrument was in point of fact the offspring of the former.

T. C. H.

PROFESSIONAL PELICANS

There are agents which combine the most antipathetic acids; and opinions which unite the most dissimilar types. Thus a Madonna and a Malaprop, the Ugolinos and the Lears, would probably agree on the one point that of all delights those which paternity yields are the most largely burdened by duties, the most frequently tempered by patent unpleasantness. The baby kisses are balsam for many wounds; but the boy's bills are bitter reminders that one is growing older, and possibly not richer. Girlish endearments are delicately pleasant to most men; but days come when girls get engaged to paupers or to prigs, sometimes to a combination of both, and delight in the possession of daughters is changed to a sorrow and a humiliation. Our interest in our offspring wanes inevitably as the children begin to walk alone, and undisguisedly dissent from our views of politics, and literature, and morals. Only in exceptional cases and classes are the joys of of paternity perpetual. Let your child paint pictures, write books, play parts, sing, or dance, or, indeed, do anything that makes the inherited name public property for the nonce or for ever, and you may count upon long years of paternal enjoyment, an age of mingled self-sacrifice and self-satisfaction. Painter, and player, and poet, are proverbially children in their dealings with the world; how much more child-like must they not be in their dealings with a proud father and fostering mother? And if one was proud of the cherub who recited La Fontaine's fables with a tolerable accent at dessert, what fine parental exultation must seize one when the cherub has blossomed into a demi-god with three pages to himself in "Men of the Time," and his noble head turned half-a-dozen ways in the windows of the London Stereoscopic Company? To worship, and scold, and coddle that demi-god itself constitutes professional pelicanism, and that is a habit of mind and body as happy as middle-aged manhood or womanhood can pretend to anywhere.

Of course the professional pelican must endure certain pains and penalties in the preparation of his or her young for the world's arena. In heraldry, when the bird is drawn in the act of feeding its progeny with its blood, it is prettily called a "Pelican in her piety." In real life the pelican is very often indeed in her piety. She must give, and give bountifully, in care and coin of the realm. Later on, when success is achieved, she may be described as a pelican in her pride. Then the type is one no sociologist should omit from his collection. It is easily recognisable. The mothers of artists, comedians, authors, and the rest are marked indelibly, unmistakeably in features not seldom, as well as in character. Who requires more than a glance to analyse the Cornelia of the studio—the good woman who prizes her child's crude and jejune sketches, even as the dealers prize his present masterpieces? In those inevitable and inevitably bad and big studies for "Socrates Drinking the Hemlock," and "Boadicea Haranguing her Army," planned by the ambition of eighteen, she sees potent promise of the achievement of thirty-eight. No stroke of his pencil is to her worthless, and she will hoard up his blotting paper rather than that one should be lost. She will have pored over Vasari, and Reynolds, and Ruskin, and Charles Blanc in order to get weapons wherewith to defend her painter's school against all comers. She will live in suburbs her soul abhors because they are favoured by a certain light, and, above all, by a certain set; and she will endure the tobacco and conversational narrowness of that set, when secretly her spirit pines for nothing loftier or lovelier than Gower Street and an occasional rubber with the curate. Her face has acquired the peculiar contracted expression of the professional model. She has sat as Marie de Medici, Madame Roland, Queen Anne, and Elizabeth Fry. She is learned in the art of draping, and mixing colours; and, despite her crass, æsthetic ignorance, by dint of long and rapt contemplation of the hero's canvases, she has acquired a certain critical knack that enables her to point out which foreshortening is the least sublime, and which light the least cruelly unfavourable to the masterpiece.

Literature, it is obvious, must be somewhat less compatible with professional pelicanism. The scribe, as a rule, requires little active aid, and home criticism generally offends a man who dwells mentally among the critics of all time. Still one can make much of one's young even when one's young are familiar with Carlyle, Sainte-Beuve, and Macaulay, and chiefly want to "be let alone" to do their work. There are mothers who will "hold the pens" like Dora, while the transcendent genius throws off his "Stanzas to Illuminata," or his "Views on the Policy of Equivalents." There are pelicans who will copy for him, attempt researches at the British Museum; and will sedulously "faire de l'intérêt" for him wherever they may go—advertise him socially by all means in their power. They will openly denounce the paper where his poetry has been insufficiently appreciated as a venal and vile chronicle of the gutter. The critic who has said sweet things in favour of his prose she will follow and favour from the beginning to the end of his career, and let him gather together those chips of an author, which Mr. Wendell Holmes says make a critic, and she will be the first to buy the volume and the last to fall asleep over it.

But it is in a theatrical sphere that the professional pelican is most assiduous "in her piety," most curious in the characteristics she presents to the world. The *Mère d'actrice* is a figure that no latter French moralist has forgotten to sketch, from Roqueplan to Balzac, to Gavarni, that Balzac of the brush. With us and in our own days no doubt she does not appear with the traditional reticule and goloshes (are reticules and goloshes to be found out of pleiocene layers?); nor, let us hope, is she the moral latitudinarian she was in Gavarni's plates, and the *Scènes de la Vie Parisienne.* But some features she has in common with her prototypes. In rigorous cultivation of every outward advantage which her daughter may possess the Cockney pelican is as persistent and as conspicuous as her Parisian sister. The pelican will affront all the draughts of those modern Caves of Æolus, the wings, for hours rather than forego the duty of tendering the powder puff,—and, perhaps, another harmless little instrument or two—which is to mitigate the effect of glaring gaslights and undue activity. Such pelicans are not, may be, the most respectable of their kind, but they are assuredly the kindliest, and the most comforting. There is always an impression pervading the minds of theatrical mothers that the gifted young creatures in gauze and cotton who sometimes bear their name are little more or better than automata with a taste for Guardsmen. The mechanism must be kept well lubricated, and the detrimentals must be kept well away. In pursuance of such pure aims the pelican of the side-scenes passes a not unpleasant life, and secures, if not the happiness, at any rate the material comfort and social respectability of her charge. Patience itself in dealing with the perfervid fancies, the angry whims, and conceit that traverse the heated brain of the histrion; she is also vigilance itself in making sure that she shall be professionally at her best, and morally—well, not nearly as bad as she might easily be. If she will not tolerate the profitless presence of compromising cavaliers, at least she will invariably see that the cab is punctual and the supper hot. And it is to be hoped that there are many young pelicans playing parts who are sensible enough to prefer hot suppers to little flirtations. Of the two, the latter often cause the worst nightmares.

Evelyn Jerrold

LEEDS AND LEEDS

Bradford-on-Avon has this in common with its Yorkshire namesake—that both are cloth towns. Bradford the Less has even set up a shoddy mill; its streets ring with the sound of true North-country clogs; it does its best to pollute its river after the fashion of a big mill town. But Leeds in Kent in nothing but the name is in the least like the capital of the West Riding. A sleepy little village, with old unrestored church rich in monuments, and the scanty ruins of a priory, once the grandest in Mid-Kent, it is within half a mile of as fine a castle as you can find in the whole county, a castle begun by the Crèvecœurs just after the Conquest, and largely added to by that great castle builder, Henry VIII., who (they tell us) "perceived the advantages of its strategic position, commanding several of the great Kentish roads."

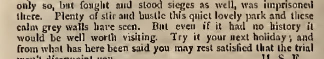
Londoners mustn't forget the home counties now that the railways take them every season further and further afield. And, of all the easy trips from Saturday to Monday, we know none more interesting than to drop down to Maidstone and walk through Mote Park, which was truly a *gemote* or gathering place when George III. and his wife went about reviewing Volunteers and cheering people up against the fear of invasion. Thence to Otham, where are paper-mills; old farmhouses (one has been in the same family for four hundred years); memories of Bishop Horne, who here wrote his book on the Psalms; a partly Norman church with monuments (as there always are in every little Kentish church), to the astonishment of the West countryman accustomed to look for them only in large and important churches; and above all Gore Court, a typical old English house with splendid entrance hall.

From Otham it is a short two miles to Leeds village, where one can't help feeling that an unrestored church here and there is a blessing in these days when architects have it all their own way, and when the church building of the last two centuries seems doomed to extinction. "Carpenter's Gothic," the so-called

Gothic of forty years ago, is atrocious; but the quaint additions of the Stuart and Georgian times deserve preserving in a few cases just to show us how not to build. There is a garret-window in the roof of Leeds Church just like the garret-window of an old red-brick warehouse in Spitalfields. How men could build it who had before them the exquisite First Pointed window just east of the porch, it is hard to understand; but they did build it, and if it and all like it are done away with we shall run the chance of forgetting what manner of men our fathers were in regard to their appreciation of Church architecture. The worst of it is, too, that restoration generally means doing away with the old monuments, or at least banishing them to the basement of the tower. This is hardly fair. Many of the "confectionery" alabasters of Elizabeth and James I. are no doubt horribly "out of keeping" with a mediæval church; so are the heathenish busts, and Faiths, and geniuses with torches upside down, of a century or so later. But yet the history of a parish is written in its monuments. The huge pile blocking up a chancel window and throwing its shadow over the Communion table represents a state of things in which Squire Broadacres, J.P., was virtually king and emperor in the whole neighbourhood. It was feudalism without the mitigation of mediæval times. The Reformation had destroyed the counterpoise, such as it was, afforded by the Church; the war against Charles I. had got rid of those king's prerogatives which were so often invoked by small folks against the oppressive great. Broadacres had it all his own way; with his full-bottomed wig and his air of ineffable self-complacency he looks the very embodiment of a landlord's right to do what he likes with his own; and if only his descendants could have lived within their income, and not gone in for contested elections, there is no knowing how long he might have held his own against "progress." It is well that here and there his monument should be preserved *in situ*, not relegated to a back corner amid the mops and besoms, but filling space, the visible presentment of a power that made itself felt, as it was when he was gathered to his fathers.

But Leeds Castle is the thing to see at Leeds. The park is beautiful, finer perhaps than Knowle; such huge sweet chestnuts (a feature of Kentish parks), big elms and oaks of course, and a group of eleven ash-trees, notable even in this well-wooded district. Then there is "the romantic grove through which the Len tumbles"—these are Horace Walpole's words; and the lake made by damming up this stream—which lake is a really big piece of water, on three islands in which the Castle stands. It must have been a strong place in the old time. On one island is the barbican (in ruins), on another the gatehouse and chapel, on the third the main part of the building; and each could be cut off and separately defended by drawbridge and portcullis. Now, with the gay flower-beds on the island's edge, and the grand trees round the bridge, and the big Tudor windows, it is a pleasant mixture—such as one meets oftener in Kent than elsewhere—of the feudal castle and the "Tudor" dwelling-house.

It has a long history. The Crèvecœurs handed it to the De Leybornes, and they, seeing Edward I. was mightily jealous of his lesser nobles owning castles, made the best of things by giving it to the Crown. In Edward II.'s time its castellan, Colepepper, went over to the Lancastrians, and after a stout resistance was taken and hanged before the chief gate by the Earl of Pembroke. Richard II. was often there, his last visit being when he was a sorrowful prisoner, given (as Shakespeare says) to "sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the fate of kings." Archbishop Chichely there held his court in 1440 to try the Duchess of Gloucester for witchcraft. Sir E. Filmer, the stout royalist, who wrote about the "right of kings divine," and not only so, but fought and stood sieges as well, was imprisoned there. Plenty of stir and bustle this quiet lovely park and these calm grey walls have seen. But even if it had no history it would be well worth visiting. Try it your next holiday; and from what has here been said you may rest satisfied that the trial won't disappoint you. H. S. F.



"CYPRUS," by R. Hamilton Lang (Macmillan and Co.).—A residence of over nine years in Cyprus, as manager of the Imperial Ottoman Bank Agency at Larnaca—a post where to endless opportunities of becoming acquainted with the ins and outs of Turkish administration were added from time to time the work of acting Vice-Consul (pending official vacancies) for the British Government, and the private amusements of antiquarian research and of farming on a small scale as lessee of an estate at Pyla—entitles Mr. Lang to speak of our new acquisition with an authority not to be conceded to the chronicler of a few weeks' or a few months' visit. Thus to his general testimony to the fertility—when there came neither droughts nor locusts—of the soil; and the comparative healthiness—when due precautions are taken against fever, dysentery, and sunstroke—of the climate we must necessarily assign great weight. On the whole, however, even in Mr. Lang's pages, the interest inspired by Cyprus, apart from its somewhat doubtful advantages as a military outpost, is chiefly of the antiquarian sort. A forgotten corner of the Turkish Empire, with a quiet little population, governed from afar by the Vali of the Archipelago, with a little army not meant to serve abroad, and little coast-towns without any harbours, Cyprus had long ceased to count for very much in the world's history. For the period of its real greatness we must go back to times that are positively prehistoric, to days when Sidon spoke of Tyre as an upstart city, to the era of the inscriptions which are neither Greek nor Phœnician but older possibly than either, of the combats by sea and land with the monarchs of Assyria. A decaying island even under the Romans, decaying still more beneath the Byzantine sovereigns, exchanging with torpid indifference the rule of the Lusignans for the dominion of Venice, the dominion of Venice for the sovereignty of the Porte, it had rather dwindled by continuous decline than been brought low by great convulsions. Of Mr. Lang's instructive volume the first half is devoted to the history of the island, the second to its present prospects and capabilities. That its natives will become a happy people under our rule, if only we do not strive to force them too quickly into Western ways; that its mineral resources will, at the least, repay a thorough investigation; and that foreign capital may find profitable employment, either in farming enterprises of its own or in advances to the native cultivator, are points on which Mr. Lang entertains no doubt. Better sanitary arrangements, too, must diminish the risk to health, even for those who have neither means nor patience to adopt the precautions which secured our author from anything like serious sickness. On the whole, therefore, it seems probable that Cyprus, if not the acquisition it was thought at first, may prove in the end a not unprofitable dependency. Meanwhile we can heartily commend Mr. Lang's most interesting volume, with its admirable maps both general and special, no less to those who contemplate business connections with the island than to the general student of Cypriote antiquities, history, and topography.

A graceful and warm-hearted preface by the survivor of "the Author-Couple" well ushers in the bright little volume—reprints in part from the *Gentleman's Magazine*—entitled "Recollections of Writers" (S. Low and Co.), by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke. Friends of Keats, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, the Lambs, &c., in youth, of Jerrold and Charles Dickens in middle life, the accomplished pair, of whom the authoress of the "Concordance to Shakespeare" alone survives to preface and to edit this last volume, embraced within the circle of their memories the entire dynasty of poets, essayists, and novelists, whose genius, essentially London-nursed, is linked in a thousand associations with the green lanes and by-ways of our London suburbs. There are few names, in truth, at any rate in the literature of the first half of our century, but cross us somewhere in the pleasant chapters of "General Recollections," which form the opening portion of the volume; albeit even these must yield in depth of interest to the separate memoirs of individual friends—Keats, Charles and Mary Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Jerrold, and Dickens—for which it will more especially be treasured. Of these, but most, perhaps, of all of the delightful recollections and and characteristic letters of Leigh Hunt and of the chapter on the poet Keats—the schoolfellow in old Enfield days, the intimate through life, of Charles Cowden Clarke—it would be difficult to speak too warmly. But in the whole volume you can hardly find a page that will not yield something to repay the search either in its own intrinsic merit or as connected with some honoured name.

"Pleasant Ways in Science (Chatto and Windus), by the indefatigable Mr. R. A. Proctor, lead us by turns from strange phenomena in the stellar regions to curious mysteries of our own little world—from contemplation of star-mist and drift to puzzling inquiries as to the existence of the sea-serpent or the possible chances of arriving at the Pole. Of their entertaining character it is unnecessary to speak. What youthful reader will ever tire for instance, of reading, how the sun blazed up for a minute or two in 1859 to the intense discomfort of electricians upon earth, of wondering why he did so then, and when he is likely to do so next, and what would have been the consequences to the human race if such sudden increase of light had been less limited in its area or longer in duration, or of speculating on the chances for and against the survival of a stray pair of Enaliosauri out of the secondary era to breed sea-serpents in the Pacific depths? Their utility to the unlearned reader is perhaps less obvious. But after all there is no reason why such delightful speculations should be the monopoly of those who tread the rugged pathway of the severest science.

The favourable reception accorded by the public to his last season's book on "Irish Hunting History" has induced, we are told, Mr. O'Connor Morris to publish under the title of "Hibernia Venatica" (Chapman and Hall), a fresh instalment of letters to the *Field* anent hunting and huntsmen in the sister kingdom, but chiefly in the spreading "grasseries" of Meath and Kildare, the (for hunting purposes) unrivalled valleys of the Liffey and the Boyne. Praise of such a volume from a non-riding critic for whom even the many photographs of the fair huntresses of Erin in their hunting-habits have slender charm and in whose ears is curiously ringing Macaulay's pet story of Guicciardini and the prisoner, would be probably injudicious and certainly insincere. From hunting readers the undeniably spirited descriptions of cross-country rides will no doubt secure for it a hearty welcome.

A new edition—pocket in point of size, but in respect of matter both revised and enlarged—of "The Cruise of H.M.S. *Challenger*," by W. J. Spry, R.N., a work which seems by a sort of survival of the fittest to have established itself as the most popular account of that famous voyage, may be commended to the young people who can forgive a rather small type for the convenience of a book that can be held easily in the hand.

A little pamphlet—also pocket-size—"Cabul: the Ameer, the Country, and the People," by Phil. Robinson (S. Low and Co.), will tell its readers all they care to know of the mountain tribes, the races of Afghanistan, and the lines of advance from the Russian provinces to the North-west of India. The accompanying map, though small and almost destitute of shading, is in other respects unusually good and clear.

Ardent Conservatives who have sometimes writhed over *Mr. Punch's* caricatures of their leader may take fair revenge in the rival cartoons of *Judy*, entitled "The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone from *Judy's* Point of View" (*Judy* Office, Fleet Street). Although somewhat more of slashing broadsword blows than delicate rapier thrusts, the caricatures are always vigorous, and not unfrequently extremely happy. A few indeed, *e.g.*, "Over Their Toes," or Mr. Gladstone as a nursemaid wheeling the Ballot Bill in a perambulator over Lord Derby's feet, "The Careless Nursemaid," or the baby colonies going over the side while Lord Granville flirts with Mr. Gladstone on the cliff, fall not far short of the point and delicacy of Tenniel.

No one, we think, will feel any regret that the "prize ring" is practically now a thing of the past, after reading "Pendragon's" "Modern Boxing" (E. J. Francis and Co.).—"The noble art of self-defence" is a healthy exercise in itself, and is a legitimate branch of athletics; but the author's particulars of "famous fights," and descriptions of the savage ruffianism which apparently were inseparable from them, only make one rejoice the more that they have been put down. "Pendragon's" reminiscences are interesting as affording pictures of a bygone state of things, but they are pictures whose tones are garish, and whose subjects are painful and unpleasant in the extreme.

While providing solid historical and religious matter, the Christian Knowledge Society also supplies stories with good morals, suited to girls and boys of varied ages. Two volumes are specially addressed to candidates for confirmation, and through both runs the same maxim, forgiveness of injuries. Sober in teaching and unaffected in tone, "The Royal Banner," by Austin Clare, well describes the efforts of some rough fishing lads after the better life, and intermingles stirring episodes of the dangers of the sea; while "Harry Preston," by the author of "Ellen Mansel," though hardly so interesting, equally illustrates the overcoming of evil by good. A funereal hue pervades "Percy Trevor's Training," by the author of "Motherless Maggie," by reason of three death-beds and several illnesses; but there is something very attractive in the tiny schoolboy whose gentle influence develops his cold selfish tutor into a noble, warm-hearted man. Little Jack's death is pathetically told, and Miss Singer, with her Count Fosco-like collection of birds is decidedly amusing.—Young ladies inclined to neglect home duties for Church work may profit by Annette Lyster's "North Wind and Sunshine," whose enthusiastic heroine—like Mrs. Jellyby with the African Missions—is all zeal for the welfare of the poor outside her home, and utterly regardless of the comfort and happiness of her family circle.—Boys have their turn in "Cringlewood Court," by F. Scarlett Potter, a lively record of Christmas holidays in the country, where three London lads revel in field sports, their minds being duly improved every evening by a studious uncle, who reads them accounts of the wonders of the world.—Mr. W. H. G. Kingston also has two new sea stories ready, and very spirited are the adventures of "Ned Garth," a middy on board a British slave-chaser, who is caught himself by the Arabs, and escapes through many perils.—Malayan pirates are the enemies of "The Mate of the *Lily*" during a cruise in the East Indies, and the *Lily*'s crew have many an exciting fight with armed prahus. Adventure, too, is the keynote of "Real Stories from Many Lands," in which Lady Verney, following Mr. Goschen's suggestion that children need change of air intellectually as well as physically, furnishes some entertaining abstracts of heroic deeds and strange events afar off.—Old-fashioned are the times and prim is the story of "Kitty Bligh's Birthday," by A. H. Engelbach, provided as it is with a vulgar, wicked squire, a beneficent uncle, and a self-sacrificing niece.—The same somewhat antiquated tone prevails in "As Good as Gold," by F. Harrison, which, contrary to all tradition, makes Tommy good and Harry naughty.—The sad effects of disobedience are traced in "A Bonfire," by "M. D.;" and a mild edition of the same fault is illustrated by "Hereward Dayrell," a mediocre collection of childish tales by Eadgyth.—"The Little Dwarf's Mirror" is a pretty and fanciful Teutonic creation adapted by "A. L. G.;" and lastly come some excellent "Bible Stories," by "M. A. B.," nicely illustrated, and written chiefly in monosyllables, all longer words being divided, while the stories are formed into a consecutive narrative.

The heroine of "My Mother's Diamonds," by M. J. Greer (Griffith and Farran), seems hardly as charming as the authoress wishes her to appear. Wilful and self-reliant Ellie fails utterly to manage a household and her unruly brothers and sisters, and proves a very disagreeable damsel till she marries an amiable curate. The story is very readable, however, and has the necessary flavour of excitement provided by a family mystery.—"Queen Dora," by Kathleen Knox (same publishers), is much more pleasant. Dora is original enough in her style of bringing up, but is not priggish in her goodness, and puts her artistic education to practical use by designing window curtains when her family comes down in the world.

The simple unexciting tales of the "Bluebell Series," brought out by Messrs. Marcus Ward, are wholesome light reading for girls. In "A Simple Maiden," Leslie Keith, running in well-known grooves, satisfactorily contrasts a loving, practical girl with a beautiful shallow coquette amidst a romantic background of Rhenish school life; but more insight of character and sense of humour are shown in "Clare," by Lizzie Aldridge. Clare herself, notwithstanding her deep feelings, is a trifle foolish, and Mrs. Garland too palpably suggests Mrs. Malaprop; but the story is well carried out.—Sir Walter Scott's familiar fictions continue to appear in a new garb in Messrs. Ward's "Illustrated Waverley Novels," which now include "The Antiquary" and "Quentin Durward." The clear type, suitable engravings, and general get-up of the volumes render them fit for any library shelves, and their cheap form places them within reach of limited purses.

French peasant life in the Pyrenees, with its dangers from flood and wolf, its secret smuggling, and the penalties of the imperative custom forcing each bridegroom to give his bride a gold locket and chain, is charmingly illustrated by Frances Martin's "Michelle" (Hurst and Blackett). The authoress has a rare faculty of description, presenting each scene distinct to the reader, while she has chosen an original subject, and worked it out with pathos. The accompanying story of Little Jack is as powerful, but depressingly gloomy.

Again the sufferings of the Israelites in Egypt form a Scriptural novel. "Ephraim and Helah," by E. Hodder (Hodder and Stoughton), unites the human attraction of two sets of lovers with the Biblical interest of the Exodus; and, although unadorned by the learned descriptions of Professor Ebers or the Rev. G. H. Ingraham in similar Egyptian subjects, Mr. Hodder's story is well told in plain and unaffected language.

Tragedies on sea and shore have recently been so painfully real, that their semblance in fiction is hardly welcome. Thus when M. Jules Verne draws a sadly life-like picture of the miseries of shipwrecked sufferers in "The Survivors of the *Chancellor*" (Sampson Low), depicting his characters as driven from their ship by fire and water, enduring tortures of thirst and starvation, and even reduced to cannibalism, we can only wish the author to return to those delightfully impossible tales of the miraculous in which he stands unrivalled. Miss Frewer's translation is well executed. It is cheering to turn to the humorous holiday scenes in the Adirondack Mountains of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's "In a Wilderness" (Sampson Low, Rose Library). Mr. Warner sees a comic side to everything, and a true love of Nature peeps through all his fun. There is plenty of wit, too, in "A Rollicking Tour in the Land of the Gael" (A. Gardner), by Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, whose Irish adventures we remember some time since. Enriched with drawings suggestive of the "Book of Nonsense," the Tour shows the jovial trio as merry as ever.

Butterfly collectors of the past summer anxious to preserve and arrange their treasures will find plenty of information in "Collecting Butterflies and Moths" (The *Bazaar*), reprinted from Mr. M. Brown's "Practical Taxidermy." The virtues of cold water are warmly set forth in "Testimony to the Efficacy of Hydropathy in Cases of Disease," by R. Metcalfe (Tweedie), to which is appended Lord Lytton's "Confessions of a Water Patient."—Transatlantic prose and verse are strong in Vol. III. of "The Daisy" (Dickinson and Lobb), a sensible magazine, including serial stories, miscellaneous articles, and good advice.—We have received No. V. of "Tales from *Blackwood*" (Blackwood), containing "Who Painted the Great Murillo," and the "Military Adventure in the Pyrenees;" and the "Reports for 1877 of the Charity Organisation Society" (Central Office).

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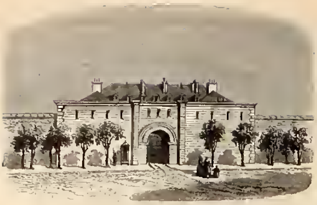
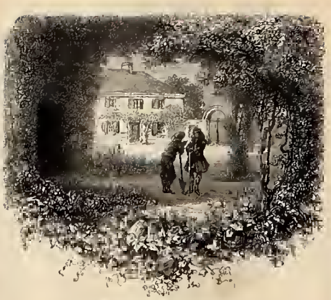
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY has obtained a medal at the Paris Exhibition. The award is understood to be made for the excellence, cheapness, and beneficial tendency of the Society's publications.

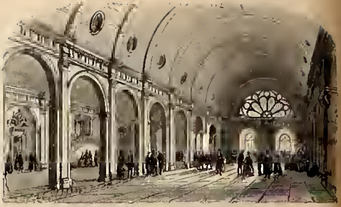
A PROPHET, as a rule, has little honour in his own country, but India, and Bengal in particular, appears to be an exception to the rule, as there is great rejoicing over the native youths who return from Europe with an English education. For instance, the *East* (a native paper of Dacca) gives the following description of a young Bengali barrister who had lately returned from England:—"Baboo Anund Mohun Bose is an object of love and admiration to every Bengalee. He is a jewel in the veriest sense of the word. His simple, sweet nature, winning manners, affability, and want of even a small modicum of affectation, which is so common to those who have been to England, and taken everybody by surprise. Possessed of a bright countenance and intelligent look, his presence is delightful and charming to all. He has practically shown by his own example that pride, vanity, and other blemishes of character do not necessarily belong to high intellectual attainments and sound education."



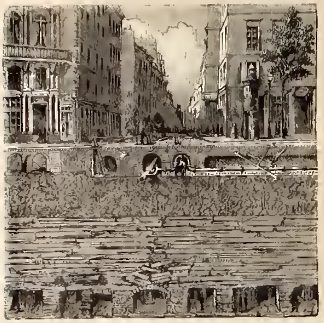
MAZAS PRISON



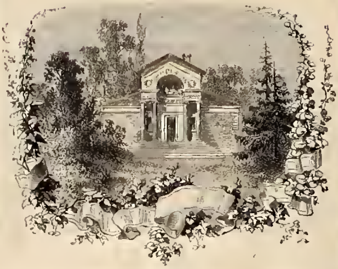
BOILEAU'S HOUSE AT AUTEUIL



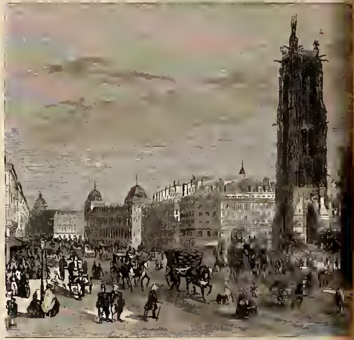
THE HALL OF THE PALACE OF JUSTICE



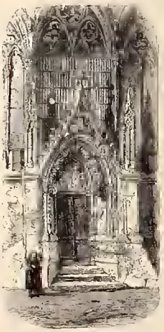
UNDERGROUND PARIS



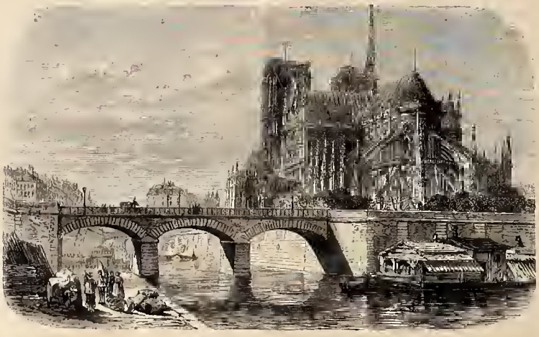
TEMPLE RAISED TO MOLIÈRE'S MEMORY AT AUTEUIL



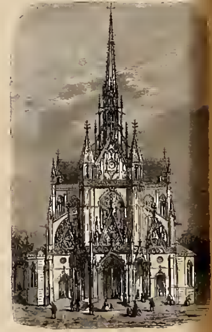
THE RUE DU RIVOLI AND THE TOUR SAINT JACQUES



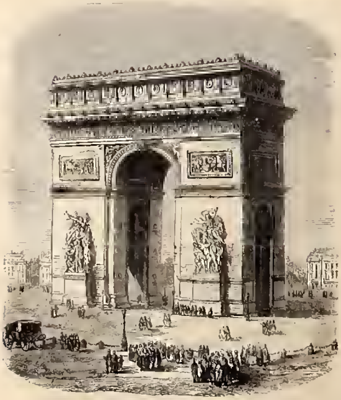
PORT ROUGE, NOTRE DAME



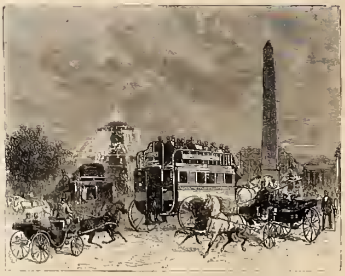
REAR-VIEW OF NOTRE DAME



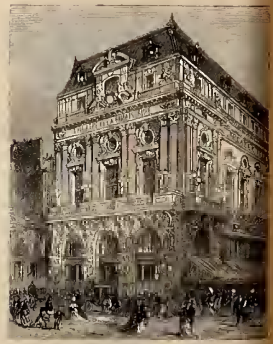
SAINT BERNARD



THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE DE L'ÉTOILE



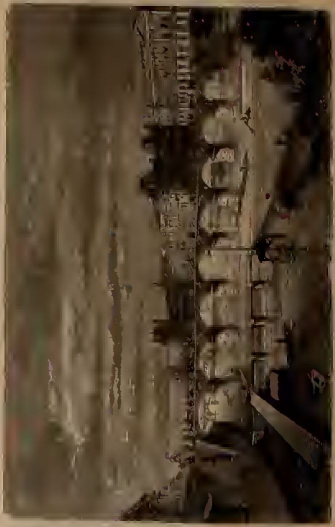
THE OBELISK OF LUXOR AND THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE



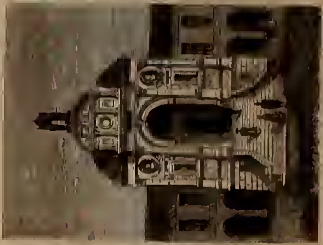
THÉÂTRE DE LA RENAISSANCE

PARIS ILLUSTRATED

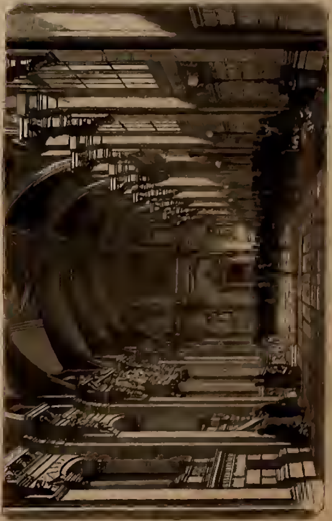
PARIS ILLUSTRATED



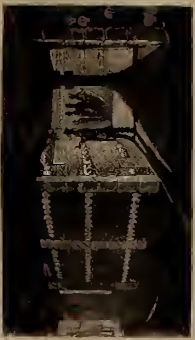
PONT DES ARTS



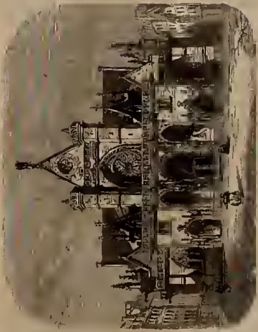
THE CONSERVATORY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES



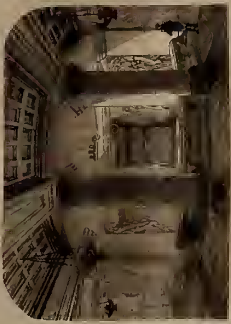
NEW HALL OF THE PALACE OF JUSTICE



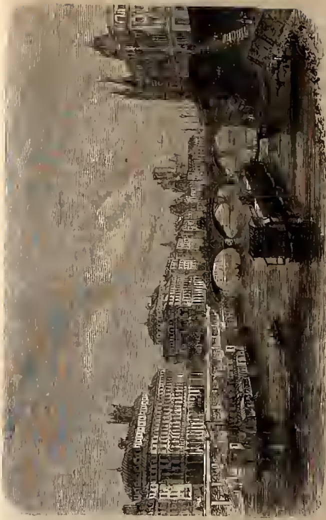
THE CATACOMBS



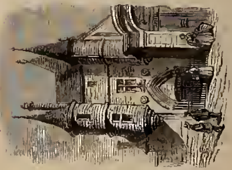
ST. GERMAIN L'AUXERROIS



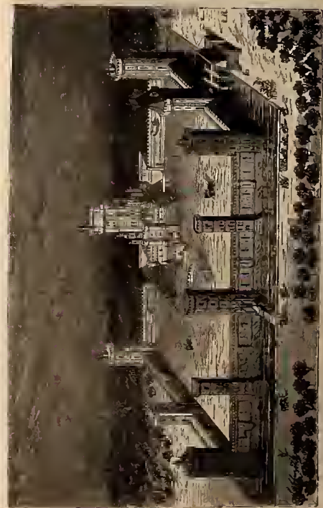
THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON I.



PONT AU CHANGE, THE PALACE OF JUSTICE, AND THE THÉÂTRES DU CHÂTELET AND HISTORIQUE



THE NATIONAL RECORD OFFICE



VINCENNES IN THE 17TH CENTURY

"The Monks of Thelema: an Invention," by Walter Besant and James Rice, authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," &c. (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus).—This "invention," as the authors style their very clever work, is not properly to be considered a novel, but an extravaganza, a *jeu d'esprit* where whim and fancy have freest play, and in which we have no right to ask if a situation is probable so long as it is striking or amusing. Alan Dunlop, the hero, a young man eminently well born, and the owner of many broad acres, besides the magnificent old mansion of Weyland Court, has fallen, during his career at Oxford, under the influence of "the Great Movement of the Nineteenth Century," that is to say, "the project for advancing humanity by digging ditches and making roads." He conceives that he has a mission to reconstruct society by showing by personal example on the small scale of his own estates how culture—"what his friends called 'the Higher Culture'"—may coexist with the necessities of the roughest daily toil. So he establishes a co-operative farm under the management of a bailiff, and, clad in the orthodox smock-frock, takes his place among the tillers of the soil, abandoning Weyland Court for a two-roomed cottage, and trying to subsist on the eighteen or twenty shillings a week he can earn as a field-labourer. Meanwhile he makes over the Court to a community of young ladies and gentlemen, whose one *un*monastic rule is the saying of Rabelais, "*Fay ce que vouldras*," and who lead together the pleasantest life attainable, due regard being continually paid to all the proprieties and to "gentlehood." The doings of the community of Thelema have, however, but a slender connection with Alan Dunlop's experiment in social reform, which, of course turns out a most disastrous failure. He is cheated and plundered on the grand scale on all sides, and first and foremost by his rascally bailiff; the labourers resent his presence amongst them as an intrusion, and give him as wide a berth as possible; and his eloquent tracts on the advantages of the institutions he has provided for their benefit—a Co-operative store, a Good Liquor Bar, a Public Bath and Laundry, &c.—fail to impress their stolid minds, fast bound to the chain of custom. At last Alan, determined not to be beaten, conceives the desperate resolve of bridging over the gulf between himself and his people by taking a wife out of their ranks, and is only saved from carrying out this insane project by a little conspiracy among his friends at the Court, which leaves the girl married to the real man of her choice, the young gamekeeper, and Alan free to be happy with the Abbess Miranda, the lady with whom he discovers he has been, without knowing it, in love all his life. The history of Alan's perplexities, trials, and troubles in his self-chosen career of carter, thatcher, and the rest of it is, at the first, exquisitely entertaining, so entertaining, indeed, that it seems almost ungrateful to say aught but good of a book which we have read with so much delight. We must, however, remark that the charm of an extravaganza of this kind lying wholly in its surprises, the subject is dwelt on at undue length. Much the same criticism is applicable also to the proceedings of the community of the Abbey. A marked feature in the book is its satire on the pretensions and affectations of the rather priggish school among us who profess to be disciples of "the Higher Thought" and "the Higher Culture" in art and philosophy. Of this school we have a brilliant specimen in Mr. Paul Rondelet, Fellow of Lothian College, Oxford, who is certainly a most amusing sketch, though the caricature is a little too broad and exaggerated. Satire of this "Neo-Paganism" seems a favourite theme with novelists just at present, as Messrs. Besant and Rice here are but following in the steps of Mr. Mallock, Mr. M'Carthy, and the anonymous author of "John-a-Dreams." But no matter what criticism it may be open to, "The Monks of Thelema" will be memorable among the books of the year for its ingenuity and the bright sallies of fun and gaiety we meet with in pages, and cannot fail to be appreciated by readers who come to its flights of fancy in a sympathetic mood.

"Poganuc People: Their Loves and Lives," by Harriet Beecher Stowe (Sampson Low, Marston and Co).—Those whose idea of Mrs. Beecher Stowe as a novelist is based upon recollections, probably somewhat dim and indistinct, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be likely to get quite a new impression of her powers from this really delightful volume. It is a picture of life such as it was sixty years ago in a mountain village in Connecticut, which may stand as a type of New England villages in those days on which the author manifestly looks back with some regret, "when its people were of our own blood and race, and the pauper population of Europe had not as yet been landed upon our shores." The "humours" of the various strata of Poganuc society, the conflicts between the established Congregationalism and the Episcopalianism which was just beginning to raise its head in New England against heavy odds, the religious revival, and the celebration of the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence in days when men could still remember the great struggle, are brought before us with much truth to nature and animation, and no little humour; while the descriptions of the oncoming of the late New England spring, and the glories of the brief New England summer, are exceedingly pretty. The characters, too, take hold of us as the author meant that they should. Dolly Cushing, the dreamy little enthusiast, so very a child for all her quick and solemn fancies, makes a charming child-heroine; whilst from Hiel Jones and Nabby Higgins we have abundance of genuine Yankee humour. Mrs. Stowe is evidently at home in such scenes as she here depicts, and we can only hope she may give us some more of them. That she could write powerfully the world knew from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but the sobriety and simplicity of taste, and high artistic finish of execution which we find in "Poganuc People" are gifts with which, we confess, we did not credit her.

"Corrafin," by the author of "Marley Castle" (2 vols.: Tinsley).—In the specimens of Irish wit or Irish blundering, and the broadly comic situations which abound in these pages, we are reminded not a little of the earlier novels of Lever, though, of course, what we have here is but a pale reflection of the exuberant drollery and geniality which constitute the attraction of "Charles O'Malley" and its companions. For the love story, which forms the backbone of the tale, we do not greatly care. It is full of strange complications and misunderstandings; and we are left at the last in doubt whether the hero, who is united to the lady of his love on what desponding bystanders regard as his deathbed, will recover to be happy with her or not, though from a parting word let fall by the author there is room for the sympathetic reader to hope for the best. The book can hardly be deemed a success, but there is, perhaps, good enough in it to make a kindly critic hesitate to pronounce it a total failure. There can be no doubt, however, that the episode of the elopement of the young wife with the brother-officer and intimate friend of her husband is one that on all grounds had much better have been omitted.

We have received "Frozen Hearts, a Romance," by G. Webb Appleton (3 vols.: Samuel Tinsley), a tale of a highly sensational and melodramatic character, not altogether without merit of its kind, though the kind is one for which we have little admiration; also "Irene's Dower," by Charles Deslys, translated by Mrs. George Henry (Remington and Co.), and "The Baron of Eppenfeld; or, The Poor Clare, a Mediæval Romance," by J. J. Hayden (Samuel Tinsley).

HUBERT HERKOMER

Like many other artists who have greatly distinguished themselves in England, Mr. Herkomer is not English by extraction, or even by birth. He was born at the village of Waal, in Bavaria, on the 26th of May, 1849. Both his parents were employed, though without much worldly success, in the practice of art; his father was, and still is, a wood-carver of singular taste and skill. When their child was two years old they emigrated to America, and four years later, in the same vain search of fortune, to England, where they settled in Southampton in 1857. The early development of the artist was much retarded by ill-health and limited means. In his father's workshop he picked up the rudiments of his education, and with them the intense desire to be a painter. At the age of thirteen he entered the art-school at Southampton, and won a bronze medal before he was fourteen. In 1865 the elder Mr. Herkomer received a commission to carve a series of life-size figures after Peter Visscher, and for this purpose he migrated with his son to Munich. They arrived in that city just one week before the Vorbereitungsschule, or preparatory art-school, closed; but within that time Hubert Herkomer had contrived to draw a head of Demosthenes which won the hearty praise of Professor Echter, and that distinguished man did much to further the boy's studies. At Munich he attended a life-school for the first time, and was making great progress, when the fear of losing his English citizenship forced the father to return to London before the winter was out. In March, 1866, Mr. Herkomer entered the schools at South Kensington, and after working through the term of five months was obliged to return to Southampton. His energy, however, was indomitable; he went round the town, and succeeded in firing so many young men of his own standing that a life-school was started in Southampton. Among his associates was Mr. E. J. Gregory, since so distinguished as a powerful draughtsman. At Christmas the young painters opened a modest little exhibition of their works, and Mr. Herkomer had the pleasure of selling his first picture. In 1867 he went back to South Kensington, but little distinct progress could be recorded. The next year the young artist, having recovered his strength, determined on an original experiment. He lodged himself free of rent on some straw in a ruined house in the village of Hythe, on the other side of Southampton Water, and managed to live there for a considerable time on the very minimum of means. He rose at 3 A.M. each morning, and painted two pictures by which he made his London *début* in the Dudley of 1869. The result of this success was that he came up to town to try his fortune, suffering greatly from inexperience and poverty, but already winning friends by his manifest genius. Of these friends one of the earliest and kindliest was Mr. Edward Dalziel. In Sussex, in the autumn of 1869, he painted a large water-colour drawing, entitled "Hoeing," which was sent in to the Dudley of the next spring, and to the young artist's infinite surprise and delight, hung not merely on the line, but in the place of honour. It was about this time that Mr. Herkomer became connected with *The Graphic*, in working for which paper he gained, so he considers, the greatest and the most valuable part of his art-education. The volumes of *The Graphic* from 1869 to 1873 will be found to contain many of Mr. Herkomer's most spirited and most serious compositions. He was now raised above the painful anxiety that had so long worn him, and he continued to advance very rapidly in power and originality. His drawings on wood for *The Graphic* attracted very much attention, and he received commissions to execute many of these designs in water-colour. In 1870 he went to Trèport, in Normandy, and there painted "Reading War News," which had so much success in the following year. It was as early, too, as 1870 that there appeared in *The Graphic* the first rough draft of the composition of the "Chelsea Pensioners," a subject that at first pleased no one but the manager of the paper, who commissioned the artist to paint him a water-colour drawing of it. In 1871 Mr. Herkomer, in conjunction with his old friend, Mr. Gregory, was invited to join the Institute of Water Colours. The same year he spent six months painting in the Bavarian Alps. From this time forward Mr. Herkomer's career has been a series of successes. In 1873 his first Academy picture, "After the Toil of the Day," enjoyed a great reputation, though too closely painted, perhaps, in discipleship of Walker. In 1874 the Institute contained a number of works, particularly the charming study called "Im Wald," which proclaimed more decidedly the painter's essential originality. In 1875 came the almost unparalleled success of the "Pensioners." It is said that when this work was brought before the Committee of the Royal Academy, weary as they were with a long day spent in judging mediocrities, they could not refrain from clapping their hands in genuine admiration. Some of them, Mr. Richmond and Mr. Leighton in particular, wrote to congratulate the artist before the day was over, and when the public was admitted to the galleries, every class of society unanimously confirmed the technical judgment of the artists. In 1876 Mr. Herkomer exhibited the melancholy Bavarian picture called "At Death's Door." It 1877 he painted a masterly portrait of Herr Wagner, and another Bavarian subject, the "Bittgang." It is not possible in so short a notice as this to enumerate nearly all the works of so fertile a painter. He was represented, as every one knows, in the Academy of this year by a singularly striking and beautiful rendering of no less commonplace a subject than old women drinking tea in the workhouse. He has filled this unpromising theme with the tenderest pathos and humour.

It would not be just to give the details of Mr. Herkomer's career without mentioning that beneath the brilliant success which is all that the world sees, he has had, even of late, to struggle against such burdens and disabilities as few men have the courage to withstand at all. Every step he has taken upward in his art has been the reward of concentrated energy and determined resistance. In 1876 he accidentally discovered that he was possessed of extraordinary mesmeric powers, and he is of opinion that this discovery will be, and has been, of considerable service to him in painting. It may be mentioned, moreover, that among his many accomplishments he includes that of music, both as composer and executant. Mr. Herkomer is a member of the Liverpool Society of Painters in Water Colours, of the Brussels Institute of Water Colours, and of the Royal Society of Water Colour Painters in the Hague. He has just received the greatest distinction that Europe can give to an artist—one of the Grand Medals of Honour of the Universal Exhibition at Paris.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

STREET STRANGERS

Whether they have made their fortunes, as some beggars are said to do, or whether they have departed to happier hunting grounds it is impossible to say, but certainly one misses a great many familiar objects from London streets—pitiable objects many of them, but for the most part such as excited annoyance more than pity. I allude to the social highwaymen and women who used to be patrollers or haunters of certain districts which they made their own, some with a sorry pretence of earning a living by minstrelsy or mart, others being beggars pure and simple. The Vagrant Acts, however, swept away many of these, or drove them to fresh branches of the craft, for, in spite of the changes that have been made, there are doubtless as many preyers upon the charitable as ever there were, stringent rules having merely driven them to more ingenious ways of appealing for coin. Among those I miss is the very big-featured man whose loss of legs seemed to be so much capital, and who passed his life in the Blackfriars and Walworth roads, helping himself along with a stick and short crutch, making pauses here and there, and then supporting himself with what, to my youthful imagination, seemed to be a wooden letter T, which he used as a kind of perch, what time he practised a mournful imitation of the gobbling of a turkey upon a clarionet that might have been in the wars where its master lost his legs, so bound and rebound was it with hempen thread and wax. I miss, too, that joyous band of five blind men, who used to walk in a row along the kerb, scraping away on stringed instruments, from the little fiddle to the biggest bass, the varieties of the latter being supported on a wooden leg, upon which, as they were moved, they seemed to stump along like some of old Tom Hood's comic monsters, leering out of the crooked slits on either side of the strings, and emitting dreadful grunts. Those five blind fiddlers played some kind of tune, no doubt, in parts for harmony, but what the tune was no one I ever knew found out, and they rasped away at the rate of half a mile an hour, while the consumption of rosin was awful to behold.

There was a dreadful man, too, whom in childhood I looked upon as a kind of demon, so fearful were his ways and works. I can remember running away, and hiding with my fingers in my ears, when at intervals he came into our street, for so painful were the sounds he produced to me, that, like some dogs when a piano is played, I could have howled aloud, and only the fear of ridicule kept me silent. That man's appearance was, for some reason or another of the most vague nature, associated by me with eternal punishment. The trephining of a schoolfellow's head with a silver plate and "Foxe's Book of Martyrs" had something to do with it, but what I do not know. All I know is that this man produced nerve-torturing sounds that made me cry, and that he wore a tin cap like the top of a Chinese pagoda, all bells, which he jangled by no means sweetly, while by means of his elbow he beat a drum hung on his back, clanged two cymbals together with his knees, blew with his lips Pan's pipes stuck within his breast, played the violin in normal fashion, and somehow jingled a triangle with his toes. It was all "no canny" to me, and now I bethink myself I fancy I connected him with the French artist Callot's imps in "St. Anthony's Temptation." At all events, he made my young life as miserable as did the waits who woke me at melancholy hours in the winter nights, whom the streets echoed solemnly as I lay quaking in my bed.

The old organs are gone, too, those doleful grinders with a top which raised up after the faded green baize, and revealed a scene of enchantment in the shape of a long saloon in miniature, with a looking-glass back, in front of which wondrous little wooden figures waltzed round and round while a group of musicians played. The music was not nice, and sometimes the figures irreverently danced to the Old Hundredth Psalm, or "Adeste Fideles," but they are all gone, and their jaunty successors, too, the jingling, wiry, portable pianos, save one whose top is open, and whose music faint, while rude boys go behind, and drop in stones, which the owner empties out by reversing his instrument in the most perfunctory manner, just as a trombonist draws his tubes apart to get rid of the water collected from his breath.

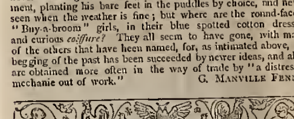
Talking of trombones suggests the ophicleide, not by any means a pleasing solo instrument; but there used to be a tall, gaunt, solemn man, who blew great guns out of a tarnished tube like the funnel of a small traction engine. I have neither seen nor heard him of late; neither have I heard that peculiarly-constituted band, composed of a trombone, harp, and big drum. It was a strange combination; the players all had red noses and played outside public-house doors. My idea always was that they were the relics of three separate bands—brass, quadrille, and orchestral—and that being the sole survivors, they had gravitated together and bound themselves by an oath never more to part. I have not seen them lately, but the last time we met the harp was looking like that of the past; its strings were few and the minstrel lazy and languid; but his brothers were vigorous in the extreme, the trombone player cutting and slashing away to the imminent danger of the public, and in some of the higher flights threatening mischief to a street lamp, while the drummer beat his vellum viciously, and as if he had a spite against the whole world; in fact, it was practically a duet between trombone and drum, and the effect was not pleasing in the extreme.

I miss in Oxford Street, too, the very clean, meek woman, in a white apron, with the three very clean, meek children, whose noses never wanted wiping in the bitterest winters. That woman never begged: she, so to speak, only *meeked* the carriage people, who beckoned her to the doors and awarded pence in papers as a premium to her cleanly ways. I have an idea that that woman retired on a competency; certainly she did not starve. More obtrusive were her friends the flower girls who appealed so loudly at the carriage doors to the "dear lady," and "keyind lady," till some coin or other was given, when, in place of thanks, the cunning pleaders brought out a dirty pawn-ticket, and appealed for more, so as to release some article of attire.

There used to be a sailor at a corner near the Edgware Road, who had the shortest stumps and shortest wooden legs I ever saw. He used to sweep a crossing there, and unconsciously give lessons to the young in the art of walking on stilts. For on watching him you became aware of the fact that when on two pieces of wood, whose base would be about an inch and a half across, it is impossible to stand still without a third support, supplied in this case by his stump of a broom. It must be another Hindoo gentleman that one sees now vending packets of scents. Probably he has succeeded to the business, with good-will and stock-in-trade. This one cannot smile as the one who carried on the business thirty years ago. He had a smile—a wonderful smile. Not a tremendous, carnivorous nigger grin, all teeth, but a gentle, rice-eating, appealing smile of lips and opalescent eyes—a smile that said quite plainly, "This is a cold and cheerless land, Mem Sahib; pity the poor Hindoo!" He always handed over his packet of patchouli with a shiver, and finished with a salaam, while his noble mien seemed to indicate the rajah robbed of his lands. His zenana, too, was often close by in the shape of a wonderfully ugly Englishwoman, with one eye and a corrugated face, who brought the rajah's dinner in a basin tied up in blue-dyed cotton, with a pattern all in check, like a Malayan *sárong*.

Thanks to police arrangements, those two exquisitely clean British workmen in white jackets are not now seen, with dwindled arms bound up tightly, till they resembled mummy skeleton limbs; nor the disgusting mock sailor who for several years suffered from the burns caused by the rain of blazing tar in a ship on fire at sea. This wretch used to parade the streets, and in a dismal recitative, as he turned his head in all directions upwards, as if on the look-out for drops of blazing tar, but really for dropping coppers, relate the horrors of the fire while he removed the rags from the loathsome sores. It was a profitable trade, for in the poorer districts the coppers came in, with an intermittent shower. The man who had the fits in the street, and used to drop down so suddenly, disappeared; but actually within the last two or three months the trick has been revived in North London by a man and a woman, the writer having been a witness of the seizures. The woman had a companion, both in the shabbiest and most sordid of rags, and the sufferer suddenly staggered, fell, and became rigid, with teeth clenched, and a foam, wonderfully suggestive of soap, appeared upon her lips. The companion wept, held up the head of the sufferer, and told the tale of their woes to the commiserating crowd, who, with the charitable instinct that makes one sigh and say "Poor creature," sympathised with small coin, till the approach of a policeman, or the proposal to carry the *fillee* to a doctor's, caused her gradually to come to. It was a mournful sight, associated as it was with squalor and misery; but after seeing the poor creature's sufferings in different places two or three days running, one grew callous, and admired the healing powers of Policeman X. The man had his fits alone, in retired roads of semi-detached villas, into which he was helped, and brandied and wined, going off afterwards humble and thankful to have another fit. But it was too risky a plan to carry on for long with the dread of wholesome diet and exercise at Clerkenwell for cure.

There is a tune called "Ararat" in the old hymn-books, and there are words generally sung to it beginning "Not all the blood of beasts." Years back a man with a woman and five small children used to make day hideous with that hymn. The party would range themselves across a narrow street, and slowly traverse it, turning themselves to right and left in search of charity. The man then began by giving out a line of the hymn, scraping the tune vilely upon an old fiddle, the line was sung at the highest pitch of every voice, voices worn shrill and powerful by usage, and so on through the whole hymn. The effect was maddening. Those children never grew any bigger for years. Perhaps they are grown up now, for I have not seen the harmonious band, nor yet the doleful-looking countryman who used to whistle a tune in a minor key in Red Lion Street on a Saturday night. Always the same doleful tune, not unmelodious, but melancholy in the extreme. Certainly the process was conducive to melancholy, but it brought in coin. The old ballad singers are scarce, too—those sweet duettists of the kerb. The respectable indigent family, who must have spent a good deal in pomatum and soap, and who all looked in such good condition as they stood there silent, father, mother, and five children—one in arms—downcast and awaiting alms which papa suggested by putting his cap before him on the kerb, with a big penny in it for a nest-egg—never more nor less: where are they? Our old friend the young man, with torn trousers and three-quarters of a shirt, is still to be seen hugging himself on very wet days, shivering and never soliciting alms as he goes delicately over the muddy pavement, planting his bare feet in the puddles by choice, and never seen when the weather is fine; but where are the round-faced, "Buy-a-broom" girls, in their blue spotted cotton dresses, and curious *coiffure*? They all seem to have gone, with many of the others that have been named, for, as intimated above, the begging of the past has been succeeded by newer ideas, and alms are obtained more often in the way of trade by "a distressed mechanic out of work." G. MANVILLE FENN



THE WEATHER AND AUTUMN CULTIVATION.—We cannot call to mind an October that has been more seasonable for all farming operations than the one that is now drawing to a close. There have been one or two severe gales. These were only partial in their effects; but the characteristics of the month were genialness and dryness, affording cultivators every chance of raising their late potato crops, and pitting them in good condition, and to scarify and plough their stubbles under the most favourable circumstances. It has not by any means been like that dismal October of Poe's in the "misty mid region of Weir." The leaves have not been yet quite withered and sear, after his fashion; October has not as yet conveyed any miserable feelings to agriculturists. Their view is that they have never started upon another harvest year with better prospects than those which the present month affords them. A large amount of ground has already been prepared, and in early localities a considerable amount seeded with wheat. Potatoes are lifting well, and freer from disease than was expected; there has been no check to the grass, which still grows luxuriantly, affording a good bite for sheep and cattle; and the roots promise to tide stock-feeders comfortably over the winter months.

BRITISH DAIRY FARMERS' ASSOCIATION.——The third annual show of this society, held at the Agricultural Hall last week and the week before, must be pronounced a success in every way—in the extent and quality of the exhibits of stock and dairy produce, in the prompt payment of the prizes to those who had won them, and in the more than fair attendance of visitors. The Stilton cheese manufactured by Mr. Nuttall, of Leicester, and set up in Cleopatra-Needle form in the centre of the hall, was not only attractive as a piece of ingenious architecture, but as indicative of how much more might be done in the way of cheese-making in this country than there is. It is not given, of course, to every one to be a Mr. Nuttall; but there is little doubt that our farmers generally might make more out of dairy produce, with proper attention to stock, than they can out of wheat, which last week was selling at under 40*s.* per quarter—a price that cannot well pay. Against foreigners we cannot compete in wheat. On the Continent labour is cheap and land rich; in America, if labour be dear, the soil is so fertile that it only requires to be tickled with a hoe to laugh into harvest; and, as freights are coming down in price, we may expect to see the imports of cereals increase rather than diminish. The soil and climate of the United Kingdom are admirably adapted for stock, and we have got the best raw material in the world to go upon for the manufacture of beef and mutton and the production of butter and cheese. It is to be hoped that the late Dairy Show will have acted somewhat after the fashion of a finger-post to show British farmers the road it would be right for them to pursue. Not that they should foolishly abandon the old track all at once; but they should gradually glide into the new, feeling their way as they go along without effecting violent changes in their system of cultivation.

GOOD ADVICE ON FARMING.——Mr. Mechi, in a letter to the agricultural papers, gives very good advice to farmers coming from lightish lands to such heavy clays as are encountered in Essex. He says:—"A farmer used to a friable, dry soil, workable at almost any time, feels perplexed and annoyed on our stiff clays, where horses and steam ploughs cannot go on the wet land for many days. . . . I once ploughed part of a field when wet for oats; frost did not come, so the furrow slices dried as hard as cast iron, and were too obdurate even for my Crosskill, so as rain did not come in time, we could not sow our oats until too late to get a crop. Strangers could hardly realise such a condition of soil, and should therefore consult local practice." This is very judicious advice on the part of Mr. Mechi. We have seen many a good farmer coming from light lands ruined in the course of a few years through despising local practices, and obstinately sticking to his own notions, which he found out in the bitter end "were too clever by half."

MISCELLANEOUS.——A memorial is to be erected to the late Mr. T. C. Booth, the eminent agriculturist, whose portrait recently appeared in *The Graphic*. It is not yet decided what character the testimonial will assume, but the general opinion seems to be in favour of a "Booth Scholarship," open to any school or college, to be invested in trustees for the benefit of children of the family of Booth, to be enjoyed first by the eldest son of the late Mr. T. C. Booth as long as required, then by the other sons in succession, afterwards by the nephews in seniority, and to return again to Mr. Booth's grandsons in succession. The Prince of Wales heads the list of subscriptions, which are limited to 5*l.* 5*s.*, and Mr. Jacob Wilson Woodhorn, Morpeth, is Secretary.—The entries for the Smithfield Club Cattle Show, which opens in the Agricultural Hall on the 9th December, and where prizes to the amount of 3,000*l.* will be awarded, close on the 1st of November. It may be mentioned in connection with the Show that Mr. James Gibbs and Co., Mark Lane, offer a hundred guinea prize for the best beast in the show, and 50*l.* for the best pen of three sheep.—The celebrated herd of polled Angus belonging to Mr. M'Combie, of Tillyfour, who may be said to have carried all before him at exhibitions of this breed of cattle for twenty years and more, have been sold. The sale, considering the dull times, was a good one. Twelve of the fashionable Pride family made an average of 63*l.* 14*s.* each, and forty-four animals an average of 43*l.* 11*l.*—The Mercers' Company has given one hundred guineas towards the prizes to be awarded at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show next year in London.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF QUARRELLING

GREGORY: Do you quarrel, Sir?
ABRAHAM: Quarrel, Sir! No, Sir.
GREGORY: If you do, Sir, I am for you. I serve as good a man as you!
ABRAHAM: No better.

—*Romeo and Juliet.*

IF a man is ever to make a respectable appearance in a wrangle he must, like a poet or a fisherman, be in a manner born with a quarrelsome disposition. The most hot-tempered person we know began life consistently in his cradle by falling out. Elia has proved that a sulky temper is anything but a misfortune to its owner; similarly a quarrelsome fellow has an easy life of it, as friends and family defer to him. But this may run into an extreme, and then it is at times difficult for him to find an opening for the exercise of his gift. It does not necessarily follow that a quarrelsome man is also a good hater. As a rule he is not, and then he can even lay claim to being virtuous; he can forgive and forget in a magnanimous manner when in reality he is unable to remember what originated his quarrel. But the man who possesses the finest genius for quarrelling is undoubtedly the good hater. Such an one has an immense advantage over the ordinary short-tempered fellow of common life, and existence will be much sweetened to him, as he can cherish a quarrel to an indefinite period, and signally prove the falsity of the commonplaces about forgiving as the weeks pass on, or when Christmas comes, or his adversary softens, and the like. A good hater who is fond of quarrelling is also an advantage to his friends and family. He will probably content himself with eight or ten interminable enmities, whereas he would otherwise be perpetually falling out with his acquaintances, like a man who should throw lighted matches about among barrels of gunpowder. Amongst imperfect civilisations quarrels are inherited, sons and brothers and clansmen must espouse the father's contention, and a healthy quarrel of this kind full of vitality is positively useful in drawing together families and dependents. The nearest approach to them at present is when husband or wife has to take up the other's quarrel, to blow up the flames of resentment in cool blood and proceed to overt acts of letter-writing or retaliation for some real or fancied offence which possesses no interest to the victim dragged into the altercation. A husband and wife in India went up-country to visit another couple living in tents (as the husband was a magistrate), some thirty miles from the nearest station. The men were devoted friends, and spent their time very pleasantly in hunting. The ladies were equally attached, and remained behind, satisfactorily tearing to pieces every male and female reputation of their acquaintance. One evening, just before the rains broke out, the men returned, weary and hungry, to dinner, and were met by their respective wives asseverating that they would not continue another hour in each other's society. Horses and servants must be ordered at once, said the guest, she must immediately leave "that woman." Finally they retired, the one to sulk, the other to pack up. Meanwhile the husbands, who did not want to quarrel,—wanted nothing in short but peace and dinner,—walked up and down the tent in meditation. Down came the storm. Tenders of reconciliation must be made to the ladies, but they were obdurate, and things began to look serious. Thirty miles through the jungle in such weather and at night and dinnerless was no joke. At length, when the equipages were actually at the door, the absurdity of the situation struck the principals. They immediately kissed, and have been firm friends ever since. All shook hands, the horses were countermanded, and the most pleasant of evenings passed. The good hater shakes his head at this impotent termination of a very promising quarrel, but it is possible to spite one's self too far.

A man with a bad memory cuts a poor figure in quarrelling. His feelings of pity and forgiveness then lie too close to the surface. If he is ever to uphold another's feud he must be prompted by some one of finer genius for wrangling, a wife, a maiden sister, or the like. Even then there is a fear lest the difference should smoulder or die out through the indifference of the ally. Your true swashbuckler is only too glad to accept every quarrel on its own merits without seeking for reasons why he need uphold it. It is with him "a very pretty quarrel as it stands. We should only spoil it by trying to explain it." But forgetfulness of what the slight was which originally led to the quarrel is not so unfortunate a defect in the wrangling disposition as unwillingness to nurse an injury until an opportunity arises for it to be resented. It is the temper which broods over its own injuries that constitutes a more accomplished quarreller than the hot-tempered, fiery nature which flashes out, but may be soon appeased. The difference between them is that between the sudden April shower and the persistent November deluge. Byron was true to human nature when he spoke of

The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

The wrath of Achilles sulking in his tent was more destructive to the Greeks than the sudden rage of Ajax. An exchange of angry letters lends itself to the heroic view of a quarrel more suitably than words or deeds. A reproach, a malediction, or a blow are soon over, but the penny post can prolong a quarrel and keep up a healthy irritation between two angry correspondents for many a day. The necessary forms of civility are observed for weeks, it may be, while sarcasm, rejoinder, and comment do their worst. When each party has accumulated a goodly pile of his adversary's missives, then, and not till then, need defiance proceed to threats, angry language, and lastly, exasperated silence. This form of quarrel—the epistolary one—it is noticed, possesses immense vitality, and a glance at the past correspondence will always resuscitate it when it languishes. The first condition of an interminable quarrel, young beginners should notice, is a smart interchange of angry letters.

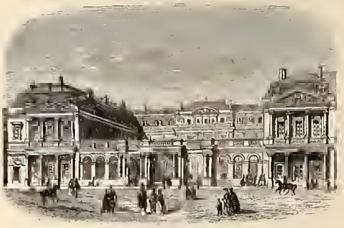
Amongst the many different kinds of quarrels, those of literary men and of rival journals are the most vehement. The former, indeed, are going out of fashion at present, but survive in the quarrel between Lord Chesterfield and Johnson, and notably in a case nearer our own day in the anger of Macaulay for "that varlet" Croker. Every one will call to mind instances of newspapers and journals which are at daggers drawn with some particular adversary, and of others, the free-lances of literature, which impartially attack all their contemporaries. Often these newspaper rivalries centre round some literary man's feud with his brethren, and then not unfrequently libel and law are the results. Lovers' quarrels are proverbially harmless, are necessary for the pair to find out each other's weak points, and always result in a renewal, even an enhancing, of love, as the Laureate tells us in a song spoilt by its recent alterations—

Blessings on the falling out
  That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love,
  And kiss again with tears.

Quarrels between husband and wife are what the Greeks would have called quarrels which are no quarrels. They lose what forms a great element of interest in altercations, as they must sooner or later be made up again. The model husband takes care not to push differences to an extremity, tides over troubles, and is serenely equable in disputation, remembering that it always takes two people to make a quarrel.

For some of the most inveterate of quarrels the moralist must resort to the country. There in multitudes of retired parishes he will find numbers of squires, big farmers, and the like who have not been to Church for twenty, thirty, or it may be fifty years, this being a common rustic mode of spiting the parson. Some miserable quarrel about Easter Offerings or a tithe pig first set the combatants at variance, and then the aggrieved rustic flies to what he considers the most telling weapon, staying at home on Sundays. When this Indian-like sitting at the parson's door to urge him into submission, as it were, has once commenced, all the overtures that the luckless clergyman makes are only viewed as so many indications of his being in the wrong. The mind of the average parishioner can never conceive such a thing as an honest wish to let bye-gones be bye-gones. Tenders of reconciliation are deemed treacherous advances, and the spiritual embargo is kept up with more spirit than ever. Pews and gravestones are also fertile subjects of quarrel in the turnip districts. Somewhere down in Beds, we believe, may be seen a monstrous monument erected opposite the vicar's front door, because he would not admit some unsuitable gravestone into the churchyard, while whole families to our certain knowledge have disestablished themselves owing to the rector's refusing them the pews they wished,—he, poor man, having no word in the matter, the wardens being solely responsible for the allotment of seats. Family quarrels are another lasting source of enmity. They have a tendency, like the Maelstrom, to suck every outlying member of the family into them, and to assume larger proportions daily under the influence of party feelings and prejudice. The quiet nephew or serene son-in-law is inevitably dragged into the disturbance, however little he may care for the original cause of rupture, and good-tempered cousins and ordinarily charitable daughters-in-law turn furies for the nonce, wreathing their coils of brown hair with snakes, shaking torches and summoning their sisters to alliance, like Tisiphone herself. Hence come numberless disappointments when wills are read, life-long coolness between people who would at heart like each other's society, and much wrapping up of conscientious high-minded souls in their own togas, as they stalk forth upheld in poverty by pride and resentment. Indeed the saddest effect of most quarrels consists in the misery and unhappiness which they so often bring to innocent disputants who have unwillingly been brought into the mystic circle of repulsion. Death composes many altercations, but seldom perhaps a family quarrel.

The dispassionate observer is struck with amazement when he thus sees extremes meeting, the polished manners of the Victorian age reviving the Ishmaelite state of living which precedes settled institutions. Similarly, the good-tempered man who cannot nurse a slight for years, cannot remember an injury, and whose first impulse is to shake hands even with his greatest enemy, wonders what demon possesses his friends when he finds them all quarrelling around him. A healthy quarrel, however, makes some amends to society by affording a trustworthy test of character, both with reference to those who give way to those hot tempers fit only for "lions and bears," as Dr. Watts informs us, and those who withstand them. The natural termination of a quarrel used to be a duel. That is now out of fashion, and in its place coolness, "cutting," and total estrangement, it may be for a life-time, result. We are not sure that society or morality has gained by the change. It is certainly unpleasant to have your best friend brought home mortally wounded by a shot through the lungs, but to lose half-a-dozen relatives for life, because of some family difference pushed to an extreme, is perhaps a worse calamity. As Parliament has appointed Bank Holidays, it were much to be wished that, in the spirit of the ancient Truce of God, it would order every quarrel to be compounded on the Quarter Days, enjoin all wranglers to shake hands and forget their grievances at these times, or, if they wished next day to renew them, would compel them to take out a five-shilling licence for doing so.



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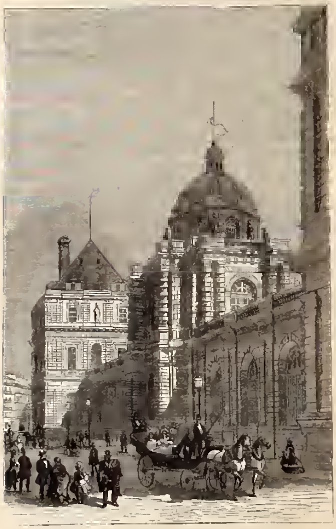

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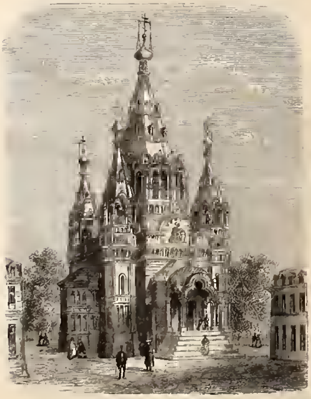
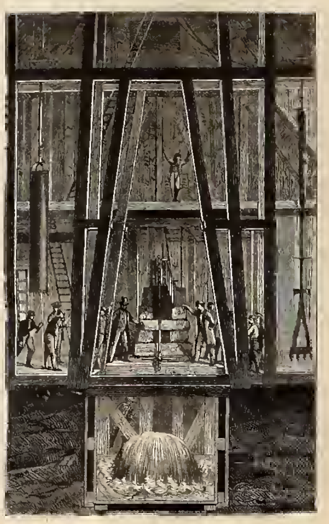


RUSSIAN CHURCH



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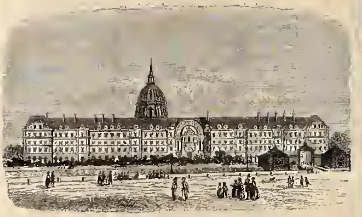

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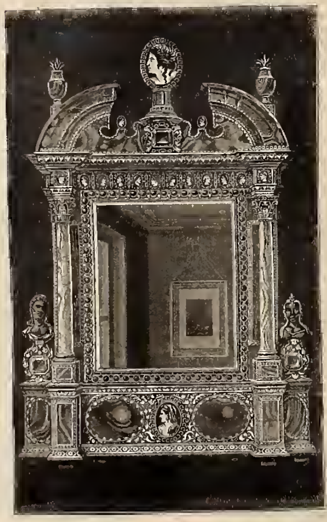
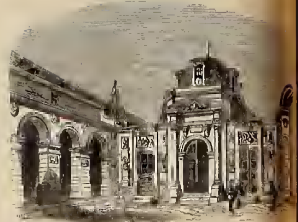


MIRROR OF MARIE DE MEDICIS IN THE GALLERY OF APOLLO OF THE LOUVRE



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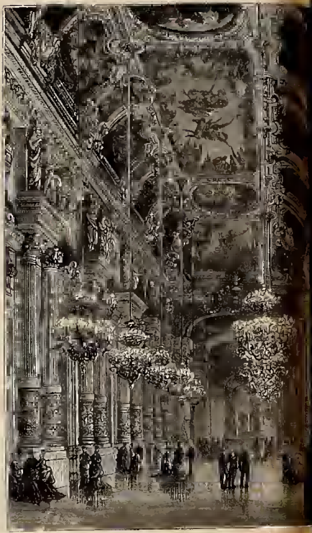

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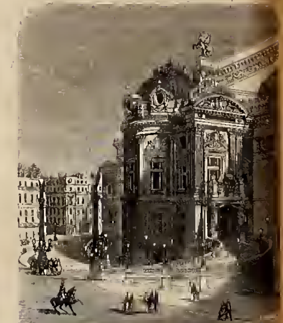

THE PAVILION OF THE OPERA

PARIS ILLUSTRATED

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVIII.—No. 466
Printed on Thin Paper for Foreign Post

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1878

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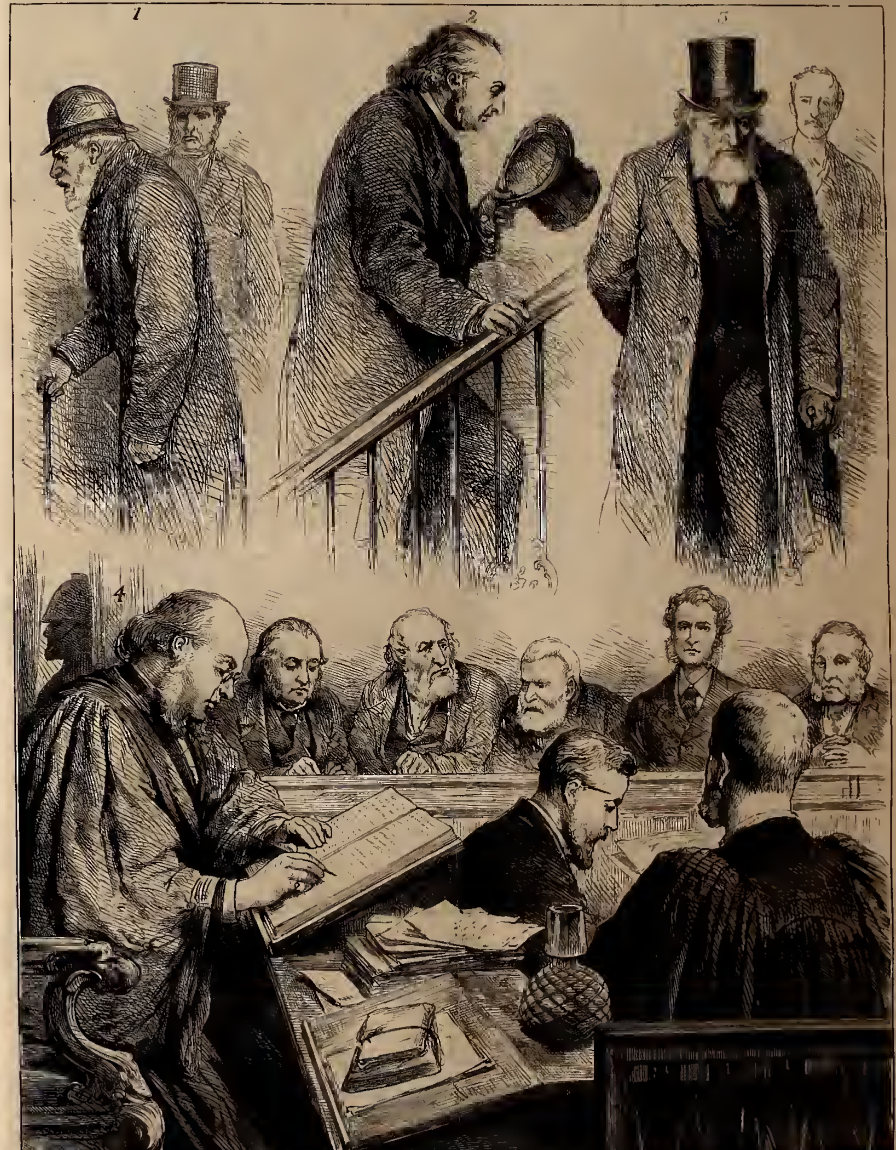

1. One of the Directors on the Way to make his Declaration before the Sheriff.—2. The Manager after the Declaration.—3. One of the Directors being brought before the Sheriff.—4. The Directors before the Magistrate.

THE FAILURE OF THE CITY OF GLASGOW BANK

Topics of the Week

Russian Intentions.——It is impossible to deny that the prospect in the East has for some time been becoming steadily darker. The Russian troops, instead of preparing to evacuate Turkey, are apparently settling down for a long occupation of their present quarters, and it is clearly the aim of Russia, if she can, to tear the Treaty of Berlin in pieces, and to substitute for it the Treaty of San Stefano. As regards Afghanistan, her newspapers—which do not say anything very serious without permission—are speaking out with bold and cynical frankness. They admit that Russia has made trouble for us there for the express purpose of tying our hands in Europe, and proclaim that we must not be allowed to seize Afghanistan because then India would be safe and Russia robbed of the fruits of her victories in Central Asia. In these circumstances the English people can hardly help asking with some anxiety, whether or not they are about to be plunged, against their will, into a war with Russia. For our own part, we are inclined to think that this is not her immediate purpose. A war, even with Turkey, would at present strain her resources; to fight England would be, as the Czar must well know, to run the risk of disaster, which might lead to bankruptcy and revolution. On the other hand, it would be foolish to act as if this were quite certain. The very difficulties in which the Russian Government finds itself at home may impel it to seek an outlet for national passion in a great foreign enterprise; or it may suppose itself to be so near the splendid prize for which it has contended that it is willing to play a perilous game in the hope of success. If this is not its intention, it is exhibiting an audacity which has hardly a parallel in modern history. In any case there can be little dispute as to the duty of the English Ministry. The Treaty of Berlin has only just been signed, and whether it is a wise or a foolish Treaty, our honour and our interests now compel us to see that its provisions are executed. If we allowed it to be set aside, we should justly forfeit our place in Europe; and, in the opinion of the great majority of Englishmen, we should trifle with what are perhaps the greatest responsibilities ever imposed upon a people. Sir Stafford Northcote warned Turkey the other day that she must fulfil the Treaty; but Russia, not Turkey, is the Power that needs to be warned. Turkey has done her part as well as could have been expected of her; Russia is acting as if Europe had never intervened, and as if we had no right to criticise her policy. A strong remonstrance would force her to reveal her designs, and perhaps to display some respect for the first principles of international law; whereas, if we kept silent, she may go so far on her present path as to make a peaceful retreat impossible. The Government is in a very trying position, and its sole chance of triumph is to insist decisively on the carrying out of the settlement to which Russia herself has solemnly given her adhesion.

Landlords, Farmers, and Labourers.——There are some subjects over which the journalist, however able or eloquent he may be, exercises very little influence. All the compositions of antiquity, lost or existing, probably did not equal in bulk the comments of the Press on the recent Lancashire Strike. Yet for any effect they had in settling the dispute they might just as well have never been written. The struggle came to an end, as wars usually do, through the exhaustion of the weaker party. But though the people actually engaged in a money-dispute will rarely listen to the advice of a third party, the public at large may benefit by his homilies, and probably these copious newspaper discussions taught many persons more than they ever knew before as to the merits or demerits of a strike. Early in the year the farmers and their labourers stood in the position of disinterested third parties towards the Lancashire combatants, now they seem likely in some districts to occupy the part of principals. We wonder whether they learnt any lessons worth learning from the millowners and operatives of the North. Now that the farm-labourers have shown that they are no longer isolated atoms, but can present (as in 1874) a firm and united front, their employers are probably unwilling to provoke a general strike, otherwise (if for the moment we leave the landlord out of sight) their arguments point strongly in favour of some eduction of wages. Up to this year they have had a series of disastrous seasons, they cannot hold their own against foreign corn, and even foreign meat is becoming a serious rival. But, as the labourer spends the bulk of his income in the very things which the farmer grows, the low prices which pinch his master benefit him. With a cheap foreign loaf, the farmer argues, and with cheap American cheese and bacon, the labourer can well afford a shilling or two cut off his wages. But the question remains whether more permanent relief cannot be afforded in another direction. Landlords are not likely to reduce rents, so long as they can get solvent tenants for their farms, and this they are pretty sure to do in a crowded wealthy country where so many people are ready to farm for amusement rather than for profit. But landlords would in the long run increase their own rent-rolls, and would certainly put more spirit into their tenants, if they gave long leases, and allowed far more liberty than they now do in the management of the land for which rent is paid. At present the tenant is too often at the mercy of the landlord's baibff, and so he farms in a hand-to-mouth fashion, never realising the sweet sensation of independence.

The Ruined Shareholders.——We are heartily glad that it is proposed to raise a national subscription on behalf of the unfortunate shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank. It would be easy to marshal a long list of arguments against such a proposal in ordinary cases of commercial disaster. Nothing would be more unwise than to convey the impression that people who choose to speculate for wealth have a chance of being saved from ruin by pitying onlookers. But there was nothing like speculation on the part of those who are now about to be reduced to poverty. They invested their money in bank shares because it was supposed that bank shares were absolutely safe; and they seemed to be even more than usually secure in the present case because of the reputation of the directors for religion and virtue. To the young and vigorous the blow is not overwhelming; but unfortunately there are among these shareholders a great many helpless women, who, if they are not aided, must at once pass from comparative affluence to menial employment or to the workhouse. Widows and elderly maiden ladies appear, for some reason or other, to have had a preference for the City of Glasgow Bank; and it was also in high favour with clergymen, and with old men who had retired from business. Had there been the least warning of the crash, these sufferers would have excited less sympathy; but there was nothing to indicate danger. The dividends did not rise above the average, and without "second sight" the public could hardly have suspected that a gigantic fraud was being committed by grave and philanthropic Free Kirk elders. If ever there was a case for the free outflow of generous sympathies, this is one; and we have very little doubt that the community will respond liberally to any appeal which may be addressed to it. Even in England we should expect that a good deal will be done; but the Scotch themselves must, of course, be the chief contributors. The claim upon them is very strong, for they have not only to soften an appalling calamity, but to remove what is almost a stain upon the national honour.

King Alfonso.——If the Socialists as a body throughout Europe are in any degree responsible—we do not allege that they are—for the recent attempts at regicide in Germany and in Spain, they could not have hit on a surer device for bringing their doctrines into disrepute. In one case the assassin aimed at a greybeard who, whatever may be his faults from a Socialist point of view, was an indefatigable worker in his country's service; in the other case the assassin aimed at an amiable youth who has done no one any harm, and who is still mourning for the loss of a much-loved wife. These successive blows must have caused a sense of dismay in every Royal House in Europe, for it was not so much the man that was struck at as the King impersonated in the man, and therefore every monarch and his heirs as well are rendered more or less uneasy. Those who have felt it know that the fear of assassination is one of the most wearing of all terrors. In the case of crowned heads and their relatives, who are compelled to be much in public, it engenders a constant feeling of suspicion. Every strange face is scrutinised, guards are doubled, policemen in citizen garb are hired to mingle with the crowd, spies are listened to. Hitherto, owing to the greater self-restraint of the population, Continental kings have been able to mingle among their subjects in an easy, unceremonious manner, untroubled by the staring and pushing which are too prevalent in England; but for the future, until the dread of assassination grows faint from non-repetition, they will be more inclined, like George the Fourth in his declining years to hide themselves from public view.

The Liberals and the Government.—— Sir William Harcourt made an interesting and clever speech on Tuesday, but it had one great defect; it was from beginning to end altogether negative. Everything the Government have done in connection with the Eastern Question has been, he maintained, wrong; they have simply plunged from one blunder into another. And occasionally he must be admitted to have proved his case, for it would be amazing if, in so vast and complicated a controversy as that which has been going on for three years, serious mistakes had not been committed on all sides. After all, however, at the present stage, when the question of peace or war is still unsettled, the country cares very little for mere criticisms of the past; what it wants is guidance for the future, and for the immediate future And it has very good reason to expect that men in Sir William Harcourt's position will lay down the broad lines of a positive policy. For, of course, the Liberal leaders do not criticise the Government for the mere love of criticising; they desire to lower it in the public esteem and to take its place. What would they do if the Tories were turned out? Would they reverse all that has been done, or would they simply give effect to the principles on which Lord Beaconsfield has hitherto acted? Their silence indicates that they have really no answer to these questions. In that case, their clear duty is to refrain from hampering the Government; for that they do hamper it by bitter tirades is beyond question. Englishmen, of course, are unmoved by speeches delivered at this late date. They have finally made up their minds on the whole subject, and are not now likely to hear anything that can shake their general convictions. But the case is otherwise on the Continent, and especially in Russia. The utterances of public men are one of the chief means by which the Russians find out our intentions; and when they learn that politicians like Sir William Harcourt fiercely assail the Government, they very naturally assume that we are too divided in our councils to act with firmness. It was a mistake as to our real purpose that led to the war with Turkey, as a similar mistake had, years before, led to the Crimean War; and, if we are not careful, Russia will again act under the influence of a complete delusion. When the Liberals have a strong Eastern policy, they will be entitled, and bound, to speak out; but in their present wavering temper their own interests and the interests of the nation require that they should keep as much as possible in the background.

School Board Fees.——Some years ago it was found that, in spite of the efforts of various voluntary educational organisations, there were a vast number of children whose parents either could not or would not send them to school. An immense fuss was made at that time about the "religious difficulty," and it was supposed that thousands of British parents would gladly send their children to school, but were debarred by conscientious objections respecting the religious teaching prevailing in the only establishments which were accessible. Well, Parliament ordained the creation of School Boards, and the London School Board (the only one with which we have at present to deal), after a brief period of apparent torpor, displayed wonderful activity, and built numerous schools in various parts of the town. The authorised teaching in these schools, as everybody knows, is purely secular, the expense of supporting them is defrayed by the rate-payers, and the fees were fixed at a very low figure, so that the very poorest might come in. Up to the present time some of the experiences of the new educational system are not altogether encouraging. The so-called "religious difficulty" is proved to be a myth. There are still people who do not send their children to school, but neither formerly nor now were they or are they actuated by any such conscientious scruples. The real truth is that they either could not or would not pay the fees demanded, or else they wanted the services of their children at home. Even now, with low fees and compulsion, the children of this class are with difficulty got to school. But the worst of it is that the better paid artisans, who formerly contentedly provided money for the fees of the voluntary denominational schools, now send their children to the Board Schools on account of the lower fees exacted there (thus getting part of their children's teaching paid for out of the rates). These well-to-do children fill up the Board Schools, the result being that there is not room in them for the street Arabs, while the parents of the latter (who are not too willing that they should go to school at all) are naturally not inclined to resort to the half-empty voluntary schools where they would have to pay higher fees than the Board tariff requires. We see only two ways out of the difficulty: either the Board fees must be raised, or the voluntary schools must be subsidised on condition of their lowering their scale of payment.

Foreign Decorations.——The mass of the British public have very little sympathy with the outcry of the English exhibitors at Paris against the rule which prevents them from receiving foreign decorations. There are solid reasons why the Government should not go out of its way to procure for them this particular form of advertisement. Every one acquainted with Continental life knows how eagerly toys of this kind are sought after Officials of all ranks scheme and labour to obtain them, English and American officials alone, at foreign Courts, stand outside the ignoble strife; and the result is that they assume an independence of bearing which is of much advantage to their respective Governments. When they have occasion to be more than usually active their motives are not so liable to misconstruction as those of their colleagues of other countries, and they are removed from the influence of a kind of bribery which is all the more dangerous for being indirect and delicate. It would be surprising if any English Government sacrificed these obvious benefits in order to flatter the vanity of a few ambitious manufacturers. Another argument of some force is that if facilities were given to English citizens for obtaining foreign orders our own decorations would soon lose any value that attaches to them. The British tradesman, seeing a new chance of puffing himself and his wares, would soon be known at every Court in the world as a candidate for honours; and, as he is on occasion capable of lavish expenditure, there is no reason to doubt that the authorities of a good many countries would be found gladly to respond to his wishes. When orders were thus degraded, who would care to obtain even those which are sparingly granted at home? On the whole, Englishmen had better content themselves with such chances of distinction as have hitherto been open to them. It is true that not many ordinary folks can hope to secure even the least exalted English decoration; but, after all, life may be tolerable without the right of attaching a bit of ribbon to one's coat. And there is a certain dignity in the present arrangement which ought to appeal to the pride of a people usually supposed to be the proudest in the world.

Health in Town and Country.——Sanitary matters always come to the front when the Social Science Congress meets, and among these there cannot be a subject of more importance—remembering that nowadays the bulk of the population lives in large towns—than the question whether it is possible to render existence in great cities as healthy as it is in rural districts. Much has undoubtedly been effected in this direction; London, for example, though six or seven times as large, has a far lower death-rate than prevailed in the reign of Charles the Second. But can we, short of building a score or more of Hygeiopolises—a conception at present belonging rather to the regions of Utopia than to those of practical life—can we hope to make our towns much healthier than they now are? A great deal, certainly, may be done by the enforcement of strict sanitary rules, by the clearing away of dilapidated habitations, and by the official inspection (which we have often recommended) of all houses let out in apartments; but are there not causes which render town life unhealthy which are beyond all municipal control? Among these may be reckoned the sedentary employment of the bulk of the population, and the dissipations, the late hours, and the excitements which are inseparable from vast aggregations of human beings. Will it ever be possible to breed in great cities tall, well-developed muscular men and women? How many such are there in London at present, the genuine London-bred children of genuine London-bred parents? Very few, it is to be feared; and hence we conclude that but for the country districts the bone and stamina of England would soon be non-existent.

Funeral Tents.——Many a cold, often severe, and sometimes fatal, is caught by attending a funeral. The principal mourners are generally already below par in point of health, worn with anxiety or with close attendance in a sick room, it is therefore little wonder that they should catch a chill after standing on damp grass, and often exposed bareheaded to the rain. We venture to suggest that, at all events during the winter months, a tent, of sufficient capacity to cover the average number of mourners, and furnished with a carpet of tarpaulin or some such waterproof material, should be erected over the grave, so as to afford shelter to the clergyman and his congregation during the concluding portion of the ceremony. A few minutes would suffice to set up and remove the tent, as there is always a sufficient staff of grave-diggers present whose services would be available for this purpose. We commend the idea to the notice of Cemetery Companies, and we feel pretty sure that, if feasible, it would be highly appreciated by the public. It is now comparatively rare for ladies to be present at funerals, for the simple reason that their attendance involves grave risk to health; but they would often pay this last tribute of respect to the deceased, if they could feel certain that they would be protected from the inclemency of the weather while standing by the open grave.

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Notice.——Mr. Sydney Hall, *who was our Special Artist during the Franco-German War, will shortly sail for* Canada, *in order to make Sketches for this Journal on the occasion of the* Arrival of the Marquis of Lorne *and H.R.H. the* Princess Louise.

AMUSEMENTS

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE. Sole Lessee, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.—The National Drama at the National Theatre.—Shakespeare's Tragedy MACBETH at eight o'clock, SATURDAY, Nov. 2, TUESDAY, Nov. 5, THURSDAY, Nov. 7, with Locke's celebrated music, increased orchestra, and numerous chorus. Macbeth, Mr. CHARLES DILLON; Lady Macbeth, Mrs. HERMANN-VEZIN. Shakespeare's Romantic Drama, A WINTER'S TALE, at eight o'clock. MONDAY, Nov. 4, WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6, FRIDAY, Nov. 9. Leontes, Mr. CHARLES DILLON; Hermione, Miss WALLIS, and Paulina, Mrs. HERMANN-VEZIN. Supported by Mr John Ryder, John C. Cowper, Edward Compton, Atkins, Calhaem, Howard Russell, Harsley, E. F. Edgar, Shepperd, Tritton, &c. Mesdames Hudspeth, Fanny Huddart, Fowler, &c. Preceded, every evening, by THE UNFINISHED GENTLEMAN. Conclude with a Comic Ballet by the Lauri Family. On SATURDAY, Nov. 9, Shakespeare's Tragedy, OTHELLO. Box Office open 10 to 5 daily. Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling. Prices as usual. Treasurer, Mr. James Guiver.

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NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. G. Conquest.—Every Evening at 7, the Great Drama, written by Messrs. Conquest and Pettitt, entitled THE ROYAL PARDON. Messrs. Conquest, James, F. Dobell, Nicholls, Syms; Mesdames Verner, Victor, &c. To conclude with every Evening the celebrated Burlesque of GUY FAUX. Messrs. G. Conquest, Nicholls; Mdlles. Inch, Ormond, and Laura and Ada Conquest. On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, a Grand Display of Fireworks in the Grounds.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Tuesday Next, "A TREMENDOUS MYSTERY," by F. C. Burnand, and MRS. BROWN'S HOME AND FOREIGN POLICY, by Mr. Arthur Sketchley.—EVERY EVENING, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8. Every Thursday and Saturday, at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place.

MASKELYNE AND COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL.—EVERY EVENING at Eight, and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoons at Three. A programme of inexplicable illusions and mechanical wonders. Music by Mechanism is Mr. Maskelyne's latest and greatest achievement. The performance of Fanfare, the Cornet Player, and Labial on the Euphonium, are just now the attraction and talk of the entire kingdom, the Press having spoken in terms of unqualified praise. Private Boxes from 21s. to 2½ Guineas; Stalls, 5s. and 3s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.—W. Morton, Manager.

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HAMILTON'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, HOLBORN, will OPEN for the Season on SATURDAY, Nov. 16, with HAMILTON'S EXCURSIONS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC and through the United States, a Journey of 120,000 Miles in 120 Minutes, and a GRAND PANSTEREORAMA of PASSING EVENTS. Superb and Costly Scenery by the First London Artists. Startling Mechanical Changes and Effects. Music, Vocal and Instrumental, by Selected and Talented Company of Artistes. The interior has been re-embellished, and a new stage constructed. Full particulars will be duly announced.

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THE GRAPHIC

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Our Illustrations

THE GLASGOW BANK FAILURE

The directors, manager, and secretary of the City of Glasgow Bank have all been committed for trial without bail. To secure this desirable end an additional charge of embezzlement or theft was entered against them, which, unlike the rest, deprives them of the right to claim liberation on bail, though of course it will still be in the option of the judge to grant it to them if he thinks fit. The police have a warrant for the arrest of Mr. James Nichol Fleming, but have not yet managed to lay hands upon him, although it is thought that instead of going to Spain, as was rumoured, he is hiding in London. Another ex-director is said to have taken flight, and the whereabouts of several other persons not on the Board, but supposed to be concerned in the frauds, is not known. The prisoners are all in good health, but are stated to suffer much mental anxiety. A first call of 500*l.* per 100*l.* share has been made upon the shareholders, so that even should no further calls be made, people having only one fifth of their property in the Bank will be absolutely ruined. The distress is so widespread and so complete that it beggars description. One of the Scotch newspapers tells of a widow lady with a family, whose handsome inheritance was all either in shares or on deposit in the bank, and who, when the smash came, was left with just fifteen pence in her pocket. Many suggestions have been made for the amelioration of the suffering. One is the formation of a Salvage Company to buy up the assets for slow realisation, and another the formation of a Relief Fund for the benefit of the poorer depositors. Our sketches require little explanation. No. 1 is a portrait of Mr. Salmon, one of the directors; No. 2, that of Mr. Stronach, the manager of the Bank; No. 3, that of Mr. Potter, another director; whilst the remaining sketch shows the interior of the Central Police Court, Glasgow, on the occasion of the second examination before Mr. Stipendiary Gemmel, when on the application of Mr. McPhee, the Procurator-Fiscal, all the prisoners were remitted to the Sheriff of Lanarkshire.

THE BRITISH FLEET IN THE EAST

Although the British fleet has quitted the immediate vicinity Constantinople, the vessels have by no means left the Sea of Marmora, and still remain within an easy sail of the Golden Horn. Artaki Bay is situated on the south-eastern shore of the Marmora, is sheltered by a broad projecting peninsula, and affords tolerably good holding ground and partial shelter against all winds, except those between south-west and north-west. The anchorage is at the head of a gulf of no great length, and with a wide open mouth, ready for the reception of the heavy seas sent rolling in by the westerly gales which, during the winter months, alternate with strong north-easterly winds along the shore. This gulf, or rather bay, is formed by the Artaki promontory, a triangular-shaped piece of land, once an island, but which is now joined to the mainland by a narrow neck of sandy ground. Two villages are situated on this peninsula, one on the westward, off which the fleet lies, being called Artaki, and the other bearing the name of Peramo. The peninsula was once renowned for the partridge shooting it afforded, but, owing to indiscriminate slaughter the birds at present have now become few and far between.—We are indebted for the sketch from which our illustration is taken to a naval officer, who writes, "The bay is most picturesque and almost land-locked, being bounded by mountains and high hills, brilliant with varied tints and green foliage."

CYPRUS IN EVELYN'S TIME

Our engraving is taken from a drawing by the famous John Evelyn in 1672, and represents the town of Larnaka as it appeared after a century of Turkish rule, which, in little over a hundred years, had reduced the population of Cyprus from 711,000 in 1571 to 40,000. As we have previously fully described this town and its surroundings we need do no more than point out the quaint phraseology and curious mixture of English and French which John Evelyn employs in the titular description of the sketch, such as "Greece's Church," "La Musque," The original sketch is in the possession of the Evelyn family, our engraving being reproduced from a tracing by Captain Malton, and bears the inscription "Cyprus. Salines and L'Arnica as they appear att sea—bearing N. N. W."

THE AFGHAN CAMPAIGN

PREPARATIONS—A SHOT AT THE "AMEER"

The news that Shere Ali, the Ameer of Afghanistan, had refused to allow our mission to Cabul to proceed, was, as everyone expected, the signal for a force to be ordered to proceed to that place. Here are some officers, brushing up their revolver shooting, in hopes of having to put it into execution against Afghans of a more substantial nature than the one who is now manfully and with unmoved countenance sustaining their fire.

REMINISCENCES OF THE MALTA EXPEDITION

The subject of this sketch is the return of a Ghoorkha warrior to his native land. True, he has no wounds to show, no medals decorate his sturdy breast, no spoils has he of the defeated enemy. Still if fortune had given him the chance, there is no doubt that the possession of all these would have been his. He is surrounded once more by the natives of his own land. He explains, with much satisfaction to himself and his hearers, the new rifle with which he is armed. A Parsee examines the "kookerie," thinking with horror what execution it would effect on his stout person if engaged in hand to hand conflict with its owner. The Bombay policeman stands aloof smiling complacently on a scene which he from his military position patronises with some condescension.

ATHLETICS IN A BOMBAY NATIVE INFANTRY REGIMENT

Here is depicted the weekly athletic meeting of the regiment. On the right are the European officers. Their necks are surrounded with garlands of flowers, which is the native custom on all occasions of *fête* or display. One officer has just arrived, and a group of native officers are adorning him in this way. In the foreground are the wrestlers and other athletes, slight, active men, as a rule, with good muscular development. The other two sides of the square are formed by spectators. In the centre two Punjaub wrestlers are going through the gestures which natives always indulge in preparatory to closing with each other.

LANDING ICE IN BOMBAY

One of the large ships, with a cargo of ice, of which two or three annually arrive in Bombay, has just come in, and her cargo is as rapidly as possible being removed, first in native boats to the bunder or landing-place, and thence in bullock garis to the cooler regions of the ice-house. The sight of the large white blocks as they are carried up the steps by the coolies, who seem except in name in no way to partake of the nature of their burdens, is in itself refreshing to the eyes of the onlookers, who gaze with eager eyes over the wall above, while the Indian sun overhead glares down with angry heat, as if annoyed at the intrusion of such Arctic products into his tropical domain.

On one or two occasions the non-arrival of an ice ship has been the cause of an ice famine, and the discomfort of that is hard to be imagined by any one who is unacquainted with Bombay, its heat, and the thirst for cooling beverages caused thereby.

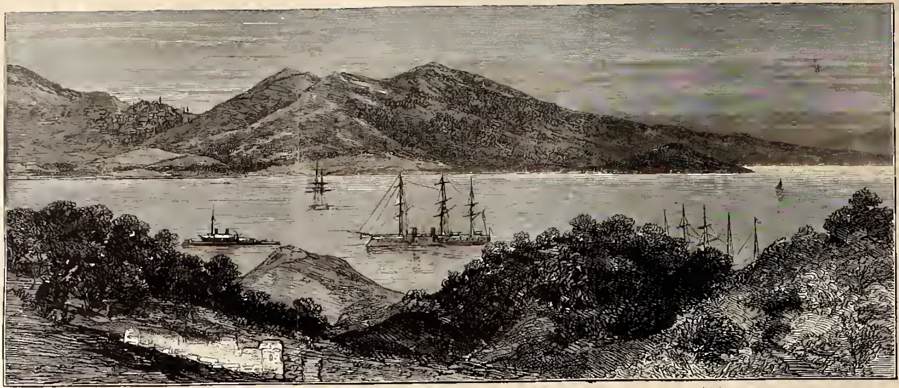
SKETCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA

MOUNTED INFANTRY

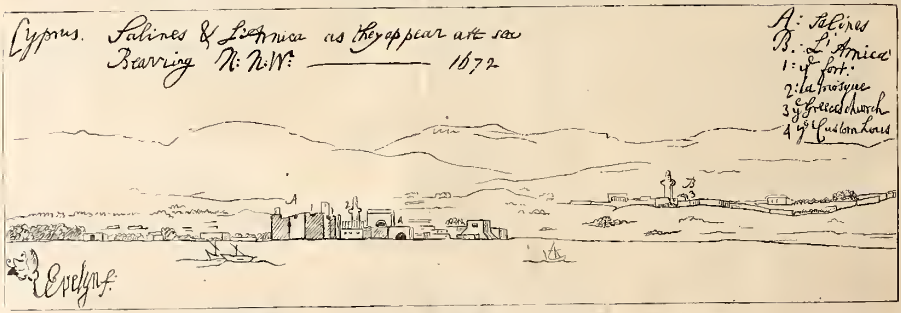
The territory in which hostile operations are being carried on extends over a vast space, and locomotion is very different to what it was in the Franco-German war, where the campaigning ground was covered with a network of railways and excellent roads. Travelling is less easy amid the rugged hills and tangled bush of South Africa, and as foot-soldiers were not able to move with the required celerity, detachments of infantry were mounted for the occasion. Our sketch depicts a mounted detachment of the 88th, and shows the manner of the men's equipment. The soldiers wore brown corduroys instead of their uniform black trousers, and looked none the worse for the change.

CAPTURED KRAAL IN THE PERI BUSH

This drawing forcibly shows the density of the forest in some parts of South Africa—as, for example, in the Peri Bush. The trees are tall and grow close together, as in the woods of North



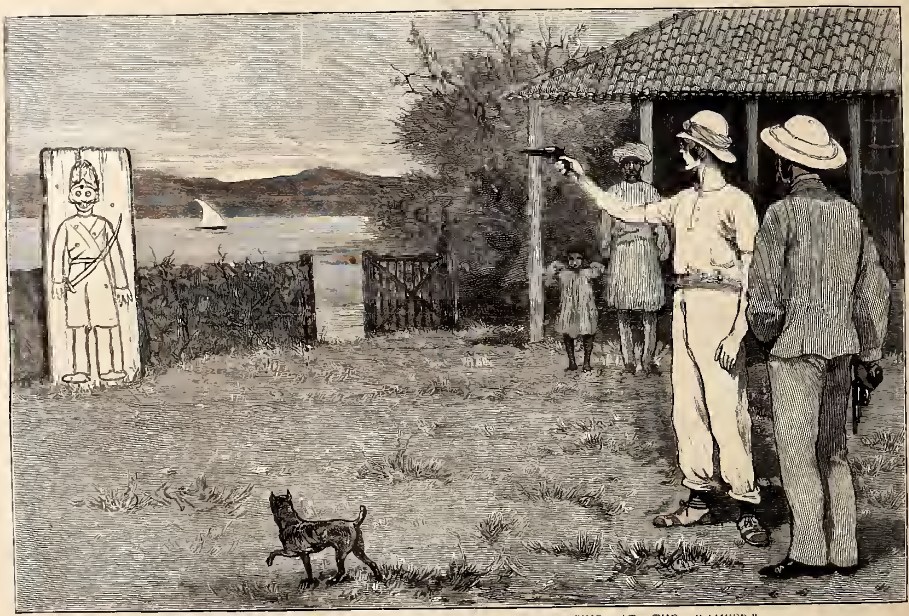
THE BRITISH FLEET IN THE BAY OF ARTAKI, SEA OF MARMORA



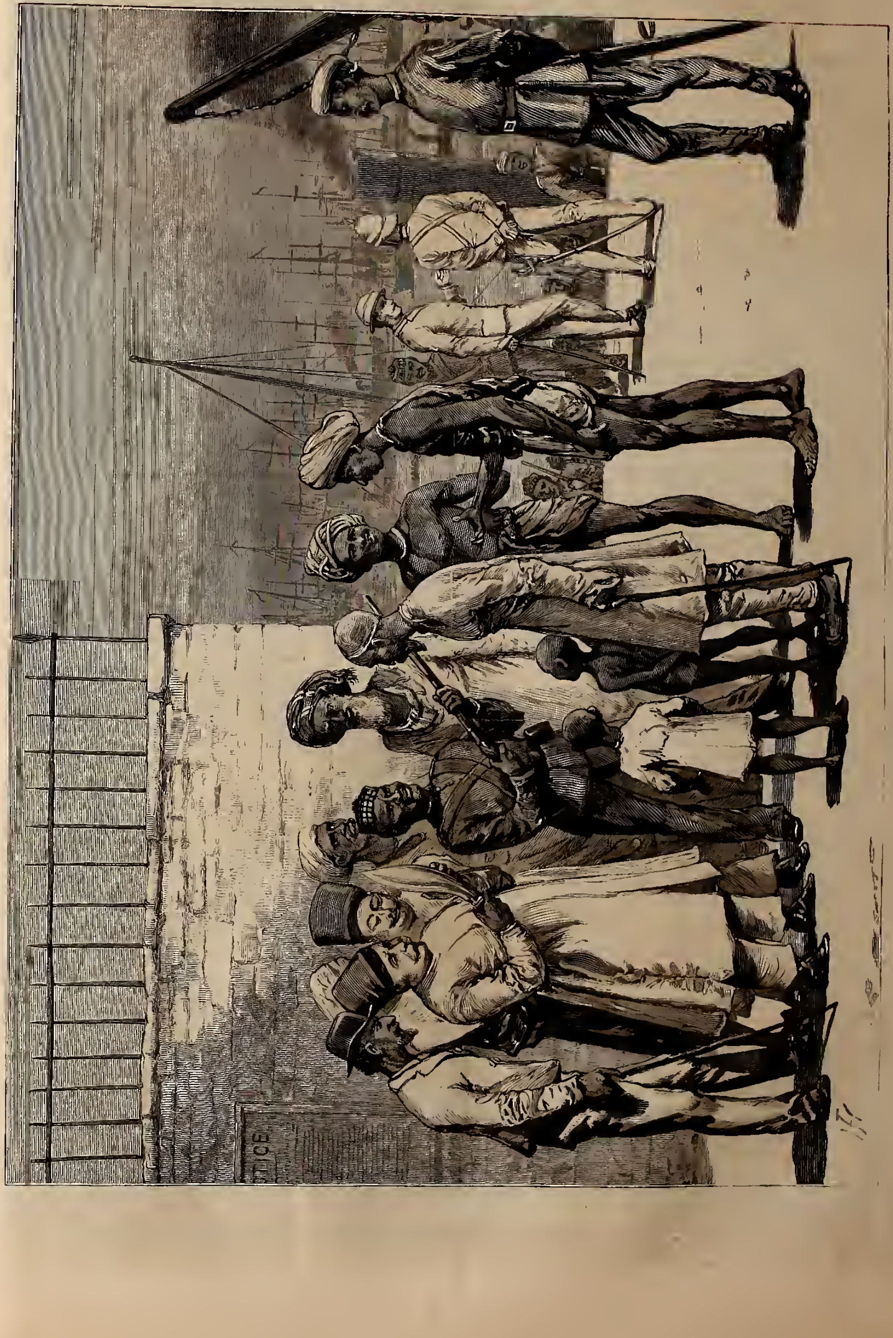
A. Salines.—B. L'Arnica (Larnaca).—1. Ye Fort.—2. La Mosque.—3. Ye Greece's Church.—4. Ye Custom Hous.

CYPRUS—VIEW OF LARNACA

FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY JOHN EVELYN IN 1672, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY



THE AFGHAN CAMPAIGN—PRACTISING REVOLVER SHOOTING AT THE "AMEER"



"THE WARRIOR'S RETURN"—ARRIVAL OF A GHOORKA AT BOMBAY FROM MALTA

America, and, what with this and the dense undergrowth of smaller shrubs, a native encampment is scarcely visible till one is actually upon it. Hence the difficulty of dislodging the hostile Kaffirs from their fastnesses. In this illustration the kraal has been captured, traces of the previous struggle being visible in the broken horn and in the corpse of the native stretched under the flimsy cover of his habitation.

THE RECENT CHURCH CONGRESS

See page 454

AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE IN THE HOLY LAND, X.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

The present Garden of Gethsemane is in the shape of an irregular quadrangle, the circuit of which is about seventy paces. It is now enclosed by a hedge, as the pilgrims used to injure the olive-trees which it contains. These seven venerable olive-trees, with trunks burst from age and shored up with stones, are said to date from the time of Christ. Some of them are of great age and size; but as there is no mention of old olive-trees here before the sixteenth century, and as Titus and Hadrian cut down all the trees round Jerusalem (the Crusaders found the whole region absolutely destitute of wood), these trees cannot be coeval with the time of Christ, though they may be remote descendants of those which then grew here. The olive oil yielded by the trees of the garden is sold at a high price, and the rosaries made from the olive-stones are in great request. Inside the wall there is a passage, shut off from the garden, with fourteen oratories. The Tomb of the Virgin is visible in one of our engravings. Here, according to the legend, she was interred by the Apostles, and here she lay till her "Assumption."—These two engravings are from photographs by Mr. Frank Mason Good.

THE ROCK OF ANDROMEDA AT JAFFA

Whenever there is a slight sea on at Jaffa there is considerable danger in getting from the shore to the packet-boats in the roads. The basin which forms the harbour, in which only small craft can find refuge, is guarded from the rougher sea by monster rocks, against which the waters break furiously all day. The boat we engaged to carry us from the town to the packet in the roads was large and strongly built, and manned by a crew of stalwart Arabs and Syrians, who strained every muscle to pull through the narrow channel between these rocks at the mouth of the harbour, to one of which an ancient myth chains the fair Andromeda. She must indeed have suffered much from her bath till Perseus came. It was with some anxiety that many of our passengers looked towards those black rugged rocks as our strong crew, who stood up to their oars, pulled us safely through into the lumpy water outside.

This is not the only source of anxiety, especially to lady passengers, on embarking on board the packet at Jaffa, for when arriving near the Austrian Lloyd, or Messageries steamers, the shore-boats bump and jostle one another terribly, and it is with difficulty that we succeed in gaining the deck-ladder of the packet, for one has to wait the opportunity when the sea drives our shore-boat level with the first stair. Then the passenger gives a frantic jump, and almost realises the sensation of standing alone in space, so suddenly does the small boat drop from under. Very few passengers have much appetite for the excellent dinner the Messageries cook prepares that evening, and there is a general affection for the solitude of the cabins for many hours after leaving Jaffa and the Rock of Andromeda.

A TRIP TO THE SJŒGERDELS FOS IN THE HARDANGER FJORD, NORWAY

The Hardanger Fjord is one of the largest and most beautiful fjords on the west coast of Norway, and being only twenty-four hours' distance from Bergen, is a favourite trip for tourists, more especially since the Sjœgerdels Fos, or, as the falls are sometimes called, the Kingedals Fos, were first made popular by Mr. W. Matthieu Williams in "Through Norway with a Knapsack." "It is a very beautiful waterfall," he writes, "about 600 or 800 feet high; the stream just grazes the rock nearly all the way, spreading into a snowy sheet, and throwing out a vast amount of spray. It is something like the Monge fos; not so high, but the quantity of water is much greater, and is the most beautiful fall I have seen in Norway, but not the grandest. There is no difficulty in approaching it." Two of our illustrations represent the aspect of the falls viewed respectively from a distance and from a point close at hand; and, regarding the others, our artist writes:—"The costumes I depict are those habitually worn by the natives. Little or no food is to be procured from the small 'gaards,' or farms, which are found on the hills round the fjord. Consequently milk, which happily can be obtained, is in great request, and we did ample duty to it, although, coming from the goat and not from the cow, it might have tasted better. But as hunger is the best sauce, so thirst should make the best vintage. This fjord is accessible from Bergen in twenty-four hours; from Christiansund in two days. A trip made to the Hardanger Fjord will well repay the small expense it costs. This fjord is the scene of more than one of the well-known Tidemand and Gude's pictures."

MILITARY SKETCHES AT UPNOR

We have here some of the humorous incidents of life in a military encampment. The troops under instruction are divided into two sections, one of which represents the "enemy," and any one attempting to cross the lines is regarded as either a spy or the bearer of a secret message, and taken before the officer on duty, who subjects him to a searching cross-examination, besides making a minute inspection of his uniform, in the hope of finding some important despatch concealed in his boots, the padding of his tunic, or the lining of his pickelhaube. The whole affair is conducted with something more than mock gravity, for the documents taken from the "Intercepted Envoy" may reveal the strategetic intentions of the "enemy," and thus lead to his defeat. Next we have an unfortunate warrior, while his comrades are in full retreat has fallen into a "trou de loup," a sectional view of which is also given in order that the uninitiated may properly appreciate the charming contrivance. Imagine the indignation of a colonel or major, middle-aged and corpulent, and somewhat irascible in temper, caught in one of these wolf-traps, and having to surrender ignominiously, perhaps to a beardless youth fresh from Sandhurst. In our next sketch is shown a piece of gentle playfulness on the part of a newly-fledged officer. Let us hope that he discovered his mistake in time to make good escape before the colonel, so rudely awakened from his blissful dream of victory or promotion, had time to sally forth and get a glimpse of his features. If not, we fear to think what punishment the court-martial would award for such an outrage upon one's superior officer. Our sixth subject shows some of the difficulties with which a conscientious officer sometimes has to contend when, in the confusion and excitement consequent upon a sudden alarm, he receives contradictory orders from the various staff officers. As he cannot well "advance," "retire," and "move to the right" all at the same time, he stands stock still, mops his perspiring brow, and mentally curses his ill-luck. Our last sketch fitly illustrates the stern sense of duty, not to say obstinacy, of the British soldier. The sentinel has been ordered to let no one go by without the pass-word, which, as he emphatically observes, is *not* "Humpire." He means to do *his* duty, although the consequences may be that the umpire may be incapacitated from performing his function, and the defeated army be awarded the palm of victory, or perhaps no verdict at all be given as to the result of the day's manœuvring and fighting.

THE SIX DAYS' PEDESTRIAN CONTEST

The arrangements made by Sir John Astley for this race were certainly more satisfactory than those under which the last competition took place. On that occasion O'Leary had the immense advantage of a separate track, and his tent accommodation was infinitely superior to that of his rivals; but in the present struggle no one is favoured any way. All use the same track, and each has a snug little tent to which he retires when he leaves the track for rest or refreshment. The track, which is composed of fine soft tan, is ten feet wide, and exactly one seventh of a mile in length. The chief prize, guaranteed by Sir J. Astley, consists of 500*l.* in money and a challenge belt, worth 100*l.*, for the man who gets over the longest distance. The belt, however, will only become the absolute property of the winner after he has successfully held it against all comers for a period of eighteen months, the matches to be contested in London. As in the last race, when O'Leary carried off the prize, the competitors are to "make the best of their way," either by walking or running, each resting as often and as long as he thinks proper. The start took place on Monday morning (just after the stroke of midnight), Sir J. Astley making a short speech to the men, wishing them good speed, and expressing a hope that all would compete fairly. There were twenty-three competitors, but these have been gradually weeded out, Holmes being the first to retire, which he did at 10 A.M. on Tuesday, after completing 70 miles only. Hayward put in 119 miles before giving up, and Vaughan, who looked to the last all over like winning, had done 200 miles at 4 A.M. on Wednesday, when he finally left the course in consequence of his ankle giving way. On Thursday, at 12.30, the foremost six walkists were in the following order—Corkey, 333 miles; Brown, 327; Crossland, 299; Weston, 296; Rowell, 296; and Hibbert, 291. The struggle goes on continuously day and night in the presence of judges and reporters, but the Hall is only open to the public from 6 A.M. to 12 P.M. The attendance on Monday was something like 10,000, and the still larger numbers which have attended on subsequent days is a proof that the public interest in such exhibitions has certainly not decreased. On Wednesday an attempt was made to light the Hall by electricity, but the power used was not sufficient, and for once the electric light was beaten by gas. We have already expressed our doubts as to the utility of these long endurance contests, and need not here repeat them.

HOME.

Political Affairs.——Many political speeches have been delivered during the week and, as a matter of course, those of the Liberal Party have mainly consisted of attacks, more or less violent, upon the foreign policy of the Government. Sir W. V. Harcourt, at Scarborough, on Tuesday, characterised the Home Secretary as a commercial traveller anxious to pass off the damaged wares of the firm to which he belonged, and said that there was only one member of the Government who had the wisdom to hold his tongue, and that was the sagacious politician at its head. No one knew better than Lord Beaconsfield that when they were in a desperate scrape the best thing to do was to keep quiet. He ridiculed the idea of Cyprus being employed as a strategetic centre, and said that it had only been acquired to cover an impending defeat at Berlin.—On the same day, at Birmingham, Messrs. Chamberlain and Muntz, the borough members, proposed and seconded a resolution, which was adopted, declaring that the unconstitutional extravagance and reckless policy of the Government, with regard alike to foreign and Indian affairs, was calculated to imperil the interests and to impair the honour of the nation, and that by a dissolution of Parliament an appeal should be made to the country to decide for itself the grave issue of peace and war, and of constitutional as opposed to personal rule.—At Huddersfield, Mr. Leatham, addressing his constituents, said that the Government policy was one of tights and spangles, differing only from the tights and spangles of other mountebanks in this, that while their's were proverbially cheap, those of Lord Beaconsfield were abominably expensive.—Mr. Farley Leith, M.P. for Aberdeen, has also addressed his constituents. He regards the Berlin Treaty as a hollow truce unlikely to render peace durable, denounces the Government for its extravagance in a time of such depression, and thinks that war with Afghanistan, which he looks upon as inevitable, will cost 25,000,000*l.*—Lord Carlingford, speaking at the Radstock Working Men's Institute, expressed doubt as to the wisdom of acquiring the Fiji Islands, the Transvaal, and Cyprus, and said that the Minister who should venture to annex Afghanistan to the Crown of England would deserve to be cashiered.—Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P., is somewhat milder in his opposition. Speaking, at Deal, on Monday, he said that although he believed that the Government were wrong in their Eastern policy, he abstained from an adverse vote on the calling out of the Reserve forces and on the Vote of Credit, believing that in the crisis it was patriotic to show an united front to the world. He condemned the Imperial policy of the Government, but abstained from expressing an opinion on the Afghan Question until all the facts were before them. If the country had been insulted he would support the Government, but nothing should induce him to uphold injustice and oppression. Mr. Sidebottom, M.P., speaking at Stalybridge on the same day, reviewed the legislation of the past session, and said it would be a folly to attribute the depression of trade to the conduct or action of the Government. He defended the conduct of the Government in the Eastern Question, and said it was better to spend six or eight millions in keeping out of a Russian war than to spend a hundred millions as in 1855.—Mr. Butt, M.P., has written a letter formally disowning any sympathy with the "party of independent opposition and indiscriminate obstruction," which he regards as immoral. He declares he would not hold his seat on the condition that he should adopt it. The Peterborough election has resulted in the return of Mr. Fitzwilliam, the Moderate Liberal candidate, who polled more than the combined scores of his two opponents, Mr. Lawrence (Conservative) and Mr. Raper (Advanced Liberal). Mr. Potter retired from the contest before the polling commenced.—The Earl of Dufferin has been warmly welcomed in Ireland on his return from Canada. On Monday he landed a Londonderry, and was presented with congratulatory address, and on Tuesday reached Belfast, where a similar greeting awaited him.

The Social Science Congress.——The proceedings in the various sections which have met daily during the week have been so multifarious that we have only space for a bare enumeration of the subjects discussed. On Friday the business opened with an address by the Hon. G. Brodrick, on "Education," and papers were read on "The Simplification of the Evidence of Title," "The Expediency of Increasing the Number of Universities in England," "The Kindergarten System," "The Causes of the Depressed Condition of Industrial Enterprise," "Music," and "Dramatic Reform, and the desirability of obtaining a theatre not wholly controlled by prevailing popular taste." On Saturday Mr. Michael, Q.C., reviewed the progress of preventative and curative medicine, and sanitary science. He maintained that we were stronger and healthier than our forefathers, and that if State medicine could be recognised as well as State religion, we should reach a higher condition of physical and mental vigour. An animated discussion took place on a paper read by Mr. Rathbone in the Art Department on "The Moral and Æsthetical Aspects of Undraped Figures." On Monday Mr. Miller, Q.C., the president of the Jurisprudence Department, in his address said that the time had not yet come for a successful attempt at a general codification of the law, but he believed that in future there should be a standing Parliamentary Committee, responsible for the language of all Acts of Parliament, and that the legislation for the three kingdoms should be identical. In the Health Section, Lord Norton read a paper on the Utilisation of Town Sewage. All the other sections met, and in the evening Lord Norton presided at a general meeting.—On Tuesday the most interesting item was an address by Mr. Gambier Parry, president of the Art Department, on "The Relation of Fine Art to Social Science." He contended that a very close relationship exists between prose and poetry, romance and reality, and art and the driest subjects of social science; and referred to the establishment of art schools and the number of visitors to the exhibitions as a proof that the English people of the lower orders were beginning to appreciate very earnestly the finest works of art within their reach.—On Wednesday the labours of the Congress was brought to a close by an address in the Ladies' College by Mr. G. W. Hastings, president of the Council, and a general meeting was subsequently held under the presidency of Lord Norton. No place has been fixed for next year's meeting.

London Mortality increased last week, and 1,445 deaths were registered against 1,369 during the previous seven days, being an increase of 76, and at the rate of 21·1 per 1,000. There were 4 deaths from small-pox, 18 from measles (an increase of 8), 46 from scarlet fever (being 56 below the average), 12 from diphtheria (exceeding the average by 3), 33 from whooping-cough, 30 from different forms of fever, and 30 from diarrhœa (a decline of 6). Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 347 (an increase of 21, exceeding the average by 46), 225 of which resulted from bronchitis, and ninety from pneumonia. There were 2,500 births registered against 2,558 during the previous week. The mean temperature was 50·3 deg., or 2·1 deg. above the average. The duration of registered sunshine was 15·6 hours, the sun being 71·1 hours above the horizon.

Miscellaneous Items.——The electric light continues to attract a great deal of attention. The Government are making experiments with it in the workshops of Woolwich Arsenal, there is talk of giving it a trial at Cockspur Street or Trafalgar Square, as well as on the Thames Embankment, Waterloo Bridge, Holborn Viaduct, and outside the Mansion House; and during the week it has been used at various places in the country, in most instances with complete success, though one utter failure is recorded, the cause being a continuous downpour of rain.—The Board of Trade inquiry into the loss of the *Princess Alice* is not yet concluded, but Captain Harrison and the two engineers of the *Bywell Castle* have been acquitted, although the latter are censured for leaving their engines. The first mate of the *Princess Alice*, against whom five charges of neglect were urged, has had his certificate restored to him, but the Court did so with reluctance, as they considered the charges proved, although his conduct could not be said to have contributed to the collision. There are still fourteen unidentified parcels of clothing and property in the hands of the police.—The inquiry into the Pontypridd railway accident has resulted in a verdict of manslaughter against the signalman Roberts, who will be tried at the next assizes. The jury recommended that Colonel Yolland's suggestions for the establishment of outdoor signals should be immediately carried out, and expressed a hope that the Company would still keep Roberts in their employ in consideration of his long and faithful service.—The inquest on the victims of the disaster at the Colosseum Music Hall, Liverpool, throws no direct blame upon any one connected with the place, but the jury recommended that such places should be under the control of the local authorities, and that the services of a policeman should be granted whenever asked for by the proprietors.—The other day the Home Secretary received the honorary degree of Doctor-of-Laws in the Senate House of his University (Cambridge). The Public Orator delivered a Latin speech in his praise, and the Undergraduates in the gallery behaved in their usual mirthful fashion. They circulated a humorous cartoon, referring to Mr. Cross's advocacy of the Vivisection Bill, and lowered a flag which bore an inscription relative to Mr. Cross's former position in the Trinity Boat Club. This memento of his aquatic triumphs Mr. Cross pocketed amid tumultuous cheering.—The depression of trade is beginning to be felt in the agricultural districts, and a wages struggle is impending between the farmers and farm labourers of Kent and Suffolk.—On Thursday last week there was an unprecedented hurricane at Deal. It lasted only a few minutes, but in that time many houses were unroofed, windows destroyed, trees were uprooted, and a boat which lay high and dry upon the beach was blown bodily out into the sea.—The cold weather has come upon us rather suddenly. On Tuesday the wind was very keen in London, and on Wednesday morning a light fall of snow occurred. In Scotland and the north of England heavy snowstorms have been experienced.—On Monday a passenger steamer bound for Calcutta was stranded off Shanklin, Isle of Wight, near the place where the *Eurydice* foundered. Luckily the sea was calm, and she was got off by two steam tugs without injury. —We hear that the Shipwrights' Company have asked the National Lifeboat Institution to allow one of its lifeboats to form a part of the forthcoming Lord Mayor's procession. Do these gentlemen reflect that if their request is granted the services of the boat may possibly be needed to save life at the very moment that it is being gaped at by a London crowd?—The 60th Rifles have removed to Colchester, and "Spring-heel Jack," whose vagaries have for some time past annoyed the sentinels at Aldershot, has apparently gone with them. Already he has visited several lonely sentries in the Abbey field, all of whom he has frightened, and two so seriously, that they are now under treatment in the garrison hospital, it being feared that the mind of one is completely unhinged. It is stated that the sentries are to be doubled; and it is certainly time that some effort should be made to catch and punish this foolish, not to say criminal, fellow.

THEATRES

Mr. Chatterton has found it necessary to vary his programme, from which fact it may perhaps be inferred that *The Winter's Tale* produced at Drury Lane so recently with liberal accessories has failed to interest spectators to the extent which was expected. On the other hand, unabated faith in the attractions of Shakespeare is exhibited in the revival of *Macbeth*, which is now played with *The Winter's Tale* on alternate nights. There is little in the performance to call for comment. Mr. Dillon's impersonation of the guilty usurper is not remarkable for subtlety or power to cast the complex elements of the character in one complete and consistent mould; but it has all the robust qualities which are so dear to audiences in the popular parts of the house. Mrs. Vezin's performance of Lady Macbeth possesses on the other hand something too much of refinement. The cruel and inflexible temptress is not so much suggested as the sensitive and ambitious lady. Her sleep-walking scene, however, was a touching and impressive performance. Mr. Ryder, as Banquo, declaimed his lines with his customary elocutionary art; and Mr. Cowper raged in the part of Macduff to a degree which was greatly applauded from the back rows of the gallery. The songs and choral music attributed to Matthew Locke were performed on the occasion by an increased orchestra and a numerous chorus.

The revivals of old English comedies are about to be resumed at the Aquarium Theatre. Afternoon performances, commencing on Monday next, will be given of Foote's comedy, *The Liar* (an adaptation of *Le Menteur* of Corneille). Mr. W. Farren, Miss Litton, Mr. J. S. Clarke, Mr. Collette, Mr. Edgar, and Miss Vandenhoff have been engaged for the series.

Olympic Theatre.——Miss Marion Terry and Mr. Henry Neville will sustain the leading *rôles* in the new play, *A Republican Marriage*, to be produced at the *Matinée* on the 9th of November.

SPORTING

The Turf.——The Houghton Meeting at Newmarket closed somewhat tamely, and rough weather made it very uncomfortable for those who remained for the concluding days. On the Friday the most interesting race was for the Jockey Club Cup, weight for age over the Cesarewitch course, in which Silvio's victory over Insulaire, Hampton, and Verneuil entitles Lord Falmouth to consider that he has the best horse of the day in the Derby winner of 1877. On the Saturday Mr. Gretton's Cambridgeshire luck still stuck to him, as he carried off the Consolation Free Handicap (though he required no consoling) with Singleton and the Houghton Handicap with Red Hazard. With the Winding-Up Handicap won by Lord Falmouth's Hydromel closed the last of the series of the Seven Newmarket Meetings, and the "little Cambridgeshire town" will not be seriously disturbed again till the Craven comes round again, unless the project of a two days' Steeplechase Meeting over Captain Machell's course is carried out.—But the flat racing season does not now close with the Houghton Meeting, as it did in the orthodox days of a former generation of Turfmen, and thoroughbreds will for the most part be kept hard at work at the "back-end" meetings, as they are called, till the end of November. The present week has seen three meetings, all well attended, carried on simultaneously at Brighton, Lincoln, and Worcester, to say nothing of the gathering at Streatham and Halifax. Brighton received the most patronage, and, indeed, if none but visitors to and dwellers in Brighton attended the sport, the racecourse would be well thronged. The racing was of no special interest, but good fields contested most of the events, Herzegovina beating thirteen others for the Nursery Handicap on the first day, and Placida, though heavily weighted, making short work of Conductor and Phœbe for the Autumn Cup. Conductor, however, on the second day in some measure recompensed her owner, Lord Anglesey, by winning the Stewards' Cup, his lordship also taking the Autumn Handicap with Grey Friar. Sunnybrae, who beat ten others for the Juvenile Handicap, made the day a pretty good one for the patrons of Tom Brown's stable, which scored three events. At Lincoln Lord Zetland's Ellangowan followed up her Newmarket success by winning the Chaplin Stakes, for which Mr. Chaplin's Devotee was strongly backed, for no better reason probably than because the Blankney colours are always popular in Lincolnshire, and in the Gantby Nursery the Aske spots were again carried first past the winning-post by Valsense. Umbria had not much difficulty in securing the Autumn Handicap; but if absurd nomenclature could disqualify a winner from receiving the stakes, Captain D. Lane's Winslow's Soothing Syrup should not have those attached to the Blankney Nursery.—The acceptances for the Liverpool Cup are few compared with the large entry, and already Master Kildare, who ran third in the St. Leger, and performed fairly in both the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, is made a hot favourite for it.

Football.——At Kennington Oval, in the Association Challenge Cup contest, the Glasgow Rangers have given the once invincible Clapham Rovers a very decided beating in the shape of five goals to one.—Even to enumerate the many first-class games played since our last would fill a column; it must suffice, therefore, to say that Barnes and the Camels have played a drawn game; Westminster School has beaten the Household Brigade by six goals to "love;" the Hertfordshire Rangers have defeated Upton Park much in the same style; the Flamingoes have gone down before the Harlequins; the Clapham Rovers have suffered another repulse at the hands of the Royal Military Academy; the Cooper's Hill Engineers have been a little too much for Richmond; the Gipsies ditto for the Marlborough Nomads; Reading has vanquished the Remnants; the Eton boys have beaten the Gitanos; and the Old Etonians Cambridge University. From the list of fixtures already published, it is evident that the football season will be the busiest on record, and in all directions matches are being played on grounds illuminated with the electric light.

Cricket.——The Australian Eleven on their homeward road have given Twenty-two of California a taste of their quality by beating them in one innings with 135 runs to spare. They sailed from San Francisco for Australia on the 28th inst.—Another well-known cricketer, Alfred Clarke, son of the once famous slow bowler, William Clarke, has soon followed Walter Mynn, having died last week at the comparatively early age of forty-seven.

Bicycling.——In this, as in many other athletic pastimes, "the fastest time on record" is being constantly eclipsed. In a five-mile race, at Cambridge, the Hon. Keith Falconer has beaten Keen, the professional, in the marvellous time of 15 min. 14 sec., the time of his last mile being 2 min. 53 sec. and a fraction.—Again, at Lillie Bridge, the race for the Fifty Miles' Amateur Championship was won by A. E. Derkinderin in 3 hours 9 min. 31 sec., the fastest time on record being made by him from the twenty-sixth mile, viz., 1 hour 9 min. 56 sec.—A medical contemporary, rather late in the day indeed, has uttered a warning to bicycle riders, by assuring them that the vibration of the machine has a strong tendency to injure the spinal column; and in the place of the present popular locomotive the tricycle is recommended.

Angling.——Another great roach-fishing contest has come off near the Rye House, on the Lea. There were no less than sixty-two competitors; but during the first hour only two sizeable fish were taken. The final result showed Mr. Moss Benjamin the winner of the Cup, and a lady, Mrs. Da Costa, the taker of the second prize; but the former only scaled 10¼ oz. of fish and the latter 7½oz. This is, indeed, "fishing extraordinary."

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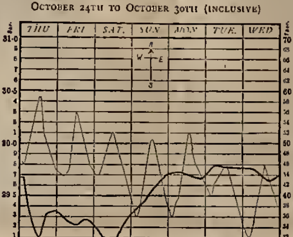
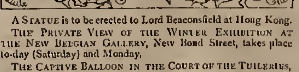
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

October 24th to October 30th (inclusive)



Explanation.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.——The week has been one of very unsettled changeable weather. During the first few days southerly to westerly gales prevailed in most places, blowing with greatest violence on our south-western and south-eastern coasts; but on Saturday, the 26th instant, the wind went round to north-west all over the country, with a rapidly rising barometer, and dry, cool weather. During Sunday night, the 27th instant, and the early hours of Monday, the 28th instant, a depression came towards our northern coasts from the north-westward, and strong north-westerly gales, with snow, hail, and cold rain, soon spread over the country, the southern counties alone escaping. Thunderstorms have prevailed in different parts of the country every day since Sunday, the 27th instant, solar halos and mock suns have been seen, and aurora have been reported in the extreme north. The weather on Wednesday, the 30th instant, remained very cold, and snow, followed by rain, fell in London. During the week the barometer was highest (29·80 inches) on Tuesday, the 29th instant; lowest (29·03 inches) on Saturday, the 26th instant; range, 0·77 inches. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (59°) on Thursday, the 24th instant; lowest (32°) on Wednesday, the 30th instant; range, 27°. Frosts on the grass have been frequent and sharp. Rainfall: The total fall has been 0·58 inches, on four days; greatest fall in one day, 0·30 inches, on Saturday, the 26th instant.



Scraps

A Statue is to be erected to Lord Beaconsfield at Hong Kong.

The Private View of the Winter Exhibition at the New Belgian Gallery, New Bond Street, takes place to-day (Saturday) and Monday.

The Captive Balloon in the Court of the Tuileries, which has been one of the greatest attractions of Paris this season to foreign visitors, has been sold to Mr. Walter Gooch, of the Princess's Theatre, and will shortly be exhibited in London.

MM. Erckmann-Chatrian have written the libretto of an opera, *La Taverne des Trabans*, for the Paris Lyrique. M. Henri Maréchal furnishes the music. M. Gounod is also busy with his new opera, *Maître Pierre*, founded on the story of Abelard and Heloise.

The Liverpool Autumn Art Exhibition has proved very successful this year. Up to the end of the first fortnight in October, 27,527 persons had visited the Exhibition against 25,937 at the same period of last year, while 171 pictures had been sold, realising a sum of 3,028*l.*

A New Style of Earring is to be worn by Transatlantic fashionables this winter. It consists of a sort of net of finely spun gold, which will fit over the ear something like an ear-muff. The net is made after the fashion of a spider's web, and resting upon it is a fly in iridescent enamel.

Rome, ever addicted to illuminations—witness the lighting-up of the Coliseum by red fire or the far-famed illumination of St. Peter's—has been greatly attracted by the electric light, and intends to utilise it for some of the principal streets and piazzas when King Humbert and his Queen make their next entry into the Italian capital.

The "Howard Medal" of next year is to be awarded by the Statistical Society, in November, 1879, to the best essay on "The improvements that have taken place in the education of children and young persons during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries." 20*l.* will also be presented to the successful writer. The essays are to be sent in before June 30th, 1879.

Professor Nordenskiöld has succeeded in the first part of his attempt to sail round Siberia to China and Japan. He has doubled Cape Cheljuskin, which has hitherto proved an insurmountable obstacle to Arctic travellers, and when last heard of was well on his way towards Behring Straits, hoping to make the passage without being obliged to winter in the Arctic regions.

Palissy, the Potter, is to be commemorated by a statue to be erected near the Bois de Boulogne, at the expense of the Municipality of Paris. Palissy lived in the Rue Taranne during his residence in the French capital, but the reason for the present site for the statue being chosen is that he is supposed to have worked at the decorations of the Château de Madrid, constructed in the vicinity by Francis I.

A New Park for Paddington and Kilburn is being contemplated, and a Memorial is to be presented to the Board of Works, petitioning the Board to secure and enclose for this purpose the open space of ground lying between the Portsdown, Shirland, and Kilburn Park Roads, and Sutherland Gardens, this ground forming part of the Paddington Estate. The north-west portion of Paddington and the adjoining district have a population of 100,000, chiefly belonging to the working-classes, to whom such a recreation-ground would be an immense boon, as Hyde Park or Regent's Park are too far off to be in any great degree available for the children.

The Body of St. Xavier, the Apostle of India, which reposes undecayed in a glass fronted coffin in the Cathedral of Goa, will shortly become subjected to one of the periodical exhumations which take place as often as the King of Portugal and the Pope may judge necessary. "The present occasion," says the *Indian Statesman*, "it is thought will be one of the greatest gatherings that has ever occurred, as notifications have already been received of the intended presence of almost all the Roman Catholic Bishops in India, as well as several from Europe, who will take advantage of the Suez Canal, available for the first time for the Pilgrimage."

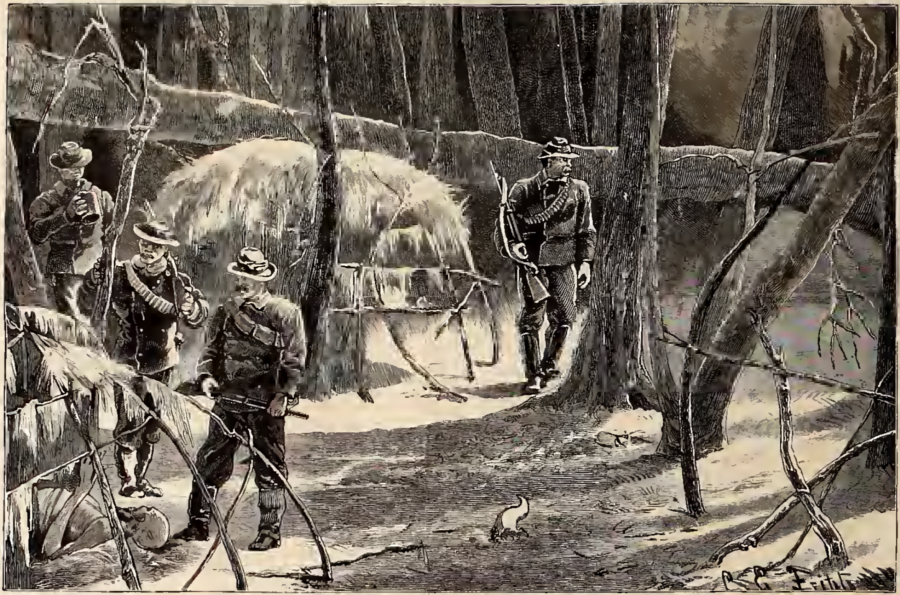
A Political Clock to suit all shades of opinions has been invented by an ingenious Parisian clockmaker, specially intended for such easy-going Prefects as may wish, like the good old Vicar of Bray, to keep office under all changes of Government. The clock is surmounted by a draped female figure, which at present represents the Republic, and wears a moveable Phrygian cap. Should the Prefect abjure Radical for Moderate opinions he can take off the cap and replace it by a laurel wreath, while if the Republic be out of favour the figure can well typify France, while the pike held in her hand can be supplanted by a tiny flag and may be surmounted according to taste by a Bonapartist eagle, the Gallic cock, or a Legitimist fleur-de-lys. These "accessories" are all sold with the clock.

Even the Electric Light has been Eclipsed in Convenience, if we are to believe the *Liverpool Post*, which states that "The authorities of the Trinity House have been making experiments with a new gas which has been brought under their notice as being not only cheaper than ordinary gas, but far more effective. This new gas is capable of so much concentration, that a quantity contained in a small buoy has kept a light burning for twenty-eight days with sufficient brilliancy to show the position of the buoy from passing ships. The inventor declares that a buoy of ordinary size would contain sufficient gas to keep a good light burning for nine months, so that all our buoys might show lights at night if gas were supplied them twice in a year and a half. We shall probably hear more of this, as the claims of the inventor are now being submitted to practical tests."

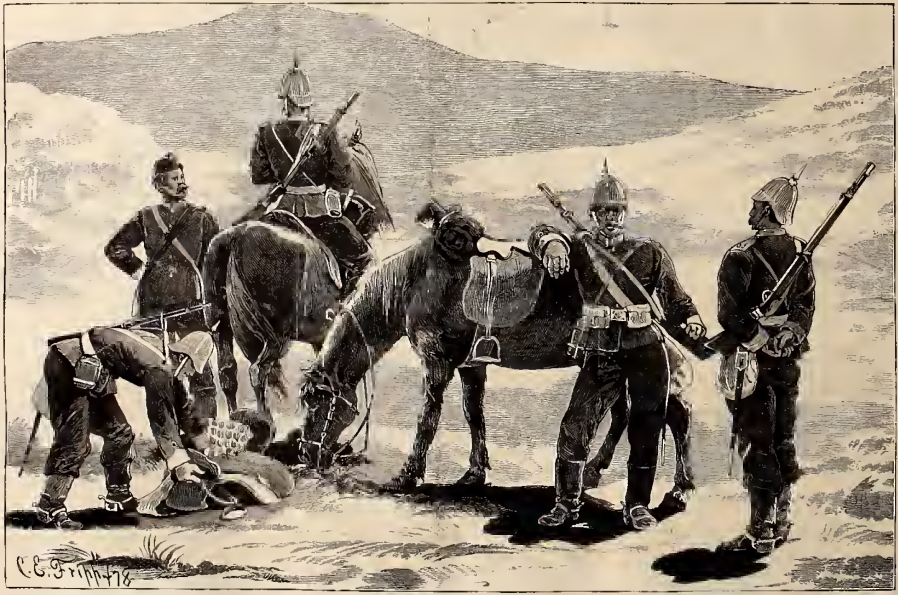
On the Advent of the Prize Fêtes, Mr. John Leighton, F.S.A., one of the English jurors, gave a banquet to his colleagues, artists, men of letters, and members of the Press. The dinner was given in the Alhambra Court, by the electric light, at the Hotel Continental. Mr. Leighton occupied the chair, with M. Jules Simon as Vice-President. As ex-Minister he replied for France, and toasted the Queen and Prince. M. Meissonnier responded for the Beaux Arts and the Congress, M. Edmond About for the Men of Letters, Sir Sidney Waterlow and Sir F. Truscott for the Past and Present of London, Sir C. Reed and the Baron de Watteville for Public Instruction, Messrs. Barbedienne, bronzes, Goupil prints, and Deck Faience—all *grand couronnés*—replied for the Recompences. Most of the great printers and publishers were present. The banquet was of the most *recherché* character, covers being laid for forty.

Dr. Johnson at Uttoxeter in 1759.——The story of Dr. Johnson's penance is well known. In 1759 he stood bareheaded in the rain all one market day in expiation of an act of disobedience committed many years before. His father, the Lichfield bookseller, was in the habit of attending the market at Uttoxeter on Wednesdays to sell books at a stall. One day, the father, being ill, asked the son to go for him. The son refused, but the refusal weighed on his conscience, and hence the scene which has now become historical, and which is shown in *bas-relief* at the base of the Doctor's statue in Lichfield. A copy of this (by Mr. P. Spruglia, of Birmingham) has recently been inserted by the Vicar of Uttoxeter (Rev. H. Abud), aided by public subscriptions, in the conduit of the market-place, near which the act of expiation took place.

The Benefits of Rest and Sea-air to Exhausted and Over-worked Londoners can well be estimated by those who can afford an annual holiday, and their deep importance to those in poorer circumstances is well attested by the success of London and Brighton Convalescent Home, which has lately been removed back from Dover to Brighton, where it was first inaugurated eleven years since, and now stands facing the sea, with a large garden in the rear. During the eight years spent in Dover the Home received 7,232 inmates, 1,722 being sent free of expense, and of these 6,000 have returned home with renewed health and spirit. The home has been established for sick and reduced gentlewomen, governesses, shop, needle, and Bible women, Sunday-school teachers, and mission workers, who are received, by recommendation of a subscriber, on a weekly payment of 8*s.* in advance, including everything but laundry expenses. Necessitous widows and orphans under twenty also can be maintained free for a fortnight by each subscriber, while children under six are taken for 6*s.* weekly. Persons over seventy, those mentally affected, or recovering from contagious illnesses, are unacceptable. The inmates are received on Saturdays, and by a payment of 5*s.* obtain a third-class return ticket. Candidates are to apply to the lady superintendent, Mrs. Marshman, at 2, Redcliffe Square, South Kensington, any week-day before twelve. Subscriptions will be thankfully received at the same address, or by the matron, Miss Bowes, at the Home, Crescent House, Marine Parade, Brighton.

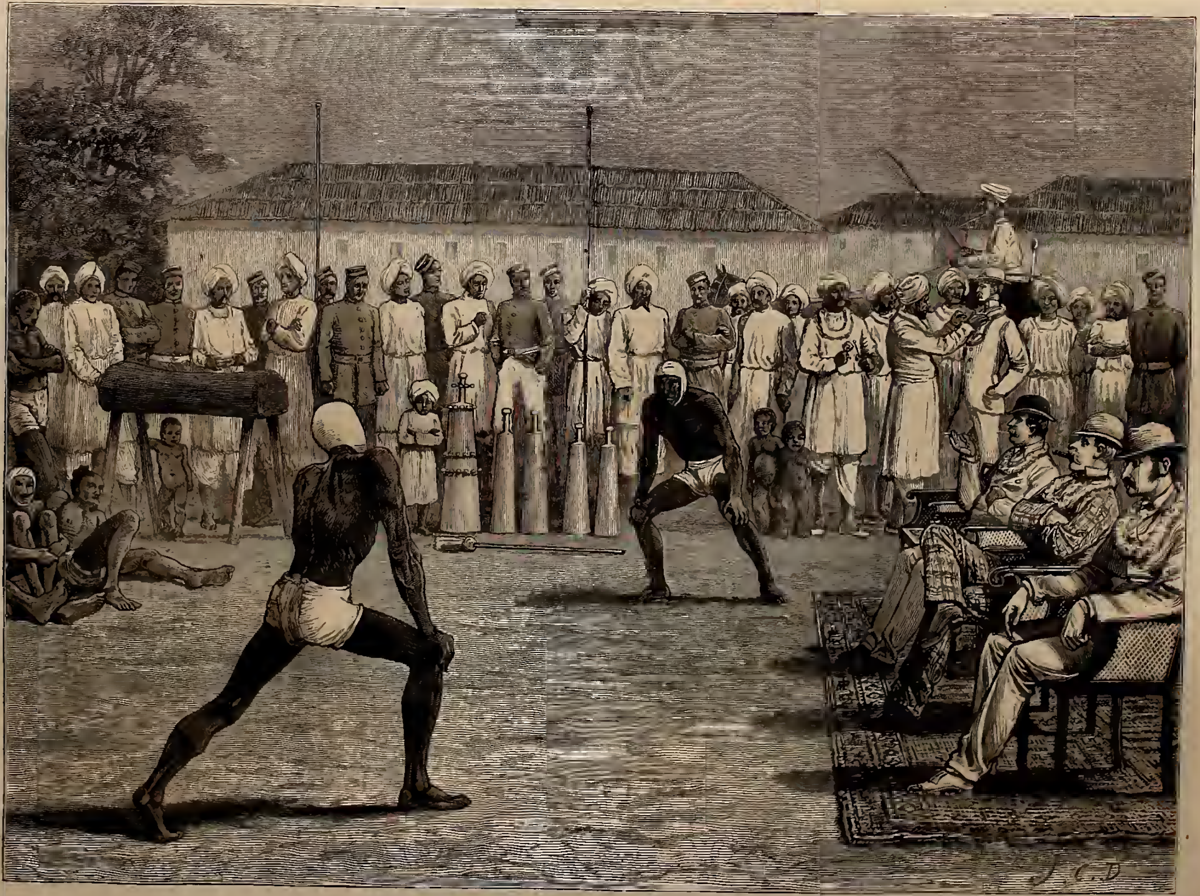


A CAPTURED KRAAL IN THE PERI BUSH



MOUNTED INFANTRY

SKETCHES FROM SOUTH AFRICA



SKETCHES WITH A BOMBAY NATIVE REGIMENT—AN ATHLETIC MEETING

THE READER

"PRINCE Bismarck's Letters to his Wife, his Sister, and Others" (Chapman and Hall), translated by Fitzh. Maxse, like the Moltke Letters published a short time back, are interesting more as pictures of the man than for any light they are permitted to throw upon dark places of Continental policy. Not that to the close student of German history, and especially of that earlier period in the great Chancellor's career when the "Bund" was a very fussy and a very troublesome entity, a veritable "noose about Prussia's neck" which "hostile hands were only waiting for an opportunity to tighten," they will not often supply matter for reflection, or that there are not passages here and there which, read by the light of later events, seem curiously suggestive; as when we find the future assailant of Count Arnim himself admitting, amidst the worries of the St. Petersburg mission, that "Prussian Ambassadors go mad or die," the future demi-god of the National Liberal Party dilating ever so long ago on the very moderate concessions which would satisfy the Liberals, yet ensure a national representation which should be essentially Conservative. As a rule, however, these letters—of which very many were written in the full conviction that they would be read *in transitu* by other eyes than those of the person to whom they were addressed, and of which none, we may be sure, would have been suffered to appear had they contained anything really indiscreet—grow simpler, briefer, less allusive as we come nearer recent times. Very numerous as well as very full of political comment in the periods of the Frankfort and the St. Petersburg missions, they have nothing to send home from Biarritz or Gastein but bright, sharply-outlined sketches of scenery and of society, from the battlefields of Bohemia but an episode or two of Konig-gratz, from the war of 1870 a single missive, intercepted on its way by *Franc-tireurs*, describing the interview after the battle with the vanquished of Sedan. It is as the reflection of a strongly marked and, in all relations towards friends and neighbours, a genial and a kindly individuality that they must principally be valued; and from this point of view the healthy, almost animal, exuberance of life and vigour—qualities in which Prince Bismarck may compare with English statesmen of the olden time—the equally English delight in the simple pleasures of a country life, the Moltke-like power of transferring to paper with a few precise touches the scenes through which the writer moves, will always render them sufficiently attractive, without troubling us to dive beneath the surface for secrets they do not really contain.

"Half-hours of Blind Man's Holiday," by W. W. Fenn (2 vols.: S. Low and Co.), will attract by its opening chapter a sympathy which further perusal will in no way lessen. For this opening chapter is a true story of loss of sight—partial at first, soon total—in mid-career of a prosperous landscape painter's life, and of the revival, after the first shock was spent, of the power to work and the power to enjoy—the artistic impulse finding occupation, denied to it with brush or pencil, with the pen; the dark void around filling gradually up with memories from the time of light and vision, by converse of wife and friends, by keener perceptions of the multitudinous varieties of sounds and scents. This chapter of a genuine experience would alone suffice to give currency to the book; but the book in itself is thoroughly readable—a collection of stories, reprints from various journals and magazines, all fragrant of the sea-board and the down and other haunts that artists love, which reminds us somewhat of Wilkie Collins's "After Dark," and which, if not quite on a level with that well-known work, is at all events a medley to which seekers after amusement may confidently turn for an hour or two's healthy and pleasurable reading.

Devotees of the fashionable science of folk-lore will find a volume to their mind in Mr. Thistleton Dyer's "English Folk-lore" (Hardwicke and Bogue), a charming *recueil* of practices and beliefs connected, in the fancy of simple country folk, with plants and birds and animals, with days and months, or with important events like births or marriages. Those only, indeed, who know the genuine peasantry *au fond* or scrupulously gather up the occasional notices of quaint survivals of primitive beliefs which appear from time to time in country newspapers, can fully conceive what a world of legend is lingering still in our very midst, or what curious fragments of traditionary lore still find interpreters in the "herb-doctor" and "the wise woman," and are reverently talked of in village ale-houses o' nights. If somewhat, it is to be feared, prosaic as a whole, and destitute of the wilder elements of romance which attach to the folk-lore of the mountain and the steppe, these English legends are still highly interesting, and Mr. Dyer's volume well deserves respect as a collection at once curious in itself and rich in illustrations of our older literature.

Vol. VI., and last, of the Messrs. Cassell's most excellent "Old and New London," by Edward Walford (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), completes the survey of the metropolis and its environs by the description of the southern suburbs from Blackheath and Greenwich in the east to Hammersmith and Chiswick in the west. Of the merits of the ample volumes so well commenced by the late Walter Thornbury, so carefully brought to a conclusion by Mr. Walford, we have often had occasion to speak before. Multifarious and inexhaustible as is the city of which they treat, they take among modern books about London a place apart—the place of a perfect treasure-house of information of dipping into which one can no more tire than can the true lover of "London town" grow weary of the infinite variety of her streets and alleys.

It is the special merit of Professor A. C. Ramsay's "Physical Geology and Geography of Great Britain" (E. Stanford) that it is not only a useful manual for the student but a picturesque and interesting volume for that poor general reader who, as a rule, is apt to become weary of dry lists (however scientifically perfect) of fossils and of strata. In the present edition these distinctive advantages have been still further enhanced by an enlargement of the chapters containing the account of British formations, from the earliest Laurentian to the latest Pliocene, with special reference to the physical aspect of the country at each successive geological epoch, and by the addition of some new illustrations as pretty as they are interesting. The volume as it stands is certainly the best introduction to the geology of these islands that we possess.

It is "many and many a year ago" since we followed that most beautiful of Irish roads, the road which leads from Inchigeelagh, by way of Glengarriff, to Kenmare, and "Eccles's" cosy inn at Glengarriff has blossomed since then, we are given to understand, into a big hotel with a *table d'hôte*, a picture-gallery, and projects of becoming a winter sanatorium, and now makes its pretensions known in two ornate pamphlets, "Notes on Glengarriff and Killarney," and "Glengarriff as a Health Resort and Sanatorium" (R. J. Bush). Of all this we can say nothing. Such schemes must, in truth, be distasteful to those who have drunk of the solitude which was the real charm of all that lies between Gougane Barra and the "Lep," and who must now hear of "health-resorts" and proposed railway lines. But to the truthfulness of the pamphlets so far as their praises of the scenery go we rejoice to add our humble testimony.

Publishers of annuals during the last year or two have evinced a remarkable desire to take things by the forelock; hence periodicals for 1879 are flourishing when there are yet two months of the present year to run. The Messrs. Dalziel, by no means behindhand in this respect, have just published the eleventh issue of "Hood's Comic Annual," a collection of quaint and humorous stories, illustrations, and poems by well-known authors and artists, which will help to make wintry evenings less dull than they are often apt to be, and to raise an honest laugh—a thing, by the way, which is becoming rare. Messrs. Dalziel Brothers, who have for some years been responsible for the art portion, have now taken the whole management of this annual into their charge.

Those who have admired Mr. Pettie's picture of Rob Roy, which represents the outlaw seated at a table with his legs comfortably crossed, and a glass of "mountain dew" in his hand, will be pleased to learn that an admirable etching of the work by Leon Richeton has just been published by Messrs. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday. It is really as fine an example of the modern school of etching as we have seen.

FASHIONS

NOTHING looks more deplorable on a gloomy winter's morning than to see the female members of a family assembled round the early breakfast table in faded, shabby dresses of a thin texture, over which are worn shawls and wraps, a sorry impression for the husband and brothers to carry away with them to their places of business. As breakfast by gaslight or grey dawn is the usual routine at this season in well-regulated families, more especially in the suburbs, we cannot do better than to speak on the subject of dresses useful and comfortable. Take, for example, the wife and daughters of a professional man, each of whom adds her share to the family treasury. "Mother must not wear a short dress, it makes her look so undignified," is the general verdict, so her morning wrapper must be made after one or other of the following styles:—Dark grey striped flannel or serge, Louis XV. shape, with a wide plastron of dark blue, myrtle green, or claret colour velveteen or cashmere, deep collar and cuffs to match. A black or dark-coloured alpaca, quilted all over, and buttoned from the throat to the hem; when extra warmth is required a quilted and wadded cape to match may be worn. A pretty mode for making a morning cap is: for the front two upright quillings, one of clear muslin edged with lace, the other of ribbon to match the costume; at the back a small loose muslin crown, across which a muslin scarf, about five inches wide, fastened under the chin with a ribbon bow; the ends must be conveniently short. A variety of green plaids trimmed with black velvet make very economical morning dresses, and wash or clean again and again. The daughter with artistic taste may indulge it by donning a Japanese dressing-gown, for which there is quite a rage in Paris, where, as a rule, it is made of very costly material, but can be imitated in various cheap woollen fabrics. Young people should not indulge in wadded breakfast dresses, but content themselves with checked, striped, or plain flannel, trimmed sparingly with inexpensive lace, and a few simple bows down the front, the Rob Roy and even the Stewart plaid, although too gay for the promenade, look bright and cheerful on a dark morning. The walking costumes for stormy, rough weather are very convenient and appropriate; for them tailors almost supersede dressmakers, hence young girls are often *replicas* of their brothers. Two of our leading West End houses have brought out some stylish costumes, not only very becoming, but also durable; for example, one which is called The Guards,' is made Princess shape, and richly braided, back and front, an exact copy of the Guards' uniform. As yet they are not made in scarlet, but rifle green, dark blue, or brown. It is *de rigueur* to wear hats of the same material as the costume or of plain felt; "the Beefeater," "the Jockey," and "the Walnut" are still the favourite shapes. Some of the costumes of light stone shades—which always look cold, however thick they may be—are very trying to any but the most slender, we might say attenuated, figures; for example, a heavily kilted skirt, with a folded scarf round it, a long waistcoat, over it a bodice, double-breasted, and made like a man's dress-coat, trimmed with leather buttons, jockey cap to match. Such attire is painful to contemplate when worn by a stout personage. The latest shape in Ulsters is made almost to fit the figure, and has from one to five capes, according to the wearer's fancy. For country wear a very ingenious arrangement has been introduced, namely, a cape, which, for ordinary occasions, is quite flat, but, by means of a string in the hem can be converted into a hood; to make this hood really fit comfortably it requires a skilful and practised hand to cut out and fix it.

There is quite a stir in the fashionable world as to the proposed revival of "paniers." We are eagerly questioned on this subject by those of our readers who do not care to be conspicuous beforehand, or the reverse, in the fashion of the day. We cannot do better than quote the remarks of our contemporary the *Revue de la Mode*, a thoroughly trustworthy authority, on this important change. After remarking upon the clumsy "panier" of the Louis XV. and XVI. period, the editress says:—

"Two sorts of paniers will be worn, to form puffs on the hips; the one of crinoline will be arranged by the dressmaker in the skirt, the other will be made of fine steel, and worn separate from the skirt." So long as the panier is kept within bounds it will be a boon to those figures which, the reverse of slender, have suffered from the tight-fitting skirts, whilst, on the contrary, those (a large minority) to whom the *robe collante* is becoming will make a desperate effort to keep it in, hence, for a time, we shall have two distinct styles—so much the better for variety sake—until they coalesce; when full pleats and gathers will again make their appearance.

For outdoor usage mantles will be more worn than jackets this winter; the former are made tight-fitting at the back, with wide or simulated sleeves, and loose in the front; the latter are long and straight all round. Where velvet or velveteen and cashmere costumes are worn the mantle or jacket must match, trimmed with dark fur or rich gimp and fringe, light and white furs are tabooed except for weddings or other dress occasions.—As to the shapes of bonnets and hats, they are more than ever worn *à volonté*, either very large or extremely small, with low square or high pointed crown, felt, black, white, or neutral tint beaver or velvet are the usual foundations for bonnets and hats trimmed with satin, feathers, and dead gold, ornamented with insects *ad libitum*, reptiles are quite *démodé*. It is the fashion in aristocratic circles to adopt some special insect, and wear its image in precious gems or good imitations; for example, the common house fly is exactly imitated from Nature, and worn as earrings and cravat pin. Foremost amongst the most stylish materials for dress occasions is "Peluche Antique," so rich and elegant in itself, it requires but little trimming; old point or Brussels lace sparingly put on is all that is needed. As a trimming plush will be much used this winter for evening toilette; it is too perishable for outdoor wear, as a few drops of rain will injure, if not utterly spoil, it. Watered silk is again in favour, and forms an admirable background for the art embroidery, now so much used sometimes in wide rich scarves heavily embroidered in multi colours, at others lightly outlined in gold thread. Evening toilettes are made in the most fantastical style, with jackets rounded off in the front to show a waistcoat, and finished off at the back with a small basque. A remarkably elegant costume for a dinner and reception was recently made thus:—Train skirt of Bordeaux coloured velvet, the front breadth covered with gold thread embroidery; white satin waistcoat embroidered in coloured flowers, cascade of old point lace, ruffles to match, cut-away velvet jacket to correspond with skirt; diamond and ruby butterflies which trembled at every movement of the wearer. Another toilette was most effective. It was made with a square train and bodice of white velvet and satin striped, edged with a narrow band of feather trimming; petticoat of watered *moiré*, the pattern outlined in silver thread. The bodice was square, back and front, elbow sleeves, the gloves and shoes were embroidered in silver.

Amongst the minor extravagances of the toilette, buttons now take a prominent place; they are made in cut steel, in gold, silver, and even set with precious stones, painted in Cupids or flowers on porcelain, or in designs to order; amateur china painters may employ their time, and exercise their ingenuity in designing and executing buttons small and great. It is solemnly decreed in Parisian circles that boots are only to be worn by veritable pedestrians; shoes and spun silk stockings are to be adopted for visiting and the promenade. Sensible English girls will surely continue to wear well-cut thick-soled boots, to keep out the cold and damp in winter weather.

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SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, OLD AND NEW

WE read that Mrs. Bateman, late of the Lyceum, has taken this house—certainly the oldest theatre in London—which, renewing its youth and made gay and beautiful, will give a delight and entertainment to "merrie" Islington, and to playgoers in general. At present it has a grave and quaint air, quite in keeping with the old fashion of the place; it stands in a quiet nook or corner of its own—retired—and somehow recalls the quaint rurality of the old Richmond Theatre. We should cherish these ancient temples. The present house is over one hundred years old, and carries its age well. There is an old view of the place, as it appeared about seventy years ago, which is highly picturesque—a pile of building, with a substantial dwelling attached, and a light arcade running along the side. This, again, is sheltered by a row of fine poplars—a dozen or so in number—under whose shelter is a pretty walk by the New River. A theatre, surrounded by trees and with water beside it has certainly claims to the picturesque. Now the river has been covered in and the trees felled.

Nor is it without its traditions—always a wholesome thing for a theatre—fine, old, and fruity. As we stand looking at its old walls, they come thickly on us. Here it was that the veteran Phelps, five-and-twenty or thirty years ago now, taught the Islingtonians what good classical acting was; giving them plenty of Shakespeare and *Ingomar, the Barbarian.* Beyond him we see the figure of the American Roscius, Howard Payne, and that curious shape of nautical entertainment, when, the stage being removed, the friendly New River was admitted, and sea-fights and cascades excited general wonder. There was a tank below, ninety feet long by five deep; the stage was drawn away by machinery, and miniature vessels of war entered, and the *Siege of Gibraltar* or the *Battle of Trafalgar* took place. Over the stage was another tank for the cascades which, when lit up by Bengal lights, produced the most dazzling effects. Before these shows were the Grimaldi's—three generations, grandsire, sire, and son—the Great Joseph, being *the* Grimaldi. Bologna, too,—friend of wild Lord Barrymore—the ghost of his pantomime laugh hovers to a certainty about the wings. Here, too, came Belzoni, the famous traveller, whose name will always be associated with that queer museum of Sir John Soane's in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and who made his bow as the Patagonian Sampson. It would seem strange to see Stanley come out as the Scythian Hercules. Moody, the Dibdins, Reeve, and other good names are associated with the management; and also one of the Arnolds—a family so long associated with the Lyceum.

It will hardly be supposed what large sums of money have been laid out on this temple of the drama. The present house was erected in 1765, at a cost of some 4,000*l.*, and only eight years later the whole was, in builders' phrase, "gutted," the interior being taken down and remodelled, and the roof raised. It was later sold for the large sum of 12,000*l.*, and so lately as 1825, 3,000*l.* was laid out upon it. And now the late lessee of the Lyceum is investing a large sum in the old building, when we are sure that, in the quaint words of "our own reporter," a hundred years ago, the theatre "will acquire a degree of beauty in the neatness of its shape and the simplicity of its ornaments." Over the stage at the beginning of the century was to be read the appropriate words, "Mirth, admit me of thy crew," a good old custom when all prosceniums bore some such motto, as "Veluti in Speculum," or "All the world's a stage." We would be inclined to restore this.

It would be pleasant also to revive the old decorations—the pink lining to the boxes (the Royal *loge* being on the left), the lobby papered in sienna, "the ceiling representing an azure as seen through a circular opening, with flying Cupids or genii bearing festoons of flowers." This was the grand *flamboyant* style, now gone out, to be seen in the old French Opera House. Now we have heavy masses of gilding and ponderous stucco. The new saloon was very tasteful, with its painted compartments of lattice work and flowers, relieved by an open sky.

It will be, however, a surprise to the theatrical reader to learn that so late as the beginning of the century what were called "drop-boards" were used instead of playbills, a kind of label being let down, with the name of the play inscribed—a custom unlikely, however, to be adopted by the new lessee. But a more singular theatrical custom was carried out at Sadler's Wells by the Spiers and Pond of that day, and which, though scarcely acceptable to the lessee, would naturally be welcomed by the playgoer, viz., the custom of entitling each holder of a box ticket of 3*s.* to a pint of right port or good punch. The modest saloon under such conditions would scarcely afford accommodation

Another custom, also discontinued, and not to be revived, was that of throwing silver and halfpence on the stage in token approbation. It is more convenient and desirable as a test of approval to pay the money at the door. There was an old open well on the ground, a spa of great repute, which was recommended by the faculty. This spa is now covered up, and, we believe, lies somewhere in front of the theatre, about the middle of the open space.

PERCY FITZGERALD

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RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

IT must be, to say the least of it, extremely doubtful whether Mr. Joaquim Miller will increase such reputation as he has gained by the most recently published effusions of his muse. The subjects chosen for illustration have some of them a decidedly morbid tendency, and may be said to be disagreeable; that, however, is a matter of taste, and there may be readers who can enjoy such themes as form the basis of "The Ideal and the Real," or "A Dove of St. Mark, or can sympathise with the weird improbabilities of "Out of the West," or "Land of the Shoshonee." More general objections are that there is a laboured air about the rhythm as a whole, and that it is at times very clumsy, whilst what can be said for the ear of a writer who makes "dawn" rhyme to "swan," and "Barbara to "pray"? Also a tendency to bathos is disclosed in places, for instance, in such a couplet as—

And does Sir Francis now not fear?
His foeman draws uncommon near!

the situation being intended for a deeply tragic one; and there is a painful suggestion of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's ballads in parts of "Land of the Shoshonee," such as the opening, or the following passage:—

How lone he was, how patient she,
Upon that lonesome sandy sea!
It were a sad, unpleasant sight
To follow them through all the night, &c.

Still the verses have such merit as is derived from a keen eye for Nature, and a certain amount of descriptive power; the fire in the Californian forest is one of the best instances. The author may hereafter give us something more worthy of remembrance than "Songs of Far-away Lands," by Joaquim Miller (Longmans), which is the title of the present volume. Uniformly with it we receive, from the same publishers, a new and revised edition of his "Songs of the Sierras," the two original volumes being compressed into one.

Several new editions of old-established favourites present themselves from different quarters. The principal are the last two volumes of Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co.'s handsome series of the "Chandos Poets," dedicated respectively to the "Works of George Herbert," and the "Poetical Works of Reginald Heber, D.D." The former contains also the author's letters and prose writings, especially "Jacula Prudentum," and the quaintly-charming "Country Parson;" the latter, as well as "Palestine" and the familiar Hymns, has much that will be new and acceptable to most readers,—but what has become of "Bluebeard?" The illustrations in both volumes are good. Then from Messrs. Crosby Lockwood and Co. comes a twentieth edition of an established favourite, "Select Poetry for Children: with Brief Explanatory Notes," arranged for the use of schools and families, by Joseph Payne. It would hardly be possible to improve on this collection, which is too generally known to need further praise; though we must remark that if alterations are needed in an author's original work before it can be given to children, it would be better to omit some pieces.

"A Vision of Sumeru, and other Poems," by Shoshee Chunder Dutt (Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, and Co.), is rather a literary curiosity, as being the work of a cultivated Hindu gentleman; but its poetical merits are not of a very high order. The fugitive pieces are about the best, amongst which will be found renderings of Lamartine and Jean Paul Richter; the "Lays of Ancient Greece" are not striking, and perhaps no one but a native of the country can fully sympathise with the historical ballads. The principal piece is an allegory of the introduction of Christianity into India; but the mythology is rather puzzling, and the style reminds one of nothing so much as the burlesque of Southey in "Rejected Addresses."

"Carmina Regia, and other Songs of the Heart," by the Rev. Edwin Charles Wrenford (Hodder and Stoughton), is a well-intentioned collection of original sacred verse, dedicated by permission to Her Majesty. It has not much to recommend it from a poetical point of view, and is, in places, highly suggestive of Dr. Watts, whilst the versions of the Psalms will hardly supplant Zachary Boyd, to say nothing of the Marquis of Lorne's later rendering.

"Nelson:" a play in four acts and a tableau, by Emilia Aylmer Blake (Chapman and Hall), probably aims rather at the stage than the closet, and might be fairly effective, with certain audiences, if well mounted. It deals, as may be supposed, with the principal incidents of the naval hero's life, ending with his death at Trafalgar; but there is little or no attempt at delineation of character, or at poetic excellence.

To Spanish readers may be recommended a little volume of elegies to the memory of the beloved and lamented Queen of Spain, under the title of "Corona Fúnebre, dedicada á la Buena Memoria de S. M. la Reina Doña Maria de las Mercedes." The Spanish tongue, so noble and musical, lends itself well to such poetry; it could hardly have failed to be good, even had the inspiration been less! It is published by Messrs. Oliver, of Madrid and Barcelona.

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SMOKING AND SNUFFING

"Le plus sot animal, à mon avis, c'est l'homme."—BOILEAU.

THE quantities of unmanufactured tobacco imported into the United Kingdom, during the years 1876 and 1877, were 77,000,000 lbs. and 74,000,000 lbs. respectively, in round numbers. This tobacco came from the following countries—the greatest portion from the United States, the remainder from Holland and its colony Java, Turkey, China, Japan, Manilla, &c. When it arrives in this country it is "warehoused" in certain Customs' bonding establishments at seaports, or removed to some inland bonding towns. At any of these tobacco warehouses the manufacturer can pay the duty, which is about 3*s.* 6*d.* per pound on unmanufactured tobacco. The manufacturer having (we shall suppose) paid the duty on the various bales he requires for his purpose, orders them to be carted to his factory, where he has to deal with another Govemment Department, namely, the Inland Revenue, or Excise. The manufacturer has to pay a license duty to this Department of 5*l.* 5*s.* for every 20,000lbs. weight of tobacco weighed for manufacture; and in order to estimate the proper quantity, this Department makes use of the receipts given by the Customs' authorities.

We shall now suppose that the duties are paid. The process of manufacturing the tobacco will substantially be as follows:—The bales will be opened at the factory, and the various kinds of tobacco will be mixed and watered, which is done in two ways, either by adding cold water on the leaves overnight, or more promptly by placing the tobacco over a stove, from which, through apertures, steam ascends and saturates the material. This important process of mixing we may, in passing state, occupies some time in execution; and is rendered necessary because some kinds of tobacco would not be bulky enough by themselves for the purpose of manufacturing. In addition, the maker has to endeavour constantly to impart a certain peculiar flavour which his goods are noted for, and this flavour can only be maintained by constant attention on his part to the mixing process. Indeed, if we wished to recommend the reader—unskilled in the trade—to ruin himself, we could not point out a surer method than by his becoming tobacco maker.

Then follows the process of pressing the tobacco, which is first prepared in lots and then put under a press, from which the tobacco is taken to a cutting-machine, worked by steam power, which cuts stems and all. After this the tobacco is passed over a copper stove heated by fire underneath. This stoving process requires also much attention, as if the tobacco were left too long it would burn, which would be a great loss to the manufacturer, as his sole profit consists in paying attention to the watering and mixing. After the lot has been stoved, it is cooled by a fan (worked by steam power), which is able to cool it in a very short time. The tobacco will then be ready to be weighed and packed, these processes of course varying according to the importance of the factory. In some places the well-known fancy packets of tobacco, labelled with curious names, such as "Royal," &c., will be made up, and so forth. A tobacco manufacturer could no more produce these various mixtures except for the varieties of leaf than a woollen manufacturer could produce different specimens of cloth without different varieties of wool.

In large establishments the makers employ travellers, whose districts will sometimes be very wide. It will thus often happen that a dingy-looking factory will be the centre of an extensive trade, the owners being very wealthy people. The sale of the tobacco may be interfered with very inconveniently by the Budget. It was so this year. There had been a good deal of speculation before the Budget was laid before the House, and heavy sums had been paid as duty; but no sooner was the result known (viz., that 4*d.* per pound would be added to the existing duty), than that the trade was entirely revolutionised. Old customers who had dealt with firms for years suddenly gave up dealing with them for the sake of a trifling extra charge per pound. It was not so in all cases. Some manufacturers, after a time, sold their tobacco at the same price as it had been for years; but in doing so they had necessarily to add more water, and produce an inferior article. Most makers say that the charge of 4*d.* per pound was not enough. Had it been 6*d.* or 8*d.* it would have been in their opinion better both for the national exchequer and for themselves;—but of course better still if some other article had been taxed.

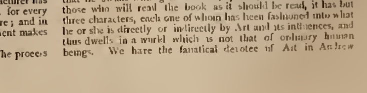
Cigars are made from fine tobacco-leaf; but the leaf is not stoved, water only being added to it. The leaf, after being prepared, is taken to the room where the cigars are made, women generally being employed. They sit before a table, and, by a process rather difficult to describe, with the aid of gum they roll the leaves very skilfully with their hands, and, after cutting the 'smoking-ends' off with a knife, they produce cigars which are ready to be tied—a process that requires care. These ties are purchased from London cheaper than from anywhere else. The cigars are then ready to be placed into boxes, well known to us all. These boxes are made generally in London by manufacturers of fancy goods, and we are told some portion of the process is done by poor children in their homes. The cigars are then ready for the market, but of course not for smoking, as they require to be kept some time in a dry place.

Snuff is made from the "smalls," that is, the refuse portion of tobacco remaining after the operations described above have taken place. These smalls are dealt with in three ways:—They are collected together, packed and forwarded to a snuff factory, the snuff-maker allowing a considerable price for them; nevertheless, though these "smalls" are refuse, they supply him with the materials for making snuff more cheaply than he could procure in any other way. These "smalls" are dried in the snuff manufacturer's premises on a fire-stove, then ground to a powder, and mixed with leavening ingredients, and afterwards a portion of it is scented. The snuff will then be ready for the market. The second method of disposal is as follows:—The tobacco manufacturer, availing himself of a recent order, grinds the "smalls" at his own factory, and deposits them at a Customs' establishment appointed for the purpose. A sample of the snuff is then sent to London, and on receipt of the certificate the Customs authorities pay the manufacturer the drawback under certain conditions, of course; such drawback being equal to the original duty paid on the tobacco. The third way is to grind the "smalls" for exportation and drawback, and to send them to ports where, as snuff, they are allowed to be shipped.

The reader has now been able to verify Boileau's humiliating remark, that "the most foolish animal is man"—for man alone, as we have seen, among all other animals has the proud distinction—whether he take a pinch from a golden snuff-box in a sumptuous room, or from a tinned case in an underground hovel, of voluntarily sniffing up his nose that which was the sweepings of a factory floor; and also of considering it a mark of gentility to whiff smoke into his mouth from the pinched end of some nicotine leaves, rolled up by gummy fingers.

This sketch deals only with a district exclusive of London, as the London trade is dissimilar in some respects.

X. Y. Z.



New Novels

"STRANGE WATERS," by R. E. Francillon (3 vols.: Bentley).—Mr. Francillon is always original in his novels, and has never shown himself so after a more marked fashion than in this, which—at least as regards those parts in it which are really its essence—we think must be held to contain the finest work he has yet given us. The secret of its success lies in the fact that the author here, as he says, takes his readers on a voyage "in somewhat strange and unfamiliar waters of life," and it is precisely in such waters that he swims with greatest ease, power, and freedom. For those who will read the book as it should be read, it has but three characters, each one of whom has been fashioned into what he or she is directly or indirectly by Art and its influences, and thus dwells in a world which is not that of ordinary human beings. We have the fanatical devotee of Art in Andrew Gordon or John March, the man to whom pure music is the one thing in the world to live for and think of, who has given twenty-five years of his life to the composition of a great work "which should be the embodiment of all Art thenceforth and for ever," and before its completion is smitten with total deafness, so that he may not hope to hear with his outward ears the triumph of this true child of his soul; the spoiled child of Art and its scorner in the wife he has put away from him, the great singer, Mademoiselle Clari, who has rejected the Art-worship to which her husband would have devoted her, and employed the glorious voice he has trained to win diamonds and the applause of fools; and the docile slave of art in Celia March, brought up by the father, in whose eyes she is a voice and little else, to fill the *rôle* of the mother of whose existence she is ignorant, and submissively accepting the mission imposed upon her, though with no enthusiasm for it, and with much inward shrinking from the burden. To bring out into full relief these three personages, so exceptional and remote from common experience by nature or circumstances or both—who are yet in some sort bound together, in that they all have their roots in that "score" which is one day to come into being as "Cleopatra; Tragedia Lirica in Cinque Atti"—is, one may say, the author's sole object here; and, of course, such an object leads him into "strange waters," and on ground outside the range of ordinary sympathies. But it is, as we have said, in dealing with such a theme as this that Mr. Francillon seems most at home and at his best. It is in representing "the common life of all men" that he seems to show least power and originality, perhaps because he does not feel enough genuine interest in it for his imagination to grasp and realise it. Within our limits it is impossible to dwell upon the novel at the length to which its deserts and our inclination would lead us; we will confine ourselves to saying that the concluding chapters, which tell the story of the production of "Cleopatra," when, at last, "the Score becomes Sound," and the one woman in the world who can sing Andrew Gordon's music comes forward to take up "the burden of the battle of Art" which had proved too heavy for poor Celia's over-taxed heart and energies, are, beyond question, very great work indeed. No doubt the leading incident may be pronounced improbable to the verge of impossibility, and so according to established rules and customs it is; but no one with imagination enough to be fit to read such a story as this will feel such criticism to be of the slightest importance. For the rest, the book is written in a style vigorous and pointed throughout, and rising in the last scenes to real eloquence and beauty of diction, whilst it contains evidence in abundance that it proceeds from one who is a thinker at least as much as a teller of stories. Judged from the right point of view, "Strange Waters" must be held a work of high distinction; and for the power and pathos of its finale it would not be easy—setting on one side George Eliot and Mr. G. Meredith—to find a match in recent novels.

"Rare Pale Margaret" (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co).—We cannot see much reason for introducing Margaret Hilton, the heroine here, best known among her intimates as "July," under the style and title of "rare pale Margaret," for she certainly has nothing in common with the listless, dreamy, meditative damsel who forms the subject of one of Mr. Tennyson's exquisite word-pictures. But the title is not of much consequence, and the story, though not one of special mark, is clever, interesting, and well told. Margaret's love troubles have this element of originality in them, that one of her suitors, to whom she is bound by habit and use from the days of childhood, though the notion of falling in love with him had never entered her head, is a deaf mute, but all the same a young man of great gifts and high culture, and a true moral hero. The best scenes in the tale are the earliest, when Margaret is still in bondage to governesses, and "July" to every one in her world, except her mother. She and her brothers and Jack Comyn, the Vicar's son—who ultimately develops into another lover—make a very lively group, and especially amusing is that one of the Hilton boys who, by reason of its being his destiny to join his uncle in Queensland when he reaches the age of eighteen, is known among his family as "the Outcast." The mother, Mrs. Hilton, too, is a very well-drawn and natural personage. Altogether the book is above the average, and decidedly pleasant reading.

"Dangerfield," by H. Baden Pritchard, author of "Tramps in the Tyrol," &c. (3 vols.: Tinsley).—This story is readable enough, though its "hero," if we are so to call the adventurer, Captain Dangerfield, is a stagey and conventional villain, whom we see through at once, and do not care for. The theatrical experiences of Tom Heatherley, who, though a gentleman by birth, becomes through stress of fortune stage carpenter at the "Comus," form much the best part of the book. They are related with a good deal of vivacity, and, at any rate, *seem* natural and life-like.

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THE BLUEBELL

WHERE ferns in green luxuriance grow
In pine-shade cool,
Where grasses wave, and wild-flowers blow
Beside the pool,
Whose freshness gives the wood its name,
Content I grew,
Without a thought of wealth or fame,
Till plucked for you.

One August day in harvest time
A maiden young
Beheld me drooping in my prime,
My head down hung:
She gathered me with dainty care,
And as we came
From shade into the outer air
I heard your name!

She bade me haste to greet her love,
To bear him dreams
Of green below, dark trees above,
And rain in streams;
Of two that wandered there alone
And plighted troth:
She uttered oft the name of one,
But never both.

She bade me lay upon your mind
A thought of bliss;
She laid on me a burden kind,
A tender kiss.
I give you both again,—so press
Your lips on me.
I think no Talk-fountain. Yes!
And so does she!

J. S.

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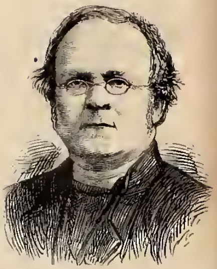

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—SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL MEMBERS

THE PERSONNEL OF THE SHEFFIELD CHURCH CONGRESS

The Archbishop of York, the President of the recent Sheffield Church Congress, is a dignitary who owes his distinguished position as the Northern Primate neither to high birth nor to influential friends, but exclusively to that rarest of all combinations—high intellectual gifts in alliance with strong common sense and uncommon tact. The personal appearance of Archbishop Thomson is much in his favour. His figure is noble, imposing, and well-built, his features have a pleasant expression, and his manner is winning, and singularly free from all affectation. His voice is not remarkable for strength, but it is clear, earnest, and commanding in its every tone. He is not by any means an orator of the highest class, such as his right reverend brother of Peterborough, or the late Bishop Wilberforce, but his style is vigorous, incisive, and polished, and the matter of his discourse never heavy, though full of arguments of weight, relieved as it always is by the brilliant play of a vivid and vigorous imagination. The Archbishop of York is not only one of the Presidents of the Church of England Temperance Society, but, from the conviction that his own example would be more efficacious than precept, he became a teetotaller.

The Bishops of St. David's and Rochester were formerly chaplains of the Archbishop of York, and it is said they owe their elevation to the Episcopal Bench to the influence of the Northern Primate, which is known to be powerful even with a Conservative Government, though Dr. Thomson is himself a Liberal in politics, and owed his own promotion to Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone. Dr. Thorold, the Bishop of Rochester, as Vicar of St. Pancras, earned the reputation of a hard-working parish priest, and of an earnest and eloquent preacher. He is one of the very few Bishops who never won a single Classical or Divinity honour at his University (Oxford), and his elevation, as he said to a friend, surprised no one more than himself. The Bishop of Ripon's (Dr. Bickersteth) fame lies in his preaching rather than in his learning, and the story goes, which we give for what it is worth, that Lord Palmerston, in offering the vacant Bishopric of Ripon, addressed inadvertently the letter of nomination to the "Reverend Robert Bickersteth," for whom it was not intended, but who did not say "Nolo episcopari," though the nomination was meant for a near kinsman of the same name. However this may be, there can be no manner of doubt that Dr. Bickersteth has proved himself an able and zealous overseer of the Church in the Diocese of Ripon.

The services of the Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Fraser, to the cause of Education deserved the highest recognition, which they received by his appointment to a mitre. For many years Dr. Fraser was Inspector of Schools, then Assistant-Commissioner in the Inquiry into Popular Education, and in this capacity he visited the United States to report on the education of that country. Though not altogether a handsome man, Bishop Fraser has a genial and pleasant face, with culture written in large characters in every lineament, and he has an easy and remarkably attractive manner. Clear and musical as a bell is his voice, sweet when he is pathetic, thrilling when he is solemn, and strongly incisive when he is sarcastic. Not long ago Dr. Fraser espoused the cause of the agricultural labourers against the tyranny of the farmers; this may have been a mistake of judgment, but it was certainly quite in keeping with the well-known honesty and independent character of the Bishop, and his keen sense of horror at what he believes to be injustice and wrong done to any fellow creature. This hard-working and self-denying prelate, who refuses himself the luxury of a wife and a palace, occasionally from the same sense of duty deals out the severest of animadversions against croquet-playing curates, and curates who marry without means.

The Bishop of Carlisle, Dr. Harvey Goodwin, won the highest mathematical honours of his University, as Smith's Prizeman and Second Wrangler, and wears on his intellectual and handsome features the happy, contented look that is said to mark the men who have attained to the dignity of a mitre. Dr. Rowley Hill, Bishop of Sodor and Man, was the immediate predecessor of Canon Blakeney, the present Vicar of Sheffield. Both Bishops are known as eloquent preachers, as well as most pronounced representatives of the Evangelical School. In the same category we may place Canon Ryle, an Oxford first-classman, whose earnestness, zeal, and ability are fully acknowledged by every section of the Church, and beyond it, though scarcely sufficiently recognised by those who appoint to the highest offices in the Church. It is only due to Canon Ryle to state that it was owing to his exertions mainly that the Evangelical party took any practical interest in the Congress.

The Bishop of Capetown, Dr. Jones, was a distinguished *protégé* of the late Bishop Wilberforce, to whom he owed his promotion, and was the pupil of Dr. Hessey, the learned and scholarly Archdeacon of Middlesex, the late successful master of Merchant Taylors' School. Canon Basil Wilberforce, a son of the late Bishop of Winchester, has of late years championed the Temperance cause with an eloquence only a little less forcible than that of his gifted father and grandfather, the emancipator of the negro slave. In Archdeacon Emery and Archdeacon Hessey, the Sheffield Congress had the Church's two ablest writers on the organisation of Church Congresses and Conferences.

The Evangelical nobility of Sheffield and its neighbourhood were well represented in the Earl of Wharncliffe. The Broad Church party had moderate, safe, and able advocates in Rev. T. Llewelyn Davies and Rev. F. Pigou. Nor was the Ritualistic party lacking in able and zealous representatives in the persons of the Chairman of the English Church Union, Mr. Wood, and of the Rev. Berdmore Compton, Vicar of St. Margaret's, London, and Rev. J. Oakley. The Dean of Lichfield and the Dean of Ripon were *par excellence* the representatives, the former of the moderate High Church party, and the latter of the moderate Low Church party. The Bishops of Niagara and Iowa owed their visit to the Congress to the Pan-Anglican Conference, and were received in a manner worthy of the Transatlantic fame which they carried with them. Mr. F. T. Mappin, who is the Mayor of Sheffield, is, as they say in Sheffield, "a sharp blade," and much of the success of the recent Church Congress was owing to his valuable local aid, in which he was admirably assisted by Mr. Bernard Wake, Mr. Arthur Thomas, and Mr. William Smith, all local celebrities, and earnest and liberal-minded Churchmen.

With the single exception of the Croydon Congress of 1877, no Church Congress can boast of so large a representation, in its speakers and readers, of the learning and literature of the country. Almost every department of literature, sacred and secular, was represented, and well represented by men who are leaving their mark, though more or less distinctly, on the intellectual character of the age. The Archbishop of York, the President of the Congress, has given the world abundant proof of his singularly subtle and powerful intellectual force in his "Outlines of the Laws of Thought" and in his "Aids to Faith" and in his masterly contribution to "The Speaker's Commentary." Professor Stanley Leathes is a distinguished member of the Old Testament Revision Company, is also a prominent member of the Christian Evidence Society, and was the Boyle Lecturer a few years ago. Rev. W. Sanday and the Rev. Brownlow Maitland are also members of the Christian Evidence Society, and in this trio we find three of the very ablest writers of the present century against the scepticism of the age. Professor Leathes and Mr. Sanday have both written on the authenticity of the Gospel of St. John, against the attacks of the Neologian school of critics, and the Rev. Brownlow Maitland has written a most convincing and exhaustive refutation of Atheism and Agnosticism from a scientific standpoint, a work published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge as "An Essay on the Grounds of Belief in God." The present Bishop of St. David's (Dr. Basil Jones), like his great predecessor on the episcopal throne, Dr. Connop Thirlwall, the most learned prelate of a most learned age and country, is a man of varied culture and diversified talents. He has borne a high name as a writer in classical literature, in history, and in divinity, the very three provinces, by a singular coincidence, in which Bishop Thirlwall won his world-wide fame. The Rev. George Rawlinson is the Camden Professor of Ancient History, Oxford, and is best known to classical scholars by his *facile princeps* edition and translation of Herodotus, and to the public in general by his masterly lecture on the "Alleged Historical Difficulties of the Old and New Testaments, and the Light Thrown upon them by Modern Discoveries." Canon Tristram is well known as a distinguished naturalist, and a traveller in the Holy Land, who has written extensively on the Natural History and Physical History of Palestine, and contributed largely to the periodical literature of the day.

The Dean of Chester is best known as a writer for his "Life and Epistles of St. Paul," which has become the standard work on the subject; but it is not so well known that the Dean, as well as Canon Tristram, the Bishop of St. David's, and Dr. Thornton, have been contributors to the *Quarterly Review*. In Canon Walsham How we recognise the best representative of the devotional literature of our time. The Canon's "Plain Words" and "Practical Sermons" have wielded an incalculable power for spiritual good amongst all thoughtful minds in the National Church, and beyond it. The Rev. E. H. Bickersteth has long won his laurels as a sacred poet. At Cambridge, where he took high honours, he won the Seatonian Verse Prize, and his Christian Epic, "Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever," has gone through many editions, and is a poem of singular power and beauty, though some of it might be rewritten with improvement. The Very Reverend the Dean of Manchester (B. M. Cowie), the Rev. Samuel Earnshaw, Rector of Blomfield, Sheffield, were both Senior Wranglers. The Dean's best and most popular work is his "Scripture Difficulties." The Rev. Samuel Earnshaw is the gifted writer of the two best treatises known on Statics and Dynamics. Dr. Robinson Thornton, Vice-President of the Victoria Institute, and formerly Warden of Trinity College, Glenalmond, is known as an elegant classical scholar, and the author of the life of the famous Russian Prelate Nikon and the "Logic of Scepticism."

In connection with periodical literature, which was very fully represented, we find Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P., the proprietor of the *Saturday Review*, and an occasional contributor to the *Church Quarterly*; the Rev. Charles Bullock was for fourteen years the Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester, an incumbency which he resigned in 1874 in order to devote himself entirely to literature. He is the editor of *Hand and Heart*, *The Day of Days*, *Our Own Fireside*, and other weekly and monthly serials of the purest and most profitable literature for the young; the Rev. Harry Jones was the editor of the late *People's Magazine*, published by the Christian Knowledge Society; the Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter is a regular contributor to the *Quiver* and other religious serials of a high character; the Rev. Ernest Fitzroy, a literate, the late editor of *John Bull*, is a representative of the London Conservative Daily Press; the Rev. G. W. Weldon is the reputed editor of the *Rock*, and the Rev. Dr. Lee is the editor of the *National Church*. The Hon. C. L. Wood, the Chairman of the English Church Union, is said to be a contributor to the columns of the *Church Times*, and Miss Whately, the author of the paper on "Women's Work in the Church," is the daughter of Archbishop Whately, and a regular contributor to religious periodical literature. Rev. J. W. Gedge is a Diocesan Inspector of Schools, and a well-known contributor to the *Quiver* and the *Sunday School Magazine*. The Rev. Canon Blakeney, Vicar of Sheffield, is a brother of Dr. Blakeney, Vicar of Bridlington, was for seventeen years Vicar of St. Paul's, Sheffield, and was transferred to his present benefice about a year ago, when Dr. Rowland Hill, the late Vicar, was appointed to the Bishopric of Sodor and Man. He is a man of great earnestness and large-hearted sympathy, and is possessed of great organising talent, and it is to his efforts that much of the success of the late Congress is due.—Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—The Mayor of Sheffield, by the Van der Weyde Light Company, 182, Regent Street; the Bishop of Carlisle, Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; Mr. Wake, W. Bradnee, Torquay; Mr. Smith, Lewis, Isle of Man; Mr. Thomas, S. Eastham, Lord Street, Southport; Canon Blakeney, J. J. and S. Johnson, Glossop Road, Sheffield; and the remainder are by Samuel A. Walker, 330, Regent Street, W.

Note.——The undermentioned gentlemen, although alluded to in the foregoing article, are not included in our group of portraits:—Bishop of Capetown, Earl of Wharncliffe, Rev. B. Compton, Rev. J. Oakley, Rev. W. Sanday, Rev. Dr. Thornton, Rev. S. Earnshaw, Rev. H. Jones, Rev. E. Fitzroy, Rev. G. W. Weldon, and Rev. Dr. Lee.

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AMAZONS ANCIENT AND MODERN

A Mexican court-martial has lately condemned to twenty years' imprisonment a young lady named Casiana Hernandez, who had been caught with arms in her hands conducting a guerilla warfare on behalf of the insurgents. The fair culprit was described as hardly thirty years old, strongly built and possessed of marvellous courage, which has obtained for her great distinction in various combats and the grade of lieutenant. She had been fighting for months in male attire, and had gained the complete confidence, as well as the command, of the troop entrusted to her. Surprised at last by a successful raid, she fell one night into the hands of the foe, was conducted in chains to Mexico, and at length ended her martial career in a similar though somewhat less tragic style to most of her predecessors in the art of war.

The list of those predecessors furnished by history contains, it is true, a mention of some brilliant successes as well as of the disastrous fate to which they led; and it is rather surprising, considering the fame which such heroines have achieved, that their example has not more often been followed. The idea of female warriors, however unknown to the Asiatic nations, appears in the earliest legends of all the Aryan race. The Greeks produce it in its most picturesque as well as definite form in the person of the famous Amazons sculptured on a thousand *frescoes* and *bas-reliefs*. From the time when under Penthesilea they fought at the siege of Troy, to that when their queen came out to meet, and, as she hoped, wed Alexander the Great, the Amazons were stedfastly believed to inhabit the parts of Asia around Trebizond; and the little Greek children still shuddered at accounts of their invasions in the heart of Hellenic territory. To the Romans the poetic type of Amazon was exhibited by Virgil in the person of Camilla. Chaste and fearless, swift and strong, the child of the forest flits for a while across the scene, appearing in the foremost ranks amongst the defenders of Italy, and falling after a brief career of glory by the hand of the Trojan invader. Of all the vividly drawn characters in the Æneid none is more charmingly sketched than the luckless Camilla. Armed with her bright javelins and sturdy battle-axe, and mounted on a steed as fiery as herself, she maintains for a short time the Latian hopes and courage; and her fall, mourned by the Queen of the Gods, dismays the hearts of the patriots. Only a short gleam of desperate bravery, the result of her example, animates the matrons of Italy, who crowd to the walls burning with shame and ire, longing to lay down their lives in defence of the fatherland. It is all in vain; and the death of Camilla is only the prelude to the ruin of the Latian cause. From the pages of Virgil it is a short step only to those of Livy, where on the doomed walls of Carthage are to be seen the lady-warriors of Africa. Every one has seen them in his mind's eye, those dark-eyed Furies, at once an example and a shame to their more effeminate brothers, breathing hatred and defiance from turret and house-roof, stringing the very bows with their long tresses, and hurling every weapon that rage could devise on the heads of the Roman foe.

More modern times have had their Amazons—figures as familiar to the eye as any that history presents. The Maid of Orleans shines forth like a bright star across the darkest page of the French annals, comparable in her shortlived glory, no less than in her fate, to the happiest inventions of the Greek and Latin poets. But it is in India, the land of the third great Aryan family, that the lady warriors, perhaps, played the most important part. Prince Soltikoff has described in graphic style the female guards of the Princes of the Deccan. Armed with musket and bayonet, they wear a uniform of scarlet cloth, trimmed and corded with white braid, a green trouser, and a scarlet shako, surmounted by a green plume. While employed, as they are in time of peace, in the interior of the palace, they wear no boots at all, but in war put on a low Eastern shoe, pointed and turned up at the toe. The long hair which is allowed to fall over their shoulders at once reveals their sex, but there is nothing in their courage or bearing which gives any such indication; and the honours of the regiment are to be found recorded in the annals of the fiercest wars in the peninsula. The King of Siam has a body-guard also composed of female warriors. It includes 400 girls chosen from amongst the strongest and most handsome of all the ladies in the land. At the age of thirteen they enter the service, and remain in it till twenty-five, when they pass into the reserve. From this time they leave the presence of the King himself, but are retained on duty at the other royal palaces, where they act as instructors and trainers of other and younger recruits. The weapon used by these pretty soldiers is the lance, which they are said to manage with great skill; and their light costume made them a grand attraction on the stage in Paris, where they were represented not long ago in a popular drama.

Africa also has had its Amazons, and even has them still. Some of the most formidable troops of the present King of Dahomey are the 4,000 women soldiers whose valour has been already tried in many a sanguinary field-day, and upon whom our own soldiers are said to look with no little awe in view of a possible conflict. The King is a shrewd observer of character, and may possibly have been made aware by painful experience *furens quid femina possit*. At any rate, he is known to have organised with great care this singular brigade, training up each member of it in a spirit of undying ferocity, and rigorously excluding them from any possible communication with men.

At the time of the Revolution it was not to be for one moment supposed that France would be without her Amazons. In the general crash of all established prejudices that of the inferiority of women was bound to fall with the rest, and accordingly there was soon enrolled amongst the motley forces of the revolutionists a battalion of *fortes femmes*. They were commanded by the famous Théroigne de Méricourt, and were to be found in the forefront of many of those rough encounters which abounded in the early days of the Paris insurrection. During the late war, in one of the abortive attempts to establish the Commune, a battalion of *citoyennes* was seen one day marching into the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. Their ardour was admirable; their attitude and drill somewhat less exemplary. But what they chiefly wanted was a convenient supply of arms; and this want of munitions of war led to their untimely dissolution. An agent of police who had seen the *corps* defiling into the square, not without some irreverent laughter on the part of the multitude, managed to persuade their leaders that he was authorised to provide them with rifles. Under this false pretence he inveigled them into a house hard by, where, locking a strong door upon them, he left them to their own reflections, until they became so hungry as to be forced to disband voluntarily and set forth in quest of food.

A more successful career in arms was that of the widow Breton, who served first as private soldier and then as non-commissioned officer in the armies of the Republic and the Empire. This woman, whose maiden name was Angélique Duchemin, was presented with a certificate from the Minister of War testifying that she had served for many months as fusilier corporal in the 42nd regiment of infantry, had been wounded three times in the service of France, and had behaved in the ranks "with honour, bravery, and intelligence." She died many years afterwards in the Hôtel des Invalides. A more touching story was related by the Marshal Massena to Madame d'Abrantes, who has recorded it in her memoirs. The Marshal during the Battle of Bissingen observed a young soldier, apparently quite a boy, belonging to the light artillery, defending himself with exceeding bravery against a number of the enemy's soldiers, who had killed his horse. He sent a detachment to rescue him, but was too late to save his life. It was found that the body was that of a young woman, named Louise Bellet, who had enlisted in order to be with the object of her affections. She had completely outdone the exploit of the lady celebrated in the old sea song, who

> followed after
> Under the name of Robert Carr,
> And her lily-white hands were smeared all over
> With the nasty pitch and tar.

The heroine of that veracious tale detected her supposed true-love in the act of flirting with a strange lady, and after having "called for a sword and pistol, which did come at her command," and having slain the faithless seaman, was "very much applauded" by the captain, and promoted to be first lieutenant of a gallant ship of war. Poor Louise Bellet, whose true-love was a captain of artillery, had not the mortification of finding out his infidelity; but had seen him killed in the battle, and was bent on the vain task of avenging him, when cut down before the Marshal could extricate her from the fray.

E. B. M.

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THE WILDS OF KERRY

III.

Adherence to old customs is usually considered to be an Irish characteristic, but it is in the back settlements of the West that this devotion to the past is most prominently shown. There is an ancient Irish measure, called a "bandle," about three-quarters of a yard in length; and when the country people bring in their home made frieze to sell at the Dingle fairs, they always prefer selling it by the bandle to selling it by the yard. Measuring by the bandle is prohibited; but it bears the stamp of antiquity, and to some minds there is a delicious *soupçon* of pleasure in braving the law, so the country folks hide their bandles till the danger of detection is over, then they produce them again, and obstinately "gang their ain gait." It is no wonder that smuggling used to be such a favourite amusement in these parts; people now living remember having seen sixty horses laden with smuggled tobacco pass up from the sea. A town without a butcher's shop sounds like an anomaly; yet Dingle, though it once boasted three castles, and used to return two members to the Irish Parliament, does not possess such a thing. Whenever a sheep is killed, the joints are hung up outside the walls of a not over-clean cabin, to announce to the public that for that day meat can be had. A quarter of mutton is sold for four and sixpence. In winter fourpence halfpenny or fivepence a pound is charged, while in summer it is rather dearer. Beef is scarcely ever to be procured, but there is always a glut of chickens and ducks. Two chickens were actually bought for fourpence, though the usual price for a good-sized one is ninepence. In spite of these cheap prices, the principal food of the poorer classes is coarse salt fish, generally hake. Every cabin has two or three hake hanging near the fire, and carts full of it are sold at the fairs. Dilisk, a species of sea-weed, found in plenty at the Blasket Islands, is esteemed a delicacy, and is greedily devoured by all who go "to town," for so Dingle is dignified by the Western folk. Everybody "in town" sells something, every small sash-window has a collection of dingy goods of the most promiscuous description. In one of these windows, not three feet square, the following articles were exposed for sale:—A scythe, a large dish, some bowls, a loaf of bread, a pair of tongs, a kettle, some bottles of castor oil, and a glass of "bulls'-eyes," not forgetting some "illigant tay from Cork!" Sugar-sticks are much run upon, and are of genuine home manufacture; but literature is at a very low ebb; even penny song-books are at a discount, and no other books can be bought. A large number of stone bottles, apparently ink-jars, would seem to indicate that if the people do not read they must write; but on a closer inspection these jars are found to contain "annatto"—a mixture for colouring butter, much in demand. A pack of harriers is quartered about amongst various cabins; dozens of these dogs prowl hungrily in the streets, while pigs of a pinkish white colour roam hither and thither at "their own sweet will." From long intercourse with their masters, occupying the same sleeping room, and being the *enfants gâtés* of the household, they have acquired an amazing familiarity and freedom. Some needy Irish parents once disposed of a child for thirty shillings; but a well-fed pig is worth more, and these 'cute porkers seem to have got an inkling of their own importance, and act accordingly. Whoever expects to acquire a stock of smart repartees and guide-book anecdotes in the far West will be sorely disappointed, for hardly a word of English is spoken among the lower classes. Irish is poured forth with amazing volubility, play of feature, and variety of gesture; but the moment English is heard, all the brightness and animation fade away, and the restraint of a foreign tongue at once appears. "I have no English" is a frequent expression. There seems to be a dread of making mistakes, and a certainty of doing so. Irish at the fairs, in the cabins, on the roads—nothing else is heard; and, should anybody lose his way in the mountains, it is ten to one that he can make himself understood. A traveller in this predicament vainly put the question, "Where am I to go?" The well-meaning master of a road-side cabin, after consulting with his better half, came to the conclusion that a light for a pipe must be the thing desired, and speedily brought out a burning sod of turf! No one who wanders about the Barony of Corkaguiny can think that Irish is an extinct language. The farm people, as they sit over their fires—which are always made on the earthen floors—have their Irish songs and their long Irish stories of Fion-mac-Cumhail, the Battle of Ventry, and the Valley of Slaughter. These narrations, which sound as if they were all "glaghs," and "gauns," and "cunnocks," are listened to with profound attention, and are continued from evening to evening like the tales of the Princess Scheherazade.

The scenery of the remote west—wild, grand, and sea-girt—is enough to awaken song and story in the most prosaic. The drive from Smerwick to Dunmore Head is something indescribable; there is hardly a sign of life, the silence is intense; chains of mountains, some crowned with rocks, others stretching away in the purple distance, are on one side, while on the other the deep blue Atlantic sweeps in solitary majesty as far as the eyes can reach. When we climb up to the Ogham stone of Eric or Erk, on the top of Dunmore Head, or scramble down to the Ram's Cove below, we have the certainty that we are as far west as it is possible to go. Nothing but a world of water is between us and America. Towards the right the Blasket Islands look like fairy mountains rising from the sea. The word "Blasket" is derived from the Irish *blaose*, the scale of a fish—hence, scaled off from the land. The people who live in these islands are isolated indeed. One old woman who came to the mainland for the first time in her life fell on her knees and thanked God that the world was so large. Boats seldom go across, especially in winter. The Sound of the Blaskets is considered dangerous. It was here that one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, *Our Lady of the Rosary*, was wrecked in September, 1588. In Smith's "History of Kerry" the account is given at length; and we are told how the Prince of Ascule and five hundred other persons, of whom one hundred were gentlemen, met an untimely fate among these rugged rocks. Trees, to use an Irishism, are "conspicuous from their absence" wherever we turn, but fuchsias of the rarest kinds flourish in the open air all the year round, arums grow like weeds, and reach an immense height, while ferns are found in great variety. A wild peculiar sound, which seems as if it came from the very depth of desolation, is sometimes heard along these lonely shores. A funeral is passing to some mountain burying-ground, and though actual "keening," in the sense of a funeral song, is a tradition of the past, yet the numerous women who walk after the coffin, draped in their shawls, always raise this dreary mournful wail, which is on one note, long-sustained and ear-haunting. It has some resemblance to the moan of a seagull. The sound is only heard on one other occasion—when there is an American flitting, and friends have met to see the last of Breda, Mhaire, or Shawn, who are setting off to court fortune in a more propitious land. Then comes this "great and exceeding bitter cry" from those who are left behind. America is always the land of promise; it seems so near in the West, and people who have never been to Dublin have been to New York. "You are looking out for a situation?" was said to two stout girls at a farmhouse. "No, no; we are going to America next year." So it always is. Every young person is going, or means to go, to this second homeland. The funeral customs in the West are peculiar. Three candles are burnt before a child, signifying the Trinity, twelve before a grown person, signifying the twelve Apostles, and when the master of a house dies the hearth is swept up that night, and the tongs and a few sods of turf put by the fire, so that, should he reappear, everything would be found ready for him. What with providing whisky and tobacco, wakes are rather expensive, but hospitality is a virtue which, though not always practised among the upper classes, is sure to be found among the bare-legged inhabitants of the mountains. They are always ready to bring out cups of milk, and never expect a reward. They do not resemble a certain monarch, Neidhe O'Mulconry, head of the *in*hospitality of Ireland, who solemnly swore that he would never give bread and butter together to his guests.

C. J. H.

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WINTER EXHIBITIONS

The opening note of the Winter Exhibitions has sounded. Messrs. Wallis's, Maclean's, and Tooth's Galleries have all opened this week, the first with a collection combining foreign and English pictures, foreign predominating in number and interest, Mr. Maclean's Gallery with water-colour drawings, Tooth's with a selection from works of our own and foreign schools—that of our own the most numerous.

All the other contents of Messrs. Wallis's room, though it contains a number of very clever small pictures by distinguished members of the French, Dutch, and Bavarian schools, shrink into comparative insignificance by the side of H. De Neuville's last great battle picture of the surrender of the remnant of the French defenders of Le Bourget, a village in the outskirts of Paris, finally carried by a division of the Prussian Guard after a desperate resistance on October 30, 1870. The catalogue thus describes the incident in an extract from General Ducrot's *Défense de Paris*:—"Le Bourget, shattered by shell, and attacked by a whole division of the Prussian Guard, had again fallen into the enemy's hands. All seemed over, save in the village church, where eight French officers and twenty men (belonging to the *Dépôts de la Garde*, *Mobiles*, and *Francs-tireurs de la Presse*) still resisted. They defended themselves to the last extremity, and it was only by shooting them through the windows and bringing up the artillery to storm their improvised citadel, that the remnant of this brave band could be forced to surrender." We are looking upon the façade of the village church and a house separated from it by a narrow alley. The plaster is dented by balls and bullets, the door shattered by the fire of the field pieces, which, with their muzzles blackened by powder, are being withdrawn from their positions in the blazing village street immediately in front of the church. From the church door, which has been barricaded within with heaped-up *prie-Dieus*, two of the French defenders are bearing out in a chair their gallant captain (Grivez) mortally wounded. The Prussian soldiers who line the church steps, still uncertain whether the desperate resistance may not be crowned by a more desperate rush, stand, some with rifles clubbed, some with finger on trigger of the *nädelgewehr*, and their officers sword in hand, ready for whatever the military need of the moment may dictate. In the foreground lie heaps of gathered arms which have been taken from the dead or surrendered by the survivors, but most of the rifles shattered before surrender. Standing disarmed among the Prussians are two French officers—one the commandant of the Guard, who has headed the defence of the village, bleeding from a wound in his head, the other an unwounded captain of Mobiles, and some French soldiers, wounded and prisoners. The houses in the village street are blazing, and the artillerymen find it hard to drive their teams through the smoke and flame. The picture has the same grim and ghastly reality which has given so distinct a stamp to the pictures of De Neuville, Detaille, and the other French battle painters who have studied the horrors of warfare on the field. The faces of the German soldiers are not pleasant to look upon. There may be a little of natural French antipathy in this, and no doubt the proportion of low, and even brutal, types may fairly be said to be exaggerated. Never, probably, was there an army which contained a larger leaven of gentle and educated men than the German force that invaded France in 1870.

At least it cannot be said that De Neuville's Teutonic heads and faces are not characteristic. The heads of the four French soldiers who are visible are not much, if at all, higher in type than the German. Faces, French or German, are not improved by the fever of bloodshed and the fire of battle.

Even the backs in this picture are so instinct with character, that we put faces to them involuntarily. There is a back view of a man on a ladder, close to the church door, leaning forward in intense curiosity, and another of a stalwart officer, sword in hand, in the foreground, which are perfectly marvellous for truth and force.

Nothing, indeed, can exceed the truthfulness and variety of conception and the individuality of these faces, or the naturalness as well as pictorial effectiveness of the grouping and attitudes of the living and the dead all through the picture.

How far such horror comes within the true field of art may, for the many, be matter of question. But if war is to be painted, better, I should say, that it should be painted in its horrible and hideous truth, as we see it in this picture and the others by the same master.

There is about De Neuville's manner of handling and execution a coarseness, if I may use the word, which is perfectly calculated, and a harshness which seem to adapt it especially to subjects of blood and battle. To appreciate the effect of the painting, it must be looked at from a certain distance, at which its roughness disappears, and it becomes life-like.

It is difficult to pause on the other pictures in the Gallery after this; but there are, as usual, a great many interesting cabinet pictures by the clever Bavarian masters, whom Mr. Wallis has made household names among us, to whom new names are yearly being added to, as, in this Exhibition, W. Rauber's, attached to two very spirited horse pictures of "A Reconnoitring Party" (7) and "A Horse Fair," in which dexterous use is made of some of the well-worn receipts of the Wouvermanns school, for the grouping of the white or mottled grey horse with the brown or bay. The small pictures by Breling, of the same class of subjects, scouting parties, road-side groups and gossips of soldiers and camp-followers, spies brought in prisoners by troopers, and so forth, are as brilliant in colour, and as effective and neatly touched in heads and costumes as ever. Then there is great merit in the many little bits of Bavarian character, such groups as A. Spring's "Gamblers," and "Grace Before Meat;" or Walten's "Dead Canary;" answering in Teutonic Art very much to the work of the Ecouen school (here represented by some pretty little examples by Duverger, Aufray, and Seignac), in the French, Kauffmann's "Blind Fiddler," or "Winter Pastime," Lacerenz's "Unwelcome Ordeal," or Kotschenreiter's "Expectation and Disappointment," a legatee approaching the door of the "Land-gerecht" with his papers, and coming away from it after a payment of fees which has all but swallowed up his poor little legacy. But all these, with the Bavarian landscapes of Wimmer, Lier, Windmaier, Heinisch, and Noerr, or K. Heffner's thin but effective bits of grey marsh land and river scenery, fall into the category of "slight" work, however clever.

Dutch painting has more solidity, though here there is only one example of Israels—a figure at a church-door of no peculiar interest—and Sadée's "A Gossip on the Seashore," rather more than normally dull in colour. Two subjects by Anker, the Swiss painter, a boy who has fallen asleep over his blotted copy-book, and a shrewd-looking old money-changer counting up his coin, have the care and fidelity to Nature that always mark his work.

Among the English pictures the most noticeable are Mr. Burgess's "Church Catechism," a knot of pretty señoritas, under the eye of their governess, being examined by a bland old priest, who questions his fair flock as if he loved them, while a stout attendant brings his cup of chocolate. Mr. Burgess has been happy in his girl models—ripe, melting brunettes, some of them at least perfectly prepared to put priest or layman through another guess sort of catechism; and the smooth smiling old priest, with his expressive fingers pressed point to point, his unctuous smile, and his deferential bend, is a characteristic type capitally put on canvas. After Mr. Burgess's picture, Mr. Elmore's Algerine water-colour claims notice as a well-posed, well-painted, picturesque figure which aims at nothing more, and is perhaps treated on too large a scale for its intrinsic interest. Miss Clara Montalba's two studies of Venetian shipping, dark masses of picturesque craft, between an expanse of grey sky above, and an expanse of grey lagoon below, are a repetition on a larger scale—and none the better, perhaps, for the increase of dimensions—of many of her Venetian studies of shipping already exhibited. They are fitter subjects for studies than for pictures, for which they have neither the intrinsic interest nor the charm of finish, or exquisiteness of workmanship. Miss Hilda Montalba's "Returning from the Rialto," two Venetian girls in a common gondola, rowed by a "bel giovane," has a pretty effect of figures against the water and background sky and buildings, but sadly wants better drawing in the principal figure. The most important English figure pictures after Burgess's Spanish group is Mr. Saville Lumley's "Challenger and Challenged," two Cavaliers "Coming to the point," in a tapestry-hung chamber.

A forest landscape, with wood-cutters, by J. L. Linnell, is a beautiful work of the painter's best time, of some twenty years ago. Gérôme's "Dancing Girl," her charms enhanced by the half-concealment of her green gauze veil, and Meissonier's little study of a standard-bearer, are lent by the Duke of Wellington to the exhibition. E. Allan Schmidt's "Artist in His Studio," and Jimenez's "Expert at Pen-Making" are two examples of elaborately finished minute work which merit the close examination which such work challenges. Jimenez's little picture has the superiority in interest of physiognomy, and in execution is free from a certain tendency to what painters call "tightness," which detracts from the result of Mr. Schmidt's extraordinarily careful execution.

The largest and most important contemporary landscapes (putting aside Mr. Linnell and Creswick's tree-bordered streamlet, with figures by Bottomley ("Crossing the Ford,") are Mr. Leader's "On the Malvern Hills" and "On a Devonshire River." They are good average examples of the painter, but I confess to preferring his studies, of which here are more than forty on exhibition on the first floor of Mr. Wallis's Gallery, to his pictures. The charm of the painter's skill and spirit in these studies at first hand, made on sea and on shore, from Switzerland, Wales, and England, North, South, East, and West, is enhanced by that freshness of effect which the elaboration of the studio is apt to efface without always supplying an equivalent.

I must reserve Messrs. M'Lean's and Tooth's Galleries for next week's notice.

Tom Taylor

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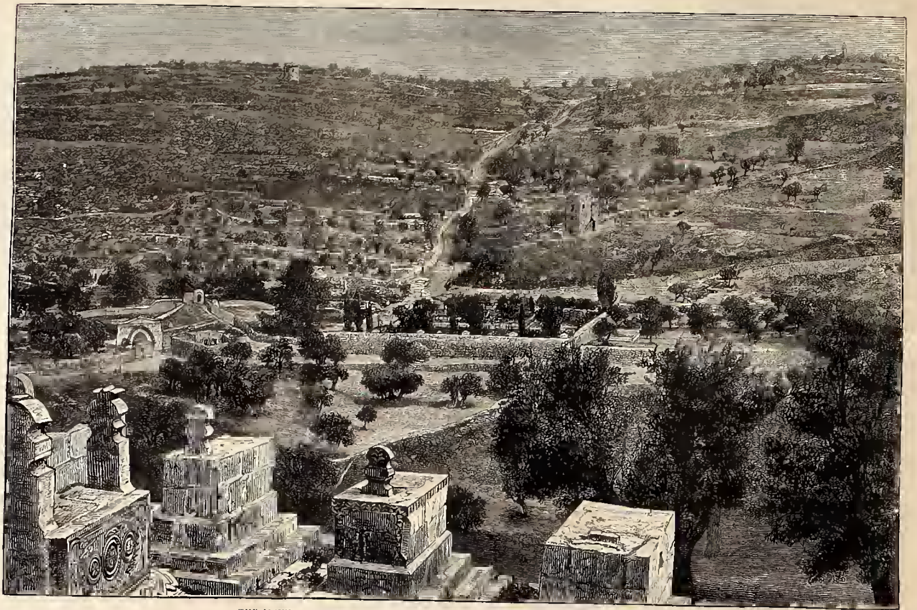
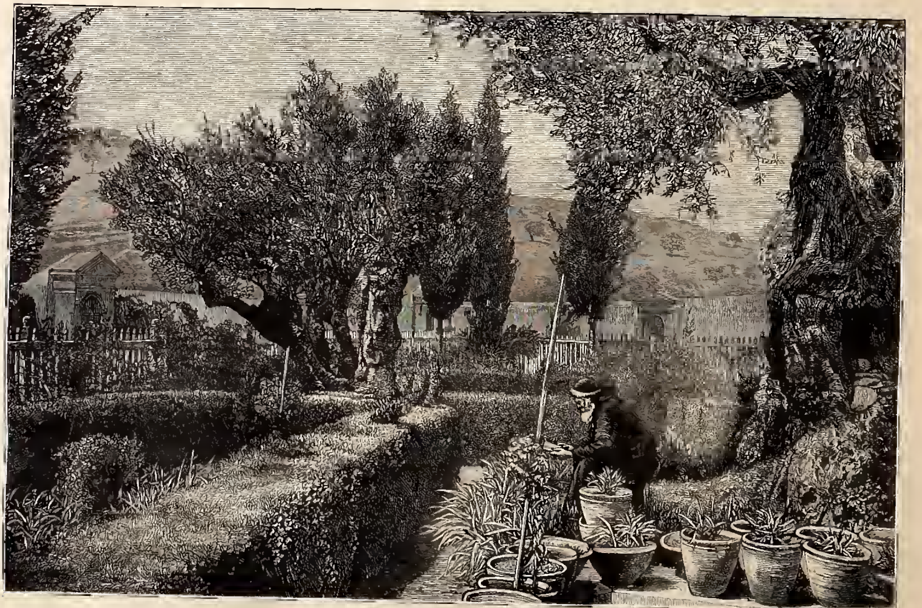
The Glories of Napoleon I.'s Reign were once inscribed on the soles of a pair of boots by a Bonapartist shoemaker, who wrote the history in different sized nails, and a Hungarian [illegible], whose son is fighting in Bosnia, has presented a somewhat similar pair to Marshal Philippovich. On the heel of one boot "Bosnia" is clearly marked out by nails, and on the other heel figures "Magyarorszag."

A clever Swindle was recently executed by a Brahmin in Calcutta. The Brahmin had been in the habit of exchanging rupees for sovereigns on behalf of a broker, who reaped considerable profit by the transaction. One day the broker gave the Brahmin 100,000 rupees, and the latter went to the Bank and exchanged them for sovereigns. Returning to the broker with a number of neatly sealed packets, he stated that he was called away suddenly, and wished the broker to give him a receipt. He opened one or two of the packets to show the sovereigns, when the broker stopped him, saying he knew what they contained, and gave the receipt. The Brahmin departed, and nothing was heard of him afterwards. The broker opened the remainder of the packets, and found they contained bran new pice neatly rolled together.

Bewick's Select Fables. Longmans and Co.
China Painting. M. Louise McLaughlin. Robert Clarke and Co., Cincinnati.
Shooting Adventures, Canine Lore, and Sea Fishing Trips (2 vols.): "Wildfowler;" John Smith (2 vols.): Hon. Mrs. Cradock. Chapman and Hall.
A Broken Faith (3 vols.). Iza Duffus Hardy. Hurst and Blackett.
Less Black than We're Painted (3 vols.): James Payn. Chatto and Windus.
Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson. Geraldine Macpherson. Longmans.
That Boy: Who Shall Have Him? W. H. Daniels; Theodora Cameron: P. J. McKenna. Hodder and Stoughton.
The Garden at Monkholme (3 vols.). Annie Armitt; At the Eleventh Hour. Austyn Graham; A Tantalus Cup (3 vols.). Mrs. Harry Bennett-Edwards. S. Tinsley and Co.
The First Afghan War. Mowbray Morris. S. Low and Co.
Tales from Blackwood. No. 7.
Time and Its Keepers, No. 1, Vol. I.
Saul Weir, Part VI. W. Blackwood and Sons.

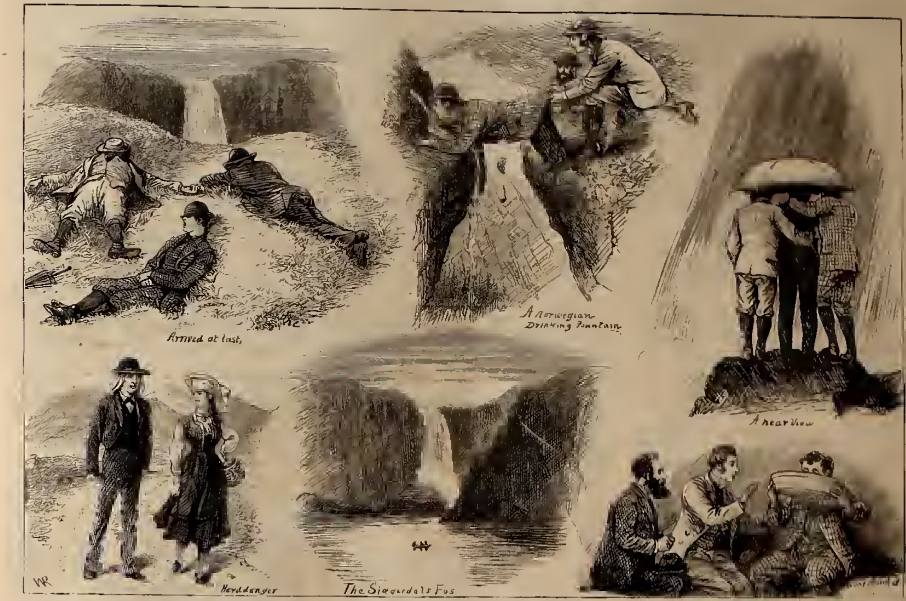


THE MOUNT OF OLIVES: GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE, TOMB OF THE VIRGIN (WINTER)

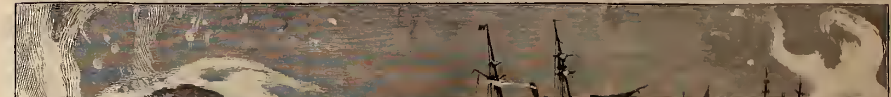


VIEW IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND, X.



SKETCHES NEAR THE SJŒGERDALS FOS IN THE HARDANGER-FJORD, NORWAY



AN ARTIST'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND, X.—LANDING AT JAFFA, THE ROCK OF ANDROMEDA

FOREIGN

THE EASTERN QUESTION.——The clouds in the East seem to be gathering thickly once again, the latest phase of the crisis being another Bulgarian rising, this time in Eastern Roumelia and Macedonia, where the insurgents have already burnt down several villages, and have massacred several companies of regular troops. The insurgents are said to number 12,000, to be well armed, and to be commanded by Russian officers, and the movement at the present time is considered to be exceedingly serious, as it is rapidly extending, and, of course, receives sympathy and assistance from Bulgaria proper, where, indeed, the movement has undoubtedly been originated. The Porte naturally accuses the Russians of having prompted the insurrection, more especially as Eastern Roumelia is termed Southern Bulgaria by Prince Dondoukoff, and, indeed, is known by this name in St. Petersburg. Prince Labanoff, the Russian Ambassador, however, denies that the Russians have taken any part in the rising, which he declares only consists of a few acts of brigandage, perpetrated by Bulgarian and Turkish deserters. The Porte, however, thinks otherwise, and is preparing to despatch powerful reinforcements to the scene of action, and there is very little doubt, to use the words of the Austrian official organ, that the main object of the rising is to realise the idea of a Bulgaria reaching to the Ægean Sea, as traced by the Treaty of San Stefano. This object can scarcely be anything otherwise than agreeable to Russians, and it is a curious fact that Prince Dondoukoff's official journal, the Bulgarian *Maritza*, has published strong letters invoking protection for the inhabitants of Eastern Roumelia, and an inflammatory ode inciting the Macedonians to revolt. In the mean time, the Eastern Roumelian Commission are pursuing their work of financial reorganisation, and Prince Dondoukoff has left General Stolypin in charge of the province, assuring the authorities before leaving not to fear for the future, as "time and circumstances may make many changes in your situation, for the historical current of things is often more powerful than all human combinations." The Russo-Turkish definitive Treaty is still unconcluded, and the Russian troops are retracing their steps—a fact which has caused the Porte to address an energetic note of remonstrance to St. Petersburg. Instead, indeed, of the Russians moving their forces north of the Balkans formidable reinforcements continue to arrive both round Adrianople and in Eastern Roumelia. As to the throne of Bulgaria, it is said that should General Ignatieff decline to accept the offer Prince Dondoukoff, the present Governor, will probably be elected, more especially as he so openly advocates the union of Eastern Roumelia with Bulgaria. The British Vice-Consul at Bourgas has been attacked by Russian officers while investigating a quarrel between some British and Russian subjects. On the news reaching Constantinople H.M.S. *Rapid* and *Antelope* were despatched thither with an English flag officer.

The British scheme of reforms has been definitively accepted by the Sultan, and Lord Salisbury has wired to Sir Henry Layard expressing his satisfaction, notwithstanding that, if we are to believe certain statements, the reforms have been considerably modified by the Porte. The chief points of the reforms are the appointment of a local gendarmerie, the nomination of governors-general for five years, subject to the consent of England, and the abolition of tax-farming. There is little news from the capital, except that the depreciation of the paper money continues, so that a gold lira of 100 piastres now sells for for 347 piastres *caimé*. The English and French Ambassadors have recommended the formation of a commission of foreign bankers and merchants to consider the question. The fortification works are still being actively pushed on, and Baker Pasha has agreed to complete them within two months.

AUSTRIA is rapidly withdrawing her superfluous troops from Bosnia and Herzegovina, and demobilising them, but the Commander-in-Chief, who, in all probability, will be succeeded by the Prince of Wurtemburg, remains in the provinces until the work of redistribution and demobilisation is completed. ROUMANIA is busily making preparations to occupy the Dobrudscha, but it is said that another complication has arisen, as the Russians, notwithstanding that they have obtained possession of Bessarabia, decline to hand over the Dobrudscha to the Roumanians until the latter have concluded a convention, permitting a passage through Roumania at all times and all seasons to Russian troops. The Russians are accordingly refortifying several important strategical points, and are putting the Danubian fortresses into a state of defence.

From CYPRUS there is better news than usual, Sir Garnet Wolseley reporting that all the sick are now doing well, and that the climate is "extremely pleasant" at the present time. The First Lord of the Admiralty and the Secretary of State for War reached Larnaca on Wednesday.

FRANCE.——The crowning festivities of the Exhibition having come to an end, the Exhibition is ceasing to monopolise public attention, and political affairs are resuming their usual sway. On Sunday the elections in 17,000 Communes of the delegates who are to choose the seventy-five senators took place, though with what result it is impossible to say, beyond that the Republicans expect to have realised a considerable majority. On Monday the Chambers at Versailles opened for the autumn Session, the only event in the Senate being an eulogy on the late Bishop Dupanloup from the President, the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier; while, in the Chamber, M. Cuneo d'Ornano attempted to revive his proposal for the repeal of M. Dufaure's Press Law of 1875, but failed. At present so much quiet prevails in political circles that there appears little for the Deputies to quarrel about, although the discussion of the Budget will probably give rise to some characteristic "scenes" and incidents. There was a curious return presented on Monday to the Chamber of the various people under vows in France, who number in all 200,000, exclusive of the 45,000 ecclesiastics in the pay of the State. Of these 200,000, however, only 30,000 are men, and of these the greater part are engaged in education. On Tuesday a Cabinet Council was held, at which a number of Prefectoral changes were decided upon.

In Paris exhibitors are beginning to think of packing up and going home, although the attendance seems larger than ever, as no fewer than 209,900 visitors were registered at the Exhibition on Sunday. The Prince of Wales still remains the favourite of the hour, and on Tuesday went to the Français to see Octave Feuillet's's well-known play, *The Sphinx*, which was performed at his especial request, and in which Mdlle. Croizette played with all the realistic ghastliness for which she is so renowned in that rôle, and both she and Mdlle. Sara Bernhardt were as enthusiastically applauded as when the play was produced six years ago. There is considerable dissatisfaction among English exhibitors at not being allowed to accept the decorations of the Legion of Honour which the French Government are willing to bestow on them—all the more so as foreign exhibitors are allowed by their respective Governments freely to accept and wear them. Neither are the French nor the foreign exhibitors particularly pleased with their awards. The good faith of the jurors is widely impeached, and they are accused of awarding medals to people who have never exhibited, and in one case a gold medal has been given to a man who has exhibited a number of bottles of a well-known champagne firm, while the firm in question has only received a bronze medal. Many medals have been refused, and notices to that effect placed on the exhibits. The lottery fever is raging as fiercely as ever among the foreigners and Parisians, and the National Lottery Committee have now decided that the issue shall be extended to 400,000*l*. There is little other news from Paris, save that M. de Marcère has opened a new *mairie* in Paris with a speech, in which he warned his hearers "that there was a false and a true Republic, but that the only one he recognised was based on liberty for all," that M. Gambetta is now forty, and eligible for the Senate, that a grand funeral service for the repose of Bishop Dupanloup's soul has been held in Notre Dame, and that the trial of the members of the Socialistic Congress has resulted in the condemnation of the prisoners to short terms of imprisonment. The deaths are reported of M. Gaspard Lacroix, the landscape painter and friend of Corot, and of M. Georges Cavalié, popularly known in Paris as *Pipe en Bois*, a once celebrated Radical, who took part in the Government of Defence under M. Gambetta, but subsequently became involved in the Commune, under which he served as Minister for Public Works. For this he was banished, but on account of his ill health was permitted to return to Paris a few weeks ago.

The Eastern Question continues to be actively discussed by the various papers, most of which side with England, though hardly sharing the optimist opinions of Sir Stafford Northcote. The *Débats* accuses Russia of desiring to resuscitate the Treaty of San Stefano, and laughs at the Russian stories of the massacres of Christians, seeing that 20,000 well-armed Christian Bulgarians have invaded Macedonia and burned down numerous villages, while the *Constitutionnel* expects great things from the British reforms in Asia Minor.

SPAIN.——An attempt to assassinate King Alphonso was made at the close of last week in Madrid. As the King was driving through the Calle Mayor, a man in a blouse fired a pistol at the King, but fortunately missed his aim. The would-be assassin, who was at once arrested, is a young man of twenty-three, named Juan Oliver Moncasi, a native of Tarragona, and a cooper by trade. He states that he is a member of the International Society, and admits that the crime was premeditated. The utmost sympathy has been universally expressed with the King, and a grand *Te Deum* of thanksgiving was sung in the Church of Santa Maria, all the Ministers and civil and military dignitaries being present. The assassin is now being tried, and it has been ascertained that he has no accomplices. He will probably be condemned to death, but it is thought that the King will commute his sentence to that of imprisonment for life.

ITALY.——Signor Cairoli has succeeded in forming a Ministry, Admiral Brin accepting the Marine portfolio, and Signor Pessina that of Agriculture. A movement favourable to the Cabinet is being set on foot among the Deputies, and it is expected that the Ministry will command a Parliamentary majority. On Monday there was a popular demonstration, headed by Menotti Garibaldi, before the Villa Gloria, in order to commemorate the aniversary of the engagement in 1867 between the Pontifical Zouaves and a detachment of ninety Garibaldians under Henry Cairoli, the Premier's brother. On the same day the leader of the Opposition, Signor Minghetti, was entertained by his constituents at a banquet, at which he severely criticised the financial policy of the Ministry, and declared that instead of a surplus of sixty millions there would be a deficit of ten millions. He also advocated an extension of the suffrage to all citizens who could read and write; but, referring to Eastern politics, declared that "Italy had no direct interests in the Oriental problem, and must not, by assuming them, impair her proper influence." Considerable discussion has been excited by an article in the *Fanfulla*, stating that a Western alliance of England, France, and Italy was in contemplation. The other journals deny the truth of this, and express considerable doubts as to whether such an alliance would be to the interests of Italy.

The negotiations between the Vatican and Germany appear to be making little progress, although the Pope has instructed the Catholic clergy in Germany not to oppose the new Anti-Socialist Law. The Pope is said to have been much affected at the news of Cardinal Cullen's death, and it is expected that he will appoint another Cardinal as his successor. The vacancy is reported to have been offered to Cardinal Howard, who has refused it.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—Lord Lytton has determined to make one more effort for the preservation of peace, and has despatched Nawab Gholam Khan once again to Cabul, with a note plainly setting before the Ameer the consequences of his refusal to place us upon the same footing with the Russians, and clearly giving him the choice of peace or war. What the exact terms of the Ameer's letter are, however, are not yet publicly known, but all accounts agree in stating that it is most disagreeably worded, and freely express the Ameer's willingness to fight. Meanwhile the preparations are being pushed forward as energetically as ever, and the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Frederick Haines will shortly proceed to Peshawur. The strength of the expeditionary force is now stated to be 34,000 men, of whom a third are European, and who will be divided as follows:—the Quettah army will be 12,000 strong, with sixty guns and a strong siege train, the Peshawur Valley army 16,000 strong, with sixty-six guns, and the Kuram Valley force 6,000 strong, with twenty-four guns. The councils of war are all naturally kept secret, and it is not believed that any winter campaign will be undertaken except under direct orders from England, although it is thought likely that a proclamation specifying fully the reasons which have influenced the Government in declaring war will shortly be issued. According to *The Times* correspondent, a resolute determination exists in India "that however great the call may be upon the resources of the Indian Empire, no Afghan ruler shall ever again be permitted to imperil the safety of that Empire by carrying on intrigues for its destruction with a powerful and hardly concealed enemy." The Punjaub feudatory Princes are all spontaneously proffering their assistance, the Rajahs of Puttiala, Jheend, Narbah, Kapoorthella, and Faredkote have placed their troops at the disposal of the Government, the Nawab of Bawulpore has not only offered his troops, but the whole resources of his State, while the little Begum of Bhopal has also offered the use of her army. Of the Ameer himself we hear but little, except that his army is calculated at some 50,000 infantry, 12,500 cavalry, and 200 guns, while his gun factories are converting Enfield rifles into breech-loaders.

In the mean time Russia has now boldly thrown off the mask, and the St. Petersburg papers warmly urge that direct assistance should be afforded to the Ameer, and echo the words of the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, recommending that Russia should aid Shere Ali with money, arms, and officers to fortify the passes on which the position of Russia depends, and those of the *Vyedomosti*, which declares that England, once possessed of Afghanistan, would be impregnable, and Russia would then not only have to abandon all hope of ever driving the English out of India, but might actually find her eastern flank threatened by those who are her worst enemies in the West. A Russian-Afghan dictionary is being officially published in St. Petersburg. General Lamakine has once more undertaken an expedition from the eastern shore of the Caspian in the direction of Merv and Herat, which it is now expected that Russia will occupy. The Murghab Basin, in which Merv is situated, is exceedingly fertile, and could easily be made the basis of a large army. There is a good open road from Merv to Herat by the Heri Rud Valley, 225 miles long. There is now no attempt to conceal that General Stolieteff's mission was despatched to Cabul to embarrass the English. A small staff of the mission still remain at the Ameer's capital, including Colonel Rasgonoff, Councillor Malevinski, Secretary Benderski, Ensign Nazaroff, and Seman Beg.

MISCELLANEOUS.——In the UNITED STATES Secretary Evarts has addressed a note to the British Government respecting the grievance of the American fishermen who were driven away by the Newfoundlanders in contravention of the Treaty of Washington, but in accordance with certain private rules which the Newfoundlanders had thought proper to make.—There has been a terrific storm in the States of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. In Philadelphia nearly 400 buildings were unroofed, while numerous vessels were wrecked and foundered in Chesapeake Bay. The yellow fever epidemic in the south shows signs of coming to an end, few new cases occur, and the Memphis Board of Health has announced that the refugees may safely return. Relief associations are ceasing their operations. The Australian cricketers have sailed for home from San Francisco.—In EGYPT the Princes and Princesses of the Khedive's family have completed, according to the Mahomedan law, the act of ceding their landed property to the State.—In GERMANY the Government has been busy closing the Socialist societies, and has prohibited the appearance of several new journals.—AUSTRIA is once more in the midst of a Ministerial crisis, Baron de Pretis having abandoned his attempt to form a new Cabinet, while in HUNGARY political matters become more and more intricate and involved every day. —From DAHOMEY we hear that the King is once again becoming troublesome, that he has imprisoned several European merchants at Whydah, and has captured the Portuguese commander and soldiers, and forced them to parade before him. The treaty concluded last year is daily violated, while he has also recommenced his grand "custom," at which over 500 human beings have been sacrificed within a month.

THE COURT

THE Queen continues at Balmoral with the Princess Beatrice, and has been taking her usual walks and drives, while the Princess frequently goes out riding. Her Majesty has driven to the Linn of Quoich, and has entertained the Marquis and Marchioness of Huntly on a short visit. On Saturday Principal Tulloch arrived at Balmoral, and with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach joined the Queen and Princess Beatrice at dinner in the evening. Next morning, Divine Service was performed at the Castle before Her Majesty, the Princess Beatrice, and the Royal Household, Principal Tulloch officiating. On Monday the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove by Lochnagar Distillery on Deeside through very stormy weather, and in the evening Sir Michael Hicks-Beach dined with Her Majesty.—The Queen intends to erect a statue to the late Sir Thomas Biddulph in recognition of his services, and the monument will be placed west of Balmoral Castle, near the Dee, on the former site of a fog house.

The Prince and Princess of Wales remain in Paris, where they have been attending the festivities connected with the Exhibition, and have gone the round of the theatres. Thus, at the end of last week they were present at a ball given by M. Waddington, the Foreign Minister, where the Princess's diamonds excited general admiration, and the Prince also went to the Porte St. Martin and the Nouveautés Theatres to see the *Tour du Monde* and *Coco*. On Sunday afternoon the Prince and Princess and the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark went up in the captive balloon, and in the evening they dined with Marshal MacMahon at the Elysée, the banquet being given in honour of the various Royal visitors to Paris. Next day the Prince and Princess of Wales went to the Trocadéro, and the Prince transacted Exhibition business at the office of the British Commission, and in the evening they accompanied the Danish Prince and Princess to the Théâtre Français, where the *Sphinx* had been revived for the Prince of Wales' especial benefit, as he had never been in Paris when the piece was played. Between the acts the Prince visited the green-room and presented M. Febvre, who takes the part of a Scotch lord, with his gold-headed cane. During the week the Prince and Princess will go down to Mouchy, and drive from thence to the country seat of the Princesse de Sagan. —The Prince has subscribed 500*l*. to the fund for the erection of Truro Cathedral.

The Duke of Edinburgh spent three days at Marseilles last week awaiting his vessel, and directly the *Black Prince* arrived he embarked and started for Gibraltar. The *Black Prince* has been found deficient in speed to accompany the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne to Canada, so the *Sarmatian* will have no convoy. The Marquis and Marchioness start on the 14th inst.—Preparations for the Duke of Connaught's wedding have already begun at Windsor Castle, and several of the principal state rooms are being redecorated in readiness. The Duke went to the Gaiety Theatre last week and to the Haymarket on Monday night.—Prince Leopold and the Duke of Cumberland visited the Comte de Chambord at Buckheim last week.

Duke Charles of Schleswig-Holstein Sondenburg-Glücksburg, eldest brother of the King of Denmark and uncle to the Princess of Wales, has died at Schleswig after a long illness. The Duke, who was 66 years of age leaves a widow but no children.—According to the Paris *Défense*, the Princess Thyra of Denmark and the Duke of Cumberland first met three years ago at Rome and contracted a mutual attachment. The Duke subsequently visited Copenhagen, but political reasons prevented the conclusion of the marriage, and the project lay dormant until the recent visit of the Danish Royal Family to England. All political difficulties have now been removed, however, and a Berlin correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* states that the Prussian Government is willing to surrender up the so-called "Guelph Fund" if the Duke will withdraw his recent manifesto, by which he put a decided stop to all attempts at mediation.

CHURCH NEWS

THE CHURCH OF IRELAND.——At the opening of the Meath Diocesan Synod last week, the Bishop in his inaugural address said that it was customary on such occasions to say something of the position of the Church at large. There was, however, nothing sensational to relate. The Church was doing its work quietly, efficiently, and harmoniously. There had been some excitement in the past, but now that most of the burning questions had been settled, calm had followed, and the only complaint that was open to any of their excitable brethren was that Church affairs had grown insufferably dull. This dulness, however, was one with which he was sure that they were all willing to acquiesce, for the Church was manifesting tokens of life and of increasing vitality. He knew that strange rumours did occasionally reach them of their own doings, but he was glad to say that their English brethren were taking a more reasonable view of their proceedings. If he wanted proof of this he had only to refer to the friendly manner in which the nine Irish Bishops had been received at the Lambeth Conference in London. But these remarks only applied to the general tendency, for there were some persons who still held strange notions of what the Church of Ireland was doing. Only a few days ago he read that the Church of Ireland was honeycombed with Plymouth Brethren, but, so far as his experience went, he did not see such tendencies to be at work in his diocese. Within the last few months he had heard of several persons drawing back to the Church who had temporarily slackened in their loyalty, and he did not believe there was half so much Plymouth Brethrenism in Ireland as in some parts of England.

VARIOUS.——The Bishop of St. Alban's, commencing the Primary Visitation of his diocese on Tuesday at his cathedral church, spoke at great length of the advantages of the cathedral system, and the best steps for establishing it temporarily and permanently at St. Alban's. He strongly condemned the "Reformed Episcopal Church," whose Bishops, he said, were destitute of authority. He disapproved alike of laxity on the one side and excessive ceremonialism on the other, expressing, however, his opinion that punitive legislation was not the remedy for existing dissensions.—On Friday last week a general conference on Foreign Missions was held in Exeter Hall, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury. One of the speakers, quoting Mr. Keith Johnson's recently collected statistics, said that the total population of the earth was 1,424,046,600, out of which 1,033,505,000 were non-Christians, leaving the total of Christians 390,541,600. Of these latter 79,958,000 belonged to the Greek Church, and 190,315,000 were Roman Catholics. The remainder were Protestants and amounted to 115.218,000. These figures showed that the missions had done well, but he thought that they ought to have done better. Mission work had during the last twenty years been very active, 1858 having been a great year, especially in India after the Mutiny. In China, in Japan, in Africa, and even in Afghanistan, missions had been established, and numerous converts had been made.—The peal of twelve bells recently presented to St. Paul's Cathedral by the Corporation, Lady Burdett Coutts, and the various City Companies, were to be rung for the first time yesterday (Friday, All Saints' Day), immediately after the afternoon service. The total weight of the bells is over 271 cwt.—*Apropos* of the articles on "Purchase in the Church," which are now appearing in the *Echo*, a correspondent of the *Manchester Examiner and Times* calls attention to a curious auction which recently took place in London, when "one-half of one-third" of the living of Llanwinio, Carmarthenshire, was offered for sale. The living is only worth 83*l.* a year, so that "one-half of one-third" would be but 13*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* The writer remarks that "it seems a whimsical thing to sell so minute a portion of the Church of England."—It seems that if Mr. Robertson had, in defiance of public opinion, determined to produce the Passion Play at the Aquarium, he would have been in some measure punished by becoming the victim of a hoax. On Friday last the Burgomaster of Oberammergau telegraphed that the announcement was "humbug," and has since written more fully, but not more strongly, to the effect that none of the villagers who took part in the representation there, have any knowledge of Mr. Robertson's agent, or any intention of leaving their native valley to appear in a foreign theatre in that or any other play.—On Tuesday, the memorial-stones of the Shoreditch Baptist Tabernacle, of which the Rev. W. Cuff is to be the pastor, were laid, one by Mr. S. Morley, M.P., and the other by Mr. J. Harvey. Mr. Morley, in addressing the spectators, said that although he was connected with another denomination (the Congregationalists), he felt that the work had a strong claim to sympathy outside the Baptist body, and he united in it with pleasure, because he felt that the people were to be won through Christian men appealing to them on the ground of their common Christian teaching, and not through their giving prominence to non-essentials; and he wished the day were nearer when that principle was likely to be carried out by Christians of different denominations in the villages and the smaller towns, and when they all would stand shoulder to shoulder against the common enemy. It was a deplorable thing, but there were hundreds of evangelical clergymen of the Established Church who were endorsing a lie by continuing in it. Through his connection with the City he was brought in contact with the heads of commercial houses who conversed about cases of fraud and dishonesty there, and he had heard the very position of clergymen quoted—he did not say as justifying, but at least as encouraging, such things. These honoured men, for they were honoured men, were willing to continue to receive money belonging to the Church, or, what was the same thing, of the country, under false pretences. Several other gentlemen, amongst whom was Mr. Spurgeon, also addressed the meeting.—Cardinal Cullen, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, died somewhat suddenly on Thursday, last week, at Dublin. He was in his 76th year, and was a native of Dublin; but went to Rome at a very early age, and lived there for more than 30 years, being for some time rector of the Irish College. In 1852 Pio Nono appointed him Primate of Ireland and Archbishop of Dublin, and in 1866 he was made a Cardinal, being the first Irish Bishop advanced to that dignity since the Reformation. He was an uncompromising Ultramontane, and a great favourite at Rome; but his popularity in Ireland was in some degree affected by his opposition to Fenianism, Freemasonry, and secret societies generally. On Sunday the body was removed in procession to Marlborough Street Church, where it lay in state, and was visited by great numbers of persons, and on Tuesday the funeral ceremony was performed in the Cathedral. The final interment, however, is to take place at Clonliffe Chapel, near Dublin.

MUSIC

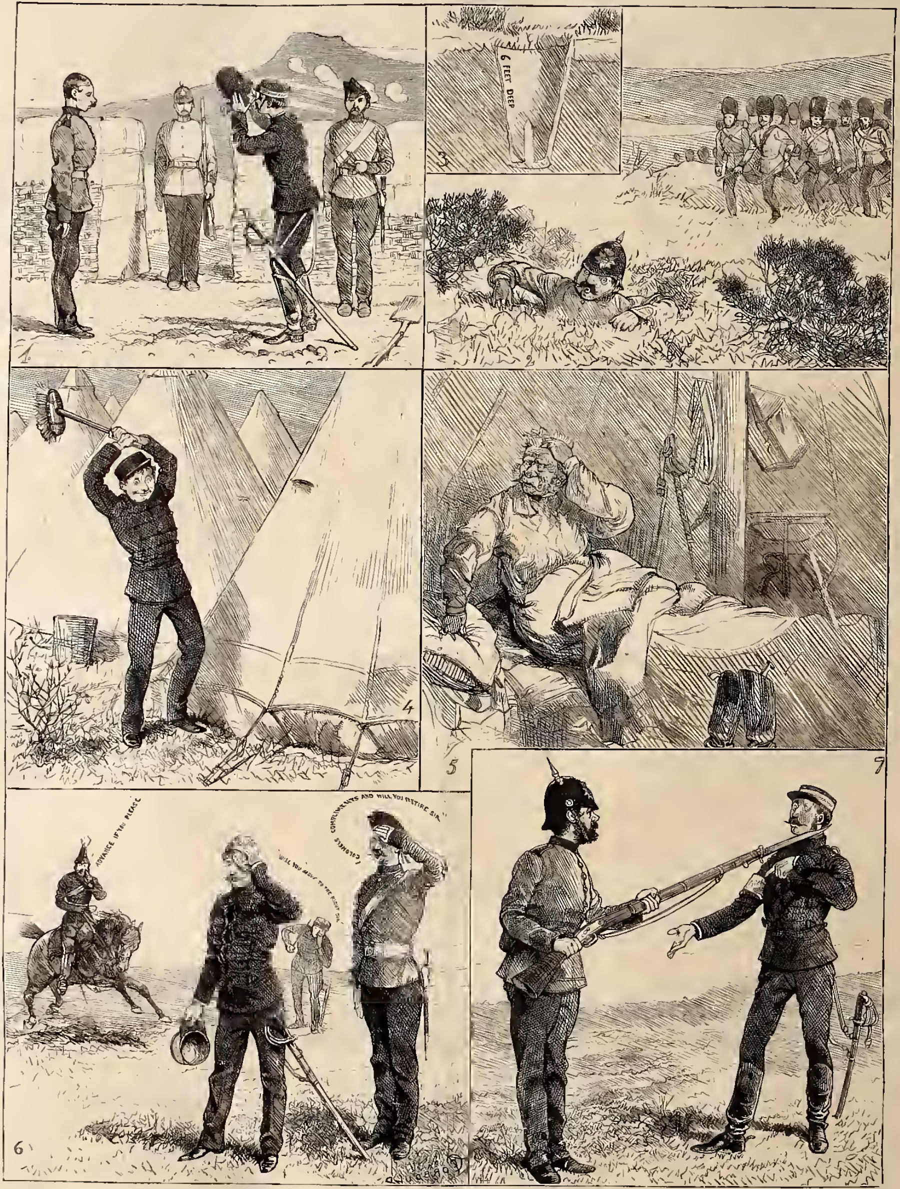
CHORAL SOCIETIES.——Our great societies for the performance of sacred choral music already announce their yearly advent. The Sacred Harmonic, with Sir Michael Costa as conductor, a post he has held since since 1848, begins its forty-seventh season three weeks hence at Exeter Hall, with Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*—two fine works as much opposed to each other as the teaching of Luther to that of the Romish Church. Their association in the same programme, however, has long been made familiar to us; and, whatever may be individual opinion, it can hardly be denied that the contemplation of two men so gifted earnestly giving expression through their art to religious aspirations which, while differently interpreted, lead towards one and the same direction, is both edifying and instructive. It is not, we believe, the intention of the Sacred Harmonic Society to produce any special novelty during their forthcoming series of performances. The experiment, tried not long since, of making Rossini's grand opera *Moïse* (the French version) pass for an oratorio is to be repeated. For this every true appreciator of Rossini's genius must feel more or less regret, seeing that, notwithstanding the subject, no more emphatically operatic music than that of *Mosè in Egitto* (the original title of the work when produced at Naples, in 1818) ever proceeded from the pen of its prolific composer. Moreover, certain modifications and curtailments for the presentation of the work in the conditions prescribed at Exeter Hall are necessary; and these, it must be admitted, are by no means improvements. We should greatly prefer hearing *Moïse* under the unintelligibly manufactured title of *Zora*, with the whole of the music as given at the Royal Italian Opera in 1850, or thereabouts. By the way, are we never to hear the late Sir Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* at Exeter Hall? The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Barnby, begins its accustomed series of performances next week with Mendelssohn's *Elijah*—an oratorio doubtless selected because the thirty-first anniversary of its composer's death (Nov. 4, 1847) is just at hand. Thus the amateurs of sacred choral music must content themselves for the present with repetitions of long-acknowledged masterpieces; and, as times go, they are not greatly to be pitied.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.——The "off season" seems to be going on prosperously enough. At ordinary representations the house is well attended, with *Carmen* it is crammed. Poor Georges Bizet probably did not foresee how popular he would become in England. Though the performance is not up to the summer season mark, it has merits that arrest attention and command applause. The conductor, Signor Licalsi, an excellent musician, is thoroughly familiar with his work, and presides over an orchestra both numerous and efficient, with Mr. Weist Hill as leading violin. Two important changes in the cast, if not improvements, give *Carmen* in some degree a new physiognomy. Instead of Miss Minnie Hauk we have now Madame Trebelli in the part of the gipsy heroine, and, in lieu of Signor Del Puente, Signor Mendioroz in that of the bull-fighter, Escamillo. It is satisfactory to see and hear once more the sympathetic Mdlle. Valleria as the loving and faithful peasant, Michaela, who tries to save her former lover, Don José, from the wiles of Carmen, just as, in the famous opera of Meyerbeer, that other peasant, Alice, with more success, endeavours to save her foster-brother, Robert, from the wiles of Bertram. It is also pleasant to recognise again the clever Madame Bauermeister as one of the confidential gipsy-friends of the ill-starred Carmen; her companion, in the absence of Mdlle. Robiati, being represented by Miss Purdy. Madame Trebelli's dramatic impersonation of Carmen differs materially from that of Miss Minnie Hauk. Where the latter is all nature and spontaneity, the former is somewhat strained and artificial. Miss Hauk, however, is a consummate actress, which can scarcely be said of Madame Trebelli, who is too apt to exaggerate every point and every situation out of which she imagines an "effect" can be got. Thus, while she attempts as much again as her predecessor, she really does not accomplish half as much. That a vocalist so accomplished would do full justice to the music will be readily understood; but even here Madame Trebelli, through superfluous effort, occasionally deprives the quaint and beautiful melodies of no little of their native charm and delightful simplicity of character. Her performance generally, however, is an able one, and, after her own conceptions, fairly brought out. Signor Runcio, who followed Signor Campanini in the part of Don José, retains it still, acting and singing with the same earnest intention. Signor Mendioroz, as Escamillo, makes us chiefly look back with regret to Signor Del Puente, his precursor. The orchestral accompaniments in which this opera is so rich are for the most part well played, although Signor Licalsi has an unfortunate habit of dragging the time. The chorus leaves much to desire. In the part of Agatha, in Weber's well-known *Der Freischütz*, Madame Pappenheim has firmly established her position as a dramatic singer of unquestionable distinction, fitted to undertake any character in the repertory of serious opera. Her Leonora, in *Fidelio*, had already won her golden opinions; her Agatha is admirable throughout, and the unanimous applause she received was legitimately earned by her forcible and truly poetic delivery of the great *scena* in the second act. A more animated and in all respects prepossessing impersonation of the lively Annetta than Madame Bauermeister's has seldom, if ever, been witnessed on the boards of any theatre. The singing and acting of this clever and intelligent lady are perfect, and she makes as pleasant a contrast to Agatha as Brenda does to Minna in Sir Walter Scott's famous novel. The other characters allotted to Herr Behrens (Caspar), Signor Gillandi (Rodolph), Signor Bel Campo (Killian), &c., call for no special remark. Although the performance as a whole is not remarkable, the enchanting music of Weber pleases as usual—despite the pantomimic Zamiel, who would have made Beethoven laugh more than ever. No novelty is as yet announced.

WAIFS.——On the first night of Mr. Mapleson's operatic undertaking at the New York "Academy," there was an unfortunate *contretemps*. The opera was to have been *La Sonnambula*, for the *début* before an American public of the much-talked-of Madame Etelka Gerster; but that lady being suddenly "indisposed," *La Traviata* was substituted, with Miss Minnie Hauk as Violetta. Why Miss Hauk did not replace Madame Gerster as Amina, the part in which, some years ago, at Her Majesty's Theatre, she first made an impression upon the London public, it is difficult to explain.—After a very successful fortnight at Birmingham, Mr. Carl Rosa is now, with his English Opera Company, in Manchester. The first opera given was Sir Julius Benedict's always fresh and charming *Lily of Killarney*, which, as usual, met with the warmest possible reception. The performance is generally praised by the Manchester press; but particular mention is made, as it is easy to understand, of Miss Gaylord's Eily O'Connor, and Mr. Charles Lyall's Myles-na-Coppaleen, both, as London amateurs well know, impersonations hardly to be over estimated.—At Weimar a grand festival concert is preparing to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the birth of the once famous pianist and composer, Jean Nepomek Hummel.—On the 20th of October, Madame Clara Schumann, wife of the eminent composer, celebrated the 50th anniversary of her first appearance in public.—Herr Joseph Joachim has recommenced his universally admired Quartet Concerts, at the Berlin Sing-Academie.—Mr. Arthur Chappell begins the 21st season of his popular (truly "popular") Concerts on Monday night.—The concerts to-day at the Crystal Palace will consist, for reasons needless to explain, of music exclusively by Mendelssohn. Among other things, the programme announces an early (unpublished) symphony in F minor.

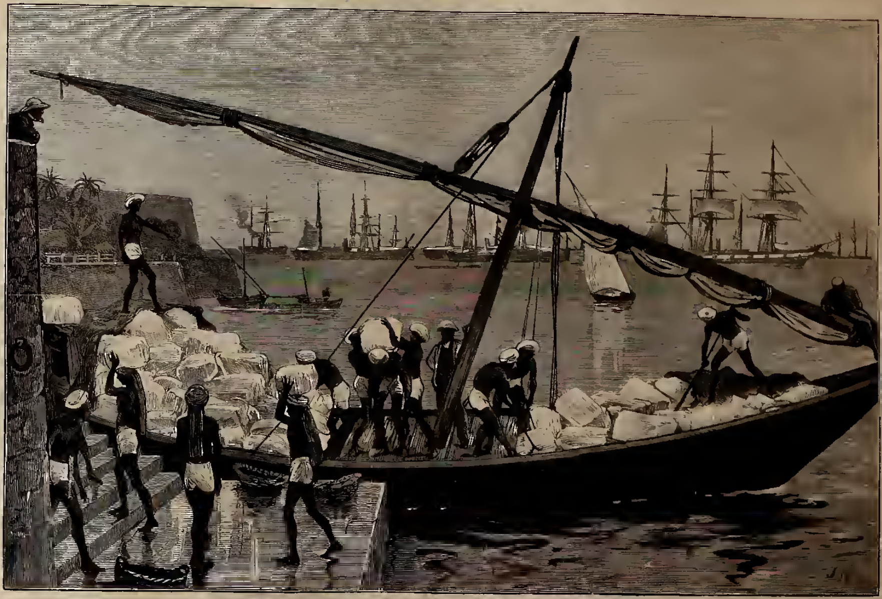
LEGAL

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——Some account of the proceedings against the directors of the City of Glasgow Bank will be found in "Our Illustrations" column.—Stafford, the bank clerk, who absconded from Liverpool, and whose capture and first examination we spoke of last week, has been committed for trial.—Marshall, the fast-living assistant-secretary of the Curates' Augmentation Fund, has been sentenced to penal servitude for seven years. We are glad to see that some effort is to be made to effect a reform in the administration of the Society.—A serious charge of conspiracy to defraud has been brought against a solicitor, named Evans, and Mr. J. Baum, until lately the manager of the Alhambra Theatre and lessee of Cremorne Gardens, whose affairs are now in process of liquidation. Amongst other things it is alleged that they issued a forged bill of exchange for 500*l.*—Mr. F. Higgins, the hon. secretary for the Marylebone Constitutional Union, made a curious complaint to the police the other day. He said that recently he had several times found his letter-box full of fireworks and lucifer matches, placed there, he believed, with the intention of causing a fire or an explosion. The motive he conjectured to be political animosity, he having been instrumental in getting a large number of Liberal claims struck off the register.—A Swiss jeweller named Block, and his wife, have just been given up under the Extradition Act for alleged fraudulent bankruptcy and forgery committed in their own country. They had established themselves in a beer shop in Clerkenwell, where more than a thousand silver and gold watches, and other property, were discovered. The male prisoner, when arrested by a police inspector, offered to give him all the money he had about him (150*l.*), and a gold watch if he allowed him to escape.—A man named Couch has been committed for trial for having obtained 400*l.* by falsely pretending that he was heir to a large property to which, as it was subsequently discovered, he had no title whatever.—Sir Henry Horatio Wraxall and a man named Crawley have been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for fraudulently obtaining goods and money by means of a fictitious Company called the South African Trading Company. It was stated that since 1867, when Wraxall came into his title, he had been constantly connected with sham companies. He was also connected with the Scotch Plate Glass Company, the Tradesmen's Bank, the Merchant Joint-Stock Bank, and other concerns, all of which were swindles, and was one of the original directors of the company with which Walters, Murray, and Kurr were connected.—At Swansea, a little girl aged thirteen has been committed for trial for stealing 39*l.* from a tradesman's shop at Brynhyfryd about a month ago. She appears to have hidden the money in a hedge, and to have taken some of her school-mates partially into her confidence, telling them that it had been left to her by an uncle, who before he died had said that she must not tell her mother about it.—The Bishop of Sodor and Man is one of those Christians (only too rare in these days) who try to obey the Divine injunctions respecting the treatment of one's enemies. The navvy who some time ago, apparently from pure wantonness, threw a huge stone at Mrs. Hill, and when pursued by the Bishop, threatened to stab him, was on Tuesday tried and convicted. His lordship, however, not only interceded for him, and got his punishment lightened to the nominal one of three days' imprisonment, but actually left a sovereign with the gaoler to be given to him when he was discharged.—At the Central Criminal Court two notorious horsestealers were on Monday convicted and sentenced to ten and fifteen years' penal servitude respectively.—The Blackheath burglar, who wounded one of the policemen who captured him, has been committed for trial on both charges.—In the Clerkenwell County Court, Mr. Bennett, jun., the treasurer of a bicycle club, has been ordered to pay 50*l.* damages and costs to a bricklayer whom he rode over on Muswell Hill in July last. Bennett, who admits that his machine "ran away with him," is the person who some time ago was fined for furious riding, but who has appealed from the conviction, on the ground that a bicycle is not a "carriage" within the meaning of the Highway Act.—At Chester, a brutal fellow was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude for wounding his wife (who was living apart from him), whom he had kicked and jumped upon, and beaten with a poker, because she interfered to protect their infant child which the prisoner, in a fit of rage, had snatched up by the legs, and was about to dash against the wall. The judge, in passing sentence, said that the jury had taken a merciful view of the case in returning a verdict of "guilty of wounding" only, for, had they given one of "wounding with intent to murder," he should have sentenced the prisoner to penal servitude for life. At the same assizes on Monday, a man named Parker was charged with the murder of his wife, a very violent and drunken woman. It was shown that on the day of her death she had struck her husband, who took up a gun and threatened to shoot her, and that a struggle ensued, during which the weapon went off and she was mortally wounded. The man had subsequently attempted to shoot himself, and the defence was that the gun went off accidentally. A verdict of "not guilty" was returned, whereupon the people in the court, which was crowded, cheered for several minutes, completely drowning the voices of the officials. The judge ordered all the doors to be closed, and, after quiet had been restored, rebuked the crowd in very severe terms for an act which he said was one of the grossest indecency. He said if courts of justice were to be made arenas for applause where verdicts were popular, they might as easily be made arenas for hisses where verdicts were unpopular, and juries, instead of being subject to no improper influences, would be liable to a sort of mob despotism. Introduction of feeling into courts of law was likely to end in its introduction into justice.—The Spanish sailor Garcia has been convicted of the murder of the Welsh family, near Newport, and sentenced to death. He

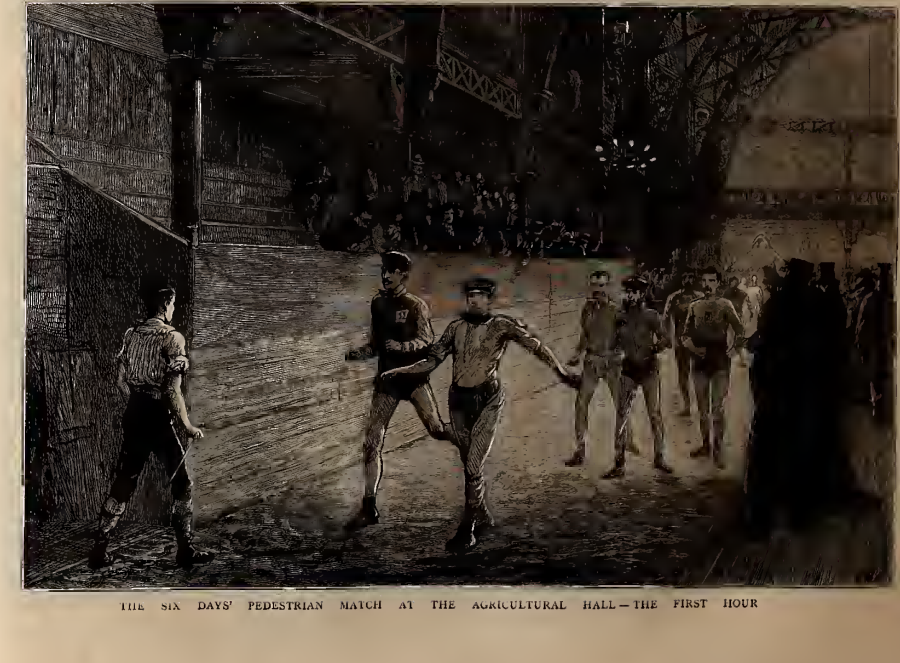

1
2
3
6 FEET DEEP
4
5
6
"ADVANCE IF YOU PLEASE"
"COLONEL'S COMPLIMENTS AND WILL YOU RETIRE SIR"
"WILL YOU MOVE TO THE RIGHT SIR"
7

1. An Intercepted Envoy: Examining Helmet for Despatches.—2. A "Trou de Loup:" the Enemy Advancing.—3. This is a "Trou de Loup."—4. An Ensign who thought that he would wake up another Ensign for a "lark."—5. But he mistook the Tent.—6. Contradictory Orders.—7. Sentry, *loq.*, "Humpire ain't the Password."

MILITARY SKETCHES—INCIDENTS OF CAMP LIFE AT UPNOR



INDIAN SKETCHES—LANDING ICE AT BOMBAY



THE SIX DAYS' PEDESTRIAN MATCH AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL—THE FIRST HOUR declares that he knows nothing of the crime; and his counsel tried to persuade the jury that the boots, &c., found in his possession might have been stolen by him from the cottage after the murders had been committed by some other person, who decamped on hearing him approach.

THE JURY SYSTEM.——Lord Coleridge has taken a very decided step towards bringing about a reform of the constitution of juries. In charging the grand jury at the opening of the Devon and Cornwall Assizes at Exeter on Saturday, he said that the manner in which the jury law had hitherto been worked had had the effect of excluding the most important element, and the highest educational cultivation, from the ordinary and every-day working of the common-jury system. Although gentlemen of education were sometimes compelled to serve in trumpery cases they were not called upon in criminal cases where life and death hung in the balance. Lord Justice Bramwell and himself had spoken again and again in condemnation of the practice, which was a direct breach and evasion of the law, and they were now determined that the law should be enforced. He had therefore given notice to the sheriffs with whom he should come immediately into contact this winter assize, that he should inquire into the composition of the jury panel, an that—although it was a rough and perhaps a hard mode of enforcing th law, he should treat as a contempt, after warning, any sending of a jur list that was not made up in accordance with the law of the land. H protested against its lying in the power of under-sheriffs to alter, evad and repeal it in favour of the rich and against the poor. Laxity wa always bad, but discriminating laxity was peculiarly offensive, and wa sure sooner or later to be turned to grave, because well-founded, ill- feeling, and to undesired, because really just, discontent.

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The purchase of this freehold property, together with valuable land in the rear, has been effected at a cost of £4,500, of which the sum of £3,000 has been raised by donations.

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Lord Lawrence, G.C.B. . . .	100	0	0
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Sir George Phillips, Bart. . .	5	0	0
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Right Hon. W. H. Smith . .	20	0	0
Miss M. Crichton Stuart . .	100	0	0
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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVIII.—No. 467
Printed on Thin Paper for Foreign Post

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1878

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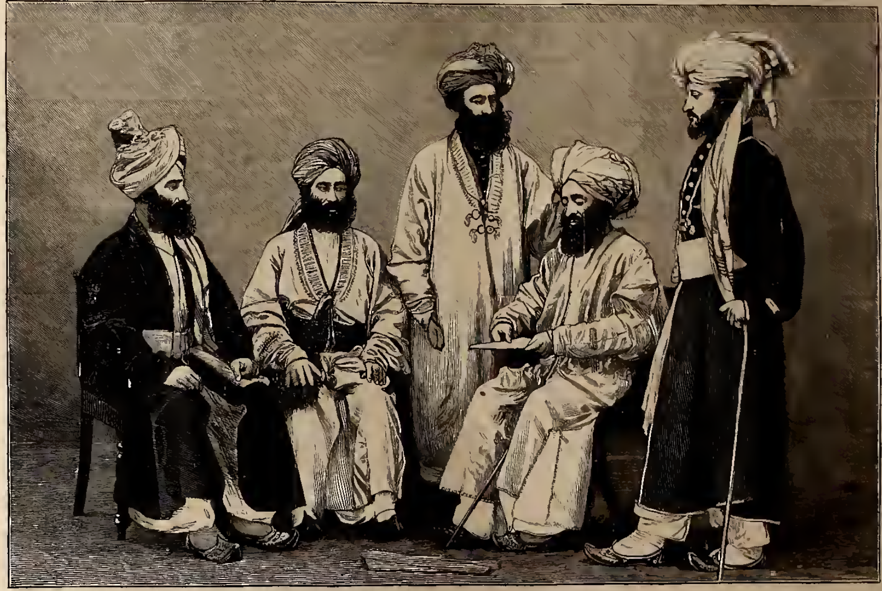
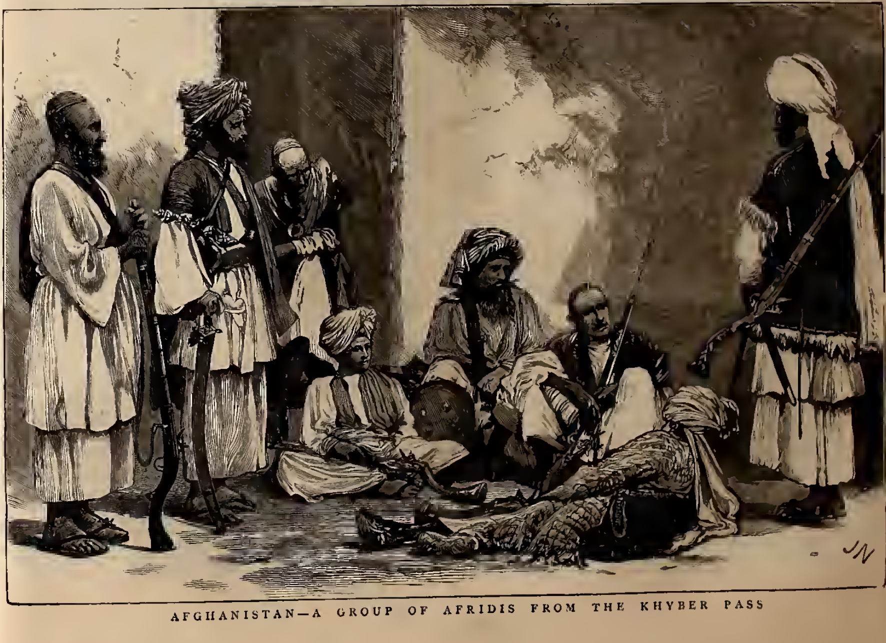


AFGHANISTAN—A GROUP OF CABULESE



AFGHANISTAN—A GROUP OF AFRIDIS FROM THE KHYBER PASS

Topics of the Week

England and France.——The assurances of goodwill expressed in the despatches of Lord Salisbury and M. Waddington, which have been published this week, are so far satisfactory; but France is probably not quite so friendly to us as the words of her Foreign Minister would imply. There can be no doubt that the Anglo-Turkish Convention was received with extreme disfavour by the French. For some reason or other they felt their honour wounded by our possession of Cyprus, and for a time they gave sufficiently vehement expression to their dissatisfaction. The Republican papers have, indeed, ceased their attacks; but that is not because they have changed their opinions, but because the reactionary parties made use of their complaints to injure the Republic. M. Gambetta disliked to hear the Imperialists declare that an Empire would not have allowed France to be so humbled; hence the sudden cessation of the jibes in which he and his friends for some time freely indulged. It is much to be regretted that there should be any misunderstanding, secret or expressed, between the two Powers; for France is unquestionably our natural ally in the East. If the Russians were to gain Constantinople she would suffer hardly less than ourselves, since they would ultimately dominate the Mediterranean, and make it necessary for all the Mediterranean nations to be in a continual state of readiness for war. As to the influence of France in the East, that would of course pass altogether into the hands of Russia. We are not without hope that these despatches will do something to allay the jealousies which have been aroused. They ought to convince our neighbours that, as our allies were indifferent to the progress of Russia in Asia, we were obliged to protect our own interests, and that we might have done it in a manner much more offensive to French susceptibilities. We hardly venture to hope, however, that anything will now induce France to come forward and assert her true place in Europe. If she did so, the result would be most happy. Russia could hardly afford to disregard the united representations of France and England; and with her aid we could also exercise a far more powerful and beneficent influence on Turkey than is now possible. But the French are too much occupied in watching Prince Bismarck to give serious attention to Prince Gortchakoff. Germany is so afraid of France that she backs Russia against her will; France, on the other hand, is so afraid of Germany that she allows the Russians to do very much what they like. Scarcely any state of things could be more fortunate for Russia, or more unfortunate for England.

Trade Depression.——It is the instinct of Commerce to be progressive, and therefore any decline from the highest point of industrial activity hitherto attained is sure to be signalised by a chorus of complaints. The existing condition of business is universally declared to be a condition of inactivity and stagnation, but this very inactivity and stagnation would have been regarded as a marvellously roaring trade thirty years ago, even if a deduction were made proportionate to the subsequent increase of population. If people managed to live then —and that they did manage it is proved by our existence now—we can manage to live also; and it will be a wholesome thing for most of us if a pinch of adversity compels us to revert to the thriftier habits of former generations. And if, owing to the industrial advance of foreign nations, potently aided by our domestic labour-disputes, we fail to regain the commercial supremacy we once enjoyed, England may be quite as happy, indeed perhaps a happier country, though less wealthy than she has been. As for the causes of the existing depression, some are so obvious that they need not be repeated here, but one or two of them have received less attention than they deserve. For example, the method of conducting the foreign and colonial trade of the country has gradually undergone a complete revolution. Every elderly commercial man is aware that the typical merchant of his youth was a very different being from the typical merchant of the present epoch. The old-fashioned merchant was a man of large capital, who had his head-quarters in London or some other British port, and his accredited agents (frequently his own partners) at the foreign settlements in whose produce he dealt. These agents were men of long experience. they knew exactly what to buy, how to buy it, and what export orders to give in return. Under this system money was not turned over very rapidly, but there were fair margins for profits, and, unless some unforeseen disaster occurred, the merchant gradually accumulated a goodly fortune. What is the modern system? The modern system is no system at all. Anybody, everybody, is a merchant who has a little money, or no money and some credit. The seaports of China and India swarm with these adventurers. They make a shipment, they sell the bill drawn against it, and make another shipment, repeating the process till a very petty amount of original capital or credit is made to cover a considerable amount of transactions. These ingenious gentlemen are like pyramids standing on their apexes,—a very little suffices to topple them over; and as, owing to their competition, the native markets, after freight and other expenses are added, scarcely ever show a margin of profit on the home quotations, they very often do topple over. The same process is repeated on this side of the water. The old-fashioned broker was content with his commission; the modern broker must be a man of considerable capital or credit, for he who can make the most liberal advances to the impecunious merchants gets the most business, though he often, when markets are falling, burns his fingers in the process. In this manner we may have the phenomenon of an immense amount of exports and imports, and yet with very little accruing profit. If the present depression tends to stop this gambling method of doing business, and to put our foreign trade back into its old-fashioned grooves, it will have acted as a wholesome tonic to the nerves of an overwrought mercantile community.

The Ultimatum.——It is difficult to understand the objections of Lord Lytton and his Council to the despatch of an ultimatum to Shere Ali. There is, indeed, little hope that he will submit; but his acquiescence in our terms is not absolutely impossible, and it would be unjustifiable to launch into war before exhausting every means of maintaining peace. A delay of two or three weeks can hardly do us serious harm. Suspicions may here and there arise that we are afraid of advancing upon the enemy; but they will soon be dissipated when the time for vigorous action arrives. Meanwhile, preparations are of course being energetically pushed forward, and every day makes it more certain that the blow, if it must be struck, will be struck decisively. Should our conditions be rejected, the Government will be able to act with the consciousness that it is supported by the nation. It must be admitted that the arguments of so distinguished an authority as Lord Lawrence produced at first considerable impression. Politicians who had not closely studied the question of our frontier policy were staggered by some of the facts he adduced, and by his emphatic tone. Since then the Russians have kindly come to the help of the Government. They have spoken out with such cynical frankness as to their ultimate intentions, and their statements on this subject have been so fully corroborated by their action in Turkey, that the current of opinion has set more and more in the direction of a resolute policy. We are not sure that the country is satisfied of the wisdom of the course pursued by Lord Lytton. If, as is now asserted, the Ameer's hostility was made absolutely unmistakeable in the time of Sir Lewis Pelly's mission, it is strange that Sir Neville Chamberlain's mission should have been despatched without some assurance that it would be received. It is still more strange that, if it was to be despatched, an army was not ready for action in the event of its being rejected. But whatever may be our view of this matter, what we have now to deal with is the fact that Shere Ali is our enemy and the friend of Russia, and that if we do not take adequate precautions Russia will soon have against us a weapon strong enough to paralyse our influence in Europe. In these circumstances the nation is afraid rather of divided counsels in the Cabinet than of bold measures. That Lord Beaconsfield himself is in favour of strong action there can be no doubt; but he may have colleagues who hamper him more seriously than Opposition critics are generally willing to admit.

Intemperance.——Sir Wilfrid Lawson ought to heed the advice tendered to him by two such experienced politicians and staunch friends of temperance as Mr. Bright and Lord Aberdare. Both of these gentlemen regard the Permissive Bill as impracticable, and its advocacy, therefore, as a hindrance rather than a stimulus to the cause of temperance. We are by no means inclined to think that the magistrates who are at present empowered to grant licenses are, with regard to what may be termed their "Brewster" functions, models of wisdom, they too often study the interests of the publican rather than those of the public, and they take little trouble to make the tavern-keeper a licensed victualler in deed as well as in name, although, as we have often before maintained, a small amount of magisterial firmness in this respect would render the coffee public-houses, of which Lord Aberdare highly approves, unnecessary, for the simple reason that every public-house would supply a variety of non-alcoholic as well as of alcoholic refreshments. We observe, by the way, that Mr. Allsopp, of all men in the world, gravely recommends the publicans to sell tea and coffee to their customers,—not in packets, as a gage of defiance to the detested grocers, but in a fluid state for the delectation of non-alcohol customers. Such advice from a gentleman bearing a name so savouring of malt seems at first sight as strange as if the Pope were to solicit subscriptions for enlarging Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, but probably Mr. Allsopp is wise in his generation, he foresees the coming storm, and feels that the tea and coffee may effect for the publicans that which "extenuating circumstances" often effect for prisoners in France. As far as we are aware, Mr. Bright suggests no alternative to the Permissive Bill, but Lord Aberdare would like to see a trial of the Gothenburg system. The Gothenburg system would have at least one advantage,—it would lessen the present enormous number of drink shops. It would be far better to have a few large establishments, furnished with every requisite for public refreshment, and with spacious sitting accommodation, than a host of places on the present plan, the landlord's aim in which is that every man should swallow his liquor as soon as possible so as to make way for a fresh customer.

A New Church.——A great many people probably never heard of the "Reformed Episcopal Church" until Dr. Claughton called attention to it by questioning the validity of the consecration of its Bishops. We are all, however, pretty certain to hear a good deal of it hereafter. Its Bishops are not likely to be remarkable for modesty, and its ordinary members may be expected to let their lights shine with all the fierce intensity that marks the light of converts. The body had its origin in America, and has started operations in this country on the ground that the Church of England has become too Ritualistic. We shall not enter into the question whether the consecration of the Bishops is valid; however it may be decided, it is to be hoped that only a very small number of Churchmen will associate themselves with the enterprise. Surely of all commodities that which we least need is a new Church. It is a long time since England was characterised as a country "with fifty religions and one sauce." The latter part of this reproach is no longer applicable; flying visits to Paris, and the South Kensington School of Cookery, have taught John Bull that destiny has not absolutely doomed mankind to a single sauce. But if we have increased our sauces we have certainly not diminished our religions. The vast multitude of sects is, we are aware, looked upon by some patriotic Britons as a sign of superior intellectual energy; but impartial onlookers rather take them as a proof that we make a great deal too much of trifles, and are too ready to sacrifice immense advantages to gratify a mistaken sense of independence. Our sects certainly do not foster charity, and we have not observed that they tend to discourage self-conceit. The "Reformed Episcopal Church" will, therefore, we trust, be above all things remarkable for the brevity of its career. At the same time the fact that it exists ought to suggest some wholesome reflections to the Ritualist clergymen who are at present so very active. They may be within their legal right in most, if not in all, their peculiar practices; but they must know that they are offending large numbers of persons who are sincerely attached to the Church of England. They can hardly claim to be acting in a Christian spirit when they wound susceptibilities as tender as their own for no other purpose than to gratify personal whims.

Peripatetic Painters.——Mr. Herkomer made a bold proposition the other day at the Liverpool Art Club. He recommended that a Painters' Festival should be held annually in Liverpool, that the leading painters should be invited, and that Art students should be summoned from all parts of the country to give them the opportunity of seeing the great painters at work from living models. "They would learn," he said, "more in ten days than in half a life time devoted to the usual dreary labours." The proposition was received with applause, but we scarcely think that in its present form it will result in any practical application. We are reminded of the enchanter's boast, "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," and of Hotspur's reply, "But will they come if you call?" It would be a very nice thing to get Mr. Millais, and Mr. Alma-Tadema, and Mr. Hook, and Mr. Cope, and Mr. Marks, and various other artistic celebrities, to come and sketch at Liverpool with a crowd of art students round them, but can they fairly be expected to accept the invitation? Other towns would be certain to follow suit. Manchester and Birmingham, Sheffield and Leeds, would surely want equal privileges with Liverpool. The result would be that the R.A.'s and the A.'s would find themselves as peripatetic as one of those popular comedians who advertises in the *Era*. "North of England, September; New York, October; San Francisco, November; Melbourne, Adelaide, and Sydney to follow." And it may be suspected that they would scarcely like to pursue their art under such perpetually public conditions. Before long, every town in the kingdom would successively claim their services; and then the two extremes would meet, the Royal Academician and the woe-begone artist who paints mackerel-by-moonlight scenes on the pavement in front of Mornington Crescent. Each would execute his works of art before the public gaze; each might adopt as his motto, "We paint—'tis in a crowd." At the same time we think the idea which lies at the bottom of Mr.

Herkomer's proposal most praiseworthy, but it will need more careful working out before it is likely to meet with practical recognition.

Domestic Slavery.——The grievances of some of the young ladies who condescend to act as domestic servants are, as a rule, of an imaginary nature. They are, indeed, exceptionally fortunate persons, and lord it over their employers with the assurance that comes of conscious strength. There is, however, a large class of servants of whom this cannot be said, and in whom it is desirable that the public, and especially ladies, should begin to take some interest. We allude to the servants of lodging and boarding-houses. A letter appeared in *The Times* this week, setting forth the work which a particular girl in one of these establishments has to undertake. We cannot go through the list of duties; but it is truly formidable. The unfortunate girl never goes to bed till past midnight, sometimes till between two and three; yet she has to be up at six, and she begins her labours every morning "by filling seven baths, for each of which she carries two cans of water from the basement to the bed-room floors of a four-storied house." After this every minute of the day has its own occupation; and it may be supposed, since the poor child is only seventeen, that such fatigues do not tend to improve "her health and spirits." If this picture is not overdrawn—and we believe it is not—the writer of the letter is quite justified in questioning whether we have yet succeeded in emancipating all our slaves. He proposes that people who go into lodgings should make it a rule "to inquire in what way the work of the house is performed," and should "avoid houses in which there are not sufficient servants." This is good advice, and we hope it will be followed; but in the meantime the human monsters who employ these overworked girls have an immense advantage over them. They secure servants who have not before had "places," and, if their victims rebel, threaten to refuse them the "character" which would enable them to improve their circumstances. Cannot benevolent ladies set to work and invent some method of helping a class who so urgently need their aid?

Centenarianism.——It is rather amusing to note how poor Mr. Thoms, though confessedly weary of the fray, rushes into it once more when some grossly absurd case of alleged centenarianism is reported, or more annoying still, perhaps, as far as he is personally concerned, when somebody asserts that "according to Mr. Thoms, nobody has ever lived to be a hundred." If the dispersion of error and the promulgation of truth be laudable, Mr. Thoms undoubtedly deserves well of his countrymen. Before his advent nobody, as far as we are aware, had put forth the idea that it is by no means an easy matter to ascertain the age of a very aged person. Their length of years deprives them of contemporary living witnesses, for the men and women of their generation have all "gone over to the majority," and so we have only documentary evidence to fall back upon. But till Mr. Thoms arose, no one realised this. A very aged man or woman declared they were so many years old, and their hearers implicitly believed them. The *Gentleman's Magazine* was one of the most accurate and trustworthy of the serial publications of the eighteenth century, and yet, if we examine its obituary records, we find numerous instances of longevity, which, tested by Mr. Thoms' sensible canon, are plainly utterly incredible. People have now learnt that very old folks are not to be trusted in their statements of age. Between thirty and seventy few people are inclined to overstate their years, but after they have passed fourscore, they feel proud of having lived so long, and begin to exaggerate. We once knew a most exemplary, pious old lady, in other respects in full possession of her senses, but when she had passed her eightieth birthday she suddenly added twenty years to the tale, and proclaimed herself a hundred. She died soon after, and all the neighbourhood fully believed that she was a centenarian. Nor, we may add, did the production of an attested copy of her baptismal register shake their faith, for, as they observed, "Who should know her age so well as the old lady herself?"

"Rome's Recruits."——Under this title, the *Whitehall Review* has reprinted from its weekly issues in pamphlet form an alphabetical list of the principal persons who have seceded to the Roman Church during the last twenty or thirty years. The list is interesting—to many persons painfully interesting; but we agree with Mr. Gladstone that it would have been an additional advantage if some further particulars had been given, especially the approximate date at which each "reversion" occurred. We see no objection as some do, either from the Roman Catholic or the Protestant point of view, to the publication of such a list. If to some readers it acts as an encouragement, to others it may serve as a warning. The "converts" themselves have evidently no unwillingness that their names should thus be chronicled, for the catalogue has been chiefly furnished by members of the Roman Catholic Church. The names in all number about 1,400, no small sum considering that they almost exclusively belong to the liberally-educated classes, and that numerous seceders of an obscurer rank remain unchronicled. The list of these names shows one thing plainly, namely, that Ultra High Church theories do in many cases lead men and women inevitably to Rome. It is one of the most interesting questions of the day to ascertain how far this is true of Ritualism generally. There can be no doubt that the more earnest adherents of the Church of England among the young incline to Ritualism rather than to Evangelicalism, and that, as on the Continent, so in a lesser degree here, the modern tendency is either towards scepticism, or towards some High Church form of belief. Will Ritualism, a generation hence, be able to stand alone, or will it yield to the magnetic attraction of Rome? We ask, but do not venture to answer the question.

THE THREATENED AFGHAN WAR.

Next week (Nov. 16) The Graphic *will consist of* Two Whole Sheets, *one of which will be devoted to eight pages of* Illustrations *having reference to the* Military Preparations *which are now being organised in* Peshawur *and* North-Western India.

Notice.——Mr. Sydney Hall, *who was our Special Artist during the Franco-German War, will shortly sail for* Canada, *in order to make Sketches for this Journal on the occasion of the* Arrival of the Marquis of Lorne *and* H.R.H. *the* Princess Louise. *The Half Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 476 and 485.*

AMUSEMENTS

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE. Sole Lessee, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.—SATURDAY, November 9, TUESDAY and THURSDAY, November 12 and 14, at Eight, Shakespeare's Tragedy, OTHELLO, with the following powerful cast: Othello, Mr. Charles Dillon; Iago, Mr. John Ryder; Desdemona, Miss Wallis; and Emilia, Mrs. Hermann Vezin. On MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, November 11, 13, and 15 (last three nights) A WINTER'S TALE. Preceded every evening by THE UNFINISHED GENTLEMAN. Conclude with a Comic Ballet.

BELPHEGOR the MOUNTEBANK.—Mr. Charles Dillon as Belphegor for a few nights only. SATURDAY, November 16th, at 8.30. Madeline, Miss Wallis.
THE JEALOUS WIFE at 7.30. Saturday, November 16. Mrs. Oakley, Mrs. Hermann Vezin. Box Office open 10 to 5 daily. Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling. Treasurer, Mr. James Guiver.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—THE TWO ORPHANS Every Evening at 7.30. A New Play, entitled A REPUBLICAN MARRIAGE, will be produced on SATURDAY MORNING Next, Nov. 9, at 2 o'clock.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, New Comedy by E. Manuel, Esq., entitled DAISY. Mrs. S. Lane. Mdlles. Brewer, Summers; Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Charlton. MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. The Valjeans, Miss Kate Garstone, The Brothers Dare. EILY O'CONNOR. Messrs. J. B. Howe, Towers; Mdlles. Marie Henderson, Adams, Bellair. DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND. Messrs. Bigwood, Lewis; Miss Rayner. Wednesday, MERCHANT OF VENICE, MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT, LUCK.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. G. Conquest.—Every Evening at 7, the Great Drama, written by Messrs. Conquest and Pettitt, entitled THE ROYAL PARDON. Messrs. Conquest, James, F. Dobell, Nicholls, Syms; Mesdames Vezner, Victor, &c. To conclude with every Evening the celebrated Burlesque of GUY FAUX. Messrs. G. Conquest, Nicholls; Mdlles. Inch, Ormond, and Laura and Ada Conquest. On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, a Grand Display of Fireworks in the Grounds.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. A TREMENDOUS MYSTERY," by F. C. Burnand, and MRS. BROWN'S HOME AND FOREIGN POLICY, by Mr. Arthur Sketchley.—EVERY EVENING, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8. Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place.

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THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of HIGH-CLASS PICTURES at ARTHUR TOOTH'S GALLERY, 5, Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre, is now open. Admission 1s., including Catalogue.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS by artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at THOMAS M'LEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket.—Admission, including catalogue, 1s.

THE "TALKING MACHINE," or PHONOGRAPH (Edison's Patent).—"One of the greatest marvels of science."—*Times.* Is on exhibition at the Galleries of the LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, 110 and 108, Regent Street, and 54, Cheapside. Admission, 1s. "Like a recording spirit notes down and repeats every word uttered."—*Standard.*

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Our Illustrations

AFGHANISTAN

A GROUP OF CABULESE

Our first illustration depicts a group of the inhabitants of Cabul, from which a fair idea may be formed of the type of inhabitants of the Ameer's dominions. As a rule, both men and women are tall, handsome, and fair complexioned, with good figures, and muscular, and Mr. Phil. Robinson, in his little work on Cabul, describes the Cabulese as being passionately addicted to all exercises which call for athletic limbs, sound lungs, and tough sinews. As horsemen they will compare with any races in India, or with ourselves; while as marksmen, whether with the rifle, spear, or stone, they are remarkably proficient. As for the women, notwithstanding their natural good looks, they strive to enhance their charms by all the artifices of cosmetics, dyes, and picturesque dress. The hair is worn in long plaits, and is often adorned with tassels, and rough but effective ornaments of metal and glass. Like all Eastern nations, the Cabulese are devoted to story-telling, while chess is equally one of their chief amusements. Although staunch Mahomedans, they are somewhat over-addicted to the pleasures of the bottle, while their treachery is proverbial; and your host of to-day, who spares no pains to make you happy and comfortable, will have no scruple in putting a bullet in your back to-morrow, when you have left his house, provided your purse should prove a sufficient temptation.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, of Calcutta and Simla.

AFRIDIS FROM THE KHYBER PASS

The Afridis are the various tribes which inhabit the hills about the Khyber Pass, and, though nominally the subjects of the Ameer of Cabul, are practically independent, their allegiance being secured by a subsidy, while such sums as 13,000*l*. or even 100,000*l*. are said to have been extorted from their Suzerain in olden days, when he wished to secure a safe passage through the Pass. When, however, the Punjab fell into our hands these exactions were naturally disregarded, and even in Dost Mahomed's time the subsidy did not exceed 2,000*l*. Consequently the loyalty of the Afridis to the Ameer is not thought to be beyond a price, and it is considered likely that they may ultimately join the British forces, more particularly as many of these hardy mountaineers have served for a time as policemen, or even soldiers, under the Indian Government, while the Sipah tribe has already offered its allegiance. Otherwise they will prove very dangerous foes in the narrow defiles of the Khyber Pass, more especially as the European training of many of them will enable them to practice more than the mere disorganised tactics of undisciplined mountaineers. The Afridis, like the Cabulese, are tall and handsome, and are usually provided with a perfect arsenal of strangely-formed knives and pistols in their belts. They are exceedingly brave and eminently treacherous, so that while perfectly open to a bribe, they can by no means be depended upon to fulfil the compact for which they are paid. The total number of Afridis capable of bearing arms, counting all the various tribes, fall little short of 25,000. Our engraving is from a photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd.

THE KHYBER PASS AND OTHER SKETCHES

Our view of the Khyber Pass is taken from the military parade ground at Murree, a sanatorium for troops, situated on a hill between the river Indus and the Jhelum. As may be seen by reference to the sketch, the mountains through which the Pass penetrates belong as outliers to the system of the Sufaid Koh, but are specially known as the Khyber Hills. Their highest point, the Tartara peak, on the northern side of the Pass, at the point where it debouches on the Peshawur plain, has an elevation of nearly 7,000 feet above the sea-level. The whole range rises up in a series of almost isolated rocky mountains, completely bare of timber, and quite as forbidding in aspect as their wild Afghan inhabitants could desire. Three other passes besides the Khyber lead through these hills to Cabul and Jellalabad; but as they are not practicable for cannon, their military importance is much less than that of the historical route. Nevertheless, remarks a writer in the *Daily News*, from whose article we have freely borrowed in the above, they might be useful for turning the fortress of Ali Musjid in case an attack upon the Ameer's capital should become necessary. As the crow flies, the mouth of the Khyber Pass is about seven miles from the cantonment of Peshawur and the neutral line is three miles from the cantonments. The road to Cabul crosses the level plain and enters at once the Pass, which is thirty miles long; it then debouches on to the Jellalabad plain, through which the Cabul river runs. Leaving the Jellalabad plain, the road, before reaching Cabul, passes through the Jugdulluck Pass, where the frightful slaughter of camp followers and soldiers took place in the retreat from Cabul in 1842. The actual gorge only begins at the Kadau Lakes, a little west of the old fort of Jumrood, the ascent following the course of a streamlet, and the pathway here winds for some ten miles to the fortress of Ali Musjid, the road lying under massive crags of rock, and the width of the defile averaging some twenty-five feet. Of the important part this defile has played in Afghan history up to the rebuff of Major Cavagnari, last month, we have already fully spoken in previous articles; but we may mention that it was a little to the

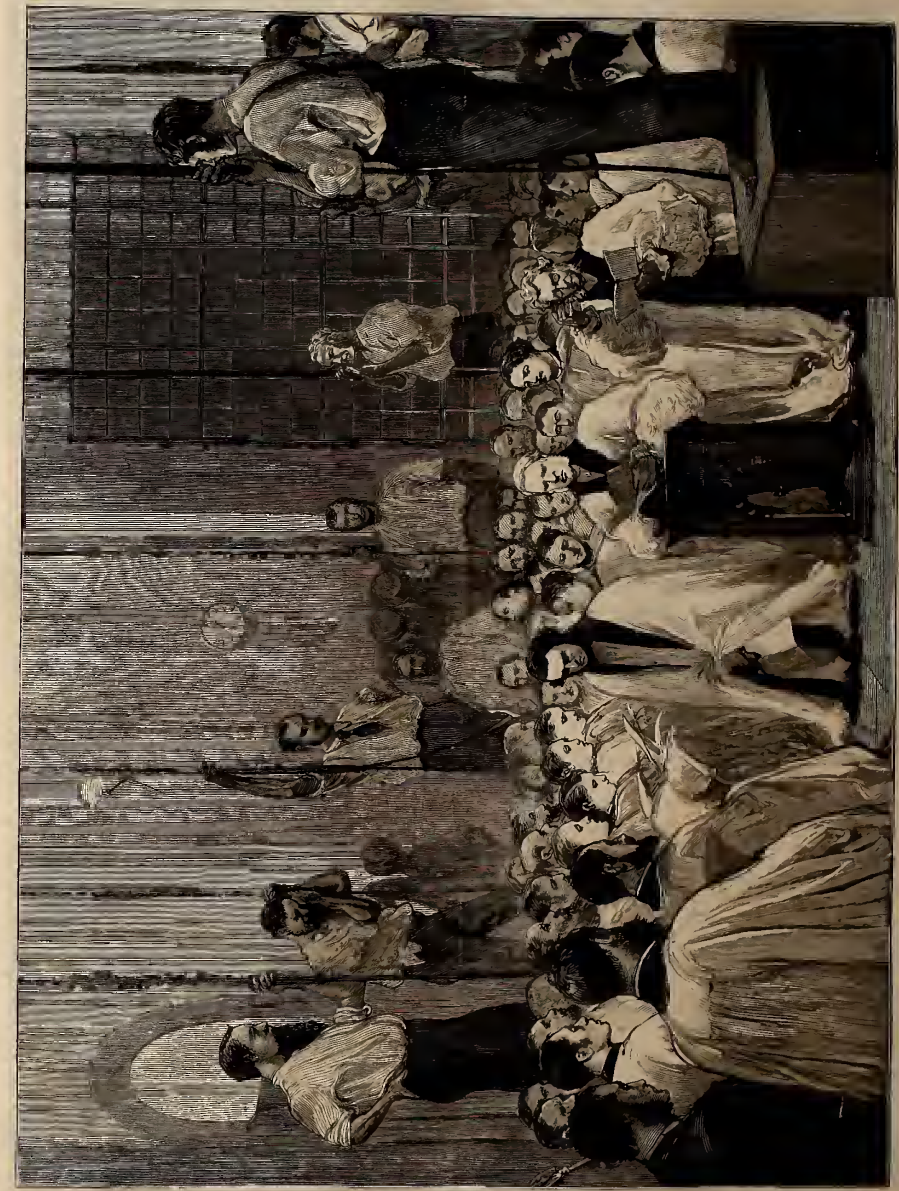
MR. ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF THOMAS BEVAN

ALDERMAN SIR CHARLES WHETHAM, LORD MAYOR

MR. ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF GEORGE BURT

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS

CYPRUS—A DAY ASHORE AT LARNACA



DEDICATING THE NEW BELLS IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL east of the crumbling towers of Jumrood that our envoy, Sir Neville Chamberlain, had pitched his camp while awaiting the result of Major Cavagnari's Mission.

Sukkur, the town which has been prominently brought into notice as the rendezvous for the southern army under the command of General Stewart, and which is the point of crossing for the Bolan Pass, is a decayed town of Sind, on the right bank of the Indus, opposite Roree on the left bank, the island fortress of Bukkur lying between them. It is situated, on a point where a low limestone range slopes down to the river bank, clothed in the neighbourhood of the town with luxuriant groves of date palms. These groves, combined with the ruined but picturesque town of Sukkur, the river, the huge fortress of Bukkur, and the town of Roree, situated on the bold precipice opposite, form a very grand landscape. In 1839 a British cantonment was made at Sukkur, which became converted from a scene of desolation and wretchedness to one of activity and prosperity. There are still numerous towers and minarets standing in Sukkur, one of which is a hundred feet high. With a view to the promotion and encouragement of trade, the British Government, in 1851, resolved to establish commercial fairs in Sind.—Our engraving is from a sketch looking down the river. The house on the point is the Frontier Force Club House.

The fortress of Bukkur above-mentioned, and which forms the subject of another of our illustrations is situated on an island, and is noteworthy from the fact that in the beginning of 1839 the Engineers of the Bengal Army, marching to Afghanistan, threw there a bridge of boats over the Indus, and on this the army, with its baggage and battery train, passed over on its way to the Ameer's country. The island is an oval limestone rock, some 800 yards long, 300 wide, and 80 feet high. Almost the whole of it is covered by the fortress which, in 1839, was temporarily ceded by the Ameer of Kheypoor to the British, and on the subsequent annexation of Sind became a part of the British dominions. The town of Roree is also situated on a rocky eminence, and presents a picturesque appearance when viewed from Sukkur on the river. It contains a large number of mosques, of which the largest was built by a lieutenant of the Emperor Akhbar, while close by is a shrine, wherein is preserved a hair in amber in a gold case set with rubies and emeralds, and enclosed in another of wood, enriched with silver. This hair is supposed to have once formed part of Mahomet's beard; and a number of guardians are maintained for the safety of this precious relic at the public expense.

Of Jacobabad we need say little, save that it is a town almost on the frontier of Beloochistan, and at present is the headquarters of the Sind Frontier Hill Force. Our remaining views are taken in the territory of the Bugties, a powerful tribe of Beloochistan, whose chief, Shamzan Khan, following the example of his Suzerain, the Khan of Khelat, has heartily espoused our side, and has even come down to Loti to pay his respects to General Biddulph, and offer his services. The titles of the views sufficiently explain the subjects of the engravings, but we may mention that the geographical features of Northern and Eastern Beloochistan greatly resemble those of Afghanistan, but that in the centre and towards the south the scarcity of water and the paucity of rivers render the country somewhat arid and barren, although it is well cultivated where water is to be procured. The Beloochees themselves are tall and well-formed, and although more disposed to pastoral and agricultural pursuits than the Afghans, they are exceedingly brave and warlike, and the Bugties will probably prove valuable allies should the crisis result in actual warfare. The natural arch shown in one of our illustrations is in the Sungseela Valley near Rehracka Deyra, where are situated the headquarters of the Bugti tribe. The Passes in the Bugti Hills, although too small for artillery, will probably be utilised in communicating with Quettah from the south.

THE NEW CIVIC DIGNITARIES

See page 479.

CYPRUS—A DAY ASHORE AT LARNACA

We have already fully described the seaport of Larnaca, which has received a new lease of life since the English occupation, so that we need say no more than that our sketch represents two travellers enjoying the delights of a "day ashore," after a week's sea voyage, and thoroughly appreciating the advantages of *terra firma* after the somewhat unsteady footing that a rolling steamer affords, even in the comparatively calm waters of the Mediterranean. The couple in our sketch are on a tour of exploration round the neighbourhood, and are on their way to visit the Tomb of Lazarus.

THE BELLS OF ST. PAUL'S AND THE SEAMEN'S ORPHANAGE AT BRIXHAM

See page 412.

GROUSE "DRIVING" IN OCTOBER

The first week or two of grouse-shooting in the Highlands, with the exhilarating weather and large bags of grouse, bears a decided contrast to the sport a couple of months later, when the birds become wary and shy, and congregate in large packs. Then the young birds are hardly inferior to the others, either in beauty of plumage or in strength of wing. They will scarcely allow the sportsman to approach them nearer than a hundred yards, so that "driving" is often nowadays tried. The sketches represent the party starting, with the usual troop of beaters and gillies, who, as soon as the ground is reached, separate from the "guns," tie handkerchiefs or pieces of rag to their sticks, and, waving them about and shouting, drive the grouse towards the particular spot where the sportsmen are posted. On a few moors the sportsmen sit concealed in pits, which are dug for the purpose; but as a rule, when driving is only resorted to towards the end of the season, juniper bushes or tufts of heather form the usual screen. The last sketch shows the old man sent on ahead with the pony and lunch-basket to the spring, where the party propose lunching.

SKETCHES IN SOUTHERN INDIA

"After Service, Sunday Afternoon, Peer Merde Hills, Travancore." One of our engravings represents a scene outside Peer Merde Church on a Sunday evening. Owing to the long distance people live from the church, and the bad state of the roads, a variety of means of locomotion are called into use by the members of the small congregation. The mounted party on the right of the picture wait for some of their friends going the same way as themselves, who are still talking at the door, with whom they will gallop back through the forest, trusting to hard riding to reach home before dark. The lady about to get into her "ton-jon" will be carried home by the bearers who stand around waiting. They sing a monotonous song as they trot along down the steep stony road. Another prefers a slow progress in a "tonga" drawn by long-horned bullocks; while a third waits for the "shigram" (and pony) in which she will be driven home (these two conveyances are represented in the picture as coming up the hill in the background). Those who live at an ordinary distance saunter slowly homewards in the cool of the evening when the friendly talk in the churchyard is over, and so the small congregation disperses north, south, east, and west, leaving the little church to darkness and any prowling tiger that may chance to come that way.

The other engraving shows the manner in which people generally go to pay calls on the Peer Merde Hills. It being essentially a coffee-growing district, and large pieces of land being taken up for estates, the houses are consequently far apart. The roads are too bad to admit of carriages. The only alternatives left are either to ride, or to be carried in a chair like a Fifth of November Guy Fawkes. The strong sure-footed little "Pegu ponies," brought, as their name implies, from the Shan States, are best suited for these rough mountain roads, and pick their way easily and swiftly where a larger animal would stumble and fall. The two men running behind are the horse-keepers or syces, whose duty it is to run behind "Sahib" or "Madam" whenever they ride out.

TIMBER CUTTING IN THE THAMES DISTRICT, NEW ZEALAND

The Kauri pine, from which the timber is chiefly cut in the north of New Zealand, furnishes the finest spars in the world, the barrels of many of the trees being over 100 feet long to the first branches, and from 2 to 6 feet in diameter, scarcely tapering at all towards the top. Trees are met with from 20 to 25 feet in diameter. These engravings show the way the timber is got out from the hilly districts. In the flat country it is to a great extent got out by tramways.

No. 1 is a shoot for sliding the logs down the side of a hill into the creek. This one is one-third of a mile in length. The logs come down with great rapidity, and occasionally get jerked out. Some are seen here and there on each side that have got thrown out. The spars forming the shoot are from 50 to 80 feet long, and from 1½ to 3 feet in diameter. The man standing by the log in the foreground will give an idea of the size; that one is more than 18 feet in circumference. No. 2 is a rolling-road at the top of the shoot. The logs are rolled along these by means of timber-jacks, as can be seen. The general size of the logs is from 3 to 6 feet in diameter, and from 12 to 30 feet in length. Many of these have been brought from a distance of over a mile back. No. 3 is a portion of No. 2 enlarged. No. 4 is the creek at the bottom of the shoot, with some logs dropped in. Up the creek, in the background, with two men standing beside it, is a log measuring 35 feet in circumference. The logs are driven down these creeks by means of water collected in dams. No. 5 is a small dam on a branch of the main driving-creek, 25 feet perpendicular depth, and 100 feet wide at the top. No. 6 is a view of the booms erected across the Waiwhakaurunga, near the mouth, to stop the logs, and prevent them from being carried out to sea. Sometimes there are from 1,200 to 1,500 logs collected there. At this time they were nearly empty. No 7 is a view of the settlement—two dwelling-houses, stables, cow-sheds, and other buildings—and gives a pretty good idea of the change now taking place throughout New Zealand. Three years ago this was wild bush-land, all but inaccessible. — Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. H. A. Frith, Thames, New Zealand.

BUSH LIFE IN QUEENSLAND

As in the other Australian colonies, droughts and floods often alternate in Queensland; and our first and fifth sketches exhibit the condition of affairs when moisture is in excess. The so-called bush-roads are merely tracks over the natural surface of the ground. During dry weather these are hard and firm enough, but after a long continuance of rain, the mud assumes a depth almost incredible to "new chums" fresh from the macadamised thoroughfares of Europe. One of the regular stock Australian stories is that of a hat being seen on the surface of a sea of mud. Underneath the hat was a man, and underneath the man was a horse. Bullocks are much slower than horses, but they are more capable of a long, persevering, steady pull than their equine brethren, especially when aided by the formidable whip and the adjurations of the driver. There is more individuality about bullocks than horses, every animal in the team has his name, and each pulls more vigorously when addressed personally as "Captain," "Nobbler," or whatever that name may be. As for the floods, they come on with the most marvellous rapidity, and a coach may be stopped by a raging torrent where only an hour before there was a dry gully.

The gentleman to whom we are indebted for these sketches spent many months in tramping through the Queensland bush with a companion, obtaining transitory occupation at sheep-washing, fencing, corn-hoeing, cane-planting, &c. He came frequently in contact with the natives, and speaks of them as harmless and good-natured. "We fearlessly went to sleep in our blankets right in the midst of their camp, and never once can I remember any disposition to molest, although they could by sheer numbers have easily overpowered and slain us." He thus describes a native camp:—"The party numbered about a dozen, and included five 'gins,' or native women. Breakfast was being served up, and the savoury smell from a portion of kangaroo hung on a spit over a small fire was most appetising.' The camp was on the bank of a small creek, and one of the party at a little distance was boomeranging a kangaroo.

"Wild honey is made by a small stingless bee, plentiful in Queensland. The blacks are most skilful in discovering and cutting out the 'sugar-bag,' as they call it. It is always found in a tree, generally a withered and a dry one, and a hatchet is used to get out the plunder.

"Numerous herds of perfectly wild horses graze on the vast inland prairies. They are caught and driven in in the following manner. A strong stockade in the shape of a triangle is made in a small collection of trees, one of the corners being left open. From one of the trees near the open corner there is carried out to about two hundred yards, and attached to another tree, a strip of calico six inches wide and fastened breast-high. Then the wild horses are with a mixture of enticement and gentle persuasion got to within a distance sufficient to enable them to see the white of the calico slip, when their curiosity is aroused, and they approach to examine the strange sight. Then the horsemen in ambush burst out with a wild halloa, and, using sticks, whips, and lungs, drive the distracted animals towards the strip of calico. This through fear they will not jump, or even go quite near to, but continue to run parallel with it until they find themselves trapped in the strong stockade with the horsemen behind them.

"Our last sketch depicts an aboriginal letter-carrier in the Never Never country. The letter is carried in a slit stick, and is most carefully preserved during a journey of from fifty to a hundred miles, when the recipient pays for the postage on delivery."

H.M.S. "DREADNOUGHT"

This vessel, originally named the *Fury*, was intended by her constructors to be in every respect like the sister-ships *Devastation* and *Thunderer*, but, finding that these vessels might be much improved upon, it was subsequently resolved to alter the lines of the third ship throughout. The *Dreadnought* is much longer, and carries heavier armament and armour-plating, besides having more space and comfortable quarters between decks. One of the greatest improvements is that her hull is thickly armoured all round, whereas other ships of the *Monitor* type are but thinly clad at either end, the battery in the centre of the ship being the only part protected. The *Dreadnought* has also a flush deck from stem to stern, thus doing away with the low freeboard forward and abaft, and likewise the *cul de sac* of the *Devastation*, which had to stand such hot criticism from so many quarters. She was built at Pembroke, and launched in March 1875, but has only recently been completed at Portsmouth. Her length is 343 ft., extreme breadth 63 ft. 10 in., and her armour which extends 5·7 below the load line, weighs 2,446 tons. She has two turrets, in each of which are two 12½-inch 38-ton guns, the four being manned by a complement of sixty men. The charge is conveyed along tram-lines on a small trolly, the shell lying longitudinally at an angle of 14½ degrees, until it reaches a spot immediately under the muzzle of the gun, where a cylinder, rising from beneath the deck by hydraulic power, lifts both charge and trolly till it is close to the cannon's mouth, the bolt is then rammed home by a rod also worked by machinery. This done the gun is made to resume its horizontal position, and is ready to be worked forward through the porthole.

There are in all thirty-six sets of engines on board for working the turrets and guns, and steering and propelling the vessel, and in fact very little is left for human hands alone to work.

Besides the big guns, there are two Gatlings, which are used either on the hurricane deck or from the masthead, and there is no doubt that they would give a good account of any number of the enemy's torpedo boats approaching too near. Even at night time they would stand little chance, for the *Dreadnought* is fitted with powerful electric lights, one at each end of the hurricane deck. Experiments with these lights were made recently as the ship lay in the Basin of Portsmouth, and at a distance of two miles, through thick weather, buildings became quite as clear as in broad daylight.

In action the deck is cleared of everything that the guns may have a clean sweep, and the men are all down below, well protected behind the plated sides, where the guns are worked. The heaviest charges are to each gun 160 lbs. powder, and an 810 lb. shot, which latter is 110 lbs. heavier than that carried by the heaviest gun of the *Thunderer*. When the guns were fired a short time since, everything breakable within the circle of concussion was smashed, even an overhanging whale boat started every plank, the nails in the bows being drawn cleanly out. If such are the results from the discharge of a 38-ton, what will be the effect of the *Inflexible's* 81-ton? The sides of the ship have lately been pierced so that the Whitehead torpedo can be used. The *Dreadnought's* full complement of officers and men is 387. Every precaution is taken against the ship sinking by means of seventy-one watertight doors to the compartments. Rear-Admiral Boys is expected shortly to hoist his flag on board.

HOME.

Political Affairs.——One of the chief events of the past week has been Mr. Gladstone's reception at Rhyl by the Liberals of North Wales. Among the decorations of the town were two triumphal arches bearing laudatory inscriptions, and the streets were thronged with spectators, who were enthusiastic in their shouts of welcome and approval. The day began with a conference on the best means of Liberal organisation, after which the local leaders went to the railway station to meet Mr. Gladstone, who was subsequently entertained at a banquet, and in the evening there was a public meeting, at which the Duke of Westminster moved, and Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P., seconded, a resolution expressing unfaltering faith in the ex-Premier as a statesman and patriot, and thanking him for the efforts he has made to expose and counteract the secret and imperious policy of the Prime Minister. Mr. Gladstone, in replying, defended the part he had taken in criticising and condemning the action of the Government, complained of the absence of information in regard to the Afghan difficulty, and asked whether, in censuring the acts of Russia, we were prepared to justify our own interference with the Ameer, and the frontier States of India. He contrasted the present position of the country with what it was when the late Government left office, and said that "Peace with honour" really meant depressed trade, broken treaties, mystery, breaches of law, and usurpation of the privileges of the Crown.—The Birmingham National Liberal Federation and the Liberal Six Hundred have adopted resolutions condemning the extravagance and reckless policy of the Government, declaring that Parliament ought to be dissolved in order that the country might decide the grave issue of peace and war and of constitutional as opposed to personal rule, expressing admiration of the services rendered by Mr. Gladstone to the cause of freedom in Europe and the East, and towards saving the country from the disgrace of an unnecessary and unjust war. At the Mayor's dinner to the borough members last week, which by the way Mr. Bright was unable to attend, Mr. Chamberlain, replying to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's recent strictures, said that those who were alarmed at the increase of local indebtedness ought at least to bear in mind the enormous distinction between national and local obligations. The national debt was of no present or prospective value. It had been incurred in wars, the wisdom of which he would not then discuss; and at the present time that enormous debt was a liability which had no productive capacity whatever. On the contrary, the vast liabilities that had been incurred by local authorities were investments which he hoped would at all times be productive of the greatest possible advantages to the community. Parliament was overworked. The machinery as a rule was clogged, the wheels were choked with petty difficulties of infinite detail, and sooner or later there would be a popular cry for some sort of Home Rule for England—some great measure of decentralisation, which would cause local work to be better done.—Lord Carnarvon, in opening the winter session of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution on Monday, delivered an address on "Imperial Administration," which was meant, he said, to be mainly supplementary to the one delivered in the same place three years ago by Mr. W. E. Forster, on "Our Colonial Empire." He dwelt on the extent of our colonies, on the onerous duties discharged by the Colonial Office, and spoke of signs cropping up of division arising between the Home authorities and the Indian officials, and the absolute necessity for some scheme which would render any such collision impossible.—A large number of extra-Parliamentary speeches have been delivered by supporters and opponents of the Government which our limited space forbids us even to enumerate.—The yearly municipal elections which have taken place during the week were in most instances contested on political grounds, and, speaking generally, to the advantage of the Liberal party. Whether in such contests it is wise to subordinate the local administrative capacities of the candidate to his general political proclivities, is a question which certainly cannot always be answered in the affirmative.

MISCELLANEOUS.——Guy Fawkes' day was somewhat lamely celebrated in London, although during the day a number of "guys" were borne about the streets, the favourite effigies being those of Shere Ali, Leo XIII., the Czar of Russia, and the Sultan of Turkey. In the evening many fireworks were let off in the suburbs, and at the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces there were special pyrotechnic displays. At many places in the provinces, notably at Lewes, a place celebrated for such displays, and at Brighton, Maidstone, and Tunbridge Wells, the anniversary was observed in a more systematic manner. At Oxford and Cambridge the undergraduates were more than usually orderly, the Town and Gown riots being evidently looked upon as a bygone custom.—On Friday last Maynooth College was partially destroyed by fire, the damage being estimated at 30,000*l*. A fire-engine was sent from Dublin by special train. The books in the Library were saved.—On Friday last the coastguard cruiser *Fanny* was run down in the Irish Channel by the steamer *Helvetia*. The cutter sank immediately, and out of her crew of twenty-four seventeen, including the captain, were drowned. A Board of Trade inquiry will be held at Liverpool on the return of the *Helvetia* from America.—The temperance advocates have been very busy during the past week. Besides a number of minor meetings at other places, a Conference has been held at Oxford under the presidency of Lord Aberdare, while at Belfast there have been some enthusiastic gatherings in honour of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who, in one of his speeches alluded to Lord Aberdare's suggestion of music as a check to intemperance, and offered to travel about the country with his lordship on the Moody and Sankey plan, Lord Aberdare to sing temperance songs, and himself to preach temperance.—Mr. C. H. Robarts has been elected to the office of Remembrancer of the City of London, in succession to Mr. Corrie, who has retired through ill-health. There were more than a dozen candidates for the office, the duties of which are partly legal and partly social.—On Saturday Mr. Werderman's invention for electric lighting with a divided current was tried at the British Telegraph Works, Euston Road. Ten lamps of forty-candle power were used, and were shown to be independent of each other though fed by one current.—Billingsgate Market was to have been illuminated by the electric light on Tuesday night, but at the last moment it was discovered that although the engines and machinery had all been fixed, the electric apparatus itself had not arrived.—The Marylebone Guardians intend to make their casual paupers very comfortable this winter. They have just completed a new ward at a cost of 9,000*l*., wherein each casual will have a separate cell, warmed, lighted, and ventilated, with an electric bell for the purpose of calling the attendant on duty. The courtyard is partially roofed and fitted with seats, and all passages, waiting-rooms, and staircases are to be kept at an agreeable temperature, while the bathing accommodation, we are told, is "such as most middle-class householders might envy."—On Monday the Duke of Cambridge went to Aldershot to witness a trial of the new system of field-firing, in which the ball practice of the troops is tested by the employment of a number of dummies to represent the enemy, and a comparison of the number of effective shots with the amount of ammunition expended.—The *Princess Alice* Relief Fund amounts to a little over 37,000*l*., of which about one half has already been distributed amongst the survivors and the relatives of the dead. The remainder is to be used in placing nearly a hundred orphan children in public institutions until they reach the age of fifteen.

THEATRES

MR. BURNAND is not the first dramatic author who has written a burlesque of one of his own pieces; nor is there any good reason to be found why he should not, if so disposed, make a little harmless fun out of the romantic drama entitled *Proof*, which as adapted by him from D'Ennery and Cormon's *Cause Célèbre* is now enjoying at the Adelphi Theatre a well-deserved popularity. The title of the amusing trifle which was produced at the ROYALTY on Wednesday evening is *Over-Proof; or, What Was Found in a Celebrated Case*, and, as may be imagined, its humour consists chiefly in exaggerating the melodramatic incidents of the original play, while associating them with droll and incongruous ideas. Melodrama, to be appreciated, must, as we are all aware, be regarded with a certain amount of indulgence. The spectator who finds himself frequently pausing in an entertainment of this kind to ask himself whether the personages of the drama are behaving exactly as rational beings might be expected in the circumstances to behave, is clearly not fitted by nature for the comfortable enjoyment of romantic plays. On the other hand, the improbabilities and impossibilities, and the occasional exaggerated vein of sentiment which is proper to this kind of work, offer excellent opportunities for the parodist, and no living writer is more skilful than the author of "Mokeanna" and "Strapmore" in treating these little weaknesses in a droll, whimsical, and paradoxical spirit. There is plenty of this kind of fun in *Over-Proof*, which, following pretty closely the scenes of the drama, yet contrives to invest every incident with a quaint touch of absurdity; while for those who delight in punning lines and allusions of amazing ingenuity and unexpectedness, the dialogue is really a feast of fun. The piece is provided with amusing songs, and is generally lively and picturesque. That it suits the capacities of the company directed by Miss Kate Santley (who plays the innocent child of "five, more or less," the cause of Pierre Lorance's misfortunes, with sprightliness and humour) need hardly be said; Mr. Anson's grotesque imitation of Mr. Arthur Stirling, and Mr. Walter H. Fisher's absurdly pathetic performance of the part of the persecuted soldier are extremely clever performances; and other parts are sustained in the spirit of the piece by Mr. Charles Groves (a very promising actor new to the London stage), Mr. Lytton Grey, Miss Rose Roberts, and Miss Lavis. The burlesque is preceded by the late Mr. Andrew Halliday's admirable little domestic drama entitled *Checkmate*, originally produced here some years ago under the management of Miss Oliver.

The afternoon performances at the AQUARIUM have recommenced with revivals of the old Haymarket comedietta entitled *Grandfather Whitehead*, and the late Charles Mathews's compressed version of Foote's comedy, *The Liar*, founded on *Le Menteur* of Corneille. In the former piece Mr. William Farren sustains his late father's famous character with much force and variety of resource, though hardly reaching the point of pathos and tenderness which rendered the original performance so touching. In other respects the little piece does not greatly interest audiences in these days. In the part of Young Wilding, in *The Liar*, Mr. Farren has necessarily to contend with very recent impressions of Charles Mathews's incomparable performance of the same character. The careless grace and gay *insouciance* of that impersonation are, indeed, not to be expected from any other actor; but, with this allowance, Mr. Farren's performance is spirited and clever, and the amusing situations in which he appears rarely miss their effect. The performance of the French valet, Papillon, by Mr. Collette could hardly be excelled for restless vivacity and variety of comic expression; and in Miss Litton we have a heroine of very charming presence, and genuine sprightliness and ease of manner.

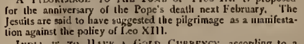
The Shakespearian performances at DRURY LANE do not appear to have been very successful in attracting audiences; nor is it to be expected that the classical poetical drama can flourish without more systematic cultivation, and a more earnest effort to attain a general level of excellence than have been indicated by these revivals. *Macbeth* will this evening give way to *Othello* for a few nights only, after which Mr. Dillon will return to his old part of Belphegor the Mountebank.

Mr. Hollingshead is preparing a new burlesque extravaganza on the subject of *Fra Diavolo*, written by Mr. Byron.

MR. FAIRCHILD'S READINGS.——Mr. George E. Fairchild, whose reputation as a dramatic reader is now so thoroughly established that he invariably attracts large audiences, gave some selections from the Poets and Humourists at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on Saturday last, and with his accustomed success. The programme was a judicious admixture of the grave and gay, and the excellent way in which the pieces were rendered was productive of frequent applause. The final selection, "Floating a Finance," though exceedingly humourous in itself, had a somewhat saddening effect upon our mind, forcibly recalling as it did the criminal mismanagement and disastrous failure of the City of Glasgow Bank.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.——It is impossible, in the little space at our disposal, to give even an outline of the plot—or rather collection of plots—which Mr. Burnand has happily entitled *A Tremendous Mystery*. The mystery, however, is only tremendous to the *dramatis personæ*, for no matter how cunning or how deep the intrigue, the audience are never left in the dark. This, however, only makes the new piece the more enjoyable. Mrs. Reed is quite at home in her part of a sensational authoress who sees a plot in everything; Mr. A. Reed acted very well as the Count de Montgireau, a good-natured Frenchman, who is everybody's friend; Mr. Alfred Bishop is a clever substitute for Mr. Corney Grain (whose absence, however, is not to be the less regretted); and Miss Holland's dramatic singing is a special feature of the performance. Miss Rosa Leo, a new member of the company, possesses a strong contralto voice of fair quality, and though her acting lacks repose, it is on the whole natural. Her youthful exuberance wants a little control. The pretty and tuneful music is by King Hall, and Messrs. Gordon and Harford have supplied two very artistic scenes. The entertainment is brought to an amusing close by Mr. Arthur Sketchley's "Mrs. Brown's Home and Foreign Policy," the tenour of which is, "Keep a 'appy 'ome, and let them furriners look arter theirsels." The "furriners," however, have a bad habit of "looking arter us."

MR. SAMUEL PHELPS, who had been unwell for several months, died on Wednesday at the age of 72. He was born in 1806, at Devonport, and was originally a compositor, but took to the stage, making his *début* at York, where he attracted the attention and approval of Edmund Kean. He rapidly acquired a reputation, and coming to London in 1837 he was engaged first at the Haymarket, and afterwards at Covent Garden, then under the management of Macready. His arduous career and complete success (in every sense except that of money-making) as manager of Sadler's Wells, and his subsequent appearances at Drury Lane, the Lyceum, and the Gaiety, are matters of which our readers will need no reminder. As a genuine lover of Shakespeare he was unrivalled, and as an actor few could compare with him for conscientiousness and versatility. In heavy characters, such as Othello and Macbeth, he did not perhaps show to the best advantage, but his Iago was wonderful, and his Malvolio, Bottom, Christopher Sly, Job Thornbury, and Sir Pertinax MacSycophant simply inimitable.



Scraps

THE ABBÉ LISZT is writing a "dramatic oratorio"—*St Stanislas*.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT is to be introduced into St. Petersburg, and the Municipality are considering the best scheme for lighting the streets by that method.

FIFTY TONS OF GRANITE are calculated by the *American Traveller* to have been sold in bits to our Transatlantic cousins as portions of Cleopatra's Needle.

DRAMATIC COMPOSITION IN GERMANY is far from flourishing for the triennial Schiller-prize for the best drama is again not to be awarded, none of the pieces sent up for competition being worthy of the prize.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE TOMB OF PIUS IX. is proposed for the anniversary of the Pope's death next February. The Jesuits are said to have suggested the pilgrimage as a manifestation against the policy of Leo XIII.

INDIA IS TO HAVE A GOLD CURRENCY, according to a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who states that the Indian Government contemplates replacing the present silver standard by that of the more precious metal, and by making English gold coins legal tender throughout the country.

NATIVE SIGNATURES in Mysore frequently illustrate the occupation of the writer. Thus a cultivator will make a mark resembling a plough with two dots for bullocks, a cartdriver the mark of a wheel, a barber that of a razor, &c. Women make a round mark, supposed to represent a bangle.

CREMATION IN GOTHA is certainly not expensive, as each body submitted to the process will cost about 1*l*. 5*s*. The "Columbarium," or crematory edifice, in the new cemetery at Gotha, has been successfully completed, and regulations have been issued by the town authorities specifying the size of each coffin and that of the urns to be placed in the Columbarium at the conclusion of the process.

SHAKESPEARE is greatly relished by the Chinese in California, and *Othello* has lately been played at a Mongolian theatre in San Francisco. Some slight innovations, however, were introduced to suit local tastes, for instance, the plot of the tragedy was made to turn entirely upon the identification of Desdemona's handkerchief, which is recognised to slow music in the last act by a four-bitee laundryman.

PARISIAN CABDRIVERS have long been famed for their independence. They form a special body, own a special saint, St. Fiacre, and now are to have a special newspaper of their own, *La Lanterne des Cochers de Paris*. The journal will support the rights of the Corporation, publish all justifiable complaints of the cabbies against their customers, and suggest modifications and improvements in the existing police regulations respecting cabs and their drivers.

THE MICROPHONE AS A THIEF CATCHER has proved very useful to an English resident in India, who found his store of oil rapidly and mysteriously diminishing. He fixed a microphone to the oil cans, carried the wire up to his bedroom, and, after the house had been closed for the night, sat up to await the result. Very shortly he heard the clinking of bottles, followed by the gurgling sound of liquid being poured out, and running downstairs he caught his bearer in the act of filling small bottles with oil for easy conveyance from the premises.

THE LATE CHARLES MATHEWS, says *Mayfair*, was singularly liberal as a manager—liberal, that is to say, in his free admissions. The stalls were well-papered in those days, and the free list was never suspended. But he would sometimes act rather capriciously in refusing his favours. One friend wrote for the accustomed admissions, and got no answer; met the manager, and told him so. "Perhaps," said Mathews, "you did not enclose a stamp with your envelope?" The friend said he did. "Well," said the manager, "go on doing it, for they are often useful!"

AN INGENIOUS RUSSIAN GAMING HOUSE was recently pounced upon by the police near Moscow, several of the *habitués* who had lost so largely as to suspect foul play having informed the authorities. On examining the rooms it was found that the ceilings were covered with papers representing a starry sky. Holes were pierced in the stars, through which a man lying on the floor of the upper room could see the cards of the players, and by means of wires running down the walls he could communicate with the bool of his accomplices, and indicate their play by a code of taps.

A REVOLUTION IN DANCING-CIRCLES is promised in Paris this winter. Quadrilles and cotillons are to disappear, and to be replaced by stately ballets, such as were danced in the times of the three last Louises, and which will be regularly organised and rehearsed by the guests. Indeed, dancing altogether is to be far more general than usual, and short dresses will be largely worn for balls as well as in the street. Talking of Paris fashions the latest novelty in feminine foot-gear consists of high boots of white Russia leather, encircled at the top by a band of dark fur. Such dainty *bottines* would scarcely bear half-an-hour's experience of London mud.

ALL SOULS' DAY IN THE PARIS CEMETERIES this year introduced a novelty in funeral decorations. Wealthy mourners brought strings of pearls, which they draped round the monument according to taste, the length of the garland depending on the purse and affection of the relative. The traditional *immortelle* wreaths with touching inscriptions and the bead crowns were by no means abandoned, while many persons contented themselves with leaving their simple card and signature on the tombs of celebrities such as Thiers and Raspail. The advertising mania, however, disfigured many graves, for a number of energetic shopkeepers wrote their names on their own bills and scattered them on the tombs at Père Lachaise.

LONDON MORTALITY declined last week, and 1,386 deaths were registered against 1,445 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 59, and 205 below the average. There were 49 deaths from scarlet fever (an increase of 3, but being 52 below the average), 3 from small-pox, 15 from measles (a decline of 3, and being less than half the average number), 10 from diphtheria (a decrease of 2), 22 from whooping-cough (a decline of 11), 34 from different forms of fever (an increase of 4), 21 from diarrhœa (a decline of 9), and 353 from diseases of the respiratory organs (an increase of 6, exceeding the average by 5), of which 220 resulted from bronchitis and 90 from pneumonia. There were 2,532 births registered, being 33 below the average. The mean temperature was 41·0 deg., or 5·5 below the average. The duration of sunshine was 11·2 hours, the sun being 68·0 hours above the horizon.

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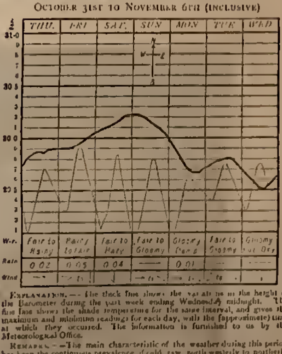
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

OCTOBER 31ST TO NOVEMBER 6TH (INCLUSIVE)



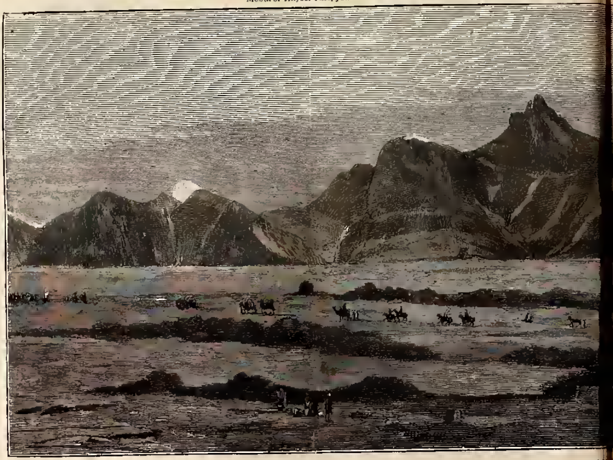
EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The main characteristic of the weather during this period has been the continuous prevalence of cold, raw, north-westerly to northerly winds. These have been generally light to moderate in force in London, occasionally freshening, however, with squalls of cold rain and "graupel," or soft hail. On our east and north coasts, however, the wind has on several occasions attained the force of a stiff gale. Temperature has been several degrees below the average; but, owing to the cloudiness of the sky, the daily range has been small. The barometer was highest (30·23 inches) on Saturday night, the 2nd instant, lowest (29·50 inches) on Wednesday, the 6th instant; range, 0·73 inches. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (48°) on Friday, the 1st instant, lowest (29°) on Sunday, the 3rd instant; range, only 19°. Wind has been mainly north-westerly and northerly, light to fresh. Rainfall: Total fall: 0·12 inches, on four days; greatest fall in one day, 0·05 inches, on Friday, the 1st instant.

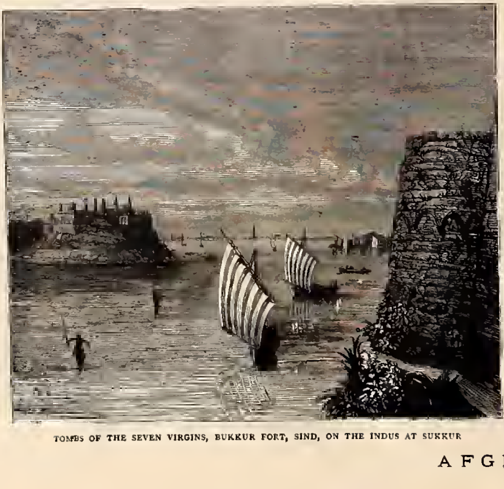
VIEW OF ROREE ON THE INDUS, OPPOSITE SUKKUR

CHILLOO KOOMB, BUGTI HILLS

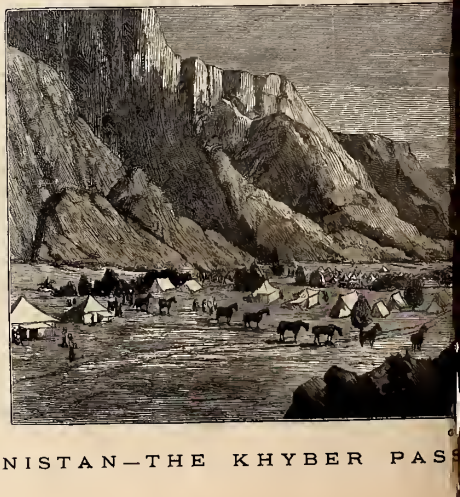
DOZA KUSHTUK PASS, BUGTI HILLS


Safaid Koh, or White Mountain in Afghanistan: Perpetual Snow
Mouth of Khyber Pass, Jumrood Fort in Front
Tartara, 5,000 Feet: Snow-Clad in Winter

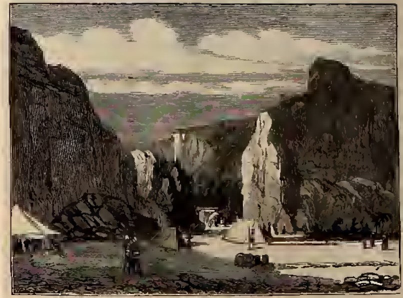
THE KHYBER PASS, VIEWED FRO



TOMBS OF THE SEVEN VIRGINS, BUKKUR FORT, SIND, ON THE INDUS AT SUKKUR

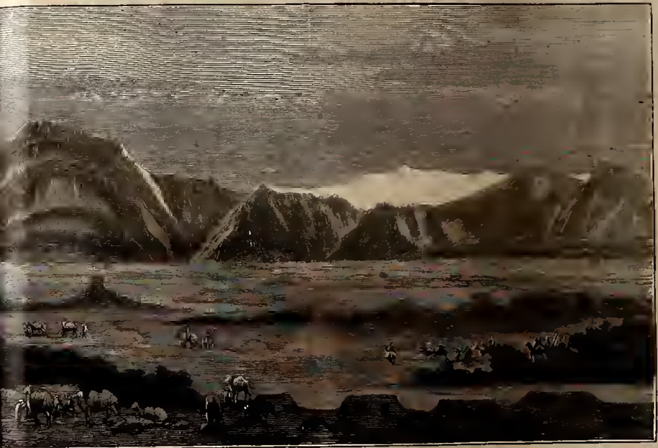


AFGHANISTAN—THE KHYBER PAS



KUBOOTRANEE, BUGTI HILLS

SUKKUR ON THE INDUS, WHERE THE RESERVE FORCES ARE TO ASSEMBLE


Buddhist Tope, or Relic Chamber of Buddha
Perpetual Snow in Caffristan
Outlet of Cabul River
Fort Michni Hill

HE REGIMENTAL PARADE GROUND, MURREE

A NATURAL ARCH IN THE SUNOSEELA VALLEY

, BUGTI HILLS

THE TANK AT JACOBABAD, HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE SIND FRONTIER FIELD FORCE

AND VIEWS IN NORTH WESTERN INDIA

FOREIGN

The Eastern Question.——There is very little news from Eastern Europe this week. The International Roumelian Commission continues its deliberations at Philippopolis; but the Russians still decline to hand over the financial administration of the province; while, if we are to believe certain statements, the labours of the Committee are scoffed at by the Russians and Bulgarians, who ridicule the notion of Eastern Roumelia becoming a distinct province, and roundly declare that it will ultimately become part of Bulgaria—if in no other way, by force of insurrection. Indeed, the Russians continue to affirm their intention of adhering to the Treaty of San Stefano, and their organs openly declare that the Berlin Treaty is a dead letter, the British Government having failed in its efforts to induce the Western Powers to take steps to enforce its provisions. The insurrection, however, does not appear to be prospering, and the Russians officially announce that they have arrested a body of 500 Bulgarians on their way to Macedonia, that perfect tranquillity prevails in the districts which they occupy, that the Russian authorities have never encouraged insurgent bands nor the formation of insurgent committees, that the Russian officers have nowhere manifested any inclination to join the insurgents, and that "the Turkish reports on the subject are as false as those of the Rhodope Commission." In Bulgaria proper all is quiet; but Russia does not seem to be in any way withdrawing her troops from the south, although the Turks are now rapidly completing the evacuation of Varna and the other fortresses to be surrendered to her whilom enemy. The Turco-Russian Commission is authorising the return to Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia of those refugees who are landed proprietors, or who are capable of supporting themselves by trade, the repatriation of the poorer classes being deferred until matters are so much bettered that they will be able to find some employment.

Roumania is now definitively preparing to take possession of the Dobrudscha, and MM. Cogalniceano and Bratiano have gone to Silistria to fix the frontier boundaries. These will probably extend in a straight line from Silistria to Mangalia, on the Black Sea.—Servia is greatly annoyed at the movement for the incorporation of Eastern Roumelia with Bulgaria, and is somewhat apprehensive that her allotted portion of territory may be curtailed.—The cause of Greece is now being actively taken up by Italy at the request of France.—In Cyprus the chief incident has been the visit of Mr. W. H. Smith and Colonel Stanley, who, after inspecting Larnaca and Nicosia in company with Sir Garnet Wolseley, have now gone to Egypt to visit the Suez Canal.

France.——The Exhibition closes to-morrow, and throughout the week, although there have been plenty of visitors, there have been manifest signs of the end, many exhibitors having begun to remove their wares. Last month there were nearly three million paying visitors (a million more than in 1867), making a total since the opening of 12,621,908, while the total receipts amount to more than 500,000*l.*, against 340,000*l.* in 1867. According to official returns 203,152 foreigners have been admitted into Parisian hotels and lodging-houses during the time of the Exhibition. Of these England furnished the largest number, 58,914; Belgium came next with 28,830, Germany with 21,778, and the United States with 13,573. The number of English appears small with the enormous crowds who have crossed the Channel, the Calais and Dover route alone taking 186,747 persons, which, allowing for the double journey, would make 93,000, while, to say nothing of the Folkestone and Boulogne and the Southampton and Havre routes, the Newhaven and Dieppe line would not unfrequently carry daily loads of from 1,000 to 2,000 persons, so that we cannot help thinking that for once French statistics are at fault. There are various plans for utilising the building of the Champ de Mars, and the Municipality is considering a scheme for turning it into a monster place of popular amusement. The Cabinet, however, proposes to divide the building between the Ministries of War and Commerce, half to be devoted to military purposes, and the remainder to be utilised as an Industrial and Decorative Art Museum. Another project for which a committee has been formed is to induce French exhibitors to transfer their exhibits to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, in order that a permanent International Museum might be formed there. This movement is headed by M. d'Agiout, who came over in 1871, to present Her Majesty with the address of gratitude for the assistance afforded to France by England after the war.

The great "national debauch," as one of the French papers terms the lottery scheme, still continues to engross popular attention, and the number of tickets has now been finally extended to 12,000,000, which produces nearly 500,000*l.*—almost the sum realised by the admission money of the Exhibition. The Opposition papers naturally criticise the action of the Government most severely, more especially as the *raison d'être*—that of furnishing Exhibition tickets to poor people unable to pay—no longer exists. The avidity with which all classes have rushed to buy tickets has shown how inherent the love of gambling is in the French temperament, though it is a question whether any Government is justified in fostering a taste which once acquired is never wholly lost. So great has been the demand for these tickets, that even children have been encouraged to invest their *sous* in a ticket, while it is doubtful whether the prizes when won will not in any case rather cause embarrassment than give satisfaction, for amongst them are a locomotive steam engine, a set of tickets for the Mabille, a smith's bellows, a live monkey, a dozen dozen false noses, a series of dinners at Bignon's, a boat, a life-size statue, 50 packages of mustard, a huge jar of magnesia, a million pins, and a thousand other marvellously incongruous articles. In the better class of prizes, however, the winner will have his choice of the prize or its worth in hard cash.

To turn to politics, there was a good field day at Versailles on Tuesday, when the question of the validity of M. Paul de Cassagnac's election was brought forward. A Committee of the Assembly had pronounced in the irrepressible Bonapartist's favour, but the Election Investigation Committee had reported against him, and the question had to be decided by the Chamber itself. M. de Cassagnac had distinguished himself on Monday by declaring during a debate that "there was nothing in common between the Bonapartists and the Marshal, since the latter had committed perjury." This, however, was nothing to the abuse showered upon the Chamber and the Republicans on Tuesday, when he accused his opponents of having determined to unseat him, of fraud and theft, stigmatised M. Gambetta's utterances as "disgraceful," announced that he was ready to fight any of the Deputies who might feel themselves insulted, and declared that on the famed May 16 France had a President who no longer exists to-day, and boasted that like the Duc de Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia "he was proud to cease to belong to such an Assembly." Even though M. de Cassagnac had the whole of the day to himself, he did not finish his speech, and the sitting was adjourned until Thursday. As had been expected, the election of Senatorial Delegates have resulted in a complete victory for the Republicans, who have carried off 48 of the 75 seats, a number more than amply sufficient to turn the scale of the majority in the Upper House. There is little other news save the death of M. Garnier Pagès, the publication of the official "Yellow Book," containing the correspondence with England on the Anglo-Turkish Convention, which is commented upon elsewhere, and the discussion in the Budget Committee of the subsidies accorded to the Opera and the various theatres. There is a good deal of talk about taking the direction of the Opera out of the hands of M. Halanzier (whose lease is just expiring), and placing it under State control. At present he receives a yearly subsidy of 32,000*l.*, and pockets the whole of the profits, which since he entered into possession in 1875 have amounted to 70,000*l.*!

Italy.——The Minister of the Interior, following the example of his leader, has made a noteworthy speech to his constituents, in which he unhesitatingly blamed the *Italia Irredenta* movement, but stated that the Government was unable legally to prevent it, and pointed out that Austria was so fully assured of Italy's "loyal friendship," that she never made the slightest remonstrance during the popular outcry which followed the Berlin Congress. Signor Zanardelli, in speaking of public security, indulged in unlimited regrets, firstly, that the prisons contained 375 prisoners condemned for life, while England could only number 211, and that from ten years to the maximum 16,335 persons were condemned in Italy to 658 in England, and secondly that there had been so many escapes from gaol, but promised to expend nearly 1,000,000*l.* in building new and secure prisons. The eruption of Mount Vesuvius has recommenced, the lava flowing into the same ravine into which it fell during the eruption in 1872. How active the mountain has been may be judged from the fact that 10,000 cubic metres of lava have accumulated in the old crater.

India and Afghanistan.——Lord Lytton has sent an ultimatum to Shere Ali, one copy having been delivered at Ali Musjid, and a duplicate placed in the Ameer's post box at Peshawur, the postal service having as yet not been discontinued. All accounts agree in stating that the Viceroy took this step greatly against his will, and only after a brisk interchange of telegrams with the Home Government, as he considers it most undignified and dangerous to hold any further parley with the Ameer. Much indignation is also expressed in the various Indian circles, as it is feared their effect on the minds of the frontier tribes will be bad, and that the action of the Government may be construed into a sign of weakness and of unwillingness to go to war, notwithstanding the great preparations which have been made. Thus a Simla telegram in the *Standard* declares that the step has caused "profound indignation and disgust among military men and civilians;" while *The Times* correspondent declares that it has awakened in India "a profound feeling of indignant dismay." The journals in India, however, are perfectly alive to the fact that adequate preparation must be made; and the *Pioneer* points out that an initial reverse would have a most dangerous effect upon the native mind. To return to the Ultimatum, the terms are, according to the usually well-informed *Daily News* correspondent, a full apology, the reception of the Mission, and other minor conditions. The time given to the Ameer to return an answer extends to the 20th November.

As there is not the slightest expectation that the Ameer will vouchsafe an amicable reply, military preparations are being pushed forward with the utmost activity and energy. Sir Donald Stewart has gone to Mooltan, where the reserve forces are at present assembled, and will shortly start for Sukkur with his troops, while a new division, under General J. M. Primrose, will assemble on the Lower Indus, as a reserve to General Stewart's army. The Peshawur force is to be divided into two portions, one at Peshawur, under Sir Samuel Browne, the other at Hassan Abdal, under General Munro. There is considerable sickness—though not of a dangerous character—among the soldiers at Peshawur. No pains are being spared that the troops, and especially those of the Mooltan division, should be well equipped. Most of the various frontier tribes express their willingness to fight on our side, while the whole tribe of the Sipah Afridis have promised us their allegiance. The native princes are freely offering their assistance; and Sir Salar Jung has placed both the troops and treasury of Hyderabad at our service. The Khan of Khelat also is exceedingly friendly, and is largely supplying our forces with corn.

As for the Ameer, we hear little of him beyond that he is busily engaged in preparing for the struggle. It is reported that he has offered to pay the heavy subsidies, as of yore, to the Khyberees, but, on the other hand, it is said that the various frontier tribes are far from eager in their offers of assistance. Thus the inhabitants of Kohistan have rebelled and murdered the Governor, so that the Ameer has been compelled to send a large force to restore order. His troops also are rumoured to be deserting, while great sickness prevails at Ali Musjid. It is now said that the Ameer had no particular desire to receive a Russian mission, but that he was compelled to do so, and, as a contemporary forcibly puts it, subsequently to choose between the "devil and deep water." One thing to his credit deserves to be chronicled. Gholam Hussein Khan appears to have been well treated, and was furnished with an escort of thirty men, who were threatened with death should any harm happen to the Envoy.

In the mean time the Russian journals continue to debate coolly whether or no they shall afford assistance to the Ameer. One advocates direct aid with troops and arms, another the despatch of a "scientific expedition," whose members may assist the Ameer with their advice, a third that private recruiting societies should be formed, and officers allowed to take service in the Ameer's army. In one thing they all agree, namely, that the Ameer must be assisted in one form or another, and the *Vyedomosti* speaks the popular feeling when it declares "that the great struggle between England and Russia, which has been coming on for centuries, will occur in Afghanistan. A radical change in the history and position of one of these two Powers must be the result."

United States.——Mr. Evarts' despatch relating to the Newfoundland Fisheries question has been enthusiastically praised by the Transatlantic Press, and the *Times* correspondent telegraphs that "Public opinion endorses the views of the American Government," and the Press generally declare that the 5,500,000 dols. assigned under the Fishery Award ought not to be paid to England until the question is settled. Another Note respecting the award has also been handed to our Government by Mr. Evarts.—The Republicans have made large and unexpected gains in the recent elections, the result of which is looked upon as a great blow to the Inflationists—the Republicans having carried New York, New Jersey, New England, and Pennsylvania, by adherence to the "honest" money doctrines. The strength of the Greenback party in next Congress will thus be materially diminished. For the Governorship of Massachusetts the Republican candidate, Mr. Talbot, obtained a majority of 30,000 over General Butler.—The yellow fever epidemic at New Orleans is now officially announced to be at an end.

THE COURT

The Queen and the Princess Beatrice will come south in about another fortnight. Meanwhile Her Majesty and the Princess have been living very quietly, receiving few visitors, and taking their usual outdoor exercise. Sir John and Lady Clark spent a night at the Castle, and joined the Royal party at dinner, and Lady Churchill and Lord Sackville have arrived in attendance in the stead of the Countess of Erroll and Colonel the Hon. H. Byng. On Sunday the Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service in Crathie Church, when the Rev. A. Campbell officiated. Her Majesty and the Princess left on Monday for the Glassalt Shiel, where they will spend a few days.—The Queen's memorial to Sir T. M. Biddulph, which will be erected at Balmoral, will consist of a granite Celtic Cross, somewhat similar to the monument to Lady Augusta Stanley in Frogmore Gardens.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have returned to England from Paris. Before leaving Paris the Prince and Princess on Saturday paid a farewell visit to the Exhibition, where they inspected the Bible Kiosk, erected by the Committee of the Crystal Palace Bible Stand, and, after presenting a donation, received each a small Bible in memory of their visit. Lord Lyons lunched with the Prince and Princess on Sunday, and in the evening they left Paris, Lord Lyons and the Embassy officials being at the station to see them off. The Prince and Princess crossed from Calais to Dover, and reached Marlborough House early on Monday morning. Prince Leopold lunched at Marlborough House, and in the evening the Prince and Princess, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold, went to Her Majesty's Theatre. On Tuesday the Prince of Wales went down to Windsor with the Duke of Cambridge and shot in the Great Park, lunching at Cranbourn Tower. In the evening the Prince and the Duke were at Her Majesty's Theatre. On Wednesday the Prince presided at a meeting of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. To-day (Saturday) is the Prince of Wales' thirty-seventh birthday, which is to be kept with the usual honours. A ball is to be given in honour of the event on Monday at Abergeldie, the tenantry and servants being invited.—The Prince of Wales has promised to lend his Indian collection, on his return from Paris, for exhibition at the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art.

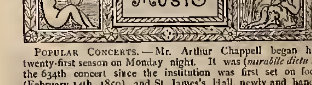
The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne are to be accompanied to Liverpool next week by the Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold. They will all arrive early on Thursday morning, will breakfast in Liverpool, and then go to the Town Hall, where addresses will be presented by the Corporation and the Chamber of Commerce. Afterwards they will drive to the landing-stage and embark on board the tender for the *Sarmatian*, which returned from Canada on Tuesday, and is being specially fitted up for the travellers. Meanwhile the Princess and the Marquis have been paying a farewell visit to Prince and Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge.—Prince Leopold returned to town last week, and on Saturday evening accompanied the Duke of Connaught to the Globe Theatre. On Tuesday night the Duke and Prince went to the Adelphi Theatre.—Princess Christian has become patroness of a bazaar to be held in March in aid of Mrs. Hilton's crèche in Stepney Causeway. The Princess has also promised some contributions to the bazaar.

CHURCH NEWS

The Arches Court and the Queen's Bench Division.——The judgment delivered on Saturday by Lord Penzance in the Prestbury Ritual case is interesting, and would be very amusing were it possible to shut out from consideration the serious and important issues which are involved. His lordship, in a very lengthy address, said that in issuing the writ of prohibition in the Mackonochie case, the Lord Chief Justice had fallen into a signal and unaccountable error of fact, and had totally misconceived the practice of Ecclesiastical courts. He would not ask whether expediency had induced the Queen's Bench to usurp power to abolish the Ecclesiastical Courts, but it looked like it. The Lord Chief Justice said that, even if a criminal should be taken red-handed, he should have the benefit of a flaw in the indictment; but he (Lord Penzance) confessed that this was a sort of triumph of law over justice which he had no pleasure in. After all that he had quoted and shown, it did not seem that at present he would have the power to punish Mr. Edwards, and, he saw no use in giving grounds for a fresh writ of prohibition; therefore he judged it expedient, as for sufficient reasons he did not wish to punish him by imprisonment, to hold his hand. The effect of this judgment is that nothing can be done with Mr. Edwards until after the Mackonochie case has been settled by the Court of Appeal.

A Singular Service.——A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says that now that All Saints' Day is very generally observed by all sections of Churchmen, the extreme Ritualists seem to devote all their energies to keeping the Roman All Souls' Day. On Saturday there were some remarkable services, of which the evensong, or what passed for such, at St. Columba's, Kingsland, where the Guild of All Souls', instituted at St. James's, Hatcham, kept its anniversary, was the most noteworthy. The altar was stripped and clothed in black; a special Office, including the "De Profundis" and prayers for the faithful departed, was used. There was an elaborate Sarum ritual, unintelligible in many points alike to Romanist and Protestant—a remarkable feature being that it had been organised, developed, and elaborated by a layman, the sacristan, who had drilled the clergy; Mr. Walters, the incumbent, having known nothing of the Sarum rite. The sermon was by the Rev. Arthur Tooth, who preached in defence of the objects of the Guild—namely, reverent burials, and prayers for the faithful departed as members of the communion of saints.

Various.——At a meeting of the clergy and laity of the diocese of Norwich held last week, under the presidency of the bishop, Dean Goulburn urged that it was inexpedient to hold diocesan conferences, as they would trench upon the Episcopal prerogative, which should be maintained as far as possible in this democratic age, and Lord Walsingham opposed them as being more likely to lead to distractions than to heal differences. They were however defended by Mr. Read, M.P., and Lord Waveney as being in harmony with the spirit of the times, and on a division, an overwhelming majority declared in favour of holding them.—Dr. Pusey was to have preached at the Oxford University on Sunday last, but was too unwell to do so, and his sermon was read by Canon Liddon. In it he said that modern science in England does not for the most part deny God. Fanaticism like that in Germany, which said they must deny God and trample the Cross under foot before they could become scholars, far less masters, would shock England by its coarse blasphemy. The science which does not deny God might however forget Him; it would very likely acknowledge Him if it were asked, but it was so busy about secondary causes that it had not time to think about the first.—On Saturday the Bishop of St. Albans delivered a Charge to his clergy, and dwelt at some length on the Burial Question which he thought might be settled by a congress of Christians meeting in love, and willing to lay down the weapons of war. Such a congress would end in the shame and confusion of the real authors of the strife, whoever they might be, for the persons most clamorous for the alteration of the law were those who would be least satisfied with the change.—In relation to the eight days' general mission, which is to be held at York commencing on the 17th inst., the Archbishop has issued an address advising all to pray for its success, join its services, give every facility to their servants and workpeople to attend also, and if they hear it derided, to ask those who speak lightly of it, to take part in it and judge for themselves; and finally, to "consider it a call from God to give an account to Him of the use they had made of their time, and of the nature of their hopes for eternity."—It is said that the Church Association will not appeal against the recent judgment of the Queen's Bench in favour of Mr. Mackonochie, as the Treasury are about to instruct counsel on behalf of Lord Penzance.—The *Solicitors' Journal*, alluding to the rumour that the Bishops have agreed to refuse marriage licences to all divorced persons, says that some practical difficulty may arise as to the right to require an answer to the question, "Have you, or has your intended wife, ever been divorced?" and the officials who will have to ask the question should be careful to provide themselves with means of self-defence in case of "any emotional display" on the part of the person to whom the question is addressed.—Last Sunday, the Rev. H. G. Watt, preaching at St. Enoch's Established Church at Dundee from the text "Ye devour widows' houses, and make long prayers," said that no one could read without sad humiliating thoughts the announcement that all the directors of the City of Glasgow Bank, save one, were elders in Presbyterian Churches. Not only humiliation, but terror and alarm, were spread by the discovery through every Christian's heart, no persecution or disruption had ever scattered the ranks of the Christian Church or cut her so sorely to the heart as this. He had faith, however, that the shock would sweep away a great deal of the prevalent superstition and cant, that degrading evangelicalism, that corrupt theology, which reason had been powerless to remove; and that we should have less parade of spurious missionary zeal, few of those Gospel parodies which vulgar saints sing at revival meetings, less Pharisaic separation from members of a suspected Church, and fewer of those puffs of periodic pathos at a Communion season, which went as quickly as it came. He believed that the fall of these absurdities was sealed, and that we were now entering upon an era of purer, healthier, manlier religious life in Scotland.—The Rev. T. E. Heygate, vicar of Sheen, recently refused the Holy Communion to a young man because he had been guilty of "an act of impropriety" in wakening a young lady acquaintance by pulling a string which she had attached to her foot and hung out of window, and subsequently entering the house and assisting her at her lessons. The Bishop of Lichfield was appealed to on the subject; but he thinks the case admits of no authoritative decision, and declines to move in the matter, more especially as the Press has been appealed to.—The Rev. F. H. Layton, formerly an Anglican priest, and the last surviving of the original Irvingite "Angels" placed over the typical "Seven Churches" in London from the time of Edward Irving, has just died. Of the twelve "Apostles" of the community, two only remain alive, one of whom the Rev. N. Armstrong, is utterly incapable of work.



MUSIC

Popular Concerts.—Mr. Arthur Chappell began his twenty-first season on Monday night. It was (*mirabile dictu!*) the 634th concert since the institution was first set on foot (February 14th, 1859), and St. James's Hall, newly and handsomely redecorated, with sun-burners in place of the jets of gas that formerly gave more heat than light, was crowded in every part. Most of all were we pleased to see the ever constant "shilling" patrons of Mr. Chappells' at one time considered hopeless enterprise, and those seated behind the performers in the orchestra, probably the subtlest connoisseurs who flock together at his annual summons—"The Popular Concerts begin to-night; come, all ye faithful." Mr. Chappell, we are told, has frequently been advised to double the charge for the orchestral seats, but has invariably and persistently declined. Had he done otherwise, he would not be the "Arthur" of what are familiarly termed the "Pops." If the Popular Concerts were to expire to-day, the subjoined epitaph might be written on their tomb:—

POPULAR CONCERTS.
AGED SIX HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE.
UNIVERSALLY REGRETTED BY AMATEURS OF GOOD MUSIC.

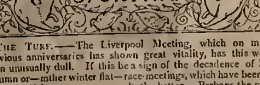
There were no novelties to speak of at the concert on Monday night. We had Mendelssohn's superb quartet in E minor, belonging to the three numbered "Op. 44," played in absolute perfection by Madame Norman Néruda (recognised "Empress of the Violin"), Herr L. Ries, Mr. Zerbini, and (how often must we repeat it?), the "incomparable" Alfredo Piatti. The wonderfully graphic and—with a glimpse of sadness, here and there, so characteristic of Mendelssohn—no less wonderfully animated *scherzo* in E major, was unanimously encored. The pianist was M. Brassin, with whose reading generally of Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, in spite of his high merits as one who thoroughly knows his instrument, we are unable conscientiously to agree. The audience, evidently of another persuasion, called him twice back to the platform. Nevertheless, in the B flat trio of Schubert, about which Schumann raves so preposterously, we found M. Brassin far more at ease. This trio, indeed, Schubert's though it be, is far less difficult. Plain, straightforward playing is all that is required; and here M. Brassin is an unquestionable master. With such associates as Madame Neruda and Signor Piatti he was well mated, and the result was a deserved success. The vocal pieces were only two in number—Piatti's "O, swallow, swallow!" sung by Mr. Santley, to the violoncello *obbligato* accompaniment of the composer, and Handel's air, "Nasce al bosco," from his Italian opera, *Ezio*, so expressively rendered by the same artist that, being loudly called forward, he was obliged to sing again, his choice falling on Gounod's "Maid of Athens," the music of which is about as uninspired as the stanzas of Byron are the contrary. Sir Julius Benedict being absent, the post of accompanyist was, as always, assigned to Mr. Zerbini. The 4th of November being the anniversary of the death of Mendelssohn, the programme might gracefully have been exclusively devoted to works from the pen of that truly great composer.

Crystal Palace Concerts.——We have neither time nor space to say more than that the entire programme of Saturday's concert was given to the music of Mendelssohn, Nov. 2nd being the near anniversary of his death (Nov. 4th, 1847). The most remarkable feature in the selection was a symphony in F minor, the last of twelve such works composed between the years 1820, when Mendelssohn (born in 1809) was eleven, and 1823, when he was fourteen years of age. The symphony in F minor, scored, like its predecessors, for stringed instruments, is, under any circumstances, a remarkable work; but, remembering the early time at which it was written, it is nothing less than a marvel. Neither Mozart nor Schubert, whatever may be said to the contrary, exhibited such extraordinary precocity as Mendelssohn. Of this the symphony in F minor, immediate predecessor to the "C minor," long recognised as "No. 1," first in which instruments of brass, wood, and percussion are employed, stands forth a striking example. With such ingenuity, indeed, is it scored that wherever wind instruments might be expected the fiddles, high and low, are made to supply the desired effect. The *finale*—a double fugue in five parts, worked out in the most elaborate fashion, the age at which it was written, borne in mind—was neither more nor less than a prodigy. True, we have occasional glimpses of Mozart's "Jupiter," and elsewhere not only of Mozart, but of Haydn, and even of Beethoven (Symphony No. 1). Why not? The gifted boy was full of them. Later, however, the *man* spoke for himself—how, all the world of music knows. The *scherzo* and *notturno* from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, both exquisitely played and the former encored, together with the splendid overture to *Athalie*, were the other orchestral pieces. In addition to these we had the pianoforte concerto in G minor, played by Madame Montigny Rémaury as Mendelssohn himself would like to have heard it—not only with the utmost enthusiasm, but in the purest conceivable style. The eminent French artist was greeted according to her deserts. Not less successful was Madame Montigny in two of the "Songs without Words," and the piquant Capriccio in E minor. Songs contributed by Madame Lemmens Sherrington and M. Candidus, the new and promising tenor at Her Majesty's Theatre, completed this really "commemorative" programme. The concert-room was crowded and the audience delighted. No wonder.

London Ballad Concerts.——The season for these entertainments recommenced at St. James's Hall on Wednesday, as usual under the excellent conductorship of Mr. Sidney Naylor. A new ballad, "Make Believe," by Cowen, charmingly sung by Madame Sherrington, was much applauded, and is likely to be popular. The rest of the programme consisted of ditties more or less well established in favour. Loder's "Philip the Falconer"—a very favourite song "in the days when we were young"—was capitally delivered by Mr. Barton McGuckin, and enthusiastically received. Miss Mary Cummings is a vocalist new, if we mistake not, to the Ballad Concerts, but already highly appreciated elsewhere. Her low notes are particularly good, and she was encored in Hullah's "Storm." Mr. Cecil Tovey, another new-comer at these entertainments, proved that he had a good voice in Kücken's "Good Night, Farewell." Concerning Mr. Santley, Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Sterling, and Miss Mary Davies, we need only say that they were all heartily welcomed, and all deserved their welcome.

Her Majesty's Theatre.——Except *Dinorah*, with Mdlle. Marimon as Meyerbeer's romantic heroine, a character less suited to her, notwithstanding her facile vocalisation, than several others in which she excels, nothing calling for special notice has been produced at this theatre since our last. That the opera of the day is Bizet's *Carmen* none can question. The more it is heard the more it is liked. Verdi's *Forza del Destino* and Weber's *Oberon* are both in preparation.

Alexandra Palace.——The Baden Baden weekly concert took place here on Wednesday evening. "The Diver" was sung with much taste and feeling, by Mr. Sutton Smith; "The Anchor's Weighed," by Mr. Janes, who, in response to a *bis*, gave "Come into the Garden, Maud;" and "The White Squall," by Mr. Field. It would be a great advantage if public singers distinctly enunciated the words as well as the music of the songs. This remark does not apply to Mr. Smith, whose rendering was all that could be desired. The chorus singing shows careful training by Mr. Beardwell, while Mons. Janssens is an efficient director of the band.



SPORTING

The Turf.——The Liverpool Meeting, which on many previous anniversaries has shown great vitality, has this week been unusually dull. If this be a sign of the decadence of late autumn or—rather winter flat—race-meetings, which have been all the rage of late years, so much the better. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the gathering was the appearance for the first time on the turf of the colours of Lord Hastings, who has purchased some of the horses recently sold by Lord Lonsdale to Captain Machell. Captain Machell acts for his lordship, as he has done for many aspirants to Turf honours, as friend, philosopher, and guide. The new colours were carried first past the winning post on more than one occasion during the week.

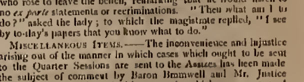
Aquatics.——The Coxswainless Fours at Cambridge have resulted in a victory in the final heat of the Lady Margaret crew over Jesus, the latter, after five years of uninterrupted success, excepting a dead heat in 1874 with First Trinity, having to succumb to the Johnians.—Both at Oxford and Cambridge Trial Eights for the Putney race are more or less in practice, and when the Fours are decided on the Isis, some judgment may be formed as to the raw material in hand for the next Inter-University race.

Football.——The Association Challenge Cup contest progresses but slowly. The Old Harrovians, however, have made mincemeat of the Southhill Park team at Kennington Oval, winning by eight goals to nothing, and showing such excellent form that many think they are the destined winners of the Cup.—The Forest School boys, too, have won their tie, beating Rochester by four goals to two.—As might have been expected, Oxford University had but little difficulty in defeating the Wednesbury Strollers, which they did by seven goals to *nil*.—South Norwood stand in, Leyton having scratched to them. At Greenwich, Cambridge University, in a Rugby Union game, gave the Royal Naval College but little chance, scoring three goals and three tries to love.—An eleven of Old Etonians was too good for the boys in the "field" at Eton, winning a fast game by four goals to nothing.—Richmond, in a Rugby Union game, has beaten the Woolwich Military Academy; and Oxford University the Cooper's Hill Engineers.—Under the somewhat erratic illumination of Kennington Oval by electric lights, two first-class teams of the Clapham Rovers and the Wanderers played an Association game on Monday evening last, and when "time" was called they had each scored two goals. About 2,000 spectators were present, but it can hardly be said that they were able to follow the details of the game.

Pedestrianism.——All interested in long-distance, or rather long-time, pedestrian contests, are already aware that the six-days' competition last week at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, was won by "Corkey," whose real name, it now appears, is William Gentleman. At more than one stage of the contest he had eclipsed O'Leary's best time, and at the finish had considerable time in hand compared with the victorious American's victory in March last. Corkey's score was 521 miles; and Brown, who rejoices in another euphonious title—"Blower," to wit was second with 506 miles. Vaughan and Crossland, two first-rate men, broke down before the end; and Weston, once thought a wonder, did likewise. It is interesting to notice that in the contest a proportion of running combined with walking paid best. Another six-days' tramp is going on this week for the men who were excluded from the first trial, and at the time of writing Hazael has a strong lead, and if he does not "crack up" (to use an elegant term), he will evidently do a good thing before Saturday night. We make this note of the Agricultural Hall proceedings, because there is no denying the fact that they elicit a good deal of public interest. However, we are still of opinion that these mere endurance contests are not legitimate sport, or conducive to any good end.

Bicycling.——Following in the wake of the mere endurance pedestrian contests, one of six days for professional bicycle-riders is to commence at the Agricultural Hall on the 18th inst., with a prize of 100*l.* for the winner. This is a sum worth winning, even with a week's terrible work "inside the Sundays;" but it will not compare with Corkey's guerdon of 500*l.* Why not have a competition for standing on one leg, or on one's head, or for fasting from solids and liquids?

Hunting.——The first week in November is to the hunting man what the third week in August and the first in September and October are to the lover of the gun. There were never so many packs of hounds ready for work as there are now since the sport became popularised, and from the reports of the cub-hunting it may be anticipated that the foxhunting season just begun will be as vigorous as any of its predecessors.—The Queen's Staghounds, "as per usual," had their opening public meet at Salt Hill on Tuesday, upwards of 500 horsemen being present. A first-rate run inaugurated the season.

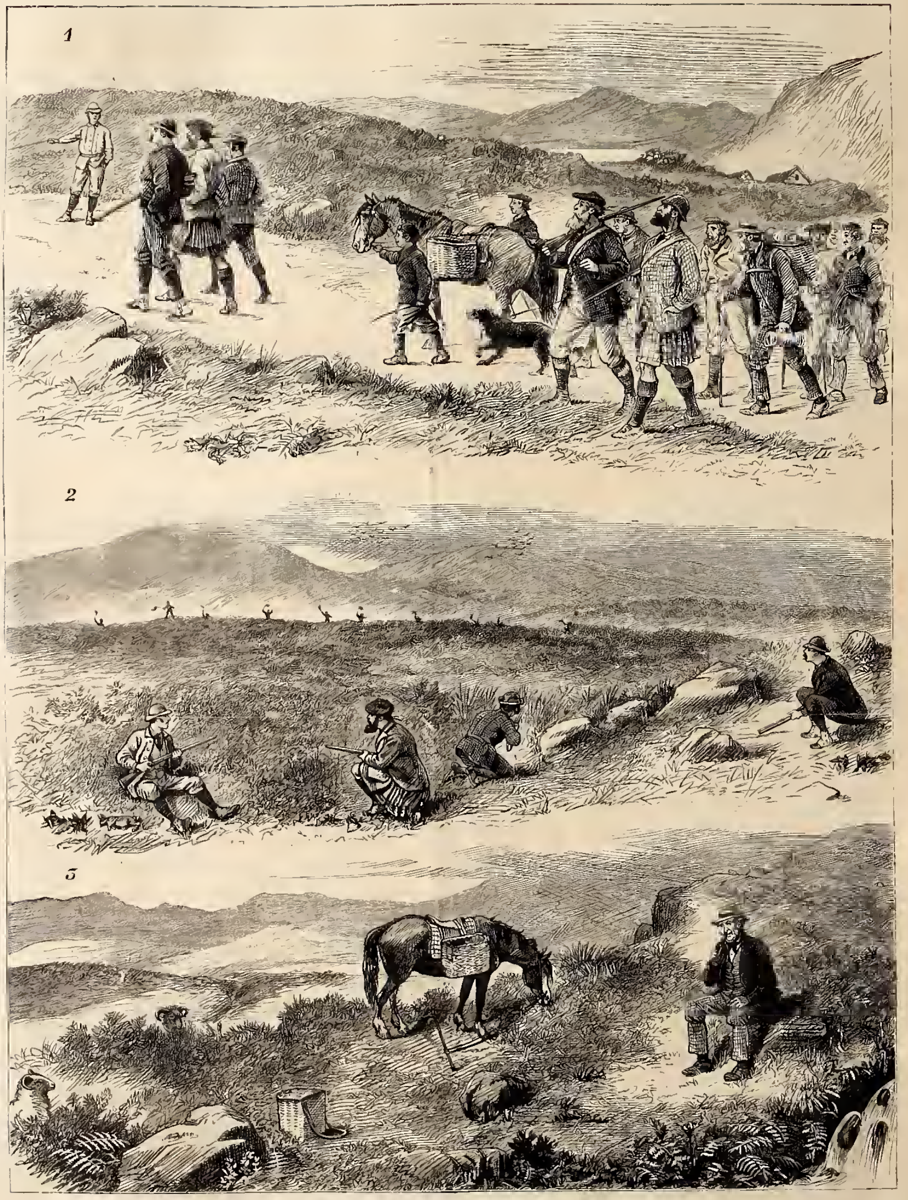


LEGAL

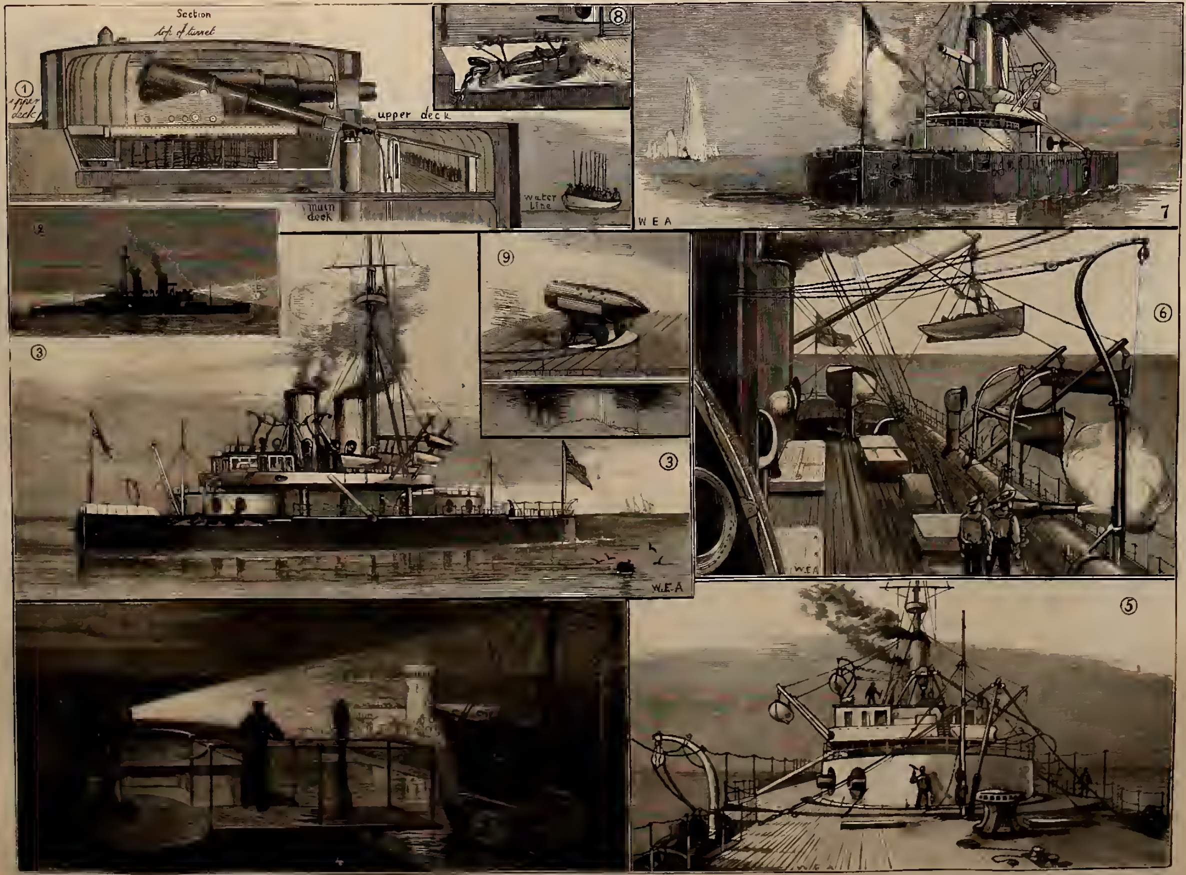
Mrs. Weldon and the Lunacy Laws.——On Tuesday, Mrs. Georgina Weldon gave a lecture at St. James's Hall on the Lunacy Laws and the abuses which she alleges take place at private asylums. After relating her own personal experience—the particulars of which we cannot reproduce without breaking the law of libel—she read letters which she had received from Mr. Gladstone, and declared that she hoped to go on holding meetings until the Lunacy Laws were reformed, and the Commissioners in Lunacy altogether abolished. It might be vulgar to make a noise, but unless some one denounced the present abominable system of confining sane persons as lunatics the evil would never be remedied. It had been going on for fifty years, and she had been told that the needed reform should be left to masculine minds, but no man had the courage to come forward to seek after the infamous state of things that now existed. After the lecture, a Mr. Blake, who said that he had been wrongly incarcerated in an asylum, narrated his sufferings in such an excited manner that Mrs. Weldon asked him to be calm, whereupon he rejoined, amid much laughter, "Nobody but a lunatic could be calm under the circumstances." On Wednesday Mrs. Weldon appeared at Bow Street Police Court, with a bundle of newspapers under her arm, and attempted to address Mr. Flowers, who rose to leave the bench, remarking that he would listen to no *ex parte* statements or recriminations. "Then what am I to do?" asked the lady; to which the magistrate replied, "I see by to-day's papers that you know what to do."

Miscellaneous Items.——The inconvenience and injustice arising out of the manner in which cases which ought to be sent to the Quarter Sessions are sent to the Assizes has been made the subject of comment by Baron Bramwell and Mr. Justice Hawkins, both of whom cited instances in which persons accused of offences which, if proved, would only subject them to two months' imprisonment, would actually have to undergo a longer term while awaiting their trials. At Chelmsford the Grand Jury after listening to Mr. Justice Hawkins made a presentment on the subject, recommending certain alterations in the procedure with the view of avoiding the recurrence of such events. Mr. Stewart, one of the directors of the Glasgow Bank, has been admitted to bail in the sum of 15,000*l.*, but the other directors are still in prison. A National Relief Fund has been started, the subscriptions already amounting to over 68,000*l.*, and it is proposed to ask the chief magistrates of all the principal towns in the United Kingdom to organise subscription committees. It is suggested that either two funds shall be established, or that the general fund shall be devoted to the two objects of relieving the ruined shareholders, and assisting in the liquidations. Several more failures have been announced.—Sir Capel Fitzgerald is again in trouble. This time the prosecutor is an hotel-keeper at Richmond, who alleges that the baronet obtained by false pretences three dinners, two bottles of champagne, and other refreshments; an offence for which, if proved, five years penal servitude may be imposed. The case stands adjourned, and it is only fair to say that Sir Capel's counsel says that he has a clear and distinct answer to the charge.—An extraordinary charge has been brought against Lady Gooch, and a woman named Walker, for conspiring to palm off upon Sir Francis Gooch a strange child, as his own, with intent to defraud and deceive. On Wednesday when the summonses were called on, Lady Gooch did not appear, and it was stated that she was unwell. Mr. Newton, therefore granted an adjournment, but expressed his determination to go on with the case, and to compel Lady Gooch's attendance by issuing a warrant if necessary.—The three men who, in July last, stole 16,000*l.* from the house of a publican and money-lender at Stanningley, near Leeds, have been convicted, and sentenced to varying terms of penal servitude. The bulk of the

(Continued on page 486)



1. On the Way to the Moor.—2. Driving the Birds.—3. The Lunch.
GROUSE-DRIVING IN OCTOBER



1. Section of One of the Turrets, showing how the Guns are depressed for Loading.—2. Broadside View of the Ship at Night: Finding an Enemy with the Electric Light.—3. H.M.S. "Dreadnought:" Three-Quarter View from the Bow.—4. Practising with the Electric Light: Illuminating the Dockyard Extension Works and Surroundings.—5. View of the Upper Deck from Forward, Looking Aft.—6. On the Hurricane Deck Looking Aft: Practising with the Gatling Gun, and Method of Lowering a Torpedo Launch by Means of a Derrick on the Mast.—7. The "Dreadnought" at Target Practice (Stern View), and Stanchions down.—8. One of Her Bower Anchors.—9. Shell on Trolly in Position over Cylinder for raising to Gun's Muzzle.

H.M. TURRET-SHIP "DREADNOUGHT"

(Continued from page 475)

money was found concealed in the house which they occupied, where some house-breaking tools were also discovered.—There is now in custody a gentleman who finds it convenient to go by several different names, and who has lately been doing a fine stroke of business as "Snelling and Son, stockbrokers, Fish Street Hill, City." He advertised "Profitable Investments on 'Change," and appears to have induced several gentlemen, with more money than wit, to send him large remittances on the faith of his representation that each 20*l.* invested would be sure to yield a profit of 80*l.* if not 150*l.* One of his victims has been defrauded of 500*l.*, which, to quote his own expression, he had "worked for like a horse, and lost like an ass."—A female domestic, lately in the employ of the postmaster at Wellingborough, has been committed for trial for stealing a letter containing 5,000*l.*, two bills of exchange, and other papers. A number of stolen articles were found in her box, and it would appear that she had for some time been in the habit of supplementing her salary by appropriating the contents of letters as they passed through the office.—Garcia, the Llangibby murderer, had a narrow escape of being lynched before leaving Gloucester, where the trial took place. A crowd assembled at the railway station, and made the most determined attempts to get at him. Their execrations were deafening, and the strong police escort, though assisted by the railway officials and some private gentlemen, had much difficulty in getting their prisoner into the train. Garcia appeared almost exhausted by fear.—A woman residing at Chatham has been committed for trial for the manslaughter of her son, a boy aged eleven, whose death was caused in a singular manner. The deceased, while sitting at the tea-table, was quarrelling with his brother; and the mother, having several times spoken to them, at last lost her temper, and threw a knife at him. The wound, which was in the temple, was strapped up; but no doctor was called, and the child died within two hours. The knife not only went right through the skull, but also the membranes of the brain, and a piece of bone was broken away by the force of the blow. The coroner told the jury that upon the evidence they would be perfectly justified in returning a verdict of wilful murder against the mother; but they could also give a verdict for the minor offence.—The burglar who shot at and wounded a policeman at Blackheath about a month ago, and who refused to give any account of himself, has been identified as Charles Peace, a Sheffield desperado, who committed a murder in that town in November, 1876. The discovery has created great excitement in Sheffield, as the murdered man, a civil engineer, named Dyson, was much respected.

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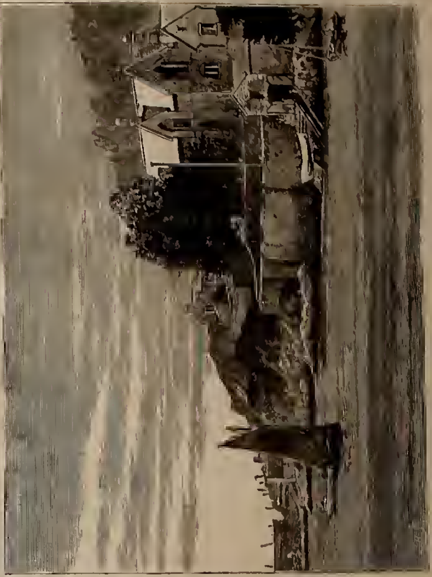
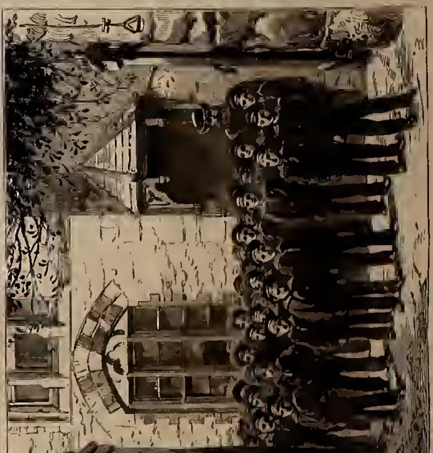
94, Cornhill, London. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Sec.

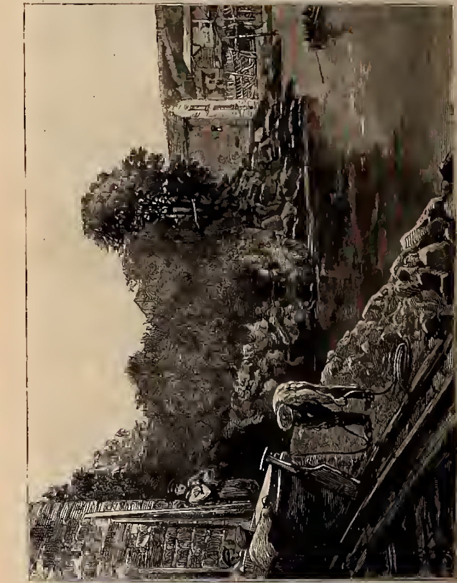
A VISIT TO THE BRITISH SEAMEN'S ORPHAN HOME AT BRIXHAM



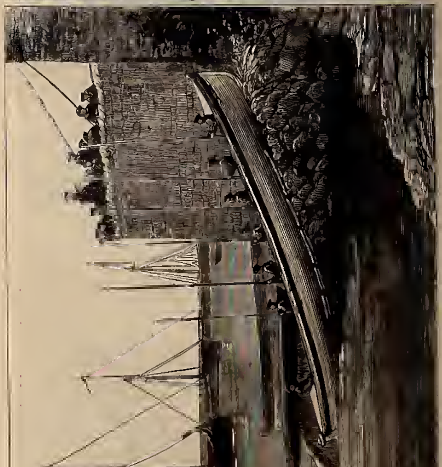
VIEW OF THE ORPHANAGE FROM THE TOWN QUAY



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE ORPHANAGE



LIFEBOAT SLIP, AND ROCK OF CURIOUS FORMATION



THE "HANS BUSK" LIFEBOAT READY FOR LAUNCHING

Magazines

I.

The *Nineteenth Century* contains plenty of matter suited to those who seek for something "to break their minds against," but we cannot help thinking that the editor would do well to diversify the somewhat excessively solid character of his periodical by a few occasional morsels lighter and easier of digestion. Concerning Mr. Gladstone's paper, "Electoral Facts," we need not say much. It is, as many of our readers are probably aware, an attempt to prove, by an examination of the results of the "bye-elections" of the last three years, the period during which the Eastern Question and the policy of the Government with respect to it have been the uppermost subjects in men's thoughts, that a revulsion is at work "in the electoral mind of the country," analogous to that which manifested itself in 1871-73. As a matter of fact Mr. Gladstone shows that since the beginning of 1876 the Liberals have achieved a clear gain of seven seats, counting as fourteen votes on a division; but this seems but a slender basis for the argument founded upon it.—Mr. Henry Dunckley, who, it appears, is the author of that famous "Verax" pamphlet, which made such a noise about a twelvemonth ago, gives us an article on "The Progress of Personal Rule," which seems to us in substance very little else than the pamphlet over again. Mr. Dunckley, we should say, had Baron Stockmar and Lord Beaconsfield on the brain. This pair, according to him, have been the evil genii of the Crown during the present reign, guiding it on ways alien to the spirit and principle of the Constitution. "A sinister harmony in events" raised up Lord Beaconsfield to be First Minister of the Crown "just after a zealous course of tuition in the principles of the prerogative had prepared the Crown for appreciating and welcoming his bolder doctrines." Hence, "the gaunt outlines of Personal Rule can already be discerned through the thin veil of constitutional forms, and the reality of power is slipping from our hands." All which might, no doubt, be very alarming to us, if, in common with most sober-minded people, we did not regard Mr. Dunckley as the discoverer of a mare's nest.—Much more weighty and better reasoned than this tirade about the power of the Crown is Mr. H. D. Traill's argument that a Democracy, and especially such a Democracy as the English, is unfit to exercise, and indeed incapable of exercising, a real guiding control over foreign policy. It proves its wisdom by submitting to the guidance of those leaders in whom it has confidence, who have the knowledge which it has not, and which cannot be imparted to it. The paper is one of considerable mark, and well deserves an analysis for which we cannot here find room.—In Professor Tyndall's "Virchow and Evolution" we have an interesting and able paper, a kind of "Apologia pro Vita Sua," the object of which is to show how unjustly he is accused of presumptuous dogmatism and a want of philosophic caution, when he has throughout his scientific career so carefully distinguished between hypothesis and established fact. It seems to us that he proves his case triumphantly; and a like victory attends Mr. Lowe's singularly able response to the attacks upon Political Economy put forth by Mr. Ingram at the recent Belfast meeting of the British Association.—Mr. Hardinge's translations from the Greek Anthology are smooth and spirited, and show much scholarship; and Mr. Ruskin's fragment on "The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism" is, of course, interesting as coming from him, though its object is hardly obvious. It is, however, so far but a fragment, and will probably seem clearer when we have the sequel.

We have again a very good number of *Macmillan*. The sketch, by Mr. W. Blades, of what he calls "the pre-natal history" of *The Times*, telling how John Walter, originally a wealthy coal merchant, was led in 1785 to establish the *Daily Universal Register*, which developed into *The Times* three years later, is very curious and interesting; and full too of interest of a different kind is the elaborate "study" of the "Pilgrims' Progress," taken from a volume of lately published essays by Professor Bonaventura Zumbini, of which we have an epitome in English from Mr. R. L. Nettleship. The critical insight displayed by the learned Italian into a phase of religious thought so peculiarly English as the "Pilgrim's Progress" is truly remarkable.—From Mr. Hamilton Lang we have an article on Reform in Asiatic Turkey, chiefly noticeable, perhaps, for its insistence on the restoration of financial order as the one condition which must precede all other attempts at improvement; and Sir Douglas Forsyth puts forth "a Plea for Shere Ali," which is, of course, deserving of attention, though we think he hardly adds anything to what has already been urged by Lord Lawrence and Earl Grey.—The brief extract from a private letter of Sir Garnet Wolseley's, with which the magazine concludes, is certainly not the least valuable among its contents. Sir Garnet declares that "everything is and has been going on admirably," that the climate of Cyprus is by no means what some people have tried to make it out, and adds that "Cyprus is going to be a great success," and that he shall have a surplus even this year.

Fraser is, on the whole, rather dull this month, though Mr. M'Coan's paper, "How Turkey in Asia is Governed," is worth reading, as adding to our knowledge of the subject. Mr. M'Coan makes some modest suggestions towards improved administration—no large scheme of reform, he thinks, would for the present be practicable—but seems to have little expectation that anything substantial will be done if the doing of it is left to the Porte.—The sketch of Strafford's career, by Mr. A. H. A. Hamilton, tells over again what the writer admits is an old story, but shows diligence in research and clearness and sobriety of thought. It is no doubt true that Strafford was unfortunate in his time and his surroundings, and that "had he been the minister of such a sovereign as Elizabeth, he might have left a name as honoured as that of Burleigh."—The paper on the charms and substantial advantages of Colorado as a field for the English agriculturist, written by an English farmer settled three years in the State, is sensible, besides being well-written and amusing; and Mr. F. T. Palgrave's "Dorset Idyll," if not of high poetic excellence, is, all the same, much above the level of magazine verse.

A poem by Bret Harte, "The Spelling Bee at Angel's. Reported by Truthful James," is, perhaps, the feature of most interest in *Scribner*, though with not a few readers the paper entitled "A Night with Edison," in which we have a full account of the career of this wonderful discoverer, is likely to rival it in attractiveness.—In "Johnny Reb at Play" we have some anecdotes in illustration of the love of jokes, which, it is said, was so marked a characteristic of the Confederate soldiery, and we find again a good many pages devoted to Mr. Longfellow and his writings. The Illustrations, as usual, deserve all the praise that can possibly be bestowed on them. We may call attention in particular to the "Wind Storm in the Californian Forests," and the many charming illustrations of "Farm Life in New York."

In the *University Magazine* Mr. Eric S. Robertson argues against Malthus' theory, that population increases in geometrical proportion, whilst subsistence increases only in arithmetical proportion in a paper which is not without ability, though its sentiment is here and there a little high-flown.—The account of Mr. William Morris, in the series entitled "Contemporary Portraits," is good and appreciative; and there is a readable paper by Miss Helen Zimmern on the travels of Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela, a celebrated voyager of the 12th century.

London Society for this month displays its customary characteristics, and it is perhaps enough to say of the number that the clever and humorous "Adventures of a Field Cricket" are here brought to a conclusion, and that some of the illustrations in "Switzerland by Pen and Pencil" are of more than common merit.

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WINTER EXHIBITIONS—MR. M'LEAN'S GALLERY, HAYMARKET

FOR his Winter Water Colour Exhibition Mr. M'Lean lays under contribution both Old and New Water Colour Societies, and outsiders, and resorts to foreign schools as well as English. Some of the most conspicuous specimens in the collection have been already exhibited, as T. W. Wilson's two elaborate Dutch drawings, one of children, under a morning effect of light, playing with a toy-cannon at defence of the plank-bridge over one of the ditches which do duty for hedges in Holland, the other of the young wife of a Dutch mariner, with her children about her, crushed under the news of her husband's loss at sea. These drawings were exhibited at the Institute a year ago. Mr. Wilson belongs to the school of Herkomer and Gregory. His work, which sins on the side rather of over-labour than slightness, is the antipodes of the swifter style of the older school exemplified in the landscapes of Collier, Wimperis, Orrock, and Syer. Collier's large landscape, "Peat Gathering," has a place of honour here, and deserves it as the most vigorous illustration of the style of landscape work in which David Cox is the greatest master. Mr. Collier's smaller drawing, "Haslemere Common," is not unworthy of De Wint for depth and power of colour. There is a potent charm in the directness, swiftness, and freshness of good work of this class; and it is well illustrated here in the flat Lincolnshire sand and shore subjects of Orrock, in Wimperis's Surrey heaths and Welsh lakes and torrents under cloudy skies, and Syer's vigorous outdoor studies, in particular two at Southwold. To the same school belongs J. Staple's Welsh peat moss, with clouds breaking up after a storm,—the most powerful work I have ever seen of this artist. H. F. Grace's two drawings, "Early Spring near Lewes," and the ruins of Amberley in November, stretching along the water-side, show how near this artist can come to H. G. Hine, the master painter of our Sussex Downs, of whom there is one example here (34), but not of the highest quality. J. Aumonier's large drawing of a village near Dover is an honest but prosaic bit of work. Sir John Gilbert's "Danish Raid" and "Critical Moments," fugitives hiding in a wooded hollow from knights in pursuit, may or may not have been already exhibited. If we have not seen these particular drawings, we have seen others so like them as not to be easily distinguishable in memory. We might say the same of A. W. Hunt's beautiful large drawing of the "West Cliff at Whitby," with its crown of abbey ruins, and its fringe of red-tiled houses, crowded along the strand, and thrown into due distance by the black hull left stranded by the receding tide. The artist has made so many drawings of Whitby that one may be excused for feeling doubtful if one has seen this particular one before. Whether or no, thisis work the sight of which is always welcome, for its combination of earnest respect for truth, with delicate sense of beauty.

There is the same rare quality in Mrs. Allingham's work, of which here is a lovely little example (13), "The Apple Tree." Such work is all the more welcome nowadays, because of its serene cheerfulness. In Josef Israels' pictures the imagination of the painter seems steeped in a gloom there is no shaking off. The contemplation of such work, however impressive and pathetic, becomes, in the long run, depressing. The familiar sadness reigns paramount in the Dutch master's larger drawing here, "The Old Way," a grim, grey, twilight sky barred by a row of ill-grown tree trunks; through them a track, over a desolate waste of hungry bent, along which an old woman in garments as sombre as the scene follows a clumsy cart dragged by a dog. There could be no drearier embodiment of a life of sad labour slowly drawing to a joyless close.

In a smaller drawing, "Helping Mother," we have a little boy nursing his baby sister before the door, while the mother toils at her wash-tub in the cottage. Here a ray of light falls upon the child, the joy of the poor household. But both drawings are noticeable for the consummate skill with which colour and light and shade are employed to force home the painter's leading thought.

A drawing of otter-hounds, by Rosa Bonheur, may be compared with two groups of the same rough and rare breed by Basil Bradley. The French hounds are at rest; the English are active, in one scenting, in the other following their fierce and wily quarry.

"A Family of Cats," by L. E. Lambert, is a good example of a humble subject dignified by skilful pictorial treatment.

Mrs. Colman Angell's fine study of irises in a grey jar has been seen before, but it is not the less welcome as a noble proof of the rank to which flower painting may be raised in a strong hand. There is more grace and delightfulness, if less strength, in her "Peonies," white and rose flushed, in a blue porcelain jar; her "Wild Flowers in a Crackle Vase," and her "Wall Flowers in a Cut Glass Tumbler," are other excellent examples of this lady's work, justifying her right to the first place among the successors of W. Hunt. Some Irish drawings, with a new name, S. Bird, one in particular, "Irish Shelter," two hapless horses on a bleak sea shore, under a pelting rain, deserve notice for the truth of the local character and colour. Two full-lengths by E. K. Johnson, one of a tender-hearted maiden extracting a thorn from a lamb's foot, the other of a buxom farmer's daughter in a red cloak; several of Frederick Tayler's familiar, but always attractive little sporting figures and scenes of the olden time; a "Wreck off Holy Island," by E. Duncan; a storm, by S. Dodgson; an unfinished group of "Fern Gatherers," by F. W. Topham; several very mannered studies of daintily dressed children, by W. S. Coleman; a court martial by Ten Kate; and a pretty group of children on the Scheveningen Sands by Blommers; a Scotch tarn by F. Powell; a capital transcript of Nature, "Grazing Land, Summer Time," by Cuthbert Rigby; two excellent studies of red brick architecture on the Cam, the well-known river window of St. John's College, and part of the lower part of Queen's, and a little study of one of the many picturesque corners of Knole, by J. O'Connor; the "Cherry Feast" and the "Sunflower," graceful Surrey cottage studies, by Birket Foster; sea and shore views by J. Mogford, E. Hayes, and T. Hardy; a serene "Evening," with a range of farm buildings, relieved against the limpid sky, and a girl driving calves up the bank of a stream, by E. Waterlow; a strong and solid study of the Armenian Church, Venice, from the Lido, by G. Howard; figure subjects by Kilburne and C. Green, and many bright and brilliant Italian drawings from the host of young painters inspired by Fortuny, Simonetti, Cipriani, Tofano, Tapiro, Corelli, Frezzini, and others, will serve to show the great variety of styles and schools represented in Mr. M'Lean's present Winter Collection.

TOM TAYLOR

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ON THE JURY

I BELIEVE that a "thunderbolt from a cloudless sky" is considered a fine, healthy expression, significant of the surprise with which the Unexpected—to speak vulgarly—"drops upon" a fellow. *I* have had my thunderbolt; from the blue empyrean it fluttered down without a moment's warning, specially and extravagantly prepaid by a threepenny stamp, and in the shape of a summons to appear at the Justice Hall in the Old Bailey at half-past ten in the forenoon precisely, to serve on the Petty Jury—ay, there's the rub, Petty Jury!—said summons being issued by an officer to the Sheriff hailing from the shady locality of Webber Street, Blackfriars. It came, of course, at the most inopportune moment, but of that I complain not. The rules of life go by "contraries," the friend always drops in for "a long talk" the very evening you have marked out for a good night's work; the box for the opera invariably reaches your house half an hour after you have left to attend a lecture on "Sawdust as a Nourishing Agent," or a reading from *Hamlet* by a friend who will take it as an affront if you go away before he has quite done with it—and for it; and we have a high literary authority for asserting that it is the tailor's bill which you draw from the envelope instead of the long-expected love-letter. I complain not of the blow it was to one's feelings to receive this mandate at a moment when boxes were packed for the seaside, and my parental bosom was swelling with the thoughts of promenading on the pier with those girls of mine when "copy" would allow. I shuddered not a great deal at being left in desolate quarters at home with an old housekeeper to give me breakfast every morning before starting in the service of my country, and to lock me out at night under the impression that it was too late for any respectable gentleman to come home. I could have borne all this without a murmur, but a Petty Jury—that sounded ungenteel and low. For I had been a Grand Juryman; I had sat in the inner sanctum with quires of paper and spluttering quill pens before me, and adjudicated "muchly;" I had cross-examined "prosecutors," and generally covered myself with that small amount of glory which is to be found hanging round the premises; it seemed like a drop in life to leave the Grand and descend to the Petty, an insult hurled at me from an unseen enemy—perhaps the "Poor Rate," which is mysteriously bound up with Juries, I have heard, or possibly one of my neighbours with City influence. I am afflicted by neighbours who are "something in the City," not much—but something.

I repaired to the Justice Hall of the Old Bailey wondering. I proceeded hopefully, with faith in my arguments to convince the meanest Central Criminal Court capacity that it was all a mistake, and that at the worst some other time more convenient would be granted considering the aggravating circumstances of my particular case. I left, full of hope and promise—a hope that I should be let off, and with a promise to join the family almost immediately.

Alas! the shriek of the engine that bore my loved ones from me was simply the death-wail of every aspiration I had had—the shadow of what was coming gathered over me when I was once within the murky precincts of an exceedingly stuffy Court, in company with other petty individuals, all summoned to kick their heels in empty rooms half-an-hour before anybody wanted to see them. I unbosomed myself to a fellow-sufferer, and he laughed at my aspirations; he told my story to the rest of the good folk about him, and they all laughed, and a surly policeman poked his head round a door to see what we were laughing at, and whether any irreverence for authority had crept into our midst. When an official appeared, he "smiled sarkastic," as poor Artemus hath it, at my excuses—and to a further statement, carefully prepared, that I was of a literary tendency, with "copy" on my mind that was behindhand, and pockets full of proof sheets for which publishers were waiting, he shook his head, and said he couldn't help it, and that was my look-out—which it was. Presently he commenced calling out the names of the Petty Jurors from a list which he held in his hand, and whether he regarded me as a man to be wary of and to be especially "down upon" or not, I cannot say, but it was the humiliating fact that he bawled forth my name twice, and flew into a passion because I had not answered the first time to his summons—which I had done clearly and distinctly.

"Why don't you answer when you're called—can't you hear?" he shouted; and I knew that from this irascible person there was no sympathy to follow.

It will end one section of my grievances to assert that no sympathy did follow—that the clerk of the Court, or whoever the individual may be who sits at the foot of the judge's bench, and makes occasional faces at the jurymen—was as discourteous as one human being could possibly be to another, and declined to pass my petition to his lordship on any pretext whatever—and I was very full of pretexts certainly. I accepted my position—my fate, at last—and gave in for my term of servitude, making a little display every morning, in the jury box, of my good friends the publishers' proof sheets, which I corrected to the last moment of business, to the disgust of the clerk and the confusion of my brother jurors, who thought I had been supplied with printed copies of the business on hand, and was taking a mean advantage of them in making notes by wholesale before the commencement of proceedings.

Trial by Jury is a fine institution, and *Trial by Jury* is a very fair specimen of a comic opera that is humorous and absurd; there were the elements of both the sublime and the burlesque in my week's experience of the Old Bailey. That there was any courtesy shown to the Petty Jury, or that the members thereof were considered of any importance whatever by any gentleman connected with the business of the Court, I failed to perceive at the time, I fail to perceive clearly now, looking at the matter composedly and from a distance, and with my blood off the boil.

There was the judge, or rather one of the judges, to begin with, who after summing up in a case of robbery from the person, was so utterly astonished that "twelve good men and true" could not see the matter in his own peculiar light, and it was a very peculiar light, indeed, and should return a verdict of "Not Guilty," that he lost his judicial serenity—he had been sniffing placidly at a bouquet during the morning, and putting me in mind of Sir John Chester, in "Barnaby Rudge,"—and told us, with a severe expression of countenance, that our decision was "a complete failure of justice, gentlemen"—a comment upon the wisdom of our deliberations that was nearly provocative of a strike, and a defiance of all fines by marching homewards in a compact body of discontent and gangrene. I was very much hurt at the time, but newspaper records of later date have consoled me—the jurymen are still being reproved by this particular gentleman, and in very much the same style, as when I had the honour of being enrolled amongst that useful body of fellow citizens. It's a way he has at the Bailey; the atmosphere is not conducive to philosophic or judicial calmness. Evidently "something in the air!"

There was something the matter with the usher, too,—at least, with one usher, whose path in life unfortunately crossed mine, between the Court and the retiring-room. His particular style of address to the Petty Jurymen was of the free and easy kind—what is best known in the upper circles as the "beastly familiar." He was the most rollicking of ushers—he always had his little joke with us in off moments, and at luncheon was the soul of the party in the ghastly back room where the sandwiches and pork-pies await consumption. One occasion is memorable on account of the absence of beer, and of the maid-servant who had been sent to fetch it. The jokes he poured into our ears as to the cause of the delay—encouraged by three or four jurymen who must have known him in private life, they were so fond of him—the lively sallies with which the maid was greeted on her return, too, were full of humour, but a little startling to a few out of the round dozen of us. Certainly we were a Petty Jury, and fine feelings are not expected in Petty Jurymen, I take the liberty of asserting in these pages—in fact, any feelings at all are very much out of place in the neighbourhood of the Old Bailey. You must go, my estimable brother juror of the petty dozen, whose turn is coming, prepared to "rough it"—as one goes to the diggings, or down Whitechapel or Ratcliffe Highway. You will be told—you always are told—that you are doing your duty as a citizen, and are of service to the country, but nobody will treat you with any degree of consideration for all that, and you will assuredly be bullied somehow and by somebody before you are thanked from the Bench for being true to your summons from Webber Street, Blackfriars. Stay, the counsel will compliment you in the course of the week—there is one learned in criminal law, who shall be nameless, who will certainly fix you with his admiring eyes and talk of the intelligence and sound common sense of the twelve gentlemen before him. During *my* week, such compliments became extremely painful to receive, and led one to think that he was being treated very badly, when it became a duty to return a verdict exactly opposite to that for which he had especially pleaded. However, he took it not to heart; he was not offended with us;—like the bold but bruised hero of old prize-ring days, "he came up smiling" at the next round, and spoke of our intelligence and common sense once more, and with the extremest unction, as though he had only just discovered them. I served my time out, and was free to go at the end of the week; I was in "luck's way" even, for there was a big case to come of many days, and the whole body of jurors who had been summoned that Sessions had their names shaken up in a hat—like an extempore "sweep" on a racecourse—and the first twelve drawn had the glorious privilege to "well and truly try." I drew a blank, and went on my way rejoicing at my freedom, but deploring that a little more courtesy, common civility, "good manners" could not be extended with a free and gracious hand even to a Petty Juryman.

F. W. ROBINSON

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THE NEW CIVIC DIGNITARIES

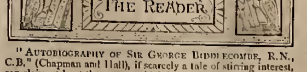
SIR CHARLES WHETHAM, who this day becomes Lord Mayor of London, is the second son of the late Mr. Stephen Whetham, of Bridport, to whose business of flax and hemp manufacturer he has succeeded. He was born in 1812, and is a native of Bridport, where he received his education. Coming to London at the age of twenty, he soon established himself as principal in the metropolitan office of the firm of which he is a member, and his clear-sightedness, integrity, and business capacity soon won him a position amongst his fellow citizens. In 1840 he became a member of the Leathersellers' Company, and, after filling various subordinate offices, was chosen Master of the Company. In 1842 he became a member of the Court of Common Council, being returned for the Ward of Bridge, and on the death of the late Sir J. Causton was elected Alderman of his Ward. He was Sheriff in 1873, and in that year received the honour of knighthood upon the occasion of the Civic reception of the Czar of Russia, after the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh. Sir Charles is chairman of the National Provident Institution, the London and Blackwall Railway Company, the Metropolitan Bank, and the Scottish Australian Investment Company. He is a Deputy Lieutenant for the City of London, and has been a justice of the peace for more than twenty years. He was married in 1836, and has a family of five sons and four daughters, the eldest son, Mr. C. Langley Whetham, being second partner the firm. In politics Sir Charles is a Progressive Conservative, and in 1875 he unsuccessfully contested the seat for his native borough. He has taken a very prominent part in the organisation for the promotion of the holding of a great Agricultural Show in the metropolis next year, under the auspices of the Royal Agricultural Society.

Mr. Alderman and Sheriff GEORGE BURT, of Grosvenor Wharf, Westminster, was born at Swanage, Dorset, on the 2nd of October, 1816. He is a member of the firm of John Mowlem and Co., well known in London as road and general contractors, and in Aberdeen and Guernsey as quarry owners. Mr. Burt has long acted as outdoor partner of the firm, and some of the largest public works in and around London were executed under his immediate superintendence. He has been an active member of the Metropolitan Asylums Board from its commencement, and also holds many other public appointments both in London and Swanage. Mr. Burt, who is a member of the Whitehall Club, and a distinguished Freemason, was married in 1840, and has a family of two sons and three daughters. Mr. Wynne E. Baxter is his Under Sheriff.

Mr. Alderman and Sheriff THOMAS BEVAN is the son of the late Dr. Thomas Bevan, of Finsbury Circus, and was born in 1829. He was educated at the City of London School, where he was at one time Captain. He entered business life in 1853, and is the head of the firm of Knight, Bevan, and Sturge, cement manufacturers, of Northfleet; Belvedere Road, Lambeth; and Lime Street. Mr. Bevan is a magistrate for Kent, a member of the Shipwrights' Company, and belongs to the Devonshire Club and to the City Liberal Club. He married in 1852, and has two sons and four daughters. Mr. Bevan has appointed Mr. H. J. Godden, C.C., as his Under Sheriff.

On Friday the Sheriffs gave their customary inaugural banquet in the Grocers' Hall, and on Saturday the Lord Mayor Elect was presented to the Lord High Chancellor, who signified Her Majesty's approval of the choice of the citizens, and congratulated him on his accession to the office of Chief Magistrate of the metropolis. The civic banquet to-day (Saturday) will be attended by all the members of the Ministry except Mr. Smith, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Colonel Stanley, the War Secretary, who are now in Cyprus. The procession or "Show" will this year, for the first time, cross the river, passing over London Bridge, through High Street Borough, Southwark Street, Southwark Bridge Road, back over Southwark Bridge, along Cannon Street, and so westward to Westminster Hall, returning by way of the Thames Embankment and Queen Victoria Street.

Our portraits are from photographs: that of the Lord Mayor by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street; those of the Sheriffs by Maull and Fox, 62, Cheapside, E.C.



"AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR GEORGE BIDDLECOMBE, R.N., C.B." (Chapman and Hall), if scarcely a tale of stirring interest, can claim at least the respect which is due to a genuine record of honourable and active service. It was not, indeed, the fortune of its author to be ranked among England's fighting captains. He belonged to that humbler but not less worthy class of Masters in the Royal Navy, on whom, though graced with no more ornate title than the plain "Mr." of quarter-deck etiquette, depended right often the safety of ships and squadrons in the navigation of dangerous waters. Of this class the veteran sailor whose services afloat were crowned in '54 by his appointment as Master to the Baltic Fleet might justly have considered himself the head. In it he had advanced step by step to the highest position open to officers of his rank—the post of Master Attendant at Woolwich Dockyard. From it he withdrew with a well-earned Knighthood and the retiring rank of Commander R.N. The rough old school of captains was by no means extinct when young Biddlecombe first went to sea. In after years he delighted to narrate how, on boat-duty off the Coast of Africa, the cutter under his charge having been driven out to sea, he contrived, after being thirty-six hours without food or drink, to rejoin his consorts and pull alongside the nearest for refreshment—ascertaining first that a recall signal from the *Ætna's* mast-head did not display his cutter's number—but, on resuming his course, was surprised by a sharp fire, first of blank and then of shotted guns in close succession, until by good luck his angry Commander became aware that it was not the young officer after all, but his own signal, that was in the wrong. Of his various services in war and peace—in the *Douro*, watching the rival forces of Don Pedro and Don Miguel, off Acre taking soundings before the attack of the Allies, among the rocks and shoals of the West Indian seas, or in the Baltic campaign aforesaid—it is unnecessary to speak. Especial interest will just now attach to his diary of the work done on this last occasion under Napier, and to the memorandum penned by him in '56 on the alleged failure of the fleet, the difficulties it had to encounter or to allow for, and the defects (in that first year of the war) in its equipment. The rewards and honours with which these services were in time requited, the tokens of esteem received from friends and neighbours at Keyham and at Woolwich, the summer trips in the holiday evening of life, are described at length with a simple complacency, in whose very ingenuousness there is something quite engaging. More entertaining books might easily be found—there are not many that give a healthier and cheerier picture of a meritorious career satisfactorily rewarded.

In "The Sea: Its Stirring Story of Adventure, Peril, and Heroism, Vol. I." (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), Mr. F. Whymper has presented us with a illustrated volume which, in respect alike of letterpress and illustrations, is of more than average excellency. The plan, of course, is somewhat discursive, at one time engaging us on a voyage round the world in an imaginary cruiser, with frequent pauses on the way to listen once again to the story of Gibraltar or of the Suez Canal, of Petropaulofsky or of the Diamond Rock; at another inviting us to compare the modern ironclad with the Nelsonian three-decker, and this again with the beaked galleys of the Norsemen; or at another recalling famous episodes of ocean history, hazardous cruises and daring mutinies, disasters aggravated by lack of discipline, or half-redressed by steadfastness and seamanship; wrecks like those of the *Alceste* and the *Medusa*, losses like the burning of the *Kent* or the sinking of the *Captain*. Of many of the coast and ocean scenes which he describes Mr. Whymper writes from personal knowledge, while to all he brings an acquaintance with the sea which is much above the range of the mere compiler.

The veteran Planché's magnificent "Cyclopædia of Costume, Part XXI." (Chatto and Windus), loses none of its attractions as we draw nearer and nearer to the time when costume (properly so called) was to exist no longer. It is quite like a fairy (or, at any rate, a traveller's) tale to listen to the Countess d'Aulnoy's description of fashions in Spain in the last decade or so of the seventeenth century—the dozen petticoats that hid the little feet which were the Spanish lady's greatest pride, and were never therefore shown unless to an accepted lover, the watches that were hung as pendants to the earrings; or (turning to the sterner sex), the long sword and buckler, the blue ribands, and the black velvet tights of the "exquisite" son of the Alcalde of Aranda. It is now, too, that regimental uniforms come into existence with the Guardsmen of the Stuarts and the Mousquetaires of the Grand Monarque, and that a whole host of Orders of Knighthood are founded or resuscitated to engage the attention of the connoisseur in heraldry. The illustrations, we need scarcely add, are as numerous and interesting as usual.

No town-traveller who loves to walk "abroad in the fields" but will greet with welcome a dainty volume, "Familiar Wild Flowers," by F. E. Hulme (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), or an account with beautiful coloured illustrations of some forty-three of the common flowers of the cornfield, the hedgerow, the thicket, and the marsh. The plates in this instance are so excellent that they fairly claim precedence over the letterpress, but this latter, too, is good and simple, giving, besides a fair description of the flower, its popular as well as its scientific appellation, and many particulars as to its properties real or supposed, whether resting, as in the case of the cowslip and the silverweed, on the authority of ancient herbals, or like those of the foxglove and the bryony on the more solid testimony of the modern pharmacopœia.

Among the swarm of weeklies that now vie with each other in depicting the chameleon features of "society," it is refreshing to light on one which, like *Social Notes* (*Social Notes* Office, Southampton Street), is still content to take for its theme the progress and the wants of society in the wider and less fashionable sense. The new serial may fairly boast that its aim is good and its method pure, and that its papers, if rarely piquant and at times too advocative of philanthropic "fads," are written as a rule by men who know their subjects. The column of "advertisements worth preserving" is also a novel and a valuable feature.

Of "Heredity: a Village Dialogue," by a Protestant Clergyman (Remington and Co.), suffice it to say that it is an argument for the more refined Malthusian doctrine of attention to the quality of the children that are brought into the world rather than limitation of the quantity. Hence pretty Mary Perkins must marry handsome Jack Robinson (albeit a little gay), and not Augustus Spooner, who has money in the bank, but whose children will probably want strengthening irons. A little book this of very questionable utility.

We quite blush not to have noticed a week ago so seasonable a volume as the "'Pyrotechnist's Treasury; or, Complete Art of Making Fireworks," by Thomas Kentish (Chatto and Windus), a very pretty and, so far as we can judge, very sufficient handbook to an art of which few good manuals exist in English, and which, indeed, has only recently attained its present wealth of forms and colours. Mr. Kentish will show the amateur everything from crackers to tourbillons, from squibs to Mongolfier balloons, and, better still, will teach him how to make them without soiling his hands with old-fashioned preparations of quick match, or endangering his life by compositions unsafe in themselves or risky to prepare.

Last, far from least, "Coughs and Their Cure" (E. Gould), by Dr. Shuldham, a lively, well-written, little volume on slightly homœopathic lines, and like most homœopathic books, quite intelligible to the general reader, may decidedly be commended to the weak of lungs were it only for the good chapter on the "Movement Cure," and the capital survey of useful health resorts—"If you can change nothing else," said a great doctor, "change your room"—from quiet Penzance to the most recent discovery, Davos-am-Platz.

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THE POOL

I KNOW a silver space of waters deep
  Amid the tangled trunks and roots of trees,
Where shade and interspacing azure sleep
  The white day through unruffled by the breeze;
    Where grasses tell of flowers before their birth,
    And midnight whispers with the secret earth.

I know a lurking star which brooding shade
  Hides like a blue bud over-young to break.
I know the scents that timid night has made
  For morn, chaliced in flowers, yet, for the sake
    Of their sweet moon, forego the sun as lover,
    Steal into air and in the moonbeams hover.

I know the murmur of the far-off town,
  The shrill wind-music dying in the grass,
The low moan of the water plashing down
  Through lips moss-bearded in the western pass:
    I knew a voice that stole the song from streams
    To whisper in my ear the tune of dreams.

No more! no more may she beside that pool
  Watch with still eyes the sunken stars of night!
No more when fields are mute and dews are cool
  Shall airs of eve be charmed to our delight!
    No more in verdurous twilight after day
    Shall her voice steal my weariness away!

The stars above find spirit-stars below
  Through water ever-flowing to the sea;
My beacon-star above me shines, I know
  Through flowing time my beacon will find me:—
    This pool and I drift slowly to the Main
    To show each star its beacon-star again.

RICHARD DOWLING

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A RAILWAY ACROSS NEWFOUNDLAND is proposed, the line to run from St. John's to St. George's Bay, or to some other convenient place on the west coast. The Newfoundland Assembly has offered an annual subsidy of 40,000*l.*; and the Government has issued a circular, says *Engineering*, to American contractors inviting estimates, a survey having already shown the practicability of the scheme. The ocean voyage would be shortened some 1,000 miles by the construction of the line, which would also open up large deposits of copper, iron, lead, coal, and other minerals, and cut through the pine and spruce forests of the interior, which at present are utterly useless.

CABUL does not appear to have favourably impressed the Russian envoys, notwithstanding the warm reception of the Ameer, and a Russian writing from Samarcand to the *Novoie Vrémia* says that the Afghan capital, shut in closely by the mountains, is far more dull and ugly than Tashkend or Samarcand. The buildings are low and poverty-stricken in appearance, the Ameer's palace, built in the European style, being the only ornament of the town, while the bazaars, usually the great feature of an Eastern city, are very insignificant, and are only notable for their dirt and untidiness. General Stolietoff and his companions had a wearisome journey of twenty-one days to Cabul. They crossed nine high passes, and travelled through a very deserted part of the country, frequently traversing barren wastes of some seventy-five or ninety miles between the villages. The Russian envoy was greeted by a salute of 115 guns, and Shere Ali himself came to meet him, a step without precedent in Afghan history. A salute of thirteen guns is the orthodox reception of an ordinary English envoy to Cabul, while a Maharajah has a right to a salute of thirty guns, and the Viceroy to a salute of fifty-one.

The Bairns, or Janet's Love and Service: Author of "Christie Redfern's Troubles." Hodder and Stoughton.

Among the Welsh Hills: M. C. Halifax; A Guide to the Matriculation Examination. Groombridge and Son.

Pictures and Legends from Normandy and Brittany. Thomas and Katherine Macquoid. Chatto and Windus.

An Introduction to the Study of Painted Glass: A. A. Rivingtons.

Paris, with Excursions from Paris: C. B. Black; Guide to the South of France—Summer Resorts; Ditto—Winter Resorts. A. and C. Black, Edinburgh.

Young Days. Sunday School Association.

Once a Week for November.

Scripture Riddles in Verse: R. Phillips; Answers to Scripture Riddles in Verse. E. W. Allen.

To My Lady, and other Poems: Pakenham Beatty. Provost and Co.

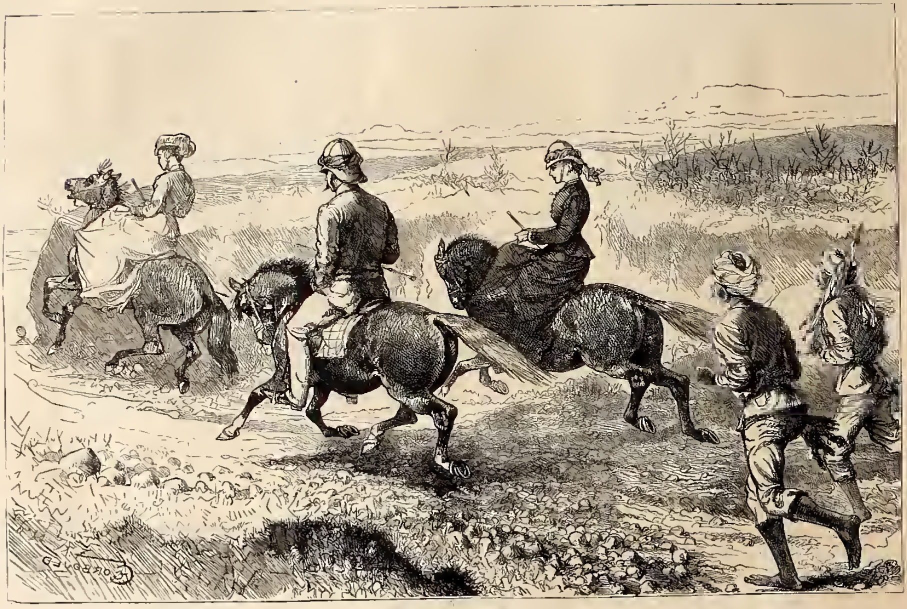
The Bride Elect: Mrs. Johnson. *Hand and Heart* Publishing Office.

Hand and Heart, Vol. III.

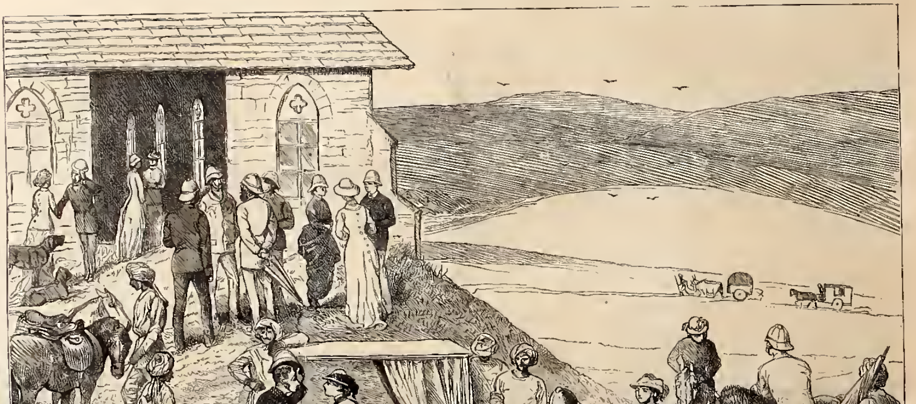
Yakoob Beg—Kashgar: D. C. Boulger. W. H. Allen and Co.

Day of Days, 1878. *Home Words*, 1878.

Ye Lord Mayor's Show. Arthur H. Moxon.



GOING TO PAY A MORNING CALL



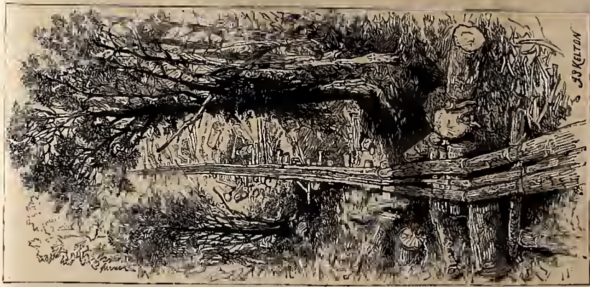
AFTER SERVICE, SUNDAY AFTERNOON

INDIAN SKETCHES—ON THE PEER MERDE HILLS, TRAVANCORE

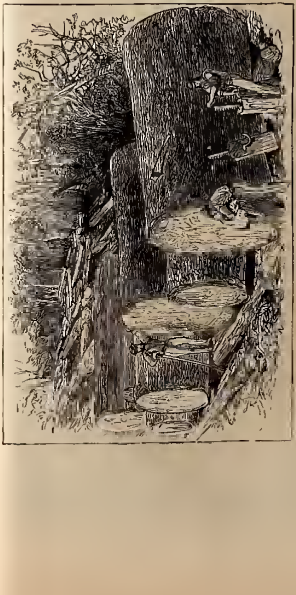
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SHOOT

SETTLEMENT IN THE VALLEY OF THE CREEK

BOOMS ERECTED NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE WAIWHAKAURAUGA TO STOP THE LOGS



SHOOT FOR SLIDING THE LOGS DOWN TO THE CREEK



METHOD OF ROLLING THE LOGS

SMALL DAM ON A BRANCH OF THE MAIN DRIVING CREEK

ROLLING ROAD, LEADING TO THE SHOOT

TIMBER CLEARING IN THE THAMES DISTRICT, NEW ZEALAND

A LARGE NORTHERN SPA

My large Northern Spa is not so very much larger than the small Northern Spa which I touched off some months ago, nor is it much less secluded from the world; but it is larger and more lively—if I may dare to say so without giving offence. Meg Merrilies, at least, who is intimately associated with its neighbourhood, would have said it was "grand beyond a' description"; and had Belted Will Howard seen it growing up in the neighbourhood of Naworth Castle, he would very soon have paid it a midnight or early morning visit, and worked havoc with its roof-trees.

Situated on the high land between Northumberland and Cumberland, on the northern extremity of the great backbone of England, Gilsland has a fine, elevated, cool and airy situation. That is to say its principal establishment has; for its railway station and hamlet lie low, and its chief mineral springs are in a deep gorge which it is easier for many people to descend into than to ascend from. In kind consideration of this difficulty the proprietor of the principal establishment has been considerate enough to plant a small establishment down in the gorge, *vis-à-vis* with the mineral spring, where the taste of sulphuretted hydrogen, sulphate of soda, and chloride of sodium (common salt) can be taken out of the mouth and strength be gained for the ascent. Accustomed to his native mountains the Cumberland statesman or farmer scorns to have recourse to this low place, and reserves his full strength for the purer beverages of the hotel above; but it is far otherwise with the weak-kneed dweller of the plain from far Newcastle or Sunderland, Tynemouth, or the two Shields. Sometimes even second-class guests from that quarter appear to have considerable difficulty in making the ascent, and, notwithstanding the stimulus provided for them below, have been seen lying quite exhausted on one of the benches about half-way up.

But it is not necessary at Gilsland to descend into the gorge either for drinking or for baths. The mineral water is brought up by hand at stated hours, and it is also pumped up for the many well-appointed baths which are conveniently placed in the hotel itself, and which, hot or cold, can be had at any reasonable hour. This process may cause some little loss in the quality of the water; and as the loss is chiefly, if not entirely, in that ethereal and delicious flavour which is conferred by sulphuretted hydrogen, it must be sadly missed by the connoisseur of mineral water; but we doubt if science would lament the loss, and the connoisseurs can always go down to the spring and have the genuine article in its full strength, in which, according to one analysis, there is the most satisfactory amount of seventeen cubic inches of sulphuretted gas in one gallon. The principal ingredients, according to Professor George Wilson's analysis of 1858, are carbonate of lime, sulphate of soda, salt, carbonate of soda (in large quantity), carbonate of magnesia, with abundance of sulphuretted hydrogen, and combined carbonic acid gas. This makes a strong mixture; and one might expect that it would make an exceedingly tasty one, sufficient to satisfy the soul of any connoisseur; but it is exactly in that latter respect that it is defective. When the gases have escaped from it Gilsland water has very little taste—so little that a favourite way of taking it (especially with old ladies) is to make it into tea. It is very different from the knock-you-down fluid of the old sulphur well at Harrogate; and is specially useful for the digestive and renal organs when taken internally.

German balnæologists have pretty well dispelled the illusion that baths of mineral water have any specific effect, except as regards external affections of the skin, beyond their heat and the effect of the saline matter which they contain in exciting the action of the skin. It cannot be said, according to such views, that Gilsland water acts powerfully when employed in baths; but still its effects upon the skin and indirectly upon the system are greater than those of ordinary water. It is chiefly useful when taken internally in moderate quantities. By those who are not well acquainted with mineral waters, it ought to be taken under medical advice; but that is rarely thought of; and, fortunately or unfortunately, there are no special practitioners at the place devoted to the mineral water and enhancing its value by charging a guinea an interview and by issuing such solemn prescriptions as "Take eight ounces warm of the Old Sulphuriated Bilge-Water Well to-morrow morning before breakfast. Then walk for fifteen minutes. After which take six ounces cold, and wait the result."

But in fact even "Old Sulph" himself (I beg leave to state that this is a name given by young ladies not to a doctor but to a particular well) would stand little chance of receiving much attention in the principal establishment of Gilsland. The real votaries of the water there are to be found in a smaller establishment, or scattered about in cottages drinking their Gilsland tea. In the Grand Hotel Gilsland water is not greatly in request, but other "waters" are, and so are all expedients for passing the time. It may be called a large Northern Spa, because the building is a very large one, with long corridors and with broad and narrow stairs on which plenty of exercise can be taken on wet days, and with a large covered court in which there is music and dancing in the evenings. Round the house are terraces, a lawn, splendid trees, and short umbrageous walks, and, descending into the deep valley of the Irthing, we come on most picturesque gorges, and on the "Popping Stone" where Sir Walter Scott is said to have settled affairs with Miss Charlotte Carpenter, and where his example has been often followed. There are also fine drives in the neighbourhood, as to Lanercost Priory, Naworth Castle, the Roman Wall, and the one (little) lake which Northumberland can boast of.

Hence Gilsland is what may be called a jolly place; and as the proprietor of the hotel is master of the local foxhounds there is even a baronial air about it, from the number of foxes' heads and tails which adorn it, a few hounds lying on the grass, and hunting horses coming out of the stables. Then there is great variety of company, and the bells never cease ringing summoning the guests to the frequent meals. For there are three classes of visitors, each with their separate rooms and tables, but with various common points of contact. A descent to the mineral spring in the morning, a long drive during the day, an hour in the well-stocked library before dinner, and the music, dancing, and general going about in the evening, do not leave anything to be desired in regard to means for filling up the time without having much recourse to the sulphates and chlorides. In fact, recourse is most usually had to something else, especially by the brethren from the banks of the Tyne, who make short visits to Gilsland apparently to indulge in anything except the mineral water. It must be admitted as a defect in the hotel that there is no night-porter to assist these gentry to their rooms at a late hour and to prevent them filling clergymen's boots with water, by way of relieving the tediousness of ascending to the top storey; but these are trivial matters compared with the general scope for amusement, the pure air, the splendid old trees and the picturesque surrounding scenery. We have only to add that a legitimate subject of complaint at Gilsland recently has been the closing of the baths beside the well, so that all visitors wherever residing had to go to the hotel if they wanted baths and had then to pay highly for them, while they had difficulty in getting them, especially when they wanted them.

A. W.

BONFIRE BOYS AT LEWES

It has never been satisfactorily explained why the ordinarily pretty and peaceful town of Lewes, in Sussex, should on the Fifth of November lose its head, in a manner of speaking, and go stark bonfire mad. Guy Fawkes' Day at Lewes is a thing to remember. In more rational parts of the country, though we have given up the barbarous practice annually of wantonly outraging the religious feelings of our Roman Catholic neighbours, we must still confess to a partiality for fireworks on the Fifth of November, with a jolly blaze in the back garden for the delectation of the boys and girls. But by so doing we indulge in no ill-feeling against any one, and make brisk business for the pyrotechnist and his work-people. But at Lewes they stick to the text of the business in a wonderful way; and though two hundred and twenty years have now elapsed since the startling discovery in the vault at Westminster, the inhabitants seem to have the Gunpowder Plot as freshly at heart as though the miserable instrument of the conspiracy was just newly caught and caged, and awaiting his trial.

It must be admitted, however, that there is method, and a great deal of it, in this bonfire-madness of the good people of Lewes. They have regularly constituted Bonfire Societies—half-a-dozen of them—with a carefully selected committee and a responsible townsman for chairman. They enrol members, numbering several thousands in the aggregate, and these are the "bonfire boys," who are entitled to take part in the processions which usher in the glorious anniversary. They manage the preliminary business very quietly. A stranger entering the town, even as late as three o'clock in the afternoon, would have no suspicion that in the space of half-a-dozen hours the orderly Quakerish-looking streets would be changed to a scene as vividly suggestive of Pandemonium as can well be conceived. The first intimation that he, the stranger, would get of something uncommon being about to happen appears in shape of certain carts perambulating the highways laden with stable litter. These vehicles halt before every house and shop in front of which is an iron grating giving light to the kitchen or cellar below; and those in charge, forking out a portion of the wet straw, carefully plug up with it every chink and crevice. A little later, and as it begins to grow dusk, carpenters with lengths of wood on their shoulders, and their tool-baskets in their hands, appear in public, and, seemingly without asking leave of any one, proceed to nail boards over every ground-floor window which happens to be shutterless, while the shopkeepers, including the publicans, begin to close their establishments as though it were the ordinary shutting-up time.

When it has grown quite dark—at six o'clock, say—there is suddenly heard, as though started by some preconcerted signal, the sounds of brazen music, and from so many different parts of the town, that the ear is perplexedly tingled rather than pleasantly tickled. Next is heard a trampling of feet, and, heralded by fiery cressets held on high, and sulphurously flaming and smoking, comes the first procession. It extends nearly the width of the road, and is several hundred strong. The bravery of the fantastically costumed brass band is ably seconded by the gorgeous silken burdens borne by the banner bearers, foremost of which is one inscribed "No Popery," kept distinctly visible by means of blue and red fire. The processionists are attired as though for a fancy dress ball, and a great many wear masks. Those who do not, wear spectacles of fine wire, and shaped like half a walnut shell. More banners, inscribed "Girls, be true to your Bonfire Boys," and, oddly enough, "Free and Religious Liberty." More brass bands, followed by the "Commander-in-Chief and his staff of officers," the last-mentioned company comprising the immediate escort of a mock bishop "in full canonicals," attended by the mock clergy of his diocese, with a large troop of processionists bringing up the rear, and carrying in their midst two enormous effigies, the one of the Pope, the other of Guy Fawkes, while last of all comes a waggon high piled with great bundles of faggots for by-and-bye bonfire purposes.

This, however, is but a single battalion of the bonfire army. There are several others, separately organised and officered, and in every essential similar, and they, one after the other, march through the main streets, and this ceremony concluded, the "fun" begins. It is, perhaps, eight o'clock by this time, and the roads could not be more densely thronged if every inhabitant of Lewes, man, woman, and child, besides a few thousand visitors from Brighton, had turned out to assist at the carnival. Fancy costume is the order of the occasion, ladies adopting it as well as gentlemen; the former almost invariably wearing masks, and some kind of grotesque cloak, which it is to be hoped is fireproof; and the latter representing clowns, and harlequins, and imps of Satan, and Chinese and turbaned Turks and painted Indians. The staple of the fun is, of course, fireworks. It is no exaggeration to say that thousands of pounds must be expended in these last-mentioned articles. Every one seems to have his pockets stuffed full of them, and from the time the fun begins until midnight, the air is alive with squibs and Roman-candles, and "golden rain" and rockets, and each moment becomes more and more malodorous with the suffocating fumes of burnt gunpowder and smouldering brown paper. A favourite feature of this Bedlam-broke-loose is to make a target of any window in which a light appears, and to shower at it every variety of fiery and explosive missile until the light within is removed. At about ten o'clock the Guys are burnt with much pomp and ceremony, and no small amount of sacrilegious mockery. One is devoted to the flames at the churchyard threshold abutting on the High Street. The sham bishop, in full canonicals, mounts the churchyard railings, and his clerk ringing an enormous bell for silence, he proceeds to read a parody of part of the Church service, the mob joining hilariously in the responses; after which Guy is burnt amidst great uproar and rejoicing, the bishop and the mob dancing round the fire. An hour before midnight the carnival is at its maddest. Iron sledges laden with blazing tar-barrels, and dropping liquid fire, career through the thronged highway, the fireworks shower thicker, the bonfires, big in bulk as a high-piled Pickford's van, roar and crackle bravely. It is the custom to pitch one exactly opposite the Town Hall, which stands in the centre of the town, its foundation being tar barrels, on its upper stories huge bundles of faggots. At different parts of the town there are four or five such enormous blazings, and one way and another it seems nothing short of miraculous that half the houses are not burnt down before morning. So far, however, the Lewes Bonfire Boys have been lucky, and it is said that it is many years since an accidental fire happened in consequence of the celebration. No doubt this is mainly due to the diligence of the fire brigade. On the alert all through the evening, it turns out at midnight, and by one in the morning not a glowing ember remains to tell where the bonfires had been raging.

James Greenwood

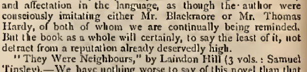
New Novels

"Molly Bawn," by the author of "Phyllis" (3 vols.: Smith and Elder).—This is a better story than "Phyllis"—though that was one far above the average mark—for many reasons, of which it may be sufficient to name one, that it is told in the third person instead of the first. Heroines of the force and intensity of character of a Jane Eyre or a Lucy Snow may gain by being suffered to be their own biographers; but more ordinary damsels can hardly reveal to us in their own persons the history of their flutterings, and hesitations, and little sillinesses without an appearance of self-consciousness and affectation which has an unpleasant effect. "Molly Bawn" is *par excellence* a novel of flirtations—not that the element of serious passion is wanting in the end—and these flirtations are portrayed with singular sparkle and vivacity, and a happy lightness of touch. Molly, properly Miss Elinor Massareene, is—of course—half Irish by birth, and wholly Irish by temperament, a beauty of the coaxing and bewitching order, and a born coquette to the finger tips, but a coquette only in virtue of buoyancy of spirits, and an innocent girlish delight in being liked and admired, for there is, we are glad to say, nothing in her to remind us of the Cleopatra or the "panther-woman." The history of her subjugation of the handsome hussar, Tedcastle Luttrell, who comes as a visitor to the house where she lives with her brother and his wife, is extremely entertaining, with much in it that recalls the novel of the good old times, when the lover who could be exalted to the skies by Beauty's smile, and cast into despair by a frown or a pout, had not become a rarity in fiction. It is only after Captain Luttrell has yielded himself a hopeless captive to Molly's bow and spear in the earlier chapters that the story proper can be said to commence, with the girl's visit to the home of her maternal grandfather, Mr. Amherst. It is ingeniously contrived and well told, with many alternations between sunshine and cloud as far as the lovers are concerned—the cloud, it must be said, being due almost wholly to Miss Massareene's irrepressible coquettishness and caprice—but we need not attempt to describe it here. We come upon another flirtation, very original in character, in that between Sir Penthony Stafford and the wife whom he has married without seeing her face, and left at the church-door—the reason for this strange proceeding it would take too long to explain—and with whom he falls in love at first sight when he meets her in a country house. The situation is perhaps a little far-fetched, but at any rate treated very amusingly. Altogether, "Molly Bawn" is a very pleasant tale, full of gaiety that is never suffered to be wanting in refinement; and we like the likeable among its personages quite well enough to be grateful that the curtain falls at last upon a genuine "happy ending."

"Auld Lang Syne," by the author of "The Wreck of the *Grosvenor*" (2 vols.: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.).—This is a tale of the year 1806, the days of the great French War; and the scene is laid principally in the little town of Greystone, on the south coast. Cuthbert Shaw, the only child of the schoolmaster, Dr. Shaw, a man proud of his birth, proud of his learning, and prouder still of his firm "Church and King" principles, has married by stealth Jenny Strangfield, the lovely daughter of a red-hot Baptist shipwright; and on the very evening on which he is about to reveal the secret to the girl's father and his own, he is seized by a press-gang, who in the dark mistake him for a sailor, and carried on board H.M.S. *Cleopatra*, a ten-gun brig, under orders to look out for French cruisers in the Channel. In dismay at her husband's mysterious disappearance Jenny lets out the tie between them, and, as she cannot name the London church at which the marriage ceremony has been performed, her harsh Puritanical father chooses to disbelieve her story, and to put the worst construction upon the matter. The sequel of the tale we must leave to the reader, who, if he is wise, will not neglect to make himself acquainted with it. The novel is one of much interest and excellence; the portrayal of inward moods, and the pictures of the various aspects of external nature that we come upon in it being often of real beauty; though here and there we may perhaps complain of something like over-study and affectation in the language, as though the author were consciously imitating either Mr. Blackmore or Mr. Thomas Hardy, of both of whom we are continually being reminded. But the book as a whole will certainly, to say the least of it, not detract from a reputation already deservedly high.

"They Were Neighbours," by Laindon Hill (3 vols.: Samuel Tinsley).—We have nothing worse to say of this novel than that it seems to be all talk. The *dramatis personæ* discuss such topics as strikes, the improvement of the lot of the agricultural labourer, the tendencies of scientific thought, modern infidelity, and the like. They most of them talk sensibly, and some of them rather cleverly; but they never do anything but talk, and they do not take hold of our interest. The book may have its own claims to attention; but it is only by stretch of language that it can be termed a "story."

"Verney Court: an Irish Novel," by M. Nethercott, author of "The Witch-Thorn," &c. (2 vols.: Remington and Co.).—This is a story highly melodramatic in character and very unequal, but in its best parts, as in the description of the shipwreck in the first volume, showing some power and more promise, which would lead us to think that its author might do better in the future.



RURAL NOTES

"Now is the Winter of our Discontent."——The Farmers' Club opened its winter season on Monday evening, and determined upon unity of action, or rather they took their own way of grumbling. The corn was not so dear as it ought to be on account of foreign competition, and foreign competition being inevitable in corn, it was suggested that we should devote more attention to the production of meat and milk. The reader of the paper, Mr. Edwards, contended that if England had devoted her sole attention to agriculture "she would have been at the head of nations." Well, perhaps she is there still, but it would have been as well, perhaps, if she had devoted a little more attention to pruning hooks than to spears lately. But Mr. Edwards' notion is that it is all the fault of the farmers that they should suffer themselves to be aggrieved by labourers. Let them set a stern front on, join as the labourers join, and be as a bundle of twigs together. An animated discussion followed, inaugurated by the editor of the *Mark Lane Express*, who declared that in his opinion "Farmers' Clubs and Chambers of Agriculture had utterly failed in their duty, and that the farmers in this country were a laughing stock to the civilised world." Coming from such a distinguished authority, one who has promoted the interests of tenant farmers through evil and good report, we have no doubt that they will appreciate the rebuke and repent, and twine together as the ivy twines round the oak. Mr. Fowler was quite aware that farmers were not so much to blame as the agricultural press, many of which papers would not insert his letters; and Mr. Duckham, editor of the "Hereford Herd Book," was down upon Sir Charles Dilke, who being the proprietor, as he said, of the *Agricultural Gazette*, did not act in the double capacity of Member of Parliament and imparter of agreeable agricultural information. It was indicated to Mr. Duckham by Professor Voelcker that Sir Charles Dilke had nothing to do with the articles in the paper so injudiciously mentioned. Our good old friend, Mr. Mechi, thought that the sewage question was not so much attended to as it ought to be, that the unsatisfactory way of its disposal was a double loss to the country—a loss in health to the community, a loss in wealth to the tillers of the soil. So the grumble was over, and nothing arrived at particularly, as nothing could be beyond in effect that which was said in one of the "Topics" of last week's *Graphic:* "Landlords would in the long run increase their own rent-rolls, and would certainly put more spirit into their tenants, if they gave long leases and allowed far more liberty than they now do in the management of land for which rent is paid."

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.——This subject has been discussed at various meetings during the week—at the London Corn Exchange on Monday, where it was resolved that, in the opinion of the meeting, the cental of 100 Imperial standard pounds would be the convenient selling standard, and so it was decided with some dissentient voices. At the Central Chamber of Agriculture on Tuesday, Guy Fawkes' Day, one or two of the members got into a kind of pyrotechnic condition on the subject. They blew up like rockets against 100 lbs., and stuck in for 112 lbs. Much inconsequential talk was spoken about the difficulty of making out 100 lbs. from 112 lbs.; but finally the talkee-talkee ended in the adoption of the cental, and of a resolution for a deputation from the Central Chamber of Agriculture to tell the Board of Trade that they had decided that the cool 100 lbs. was the best of all measures and weights: and so, perhaps, henceforth we shall have to deal in decimals.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The agricultural labourers' strike is annoying, but it cannot last very long. The Union funds may be large, but they cannot stand the pull upon them when all trades are so depressed. Agricultural labourers appear to think that they are entitled to more consideration from their employers than that which cotton manufacturers and coalowners give. Depression of trade seems of no account in their eyes, and if they hold out they will be their own worst friends. Farmers cannot afford the money, as may be understood from this one fact that we quote from a paper of the other day's date:—"Mr. William John Evelyn, the owner of the extensive Wootton estates, near Dorking, has announced that he will grant to all his tenants a reduction of thirty per cent. in their rents. He also announced that, should the existing depression in trade continue, he will make a further reduction." This should give the labourers pause, and their ill-advisers patience instead of passion.—Everybody in connection with agriculture will be pleased to learn that Mr. Brandreth Gibbs, so long and so honourably associated with Agriculture, has received the honour of knighthood from the Queen. It is a graceful and well-earned compliment.

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DEDICATING THE BELLS OF ST. PAUL'S

As the Bishop of London has explained in a letter to *The Times*, it would be a misnomer to call the service which took place in the belfry of St. Paul's Cathedral on Friday last "the blessing of the bells." "The bells themselves," says his lordship, "were not blessed. The service was of the same character with those in common use at the laying the first stone of churches, schools, and mission rooms, and indeed, at the consecration of churches and churchyards; and with that familiar 'grace before meals' which most of us have heard repeatedly from our youth, and which I trust to hear at times as long as I live—'Bless, O Lord, these Thy gifts to our use, and us to Thy service.' In all these cases the blessing asked is not on the material objects, but on the persons for whose use or advantage they are provided. If such prayers are superstitious, I gladly plead guilty to superstition." At the ordinary afternoon service in the Cathedral, which was attended by an immense congregation, the preacher, the Rev. J. V. Povah, discoursed on the duty of praise, and remarked on the circumstance that Wren's bell-tower had waited 200 years for its occupants, which would henceforth peal forth to summon worshippers, to celebrate the great festivities of the Church, to ring the old year out and the new year in, and to announce Royal accessions, marriages, and births. At the conclusion of this service a procession, headed by Dr. Stainer, the organist, and Mr. Martin, the sub-organist; and which included the Bishop of London, Bishop Claughton, Dean Church, Canon Gregory, Prebendaries the Rev. W. Cadman and the Rev. C. Mackenzie, several minor canons, and the choristers, was formed in the body of the Cathedral, and proceeded thence to the belfry tower. During the short dedicatory service the choir sang the "De Profundis," "Deus misereatur," "Afferte Domino," and "Laudate Dominum." The Lord's Prayer was recited by Dean Church, and the Bishop then said a number of special collects, in one of which reference was made to the silver trumpets which Moses ordered to be sounded at the time of sacrifice. The well-known hymn from "Hymns Ancient and Modern," "When morning gilds the skies," was then sung, after which the Bishop of London rang the first bell, the sound of which was immediately taken up by the ringers, members of the "Ancient Society of College Youths," all practical ringers, and, by the way, men well advanced in years, who stood in their shirt-sleeves upon boxes fixed to the floor, each man having one foot in a stout leathern loop secured to the box. There was no vibration of the masonry, and the unanimous opinion as to the tone of the bells was one of complete approval. A dense crowd had been waiting outside the Cathedral for three or four hours, and remained for some time listening to the music from the tower, but it gradually thinned, and had almost entirely dispersed before the ringers ceased from their labours, which they did not do until a thousand changes of "Stedman's Cinques" had been exceeded. It was remarkable that though the clash was very great on the ground immediately underneath, the sound in the middle of Ludgate Hill was quite muffled by the passing traffic, and at the beginning of of Fleet Street was almost wholly inaudible. Yet along the Embankment, as far the Cleopatra's Needle the peals were far more distinct even than in the immediate neighbourhood of the Cathedral. The bells are not connected with the clock, so that the hours and quarters will not be struck by them, and a carillon is still wanting; but they will be chimed by hand before each daily service, and upon the usual festive occasions. Their combined weight is thirteen tons, and they have cost 3,500*l*. The limited space in the belfry made it impossible for many invitations to be issued for the dedicatory service; but representatives of the City Companies and some other favoured persons were invited to the Chapter House, where they drank tea and coffee while listening to the chimes.

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THE SEAMEN'S ORPHANAGE AT BRIXHAM

BRIXHAM is a thriving seaport town, situated near Dartmouth, and is celebrated in history as the place where William, Prince of Orange, landed in 1688; and also where the *Bellerophon* lay at anchor for some days with the great Napoleon on board, before taking that illustrious prisoner to the island of St. Helena. It is one of the largest fishing stations in England, and it has recently been the scene of a strike in that branch of industry; a compromise was, however, effected, and on Saturday the trawling fleet returned from its first trip since the settlement of of the dispute. There had been good catches of fish, and after the sale the fishermen and apprentice lads marched through the town, accompanied by a band of music. The British Seamen's Orphan Home for the western ports was established in 1870, for the purpose of making provision for the orphan sons of seamen, who are admitted to the Institution between the ages of eight and ten years; and fed, clothed, and educated until they reach the age of fourteen, when they are apprenticed to the merchant service. It is supported by voluntary contributions, and was for some time chiefly maintained by the liberality of the founder, the late Mr. W. Gibbs, of Tyntesfield, near Bristol, whose widow still contributes 100*l*. per annum to its funds. The Asylum, which has been recently enlarged, now affords accommodation for fifty boys. The Bishop of the Diocese is Patron of the Institution, and amongst the most liberal of its supporters are the Earl of Devon, Earl Fortescue, and the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe. One of the most interesting things in connection with the Home is the "Hans Busk" Life-boat, which was presented a short time ago by Captain Hans Busk, and, being manned by the senior boys, has already done real service to distressed vessels upon more than one occasion, and is also useful in giving the lads experience afloat. Another notable feature is the Torbay Mission to Seamen, which is affiliated to the Orphan Home, and has a church capable of seating a congregation of two hundred persons, especially intended for the use of seamen and fishermen, by whom it is well attended. The chaplain also visits the numerous vessels lying in the harbourage, the greater portion of whose crews do not come ashore, and during the past year more than two hundred vessels were thus visited, services being held on board many of them, and more than two thousand seamen supplied with wholesome and improving literature. Those who wish to aid in the good work which we have thus briefly noticed would do well to communicate with the Rev. Herbert H. Mayo, Rock House, Brixham, who is the Chaplain and Hon. Secretary of the Institution. Our views, which need no special description beyond that conveyed in their respective titles, are taken from photographs by Mr. Sugden of Exeter.

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"COALY TYNE"

NOTED in history, renowned in ballad, the "Water of Tyne"—to use the phrase of Jock o' the Side—has in latter days had a reflected reputation—one derived in very large degree from the mineral field it traverses, the coals it carries, the vessels it bears, and the oarsmen it has trained. Its southern branch rises in Knaresdale and flows to Hexham, where it unites with a branch from the bleakness of the Borderland, and thus formed, the Tyne rolls an augmenting course by "canny Newcastle," under the soot-stained memorial of Bede, to Tynemouth, where the cold North Sea swallows it. It flows for twenty miles over coal measures, and thus for generations—before the coal trade of other districts had become developed—it was the water-way of the collier fleet. From the meeting of the waters until the vicinity of Blaydon is reached, the course of the Tyne is through a land like that of the lotos-eaters—"where all things always seem the same"—and where its course is through fields of green and by banks little pressed by industrial weights, but when the old boundary of the barges is reached, we come into a region classic in the annals of trade, and one which gives such a panorama in its course to the sea as perhaps no other river in England can. Sailing down the river from Stella Staith to Shields, right and left with little intermission there are wharves and works, collieries and chemical factories, ship-yards and staiths, coke ovens and colour works, furnaces and fuel works, potteries and paper mills, and a mass of other indications of the varied trades that have sprung up on coaly Tyne. It is only an industrial oasis is the strip of riverside from Blaydon to Scotswood; and below to the King's Meadows there is a resumption of the charming dulness of green villa-dotted fields; but Elswick takes up the strain which Whittier has sung, "Blast on blast the sooty smithy jars," and thence to the sea the Tyne becomes one long dock. The "long unlovely streets" of Newcastle stretch themselves; the stream is impinged on by lines of rails, by quays, works, and mills; and pressed by the craft that have come above bridge. By gas works and stations, by the primal engine factory of the world, by the noisy babulous quays, where the Tynesider has often, in Thackeray's words, "taken off its hat and huzzaed to success in life," whilst the rough northern burr has grown homely and pleasant, and then we are at one of the lions of Newcastle—its high level bridge.

It is a striking scene by day to leave the low stream and look down upon it from the heights of the bridge; to look on the dingy houses stretching in terraces down to the wharves that abut on the stream; on the factories where trade flings "its clamorous iron flail," on the river rolling its dark tide below the cloud of smoke down through a thick border of mills and drops, and on the barges and vessels that discharge or receive their cargoes there, as well as the noisy little tugs and river boats threading the intricacies of the stream. But at night the scene becomes spectacular; the course of the river would be hidden in the enveloping smoke were it not for the lamps that mark the streets by its side in waving lines of light; for the glow from furnaces; and the parti-coloured lights shining from quay, landing-stage, and mast, and reflected in the dark waters. Even then the "forges glow, the hammers all are ringing," down the river side; there is the rattling and rolling of trains over the bridge, and the reflection of their red-litten windows is flung down on the waters, whilst the roar of the traffic of the great town comes incessantly, though dulled by distance. Down from the bridge to the sea, by night or day, the route is one the very names of which bring up the memories of the victories of the Tyne. There are chemical works unsurpassed for extent in the world, probably, collectively; there, blast furnaces which, small and disused now, have been the pioneers in the building up of a great trade; there "Wallsend" recalls first the memories of those who built this, the commencement of an enduring momento, and then the name of a branch of an industry famous all the world over; yonder, Jarrow takes us back from its busy and bustling present, from the glare of its iron manufactories and the clang of its riveters to the lonely monk who, in its monastery, kept up through the crawling years the light that throws its gleam in on the dark ages he lived in. Then through the midst of timber yards and coal docks, of glass works and graving docks, beneath the shade of the green mound between Whitehill and Tynemouth, and we are approaching the spot where "glooms the dark broad sea."

It is not the sight of a "river clear as crystal," nor one like that whose banks the pilgrims trod "where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and their gates opened into the highway;" it is that of a commercial river which has few compeers. Except the Mersey, no other river in the world has so large an export trade. From it yearly nearly twenty thousand vessels sail, of increasing size, from it more than seven million tons of coal are shipped, while three thousand vessels enter with cargoes. It builds a hundred vessels yearly; it gives to the Customs a revenue approaching half-a million annually; whilst building on these varied supports, but with the ultimate foundation of its renowned coal deposits, there have grown up industrial centres such as make the banks of the Tyne workshop, factory, mart, and dwelling of the children of commerce. The old days of Pons Ælii are passed; the castle that standeth on Tyne is needed no longer "agayne the Scottes the country to defende," as the old chronicler phrased it, kings are no longer the residents of the Tyneside town, but another monarch there fixed his abode, and draws tribute from the stores of "bottled sunshine," and since then, increasingly, the Tyne has lost the pomp and circumstance of war, and known the victories of peace. And though the days of the picturesque and the quaint in black diamonds—the days when the "keel row" was more than a favourite local song, and "through Sandgate" more than a memory of the keelmen—though some of the once pleasant denes and little valleys about the town are brick-and-mortar-covered now, there is in our modern days that "jingling of the guinea" which heals many wounds, and which also gives to an enlarged population its daily bread, and to an expanded commerce its motive power.

J. W. S.

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BURGLARY appears to be a very profitable profession in America. Two burglars now in New Hampshire Prison state that they have had seventy successful professional "engagements" within the last eighteen months, and are now caught for the first time.

YOUNG ITALY is bent on the aggrandisement of the kingdom. The students of various Italian universities, schools, and colleges have formed a league with the object of acquiring the "Italian provinces not yet enjoying freedom," and style themselves "Figli d'Italia per le Provincie Irredente."

A NUMBER OF VALUABLE RAVENNA MOSAICS have been found in the vaults of the New Museum at Berlin. They had been placed there in cases early in 1848, and owing to the excitement caused by the revolution in that year the Museum authorities forgot them altogether until recently.

. NEW ENGLAND STUDENTS from some of the Eastern colleges, possessed of more ambition than means, have been hiring themselves out this season as waiters and maids at the hotels in the White Mountain region, in order to obtain sufficient money during the vacation to finish their education.

ELKS AS BEASTS OF BURDEN have been tried across the Atlantic. At a recent fair in Minnesota a splendid team of elks was shown which could draw a buggy with two passengers at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, and were so well broken that a woman might drive them. The experiment, however, has been made before, as in Sweden at one time elks were used to convey couriers, being able to travel over 200 miles per diem when attached to a sledge.

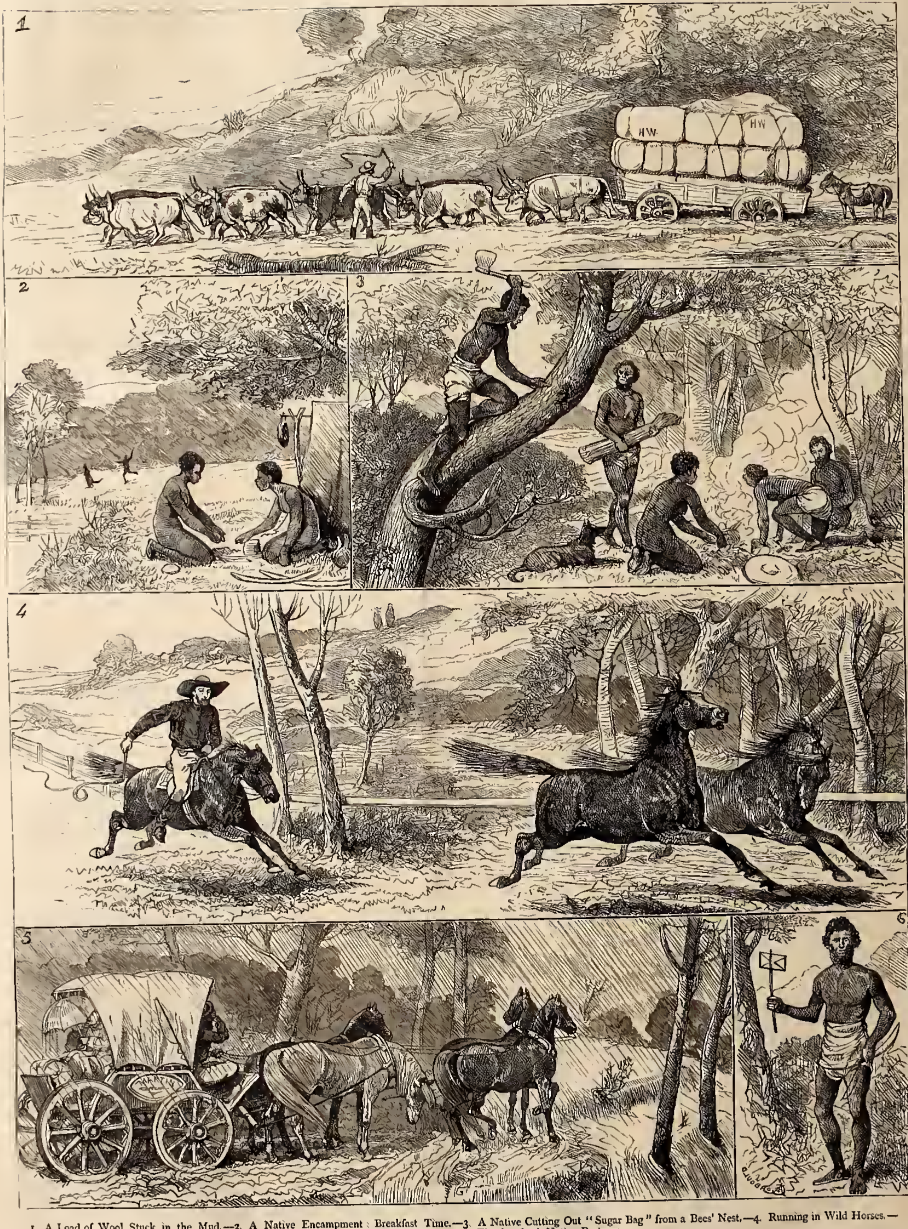
THE USE OF THE WHISTLE IN MILITARY OPERATIONS, in preference to the trumpet or bugle, is advocated by Brevet Lieut.-Colonel Twentyman, of the 19th Hussars, who has published a pamphlet containing some brief instructions on the subject. Lieut.-Colonel Twentyman alleges that when in close proximity with the enemy, or in night surprises, a trumpet or bugle-call frequently gives the alarm, while the whistle is quite as effective, and far less noticeable.

BRITISH TRAVELLERS ON FRENCH RAILWAYS have long chafed at the objectionable Continental custom of keeping passengers cooped up in waiting-rooms to stare angrily at the empty train outside and only letting them out at the last moment to struggle for their seats. The Chemin de Fer de l'Est, however, has reformed its ways, and now allows passengers on the platform as soon as they have taken their tickets. It is to be hoped that the other lines will follow this good example.

THE ANIMALS AT THE NEW YORK MENAGERIE in Central Park had a narrow escape from drowning during a recent storm, the menagerie, which lies in a hollow, being flooded by the water from the higher lands. The bears, foxes, wolves, and jackals all had to swim for their lives, the water rising high in their dens, while the giraffe stood quietly feeding as the water gradually crept up to its back. The other animals kept up a mournful chorus of howls and grunts, but the sea-lions heartily enjoyed their impromptu bath. Their tank was broken by the flood, and the creatures escaped into the enclosure, where they paddled about, cleverly evading their keepers, who were several times knocked down in the water by a sudden dash of their lively charges.

THE INDIAN PRACTICE OF CHILD MARRIAGE is gradually encountering a steady opposition as civilisation and education spread among Hindoo circles. Thus a "marriage pledge," in the place of the temperance pledge, was recently instituted at a Calcutta meeting, and twenty-five native students at once signed the "pledge." The document runs as follows:—"Deeply impressed with the pernicious character of the custom of child-marriage and the evils which have followed in its train, convinced of the solemn duty I owe to myself and my countrymen to discourage a custom so prejudicial to the best interests of my countrymen, I hereby solemnly declare that I will not marry nor allow myself to be given in marriage, till I have completed the age of twenty-one years, my present age being——."

THE LADIES' CHRISTIAN HOMES FOR DEAF AND DUMB CHILDREN at 74, Pentonville Road and 1, Victoria Park Square, have proved so valuable in the North and East of London that it is greatly wished to establish similar homes in the West and South of the metropolis, and funds are thus urgently needed. These homes are intended to admit those poor children who can be taught by the system of the School Board but live too far away to attend the schools. The children are accordingly boarded from Monday till Friday, but it is now proposed to take as permanent boarders such deaf and dumb children as have no proper homes, in order to teach them on the oral system. Donations to be sent to the Rev. W. Stainer, Treasurer, Avenue House,, Gow Road, Victoria Park, E., or to Mr. W. J. H. Yates, Assistant Secretary, 74, Pentonville Road.



1. A Load of Wool Stuck in the Mud.—2. A Native Encampment : Breakfast Time.—3. A Native Cutting Out "Sugar Bag" from a Bees' Nest.—4. Running in Wild Horses.—5. Coach Travelling : Stopped by a Flood.—6. A Native Postman.

LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS OF QUEENSLAND

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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ENLARGED TO TWO SHEETS

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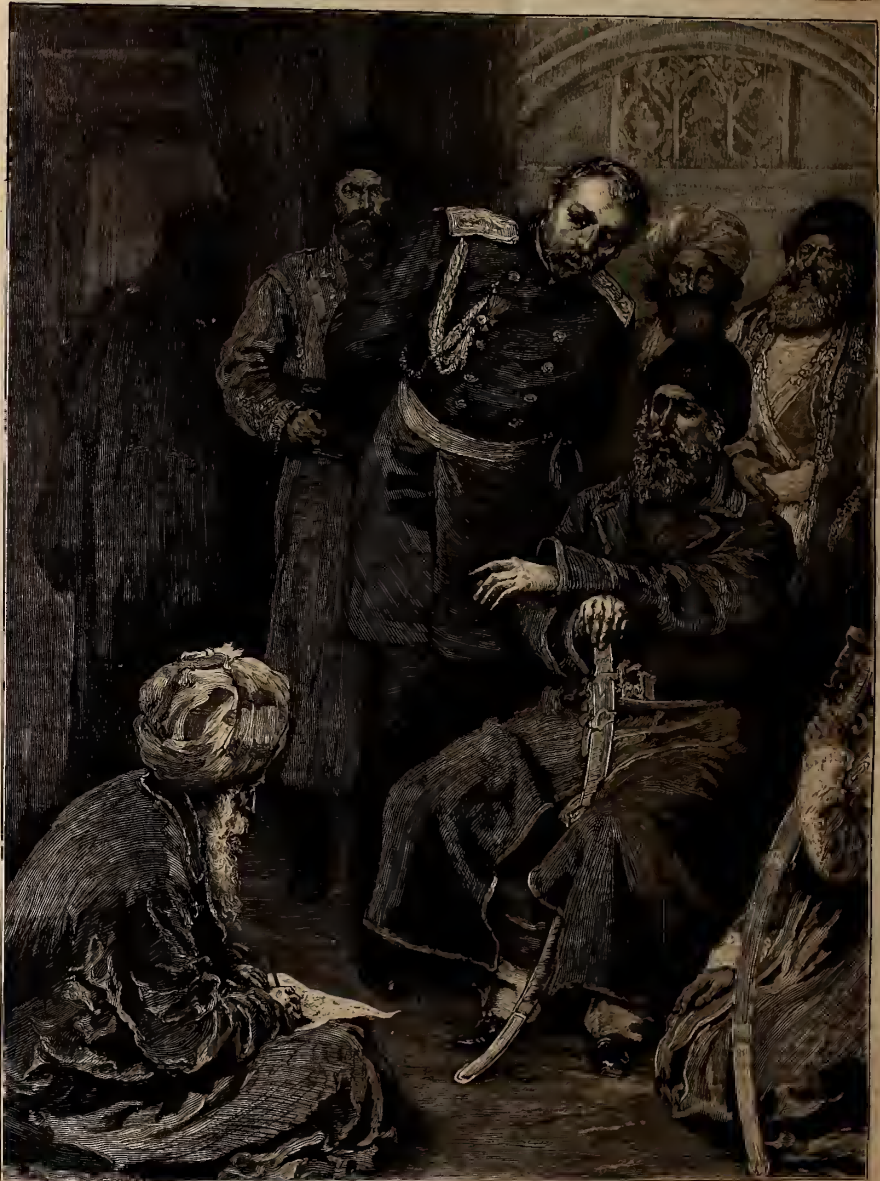

A MOMENTOUS DECISION—SHERE ALI DICTATING HIS REPLY TO THE BRITISH VICEROY

FROM A SKETCH *NOT* BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

Topics of the Week

THE CZAR'S MESSAGE.——In his Guildhall speech Lord Beaconsfield was very hard on the people who had ventured to say that the Treaty of Berlin was in danger. But if it was always quite safe, why should the Czar offer a solemn assurance that he means to abide by his engagements? A man who makes a promise, and never dreams of breaking it, rarely thinks it necessary or desirable to boast of his honesty. We have all along maintained that Russia was not in a position to fight for the purpose of overturning the settlement of Berlin. But without wishing to go to war, she might hope by persistent audacity to get the better of Europe. Austria being occupied in Bosnia, and England in Afghanistan, it seemed to her that a magnificent opportunity had offered itself; and that she meant to take some advantage of it was proved by the facts that her troops halted midway between Constantinople and Adrianople, that an artificial agitation was got up among the Bulgarians against the Berlin Treaty, and that a warlike tone was suddenly adopted by the inspired press of Moscow and St. Petersburg. It is tolerably certain that Russia received some plain hints as to the manner in which her policy was regarded by those whom it most nearly concerned. The English Government can hardly have failed to let the Czar know what the Premier openly proclaimed last Saturday: that we can make no more concessions, and that if the Treaty of Berlin is broken the result must be war. Austria, also, seems to have shown pretty distinctly that she would not be a mere onlooker if the Russian troops did not take themselves off by the time appointed; and it was clear to all the world that the Oriental policy of France could not, under all circumstances, be a purely negative one. To these considerations it must be added that the mission of M. Greig to the European capitals revealed to Russia the utter hopelessness of her financial position. Taking all things into account, it is wonderful that Russia should have done so much to provoke hostilities; and her audacity ought to be a warning to Europe not even yet to trust to her fair words. She is labouring for a magnificent prize, and will miss no opportunity of grasping at it. The task of England ought to be to hasten her retreat not only by resolutely confronting her, but by removing everything that could give her a pretext for unscrupulous action. There is, for instance, the Greek demand for a rectification of frontier. If this is unsatisfied war may break out in spite of us, and Russia will then have a splendid field for intrigue. Fortunately the activity of M. Waddington gives the British Government an excellent chance of settling the question without serious difficulty.

THE LOSS OF THE "PRINCESS ALICE."——This lamentable accident, the most serious, perhaps, as regards the number of victims which the metropolis has ever experienced, for many days aroused the most intense interest. Gradually, however, as always happens, that interest slackened, and few persons, probably, except those who had friends among the lost, or who were specially concerned with river traffic, cared to read and digest the voluminous evidence respectively adduced before the Coroner and the Board of Trade Court. But now that the latter body has issued its Report, public interest is reawakened, and with good reason, for that report contains suggestions which, if properly attended to, ought to render such collisions far less probable in the future than they have been in the past. We use the word "probable" because in actual fact cases of serious collision have been very rare. No doubt there have been numerous cases of hairbreadth escapes—escapes of which passengers have seldom been aware; nevertheless, the immunity from accident which existed up to the time of the *Princess Alice* tragedy proves no small amount of skill on the part of those persons who are engaged in navigating vessels on the river, and this skill was, perhaps, none the less diligently exercised because little regard was paid to official regulations. We think it is but fair to remember this, that in spite of the crowded state of the Thames, in spite of the hulks and barges, in spite of the fogs, and of the difficulty of distinguishing between lights ashore and lights afloat, Londoners did undoubtedly, up to that fatal Third of September, regard river travelling as the safest kind of travelling. They experienced few qualms—except those arising from fear of sea-sickness—when embarking on board the boat, whereas the idea of collision could scarcely fail to be absent from the mind of the passenger by excursion train. Henceforward this sweet sense of security will no longer be felt, and, for generations to come, holiday voyagers on the lower Thames will remember the *Princess Alice*. Yet we may reasonably hope that the chances of accident will have been sensibly lessened by the teaching of this calamity. If a clear and intelligible rule of the road is not only promulgated but enforced; if the fairway is made as ample as possible by the removal of stationary hulks, and by the prohibition (above Gravesend) of tide-borne barges; if either the monopoly of the Watermen's Company is put to an end, or the freemen of that Company are practically tested before being allowed to serve on board river boats; and if, finally, though there is no mention of this in the Report, the Board of Trade and the Conservancy Board take care between them that their own rules are strictly observed, and that pleasure-steamers are properly built, well-manned, and not overcrowded; the Thames may still, in spite of the constant increase of traffic, remain one of the safest thoroughfares in the world.

GOLD IN INDIA.——It is announced that a district in the Madras Presidency is "highly auriferous," and as the announcement is made, after careful investigation, by so eminent an authority as Mr. Brough Smyth, we may assume that it is not without genuine foundation. The fact is likely to be of considerable importance to India. Nothing attracts an adventurous class of workmen like the chance of finding gold, and if the news now published should be confirmed, multitudes of diggers are likely to stream into India from Australia and from England. For three months in the year the district is said to be "somewhat feverish," but during the remaining nine it is "healthy and pleasant for Europeans." A large supply of gold would enable India, if she chose, to adopt a gold currency, and it is generally agreed that if she were in a position to do so she would enter upon a new career of prosperity. This could not be for some time; but in the mean time wealth and fresh energy would be brought into the country by the influx of capitalists and labourers. It is true that "diggings" do not tend, in the first instance, to exalt the moral ideals of a community; they are apt, on the contrary, to bring together a horde of sorry rascals who are a curse to themselves and everybody connected with them. But honest labourers also come, many of whom settle in the country, and give an impetus to its agriculture and manufactures. This, we believe, has been the case in South Africa, to which Cape diamonds have been the means of bringing a large number of persons who are now prosperous farmers. India presents, in many respects, a far more promising field than South Africa. Half its resources are still unknown, and those which we do know have been very inefficiently cultivated. It probably needs only skilled labour and capital to become one of the richest lands in the world.

CABMEN IN COUNCIL.——The British cab-drivers have hardly yet reached the point of organisation attained by their Parisian brethren, who have actually started a weekly journal for the better ventilation of their grievances, still we are glad to see that they have held a Conference, which appears to have been of a thoroughly representative character, inasmuch as it was attended by delegates from every district of the metropolis, from Manchester, and from several other towns. With two of the resolutions which these worthies passed unanimously we are unable to agree. We all like to try and reform other people rather than ourselves, and cabby holds that two classes which especially need reform are the stipendiary magistrates and the police. Now for a good many years past we have watched the behaviour of our London magistrates in regard to cab cases, and we are bound to say that, as a rule, if they have shown a leaning, it has been towards the driver rather than towards the fare. Of the conduct of the police we cannot of course speak so confidently, and no doubt there are individual cases of tyranny and meddlesomeness, still we doubt if the force would be improved by being brought under the direct control of the ratepayers. The amendment and consolidation of the cab laws, and the establishment of a civil court for licensing and superintending hackney carriages, is a far more practical and interesting matter. With regard to the extremely difficult question of fares, we have always maintained that, considering the price of horse flesh and horse feed, the present scale is too low. The compulsory shilling for any distance under two miles was no additional boon to the drivers, because it had always been exacted, few persons (except perhaps the redoubtable Mrs. Prodgers) venturing to tender a sixpenny fare. Then the fixing of the radius at Charing Cross instead of at a point further east gives the comparatively wealthy cab-user of the West an unfair advantage over his fellow citizen Eastwards. One reason why cabmen are often so exorbitant, especially towards midnight, is that they have done very badly during the day, and are in danger of having nothing left for themselves after paying for the hire of horse and vehicle. Altogether, we believe that cabby has been over-regulated and over-legislated for. Why not try the freedom of contract system for a twelvemonth, and, if it should prove utterly intolerable, afterwards revert to the old plan? Our own belief is, that the public would get better drivers, better cabs, and better horses than they ever got before.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.——The Americans have not shown a friendly disposition in raising at the present crisis the trumpery question about which Mr. Evarts has been writing valiant despatches. Surely it would have been a more manly policy had he and his colleagues waited until we were in a position to examine their demands in a calm and impartial spirit. America, however, is fond of gaining an occasional triumph over the Old Country, and we have never found her very scrupulous in the means she adopts to make us "knuckle under." It is hard to understand her anger in the present instance. If the authorities in Newfoundland find it desirable to make Sunday a close day to the native fishermen, what possible hardship can it be to the Americans to submit to the rule? They can hardly expect to enjoy advantages superior to the population to which the fisheries naturally belong. We hope the English Government, while perfectly willing to consider the American arguments, will show no disposition to yield without full proof of the justice of the claim now made. England has been far too ready in the past to let the United States have everything their own way, and the sole result has been a steady increase of arrogance in their mode of treating us. As to the threat that, if we do not give in, the amount of the Halifax award will be withheld, it need only be said that the money can without much difficulty be dispensed with. But what other nation would be guilty of such incredible meanness as to make a threat of this kind? What has the Halifax award to do with this new dispute? If fresh arbitration is wanted, by all means let us have it; but it is obvious that each case ought to be judged on its merits, and that we should be paid what is our due whether or not we have been guilty of offence in connection with a wholly different matter. We are glad to see that Lord Salisbury has adopted a firm tone in regard to this point, and that the latest intention of the Americans is to pay the money "under protest." But they can hardly undo the harm caused by their reckless conduct. What Power will hereafter care to submit a dispute to an arbitrator, if there is a chance of an ignoble evasion of the decision by one of the parties to the controversy?

A ROWDY DISTRICT.——In no foreign capital would the municipal authorities allow such scenes of disorder to occur, as frequently, we may say almost every night, occur in the region round about the Haymarket. Sometimes the rowdyism blossoms into downright riot, and then the charges thence accruing at the police courts are reported in the papers. What makes the matter worse is that the crowd by whom these disorders are committed is for the most part a well-dressed crowd. We say nothing here of the female element of this motley gathering, but among the males present there are to be found some of the greatest scoundrels in London. But although these people often profit by the rows, they do not, as a rule, make the rows, for it is not their game to attract the attention of the police too closely. The rows are almost invariably made by foolish young men of respectable position, who have taken more drink than is good for them, and who visit this midnight Alsatia for the express purpose of having a "lark." The lark begins in shoving people off the footway or knocking policemen's helmets off, and too often ends in one or more of the company of *viveurs* (usually the greenest and least guilty) being "run in" to Vine Street police station. Perhaps the closing of the Argyll Rooms may hereafter make the neighbourhood quieter, but if not, we recommend that all the places of entertainment in the neighbourhood, the theatres and music-halls—as far as their refreshment licenses are concerned—and all the public houses within the infected district, should be compelled to close an hour earlier than they now do. The absence of any alcoholic stimulus obtainable close at hand would have a wonderfully sobering effect, for all these disorders are committed under the exciting influence of "Dutch courage."

"A PLACE OF ARMS."——The Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Cross have repeatedly dwelt on the moral effect which the British administration of Cyprus is likely to exert on Asia Minor. Lord Beaconsfield, in his great speech, although he referred to this aspect of the question, plainly stated that it was as "a place of arms" that Cyprus was valuable to us. And as a place of arms it might, we think, be of much higher worth than has hitherto been generally recognised. Suppose it were made the first of a line of communications stretching down the Euphrates Valley to the Persian Gulf? In that case Russia would be unable to march on Constantinople through Asia Minor, for her flank would be open to our attack. What is still more important, she could not send an expedition through Persia to India, since her flank would again be exposed to us, and we could without difficulty cut off her army from its base of operations. Thus if Cyprus is turned to proper advantage, instead of being the utterly useless place it has so often been called, it might be the means of saving us from our two greatest perils. For that there is some danger of Russia trying to make the Caucasus a starting-point both for Constantinople and India, is, we think, proved by her anxiety to get hold of the strongholds of Asia Minor. Hence her intense bitterness respecting our acquisition of Cyprus, to which she has attached far more importance than the other European Powers. It is tolerably certain, therefore, that we have not yet heard the last of what England proposes to do in the Asiatic possessions of the Porte. Besides civil reforms there are likely to be important military preparations. The Prime Minister alluded to the new fortifications in Erzeroum; he might probably, if he had chosen, have spoken of other and equally important schemes in which we are directly interested. Whatever the Porte may think of our anxiety about its subjects, it will throw no difficulty in the way of even the largest plans for warding off future Russian attacks. And if Great Britain were to give active help by aiding in the creation of the much talked-of Euphrates Valley Railway, she would do no more than might be expected of her, for she would merely be acting on the instinct of self-preservation.

CHEMISTS AND APOTHECARIES.—The Society of Apothecaries has thus far been defeated in its attempt to recover a penalty from a chemist for examining patients medically, without being duly certificated. As the case in question was selected as a "test-case," there will probably be an appeal to a higher tribunal; but, if such a course is followed, we trust Baron Pollock's decision will be upheld, because it seems to us to be based not merely on a technical point of law, but on humanity and common sense. Hitherto, and for generations past, the chemist has, as far as minor ailments are concerned, been emphatically the poor man's doctor, and to prohibit him from looking into a patient's throat before handing him a cough mixture would be to deprive the chemist of one of his most useful functions. And the fact remains that the chemist of long standing, albeit not certificated, possesses no small skill as a healer, because so many ailing persons visit him, and so many prescriptions pass through his hands. Nor do we believe that certificated men lose anything by the services he renders; on the contrary, if the chemist were deprived of these humble clients, there would only be a greater crowd of sick persons at the public dispensaries, and in the out-patients' waiting-rooms of the hospitals.

NOTICE.—*Our Special Artist*, MR. SYDNEY HALL, *who was to have taken passage to* CANADA *in the* "*Bothnia*," *in order to make Sketches for* THE GRAPHIC, *in connection with the* RECEPTION *of the* NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL, *was at the last moment graciously invited by* H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE *and* THE MARQUIS OF LORNE *to accept a berth on board the* "*Sarmatian*," *which started from Liverpool on Thursday.*—THE GRAPHIC *this week consists of* TWO WHOLE SHEETS, *one of which is devoted to* ILLUSTRATIONS (*with* DESCRIPTIVE LETTERPRESS) *relating to the* IMPENDING AFGHAN WAR. *The Afghan Sheet, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding after page 504.—Saturday, November 30, we shall begin a* NEW SERIAL STORY, *entitled* "UNDER ONE ROOF," *by* JAMES PAYN, *author of* "*Lost Sir Massingberd*," "*By Proxy*," *&c., illustrated by an eminent artist.*

AMUSEMENTS

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—THE TWO ORPHANS Every Evening at 7.30. A New Play, entitled A REPUBLICAN MARRIAGE, will be produced on SATURDAY MORNING, Nov. 16, at 2 o'clock.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—Every Evening, at 6.15, THE SLAVE HUNTER. Messrs. J. B. Howe, Bigwood, Lewis, Drayton, Towers; Mdlles. Adams, Bellair. MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. Selection from "Madame Angot," by the Brian Troupe, The Valjeans, Miss Kate Garstone, Recitation by Miss Marie Henderson. The Brothers Dare. Followed by DAISY. Mrs. S. Lane. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Charlton; Mdlles. Brewer, Summers. To conclude with THE VOLUNTEERS.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. G. CONQUEST.—Every Evening at 7, the Great Drama, written by Messrs. Conquest and Pettitt, entitled THE ROYAL PARDON. Messrs. Conquest, James, F. Dobell, Nicholls, Syms; Mesdames Verner, Victor, &c. To conclude with THE HAND OF CARDS. Messrs. James, F. Dobell, Nicholls, G. Conquest, Jun., Syms, Vincent, Parkes, Inch; Mdlles. Verner, Victor, Denvil, Read, Inch, Osmond. On Wednesday, DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN and GARRYOWEN. Dancing in the Hall every evening.

HANS VON BÜLOW will give TWO PIANOFORTE RECITALS at ST. JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS, Nov. 20 and 27, commencing at three o'clock.—Tickets, 7s. 6d., 3s., and 1s., may be obtained at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; Chappell's, 50, New Bond Street; and the usual Agents.

THE GRAND ANNUAL FANCY DRESS POLO AND UNITED COUNTIES HUNT BALL will take place on WEDNESDAY, November 27, in the ROYAL PAVILION, BRIGHTON. Tickets will be issued only on the production of a voucher. For full particulars and programmes address the Secretary, 173, Piccadilly, London, W. Books, containing a full list of members of the International Gun and Polo Club, from whom vouchers may be obtained, sent on receipt of twelve stamps. THE INTERNATIONAL PROMENADE CONCERTS will be held in the Dome on the following day.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. A TREMENDOUS MYSTERY," by F. C. Burnand, and MRS. BROWN'S HOME AND FOREIGN POLICY, by Mr. Arthur Sketchley.—EVERY EVENING, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8. Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place.

MASKELYNE AND COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL.—EVERY EVENING at Eight, and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoons at Three. A programme of inexplicable illusions and mechanical wonders. Music by Mechanism is Mr. Maskelyne's latest and greatest achievement. The performance of Fanfare, the Cornet Player, and Labial on the Euphonium, are just now the attraction and talk of the entire kingdom, the Press having spoken in terms of unqualified praise. Private Boxes from 21s. to 2½ Guineas; Stalls, 5s. and 3s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.—W. MORTON, Manager.

THE "TALKING MACHINE," or PHONOGRAPH (Edison's Patent).—"One of the greatest marvels of science."—*Times.* Is on exhibition at the Galleries of the LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, 110 and 108, Regent Street, and 54, Cheapside. Admission, 1s. "Like a recording spirit notes down and repeats every word uttered."—*Standard.*

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HAMILTON'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, HOLBORN.—Lessee, Mr. HARRY H. HAMILTON.—The Season commences this SATURDAY, Evening, with HAMILTON'S EXCURSIONS to AMERICA, enlivened by Song, Jest, and Story, and a GRAND PANSTEREORAMA of PASSING EVENTS. Superb and Costly Scenery by the most Eminent Artists. Startling Mechanical Changes and Effects. Songs and Ballads by Miss Beaumont, Mrs. Haigh, Mr. Charles Heywood, and Mr. Winter Haigh. Negro Plantation Sketches by Messrs. Andy M'Kea, F. Diamond, J. H. Gulliver, and W. Gant. The Champion American Skaters, Messrs. Ashley Smith and Hess. Every Evening at 8; Monday and Saturday at 3. Prices, 6d. to 2s.; Stalls, 3s. Bonnets allowed. No charge for booking Seats. Acting Manager, Mr. W. HARRISON.

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THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of HIGH-CLASS PICTURES at ARTHUR TOOTH'S GALLERY, 5, Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre, is now open. Admission 1s., including Catalogue.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS by artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at THOMAS M'LEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket.—Admission, including catalogue, 1s.

BRIGHTON.—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS, leaving Victoria for Brighton every Weekday at 10.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and from Brighton at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m., and on Sundays from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and from Brighton 8.30 p.m.
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(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—Engagement, for Four Nights only, commencing Monday, November 18, of THE MAJILTONS. And on Wednesday, Nov. 20, a Special Morning Performance. SWEETHEARTS and LEAH. AMATEUR PERFORMANCES in aid of the Sussex County Hospital, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, Nov. 22 and 23.

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Our Illustrations

THE IMPENDING AFGHAN WAR

See page 506 *et seq.*

"OUR VILLAGE"

See page 515.

THE CAPTIVE BALLOON AT PARIS

WE have already in a previous number (No. 455, Aug. 17, 1878) illustrated and described the main features of M. Giffard's monster balloon which, for the past few months, has occupied the courtyard of the Tuileries at Paris, and we now depict a few of the incidents which our special artist has witnessed during an ascent. Notwithstanding the somewhat high price charged (twenty francs) for each person who wished to ascend, there have been no lack of applicants, and as the balloon has frequently made from ten to fourteen ascents a day, carrying upwards of thirty people each trip, the undertaking may be fairly pronounced a commercial as well as a popular success. That it has been a popular success the crowds which have thronged the enclosure, to which people were admitted on payment of a franc, have amply testified. Various Royal personages have made the ascent, amongst others the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, who all went up in one party—a fact which raises the surmise as to what would have happened had some evil-disposed Republican of Socialistic tendencies severed the rope connecting the balloon with mother earth. Don Carlos also has made an aerial trip; while the present theatrical *diva* of Paris, Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt, for some time made a daily practice of making the ascent, so beneficial to her health did she find that mode of taking the air. To turn to our illustrations, the car of the balloon is attained by means of a gangway, where, as a rule, the more timid of the fair sex first began to express their fear. The sensation felt at starting is that of the earth receding rather than of the balloon ascending, and no disagreeable feeling is experienced, while the prospect which opens out as the distance increases from the ground is, when no fog or mist prevails, beyond description, all Paris and its picturesque environs lying beneath the spectator, mapped out in an unmatched "bird's-eye view." Some meteorologically inclined *savants* are wont to ascend laden with a car of instruments in order to register the height attained, and the temperature, humidity, and other various characteristics of the air at so unusual an altitude; while the sybarites of the boulevard are careful to bring [illegible] lest the keen air should have any unfavourable effect upon their delicate constitutions.

BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE—"UNFIT FOR WORK"

IT is very doubtful whether in this country horseflesh will ever become—like beef, pork, or mutton—a favourite article of human food. Even in France, where, it may be said without offence, people are less particular about the quality of their meat, because its native flavour is so cunningly disguised by the culinary art, even in that paradise of cooks, horseflesh holds but a precarious footing, and there is no reason to suppose that the flesh of the horses consumed in Paris by human beings is any better than that which in this country is disposed of as cats' meat. Most of those persons who wish well to their fellow creatures would rejoice if hippophagy became really popular, not so much because the stock of animal food in the world would be thereby increased, as because the development of such a taste would prove an enormous boon to the horse tribe generally. If horses were eaten as bullocks and sheep are, they would be spared the miseries which now almost invariably embitter their declining years. As soon as the prime of life was passed, they would be liberally fed, lightly worked, and put to death in a moment while in the enjoyment of all their faculties. At present the career of a horse is almost always downwards, and as he gets older he gradually exchanges good feeding, caresses, and easy work, for semi-starvation, blows, and grinding labour. His last master is generally his worst master—some callous wretch, himself steeped in poverty, who reckons that he can screw a few pounds' worth of work out of the diseased, worn-out creature, before the last scene of all is reached in the knacker's yard. It is at this stage of their career that horses make the acquaintance of police magistrates as represented in our engraving. A constable, perhaps that particular City constable who has such an eye for a horse, has detected the poor wretch's lameness, and now the magistrate, fortified by the opinion of the vet., who is putting on the bandage, has pronounced the sentence, "Unfit for work." A merciful decision, albeit it is a condemnation to death. Surely of all the lower animals, considering their service to man, and their inconsiderate treatment, horses most deserve the enjoyment of a future state. Why may not the sleep of death in their case be succeeded by a glorious awakening in prairies clothed with the sweetest grass, where the delight of existence will be intensified by a dim recollection of previous hardships?

MACCLESFIELD FREE LIBRARY

THIS building may be taken as a good architectural sample of these useful institutions, the number of which it is hoped will so increase as to leave no town of any importance without a free library and reading-room. Macclesfield having several times refused to adopt the Free Libraries Act, Mr. David Chadwick, M.P., one of the members for the borough and a native of the town, offered to erect a suitable building, and give 10,000 volumes of books, if the Corporation would accept it and keep it open free for ever. The building consists of a lofty public reading-room 45 feet by 30 feet, and a library of the same dimensions, with committee and other rooms. The style is Gothic of the Victorian period, and it is built of stone from the neighbouring Cheshire quarries, the pillars inside and outside being of polished granite. The carvings include heads of Shakespeare and Milton, and the arms of the donor and of the borough. The interior fittings are oak. The architect was Mr. James Stevens, and the builders Messrs. Neill and Sons. The cost of the land, buildings, and fittings, and of 10,000 volumes of books, together with sundry contingent expenses, was about 7,000*l.* The average number of books issued has been upwards of 1,000 volumes weekly, and the average number attending the reading-rooms has been nearly 1,500 weekly. A life-size portrait of Mr. Chadwick, painted by Mr. Norbury, of Liverpool, the result of a public subscription, was last month placed in the Free Library.

SOUTH AFRICAN SKETCHES—"PITCHING CAMP"

BY last accounts, the Perie Bush is unoccupied by troops, the Hottentots having been withdrawn from the positions held by them there, and disbanded. The sketch represents these troops arriving on their camping ground and pitching tents. The name "Hottentot," it may be observed, is given by men of European origin to that singular race of people, supposed to be descended from the aborigines of South Africa, who now dwell in and about the Cape settlements. Their language has a peculiar clicking sound, and has been compared to the clucking of a hen when laying an egg. Hence the Dutch styled them Hot-en-tot (Hot and tot), indicating thereby the way in which they talked. Dampier calls them the Hodmadods. They are not negroes, but are more akin to Mongolians, having broad foreheads, high cheek-bones, oblique eyes, and a dirty olive-coloured complexion. They live in kraals or villages, consisting of a number of circular huts like beehives. They show great skill in the management of oxen and sheep, and are also addicted to the chase, in which they use poisoned arrows, javelins, and spears. No uncultivated people appear to have received the instruction of the Moravian missionaries more readily than the Hottentots, or to have been more fully reclaimed and civilised. Under the Dutch rule they became the absolute slaves of the Boers. From this they were rescued by the humane policy of the British Government, and, as free labourers, they make excellent herdsmen and drovers.

DEPARTURE OF THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

ON Thursday the Marquis of Lorne, accompanied by H.R.H. the Princess Louise and suite, left the Mersey for Canada, after having received farewell addresses from the Liverpool Corporation and Chamber of Commerce. The steamship *Sarmatian*, which has been specially chartered for the voyage, belongs to the Allan Line, and is one of the finest passenger vessels in the world. She was built at Greenock about six years ago, is very strong, and is divided into seven water-tight compartments. She is an excellent sea-boat, being very steady, and capable of steaming fourteen knots an hour with ease. The deck saloon is very handsomely decorated and furnished, and the ladies' cabins have been converted into a boudoir for the Princess, whose sleeping cabin is fitted with a berth of novel construction, the object of which is to prevent the possibility of sea-sickness. The pillows throughout the vessel, and on board all the Allan steamers, are life-buoys, being stuffed with a material nearly as soft as feathers, and lighter than cork. Two pillows are provided for each bed, and they can be adjusted as a life-preserver in less than one minute. The *Sarmatian* has already played a conspicuous part as a Government Transport Ship. She conveyed the 42nd Highlanders (Black Watch) to the West Coast of Africa during the Ashantee War, and brought home the despatch which gave the first official intelligence of the fall of Coomassie. Captain Aird, the commander, relates with much pride the circumstance, which seemed to him no less amusing than it was important, of being formally handed a small letter containing the despatch, which he was ordered at once to carry [illegible], a distance of three thousand miles, as the sole cargo of his big ship. The *Sarmatian* will have no convoy across the Atlantic, but H.M.S. [illegible] is to meet her at some distance from the Canadian shore, and on her arrival at Halifax she will be welcomed by the whole Anglo-American squadron, which will escort her into the harbour. The new Governor General, after staying two days at Halifax, will go straight through to Montreal, where, on St. Andrew's Day, a

HANNAH BINT'S ALDERNEY

A BLUSTERING DAY IN MARCH

THE LUXURY OF DRY CLOTHING AND A GOOD FIRE

A WALK WITH THE GREYHOUNDS

"AND THE BRIDGE, WHERE EVERY ONE STOPS, AS BY INSTINCT, TO LEAN OVER THE RAILS"

OUR GOOD NEIGHBOUR, THE LIEUTENANT, SKATING

LITTLE JEM AND BLIND ROBERT

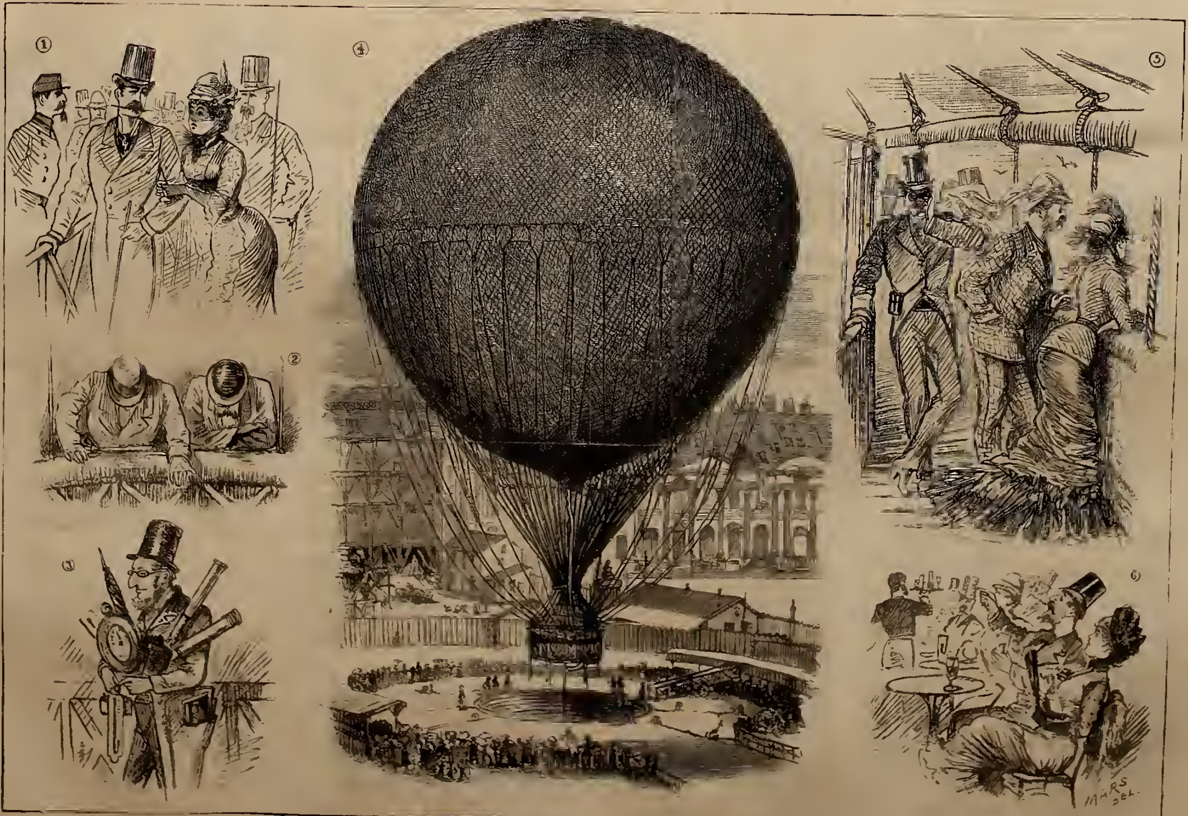
THE WORTHY WHEELER CARRYING THE CURATE'S GOWN

A SNUG LITTLE PARLOUR

A PELTING SHOWER

RACHEL HILTON, THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER

"OUR VILLAGE:" BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD



1. On the Gangway: "Gaston, dear, I'm afraid."—2. Off: "Good-bye."—3. Goes for Meteorological Observations.—4. The Balloon as seen when Starting.—5. On Board: "Really We Enjoy a most Extensive View." "Did You Say *Expensive?*"—6. How to Enjoy it without Danger.

THE GREAT CAPTIVE BALLOON AT THE TUILERIES, PARIS—SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ball will be given in his honour by the Scotch residents, and thence to Ottawa, where he will take up his residence. The visit to Quebec is deferred. The enthusiasm throughout the Dominion is very great.

THE FIRE AT MAYNOOTH COLLEGE

THE fire which occurred on the 1st inst. at Maynooth College, and which at one time threatened to destroy the whole building, is supposed to have originated from the overheating of a stove-pipe. It broke out about 8 A.M. in the western wing, the occupants of which had barely time to escape. The students, some 500 in number, rushed *en masse* to the Library, and worked hard to save its contents, which they fortunately succeeded in doing, as some of the books could never have been replaced. The Lord Mayor of Dublin, on receiving a telegram, immediately despatched a steam fire engine and ten men, breaking through the rule that the Brigade should never leave the city, in consideration of the College being a national institution. Delay was, however, caused by the telegraph service being out of order, and the difficulty of getting horses to draw the engine from the railway station. The students had, however, besides rescuing the valuables, done good service in keeping the flames in check by means of a hand engine and some water buckets, but when the Dublin engine arrived the whole of the wing was in flames, and it was only after four hours' arduous labour that the fire was subdued. Our engraving, which is from a photograph by Messrs. Chancellor and Son of Sackville Street, Dublin, shows the condition of things on the day after the catastrophe. It will be seen that the whole of the western wing is in ruins, and in addition to this much valuable furniture has been destroyed, many of the students losing all their belongings. There was, however, no truth in the rumour that several persons were injured, and that one student was killed, the fact being that no one received the slightest injury. The College was established in 1795 by an Act of the Irish Parliament to provide for the education of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy, but its endowment was withdrawn under the Irish Church Act of 1871. It was repaired and enlarged in 1860.

HOME.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.——Favoured by fine weather, the outdoor portion of the Civic festivities was a perfect success, albeit the procession was nothing like so gorgeous as that of last year. The streets in the Ward of Bridge, to which the new Chief Magistrate belongs, were tastefully decorated by Messrs. Defries, the chief feature being London Bridge itself, which was turned for the nonce into a floral avenue, at each end of which a graceful arch of evergreens spanned the roadway. Along the edge of the kerb were rows of dwarf cypress trees in stands, and it is a remarkable thing that, directly the procession had passed, the crowd "went for" these trees, and quickly denuded every one of them of its branches, so that in the afternoon the singular spectacle of a double row of naked and unsightly poles presented itself. We know not whether to attribute this freak to the inherent love of mischief for mischief's sake, for which our countrymen have such an unenviable notoriety, or whether it might not possibly be the outcome of some occult political feeling in the minds of the destroyers, nor can we explain the apparent inaction of the police. The only novelty in the procession itself was a lifeboat fully manned and equipped, and, although the day was very gusty around our coasts, we have not learnt that the services of this particular boat were required at its station. At Westminster, the Lord Mayor received the congratulations of the Exchequer Barons, Lord Chief Baron Kelly remarking in the course of his speech that, though he had sometimes been censured by a few, for touching upon political subjects, he had yet to learn that upon such an occasion a judge was forbidden to call deep and earnest attention to matters which imperil the commercial interests of the country. He had read with burning indignation the report of the Rhodope Commission, and he considered it to be the duty of England, Germany, Austria, and France to hasten at once to rescue the victims of Russian barbarity. Russia was disregarding, evading, and he might almost say violating and setting at nought the Treaty of Berlin. If we could stop her encroachments by negotiation, we should escape a mighty evil; but if not, we must defy her to meet us in the field. The return of the procession to the City was welcomed with shouts and cheers by the crowds who had thronged the streets all day. The banquet at the Guildhall—about which, by the way, there has been some grumbling in consequence of the old order of precedence at the tables being in some degree departed from, and also the non-invitation of the majority of the representatives of the Sunday newspapers—was served with customary magnificence. The event of the evening was of course Lord Beaconsfield's speech, which dealt mainly with the Berlin Treaty, the execution of which, he contended, was making satisfactory progress, considering that only a third of the time, agreed upon for carrying out its provisions, had elapsed. He repudiated the idea that any of the Powers wished to evade its engagements, spoke contemptuously of the "gossip of subalterns of different States," and declared that the world was governed by sovereigns and statesmen, not by anonymous paragraphists or the "harebrained chatter of irresponsible frivolity." With regard to Afghanistan, the Administration had not considered that an invasion of India on its North-Western frontier was practicable; but the frontier was a haphazard and an unscientific one, and its rectification had been the subject of deliberation under various Viceroys and different Ministries. Such measures had now been taken as would effect the object required, and the North-Western frontier would soon cease to be a source of anxiety. If Asia Minor were in the possession of a very weak or a very powerful State, an adequate force might advance through Persia, and menace India, and therefore the Convention with Turkey had been entered into, in order that Asia Minor might remain in the possession of our ally. Cyprus would be no burden to this country, and its administration would exercise a most beneficial influence on the contiguous dominions of the Sultan. With regard to statements which had been made pointing to the decline of England, her fate was in her own hands, and while she retained the courage of her forefathers there would never be any diminution of her power.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——Lord Northbrook, speaking on Monday at a banquet given to the ex-Mayor of Winchester, said that he was responsible for the settlement of some of the difficulties which arose in 1876 between the Khan of Khelat and his nobles, but he had always been opposed to the occupation of Quettah, and to other suggestions which had been made for the rectification of the North-Western frontier. He believed that our present frontier was unassailable, and to make any further advance into Afghanistan would be unwise. Our greatest difficulty was in dealing with the independent tribes, and the further we advanced the greater this difficulty would become.—On the same day, Mr. Blake, M.P. for Leominster, addressing his constituents, laid a heavy indictment against Lord Beaconsfield. He was the greatest troubler of England and of Europe, he abused the prerogative of the Crown, ignored Parliament, favoured despotism, restrained liberty, broke European law by secret treaties, duplicity, and double dealing; sacrificed the national honour, deceived Turkey, betrayed Greece, insulted friendly Powers, stimulated the war feeling, squandered the revenue, increased taxation, depressed trade, upheld ecclesiastical intolerance, and opposed all popular reforms. To prevent further national disaster, the country should petition the Queen for his instant dismissal, and if necessary to summon a new Parliament.—On Tuesday, Mr. Fawcett, M.P., speaking at Bethnal Green, condemned the policy of the Government as one of obscurity and mystification, and said that the new doctrine of having things decided for the people, and not by them as a self-governed nation, was a farce and an empty mockery. All military commanders and every Viceroy who preceded Lord Lytton were opposed to an extension of the Indian frontier, and their opinion was overwhelming when compared with the anonymous military authorities to whom the defenders of the Government were constantly referring. It had been truly said that England's real trouble would begin as soon as she had Cabul at her feet.—Mr. Gladstone, in a long letter to the Bedford Liberal Association, commenting on Lord Beaconsfield's speech on Saturday last, says that "rectification of frontier" is only the diplomatic phrase for annexation of territory. He considers that each new Ministerial manifesto discloses fresh reason for disquietude.—The Colston Anniversary Dinners were held at Bristol on Wednesday. At the Liberal banquet Lord Carlingford objected to the entire Eastern Policy of Government, and asked why they had not seen the Berlin Treaty carried out before "firing off an embassy" at the head of the Ameer of Cabul. At the Conservative gathering Mr. R. Plunkett, M.P., spoke of the obstruction in the House of Commons last session; the Duke of Beaufort declared his belief that the provisions of the Berlin Treaty would be loyally carried out; and Lord H. Thynne, M.P., dealt with the depression in trade, much of which he thought might have resulted from Liberal legislation during the last forty years.—The Liberals of Bristol have adopted a resolution urging the Government to make strenuous efforts to secure a peaceful solution of the Afghan difficulty.—The dissension amongst the Home Rulers goes on as briskly as ever. Mr. Butt has issued a manifesto (the first of a series, in which he intends to deal with the whole question in detail). He again repeats that he will resign his seat rather than yield, and warns his opponents that if the Irish party is once broken up, the work of reconstruction will be long and weary, if not impossible. To this Mr. O'Connor Power replies that Mr. Butt's policy has irretrievably failed, and Mr. Parnell, while denying that he and his friends desire the expulsion of Mr. Butt and some of his supporters from Parliament, alleges that the "energetic party" is the only one having a chance of success in Irish affairs. —Mr. Parnell is stated to have received from the Fenian Brotherhood of New York, now revived under the secretaryship of the once famous James Stephens, an offer of assistance pecuniary "and otherwise" in a constitutional but aggressive policy in Ireland.—On Wednesday the Irish Society of London held a meeting to congratulate the Fenians Clancy and Aheane upon their release.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The Board of Trade Report on the loss of the *Princess Alice*, issued on Saturday, attributes the disaster entirely to that vessel not porting her helm, but no personal blame is attached to any of her crew. Various recommendations are made for improving the navigation of the river, and on these some remarks will be found in our "Topics of the Week." The inquest was concluded on Wednesday, the coroner asking the jury to say which vessel was to blame, and whether the other contributed at all, culpably or accidentally, to the collision, and also, whichever vessel was in fault, whether "the cause originated wilfully, criminally, or culpably; or from gross negligence; or from pure accident." The jury retired at five o'clock, and during the night the coroner was several times called in to explain legal points to them. He drafted no fewer than four verdicts, to none of which they would agree; but at 7.30 A.M. on Thursday a decision was arrived at by 15 votes to 4 to the effect that the collision was not wilful, that the *Bywell Castle* did not take the necessary precautions in time, and that the *Princess Alice* contributed to the collision by not stopping and going astern. A rider was added declaring that the *Princess Alice* was seaworthy but not efficiently manned, that she carried more passengers than was prudent, and that the means of saving life were insufficient.—The water in the Abercarne Colliery is now sufficiently reduced to allow explorers to enter the workings. Five bodies were recovered on Saturday last.—The weather during the past week has been very severe. Heavy snowstorms have fallen in Scotland and some parts of England, and violent gales have been experienced around the coast, where many wrecks, some of them attended by loss of life, have occurred. Inland, the railway and road traffic has been greatly impeded by the snow, and much damage has been done to property by the violence of the wind. The cold has been most intense; on Tuesday, at Bristol, a farmer's wife, who had left home hale and hearty, was found dead in her market-cart from exposure.—The wages' agitation amongst the Kent and Sussex farm-labourers is increasing. On Monday a great meeting is to be held at Maidstone, to be followed next day by one at Woolwich, whence the labourers are to march on Wednesday to London, and after passing through the City with banners and music, they will hold a great "demonstration" in Exeter Hall. The Executive Committee have received offers of grants of land from the Government of Canada and South Australia.

THEATRES

A NEW romantic play in five acts, entitled *A Republican Marriage*, was produced on Saturday last at a morning performance at the OLYMPIC Theatre, where the performance will be repeated to-day. The piece is understood to be the work of a lady who has had no previous experience of writing for the stage; but it is nevertheless constructed with a good deal of skill, and, in spite of many obvious defects, it has the merit of unfolding an interesting plot, and, what is rarer still, the author is able to keep the main issue of her story constantly in the mind of her audience. A slight resemblance between the theme of *A Republican Marriage*, and that of Lord Lytton's *Lady of Lyons* has been pointed out, and, so far as regards the circumstance that in both plays a poor—or at least a presumptively poor—hero contrives to marry an aristocratic heroine, and endeavours afterwards to soothe her offended feelings by generous forbearance and respectful treatment, the observation is just enough. But there is little more than this. Henri Duval, the hero of the new play, simply marries Marie de Courcelles to save her from a massacre during the Reign of Terror—a somewhat perilous proceeding for a hitherto unsuspected Republican. His act therefore has nothing of the mean and base complexion which not even the rhetorical speeches assigned to Claude Melnotte can make us forget. On the other hand, the writer certainly fails to extract from the situation the strength of which it might be capable in more experienced hands. Henri treats his reluctant bride in a style of good tempered but rather inconsiderate banter, chiefly *à propos* of her ignorance of domestic duties; and the young lady on her side exhibits no consciousness whatever of the generous nature by which her deliverer has been actuated in rescuing her—certainly at great risk to himself—from certain destruction. But Henri and Marie are not a common hero and heroine. Each has a certain vein of pleasantry even under difficulties and distress; together with a dash of self-will which at least relieve them from the charge of insipidity. All this is very cleverly depicted, and the little domestic scenes between them, and the gradual development of a sincere affection under the cruel persecutions they suffer at the hands of a designing Republican rival, undoubtedly inspire interest in the audience. In the end the young lady, restored to her family, is exhibited as cherishing an unabated regard for her *quasi*-husband, and a resolute determination not to acquiesce in the brilliant marriage which her friends, who are applying for a divorce, have devised for her, until the discovery that her eligible lover is no other than Henri in disguise, and that Henri is in fact not an humble but an aristocratic admirer, furnishes a happy *dénouement*. Miss Marion Terry plays the part of the heroine with much refinement and true tenderness; and no better representative of the generous impulsive Henri than Mr. Neville could well be found. The serious element in the piece is skillfully relieved by the humours of a pert but good-natured *gamin* very cleverly represented by Miss Lizzie Coote. Mr. Frank Archer, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Vollaire, and Mrs. Huntley also lend efficient aid in minor parts.

Mr. Chatterton's Shakesperian programme at DRURY LANE appears now to be finally abandoned. During the past week *Othello* has taken the place of *Macbeth* on alternate nights with *The Winter's Tale*; but both these plays will now be withdrawn. In their place the romantic play of *Belphegor* will be produced this evening, with Mr. Dillon in his old character of the Mountebank. It will be preceded by a revival of Colman's *Jealous Wife*, compressed into three acts, in which Mrs. Vezin will sustain the character of Mrs. Oakley.

In spite of the gloom and rain on Wednesday last, the funeral of the late Mr. Phelps, at Highgate Cemetery, was attended by a very large number of ladies and gentleman, among whom were several of the deceased actor's leading supporters in his Shakespeare revivals in old days at Sadler's Wells. The coffin bore the simple inscription, "SAMUEL PHELPS. Born February 13, 1804. Died November 6, 1878."

Mr. Byron's new burlesque extravaganza, *Young Fra Diavolo*, will be produced at the GAIETY on Monday next, supported by Mr. Terry, Miss E. Farren, and Mr. Royce, and other popular performers. *Paul Pry* will be revived on the same occasion.—The PHILHARMONIC Theatre, at Islington, has reopened under a new management, with a revival of the burlesque of *L'Africaine*. —The PRINCESS'S Theatre will reopen on the 30th inst., with a new romantic drama, entitled, *The Shadow of a Crime*, written by Mr. James Albery and Mr. Joseph Hatton.

An English version of Offenbach's *La Perichole* has been produced at the ALHAMBRA Theatre, with Miss Emily Soldene as the fair street singer, Mr. Knight Aston as her lover Piquito, and Mr. Aynsley Cook as Don Andres, the amorous Peruvian Viceroy. To criticise the piece itself would be superfluous, as it has already been played both in French and English in London; but, with regard to the dialogue, we may say that as usual with French Opera Bouffes, it has not been improved by translation, while the character of Don Pedro, the Governor of Lima, and right-hand man of the Viceroy, is rendered most vulgar and offensive by the would-be comic habit of stuttering with which Mr. Kelleher endowed it. The music, though hardly to be ranked with the best of Offenbach's compositions, is exceedingly light and tuneful, and is very well performed by Mr. Jacobi's band. The three principal performers, Mr. Aston especially, deserve considerable praise for the taste with which they sang their several airs and concerted pieces. The minor characters are very fairly filled, Mr. Frank Hall meriting a word of commendation for his humorous pourtrayal of Count Panatellas—who was comic without being coarse, and Mr. John Wallace for his effective acting as the Marquis de Santarem, the old prisoner of twelve years' standing. The choruses are good, and the scenery exceedingly pretty; but the dresses and ballet hardly come up to the high standard which of late years has been the speciality of this house.

SPORTING

THE TURF.——Glancing back for a moment at the Liverpool Meeting of last week, it is but fair to say that it increased in interest as it progressed. The Cup day was favoured with lovely weather for the time of year, and seldom has a larger or more aristocratic gathering been seen on the course. The race for the Cup itself, as the big handicap is called, was really a good one, the field of fifteen comprising many high-class animals. Touchet, who ran second in the Cambridgeshire, maintained his supremacy in the market till the fall of the flag, Belphœbe at the last supplanting Master Kildare, and becoming second favourite. The result of the race was an illustration of the accurate judgment often formed by backers, as the three animals just named finished first, second, and third, though not in the order of the betting, Belphœbe being successful, with Touchet second, and Master Kildare next. Lord Hartington's filly, however, only won by a neck, and only a head separated the two next. A finer finish has hardly been seen this season. It was quite in accordance with public running; but Lord Rosebery, the owner of Touchet, and Captain Machell, the owner of Kildare, may fairly claim some sympathy, especially the former, for the defeat of their animals. A more disappointing animal than Touchet has hardly been on the Turf for years, and he must have cost his backers, who have so often stood him, a little fortune. Last year, after being heavily supported, he could only get fourth for the Lincolnshire Handicap; and, starting first favourite, he was second for the City and Suburban. In the Rous Memorial Stakes he ran third, and now he has had to put up with second place in two such great handicaps as the Cambridgeshire and Liverpool Cup. He has run altogether in a great number of races, and is certainly a very fair class horse. As to Master Kildare, four times within the last few weeks he has run well—viz., in the St. Leger, the Cesarewitch, Cambridgeshire, and the Liverpool Cup, each time being strongly fancied by his friends; but victory has been denied him. Both animals seem now to have retired into winter quarters, and perhaps will yet do a good turn for their friends next season, as both appear to be perfectly sound. On her last day at Liverpool Belphœbe stamped her excellence by giving Julius Cæsar a year and 5 lbs. in the Duchy Cup, and winning by any number of lengths. On the last day, too, the Great Lancashire Stakes were specially interesting, from the fact that Sir Joseph made his first appearance on a racecourse since the Derby, for which he was so strongly fancied. Helena was made favourite, but she could only get third, Sir Joseph beating Tower and Sword, who ran second.—The revived meeting at Derby during the present week was a fair success, though the second day's racing had to be deferred till Wednesday, owing to frost and snow. In the Derby Cup, Muscatel, who has often proved a disappointing filly, for once ran up to her best form, beating a fair field of ten, in which was Lancaster, who showed prominently in both the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. Nurseries are always popular at this time of year; and eighteen competitors contested the Chesterfield, for which Merry Thought and Sunnybrae ran a deadheat, the former winning the deciding heat. On the Wednesday, the Friary Nursery fell to C.B., and the Chatsworth Plate to Woodlark, neither of the winners being much fancied, in strongish fields.—The old-established Shrewsbury Meeting attracted large and good fields as usual, especially on the second day, when Woodquest won the Wilton Welter by a neck from Corona, Lord Rosebery's Strathavon the Grendon Welter, and Censer the Innkeepers' Plate. The Great Shropshire Handicap brought a round dozen to the post, of whom Avontes was made a strong favourite; and he won easily enough from Sunshade and Sutler, affording another instance of a horse eventually justifying the opinion of a powerful stable, even though he has been signally beaten after having been tried very highly for a great event. The Shrewsbury Meeting will be long remembered for a riot got up by welshers, thieves, and a whole band of ruffians, who nearly succeeded in capturing a stand and enclosure, and robbing the occupiers. A more disgraceful scene has perhaps never been witnessed on a racecourse; and it shows the necessity for having a very strong body of police present on all such occasions. The incident will, of course, be used to point a moral against the Turf; but it must be remembered that wherever there are large assemblies collected for any purpose of amusement, there also is to be found a large contingent of the predatory class.

Coursing.——The recent Champion Meeting at Newmarket is allowed on all hands to have been one of the best ever held in the vicinity of the famous Heath. A noticeable feature was the grand form displayed by the Duke of Hamilton's kennel, his Grace dividing three of the principal stakes, and thus indicating that his nomination for the Waterloo Cup is not unlikely to be in strong demand.

Aquatics.——At Oxford the final heat for the Fours was won by Magdalen, who beat University by five seconds. This is the first time in the history of Oxford Aquatics that this College has won this trophy.—At Cambridge the result of the Colquhoun Sculls was in favour of Sandford, of St. John's, who beat Knaggs, of Caius, by barely a second. At both Universities the Trial Eights are now in daily practice for the December race.—On the Tyne, John Hawdon has beaten William Lumsden in a match for 100*l.* a-side, and is evidently "the coming man" among scullers.

Football.——Several games in the first round of the Association Challenge Cup contest were played off on Saturday last at different trysting grounds. Barnes beat Maidenhead, the Pilgrims Brentwood, Reading Hendon, the Swifts the Hawks. But perhaps the two games which created most interest were those at the Oval, when Cambridge University overthrew the Hertfordshire Rangers, and the Old Etonians made seven goals to the Wanderers' two. The Wanderers played a very strong eleven, and as they have won the Cup three years in succession, to say nothing of the two first years of its institution, the tremendous defeat inflicted on them by the Old Etonians points to the latter as being very likely to come victorious out of the present contest.

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Lady Nursemaids.——"It would be perhaps worth while," says a correspondent, "to record the experience obtained in an attempt in this direction. In response to a carefully worded advertisement, we received somewhat over a hundred replies. As a personal interview is specially desirable, we selected, within a circle of some fifteen miles, forty-three letters. These on examination gave only eleven worthy of consideration; the rest were evidently either from servants out of place, or from others totally unfit for the required duties. On these eleven we called without any previous notice, and with one exception they were of the class unfitted by pride and ignorance to be ordinary servants, and certainly fit for nothing else. The idle, would-be fine young lady, with little or no education, who appears in such force in reply to advertisements for governesses, was here conspicuous by her absence, and it appeared that the class specially fitted by nature for the required work would not undertake it; in fact, I think that the really useful young lady is rather a scarce commodity, and not easy to get hold of, as those who have her know her value only too well. The one exception referred to was one probably suitable, but who only wanted to go out for a short time, as she clearly put it, for a change, which would not suit us. Coming on them without notice, we met with one or two revelations. One, who in her letter objected to take a baby in arms out, we found with a black face, and in a general state of dirt, *cleaning the front door step;* another, who objected to anything 'menial,' had been a barmaid; and so on through most of the lot. The advertisement, to reach the eyes of the right class, was headed, 'Nursery Governess;' but plainly it had not reached any further than their eyes. The question is whether the idea is worth another trial, and if we shall go through the remainder (at no little expense), in the hope of finding the prize which did certainly *not* appear in the forty and three we did go through."

"Shall We Annex England?" is the title of an article in this week's *New York Herald.* After remarking on the decadence of the Old Country, and stating that England is like an old man retiring from business to live on his fortune, being no longer able to run successfully in the race with the younger and more energetic, though less wealthy nations, and after declaring that Lord Beaconsfield, with true foresight, is preparing the way for the "Empress to rule from Calcutta," or mayhap "Ottawa," as the Princess Louise has been sent with her husband to "occupy the ground," the writer declares both these ideas inadequate. "They are as delusive," he continues, "as the old woman's device who thanked Heaven that she had been able to borrow money enough to pay all her debts. There is but one real cure for the British difficulty, and we have sometimes thought that Mr. Gladstone was dimly beginning to see it. There is but one way to save England, and that is annexation to the United States. We have not space now to discuss the great merits of this plan, or to point out that the march of democratic ideas in England leads to this conclusion and none other. We are not certain that the American people, who have rejected Cuba and will not have Mexico, would consent to receive England into our communion of States; the advantages would be greatly on her side. But at any rate we have no doubt Secretary Evarts would readily correspond with Lord Beaconsfield on the subject, and, if necessary, pave the way with his accustomed urbanity for England to knock at the doors of Congress for admission to the Union. There she would be safe, and in these times it is a good deal to be merely safe."

Properly Warmed Rooms.——It is a very general complaint at this season of the year, when we are obliged to warm our sitting-rooms and shut the windows, that they become almost unbearable from an upper stratum of hot air that stifles our breath, and bakes the body above the knees whilst the feet are numbed with cold. This is a very dangerous state of things for those who have to remain the whole day long shut up in a room. In offices the clerks are often placed on high stools, so that they may be perched a foot above the ground; but we cannot well adopt the fashion in our dwelling houses. Happily a very simple arrangement of the fire grate will cure this evil. The public have to thank a gentleman who has so often brought to the front, not so much new inventions, as the proper application of well-known natural means to increase our comfort; and as an instance of this, what is known as the "Parson's Grate," and which may be applied to any chamber, is a case in point. Mr. Mechi, of Tiptree Hall, Kelvedon, Essex, on public grounds, for the sake of the comfort and health of the community, will send instructions to any one desiring to construct one of these; he is very desirous that they should be introduced into the waiting-rooms of railway stations, and no doubt those who read this will agree with him that these public resorts are anything but pleasant resting-places in cold weather. Whatever may be adopted, whether these "Parson's Grates," which are the cheapest; or hot air, or hot water, which are the cleanest, healthiest, and most agreeable, albeit too costly for a modest purse; no room can be properly warmed unless the feet are made the first consideration.

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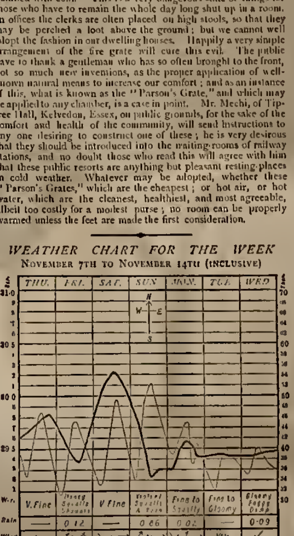
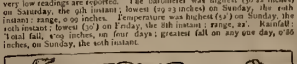
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

November 7th to November 14th (inclusive)



Explanation.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.—The weather during this period has been extremely unsettled. The week opened with a rising barometer, and beautifully fine weather; but on Thursday evening, the 7th instant, the mercury began to fall steadily, and on Friday, the 8th instant, clouds and showers were experienced, with heavy squalls, reaching the force of a fresh gale from north-west in the evening. The barometer had, however, by this time commenced to rise, and continued to do so until Saturday afternoon, the 9th instant. The sky once more cleared, and another very fine day was experienced; but the new fall in the barometer, which became more decided in the evening, was soon followed by an unpleasant change in the weather. The sky quickly clouded, and the wind increased, reaching the force of a strong gale in squalls on Sunday morning, the 10th instant. The remainder of the day was very wet; but the mercury began to rise towards evening, and the change becoming more decided next morning, fine weather once more set in. The changes in the barometer since Monday have been irregular, but not extensive, and cloudy, squally weather has prevailed, drizzling rain falling nearly all day on Wednesday, the 13th instant. Temperature has been low all the week; but as the nights have been usually cloudy, no very low readings are reported. The barometer was highest (30·22 inches) on Saturday, the 9th instant; lowest (29·23 inches) on Sunday, the 10th instant; range, 0·99 inches. Temperature was highest (52°) on Sunday, the 10th instant; lowest (30°) on Friday, the 8th instant; range, 22°. Rainfall: Total fall, 1·09 inches, on four days; greatest fall on any one day, 0·86 inches, on Sunday, the 10th instant.



Mr. Frederick Leighton, R.A., has been elected President of the Royal Academy of Arts.

Mount Etna is reported to be showing signs of an eruption. Several severe shocks of earthquake and loud subterranean rumblings continued recently for a week, and the inhabitants of Mimea were so alarmed as to quit the town altogether. In the meantime Mount Vesuvius is calming down.

German Artists are complaining bitterly of the hard times, and scarcely any pictures have been bought by private persons at the Annual Exhibition of the Berlin Art Academy. Indeed the Council of the Academy have petitioned Government to devote 150,000 marks (7,500*l.*) to the purchase of pictures in order to support art under such unfavourable circumstances.

The Jewish Working Men's Club and Institute, Hutchison Street, Aldgate, provides a varied supply of evening Lectures, Readings, and Debates, for the Winter Session, which opened last week. Established to afford the Jewish industrial classes social intercourse, mental culture, and recreation, the Club admits male members over 20 and female members over 16 by the payment of a small subscription, and, in addition to evening entertainments, furnishes them with a reading-room, circulating library, and coffee-room.

A Valuable Soporific for Railway Travellers has been invented by a French physician—a concoction which sends a person to sleep for a given time. The doctor can calculate the effect of his discovery within about ten minutes, and will give a dose ensuring sleep during a journey of twenty, fifty, a hundred, or two hundred miles, according to taste. The restless traveller is thus spared the weariness of a long night journey, while sleepily-disposed people can indulge in a good nap without fear of passing their destination. The invention—which, by the way, is said to taste like Chartreuse—might surely prove valuable to persons afflicted with sea-sickness.

Gold has been Discovered in the Wynaad, a small district in the Madras Presidency, and a mining engineer from Victoria has been exploring the quartz reefs to test the quality of the product. Mr. Brough Smyth has surveyed an area of 25 miles by 13, and has found a considerable quantity of ore reef with a thickness of from 2 ft. to 4 ft., yielding from a few pennyweights to 200 ounces per ton, while the richest stone shows a fine and coarse gold with jagged pieces as large as peas. Gold-mining in the Wynaad thus promises to become a productive industry if capital and good management be ensured. The Wynaad climate is healthy and pleasant for Europeans during nine months of the year, but feverish during the remainder.

London Mortality increased last week, and 1,590 deaths were registered against 1,386, an increase of 204, being at the rate of 23·2 per 1,000. There were 9 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 6), 18 from measles (an increase of 3), 60 from scarlet fever (an increase of 11, but 32 below the average), 11 from diphtheria, 33 from whooping-cough (an increase of 11), 30 from different forms of fever, and 26 from diarrhœa. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 433 (an increase of 81), of which 277 resulted from bronchitis. There were 2,607 births registered, against 2,532 during the previous week. The mean temperature was 38·8 deg., or 2·0 below the average. The duration of sunshine was 13·5 hours, the sun being 65·1 hours above the horizon.

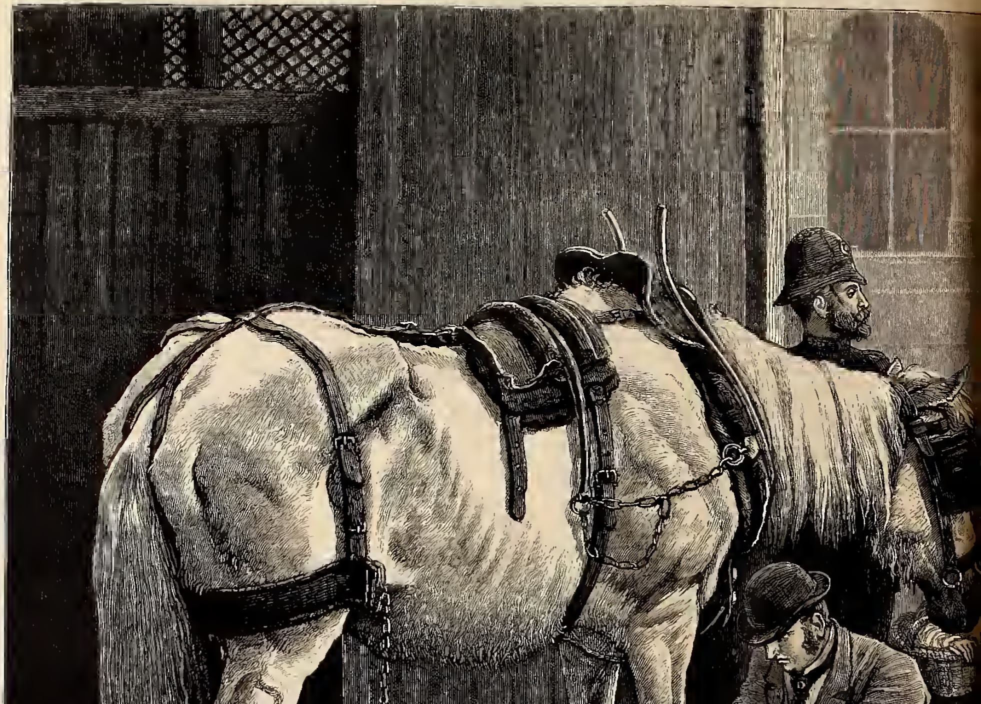
Wine Growers in Southern France and Europe are becoming so alarmed by the rapid increase of the *Phylloxera* that, according to the *Petit Marseillais*, they have been experimentalising to discover what fruit would yield wine as nearly resembling the product of the vine as possible. The orange has been found most productive, as four kinds of wine have been obtained from the fruit, "Dry" and "Imperial" yielded by the orange in January, "Mandarin" obtained in April, and "Sparkling" produced by a special process. These wines are good in colour, clear, and well flavoured, with a slightly acid taste, while the three first contain 15 per cent. of alcohol and the last 12 per cent. The oranges must be gathered before their maturity, as when ripe they are too sweet for use.

The Leicester Square Soup Kitchen and Refuge, which daily distributes food to the destitute gratuitously, last year gave away 102,595 meals and Christmas dinners to 1,030 families, while 15½ tons of coals were distributed at the same season. In the Refuge 2,600 nights' lodgings were given, and here the houseless poor who are not vagrants are provided with supper, bed, and breakfast. This charity provides family tickets, which entitle the holder to two quarts of soup and a portion of bread, while the tickets for meals given away by missionaries and workers among the poor are a valuable substitute for the indiscriminate giving of money. As the winter is coming on, donations will be gratefully received by W. Stevens, Secretary, at the Soup Kitchen, Ham Yard, Great Windmill Street, St. James's, W.

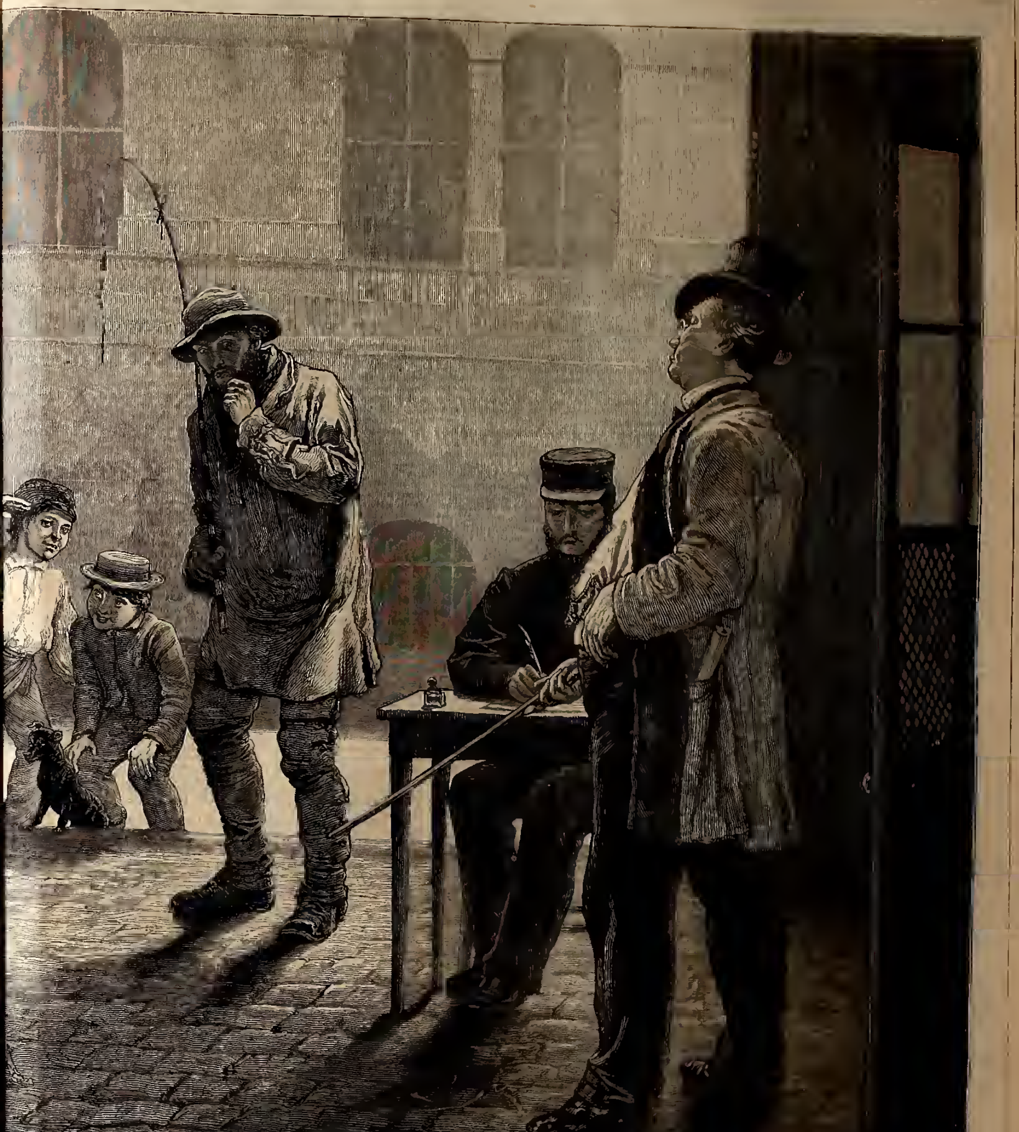
British Art in India does not seem to reach a high pitch of excellence, to judge from the criticism of a correspondent of the *Times of India* who had visited the annual Fine Art Exhibition at Simla. "Most of the pictures," says the critic, "were atrocious daubs. There were skies, such skies that the blue heavens outside, could they have witnessed what an outrage had been committed on their azure purity, would have blushed crimson. There were foliage, and jungle, and seas displayed on canvas, and all as unlike nature as the ingenuity of man or woman could contrive. I saw a tiger with such a head and neck that the royal beast would have been perfectly justified in gobbling up the artist. There was an elephant knock-kneed, and such an infinity of caricatures of nature that it was a relief to look at the clear sky above after the fearful azures and blood-reds to which we had been exposed."

Prince Bismarck's Daughter, the Countess Marie, whose wedding took place last week, has married, after all, her first love, Count von Rantzau. When boy and girl together, the young pair used to meet as they were coming home from school, and the Count would carry Marie's books, tell her long stories, and pay her innumerable attentions. Count von Rantzau went into the army, and some time afterwards heard that his old love was engaged to Count Eulenburg. Henry von Rantzau fell into a gloomy state of mind, and was subject to fits of depression which greatly alarmed his comrades. Typhoid fever, however, carried off young Count Eulenburg, and Count von Rantzau speedily recovered his spirits, renewed his acquaintance with the Bismarcks, and again courted the Countess Marie, abandoning the sword for diplomacy. One of the great features of the wedding *fêtes* was the distribution to each guest of a brief poem, recounting this episode, written by a young relative of Prince Bismarck, and entitled "On revient toujours à ses premières amours." Countess Marie's young lady friends also gave her a large album, containing views of every place she had lived in before her marriage, and bearing the inscription, "The days that are no more."

The American Arctic Vessel *Florence*, sent out last year under Captain Tyson, as the pioneer of Captain Howgate's plan for establishing Polar colonies, and which was compelled to return through the failure of Congress to commission an expeditionary vessel to meet her at Disco, as had been arranged, has come back to Massachusetts in a very damaged condition. The *Florence* wintered in Annatook Harbour, lat. 66·28; long. 68·45; and spent an uneventful time, the naturalists and crew, however, obtaining some valuable specimens and skins. The weather was fair, and the thermometer during January averaged 20 deg. below zero, while March 1st was excessively cold, the thermometer ranging from 40 to 45 deg. below *zero*. The weather then broke up, and in July the *Florence* started south, passing through dense fields of ice, only to experience disappointment at *Disco* by the non arrival of the promised vessel. After waiting till August 22, the expedition started for home, and had a terrific passage, springing a leak and running so short of provisions on the road that they had consumed the last morsel of food before their arrival at Provincetown, and were contemplating eating the skins of their cargo. Such an icy season has not been known in the North for thirty years, and Captain Tyson has no belief in an open Polar Sea. Talking of Arctic exploration, the Dutch *Willem Barents*, sent to Spitzbergen to erect a monument to the discoverer, and to restore the graves of the early explorers, returned to Amsterdam rather unexpectedly last month.



BEFORE THE MAGISTR



TE—"UNFIT FOR WORK"

FOREIGN

THE EASTERN QUESTION.——Matters have taken a more peaceful turn this week, the warlike tone of the Russian press, and their declarations that the Treaty of Berlin is no longer anything but a dead letter, have been considerably modified, while the Czar has despatched a Note to the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, assuring him that "it is the wish of the Emperor to give all due respect to the stipulations of the Treaty of Berlin, and to bring about the much-desired pacification by the faithful execution of the Treaty, and that no Imperial functionary will fail in this respect." A St. Petersburg telegram also declares that Russia intends to adhere solely to the principles established by the Treaty of Berlin, adding that "Russia earnestly desires an understanding with England both in Europe and in Asia." These assurances have not been given before they were needed, as the apparently official violence of the St. Petersburg press, the utterances of Prince Dondoukoff on leaving East Roumelia (among other things he is said to have remarked "Traité de Berlin—Musique de Offenbach"), the obstructive policy of the Russian members of the East Roumelian Commission, and the massing of Russian troops south of the Balkans, had not unnaturally alarmed the other signatories of the Treaty of Berlin, and, apart from Lord Beaconsfield's declaration at the Guildhall on Saturday, had brought forth an announcement from the Emperor of Austria that his Government would "loyally stand up for the consistent and general fulfilment of the Treaty of Berlin." Moreover, the peaceful aspect is not confined to "words," but the Russians have definitively handed over to the Roumelian Commission at Philippopolis the financial administration of the new Province, notwithstanding that a popular demonstration protested against the measure; the Sultan has appointed Midhat Pasha to be Governor of Syria; while the Porte, yielding to the pressure of France and Italy, has at last determined to appoint delegates to consider the rectification of the Greek frontier as recommended by the Berlin Congress, the Austrians have issued a liberal amnesty to all Bosnian and Herzegovinian insurgents who will give themselves up within a fortnight, and, lastly, Count Schouvaloff is not going to replace Prince Gortschakoff as Premier, but is coming back from Livadia to London, laden, it is said, with peaceful assurances, having called at Vienna on his way to see the Emperor of Austria, and impress upon him that the Czar is bent upon carrying out the Treaty. It is rumoured also that an International Commission is to be formed to watch over the execution of the Treaty. Some such scheme as this was suggested at the Berlin Congress, but fell to the ground. In the mean time, the insurrection in Macedonia does not appear to be on the decrease; recruiting is being actively carried on by Bulgarian agents, while the insurgents are seemingly well fed and well armed, and, moreover, to be systematically officered.

To turn to ASIA MINOR, some so-called authentic particulars have arrived respecting the reply of the Porte accepting the English reforms in Asia Minor. The four fundamental points are the organisation of a *gendarmérie* with European officers, the appointment of European travelling inspectors, whose duties will consist in receiving complaints against the judges and watch over the administration of justice, the reorganisation of the finances according to the English scheme, and a five years' term of office for the *valis* and inspectors.—ROUMANIA has now taken the organisation of the Dobrudscha actively in hand, and is busily appointing the administrative officials, of whom there is to be a double proportion, owing to the difficulties anticipated in forming the new government. All the Powers have sent their Ministers to Bucharest, except England and France, those two countries abstaining until some definitive reforms respecting the future position of the Jews have been adopted by the Roumanian Government.—SERVIA is growing far more peaceful in tone, the elections to the Skuptschina have passed off quietly, while the report that should war again break out with Russia Servia would afford her effective help is officially denied.

Lord Beaconsfield's speech at the Guildhall has been pretty freely commented on by the Continental Press, but the general impression is that of disappointment—that the English Premier said nothing noticeable to surprise any one. In France, the *Temps* admires the dexterity with which he avoided touching upon the main difficulties, by simply telling people what they already knew. The *Constitutionnel* and *Débats* consider his statements too roseate-hued, although the latter notes the firmness with which he declared his intention of maintaining the Treaty of Berlin; while the *République Française* declares his language to have been prudent, and as worthy of an eminent statesman as of a diplomatist. The German papers also speak of the speech in this tone, the *Cologne Gazette*, after stating that Lord Beaconsfield has not only preserved England's power undiminished, but has even increased it, declares that his speech was the utterance of a calm and prudent politician, and the serious declaration of a firm resolution, which, in times of action, will be upheld by one of the most powerful nations in the world. "Let the St. Petersburg Cabinet lay this well to heart," it concludes. "To bring it home to Russian statesmen was perhaps one of the chief aims of Lord Beaconsfield's speech." The Vienna Press also highly approves of the speech; but the Russian organs are apparently not so satisfied, the *Golos* declaring that "Lord Beaconsfield has successfully attained the double object of delivering a speech of a pacific character, and at the same time showing that the basis of his foreign policy continues to be enmity to Russia."

FRANCE.——The World's Fair of 1878 is now a thing of the past, and, save for a few exhibitors who are staying behind to pack up their goods, Paris is rapidly resuming her normal condition. The weather was very cheerless and cold during the last few days, but the attendance as large as ever, the visitors on Tuesday, the closing day, numbering 120,000. The aggregate number of admissions has been 16,032,725, or an average of 82,000 a-day, while the receipts amount to upwards of 500,000*l*. against not quite 400,000*l*. in 1867. The free admissions also have been 950,000, against 400,000 in 1867; and while in that year the artisan delegates from the provinces only numbered 357, this year they have amounted to no fewer than 22,000. The Exhibition over, politics are beginning to resume their sway, and the violent diatribes in the Chamber of Deputies, last week, of M. Paul de Cassagnac (who, however, did not succeed in preserving his seat) and the coming struggle for the three vacant life senatorships, have excited lively discussion. After considerable negotiation, the various shades of the Right have selected as their candidates, the Comte d'Haussonville, M. Baragnon, and M. Oscar de Valleé, respectively Orleanist, Legitimist, and Bonapartist in their profession of faith. The Republican candidates are the Comte de Montalivet, the last surviving Minister of Louis Philippe, General Gresley, and M. Alfred André. The Right have at last issued their address to the Municipal delegates who are to elect the batch of seventy-five Senators next year. In this document the Republicans *en masse* are accused of all the excesses of Radicalism, and great points are made of the desire to establish "Godless schools, Churches without ministers, an undisciplined army, and a new and vexatious tax upon incomes." Finance is also occupying public attention; and the Budget Commission has been busily discussing the estimates of the army, which, by the way, has now almost attained the figure fixed for its peace footing, the prescribed strength being 469,310 men and 110,799 horses, exclusive of gendarmérie. The estimates for 1879 amount to nearly 20,000,000*l*., being an increase over those of last year of some 350,000*l*. The Committee, however, have reduced the general expenditure by a million sterling.

From Paris itself there is very little gossip. The lottery fever continues, and the mode in which the winning numbers will be drawn has been published. The smaller prizes will be divided into twelve groups, which will be severally contended for by each of the twelve series, into which the tickets are divided, but the larger prizes will form a special category for which every number will compete. The drawings will of course be public, and will probably last about a week or ten days. On Saturday, at the Continental Hotel, the Australian Commissioners presented Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen with a testimonial as a recognition of his extreme courtesy and good will. On the same day, at the Théâtre Château d'Eau, M. Louis Blanc presided over the distribution of the prizes to the successful exhibitors at the Working Men's Exhibition, and in his speech quoted Mr. Gladstone's expression that this was the century of workmen, but declaring that it was also a century of machines. He declared, however, that new inventions benefited the masses, but argued that as "a landowner whose property was expropriated for the purposes of public utility received an indemnity, so the workman whose labour was superseded by a new machine should be recompensed for the bread of which he and his family were deprived. . . . Science ought to be put at the service and not in the place of humanity." In theatrical circles the winter novelties are rapidly being produced. At the Palais Royal an amusing farcical comedy, entitled *Les Provinciales à Paris*, has been produced, while at the Odéon a three-act comedy by M. Louis Daryl has been brought out, entitled *Monsieur Cheribois*, which promises to be fairly successful, the plot turning on the obstinacy of a selfish and avaricious old man who refuses to pay his own son's debts, but is at last brought to reason by the suddenly decisive conduct of his wife, driven to desperation by a long course of domestic tyranny.

ITALY.——In view of the new electoral bill which the Government intends to bring forward, the Clerical party have determined to abandon its old policy of non-interference in electoral matters, and is now trying hard to secure the return of Clerical Deputies during the coming general elections. The *Unità Cattolica*, the mouthpiece of the Vatican, has announced the change of policy, and it is rumoured that the Cardinals intend to issue a circular to their Bishops, instructing them what course they should adopt at the elections. This movement is considered to be exceedingly serious in all political circles, and as not unlikely considerably to affect the relative positions of the various parties. The Vatican is also trying to establish better relations with Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, and Russia, and the Pope is said to have made a direct appeal to the Czar to ameliorate the condition of the Polish Roman Catholics. Should this be of no effect, Leo XIII. will denounce Russia to the Catholic world in an Encyclical letter.—The King and Queen have been to Florence, where they were enthusiastically received.—The Antonelli will case has again been before the Court of Appeal, but shows no sign of coming to an end.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.——The military preparations for the expected Afghan War are being carried on with the utmost energy, the scale of operations against the Khyber Pass has been extended, no expense or trouble being spared to ensure complete success. All commanding officers have been ordered to exercise their men in route marching, in order to train them for a mountain campaign, and the various generals are rapidly repairing to the headquarters of their detachments, General Biddulph having reached Quettah, and General Browne being busily employed organising his forces at Peshawur. At this latter place, as is usual, a great deal of fever prevails amongst the men, though fortunately the malady is of a very mild type. The preparations are stated to be of a most complete character, including provision for telegraph, postal, and surveying parties, while as a precautionary matter European officers have been ordered to wear the native turbans. A reconnaissance has already been made into the Khyber Pass by the Guides, under Colonel Jenkins, who reports that additional guns have been placed on Ali Musjid, and that heavy artillery practice is continually carried on. This important position, however, is declared by General Ross to be easy of capture on account of the fort being commanded by the surrounding hills, while the Rifles have volunteered to storm the fort on the outbreak of hostilities. Further south at Mooltan and Sukkur, the preparations are equally forward. Numerous frontier tribes continue to manifest themselves favourable to us, and amongst others the Zuris, the most powerful tribe in the Kumm Valley; and should the Ameer fail a reply to the Viceroy's letter by the 20th, it is expected that a general advance will be immediately begun. Indeed, public opinion in India chafes at the policy of the Government in attempting further negotiations with the Ameer, and *The Times* correspondent in describing the position of affairs pictures the Government as treating the Ameer like an infuriated bear in a pit, handing him the ultimatum at the end of a long pole, being on the alert at the same time to beat a speedy retreat in the event of a dangerous outbreak. If, however, we are to believe the *Times of India*, hopes are entertained at Simla of a peaceful solution of the matter after all, as the Russians are now bringing their influence to bear upon Shere Ali to settle the question amicably, while it is also stated that Shere Ali himself despairs of success. There may be some truth in the first part of this statement, as the Russian Press has suddenly adopted a much milder tone than for some months past, although the irrepressible *Golos*, in a letter from Orenburg, demonstrates the possibility of a rapid concentration of Russian troops in localities situated at very great distances from the Russian frontier. The Afghan Envoy to the Turkish Government has passed through St. Petersburg on his way home, taking various samples of guns to show to the Ameer.

UNITED STATES.——The Newfoundland Fishery Question is being most actively discussed, and the full despatches of Mr. Evarts to Lord Salisbury have now been published. Apart from the attack on the fishermen, Mr. Evarts considers the award excessive, and complains that the arbitrators were not unanimous. No more were the Alabama Commission, and yet we paid over 5,000,000*l*. promptly, while we at once yielded on the San Juan Question on the decision of the Emperor of Germany. Lord Salisbury's reply to these remarks, however, is understood to be perfectly satisfactory to the United States Government, which is convinced that England intends in good faith to enforce the Treaty of Washington. Lord Salisbury, however, while agreeing to investigate the Fishery grievances, declares that the Halifax award is "final and binding," and declines to complicate it with other subjects. Thus the United States will probably pay the full Halifax award in London, under protest, on the 23rd inst., the date specified by the Treaty.

MISCELLANEOUS.——AUSTRIA, having completed her occupation of Bosnia, is now counting the cost, which is reckoned at 5,000 men dead, wounded, and missing, and 20,000 sick.—In GERMANY there has been a great torchlight festival in honour of the Emperor, who made a speech announcing his intention speedily to resume his former "active duties." The total amount of the Prussian deficit amounts to 3,900,000*l*., of which 3,500,000*l*. will be covered by a loan.—In SPAIN, Moncasi, who attempted to assassinate King Alphonso, has been tried and found guilty, and sentenced to death.—Fighting has again broken out in the TRANSVAAL, and a British detachment of some 400 men under Colonel Gilbert has been compelled to fall back before an overwhelming force of Kaffirs, who, however, were subsequently beaten back with heavy loss while attempting a night attack.—CHINA shows every disposition to quarrel with Russia, has forbidden the entry of all Russian products, and has ordered all Chinese subjects to quit Kashgar.

THE COURT

THE Queen and the Princess Beatrice spent a few days at Glassalt Shiel last week, returning to Balmoral on Saturday morning. Later in the day the Duke of Richmond and Gordon arrived at the Castle as Minister in attendance, and in the evening dined with Her Majesty. Next morning Divine Service was performed at Balmoral before the Queen, the Princess, and the Royal household, and in the evening the Duke of Richmond and Gordon again joined the Royal party at dinner. On Monday Earl Dufferin arrived at Balmoral on a visit.—Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice do not leave Balmoral until Friday next.—The Queen has written a letter of condolence on the death of the Scotch artist, Mr. Kenneth Macleay, to a member of the Royal Scottish Academy, of which the deceased painter was a member.

The Prince and Princess of Wales kept the Prince's 37th birthday at Sandringham last week. The young Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maude had been there for some time, and the Princess Louise, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Leopold, and the Marquis of Lorne also joined the party. On Saturday there was the usual bell-ringing and salute-firing in Sandringham and the neighbourhood, King's Lynn being decked with flags and giving a grand firework display in the evening, while at Sandringham House the annual dinner was given to the labourers on the estate. About 170 men were entertained in the Royal Mews, and the Prince and Princess with their children and their visitors were present during part of the time. Due honours were also paid to the day in London and Windsor, while the cadets of the *Britannia* training ship at Dartmouth, to which the Princes Albert Victor and George belong, had a holiday at the Prince of Wales' request. Next morning the Prince and Princess with their guests attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's. On Monday the Princess Louise and her husband, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Leopold left Sandringham, and the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Christian arrived for a few days' shooting. Last night (Friday), the Prince and Princess were to give a dance at Sandringham. Next week the Prince of Wales will begin his usual autumn round of shooting visits. On Monday he goes to stay with Sir Richard Wallace at Sudbourn Hall, Suffolk, and at the end of the month he is expected to visit Lord Hastings at Melton Constable, Norfolk. He will return to keep the Princess's birthday on Dec. 1st, and on the following day will start for Luton Hoo to stay with Mr. Gerard Leigh. During his visit there will be a county ball, and on the 16th prox. he will go to Luton and inspect two of the chief manufactories.—The Prince has put up in Sandringham Church a window to the memory of his late chaplain, the Rev. W. Lake Onslow. The subject is Christ stilling the waters, and the window matches that given by the Prince in memory of his late equerry, Major Grey, David slaying Goliath. The church also contains a third memorial window in remembrance of the infant Prince John Alexander, the subject being Christ blessing little children.

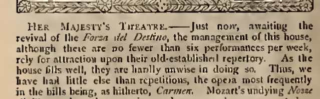
The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne have left England for Canada in the *Sarmatian*. Accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold they left London late on Wednesday night, and travelled to Liverpool by the Midland Railway, two Pullman cars being specially fitted for their accommodation, and new hangings and a quantity of real flowers being added. At Liverpool the Royal party received farewell addresses from the Mayor and Corporation, and the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne with the two Royal Princes subsequently embarked on a tender for the *Sarmatian*, which left later in the day, while the Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold returned to town.

The Duchess of Edinburgh and her children remain at Coburg, where the Grand Duke Sergius is shortly expected to visit his sister. The Duke of Edinburgh left Gibraltar in the *Black Prince* for Halifax a fortnight ago.—Prince Leopold has been installed Commander of the Cœur de Lion Encampment of Masonic Knights Templar of the Province of Oxfordshire. The Prince and the Duke of Connaught were last week advanced to the 33rd degree at the headquarters of the Ancient and Accepted Rite.—Prince Leopold went to the Globe Theatre with Prince Louis Napoleon on Tuesday night.

CHURCH NEWS

ARCHDEACON DENISON last week spoke at a meeting at Bristol, composed of members of the congregation of All Saints', Clifton. He said he would not use one word that could offend his opponents, for he was growing old, and wished to be at peace. They were happy—so full of happiness that they could spare some and give it to the lawyers, who were just now sadly in need of it. He had had a great deal to do with lawyers, and a more troublesome set he did not know. They had been very useful and kind to him; but he thought the less he had to do with them for the future the better it would be for him, and for all in that room too. His counsel to them was never to go into Court. He had never been beaten but once, but still he had a great horror of Courts, especially of Courts Spiritual. The Court of Queen's Bench and the other Court with no name were at daggers drawn just now, and used hard words to one another; and the legal amenities were likely to develope into something very strong before the present term was out. He denied that the battle they were fighting was a battle about ritual. All stuff! It was a battle about the Blessed Sacrament, and the battle would never cease until their opponents came to their senses. He hoped the Bishops would come to see that there was an essential difference between the position of a Bishop in a Church not established by law and the position of a diocesan in a Church established by law. Our Bishops were ever ready to avail themselves of both positions, but they could not do it. He had tried to awaken the episcopal mind to this, but in vain; still he should go on trying till he died. There was no such word as "discouragement" in his dictionary, and there was no such word as "compromise" in the Latin or Greek languages.

VARIOUS.——It has been decided by the Queen's Bench Division that Dr. Lee, Vicar of All Saints', Lambeth, is no more "an owner or occupier" of the church than any of his parishioners, and their Lordships have therefore discharged the rule for a *mandamus*, requiring Mr. Partridge, the magistrate, to issue a distress warrant, asked for by the Board of Works, who are anxious to recover the 100*l.* which they have spent in repairing the spire.—The *Church Review*, in a recent leading article on "Sacerdotalism," makes the following somewhat rash prophecy:—"There has been a good deal very respectable in Protestantism during the last three centuries, but these old traditions are beyond recall. The game is up. In fifty years from this time the whole Protestant world will be unbelieving, and all professing Christianity will be Catholic."—At the Derbyshire Archidiaconal Conference last week, Archdeacon Balston called attention to the spiritual wants of the mining districts, and remarked that the ground was generally covered by Nonconformists, with regard to whom it had been said to him that in a district where there was nothing but Dissent the next generation were atheists. The remark elicited some expressions of disapproval, and the Archdeacon explained that he had not said the opinion expressed was his own. He however appears to have made no effort to controvert it.—Mr. Spurgeon was too unwell last Sunday to preach to the mixed congregation in whose favour the regular attendants had given up their sittings. His son, the Rev. C. Spurgeon, who has just returned from Australia, occupied the pulpit both in the morning and in the evening.—The parishioners of East Ham, Essex, have made a presentment to the Bishop complaining that "Sunday after Sunday common decency is shocked by a strong healthy young clergyman of the Church of England holding the cure of 5,000 souls with 1,000*l.* a year stipend, and no family, getting through the entire service in forty minutes, in an undertone which (like the alteration of time from 11 to 9, the celebration of weddings and churchings in the middle of Divine Service, the abolition of music and of the Lord's Supper, and other recent innovations) is adopted for no other purpose than to drive people away, and so get an excuse for closing one of the two churches. The parishioners think that the Bishop should inquire into the nature of the Rev. S. H. Reynolds' "regular and paid nocturnal engagement at an office in London," and determine whether or not the living can be held in conjunction with it without a breach of law, or at least without injury to the cause of the Church."—Some excitement has been created at Knighton in Radnorshire, in consequence of the refusal of the curate to allow any service to be read over the grave of an unbaptised child aged two years. A service was read outside the churchyard wall by a Baptist minister, and, after the body had been placed in the grave, the sexton sent the mourners away with the remark, "Go away, go away; the thing is deposited."—We are soon to have an opportunity of seeing and hearing the famous (or notorious) Henry Ward Beecher, who, it is said, has just signed a contract for 25,000 dollars and expenses paid, for the delivery of fifty lectures in England, Scotland, and Ireland.—In a recent article on the Personnel of the Sheffield Conference, we spoke of the Rev. G. W. Weldon as "the reputed editor of the *Rock.*" We have received a note from that gentleman, assuring us that he has nothing to do with that journal.



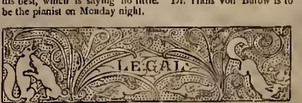
HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.——Just now, awaiting the revival of the *Forza del Destino*, the management of this house, although there are no fewer than six performances per week, rely for attraction upon their old-established repertory. As the house fills well, they are hardly unwise in doing so. Thus, we have had little else than repetitions, the opera most frequently in the bills being, as hitherto, *Carmen*. Mozart's undying *Nozze di Figaro*, the other evening, welcome as always, presented us with a new Figaro, in the person of Herr Behrens, who, it may be said at once, possesses none of the qualifications indispensable to an adequate impersonation of the character. Nor is Signor Rota in his element as the Count. On the other hand, in Madame Pappenheim we had a Countess of the legitimate school, acting the part with appropriately staid dignity, while singing the music precisely as it should be sung, and as the composer himself, we believe, would have liked to hear it. Of the Cherubino of Madame Trebelli we need not speak. As a matter of course, she was asked to repeat the *canzone*, "Voi, che sapete," a like compliment being paid to Mesdames Pappenheim and Hélène Crosmond in the duet, "Sù l'aria," compliance following in each instance. Madame Crosmond, by the way, appears to be steadily improving, as was shown in her delivery of the melodious serenade, "Deh vieni non tardar" (Act II.), which earned for her much and well deserved applause.—The performance of Mozart's comic *chef d'œuvre*, (if "comic" it may reasonably be styled) was, under the direction of Signor Li Calsi, one, for the most part, of level excellence. This evening the *Traviata* will introduce a new singer, in the person of Mdlle. Emile Ambré, who, we are informed, comes from Oran in Algiers. A student at the Conservatory of Marseilles, she has already played in Holland (at the Hague), and, which is of more importance, has sustained with credit the trying character of Aïda, in Verdi's last and greatest opera, at the Théâtre Ventadour in Paris.

LOUIS MAURER, the once famous violinist and industrious composer, died at St. Petersburg, on the 29th of last month, at the age of ninety. Few of his many works are now remembered even by musicians, the only thing of his from time to time brought before the public being a certain quartet for violins, *Concertante*, which offers opportunities to four *virtuosi* of equal skill to compete with each other as well as to combine their talents. Maurer, at one time Royal *Concertmeister* at Hanover, subsequently held important musical posts in St. Petersburg, having as a youth at Moscow won the acquaintance and friendship of Wjewolowsky, a great patron of the arts, with whom, during the invasion of Napoleon, he fled to Siberia. A solemn service was held in the German Reformed Chapel of St. Petersburg at his funeral, which was solemnised with every mark of respect by the members of the leading musical societies, with the organisation of the greater number of which he had had something, more or less, to do.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.——At the concert on Saturday M. Brassin, whose performances elsewhere have met with well-merited praise, appeared not only as a pianist, but as a composer of unquestionable ability. His concerto in F major, for pianoforte with orchestral accompaniments, is a work of no ordinary merit. Originality of themes it can hardly be said to possess; but in many instances it assuredly reveals originality of treatment, and moreover is marked throughout by a certain freshness which, in these days of over-heated effort, is indefinably charming. Perhaps the best movement of the three is the *andante* in A—also the most unceasingly melodious. The first *allegro* and the *finale*, however, are vigorous, showy, and effective; while the orchestration is ingenious and brightly-coloured from first to last. M. Brassin's execution of his concerto was, as might have been expected, spirited and fine. A more genuine success could not have been attained. The symphony at this concert was Mozart's so-styled "Jupiter," superbly played under the able direction of M. Manns. The overtures were Cherubini's *Elise* (a masterly work, though rarely produced), and Miss Alice Mary Smith's *Masque of Pandora*—the clever work of a highly promising young composer—which, though already given in London, was heard for the first time at Sydenham. Mrs. Osgood, one of the best of our vocal guests from the other side of the Atlantic, gave a most graceful air from Mr. Cowen's *Deluge*, originally produced at Mr. Kuhe's Brighton Festival, with the utmost taste. Altogether the concert was a good one even for the Crystal Palace.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.——Four new songs were produced at Wednesday evening's entertainment. Barry Cornwall's pretty ballad, entitled "Song over a Child," deserved a somewhat more attractive setting than that provided for it by Mr. Macirone. Though charmingly rendered by Madame Sherrington, it was rather coldly received. Mr. Cowen's "It might have been," though excellently delivered by Mr. M'Guckin, was also listened to with no special marks of favour. Here, we venture to think, the audience were at fault, for the *refrain* especially is very pretty, and it is probable that when repeated the song will be more warmly welcomed. For ourselves, we prefer Balfe's setting of Longfellow's "Arrow and Song" to the new version by Pinsuti; but we are bound to say that the latter, possibly owing to Madame Sterling's effective delivery, was honoured with an *encore*. Altogether, of the four new songs we were most attracted by Cotsford Dick's "Olivia," which Miss Mary Davies sung with a pathos and simplicity all her own. Miss Annie Marriott, a new comer, scored a decided success, albeit rather nervous, by her delivery of Sullivan's ever popular "Let me dream again;" Mr. Cecil Tovey's powerful bass voice was heard to great advantage in Pinsuti's "Bedouin Love Song;" Mr. Santley aroused a storm of applause in Dibdin's "Blow high, blow low;" and Miss Margaret Bucknall, at the piano (in the place of Madame Arabella Goddard, kept away by a lame finger), showed great facility of execution in Weber's "Polacca" in E.

WAIFS.——Professor Macfarren's oratorio, *Joseph*, has been performed with great success at the Corn Exchange, Oxford.—Madame Adelina Patti has declined to accept any engagement for St. Petersburg, on the very intelligible plea that the climate is injurious to her health. Her engagement at Brussels has proved an extraordinary success.—Tamberlik, the great Roman tenor, has been at Lisbon, singing with all his old enthusiasm.—Dr. Hans von Bülow is daily expected in London. As where Rubinstein is Bülow cannot come (which was said by Haydn of Mozart), so where Bülow is Rubinstein cannot come (as was said by Mozart of Haydn). Thus we shall be spared the presence of two "thunderers" at a time.—Mr. Arthur Sullivan's overture, "In Memoriam," is about to be performed at the Paris Conservatoire, mainly through the influence of M. Ambroise Thomas. Better late than never. Perhaps they will sooner or later accord a hearing to Sterndale Bennett.—Wagner's *Rheingold* has been performed at Hamburg with such favour that *Siegfried* is now in active rehearsal, and will in all probability be followed by the remaining two parts of the "Tetralogy."—There appears some chance that the Paris Théâtre Lyrique may obtain a home once more at the old Salle du Châtelet.—Mr. Charles Hallé has returned to the post he has held so long and honourably at the Popular Concerts, playing his best, which is saying no little. Dr. Hans von Bülow is to be the pianist on Monday night.



CAB-DRIVERS IN CONFERENCE.——On Sunday Mr. Rowland, the Secretary of the London Cab-drivers' Association, presided at a Conference, held in Castle Street, Oxford Street, and attended by delegates from every district of London, as well as from a number of provincial towns. A variety of papers were read, and resolutions were adopted, urging the necessity of a reform in the system of appointing stipendiary magistrates, "whose conduct is often calculated to bring our Courts of Justice into contempt;" a better system of police; placing the force under the direct control of the ratepayers, "otherwise our liberties are in danger;" the consolidation of the cab laws into one Act; all offences not criminal in themselves to be tried by civil procedure; and the establishment of a Civil Court for licensing and superintending hackney and stage carriages in London, "removing the control altogether from the police authorities, with freedom of contract in hiring, and other necessary reforms." It was also declared that the system of summoning drivers for "loitering," when the standing accommodation provided was not sufficient for the number of vehicles licensed, was grossly unjust, and the regulation which makes it compulsory to wear the badge instead of exhibiting it upon the carriage, was also condemned. Finally, it was resolved to make an appeal to the Government on the whole subject.

THE SHEFFIELD MURDERER.——The old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction" is forcibly exemplified by the career of Charles Peace—that is, if the extraordinary accounts given of his doings are to be relied upon. It appears that a long time ago he was an honest working man, that he abandoned his trade for the music-hall stage, upon which he appeared as "the Ethiopian Paganini," and that, subsequently sinking into crime, he was caught and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. This term he served, and ever since his release he has carried on an elaborate system of robbery. Keeping several sumptuously furnished houses in various parts of the country, and invariably eschewing male accomplices, he managed to pass himself off as a gentleman of property, and contrived to arrange his predatory excursions in such a manner as not only to elude the vigilance of the police, but also to deceive a large circle of intimate associates, whom he doubtless plundered with perfect impartiality. He is a talented musician and a clever carver in wood, and in both occupations his taste seems peculiar (for a burglar and murderer), for he played nothing but sacred music, and carved little besides models of churches. He has also some pretensions to be considered a man of science, for he is the inventor and patentee of a contrivance for raising sunken vessels. It will be remembered that at the time of Mr. Dyson's murder, two years ago, it came out in evidence that some kind of illicit correspondence had been going on between Mrs. Dyson and the murderer. Shortly after the inquiry Mrs. Dyson left Sheffield, it was supposed for America; but it is now conjectured that "Mrs. Thompson," the prisoner's housekeeper, whose statement first led the police to suspect that the Blackheath burglar was Peace, is no other than Mrs. Dyson herself, who is supposed to have been prompted to betray him by jealousy. However this may be, "Mrs. Thompson" disappeared immediately after making the revelation, and the police have not yet been able to find her, although, as they always say in such cases, they "have a clue." Mrs. Peace, the prisoner's wife, is still in custody at Sheffield, and was to have been examined on Thursday on the charge of "receiving."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——On Monday, the Lord Chancellor spoke in high terms of the "learning and ability" of Lord Justice Christian, who has been compelled to retire from the Dublin Court of Appeal in consequence of his increasing deafness.—The Court of Appeal has confirmed the decision made in May last by Master Bennett, ordering that Mrs. Ellen Twycross should, as the administratrix of her late husband, be at liberty to carry on the action which he had commenced against Mr. Albert Grant, for losses resulting from the purchase of shares in a company of which Mr. Grant was a director, and in the prospectus of which no mention was made of certain contracts which had been entered into.—At the Liverpool Assizes 20*l.* damages has been recovered from the London and North-Western Railway Company for false imprisonment and malicious prosecution. The plaintiff had travelled from Liverpool to St. Helen's with a return ticket, and in the evening, finding the gate locked, he climbed over the wall on to the platform, and a porter, thinking that he had arrived by a train which had just come in, demanded his ticket, and refusing to believe his explanation, took him to the police station. He was, however, released, and a fortnight later proceedings were taken against him.—Mr. De Rutzen, the Marylebone stipendiary, in dealing with a number of adulteration cases on Monday, said that the question of "prejudice to the purchaser" had already been disposed of by Mr. Justice Lush, who had decided that if the purchaser did not get the pure article which he was entitled to "prejudice must be presumed." He accordingly inflicted penalties in several cases, varying from 10*l.* to 1*l.*, with costs, and said that he should be happy to grant a case for the superior courts.—In the report of the Greenock Railway Company the extraordinary statement is made that the secretary had fraudulently sold 15,162*l.* 10*s.* ordinary stock and 1,250*l.* preference stock in excess of the company's registered stock. The frauds were effected by fabricating the names of shareholders who did not exist, and the proceeds were appropriated by the secretary, who is now awaiting his trial for forgery and fraud. The directors have been advised that the purchasers of the fabricated stock, having acted *bona fide*, must be held to be shareholders, and that the company must apply to Parliament for powers to adopt whatever course may be resolved upon to remedy the frauds.—A railway thief has been captured at Plymouth. At his lodgings were found a number of portmanteaus, one containing securities worth 12,000*l.*, and another jewellery valued at 100*l.*—The charge against Lady Gooch of conspiring with Annie Walker to palm off a strange child on her husband, was opened on Wednesday before Mr. Newton at Marlborough Street Police Court. The motive alleged was that of keeping Sir Francis Gooch's property from his relatives, who in the event of his dying childless would inherit it. The chief witness examined was Miss Garrod, companion housekeeper to Lady Gooch, who alleged that her ladyship had confided her intentions to her, and that after vainly trying to dissuade her from carrying them out she had revealed all to Sir Francis. The hearing was adjourned for a week, both the accused being liberated on their own recognisances.—The Tichborne Claimant has written another letter to Mr. G. Onslow, in which he expresses a hope that the Home Secretary will grant his petition and allow his two sentences to be concurrent, in which event he would be liberated next August. There is little fresh news respecting the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, and nothing further is likely to be revealed until the trial takes place. Stewart is the only director who has been released. The relief fund in Glasgow alone already amounts to over 100,000*l.*—At the Warwick Assizes last week, Baron Huddleston had to deal with a case which he characterised as almost the most painful in his extensive criminal experience. The prisoner, a young artist, well educated, having exhausted the means of his mother, a widowed lady, persistently pestered her with letters, always demanding money, and containing shocking threats. He then renewed his menaces personally, and threatened his sister, and upon her evidence and that of his mother, who was the reluctant prosecutrix, the prisoner was convicted and sent to ten years' penal servitude.

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NUMEROUS OPERATIC NOVELTIES FOR THE WINTER SEASON are announced in Paris. M. Lecocq brings out his *Camargo* at the Renaissance next week, M. Offenbach follows with *Madame Favart* at the Folies-Dramatiques, and shortly afterwards will produce another opera-bouffe, *La Marocaine*, at the Bouffes Parisiens. M. Sardou has written the libretto of an opera, *Les Noces de Fernande*, for the Opéra Comique, the scene being laid in Portugal during the 17th century, while M. Halanzier promises a new work at the Grand Opéra, *La Reine Berthe*, by V. Joncières.

"DREADNOUGHT" SEAMENS' HOSPITAL, GREENWICH.——At a meeting of the governors held last week, Mr. Joseph Moore in the chair, it was reported that, owing to the depression in trade, the applications for relief from seamen of all nations were daily increasing. The governors of the old *Dreadnought* are scattered throughout the United Kingdom, and many reside in Scotland. The failure of the City of Glasgow Bank threatened this Society with a loss of more than 100*l.* a year in annual income; and a further loss of 250*l.*, owing to the depression in trade, was reported. An urgent appeal to the public for funds to enable the Committee to continue the beneficent work of the Society—a work which benefits the whole maritime world—has, therefore, become necessary.

IRISH "WHISPERERS"

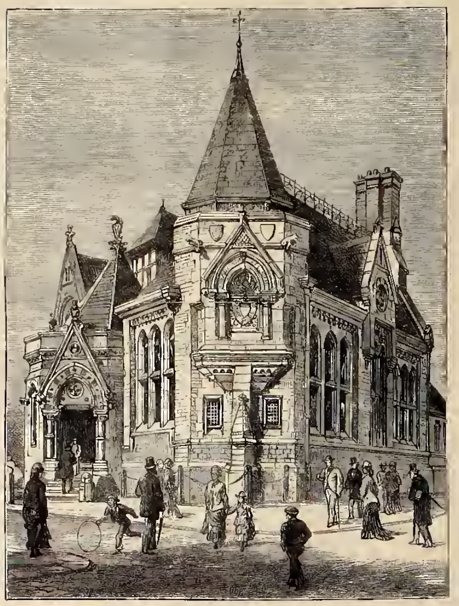
IRELAND, as well as the far north of Scotland, had—possibly still has—its "horse whisperers;" though the "brotherings" which give such permanence and geniality to the Scottish "ploughman's whisper," never seem to have existed in the sister island. Irish "whisperers" have been lonely men whose secret has generally died with them.

The most famous "whisperer" of modern times was James Sullivan, of Dunhallow, of whom traditions were still afloat in the present writer's boyhood, and whose exploits are fully detailed in Townsend's "Survey of the County of Cork." Sullivan was the Rarey of his day. No horse was ever brought to him which he did not permanently tame. Ordinarily restive animals he would master in a few minutes. For exceptionally vicious horses he took about half an hour, during which time he shut the stable door, and forbade any one to open it till he gave the signal. When the door was opened, the horse was seen lying down, and Sullivan by his side playing with him as a child does with a puppy. There was no tying up of the foreleg, or any other visible means of coercion. How his ascendancy was obtained no one could tell; "natural intrepidity," suggests Mr. Townsend, who was an eye-witness of many of his surprising feats. Anyhow, if he passed on the secret to his son, the latter must have learned it very imperfectly; for, though he gave himself out as his father's successor, he never showed the same power, and soon fell into disrepute. In one respect Sullivan differed from Rarey; he could never be persuaded to leave home. Many brilliant offers were made to him, but he could not give up Dunhallow and the foxhounds.

A successor of Sullivan named O'Ham became almost equally famous, and was often urged to explain what was the secret of his influence. But O'Hara treated his questioners as Samson did the Philistines, deluding them with various and unsatisfactory answers. At one time, for instance, he said the secret lay in *rocking* the horse—putting one hand firmly on his crupper, and with the other grasping his shoulder, and then swaying him to and fro, gently at first, and gradually increasing the motion till you throw him. At another time, he protested that his plan was to bite the animal's ear. Both these are well-known jockey-tricks; the stubbornest horse, they say, will be wholly subdued by being thrown twice or thrice; and if you can get a vicious horse's ear between your teeth and bite hard, you are his master and he your submissive slave from that time forward. As to the idea that the "whisperer" works by kindness, it stands to reason that that method supposes the entire education of the animal to be in your hands. If you have only half an hour to do your work in, you must show overmastering power as well as kindly feeling. A horse whose temper has been spoiled by chronic bad treatment looks on all men as alike tyrants and bullies; much as a Melanesian islander, whose cousins have been carried off and his village burnt by a kidnapping captain, naturally murders the next whites who come ashore.

In the *Irish Penny Journal*, in which Dr. Petrie, Martin Doyle, and Carleton used to write, and which died nearly forty years ago because, like our English *Penny Magazine*, it was too good for its time, there is a very interesting notice of these "whisperers;" one of them is also (I believe) introduced in Banim's too little known novel, "Boyne Water," which gives throughout the best picture I know of Irish life at the close of the seventeenth century.

H. S. FAGAN



NEW FREE LIBRARY AT MACCLESFIELD

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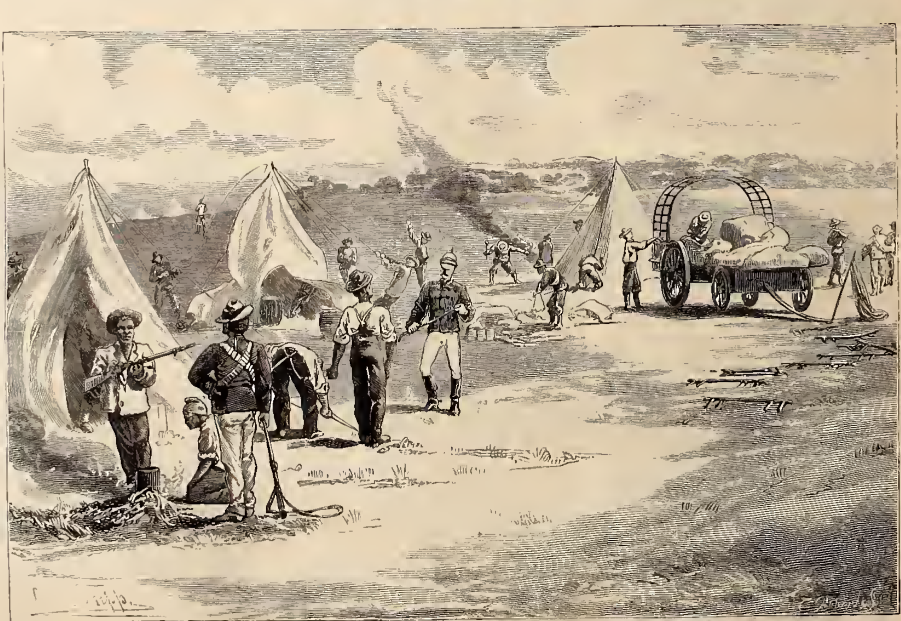
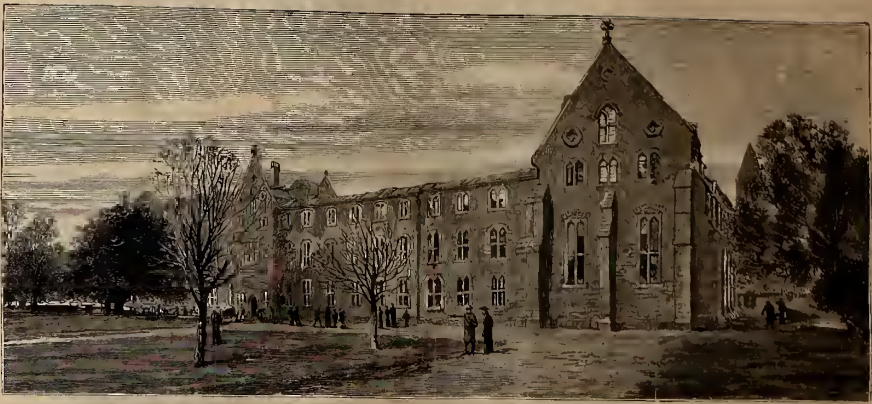
THE VINTAGE OF HUNGARY is considered to have been extraordinarily good this year—the best since 1834.

THE SECOND LARGEST DIAMOND ever found in South Africa has lately been discovered in the Dutoitspan fields, which recently have been specially productive. The stone weighs 244 carats, and, although not of the finest water, is without flaw and will cut well. The only South African stone exceeding this in size was the Spalding diamond, which was found some years since, and weighed 288½ carats.

THE MAINTENANCE OF THE EXHIBITION BUILDING on the Champ de Mars is under serious consideration by the Minister of Agriculture and the Paris Municipal Council. A petition has been sent to the latter, urging them to form the buildings into a winter garden, and to offer in its stead some suitable space outside the city for a manœuvring ground. Meanwhile M. Teisserenc de Bort suggests that the gardens should be left in their present condition, the annexes pulled down, and the four chief galleries and the dome be preserved in order to contain an Industrial, Agricultural, and Commercial Museum, including a fine collection of machines for the benefit of the artisan classes. The funds for the latter object would be obtained from the surplus of the sum intended to defray the expenses of workmen visiting the Exhibition derived from the National Lottery.



SKETCHES FROM SOUTH AFRICA, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST—HOTTENTOT TROOPS PITCHING THEIR CAMP IN THE PERI BUSH



THE RECENT FIRE AT MAYNOOTH COLLEGE—VIEW OF THE BUILDING ON THE DAY AFTER THE CATASTROPHE

FEMALE NAMES

THE oft-quoted remark of Shakespeare's recurs to our mind in connection with names. "What's in a name?" he asks, or rather makes Juliet ask; and the world has over and over again answered the question that there is a great deal in it. Shakespeare himself would seem to have considered there was something, to judge from the pretty-sounding names of his favourite characters.

But it is difficult to say whether sound or association has most to do with our opinions of names. Association must do much, to judge from the various changes in fashion. Elizabeth, Mary, and Anne were once considered to be queen-like names, and have been borne by queens-regnant and queens-consort of England. But in these days we should not hesitate to call our domestic servants by such appellatives, though we should scarcely address our housemaid as Sybil, or our cook as Mabel; names which are much in fashion just now. Whether Sybil and Mabel, and many other such names as are in vogue with lady novelists, will ever become common enough to do for servants, or whether servants will achieve such an independence that they will insist on being addressed by their proper baptismal name, we cannot guess. At present the race of female domestics have to put up with such names as their mistresses think appropriate, no matter what their godfathers and godmothers did for them at baptism.

One old lady of our acquaintance, of an easy and amiable disposition, who keeps three maidens to wait upon her, declares she would not do anything so wicked as to rob a girl of the name that was given to her at the time when she "was made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven." Therefore she calls her maidens by what she supposes to be their baptismal names: and it is to be feared that these maidens rather take advantage of the amiable old lady and re-christen themselves on entering her service; for at present Belinda presides in the kitchen, Rosalie attends to the house-work, and Seraphina waits at table.

If we look back to the time of our grandmothers and great aunts we find that besides Elizabeth, Mary, and Anne, there were Margaret, Emma, Caroline, Sarah, Jane, Martha, Sophia, Susan, Maria, Matilda, Louisa, Rebecca, Phœbe, Ruth, Lydia, Charlotte, and other names. Bridget, Dorothea, Chloe, Cicely, Tabitha, belong perhaps to even an earlier generation. But some thirty years ago such names were voted to be common; and Constance, Florence, Beatrice, Blanche, Alice, Adeline, Maud, Mabel, Sybil, Muriel, Grace, Isabel, Millicent, Gertrude, became the fashion.

It was not the custom for English people to have more than one Christian name before the reign of George the Third. Two or more names were first used by the Court, and the fashion soon spread all over the country, though at first it was considered presumptuous for a person of low degree to confer more than one name on his child. The conjunction of Anna with Maria was once considered aristocratic, but is no longer so. Mary Anne also was a novelty, but is now common in the extreme; and ladies who have been so christened prefer to write Marian or Marianne. Some ladies even affect the French form of Mary, and insist on being called Marie. There is a tendency to turn *y* in *ie* in all names; even the pretty homely Fanny expects to be Fannie now. The combination of Anne with other names was very usual at one time, there being Frances Anne, Sarah Anne, Margaret Anne, and Julia Anne, this last having often in the pronunciation an *r* inserted for cockney euphony; as also did Jemima Ann, a name by no means uncommon.

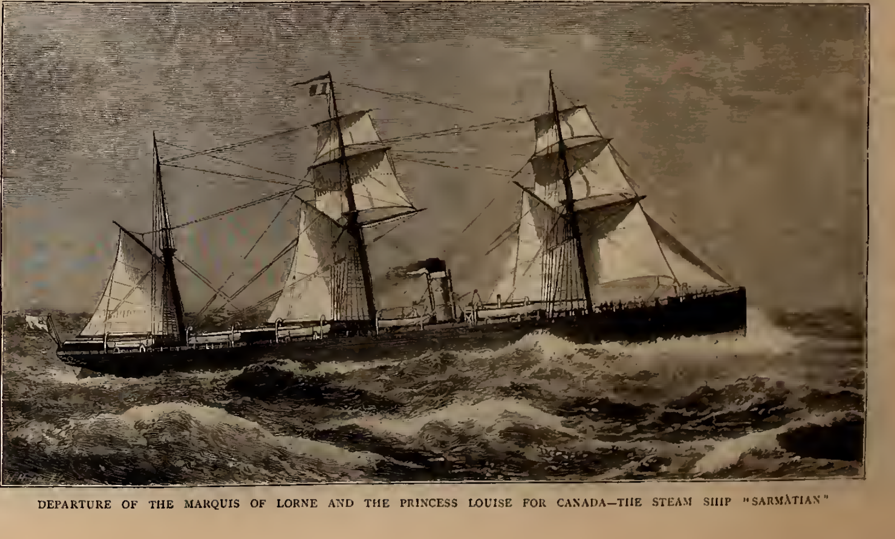
The lower-class Welsh are fond of many and fanciful names. On one occasion when driving in a byway in North Wales we have had to pull up suddenly that a little urchin, making mud pies in the road, who was shrieked at as Victoria Jemima, might be pulled out of the way. This induced us to inquire concerning female names in the Principality, and we found in the very family in which we inquired three girls named respectively Averina Christina, Euphemia Angelina, and Estella Lavinia. Alas! their cognomen was only Jones.

History and literature supply us with the names that have been in use in England in all ages. It is perhaps the *inferior* authors who give us the best idea of the particular names that are in fashion at the time they write. They endeavour to create an interest in their characters by giving them fine names; whereas a good writer will create a character that will give a halo to the name chosen for it. When Chaucer wrote "Up rose the sun and up rose Emily," he made for us a picture that we for ever connect with the name of Emily. We imagine an Emily must be a bright, happy, and industrious girl. We can only think of Rosalind as Shakespeare's saucy, witty, courageous, true-hearted girl in doublet and hose; of Miranda as the innocent, modest creature who was not ashamed to show her love; of Portia as the rather strong-minded young lady who wanted to prove her husband's love; of Juliet, as the sentimental girl.

Ben Jonson brought the pretty classical name Earine into English use. But this name loses its beauty when it is mispronounced, as it often is by those unacquainted with the classics. It should be in four syllables, with the accent on the second. But that it is turned into two syllables by educated people is evident; for when it was adopted by a late novelist for one of his heroines, it was denounced by a reviewer in a paper supposed to be written for the upper classes as "savouring of a barber's unguent."

Richardson's names, Clarissa and Pamela, remind us of Watteau shepherdesses. But from an autograph letter of Richardson, in the possession of Mrs. Charles Kingsley, it would seem that the romance of Richardson's youth was connected with a lady named Clarissa.

Fielding is content with the very plainest names. When he wrote "Joseph Andrews" as a parody on "Pamela," and to counteract the effect of Richardson's style, he no doubt



DEPARTURE OF THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE FOR CANADA—THE STEAM SHIP "SARMATIAN" purposely made the names plain in contrast to Richardson's. Miss Burney was fond of long-sounding names, and calls one of her novels "Evelina."

Miss Austen made use of Emma, Jane, Susan, Harriet, Elizabeth, Charlotte, and such names. Coleridge made the pretty name of Christabel familiar to us.

Charles Lamb wrote some amusing lines concerning the name of Frances, in an album of a lady of that name. After remarking that the name suits either man or woman, he says—

> She who this twin title decks,
> Combines what's good in either sex;
> Unites—how very rare the case is!—
> Masculine sense to female graces;
> And quitting not her proper rank,
> Is both in one—*Fanny* and *Frank!*

The female novelists of the present day have exhausted almost every form of female appellation; and the worse the writer, the more far-fetched and high-flown are the names. This will probably cause a reaction in favour of plain names again.

The names of the Royal Family are always in favour, but it is curious that the Queen's first name Alexandrina has never been much used; especially as she was in her early childhood known by it. That of the Princess of Wales was very quickly adopted.

But whether names are pretty or ugly, or common or fanciful, how few ladies there are who are not called by some pet word. A stately Elizabeth or a strong-minded Frances are perhaps addressed in the family circle by names that are not in any way connected with those given at their baptism, such as Tootums or Dumps or Widjums, or some other such ridiculous words. What lady when she is engaged to be married does not have some secret pet name by which she is known to her lover? Coleridge wrote:—

> I asked my fair one happy day,
> What I should call her in my lay;
> By what sweet name from Rome or Greece;
> Lalage, Neæra, Chloris,
> Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,
> Arethusa or Lucrece.
>
> "Ah!" replied my gentle fair,
> "Beloved, what are names but air?
> Choose thou whatever suits the line;
> Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
> Call me Lalage or Doris,
> Only, only call me thine."

And this would doubtless be the answer of many a young lady under the circumstances.

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French Merinos, 42 in. to 48 in. wide, 1s. 10¾d. and 2s. 10½d.

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Heather Mixtures for Autumn, 1s. 6½d.

Fancy Scotch Clans, as now worn in Paris, 6¾d. to 3s.

Serge Negligé, a light, warm wool material in eleven new fashionable mixtures, 26 in. wide, 2s. 5½d.

The Estamene Serge, newest colours, 1s. 0½d. and 1s. 6½d.

French Beige Foulé, 26 in. wide, 1s. 4½d.

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Scotch Cashmere Estamene, 1s 2½d. and 1s. 6¾d.

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1,000 Embroidered White Paris Wove Stays, with the fashionable Taper Busk, 4s. 11d.

Carlson's Binder Belts, 18s. 6d. in all sizes.

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A Superior Wedding Outfit for £20, unequalled in the world at the price.

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COSTUMES, MANTLES, SILKS, VELVETS,

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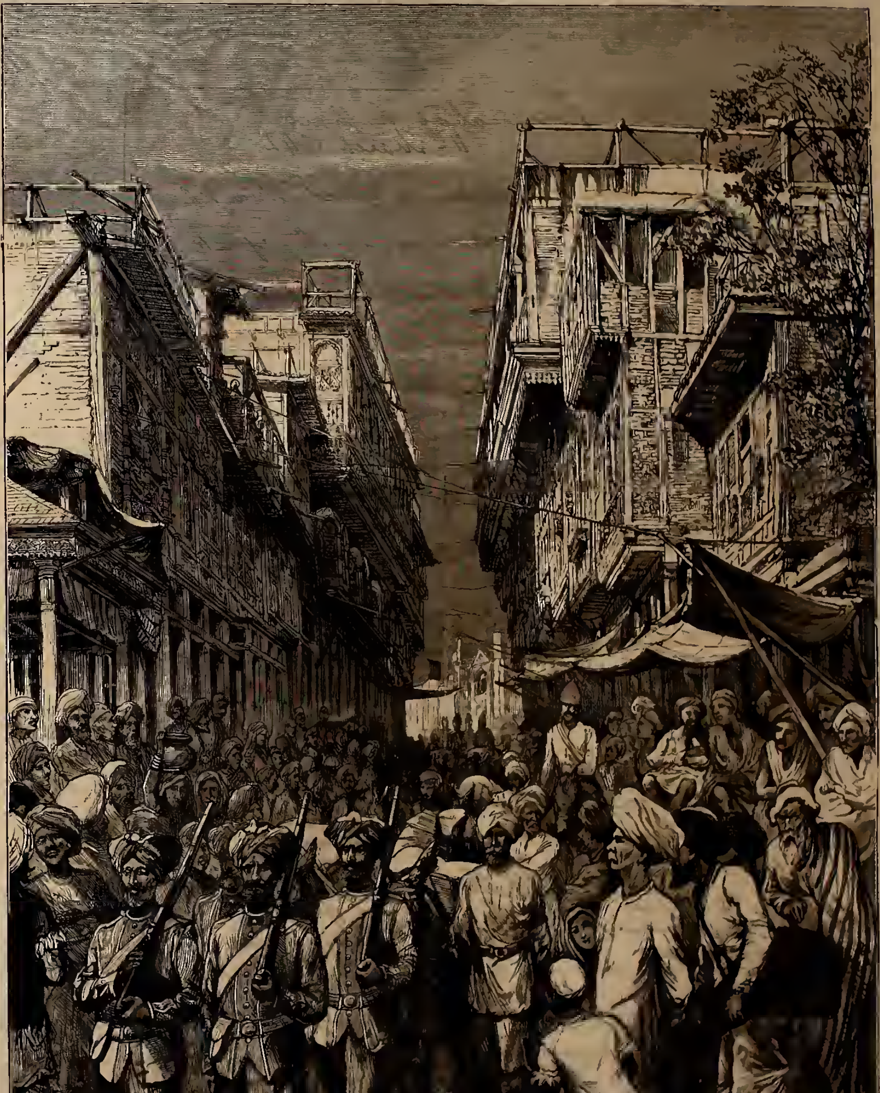
THE IMPENDING AFGHAN WAR

SKETCHES FROM THE FRONT



THE IMPENDING AFGHAN WAR—A STREET IN PESHAWUR

THE

Impending Afghan War

THE AMEER OF CABUL DICTATING HIS REPLY TO THE VICEROY

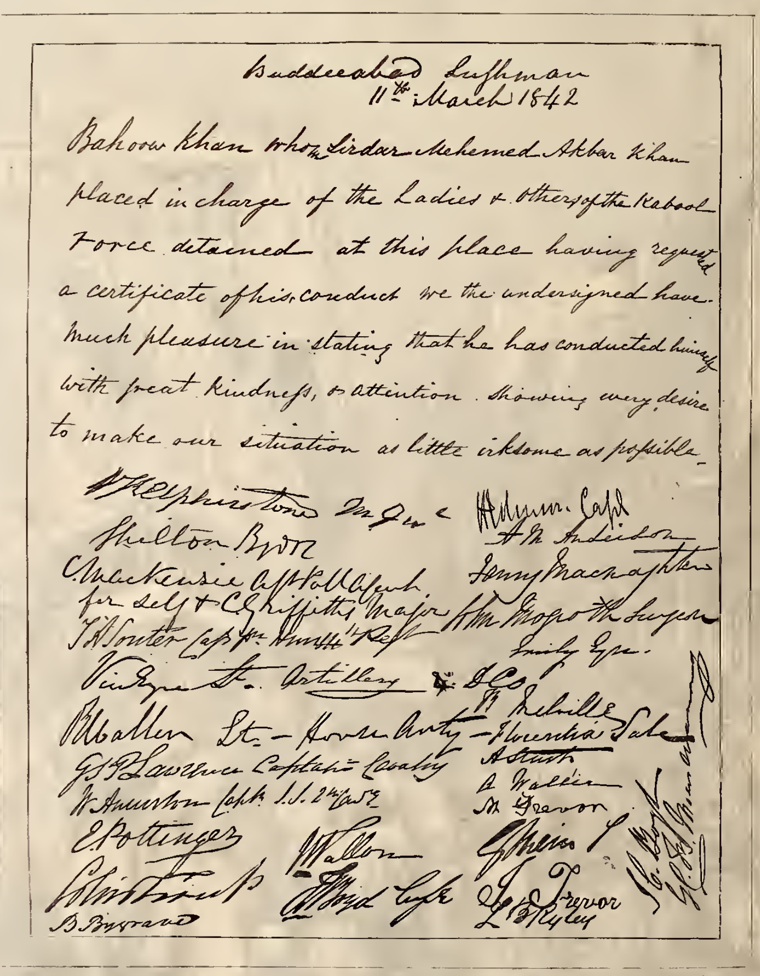
Unfortunately for us there is no telegraph office in the City of Cabul, nor has "our special correspondent" been yet able to penetrate those inhospitable regions. We must, therefore, wait patiently for the Ameer's reply to the Ultimatum of the Viceroy of India. In the mean time, the vivid imagination of one of the few Europeans who have had the honour of the Ameer's acquaintance has enabled us to present to our readers a sketch of the event as it may be supposed to take place within the audience chamber of the Ameer, in the Bala Hissar, in the City of Cabul.

The prominent figure in front is the Ameer himself, and behind him are his trusted advisers, the Mastophee, and the Meer Akhore, the former with the ordinary fur cap of an Afghan soldier, the latter in the usual dress of a Mohamedan gentleman. The official seated on the ground is the Ameer's confidential amanuensis, or Munshee, writing the words in Persian as they fall from the Ameer's lips; but with an occasional pause, as the wily Muscovite intrudes his advice. The other two attendants are of the Ameer's armed body guard.

"To be or not to be, that is the question." And we are afraid, from the resolute look of Shere Ali Khan, he is too blindly following the advice of the Russian diplomatist, and the message of peace is "*not to be!*" And soon the news of the coming conflict is carried to the Harem; for, unknown to that solemn conclave of privy counsellors, there has been standing, silently and secretly, at an inner door, a veiled female figure; a spy, deputed to unravel these hidden mysteries of State, and sent by no less a person than the Ameer's favourite wife, the mother of the late Abdullah Jan, who is ever watchful lest some sudden change of circumstances may favour the rival cause of that brave young soldier who for five long weary years has been imprisoned and disgraced—Yakoob Khan, the son of a rival mistress.

A FAC-SIMILE OF A CERTIFICATE SIGNED BY THE BRITISH PRISONERS IN CABUL, MARCH 11, 1842

Below is a *fac-simile* of a testimonial given by the British officers and ladies who were imprisoned in Fort Buddeeabad in Lugmān, as hostages after the rebellion in Cabul and the massacre of the British army of occupation in November, 1841. It is a certificate given to Meerza Bawudeen Khan, who had charge of the English prisoners from the 20th of January till March 18th, 1842, and which was brought to Peshawur by a descendant of the Meerza not long ago, and was photographed. Lieutenant Eyre, now Sir Vincent Eyre, says in his Diary (page 258), "Bawudeen Khan was an old acquaintance of Captain Troup who in peaceful times styled himself a Syud, but now for a time sunk his religious distinction of Syud in the more warlike distinction of Khan. This man had, at the outbreak of the rebellion, been imprisoned on suspicion of favouring the English, but was released immediately on the arrival of Mahomed Akbar, whom he had befriended during that chief's confinement at Bokhara, and to whose fortunes he now attached himself. His manners were exceedingly boorish, and he took little pains to render himself agreeable, though from his previous conduct there was reason to believe that, under his roughness of exterior, there lurked a secret preference for our cause."



Buddeeabad Lughman
11th March 1842

Bahoow Khan whom Sirdar Mehemed Akbar Khan placed in charge of the Ladies & others of the Kabool Force detained at this place having requested a certificate of his conduct we the undersigned have much pleasure in stating that he has conducted himself with great kindness, & attention. showing every desire to make our situation as little irksome as possible.

W K Elphinstone M Genl
H Johnson Capt
Shelton Brigr
A M Anderson
C. Mackenzie Asst Poll Agent
for self & C. Griffiths Major
Jenny Macnaghten
J H Souter Capt H.M. 44th Regt
Wm Magrath Surgeon
Emily Eyre.
Vin Eyre Lt. Artillery & D.C.S.
B Melville
R B Waller Lt. Horse Arty
Florentia Sale
G St P Lawrence Captain Cavalry
A Sturt
W Anderson Capt. 1.S. 2nd Cav.
A Waller
M Trevor
E Pottinger
J Walton
G Mein
T Boyd Capt
L Trevor
L Ryley
B Bygrave

A FAC-SIMILE OF A CERTIFICATE SIGNED BY THE BRITISH PRISONERS IN CABUL, MARCH 11, 1842

The date of the certificate, it will be seen, is March 11, 1842, namely, a week before the Meerza made over charge of the prisoners to his successor; and it will be of some interest to read Lieutenant Eyre's diary on the previous day, from which it appears that the Meerza had rendered some little service:—

"March 10.—In consequence of repeated earthquakes we deserted the house and took up our abode in some small wooden huts constructed by our servants. To-night our slumber was broken by loud cries of 'Murder!' which were found to proceed from Lady Sale's Hindoostani ayah, whom one of her admirers, in a fit of jealousy, had attempted to strangle in her sleep. The wretch, failing in his purpose, jumped over the wall, which was about twenty feet high, and, being discovered in the morning, narrowly escaped a hanging by lynch law at the hands of the Meerza (*i.e.*, the official to whom this certificate was given next day), who was with difficulty persuaded to alter his sentence to banishment from the Fort."

The names appended to this are of historic interest:—

- Major-General Elphinstone, the unfortunate officer who was in command of the garrison at Cabul at the time of the rebellion, and to whose indecision of character much of the misfortunes attending the affair are attributed. At the time General Elphinstone wrote his signature he was suffering from much bodily and mental weakness, and he died on his way from Fort Buddeeabad, and was eventually buried at Jalalabad.
- Brigadier-General Shelton, who succeeded General Elphinstone in command of the troops, but with little success.
- Captain Colin Mackenzie (now General Mackenzie), Assistant Political Agent, who was wounded in action at Cabul, and who was present at the assassination of Sir William M'Naughten by Sardar Akbar Khan.
- Major Griffith, of 37th N.I., who was wounded on retreat in Khoord Cabul Pass.
- Captain Souter, of H.M. 44th Regiment, wounded on retreat at Gundnamak, and who bravely preserved the colours of his regiment by tying them round his waist.
- Lieutenant Vincent Eyre (now Sir Vincent Eyre), whose

stirring narrative of his imprisonment the great Duke of Wellington declared had deprived him of a night's sleep!

Lieutenant R. Waller, of the Horse Artillery, wounded in action at Cabul, and who was a prisoner with his wife and two children.

Captain G. St. P. Lawrence (now Sir George Lawrence) Military Secretary to Sir William Macnaughten.

Captain Anderson, who was a prisoner with his wife and child, and whose eldest child, a little girl, was missing, having been lost in the Khoord Cabul Pass during the retreat. Lieutenant Eyre afterwards records the intense joy of Captain and Mrs. Anderson when, upon their release from prison, they found their eldest girl had been an inmate of Nawab Zerman Khan's family, where she had been treated with the greatest kindness. She had been taught to say, "My father and mother are infidels, but I am a Mussulman."

Major Eldred Pottinger, whom history will always celebrate as the "Hero of Herat," and of whom Sir Vincent Eyre has recently written:—"Should any similar crisis occur, whether in India or elsewhere, let us hope another such British hero as Eldred Pottinger may as opportunely start forth into the full blaze of fame, fired by his example and animated by his spirit."

Captain John Troup, wounded in the Khoord Cabul Pass. This officer lately died at Meerut, in North India, where he had commanded the garrison as Major-General.

Captain Bygrave, who had the toes of one foot nipped off by frost on retreat from Cabul.

Captain H. Johnson, of the Shah's service.

Mrs. Anderson, wife to Captain Anderson.

Lady Macnaughten, the widow of the late British Envoy, Sir William Macnaughten.

Dr. John Magrath, of the 37th Native Infantry.

Mrs. Eyre, wife of Lieutenant Eyre.

Lieutenant B. Melville, of the 54th Native Infantry, wounded on retreat near Huft Kotul.

Lady Florentia Sale, whose narrative of the "Cabul War" has been published, and whose brave husband, at the time of her imprisonment, was nobly defending his garrison at Jalalabad.

Mrs. Sturt, Lady Sale's daughter, and widow of Lieutenant Sturt, of the Engineers, killed in the Khoord Cabul Pass.

Mrs. Waller, wife of Lieutenant Waller.

Mrs. Trevor, widow of Captain Trevor, who was cut down as he was riding away from the conference with Akbar Khan, at which Macnaughten was assassinated.

Mrs. Trevor and her eight children were imprisoned at Buddeeabad, the eighth being born in the fort.

Lieutenant Mein, of H.M.'s 13th Regiment, who was wounded in action under General Sale, in the Khoord Cabul Pass.

J. Trevor, probably Mrs. Trevor's eldest child.

Mr. Ryley, Conductor of Ordnance, who was imprisoned with his wife and three children.

J. Waller, probably the eldest child of Lieutenant Waller.

Captain Boyd, Assistant Commissioner-General, who was imprisoned with his wife and three children; the youngest being born in prison.

Mrs. Boyd, the wife of Captain Boyd. The eldest child of Captain and Mrs. Boyd had been lost in their retreat from Cabul, but he was found by Sardar Akbar Khan, and made over to his parents.

H. B. Mainwaring, probably the wife of a non-commissioned officer, as the name appears amongst the ladies released from prison, but does not occur in the published list of the commissioned officers of the Cabul force.

Major-General Elphinstone assumed the command of the troops in Afghanistan, in April, 1841, when the country enjoyed a state of apparent tranquillity, and had not taken any previous part in the military occupation of Cabul. Of General Elphinstone Lieutenant Eyre writes: "No one who knew General Elphinstone could fail to esteem his many excellent qualities both in public and private. His professional knowledge was extensive; and before disease had too much impaired his frame for active exertion he had zealously applied himself to improve and stimulate every branch of the service. He had, indeed, one unhappy fault as a general—the results probably of age and infirmity—and this was his want of confidence in his own judgment, leading him to prefer everybody's opinion to his own. Hence much of that indecision, procrastination, and want of method which paralysed all our efforts, gradually demoralised the troops, and ultimately, not being redeemed by the qualities of his second in command, proved the ruin of us all. I might add that during the siege no one exposed his person more fearlessly or frequently to the enemy's fire than General Elphinstone. His courage was never doubted."

PESHAWUR

The only portion of Afghanistan now in possession of England is the Peshawur Valley, which lies between the celebrated Khyber Pass and the River Indus, together with a portion of the Kohat and Dera Ismail Khan districts, which are separated from the Peshawur Valley by a range of mountains inhabited by independent sections of the great Afghan tribe of Afreedees, but through which there is a road known as "the Kohat Pass," which is available for the transit of military stores and merchandise. This Pass is kept open to the British in consideration of an annual sum paid by the Indian Government to the heads of the Afreedee tribes. The Peshawur Valley came into the possession of the English Government in 1849 as part of the kingdom of Runjeet Singh, who had some years previously conquered it from the Afghans. It contains an area of 2,400 square miles, and is divided through its whole extent by the Cabul River (the ancient Cophes), which falls into the Indus immediately above Attock. The population of the entire district is estimated at 524,000, and the whole of the village population consists of Afghans, speaking the Afghan language (Pushto), and intermarrying with the Afghans of the surrounding hills, as well as with those of the kingdom of Cabul.

The city of Peshawur is not only a great commercial centre, but situated as it is at the gate of Central Asia, it is regarded as the most important military outpost in our Indian Empire. The regular military garrison of Peshawur consists of three batteries of artillery, two English regiments, two native cavalry, and three native infantry regiments. There are also at Nowshera (a station within the valley), one English regiment and one of native cavalry, and one of infantry; whilst at Murdan is stationed the Corps of Guides, a well-known native corps of infantry and cavalry (the Prince of Wales's Own), under the command of Colonel Jenkins. There is a line of mud forts along the frontier line which are usually occupied by detachments of native troops, namely, Fort Mackeson, commanding the Kohat Pass, Fort Michnee at the entrance of the Tartara Pass, and Fort Shubkudder, which commands the Caroppa Pass leading to Lalpura, the strong garrison of Peshawur itself standing sentinel at the mouth of the Khyber, with the police watch tower (represented in our engraving) on the extreme frontier line.

Peshawur has, unfortunately, obtained an unenviable notoriety on account of the unhealthiness of its climate, and is known amongst British soldiers as the "Valley of Death." Since the British occupation of the valley there have been as many as seven cholera epidemics of a very fatal character. The five cemeteries of the place testify to the sad fact that many a young soldier crossed the Indus never to return. The repeated assassinations of Europeans which have taken place in the district have also rendered it famous in the annals of Indian history, and it will doubtless interest many of our readers if we record the names of those who have thus fallen at Peshawur.

Lieutenant Arthur Houlnois, Bengal Engineers, who was killed by a band of Momunds, at Michnee, January 12, 1852.

Colonel Mackeson, Commissioner of Peshawur, who was assassinated by an Afghan fanatic, in the portico of his house, September, 1853, and of whose death Lord Dalhousie said "it would have dimmed a victory."

Lieutenant Thomas More Hand, of the 51st Native Infantry, who was shot by an Afreedee, near the Khyber Pass, January 27, 1857.

The Rev. Isidore Loewenthal, the translator of the New Testament into the language of the Afghans, who was shot by his watchman, April 27, 1864.

Major Robert Roy Adams, Deputy Commissioner of Peshawur, who was murdered by a Mahomedan fanatic near the city gate, January 22, 1865.

Lieutenant A. M. Ommanney, who was assassinated at the regimental band-stand at Murdan, by an Afghan from Swat, October 3, 1865.

Mr. Bean, an equestrian, who, having been invited by Cumadan Azim Khan to proceed to Cabul, was shot by his treacherous host near Fort Michnee, March 21, 1867.

Major Macdonald, who was cruelly murdered by Momund Afreedees, near Michnee, March 21, 1873.

Several European soldiers have also been assassinated by Afghans; and both Chief Justice Norman, of Calcutta, and the lamented Earl Mayo were stabbed by Afghans from the Peshawur district. The assassin of Earl Mayo, Shere Ali, was for some time an orderly to the Commissioner of the Peshawur district.

The climate of Peshawur is exceedingly hot in summer, but cool and pleasant in winter. During November, December, January, and February it very much resembles the climate of the south of France, whilst the thermometer in June and July frequently reaches 102° in the shade. There is no rainy season, as in other parts of India, but there are frequently days of incessant rain in January and February. The whole valley is naturally well-watered and exceedingly fertile, and its principal crops are rice, wheat, barley, and maize, whilst English vegetables are cultivated with great success. The grapes of Peshawur are celebrated in all parts of Northern India, and are cultivated in the villages on the Bara River without much trouble, whilst plums, figs, peaches, pomegranates, mulberries, and quinces grow in abundance, although inferior in flavour to those grown in Europe.

The native city of Peshawur is a flourishing town about five miles in circuit, and contains 60,000 inhabitants of mixed races of Afghans, Sikhs, and Hindus, about two-thirds of the inhabitants being Mahomedans. It is surrounded by a mud wall, with eight principal gates, the chief entrance from the Khyber Pass being the Cabul Gate, where a new structure is being erected as a Memorial Archway to the memory of the late Major-General Sir Herbert Edwardes, K.C.B., who was Commissioner at Peshawur during the Indian Mutiny. With the exception of a large mosque, with its two lofty minarets, there is no building of any architectural pretensions in the city, although the place has been much improved by the recent widening of streets and very careful drainage carried out with great energy and skill by Major Ommanney, the late Deputy Commissioner of the Peshawur.

During the winter months Peshawur is the great commercial mart for the whole of Central Asia, and its streets are crowded with motley groups of strangers from Cabul, Ghuznee, Chitral, Kohistan, Pugwar, Khawak, and hundreds of unheard-of-places known only to Europeans who take Lord Salisbury's advice, and study "large maps" of Central Asian Provinces. These men generally bring down horses, furs, skins, chogas, and rough woollen cloth, which they readily sell in the Peshawur market. But Peshawur is not only known to the Central Asian world as a place of merchandise, but it has always had its reputation as a centre of learning, for Akhund Darweza, Pir Baba, Kaka Sahib, and more recently the Akhund of Swat, are names as well known in the Mahomedan theological world as Westcott, and Pusey, and Stanley, are known to modern Englishmen. Consequently an extensive book trade is carried on at Peshawur, and every year numerous camel-loads of Korans and other religious books find their way over the steep mountain passes to the regions of Turkistan and Badakshan, for the cheapness of lithographic printing has promoted the study of Mahomedan books, which are printed by thousands at Delhi, Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Bombay. Peshawur has also been the source of most of the Afghan literature, and the great national poet of the Afghans, Abdur Rahman, lies buried in a graveyard not far from the city.

For many years several of the leading members of the present Ameer's family resided at Peshawur, and the old fort, once held by the Barakzais, has been only recently levelled to the ground. The grave of the mother of Shere Ali is still to be seen not far from the Wazeeree Bagh on the old residence of the Barakzai family. The palaces of two of the Ameer's uncles, Yar Mahomed Khan and Peer Mahomed Khan, are used respectively as the Government Dispensary and the Church Mission Anglo-Vernacular School.

THE STREETS OF PESHAWUR

The chief street of Peshawur is the entrance to the native city from the military cantonments, and as most of the necessary stores needed for the expedition are collected within the native city, one of our illustrations represents a commissariat train of mules and camels conveying the supplies from the city to the military camp outside the walls, whilst another is a sketch of a very characteristic side street of the same city, with the native troops fresh from Hindostan marching to cantonments. Both sketches have been drawn from photographs taken on the spot by an officer of the Indian army.

THE BRITISH TROOPS ENCAMPED IN THE HILLS AT CHERAT

As a remedy against the unhealthiness of Peshawur, the British troops are every year moved from that station to the Khuttuk Hills, which are situated about thirty miles from Peshawur. Our engraving represents the encampment of Her Majesty's 55th Regiment at Cherat, which is 4,000 miles above the level of the sea.

It was at a picket on the outskirts of the Cherat encampment that the Jowaki tribe of Afreedees attacked a native guard and killed some fifteen sepoys last year, and which led to the successful Jowaki Expedition of January last, under the command of Generals Keyes and Ross. There are two English cemeteries at Cherât; and in the midst of the rugged rocks may be seen the graves of many a brave fellow whose fine English constitution succumbed beneath the malarious influences of the Peshawur climate. The cemetery of the 42nd Highlanders is exceedingly picturesque, for most of the tombs are formed out of the solid rocks, which bear the names of the departed. It will, perhaps, be some consolation to the friends of those whose remains lie in the midst of these distant hills to know that the resting-places of Britain's dead are carefully preserved and guarded by each succeeding garrison as it occupies the Cherât encampment.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH AMEER SHERE ALI RESIDED AT PESHAWUR IN 1869

On his way to meet Lord Mayo at Umballa Ameer Shere Ali stayed at Peshawur, and at his own special request he resided in the Mission House of the Church Missionary Society, which was kindly lent to him by the missionaries of that Society. The house which is represented in our engraving is built upon the walls of the Serai, which is situated in the centre of the native city, and is known as the Gurkhuttree, and it is remarkable that this enclosure contains representative institutions of the three great religious creeds in India; for, in addition to the Christian Mission House, there are both a Mahomedan Mosque and a Hindu Temple. The Gurkhuttree is the most ancient part of the city, and is celebrated as the residence of the Italian General Avitable, who ruled Peshawur for the Sikhs with a rod of iron. In General Avitable's day the most common sights on the walls of the Gurkhuttree were the decapitated heads of Afghan brigands, which were exposed to view for days both as an example and a warning to his turbulent subjects. The General is said to have amassed a large fortune during his brief protectorate, but to have found it absolutely impossible to obtain leave to retire with his gains from the Sikh service. Fortunately for him, however, the British troops in Cabul needed money, which he most readily advanced for bills of exchange on Calcutta and London, and he was in this way able to decamp with his treasure without exciting the suspicions of the Sikh Government. For some time he resided in his native land, but was eventually poisoned by a member of his own family. The name of "Avitable Sahib" is still a word of terror to the children of Peshawur, whilst the recollection of his iron rule is yet green in the remembrance of many of the old folks of the valley.

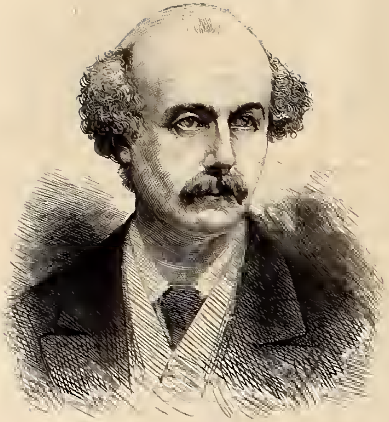
THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT PESHAWUR, WITH THE KHYBER IN THE DISTANCE

The first object which strikes the eye of the traveller as he enters the Peshawur valley from the Khyber Pass is the tower of the Peshawur Church. It is a fine Gothic structure erected in the Cantonments, close to the highway to Cabul. It is an exceedingly handsome structure, and is capable of seating about 1,200 troops. When the residents of Peshawur some years ago decided to erect the church, the spot selected was said by the natives to have been the site of a celebrated saint's grave, and as the foundations were being laid some of the old sages of the valley shook their heads, and declared that such sacrilege could never obtain the blessing of the Almighty! Strange to relate, it did take an unconscionably long time to get the roof on, and then at last, the money fell short; but the Freemasons, true to their craft, came liberally forward and collected the sum of money needed, and the present handsome structure represented in our engraving now stands as a monument to the piety and religious zeal of Englishmen, at the very gate of Central Asia. The church contains numerous monuments to English officers and others who have died at Peshawur. The mountains in the background are the regions inhabited by the Afreedee and Momund tribes, with the Sufaid Koh, or White Mountain, in the distance.

COLONEL SIR LEWIS PELLY, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., LATE ENVOY AND PLENIPOTENTIARY TO THE AMEER OF CABUL

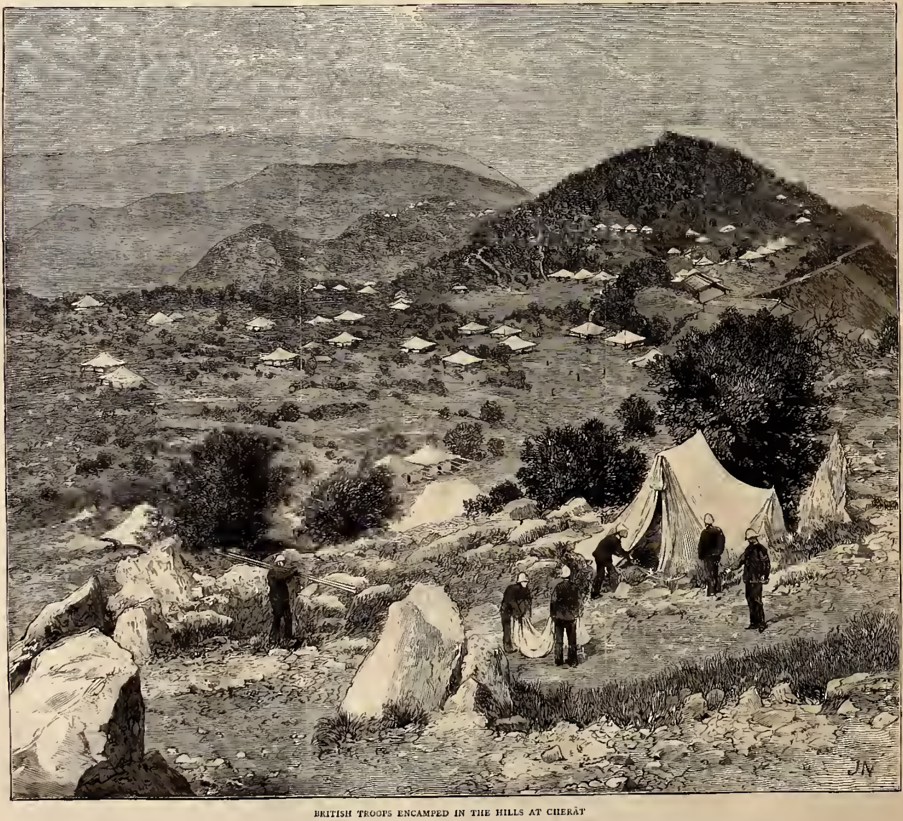
Sir Lewis Pelly was the officer selected by Lord Salisbury to carry on negotiations with the Ameer of Cabul in 1877. The Ameer did not follow the example of his father, and meet the Viceroy's Agent in person, but sent as his representative Syud Nur Mohammed Shah, accompanied by the Meer Akhor, to meet Sir Lewis Pelly at Peshawur. The Peshawur Political Conference commenced on the 27th of January, 1877, and lasted some six weeks, and it was on that occasion that Sir Lewis Pelly was able to demonstrate to the satisfaction of the English Government the fact that the past conciliatory policy had not found favour with the Ameer of Cabul.

Sir Lewis, having been educated at Rugby, entered the Bombay Army in 1840, and served his regiment in Sindh. In 1851 he was Acting Political Assistant at Baroda, under Colonel Outram, and the next year he was appointed to the Sindh Commission, in which he served as revenue officer, and in other civil departments. He was made Personal Assistant to the Commissioner of Sindh in 1856, and the same year accompanied General John Jacob as Aide-de-Camp in the Persian Expedition, and afterwards became Political Secretary to Sir James Outram. In 1859 he was Secretary of Legation at the Persian Court, under Sir Henry Rawlinson, and Chargé d'Affaires upon Sir Henry Rawlinson's retirement. In 1860 he was sent on a special mission to report on the condition of the Persian army in Turkomania, and on the political situation of Herat and Afghanistan. In the following year he was selected by Lord Canning as Political Agent of the Indian Government to the East Coast of Africa, where he confirmed treaties with the Syud of Zanzibar on the separation of Zanzibar from the Imaumate of Muscat, and at the same time carried out measures for the suppression of the slave trade on that coast. In 1862 he was appointed British Resident in the Persian Gulf, and it was during his residence at Bushire that Colonel Pelly visited the celebrated Wahhaby capital in Najd. In 1866 he punished the pirates at Soor, and received a Companionship of the Star of India for his services. In 1869 he seized the pirate chiefs off the Island of Bahrin, and negotiated a Convention for the lease of the Banda Abbas by the Shah of Persia to the Sultan of Muscat. In 1872 he was sent to Constantinople to frame an Order in Council with reference to Persia, and in the December of the same year he accompanied Sir Bartle Frere on his Anti-Slavery Mission to the East Coast of Africa. Upon his return from Africa, Sir Lewis was appointed Governor-General's Agent in Rajputana, which appointment he at present holds, although on furlough in England. In 1874 he was created a Knight Commander of the Star of India, and was sent by Lord Northbrook on a Special Mission of Enquiry into the Affairs of the Baroda State, and on January 5th, 1875, arrested the Guikowar of Baroda. When on furlough in England in 1876 he was sent out by Lord Salisbury with Lord Lytton (who had just been made Viceroy of India), with a special view to his carrying on negotiations with the Ameer of Cabul, and after his labours in the Peshawur Conference of 1877 he returned to England, and was created a Knight Commander of the Bath. Sir Lewis was recently married in Westminster Abbey to a step-daughter of Sir Rutherford Alcock.



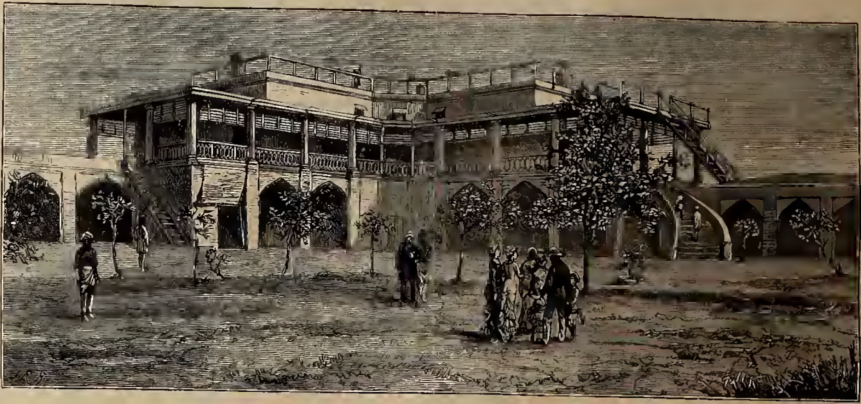
COLONEL SIR LEWIS PELLY, K.C.B., K.C.S.I.,
Late Envoy and Plenipotentiary to the Ameer of Cabul

THE LATE SYUD NUR MUHAMMAD SHAH
Late Envoy and Plenipotentiary from the Ameer of Cabul

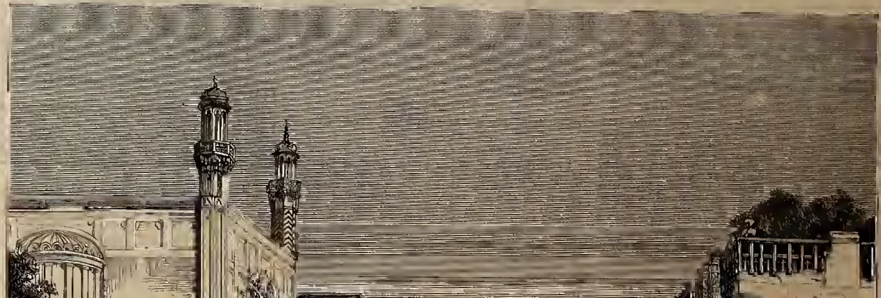


BRITISH TROOPS ENCAMPED IN THE HILLS AT CHERĀT

THE IMPENDING AFGHAN WAR



THE HOUSE IN WHICH AMEER SHERE ALI RESIDED AT PESHAWUR IN 1869



THE CHIEF STREET OF THE NATIVE CITY OF PESHAWUR—A COMMISSARIAT TRAIN

THE IMPENDING AFGHAN WAR

Sir Lewis Pelly's Mission lasted six weeks, during which time he was assisted by the well-known Orientalist and traveller, Dr. H. W. Bellew, C.S.I. There has been much discussion with reference to the nature of the communication which took place at that time between the respective envoys of the Indian and Afghan Government, and for the present the India Office seems determined to keep the whole matter a profound secret. This much, however, is certain, that the "Peshawur Conference" was the means of bringing to light the true state of things as they existed in Cabul, and of revealing the true character of the Ameer's dissatisfaction with the treatment he had received from England. That Sir Lewis brought with him all the fitness and necessary qualifications required for so important a Mission is evident from the record of his past services to his country which we are now able to record.

THE LATE SYUD NUR MOHAMED SHAH, LATE ENVOY AND PLENIPOTENTIARY FROM THE AMEER OF CABUL

Syud Nur Mohamed Shah was a native of Candahar, and for many years regularly visited India as a horse dealer. The late Ameer Dost Mohamed Khan appointed him to some subordinate post in his household, from which he gradually rose to one of some considerable power and influence. When the present Ameer of Cabul established himself on his throne in 1868 he appointed Syud Nur Mohamed Shah Prime Minister, and the Syud accompanied the Ameer to the Umballa Conference in 1869, and was the only Afghan official present during the Ameer's private interviews with Lord Mayo. Upon a more recent occasion he was sent by the Ameer of Cabul to negotiate with Lord Northbrook, and in January, 1877, he was appointed Envoy and Plenipotentiary to meet Colonel Sir Lewis Pelly at Peshawur. He was then accompanied by the Meer Akhor (the Agent from Cabul, who met Sir Neville Chamberlain in the Khyber), and the polite and gentlemanly bearing of the Syud was said to be a very striking contrast to the uncouth and ungracious bearing of his uneducated companion. On his way to Peshawur the Syud was seized with a painful illness, but he conducted his business with the British Envoy even when undergoing the most excruciating bodily sufferings. He was attended by the Civil Surgeon of Peshawur, Dr. Courtenay, and by two Afghan physicians, sent specially from Cabul, but he succumbed to the disease after a most painful illness, and died in the old Mess House of H.M.'s 51st Regiment, March 26th, 1877. By the death of the Syud Ameer Shere Ali lost his wisest and truest friend, and one whose wise counsels might, perhaps, have saved Afghanistan at the present hour. The Meer Akhor, who was afterwards deputed to turn back the English Mission under General Chamberlain, is a native of the village Akarpura near Peshawar. A man of mean extraction and of no education, he is, however, a personage of reputed sanctity, and is therefore employed by his master to excite, if possible, the religious sympathies of the people in behalf of the Ameer's cause.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS

Between that portion of Afghanistan occupied by the British and the territories of the Ameer there is a long line of independent tribes occupying the mountainous ranges which form our north-western barrier. Adjoining the Peshawur Valley, there are the Gaduns, Buneerwals, Swatees, Utman Kheyls, Momunds, and Afreedees, numbering some 80,000 fighting men. Further down our frontier, near to Banoo and Dera Ismail Khan, there are the Orukzais, Zaimoshtees, Turees, and Wazeerees, who can muster at least another 80,000. These men are armed with matchlocks, pistols, swords, and knives, and, being used to hill warfare, will be a powerful auxiliary to that side with which they cast in their lot. Every effort is being made by Generals Browne and Roberts to induce these warlike tribes to join the British standard, and already some of the leading tribes have assembled with our troops for an onward march.

THE ELEPHANT BATTERY OF ROYAL ARTILLERY

The heavy train elephant battery represented in our engraving is that commanded by Major Wilson, R.A., and which was detailed .for special duty with Sir N. Chamberlain. Being stationed at Peshawur, it now awaits orders to march forward to the Khyber Pass, where it will doubtless render most essential service.

FORT JUMROOD, AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE KHYBER

The old mud fort at Jumrood is situated ten miles from the Peshawur Cantonments, and close to the entrance of the Khyber Pass. It originally belonged to the Afghans, but it was seized by the Sikhs in 1837, and in an attempt made by the Afghans to retake it, the Sikh General Huree Singh was killed. According to the Sikh custom he was burnt, and his ashes are now entombed in a brick tower which is still seen in the walls of the fort facing Peshawur. Since the British occupation of Peshawur, Fort Jumrood has been held to be neutral ground, and nominally in charge of the independent Afreedee tribes. When the Ameer Shere Ali, in 1869, attempted to station a detachment of his troops in the Fort, he was reminded by the Peshawur authorities that such a step would not meet with the approval of the Indian Government. With a view to ulterior measures the Indian Government has placed troops at Jumrood, and the fact that this has been done without any hostile demonstration from the Afreedees, to whom the fort is supposed to belong, seems to be an indication of the friendly intentions of the Afreedee tribes of the Khyber towards the English.

HUREE SINGH KA BOORJ, THE FRONTIER LINE OF BRITISH INDIA

Huree Singh Ka Boorj, or the Tower of Huree Singh, a celebrated Sikh General, is a police station at the extreme north-west frontier of British India, about six miles from Peshawur, and four miles from Fort Jumrood. Beyond this tower no European is allowed to pass without a passport from the Peshawur authorities, and it was a disregard of this arrangement that cost Lieut. Hand his life in 1857. Parties of Europeans visiting the Khyber Pass are always escorted by Afreedee Chiefs from Huree Singh's Tower.

THE NATIVE CITY OF LAHORE AS SEEN FROM THE FORT

Lahore is the capital of the Punjaub, and the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. It is here that the Viceroy intends to stay until the present arrangements for an expedition to Cabul are completed. The City of Lahore is a quaint old native town with narrow streets, and with a strange mixture of Mahomedan and Sikh buildings. Our illustration is from a photograph taken from the top of the Fort, and includes in the view a picture of the Jumma Musjid, or Great Mosque, in the centre, and of the tomb of Runjeet Singh, the late ruler of the Punjaub, on the left. The European part of Lahore is outside the city walls, and stretches out for a distance of three miles towards the military cantonment of Meean Meer. It is known as Anarkullee, being named after a celebrated native dancing girl, whose remains lie entombed in the building at present used as a church. Efforts are now being made by the new Bishop of Lahore (Dr. French) to erect a suitable cathedral at Lahore. Lahore is about 300 miles from Peshawur, 1,700 miles from Calcutta and Bombay, and 200 miles from Mooltan.

FORT ATTOCK, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE PESHAWUR VALLEY

The Fort at Attock is situated on the left, or east, bank of the River Indus, and commands the entrance to the Peshawur Valley, which is approached by a bridge of boats. The fort was erected by the Emperor Akbar, and is still a fortification of some strength. It is held by a garrison battery of artillery and a company of British soldiers. The bridge is formed of some thirty boats at a point where the stream is about 550 feet wide. This bridge is sufficiently strong for all military stores and guns to pass over it, but elephants are made to swim across the rapids. In the summer, when the melting of the snow in the lofty mountains to the north raises the stream, the bridge becomes endangered, and it is withdrawn when communication between the Peshawur Valley and the rest of India can be performed by a ferry; the boatmen, who form a distinct tribe, have resided at Attock since the days of Akbar. The banks of the river are high on both sides, so that the increased fall of water deepens, rather than widens, the stream. The depth of the Indus at Attock is, when at its lowest, 30 feet, and at its highest some 70 feet. In the winter months there is a ford at Hood, a place five miles above Attock, but this ford is seldom used on account of the coldness of the water and the rapidity of the stream. In 1856 the Indian Government commenced the construction of a tunnel under the Indus at Attock, but the work has never been completed, as it has been decided eventually, upon the completion of the Punjaub State Railway, to construct a bridge over the river. The bridge of boats is generally available for traffic from October to May inclusive. The name Attock signifies *obstacle*, and with reference to which there is some discussion amongst the learned. Some say it was the first serious *obstacle* Alexander the Great met with in his invasion of India, although it is now generally supposed that the Macedonian conqueror crossed the Indus at Torbeyla, and not at Attock. Some state that the name was given to the place by the Emperor Akbar for similar reasons; whilst others suppose that the name was given under the presumption that no scrupulous Hindu would proceed westward of it. On the right bank, which is the Peshawur side of the river, there is the village of Khyrabad, where there is an old ruined fort, said to have been erected by Nadir Shah, and which was occupied by a regiment of Muzabee Sikhs during the excavation of the tunnel to which we have referred.

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE AMEER SHERE ALI KHAN

BY AN ANGLO-INDIAN

I first met Shere Ali, the present Ameer of Cabul, in March, 1869, when he visited India for a conference with Earl Mayo at Umballa. He was then a man of about fifty years of age, of middle stature, with marked aquiline features, and with a fine soldierly bearing. Indeed, so anxious are the Barakzai rulers of Cabul to be considered *soldiers* and chiefs rather than *kings* that they have never assumed the title of *Shah*, but merely that of *Ameer*. Shere Ali struck me as a man of remarkably good common sense, and his powers of conversation were very great. During his stay at Peshawur, both on his way to Umballa, and on his return to Cabul, he held daily levees, and spent most of his time in friendly interviews with the Europeans and natives who visited him. In his lengthened conversation with European visitors (with whom he always took tea), he evinced a very correct acquaintance with the leading facts of European history. This was all the more notable because he was unable to read or write, and had thereby acquired his information from conversations with those of his attendants who were able to read, and a special clerk, acquainted with English, has always been kept at the Court of Cabul to translate articles and telegrams from the Indian newspapers. I found he knew much of the history of Napoleon the First, Peter the Great, Alexander, and even Alfred the Great. His favourite character was Napoleon, and on no account would he yield the palm to our Wellington. His sense of humour was very great. "I know I am a savage," he said one day, "but you English were just as bad three hundred years ago!" Once, when he was unusually talkative, he said, "How dreadfully afraid you English are of the Russians!" "Not in the least," I replied; "we shall be excellent neighbours some day!" "Ah," he said, "if you were not afraid of the Russians you would not make so much of me!" He affected not to be impressed with the beauty of English ladies, and several times remarked as he passed them, "Ah! I see you keep all your pretty women at home!" He frequently expressed his abhorrence of low-necked dresses and short-tailed coats, and said such advances in the scale of civilisation were contrary to his religion, for they were forbidden by the Prophet! He professed to be a devout and pious Muslim, but numerous empty bottles told of frequent departures from the strict injunctions of his religion, and when at Jalandar, where he was received in the most friendly manner by Sir D. Forsyth, he did not hesitate to suggest that cherry brandy was much more suited to his taste when served in tumblers than in small liqueur glasses.

He was most impressed by the fine manly bearing of the Viceroy, and all present at the Umballa Durbar observed how this semi-savage, fresh from his native hills, quailed beneath the hospitable, but truly British, grasp of Lord Mayo's hand. It was a long time before any one knew the real results of the Umballa Conference, but it was to Shere Ali's interest to make it appear that he possessed a Treaty, and it was this impression that he endeavoured to give upon his return journey, nevertheless I can now recall a gloomy mood of depression and despondency which was a marked contrast to the high spirits with which he entered India. "I am now a king!" he over and over exclaimed, as he witnessed the lavish expenditure of money upon his reception, but doubtless, when he found he had obtained no written security of friendship for his *dynasty*, an idea as cherished to a Barakzai as it is to a Bonaparte, his heart failed him, for he saw in the future but a repetition of the past—civil war! dethronement! death!

The Ameer's youngest son, Abdullah Jan, was with him, and appeared to be a youth of some promise—he was then about twelve years of age. He could read and write Persian, and was then learning English. The Ameer often spoke of his eldest son, Yakoob, in terms of admiration, and told me he was a very fair English scholar, and a fine soldier. The Ameer generally spoke Persian, but to the Afghan villager and hill-men he spoke Pushto; he could also make himself understood in Hindustani, and could give the military words of command in English. He has had the reputation of being an author, for a book against Wahhabyism bears his name, but it was written by a Moulvie in the name of the Ameer of Cabul. He always seemed much interested in the manner and customs of the English people, and conversed for hours on subjects connected with our national and domestic life. When in India he bought up all the second-hand uniforms of European officers he could lay his hands on for the use of his staff, and he also purchased rather an extensive English wardrobe for himself. He said the European dress was the dress for soldiers, and the Oriental dress for women and priests. When asked by Lord Mayo how he liked the dress of the Highland regiments, he said it was "terrific," but "was it decent?" Of all the presents he received at Umballa, the mountain train battery of guns and the two English horses which Lord Mayo gave him appeared to delight him most. Both to and from Umballa, a distance of about 500 miles each way, he was driven in a Government van by Mr. Faichnie, the English Superintendent of the Postal Department, to whom he gave a handsome gold watch. During his journey he was accompanied by the late Colonel Charles Chamberlain, a brother of Sir N. Chamberlain. This was at his special request, for upon his first arrival at Jumrood he requested that some relative of his old friend, Neville Chamberlain, might attend him during his visit to India. At Umballa he refused to receive a visit from Sir Peter Lumsden on account of some long-standing enmity which he, true to the Afghan character, would never forget or forgive.

During the lifetime of the Dost it was well known that whilst his sons Afzul and Azim Khan were in favour of an alliance with England, Shere Ali was always strongly pro-Russian. It was only dire necessity which brought him to Umballa in 1869, and it was the moral support which he obtained from the English then that has enabled him to maintain his throne. For several years he continued to send his brothers and other State prisoners into British territory for safe keeping, and his nephew Ismail Khan, who was the chief instrument in securing the throne for Shere Ali, died a prisoner at Lahore. Two brothers, Sharif Khan and Ahmad Khan, are still in India, and a nephew, the son of Akbar Khan, who assassinated Sir W. Macnaughten, Jalaluddeen Khan, is still at Rawul Pindee. Ahmad Khan being a son of Dost Mohamed by a Sudozai princess, unites in his person the two contending dynasties of Barakzai and Sudozai. Jalaluddeen Khan is not only Shere Ali's nephew, but also his son-in-law, having married one of his daughters. During the Ameer's visit to Peshawur, Jalaluddeen sought an interview, but it was refused. Out of a large number of brothers the Ameer has only one whom he can regard as friendly to his cause, namely Wali Mohamed Khan, who is now in Cabul. He has estranged his whole family from him by his unnatural treatment of his brothers, Aslam Khan and Husein Khan, whom he murdered, and of his son Yakoob Khan, whom he has imprisoned for so many years.

Magazines

II.

Perhaps the paper of most interest in the *Fortnightly Review* is Mr. Matthew Arnold's plea for the organisation in England of a more satisfactory system of secondary instruction. In France, what with the *Lycées* and the Communal Colleges, there are 81 great secondary schools of the first class, and 252 of the second, "all of them with a public character, all of them under inspection, all of them offering guarantees of the capacity of their teaching staff, and in these schools a total of 79,241 scholars." In Great Britain and Ireland, on the other hand, there are certainly not more than 20,000 boys receiving a secondary instruction which can in any possible sense be said to offer guarantees for its efficiency. And these 20,000 boys belong all but exclusively to the aristocratic and upper-middle, or professional classes; the immense middle-class proper, the commercial class, is with us left to an education which Mr. Arnold calls "deplorable." In England the professional class, at an immense money price, which it can ill afford to pay, is brought up with the aristocratic class on "the first plane," the middle class on "the second plane;" while in France the whole middle class is brought up together on "the first plane." Hence in France the middle class is not cut in two as here, and has in consequence "a homogeneity, an extent and an importance, which it has nowhere else." Mr. Arnold's plan for improvement is the establishment throughout the country of a proper supply of secondary schools, supported partly by the State and partly by municipal grants. For the present it seems sufficient to say of this scheme that, with all its advantages, it would cost a great deal of money, and we do not see from what quarter the pressure necessary to extract such large sums as would be wanted could be expected to come. Besides, a good deal might be said, though we have not the space to say it here, on the political disadvantages attending that divorce between the professional and the governing classes in this country which Mr. Arnold seeks to bring about. It is at any rate arguable that the comparative identification "in thought, feeling, and manners" which at present exists between the two may have had its share in promoting political stability.—In a paper entitled "Civilisation and Noise," Mr. Sully discusses with much ability, and evidently a very deep personal feeling, a subject which comes home to the "business and bosoms" of many of us—the "whole Iliad of afflictions" to which, as he says, "a highly developed and cultivated ear" is exposed by the various noises—often quite unnecessary noises—of modern great cities. And these horrible discordant sounds are not only grievous in themselves, but have an even more distressing effect in disturbing and distracting the attention to an extent which in the case of many persons may lead to "an amount of suffering which may appreciably colour their conscious existence." We do not think that Mr. Sully at all overstates his case, though we are afraid he is right in holding that the time is not ripe for the sufferers from noise to look for much relief from legislation. But a great deal would be done if the community at large could be brought to understand that to people of sensitive ears and nerves, particularly if engaged on mental work, noise is a very real and distressing evil, and no mere imaginary annoyance, which would cease to be an annoyance at all if they made up their minds not to attend to it.—Mr. Chamberlain's defence of the Caucus against the strictures of Mr. E. D. J. Wilson and others is able and ingenious, but will hardly satisfy any who are not prepared to look on party organisation and party triumphs as ends justifying and sanctifying any sacrifices.—In a paper on "The Recent Development of Socialism in Germany and the United States," Professor Fawcett points out that that excessive dependence upon the State, which is the most prominent characteristic of modern Socialism, will inevitably exist in greatest activity in such countries as the above-named, where "industrial independence has been sacrificed to a wide-spread system of protection, and the lesson has been persistently taught that industrial prosperity is mainly to be secured by tariff-regulations and Custom-house restrictions." The "Two Foreign Opinions on the Treaty of Berlin,"—those, namely, of Señor Castelar and M. Emile de Laveleye—forms another article of considerable interest.

A noteworthy paper in the *Contemporary Review* is the first, styled "What is Going On at the Vatican?" by an anonymous writer, who would seem to be a Romanist of reforming tendencies, very deeply in the confidence of Father Curci, and a sworn foe to the Jesuits and the Roman Curia. He is very friendly to the Pope, and confirms the impression generally entertained as to his character. "The long-cherished and supreme ambition of Leo XIII.," he says, "may be described in a single sentence—it aims at putting and leaving the Church in relations of friendship and peace with all civilised States." But in this aim, we are told, he is hampered by the Cardinals, the large majority of whom are obstructive and reactionary. But though the writer would have us regard him as quite behind the scenes at the Vatican, readers will probably do well to accept his revelations with a certain amount of caution, as revelations from that quarter generally proceed from persons who think they know a great deal more than they do.—"The Alcohol Question" is discussed here in papers by Sir James Paget, Dr. Lauder Brunton, and Dr. Albert Bernays. Sir James Paget maintains that temperance is better than abstinence on the strength of the evidence of history. Broadly comparing the Western with the Eastern races we find that the former use, and the latter do not use, alcoholic drinks. Confining ourselves to the races of Europe we find, again, that those of the North use alcoholic drinks more freely than those of the South. But, says Sir James, there is no evidence to show that the Easterns live longer or are healthier than the Westerns, or Southern Europeans than Northern Europeans; whilst as to working power there can be no question that the advantage is with the consumers of alcohol. Dr. Brunton's account of the precise character of the action of alcohol on the system is also decidedly interesting.—Mr. G. Matheson's paper on "The Originality of the Character of Christ," as being a conception beyond the reach of the thought of the age, either Jewish or Gentile, is sensible enough—indeed, thoroughly orthodox as it is, it would hardly provoke dissent from the generality of modern sceptics—but it does not seem to open up any new ground. We cannot help remarking, however, that Mr. Matheson appears to insist too strongly on narrowness, exclusiveness, and fanaticism being general characteristics of the Judaism of the time of Christ. Any one would think he had never heard of Philo of Alexandria and his school.—We have also, from Professor Edward Dowden, an article on "The Text of Wordsworth"—which suffered to an unusual extent from alterations and improvements, or fancied improvements, effected by the poet himself during the course of his long life—which is an exceedingly careful piece of work and very curious reading.

In the *Cornhill* we have a paper on "The Eighteenth Century," by Mr. T. E. Kebbel, which, much as the eighteenth century has been written about of late, is still worth reading. What Mr. Kebbel chiefly insists on is the *repose*—in the State, in the Church, and in Society—that was so marked a characteristic of the century. Even the irruption of the Highlanders into England in 1745 seems on the whole to have been regarded with great indifference. "And it is wonderful," says Mr. Kebbel, "how shortly all record of it was forgotten. There are probably fewer local traditions of Prince Charles's advance into England than of any event in history of equal magnitude and interest. The fact is, nobody cared."—We have farther a rather subtle piece of criticism on "The Undefinable in Art," the object of which is to show—and which, we think, succeeds in showing—that in all our impressions from works of art, whether they be poems, pictures, or musical compositions, no matter how highly developed may be the intellectual appreciation of beauty, "there remains a wide margin of emotional effect which intellectual reflection cannot render definite."—The fine and thoughtful essay on "The Fear of Death" must also be mentioned as another ornament to the number.

In *Blackwood* "The New Ordeal" is brought to a conclusion, and must undoubtedly be pronounced a vigorous *jeu d'esprit*, though it is far from easy to understand what has been its author's exact aim in its composition.—In "A New Method of Social Evolution," which suggests to the Americans how they should by degrees establish an aristocracy similar to the English, we have one of those elaborate jokes which one only looks for in the pages of *Blackwood*. There is, no doubt, cleverness in it, though the fun, to those who do not regard the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* as the highest manifestation of humour, may be apt to seem a little elephantine.—In "India and Afghanistan" we have a clear and straightforward statement of the case in favour of Lord Lytton's frontier policy; whilst "American Facts and Gladstone Fallacies" is a sharp attack on the ex-Premier, whose article, "Kin Beyond Sea," would seem, from the extracts from American newspapers here given, to have been received with anything but unmixed favour on the other side of the Atlantic.

The *Churchman's Shilling Magazine* for this month seems entitled to a very creditable place among the minor periodicals. "The New Generation" is the title of a paper which examines the political ideas expounded in Lord Beaconsfield's novels with a good deal of justice and candour, even if it does not succeed in throwing fresh light upon a pretty nearly outworn subject. The sketch of Roumanian history through the course of the present century is good and readable, and the fiction we find here fully up to the average magazine standard.

The full account of the Afghan Passes, with the excellent map that accompanies it, ought to be enough to recommend the *Geographical Magazine* for this month to popular favour.—Besides this we are told "the rights" about that "Kuldja Question" between Russia and China, which, difficult as it may be to stir ourselves up to take an interest in a matter that seems so remote, may have consequences of vast importance in their bearing on the destinies of Asia.—The fragment by Dr. Robert Brown on an exploration of the interior of Greenland undertaken by some Danish gentlemen in the course of the last summer is also of interest.

In *The Magazine of Art* the papers on "Modern Art in Florence," and on the recent Exhibition of Paintings on China at Messrs. Howell and James' Galleries in Regent Street are well worth reading, and the many illustrations, full-page and small, with which the periodical abounds are of the usual excellence; *The Garden* for this month is full of information and suggestions of high value to the horticulturist; and *The Day of Rest*, though addressing itself apparently principally to very youthful readers, nevertheless boasts among its contributors for this month such names as those of Mr. R. A. Proctor, Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Rev. Dr. John Hunt, Miss Freser Tytler, Mr. Richard Rowe, and others of similar mark.

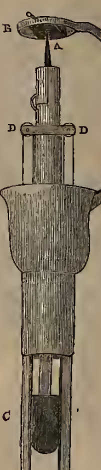
THE ELECTRIC LIGHT

The electric candle of M. Jablochkoff, which has lately played such tricks with the gas shares, has at length met with what will very probably become a formidable rival. We allude to the invention of M. Werdermann, which has on one or two occasions during the past few days been exhibited at the British Telegraph Manufactory in the Euston Road.

We must remind our readers that in the Jablochkoff candle, the two carbon pencils from which the light is given are placed parallel to one another, and separated by a strip of clay or plaster. In the older forms of regulators the carbons were invariably placed one above the other—their points nearly meeting, and the electric arc playing between them. M. Werdermann returns to this form of burner—in that he places one carbon above the other; but there the comparison ceases, for in every other respect the arrangement which he adopts is entirely novel.

His first experiments seem to have been in the direction of varying the relative size of the two carbon pencils, which led to the discovery that, when the negative electrode was represented by a mass of carbon larger than the positive by 64 to 1, some very advantageous results were arrived at.

The cut annexed will enable our readers to understand the form of lamp which M. Werdermann has adopted as the outcome of these experiments. The negative carbon is placed at the top of the apparatus, and is held in a metal ring by means of a set screw. This metal ring is supported by the curved arm on the right of the figure which forms the necessary metallic connection with the source of electricity at the base of the lamp. The positive carbon is represented by the fine point (A) which touches the negative block (B). (This actual touching of the two electrodes is a special feature of M. Werdermann's invention, and one in which it differs from all other regulators in use). The positive carbon is a rod of little more than one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and about a yard long. It is kept in contact with the negative block by means of a weight (C) which hangs below, and which acts upon two cords passing over pulley wheels (D D). By these means the carbon is constantly pressed upwards, like the candle in a carriage lamp. In practice it is found that the form given to the negative electrode prevents it wearing away to any appreciable degree, and that the positive rod is consumed at the rate of but two inches per hour. A yard length will, therefore, feed one lamp, without attention, for fifteen hours. A Jablochkoff candle only lasts one hour and a half; but four candles are commonly placed in one lamp, an arrangement being attached, which we have already described in these columns, for igniting them in turn automatically. It will be seen that, so far as simplicity is concerned, the new lamp has a decided advantage. But its merits do not stop here, for it presents many advantages which no other form of lamp has yet given.



The size of the electric arc is very small indeed—for, as just explained, the carbons actually touch—but the positive point is rendered incandescent, and gives out a large amount of light as well. The quality of the light is very soft and agreeable, and needs no interposing medium, such as opal glass, to tone down its radiance. It is, too, perfectly steady and unflickering, and of agreeable colour. With all this the light is so intense, that the *shadows* of adjacent gas *flames* are thrown upon the walls in the workshop where it is exhibited.

Another very important point in this last new phase of the Electric Light is, that it requires a current for its support of very low tension. This means lower cost of production and less expense in insulation of wires, &c. The lights can also be multiplied in a manner which no other system admits of. Thus, M. Werdermann shows a row of ten lights burning at one time, with the help of only a two horse-power engine. The wires from the magneto-electric machine (one of Gramme's, ordinarily used for electro-plating) were laid on each side of this row of lights, branch wires being attached to supply the carbons of each. This arrangement, perhaps, represents the nearest electric approach to a street gas main, and its issuing pipes to feed the lamps in its course. We congratulate M. Werdermann upon having made the most important advance of the present year in the field of electric illumination. T. C. H.

New Novels

"The Europeans: a Sketch," by Henry James (2 vols.: Macmillan).—Mr. Henry James, who has already won considerable reputation by some critical essays on modern French literature, seems likely to achieve no less distinction as a novelist, his "Americans" having already won him considerable popularity. It is true that there is hardly an attempt at plot in this present story—or rather, as he calls it, "sketch"—of his; but, thin as is the thread of narrative, it is yet strong enough to hold together a group of characters most of them wonderfully life-like and original. Foremost among these stands Felix Young, an American by descent, but born and brought up in Europe, a young fellow who has roamed about the Continent as actor, singer, and artist, settling to nothing, but always enjoying himself, and making the most of life, and as incapable of serious wrong-doing as he is of fixed and definite aims. Together with his sister, the Baroness Münster—she is the morganatic wife of a German Princeling, whose family are seeking to set aside the marriage—this airy young gentleman finds himself paying a visit to America, bent, at the instigation of the Baroness, on making the acquaintance of certain extremely well-to-do cousins who are living in the near neighbourhood of Boston. Of this Baroness we need not say much, for though she is drawn sufficiently well to make us understand that she is a clever, scheming, and not over-scrupulous woman, she does not fill that space in the reader's mind that the author, we fancy, intended her to occupy. But the contrast between Felix, with his brilliancy, his versatility, and his genial sunny nature, to which everything is full of interest for the opportunities of enjoyment it may afford, and his grave and sedate Puritan relatives, whose habitual mood is somewhat joyless and depressed from an overstrained conscientiousness and sense of the solemnity of life, is brought out in the happiest manner; many of the conversations by which this result is effected being as dramatic as they are exquisitely humorous. In particular, how this gay Bohemian, who for all his levity is yet so entirely amiable and worthy of confidence, gradually comes to exercise influence over the serious uncle, fatigued and overwhelmed by the ever-present feeling of his "responsibilities," to whom at first Felix, "as a young man extremely clever and active, and apparently respectable, and yet not engaged in any recognised business," is "an unfortunate anomaly," so that in the end Mr. Wentworth comes to consent to his nephew's marriage to his cousin Gertrude, is sketched with admirable vivacity and skill. We are, in short, in the book taken on new ground, and introduced to characters almost, if not altogether, novel and striking, who, unfamiliar as they are, yet impress the reader at once as real and living men and women. Mr. James ought to have a really brilliant future before him.

"Christine Brownlee's Ordeal," by Mary Patrick, author of "Marjorie Bruce's Lovers" (3 vols.: Smith and Elder).—This is a story of much more than average excellence, but it wants the freshness of Miss Patrick's earlier work. Indeed the situation which forms the "ordeal" of the heroine, Christine Brownlee, may pretty well be described as hackneyed. The beautiful girl who, to save her father from shame and ruin, consents to sell herself to the elderly suitor who covets her young beauty, though conscious that she loathes and despises him, and who to render her sacrifice effectual is forced to let her lover believe her a false and worthless woman, led away by the charms of title and position, is a figure to which we are by no means unaccustomed either in fiction or on the stage; so that from long experience we never have the slightest apprehension but that means of rescue will be provided for the unfortunate Christine ere it be too late. However, if Miss Patrick's main theme cannot boast of much novelty, she has made the most of it, and treated it here and there with considerable power. No doubt such a situation as we are called on to contemplate is not very probable, and that being so, we may leave without remark certain minor improbabilities attributed to some of the actors in it, which can hardly fail to catch the notice of the attentive reader. But it must not be supposed that the book is in the tragic vein throughout, for the lighter scenes, of which the first volume principally consists, are given with much playfulness and some touches of real humour. Altogether, the book may be considered satisfactory enough, though its author must be held to have done better on a former occasion.

"Christiern the Wicked: an Historical Tale," by H. Tagson. From the German, translated by the Author (Samuel Tinsley).—This seems an attempt at the "rehabilitation"—partial "rehabilitation, at any rate—of Christiern the Second, King of Denmark in the earlier years of the sixteenth century, who, the author would have us think, was the friend of the people against the exactions and oppressions of the nobles and the clergy, which last class revenged itself on him by dubbing him "the Wicked." Perhaps for the literary merits of the tale there is not very much to be said, but as a picture of the period treated of it may be read with attention by persons who do not shrink from a novel which involves a little trouble. Should a second edition of the work be called for, we should recommend the author to preface it with an introductory chapter, giving some brief outline of Danish history during the Middle Ages, and a general view of the condition of the country and its relations with other States at the opening of the sixteenth century. He seems to believe English readers much better "posted up" as to such matters than in fact they are, and hence not a little in his book is scarcely intelligible.

"By-Ways," by Mary W. Paxton (3 vols.: Samuel Tinsley).—The present demand for novels being apparently insatiable, this book may perhaps, meet it as well as many another that we come across, though, as far as we have examined it, it is without merit of any kind. Its *dramatis personæ* are supremely uninteresting, and some of them very vulgar besides. We do not think, however, that there is anything mostly unwholesome in the story, and this may count for something in its favour.

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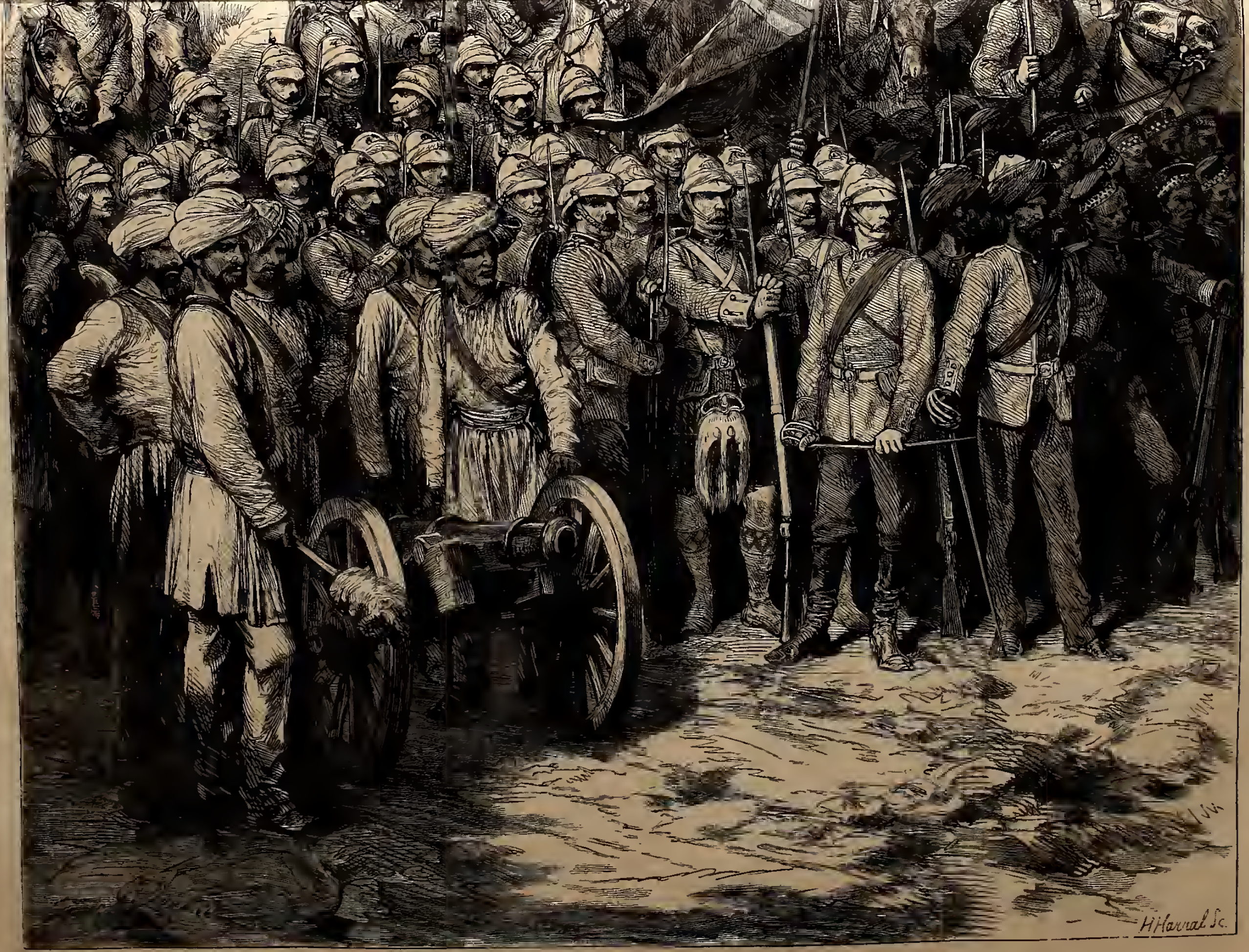
The Oldest House in the United States is shortly to be pulled down, and a house-warming, got up in the olden style, was lately given as a farewell to the ancient walls. The house stands at Southold, Long Island, and was built by one of a colony of thirteen English settlers who landed in the harbour in 1639, while it has remained in the possession of the descendants of its original owner, Barnabas Horton, until within the last five years. It was enlarged in 1665, and another wing built in 1835. For the house-warming the rooms were arranged in accordance with the habits of two centuries ago, the ancient furniture was brought out, and family relics exhibited, while the guests wore costumes to match, many of them being veritable old dresses which had been preserved as heirlooms.



AWAITING THE ORDER TO ADVANCE

THE IMPENDING AFGHAN WAR—THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

I.

THE "good cheer" which Christmas brings for mind as well as body in the shape of many-pictured, gaily-bound books to replenish the childish library, does not display any striking native talent this year. Indeed, those contributions showing most novelty and originality are mainly due to Gallic or Transatlantic pens. Thus the quaint autobiography from the insect world, "The Curious Adventures of a Field Cricket" (Sampson Low), is translated from the French of Dr. E. Candèze by Mr. N. d'Anvers, and is both amusing in text and *spirituel* in illustrations. Queer peeps are given into the underground life of many a tiny insect, and all kinds of entomological lore are welded into a highly entertaining story. M. d'Anvers' work bears little trace of translation, and M. Renard's clever drawings are as true to Nature as they are ingenious and humorous.—The difference between natural and laboured humour is palpably illustrated by the species of geographical alphabet, "Funny Foreigners and Eccentric English" (same publishers), wherein Clifford Merton has unhappily allied doggrel rhymes and absurd and garish caricatures.

Another French contribution is M. Biart's "Two Friends" (S. Low), translated by Mary de Hauteville. United by a common bond of suffering, two French lads become a very Damon and Pythias, and their existence, thanks to brutal parents, is a daily round of misery. The story, therefore, is far from cheerful, although justice is done in the end.—From this atmosphere of sentimentality in Parisian back slums it is a refreshing change to the wild open American prairie, the scene of Mr. W. H. G. Kingston's "With Axe and Rifle" (same publishers). Here are an energetic family seeking home and fortune in the far West, and passing happily through the many perils besetting travellers of olden days in the regions then only familiar to the trapper and the Redskin.—Mr. Kingston appears again in "The Rival Crusoes" (Griffith and Farran), founded on an old story composed by Agnes Strickland, and now enlarged and rewritten to suit modern taste. The levelling power of misfortune is herein forcibly demonstrated, as a haughty young lord, wrecked on a desert island, is compelled to fraternise with a humble shipmate, the only other survivor of the wreck, and whom he has severely persecuted both on land and sea.—There is another haughty aristocrat snubbing his inferiors in "Buttons," by A. R. Hope (same publishers), with a similar finale of reformation, but this character is considerably exaggerated. The punishment devised by Geoffrey's father is also most improbable, and the tale—intended to inculcate kindness to inferiors—is more likely to impress the reader with its absurdity than to point a moral.—Boys, however, are not the only disagreeable personages in fiction, for the young damsels in "The New Girl," by "M. E. B." (same publishers), are most unlovely specimens of the feminine element. Jealousy, dishonest cribbing, and spitefulness in general, are freely illustrated by these pages of school life, although honest, upright Rose pleasantly relieves the monotony.

Schooling of a different character is depicted by "Root and Flower," by J. Palmer (Griffith and Farran), which details the successful efforts of a band of mission workers in a wretched London parish. Mr. Palmer's little story is well told in its simplicity, and rests on fact.—A still higher interest, however, attaches to "Our Blue Jackets" (Hodder and Stoughton), a plain account of the noble work done by Miss Agnes Weston among sailors. Miss Weston is the originator of the valuable Sailors' Rest at Devonport, and of the "blue-backs" or monthly letters sent to British crews in all parts of the globe. Springing from a simple letter to a soldier ten years ago, this marine correspondence now averages 4,000 copies monthly, while the precious "blue-backs" even accompanied the Arctic ships.—And as the last volume deals with Jack ashore, "Our Redcoats and Blue Jackets," by H. Stewart (J. Hogg), testifies to the value of Jack afloat. Soldiers share the glory here, however, for Mr. Stewart furnishes a brief history of British military and naval actions, from the opening of the war with France in 1793 down to the present time. Young people may learn a good deal from this history as a prelude to the study of more important works.

The independent helpful American girl who strikes out her own path in life is shown at her best in "Theodora Cameron," by P. J. M'Keen (Hodder and Stoughton), which introduces a genial family in the heated times of the struggle between North and South. Notwithstanding the frequent odd Americanisms, the story will charm from its fresh descriptions of country life, and the more sober pictures in hospital. Theodora also is neither so priggish nor affected as to prove a dangerous model for girlish readers.—Peculiarly Transatlantic, too, in that semi-humorous treatment of sacred things which often jars upon English sentiments is "That Boy, Who shall have Him?" by the Rev. W. H. Daniels (same publishers), delineating the struggles of a lad who is vowed by his mother to the Ministry, and who by every means seeks to elude his vocation. Mr. Daniels has worked out his subject with undoubted vigour, while the subordinate characters are ably drawn, and the book altogether is one decidedly out of the ordinary track.

Children of years ago used to delight in the productions of "Silverpen," and the readers of "The Children's Isle" (Hodder and Stoughton) will find that Miss Meteyard has lost none of her old power. This large family do not encounter any stereotyped adventures, but travel in odd byways amongst the wild coast scenery and strange characters of Western Ireland, while the mystery of the misshapen Lord Donore is unusually well kept up. Miss Meteyard's finished style and the excellent illustrations combine to form a charming gift-book.—Four volumes of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's Shilling Series are of a distinctly religious tone. "The White Rose of Deerham," by Marie Hall, is a sad and graceful tale of the time of James II., when Roman Catholics had turned the tables on the Puritans, and were repaying the debts of their forefathers; but the same authoress's "Gabriella, or the Spirit of Song," is undeniably prosy. Working lads might profitably copy industrious Jim in "The Little Printer's Boy," by the Vicomtesse de Kerkadec; while as to "The Gate and Glory Beyond it," a tale of the Franco-Prussian War, it is clear that Onyx understands neither her subject nor knows the scene of her story.

The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge also furnishes four fresh story books. Thoroughly honest and childish is "Left in Charge," by Austin Clare, and the mistakes of the simple little maiden, acting as guardian to her brother, form amusing and profitable reading.—True heroism and the errors of selfishness are the lessons of "The Wilford Family," by Eadgyth—nice pleasant children, neither painfully good nor abnormally naughty.—"Harvey Compton's Holiday" is another Confirmation story intended for older children, and setting forth the virtues of obedience; while "Hidden Workings," by H. Rutherfurd Russell, owns a very sulky and insipid heroine, who is rewarded beyond her deserts by a capital husband.

The persecution of the Lollards, which furnished Miss E. Holt with the effective "Mistress Margery," now supplies fresh material to trace the fortunes of martyred Margery's Geoffrey, "Margery's Son" (J. F. Shaw). Geoffrey, too, lives in stirring days, he goes with Henry V. to France to fetch his bride, accompanies the luckless James I. of Scotland through his brief reign, and finally dies in the Wars of the Roses. Miss Holt is successful in maintaining consistency in the language and action of her characters with the times in which they move, and her story is heartily interesting.

An attempt to popularise Chaucer with children was made by Mrs. Haweis two Christmases since, and now a selection from the "Canterbury Tales" has been turned into prose by Messrs. F. Storr and Hawes Turner as "Canterbury Chimes" (C. Kegan Paul). The paraphrases are fairly done, the introduction having suffered less from the alteration than the tales themselves, and the antique illustrations from the Ellesmere MSS. greatly enliven the book.—With a similar desire to afford children necessary information without hard study, Mrs. Beesly furnishes some "Stories from the History of Rome" (Macmillan), which are curtly narrated in plain language, and include outlines of the chief episodes of interest connected with the Empire.

The Scriptures and the poets have been tolerably worn in birthday books, so compilers have now attacked prose authors. The "George Eliot Birthday Book" (Blackwood) embraces numerous pithy observations from the novelist's works which, though they lose much of their native force by separation from the context, are in the main judiciously chosen.

There is a delightful flavour of the briny about "Odd Folks at Home" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), wherein C. L. Matéaux gives bright, cheery talks about the inhabitants and connections of old ocean, from the fish and the seabirds to the shells and the seaweeds. The useful information is most pleasantly veiled, and the illustrations are plentiful and first-rate, while the book is further adorned by a very novel fly-leaf.—A tale of the sea, too, is the same author's "Wee Willie Winkie" (Cassell), the hero being a waif from a wreck adopted by an old fisherman, and finally found by rich relations in a way dear to fiction, but rare in reality.—Food for restless eyes and ears on Sunday afternoons is provides by the same publishers, "Bright Sundays," which combined numerous pictures with brief descriptions.—Sunday literature for those of maturer years is the excellent annual volume of the *Quiver* (same publishers), containing high-class religious articles, pleasant miscellaneous papers, Scriptural treatises, hymn tunes and poems, with a brief supply of fiction. The illustrations are decidedly above the average of those in similar periodicals.

The illustrated edition of Canon Farrar's "Life of Christ" (Cassell) appears as a highly appropriate gift-book for the season which commemorates the birth of its Divine subject. Dr. Farrar's valuable work is now still further enhanced by the highly-finished engravings of Eastern scenes and personages which stud nearly every page—the fruit of a special visit made by Mr. F. Mason Good to the Holy Land to obtain photographs, while copies of coins, gems, and other antiquities have also been added. The lovely views on the Sea of Galilee and the Jordan, the rugged mountain scenery, the stately buildings of Jerusalem, and the other cities of Palestine, the varied national habits and customs, and the graceful Eastern plants and fruits, are alike reproduced with rare faithfulness and delicacy, forming invaluable aids towards realising the eventful scenes described by the text.

The half-forgotten spots of Old England, mouldering ruins, choked-up harbours, and decayed towns, are favourite resorts of the antiquarian, and rambles in such deserted scenes have produced Mr. E. Walford's "Pleasant Days in Pleasant Places" (Hardwicke and Bogue), sketches collected from *Once a Week* of ten years since. Mr. Walford discourses lovingly on the history and departed glory of his subjects, and capital drawings accompany his remarks.

While Mr. Walford commemorates our native land, the Rev. S. G. Green enumerates the beauties of Fair France in "French Pictures Drawn with Pen and Pencil" (Religious Tract Society). Varying the attractions of the soft sunny South with the wild coast scenery of the North, the mountain glories of the Pyrenees with the forest glades of the Ardennes, the author lightly outlines some delightful Gallic tours, never stopping to weary the reader with lengthy descriptions. Auvergne and the Cévennes, however, as less known to English travellers, obtain a more lengthened notice, which, indeed, forms one of the most interesting chapters, while the plentiful illustrations are artistic and carefully executed.—From the same Society come a tasteful collection of small Bible pictures, Christmas and New Year's cards, and reward cards for Sunday scholars, together with a handy "People's Almanac."—Pictures intended to educate the infantile eye are generally more remarkable for brilliant colour than truth, but Mr. Harrison Weir's "Pictures of Animals" (same publishers) stand alone in their correct drawing and good taste, each animal showing clearly the hand of the thorough artist.—The same praise cannot be awarded to the "Town and Country Toy-Book" (same publishers), which rejoices in so painfully liberal a supply of colour as to fairly weary the eye.—Mr. Caldecott's witty treatment of the good old tales of "John Gilpin" and "The House that Jack Built" (Routledge), afford a marked contrast to the foregoing. The illustrations are thoroughly dainty and picturesque, and are replete with humour, while the quaint expression of the various animals is particularly well portrayed.—For the little ones, too, appears the annual volume of "Peep Show" (Strahan), with its goodly supply of amusing stories, poems, and pictures, and some salutary instruction hidden away among the sugar-plums.

Returning to the elders, there are some amusing sketches of the hunting-field, the brook, and the stable, in "Yoicks" (*Judy* Office); while a handy little pocket-card for whist players has been published by Messrs. Trübner, containing twelve short rules, extracted from the *Quarterly Review*, of January, 1871, some of which, however, are decidedly open to argument.

ON SOME LIVING AND LATE AUTHORS

"Tempus edax *Auctorum*."

"In literature, as in the playthings of schoolboys and the fribbery of women, there are the ins and outs of fashion."—SOUTHEY.

SOUTHEY has a remark in one of his letters upon temporary and permanent reputation, which, if not of striking novelty, is at all events excellently put, and ought to have its consoling influence on those authors whose works are not cried up "in the top of the compass," till the vital pulse has done throbbing at booksellers' commissions and critical decrees.

What Southey says we all know well enough to be a truism—that the very elements of popularity are, as a rule, fatal to its endurance, that the characteristics, which a man's own age thinks fit to stamp as beauties, the next calls by a different name. Where, for instance, are the poems by Mrs. Opie and George Dyer—Elia's absent George, of New River fame—which were considered in sane circles the gems of the annuals half a century or so ago? Is it the world that has altered its mind, or was this

> The brazen trump of iron-wingèd Fame,
> That mingleth faithful truth with forgèd lies?

In the "Memoirs of Thomas Holcroft," the dramatist, there is the following: "'Anna St. Ives,' a novel in 7 volumes, appeared in 1792. It was much read at the time, and excited considerable attention, both from the force with which it is written, and from the singularity of the characters and sentiments."

What strikes us here is the complete death which has befallen this highly commended and widely-read publication. It probably ceased to be much asked for after '93. "The "singularity of the characters and sentiments" must have strangled it; for how can we tell, not having seen the work (and who has?) that "singularity" was not at the time a charitable euphemism, an indulgent paraphrase?

Still, that a man should write books seven-volume strong, that those books should have utterly vanished from the sight of the world, and that the author should scarcely be recollected, while children of his yet live, by anything but one play and one anecdote, shows, if nothing else does, that Time the vindicator may give us what odds he chooses, and beat us still by a very long head! Look again at Hayley, whose "Triumph of Temper" saw edition upon edition as surely as the years followed one another, just in the same manner as Mr. Tupper's "Philosophy" does at present; he is now less read and more unreadable than if he had lived a thousand years ago. Of all those persons who make up the bulk and volume of Johnson's "Lives," how large a proportion has, long before this time, "suffered a change," a metamorphosis more complete than any which Ovid sings! How small a compass, according to the existing standard of taste, would the poetical literature of the eighteenth century occupy? Perhaps it may happen that, by and bye, a writer will rise up and pass a like judgment on the carpet-poets of our day!

There are writers among us now whose reputation froths and bubbles on the surface of literature, and whose names will sink into oblivion when they are dead, if indeed they are not so unfortunate as to live long enough to be forgotten before, as it happened the other day with the author of the "Imaginary Conversations."

Nobody can surely pretend that Mr. Landor did not survive his fame as he survived his friends. He was *ultimus Romanorum*, the last of the literary generation which fought duels and wrote Latin verse.

The proverb instructs us that "he hath not lived, who liveth not after he is dead," and accordingly it is usual to find authors, as they see themselves drawing nigh to the "narrow house," making their fame fast to some *magnum opus*, some splendid creation of the brain as to an anchorage.

Southey complains somewhere that his "History of Brazil" did not bring him in much more than the Preface he supplied to a reprint of the "Morte Arthure," but then it was the rock on which his name was built, the water-tight bark, in which his renown would sail as securely down the stream of time as an Indian's canoe stems Canadian torrents.

Unless we are very much mistaken, Southey was wise when he calculated his future station in reckoning for nothing his contributions to the *Quarterly*, for which King John paid him so handsomely; but we are afraid that he formed in his own mind a somewhat fallacious estimate of his future rank among the verse-writers of Great Britain. We think we are right when we say that "Madoc," "Thalaba," "Kehama," and the rest of his poems do not hold the place in modern English literature which their author anticipated that they would and even *must* hold.

Perhaps his rapidity of composition has told against him in the long run. He tells us that he once wrote twelve hundred verses in a single week, but that, later on, he was not equal to such a feat. It has been said that easy writing is hard reading.

It is curious to observe the difference between a writer like Hobbes and a writer like Southey; it is the difference between the abstract and the concrete. While the author of "Leviathan" occupied himself in working out a theory, or analysing an argument, the author of "The Doctor" could write 3,650 pages of letterpress by the clock. It is one thing to build a house with bricks, and another to be able to tell how a brick is made.

Southey's name and his writings, nevertheless, will live for a very long time to come, and they will do so for several reasons which this is no place to discuss, even if it were not idle to discuss such a question at all. He is (to say nothing more) the Moral Man of Letters of our century, and there is that delightful correspondence of his, second only to Lamb's, nor second to this in sound essentials.

Authors are not, perhaps, the best judges of their own pretensions and weight in the scale, and certainly they have not been very happy, as a rule, in selecting the particular work by which they would choose to stand. But the latter circumstance may be owing to the general incredulity of the literary profession as to the fact that few of them are remembered by more than one thing of their doing.

Smollett, no doubt, thought that "Peregrine Pickle" and "Roderick Random" were "not so bad," but that the "History of England" was his masterpiece and the keystone. The public at present thinks not, however, and Mr. Mudie has no inquiries after "Hume's Continuation." It is as much as the booksellers care to do to reprint the work from the old plates once in a dozen years for the benefit of gentlemen forming libraries.

Gray used to devour with avidity the romances of the Duke de Rochefoucauld and the Duke de Nemours. The generation which went before had run mad upon Mdlle. E. Scudery and Honoré Dusfé. Hazlitt, who died in 1830, by no means an old man, was an enthusiastic admirer of Mrs. Inchbald and Mrs. Barbauld. Both he and Lamb speak eulogistically of "Nature and Art" by the first, and few nowadays know whether it was a novel or an illustrated magazine.

Miss Burney's "Evelina" was once in everybody's mouth. It is now where "Denis Donne," "Eleanor's Victory," *et hoc genus omne*, will be before they are half so old.

The public taste is more ephemeral than the most ephemeral publication it patronises, and then abandons; for almost the same may be said of Hook and Jerrold. Do the booksellers find "Gilbert Gurney" and "Sayings and Doings" worth reprinting? Jerrold seems to have died but yesterday, and his works are as little asked for at the libraries as "Vathek" and the "Castle of Otranto." *Causa latet, res ipsa notissima.*

People, by which we intend people in Mr. Mudie's or Mr. Hookham's sense, judge of the antiquity of books and of the antiquity, say of furniture, rather differently. A book which is as old as our dining-table is an old book. Chaucer is but ancient. For all practical purposes, Miss Burney's novels are as out of date as the "Faery Queen," and of the two we do not know whether Spenser is not the less neglected!

There must be plenty of us living who recollect well when Mr. Plumer Ward was ranked with Dickens, and Bulwer, and Scott. We are afraid we should be disbelieved if we mentioned the sum which Mr. Colburn gave for "Tremaine;" but it was about eight times as much as "Vanity Fair" brought to William Makepeace Thackeray.

Sir Walter Scott's obligations to the anonymous appearance of "Waverley" have not been generally appreciated, we take it. The booksellers would have had a very different story to tell if the Waverley Novels had only been Scott's Novels.

Never was such a case known before (or since) of books standing by each other. Why, if we admire "Ivanhoe," which is natural, we must admire "Redgauntlet," which is not natural, or, at least, buy it, for that seems to say "I, too, am a Waverley Novel!" "The Heart of Midlothian" is not perfect without "The Black Dwarf" for the same reason; and "Quentin Durward" pairs off with "Castle Dangerous." It is "Love me, love my dog."

It is a fiction to assert that each is sold separate, and is complete in itself. It is no such thing. They are a serried phalanx, locking their shields together, clan-like. If you have one, you must have all, or you break a set. You might as well buy an odd lot of the "Percy Anecdotes," or Volume XIX. of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Any one who desires to possess the Waverley Novels must order his bookseller to send the complete set to him with the backs lettered. He must not pick and choose.

Sir Walter's mistake, after all, was that he ever wrote anything but novels—Waverley Novels. If he had been wise, he would have ended as he began, and then every gentleman's bookcase would have had to groan under something like an hundredweight of Scott's prose.

As it is, we get out of buying "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," and we know not how much more besides, if we like, and still do not spoil our series. The question arises, Why have we not the Pickwick Novels and the Knebworth Novels? That is a slip of judgment for which the authors will be sorry by-and-bye, or, at least, of which their representatives will feel the consequences.

It may be said, however, that the Waverley Novels, or the best of them, are almost the only things of the sort that are worth reading. They are always fresh, because nature is always so. They are free from the twaddle and bombast which usually taint this class of writing. They carry us back far enough, but not too far. They are old enough, but not too old.

"Ivanhoe," "The Talisman," and one or two more, are exceptions; but with what a masterly hand they are done, not repelling us by their remoteness, scarcely letting us suspect, till we have laid the volume down, and can think about it more at leisure, that we have been following our romancist into what are, popularly speaking, prehistoric times.

It is a ticklish matter for an author to cast his story too far back in antiquity. The only tale which belongs to the classical age, and which is not insipid or ridiculous, is "The Last Days of Pompeii." Posterity, we are sure, will take care of Nydia, the blind slave.

Other books there are that have been wrought of late days, which the world has a mind and a will to cherish. It will always keep "Adam Bede" with it, and the weaver of Raveloe. It will not part with "Eugene Aram," nor with "Paul Clifford." "David Copperfield" and Colonel Newcome will not be forgotten, or fall out of their places. "Tom Jones" and My Uncle Toby will continue to the end to fill their old corners in our libraries, and, which is better, in our hearts.

We will not swear that there are not half-a-dozen more names on our lips ready to be pronounced, if these are not enough.

As for Fielding and that school, we have a fancy for reading them in the old editions, as Lamb had a fancy for Sir Thomas Browne in folio. The stiff crackling paper, the elderly-faced type, the short paragraphs, and the well-thumbed old calf bindings, seem proper to the subject and to the author, if not part of them both.

Somebody has lately advertised "Tom Jones" in one foolscap book at a couple of shillings. We would rather not see it. It is in our eyes an abominable desecration. This is not Fielding's "Tom Jones."

It is enough to imagine the thin damp paper, the close-packed page, the blurred cramped printing, the cropped edges, and the act-drop cover! We cannot think this is our Parson Adams. Our "Tom Jones" is too good to be reprinted at a steam-press, and sold at railway-stations.

Day, we venture to say, had no idea that his "Sandford and Merton" would never die. If he had intended it to be immortal, it would not have been! A book of a similar stamp, only not so enduring, we should fancy, by one-half, has been produced in our own time. "Tom Brown's School-Days" will live to be old, because its matter and manner are not temporary.

But our children will not know Aurora Floyd and Lady Audley, that vulgarest of she-villains, and they will perhaps, into the bargain, wonder at the taste of their fathers and mothers in fostering such monstrosities, as we wonder at the old relish for the Minerva Press novels. Both, we suppose, come within the category of a passing distemper.

Jack Hinton and Tom Burke are floating down with the tide, and Davenport Dunn, "The Man of Our Day," will be ready to follow at the next flow, taking with him, perhaps, "Luttrell of Arran." They have enjoyed the full sunshine of public favour; they have taken out all their fame in hard cash; and now they have nothing more to look for. But in the case of this author it does not signify so greatly: for he has the art of perpetuating his types: his characters are all "utility" people.

> And many a Jakk of Dover hastow sold,
> That hath be twyes hoot and twys cold.

The "Tower of London" is a pretty taking thing, which we read with delight in our youth, and would not venture to take up again for fear of disappointment; but then the writer should not have given us "Old St. Paul's" and the "Constable de Bourbon." He set about the last, it appears, at the suggestion of a friend. This must have been a friend's malice! Alsatia was delicate ground to tread upon, when a master had pre-occupied it, and made it his own; and "Whitefriars" follows lamely in the trail of the "Fortunes of Nigel."

W. C. H.

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"*OUR VILLAGE*," *BY MISS MITFORD*

As most of our readers are probably aware, "Our Village" is a series of rural tales and descriptions of country life and scenery, written some forty years ago, the idea having being suggested to the accomplished authoress by the immense popularity of Washington Irving's "Sketch Book." It is not a little singular that Miss Mitford's charming productions were rejected by editor after editor, before they appeared in the *Lady's Magazine*. The merits of the work were, however, speedily recognised by the reading public, as is testified by the success of the five series of "Our Village" which were subsequently published. The work is a simple and charming record of the writer's every-day life in a pleasant Berkshire village; and in these days of high-pressure existence, when nearly all literature belongs either to the cold, hard, unromantic, utilitarian school, or to that of lurid sensationalism, it is inexpressibly soothing and refreshing to spend an hour or so with such a charming and delightful writer, whose wonderful facility for describing the beauties of nature has seldom been rivalled, and certainly never excelled. Her style, so simple and unpretentious, and yet so powerful and so fascinating, begets in the mind of the reader an enthusiasm akin to that with which she herself was inspired. Her minute word-painting enables us not only to see the things which she describes, but almost to see them with her eyes. Now we are filled with awe and rapture by the glory and grandeur of a picture of earth's loveliness which her glowing words conjure up in our mind's eye, presently the tender pathos with which she relates some incident of village life, excites our sympathy, and anon a delicate touch of humour forces us to smile through our tears. Little need to tell us, in the preface, that she "has a hearty love for her subject, and a personal familiarity with all that she describes." No imaginative genius, however fertile, could invent such scenes and such characters. We feel their truthfulness and their reality, and revel in their beauty with almost as much enjoyment as the authoress herself must have done. Who among her readers does not remember, and remembering, dote on, her little companion, "Lizzy," the carpenter's daughter, "the Plaything and Queen of the Village, a child, three years old according to the register, but six in size and strength and intellect, in power and self-will. She manages everybody in the place, her schoolmistress included; turns the wheeler's children out of their own little cart, and makes them draw her; seduces cakes and lollypops from the very shop-window; makes the lazy carry her, the silent talk to her, the grave romp with her; does anything she pleases; is absolute and irresistible. Her chief attraction lies in her exceeding power of loving and her firm reliance on the love and indulgence of others. She has but one rival in her dominions, a certain white greyhound, called 'Mayflower,' much her friend, who resembles her in beauty and strength, in playfulness, and almost in sagacity, and reigns over the animal world as she over the human."

Strong as is the temptation to quote other passages, we must not yield to it, for every page and almost every line has an intrinsic beauty of its own, which full transcription alone can do justice to. We will, therefore, only add that our engravings are taken from an *edition de luxe*, just published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, a volume which consists principally of those portions specified in the original editions of 1824 as "Walks in the Country," and is profusely illustrated by Messrs. C. O. Murray and W. H. J. Boot, whose drawings have been engraved by J. D. Cooper, and of whose skill our readers can themselves judge from the specimens which we have reproduced. A more charming volume for the drawing-room or the boudoir would be very difficult to produce.

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WINTER EXHIBITIONS

MESSRS. A. TOOTH'S AND GOUPIL'S GALLERIES

LIKE most of our Winter Exhibitions now, Mr. Tooth's Gallery includes both foreign and English pictures. Nothing but good can come of the juxtaposition. If we wish to carry our study of foreign schools further than we can here or at Messrs. Wallis's, we can do so at M. Goupil's Gallery in Bedford Street, or at the Belgian Gallery in Bond Street. There is no need for student or purchaser of foreign art to go beyond London in these days, so long, at least, as he will be content with cabinet pictures.

Among the English masters, Mr. Burgess fills a conspicuous place in Mr. Tooth's Gallery, where his group of a Spanish girl and her old dueña or guardian mother ("The Saint's Day,") is on his largest scale—the girl *piquante* and provocative in her Spanish gravity and her large lustrous eyes, the dueña old and brown, sour and wrinkled, as fits the respective functions of inspiring love and keeping it at arm's length. His señora in white blonde mantilla is another pretty and attractive half-length. Mr. Burgess has evidently mastered the lesson that for sure command of a ready market there is nothing like painting pretty faces. M. Tissot, as he has often shown us, has his own views of what is pretty, and probably considers that his Japanese *belle* (4), with her natural eyebrows replaced by two black smudges high up on her forehead, comes within the description. If he has not found a real Japanese model, he has given an excellent embodiment of what may be conceived the living lady at the bottom of the changeless Japanese ideal of fan, and picture-book, screen, and porcelain. She wears an unmistakeable Japanese robe, gaily embroidered with bright flowers, and holds up with a smile two blue and white pots for admiration or comparison; for the background we have the metallic leafage of a conservatory filled with tropical plants very carefully painted. Nothing in art can be in more curious contrast than the Scotch and Italian pictures here hung side by side. Conspicuous among the former is J. Pettie's strong, even coarsely-vigorous, head (46), of a bull-necked, grey-haired warrior, who might have led a troop under Gustavus Adolphus, christened "The Leader," an excellent example of this painter's very effective use of the costumed model—resorted to as a way of escaping from the commonplace ugliness of modern male attire. Then we have, besides, a batch of Scotch landscapes, distinguished by the common features of wet or stormy grey skies overhead, stony or heathery ground under foot, ragged foliage, and a certain looseness of handling and grimness of colour, which seems common to the school. A "Twilight," by Peter Graham, A.R.A., and another by J. MacWhirter; a "Scene in Argyllshire," with ragged trees overhanging a "clutter" of rock, by George Aikman; the "Timber Waggon" (71), by C. E. Johnson; and a group of Scotch kyloes, by H. Garland, all exemplify the characteristics of a school which at least carries the impress of its own nature. Nor less distinctly marked is the Scotch school of sea-painters, here exemplified in Hamilton Macallum, whose two pictures, "Fishing in a Scotch Mist" and "Ashore for Fresh Water," have the common qualities of light, air, space, lift of tide and life of water, all fruits of strong sympathetic feeling, and close study of Scottish frith and fiord, east and west.

It seems at first difficult to understand how two schools of art could come to modes of representation so strangely unlike as these Scottish painters' and the Italians', whose work we have here in Galofre and Guzzone's "Throwing the Dagger," exquisite young gallants in the fashion of Henry II. of France, practising with their poignards at a mark, under the eye of a group of richly-dressed older signors, decidedly of the swash-buckler order; or, Galofre's "Race-Course at Rome, with its group of ladies in the most ultra-fashionable polonaises and tie-backs, watching the exchange of salutes between their children, little dressed-up dolls in the height of the fashion, as artificial as their mammas; or, "The Promenade at Nice," with the same types of ultra-fashionable womankind—infinitely more suggestive of the milliner's work than the Creator's—lounging on the seats, or leaning over the railings to gaze languidly over the blue sea. In all we find the same clayey ground and sky; the same predominance of earthy and clayey tones in the dresses, diversified in the "Dagger Throwing" with the most positive pinks and mauves, about as unpleasant a gamut of colour to my eye as could be combined, but with this an extraordinary cleverness of touch and execution, and above all an ultra-French *chic*. With more exquisiteness in costuming and drawing, there is a far more agreeable scheme of colour in L. Rossi's "Lesson in Phrenology," a professor in black velvet lecturing on a skull to two dainty little ladies in the costume of 1789, a good thirty years, if I am not mistaken, before the doctrine of Gall or Spurzheim had been heard of. But as a coquettish picture of a French Revolutionary interior nothing can be better. This sort of thing seems the fitting application of this very clever art of the young Italian school, which finds its most attractive expression in Rossi and Palmaroli, and which has sprung into such productive life from the fertilising seed sown at Rome by Fortuny.

Those who wish to seek may find more clever examples of it in Messrs. Goupil's Galleries, in particular a "Return from the Races" and other Neapolitan subjects, by Campriani, D'Albono, and others.

J. de Nittis, who first secured a position among his Italian contemporaries by his remarkable realisation of heat and dust in "The Road to Brindisi," and who has since found subjects for his singularly diligent and facile pencil in street views from Paris and London, in the latter of which the gloom and fog of our northern air have been turned to far better pictorial uses by this son of the South than they have ever been by any of our native contemporaries, has painted for this Gallery the Thames about Henley, in full blaze of summer sun, with a boating party of two ladies, sculled by a stalwart oarsman through a flotilla of swans.

It is very interesting to see how far the painter's determined study and close observation have carried him in dealing with so highly technical a subject. It is evident at a glance that while he has made most careful studies for his oarsman, he himself knows nothing of rowing. He dips his oars far too deep, and gives us no sense of a pull in progress. His rower is merely a figure carefully set and studied, but not in action. Then his swans are as bad as they can be. One measure of their badness, by a comparison almost forced on one, is a little picture of Haywood Hardy's hung close by, in which a pair of swans sail up to interrupt some children fishing.

On the other hand, Mr. de Nittis has expressed what I do not remember to have seen expressed before, the reflection of the moving ripple of the water on the curving sides of the boat, which materially helps to give the idea of motion. As to the truth of colour in the water, and the general colour of the picture, opinions will, no doubt, differ. To me there seems to be a purplish tone all through the picture, which is not more true than it is agreeable.

J. W. Nicol's "No Admittance," a burly cavalier flinging the whole weight of his lusty person against a door assailed from without by eager enemies, will sustain the reputation of this clever and rising young painter; as will "Anticipation"—a domestic clown looking with interest at an unopened letter, better than its companion, "Retrospect," a trooper contemplating a petronel. Holl's "Five Minutes' Rest" is a pretty study of a child-model before the studio fire. A. Savile Lumley's "Coquette at her Looking-glass," is a graceful figure; Beavis's "Mounted Duke of Marlborough in Flanders," has a gallant soldierly air. A pretty half-length of "A Girl at the Brook," by H. Le Jeune, A.R.A.; a pretty group about a sundial, by J. L. Pott; "Spring in the Pas de Calais," by J. Davis, R.A.; pictures of sheep and cattle, by that most popular of sheep and cattle painters, T. S. Cooper, R.A.; winter scenes by Munthe and Kaemmerer; Scotch cattle pictures by Garland and Luker; landscapes by B. W. Leader, W. Jay, T. Syer, Peel, F. W. Hulme, and S. R. Percy; sea-views by Hayes, and coast subjects by J. Webb; examples of the clever Anglo-German Otto Weber (Maple Durham); and of the Bavarian landscape-painter, Windmaier; and the German figure-painters in miniature—Sell, Breling, Hintze, and others, are among the other pictures that will have attractions for very different tastes, in Mr. Tooth's well-hung and well-filled little Gallery.

There are two or three pictures among the many that will repay examination in Messrs. Goupil's room, which deserve particular attention. Prominent among these is a large new Israels, a poor, careworn woman with her child in her arms, waiting on the leisure of her lord and master who is playing at cards in a cabaret. I have seen nothing in all Israels' long catalogue of painfully pathetic pictures more really pathetic than this—of a more irresistible, though undefinable sentiment of sadness, telling, as it does, a story of unrewarded and all but hopeless sacrifice and suffering in the wife, and of unconscious selfishness and insensibility of wrong in the card-player and his companions. The technical qualities of the picture, accepting Israels' loose handling and low scale of colour, are as noticeable as the expressional. Here are also two Mesdags, of quite uncommon colour as well as quality, one—a blue picture, the only blue picture by the painter I have ever seen—of a barque, just hoisting sail as she prepares to cast off her tug; the other Scheveningen pinks, just dipping and dancing in the open sea, after making their way through the tumbling inshore surf, which for force of hand and feeling of truth surpasses all I have seen of the master. Well worthy of notice, too, in the same Gallery, is the very clever picture by De Lort—a "Hallali" in a market-place, with the stag hotly pursued by hounds, dashing amongst vegetable stalls, upsetting egg-baskets, and leaping over terror-stricken market-women and traffickers, followed not only by the hounds, but the hunters in full blast. It is full of humour, clever painting, and merits of character, composition, and action—the sort of picture that would make an English painter's reputation, but which passes little regarded among scores as clever in a French *salon*.

TOM TAYLOR

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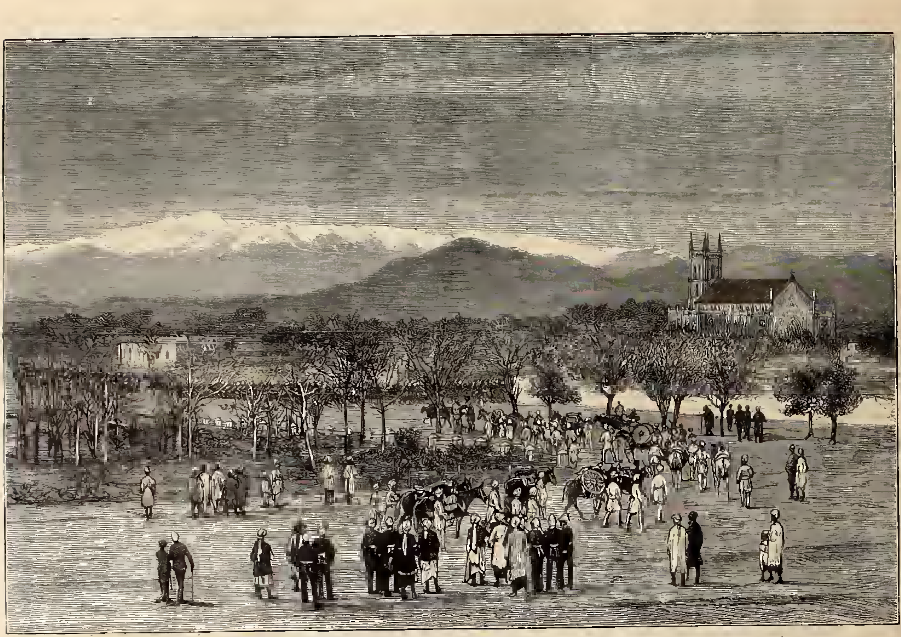
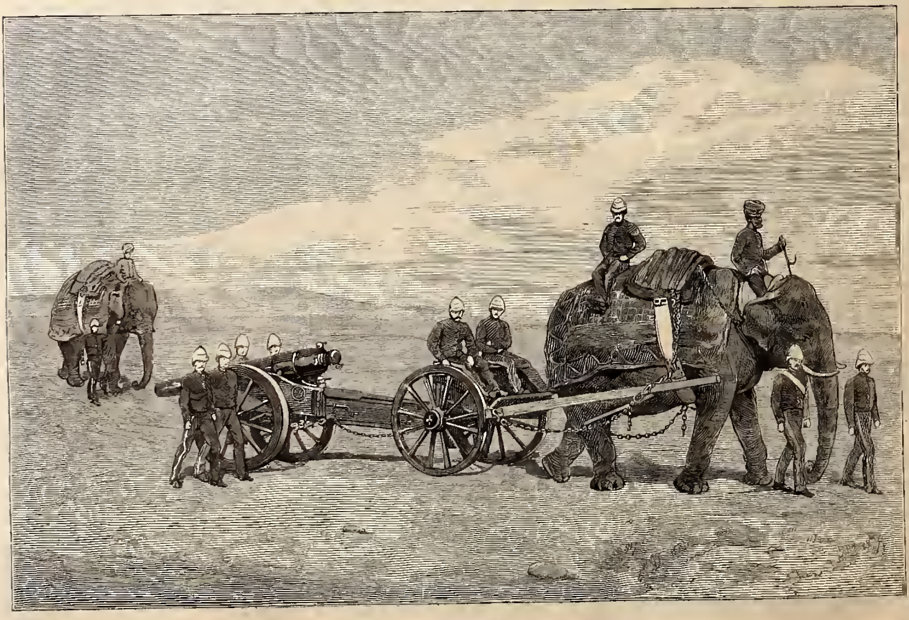
A TELEGRAPHIC MUSEUM was inaugurated at Berlin on the 1st inst. The collection is intended for the instruction of the people, and includes over two hundred objects connected with telegraphy, and some historic instruments, while submarine and military telegraphy are specially well represented.

A VERY GOOD MAP OF AFGHANISTAN and the adjoining countries has been published by Mr. E. Stanford, of Charing Cross. The respective boundaries are clearly delineated, the names are plainly printed, and the various roads and Passes are distinctly marked. Such a map will be exceedingly useful to any one wishing to follow out the forthcoming military operations.

"THE VINTAGE FESTIVAL."——Although this admirable picture of Mr. Alma Tadema's has not been much before the public, the subject is nevertheless well-known through the steel engraving published about two years ago. Mr. Gladwell has obtained permission to exhibit the picture on its way back from the Paris Exhibition. It is now in his Gallery at Gracechurch Street, where it will remain for some days. The picture is painted with that marvellous accuracy of detail which is always so noticeable in Mr. Tadema's works. As its name implies, it depicts a festival in the days of Rome given in the honour of Bacchus. A procession of damsels, musicians, and priests, headed by a young priestess, wend their way along the marble floors of the temple amid the acclamations of the crowd. Those of Mr. Tadema's many admirers who have not seen the picture should pay a visit to the City before it returns to the gallery of its proprietor.

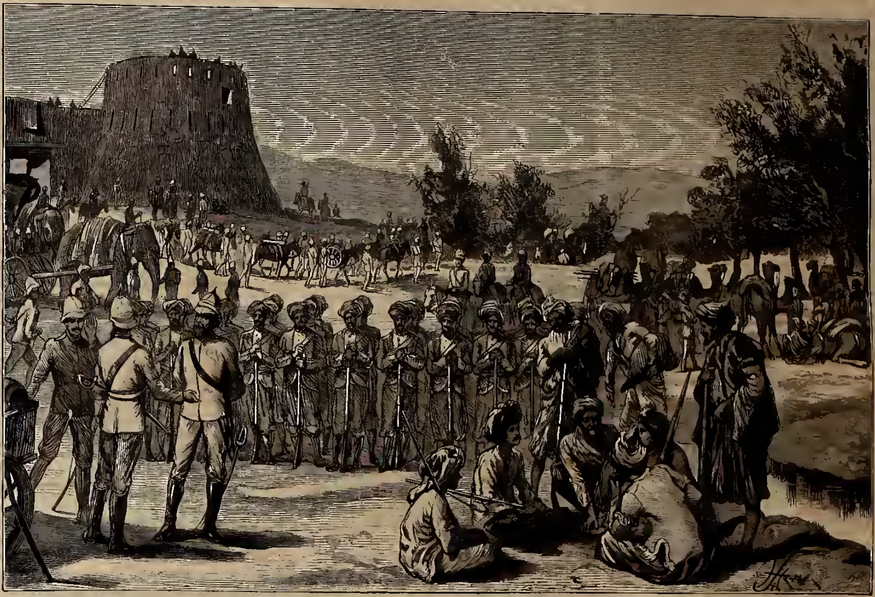


THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT PESHAWUR, WITH THE KHYBER PASS IN THE DISTANCE

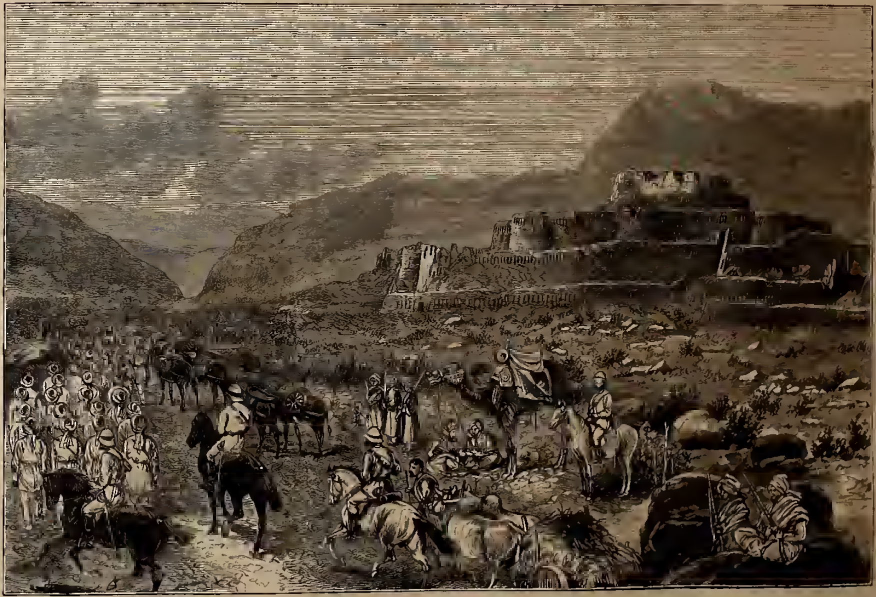


AN ELEPHANT BATTERY

THE IMPENDING AFGHAN WAR



HURREE SINGH KA BURJ—THE EXTREME OUTPOST ON THE BRITISH INDIAN AND AFGHANISTAN FRONTIERS



FORT JUMROOD AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE KHYBER PASS

THE IMPENDING AFGHAN WAR

THE READER

Even at this season of splendid gift-books, it is rarely that we come across a volume of such genuine artistic excellence as "Brittany: a Series of Thirty-five descriptive Sketches," by Birket Foster (published by the artist). Even the fine work of those clever etchers who have so often delighted us of recent years with studies of the river-scenes and the old towns of France would look hard and dry in comparison with these sketches, so faithfully "transferred to stone by the delicate process of Messrs. Maclure and Macdonald" that each print might almost be taken for an actual *replica* of the original drawing. The accompanying letter-press, though rarely exceeding half-a-dozen lines, is no less tasteful and complete, telling us just the simple facts we require to know in order fully to appreciate the merits of the sketch—the difficulties that beset the artist's path, as when at Morlaix he tries to show us the old town without bringing in the monstrous railway viaduct; the details that throw clearer light on the quaintness, the humour, or the beauty of the scenes and groups that catch his eye as he wanders through the old Armorica. The sketches, nearly all of which are taken in and around Morlaix, Dinan, and Quimper, are almost evenly divided between views of Breton places and of Breton folk, between the stately towers and shady streams of the towns upon the Ode and the Rance, and the graceful costumes and not unpleasing features—these last, we fear, a little idealised by the artist—of the groups that cluster round cathedral doors, before the shops, and in the market-places. And of the two, while not forgetting the delightful sketches of the woman asleep in church, of the market-cart, and of the girls of Pont l'Abbé, we are inclined to prize the former most. But such comparisons are a little ungracious. The collection is no mere volume for the drawing-room, but a work of art in which a master of the pencil has freely displayed his highest power.

We must lay it to the charge of the great excellence of the authors' earlier writings about Western France if we fail to speak of "Pictures and Legends from Normandy and Brittany" (Chatto and Windus), by T. and K. S. Macquoid, as cordially as we could wish. Compared to these, the present volume is as a little stew of fragmentary odds and ends to the noble *pièce de resistance* which had been previously offered for our repast. The thread of descriptive narrative on which the legends are strung is of the flimsiest, and the legends themselves are not particularly good. One half, indeed, are not legends at all, but novelettes of modern French life, which have, we think, appeared before in print. The other half, the legends proper, are chiefly interesting to those who like to trace the wonderful sameness of these popular tales—a sameness which in certain cases, as where the beggar of Quimper relates the tale of "the Miller and the Lord" to the "gentleman and lady who were so fond of hearing stories" reaches a point that demands remonstrance from the listener. Altogether this is a jaunty little volume, and fair reading for boys and girls at Christmas time, but it will not add to its authors' reputations.

A new edition—that of 1871 having been for some time exhausted—of "Bewick's Select Fables of Æsop and Others, fathfully reprinted from the rare Newcastle Edition, published by T. Saint in 1874" (Longmans and Co.), needs no commendation to the connoisseur in wood-engraving beyond the simple recapitulation of its title. Interesting at once in a literary and an artistic point of view—the letterpress springing largely from the pen of Goldsmith, the engravings forming the best work of Bewick's middle period, when his powers, if not quite ripened to the high standard of his "British Birds," had reached their full development in point of richness, and quite outgrown the early stiffness of his "Children's Books" and "Story-tellers"—a perfect copy of the original edition would fetch metaphorically its weight in gold. In the present reprint we have chiefly to remark the wonderful clearness and strength of the impressions that can still be taken from the old blocks on which Bewick worked nearly a century ago. The illustrated preface, by Edwin Pearson, with the full account of Bewick's earlier works which formed a conspicuous feature in the edition of '71, has been revised by the author for the present volume.

From Scott to Hugh Miller the depopulation of the Highlands has called forth wailing from eloquent lips on reasons half of sentiment half of policy. The glens that but a century ago sent regiment after regiment to European battle fields, and now are left to the solitary shepherd or the hybrid being (part game-watcher, part man-of-all-work) who alone represents the ancient clansman, are certainly not a satisfactory sight; even though political economists remind us that the descendants of the ancient tenants are winning good pay in Glasgow factories or lands of their own in far-off Canada. In his temperate and able "Highland Crofters" (2nd Edition. The Author, 61, Hugh Street, S.W.), Dr. D. G. F. Macdonald, deals with the vexed question on grounds that in the main are strictly economical—showing, we think, with considerable success, that the "crofter" or peasant farmer, if only given a fair start and a liberal lease for a term neither too long nor too short, *e.g.*, from twenty-one to twenty-five years, will not only pay the highest rent but will do this upon lands which the capitalist farmer would decline to cultivate at all. That this is the case in many districts and that the landlords' objections to a "crofter" tenantry arises rather from the inability of many to make any advances for improvements, from the fear (in crises like the potato disease) of having a pauper population thrown upon the rates, and from the greater convenience of receiving rents from one or two large tenants, instead of collecting them from some hundreds of small occupiers, we entertain very little doubt. "Improving" landlords in the Scottish Highlands—and, perhaps, in other districts, too—would do well to study Dr. Macdonald's pamphlet.

Under the title of "Folk Lore; or, Superstitious Beliefs in the West of Scotland within the Century" (Alex. Gardner, Paisley), Mr. J. Napier gives us a really valuable collection of beliefs and practices in connection with births, deaths, marriages, domestic animals, &c., not gathered like those Mr. Thistleton Dyer presented to us the other day from the prosaic flats of Mercia and Wessex, but from the more romantic region of the mountain and the mist, from a country where Yule, Beltane, and Halloween, those semi-Christianised survivals of former Sun and Fire worship, are even yet familiar institutions, and second sight and demoniac possession are to this hour half believed in. Always curious, often highly picturesque, the legends Mr. Napier has thus brought together will interest far more fastidious readers than the somewhat easily amused student of ordinary folk-lore, and as a volume form a praiseworthy addition to the many works on Scottish customs and antiquities for which we have had occasion to thank their publisher.

New editions of three useful guide-books (A. and C. Black, Edinburgh), "Paris, with Excursions from Paris," "South of France Summer Resorts: the Pyrenees," and "South of France: Winter Resorts on the Mediterranean," may be heartily commended to all in need of cheap and clearly-arranged guides to some of the loveliest spots in the Republic across the Channel, including, in the case of the first-mentioned, all that is noteworthy around the capital, from Beauvais to Orleans, from Rheims to Le Mans; in the case of the two last, the entire Bay coast from Bordeaux to Bayonne, and the Mediterranean health resorts as far as Florence. Each volume is arranged in routes, and tells all the ordinary traveller requires without bewildering him with too much knowledge.

A new edition—the sixth—of Mr. A. Sullivan's "New Ireland" (S. Low and Co.), will be welcomed by all who care to study at first hand the turbid, aggravating, amusing flow of Irish local politics. But is not even this "New Ireland" already passing into newer forms?

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A LAWYER'S EXPERIENCES

I.

An attorney is defined to be, "one who acts for another." But we scarcely ever hear of an attorney nowadays, that vulgar chrysalis form having been abandoned for the higher pretensions of a Solicitor of the High Court of Justice who acts for himself. In my early days articled clerks worked hard; did not consider it at all *infra dig.* to engross a deed; were on their stools punctually at eight A.M., and read hard and long, though the examinations were not so difficult then as now. But in these days of progress the whole duty of the great body of articled clerks appears to consist in wearing knickerbockers which display their brown worsted ribbed stockings to advantage; riding on bicycles; affecting eye-glasses and suffering continual torments in their efforts to screw them into the sockets of their organs of vision; visiting the hairdresser twice a week, lest by any mischance anything like an ordinary crop of hair should appear on their heads; and, in the fourth year of their articles going up to town to "cram." After all I prefer the old-fashioned attorney to the new-fangled solicitor. In these brief chapters I will record my reminiscences of the former and the class of clients for whom he labours. As I perhaps belong to the old fogies can I do better than record the process of my own progression from office-boy to attorney-at-law?

I was early sent to occupy a high stool in a lawyer's office. I remember it was a particularly high stool, with a shining slippery seat polished by a long line of my predecessors. That seat inclined forwards at an angle of about forty degrees, so that I could not steady my poor little body upon it without an excruciating pressure on the spinal bone. My duties were to copy the letters, answer with alacrity to four strokes upon a brazen gong struck by the "firm," rub sheets of parchment with "pounce"—so suggestive in its connection with sheepskin of wolfish tricks—and generally to be "sharp." I remember there was an engrossing clerk in that office who used to pay frequent visits to the stamp-office, a fact with which he always took care to impress me before going out. Sometimes the task of purchasing an indenture stamp occupied the entire afternoon, and I often wondered how it was that parchment smelt so strongly of rum, and whether the dipping of sheep had anything to do with it. That was before I was sharp. As my sharpness increased I began, as most young clerks do, to take a keen interest in my master's business, perusing his letters without leave or license, and prying into drawers and pigeon-holes in such a persevering way that I became acquainted with the history of every client. Perhaps I saw what was never intended for a boy's eyes, but, candidly speaking, I cannot say that the knowledge has proved injurious to me. I learnt to look upon the world as a stage, and on men and women as merely players, before other boys had ceased to be amused by the glories of a Punch and Judy show. My sharpness increased so rapidly that I was soon promoted to the dignity of copying drafts, and then to the honour of engrossing deeds. Happy days! How lovingly did I look upon the grand flourishes of the texting-pen! How I rode post from the last "and whereas" of the recitals to that glorious halt-house, "Now this Indenture Witnesseth." The sweep of the tail of the "I" was superb. By degrees my precocity wore off, or I grew up to the level of it, and a sober love of law began to formulate in my mind. I did not, like Uriah Heep, study Tidd's Practice, but I approached my future studies through the pleasant gate of antiquarian lore. I had always been fond of history, and when, rummaging one day in the large law library in the office I stumbled across an old ponderous calf-bound black-letter copy of the Statutes at Large, my delight was indescribable. King John and Runnymede! What a treasure! I learnt more of history from those volumes than from Hume and Smollett, Mrs. Markham, and all other male and female English historians put together. Then what should I seize hold of next but an edition of Blackstone, and with that weapon I began to shape my crude and fashionless ideas. In those days the office hours were from eight to eight, with one hour for dinner and half-an-hour for tea. Night-work under the circumstances then existing was no joke. The office was reached by steps down instead of steps up, was more than a trifle damp, and redolent of mouldy parchment, mice, worm-eaten desks, and decaying horsehair. For illumination one had only a sputtering candle of vile wax, or more frequently of infamous tallow. Ten hours and a half per day of close application in such a place reduced one's energies to the lowest ebb, yet after that, if the clerk had an ambition to rise, he must needs pore still more. And yet the old fogies were by no means unhealthy specimens. The rubicund face of an old employer and friend beams upon me through the hazes of memory. He did not turn his face to the wall until he was seventy-five, although he drank an astonishing quantity of crusted port. The youth of such men was not wasted. Long hours of work and study are by no means so injurious as youthful dissipation, and although those men would be voted "slow" nowadays, the extent and solidity of their acquirements was considerable. I am digressing. I became a lawyer. I first became managing clerk in an office in a Yorkshire town. In that office we did a great deal of conveyancing business, and as the land was nearly all copyhold we had full work for our bill-clerk in making out fat accounts to be duly rendered on the completion of purchases. The copyhold tenure is one of the heritages of a lawyer. All those who may chance to read these notes may not be acquainted with the nature of the different tenures of land, and, therefore, I may perhaps be pardoned if I briefly describe what copyhold means. In doing this I must crave pardon if I become too prolix. Know all men that the ancient Britons inhabited the land subject to no law, but roamed about as suited their convenience. After the Roman and subsequently the Saxon invasions land was held merely by right of conquest, and for two or three centuries only those who were powerful enough to defy their neighbours were able to secure their possessions. Gradually a system of order began to prevail, which was mainly brought about by the wise Alfred, and what is now termed common-law—really the law of the conscience—became the basis of men's actions. A man who held land was acknowledged to be the legitimate possessor of it, and was deemed to have a right to transmit it to his descendants. After the Norman conquest the position of affairs was entirely altered, and what is known as the feudal or military tenure came into operation. By this system all land was held to belong to the king, and he bestowed it upon his lieges on certain conditions of servitude. In process of time many of the manors so bestowed came back again into the hands of the sovereign, and gradually as the Government became constitutional the feudal idea was extinguished. Crown lands were sold to the highest bidders, and a large portion of the land was thus transformed into freehold. In other cases the old feudal manors continued, and although sold in parcels to various persons, were only sold according to the custom prevailing in each manor. What had been done in the good old days of Richard II. must be done for all time unless Parliament shall intervene and sweep away the cobwebs. For instance, if in the reign of Edward III. Geoffrey de Champnie sold to John of the Hob a piece of land on the condition that John should ever afterwards pay a rent of *6d.* a year and present two sucking pigs annually to the aristocrat's table, plain John Hobbs in the reign of Victoria can only continue to hold that land on paying to Sir George Champney the said *6d.* a year and contributing the two sucking pigs. Perhaps Sir George will not ask for the pigs, but he would be entitled to them if he did. In late years, however, an Act of Parliament has been passed by which copyhold lands can be converted into freehold on certain conditions. And the time may come when lawyers will not be able to grow fat upon surrenders and admittances. In my next jottings I will relate a few of the curious old customs of various manors which have come under my own observation.

T. H. N.

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FRESHWATER FISHERMEN

Those who know least about it are loudest in their denunciations of the angler's art as bespeaking a pastime essentially selfish and unsocial, and as being deficient in those elements which constitute the healthful basis of almost every other British sport,—especially excluding neighbourly sympathy and good-fellowship. There are those who have gone as far even as to stigmatise the gentle craft as cold-blooded and barbarous, and who liken the peaceful fisherman setting out for the scene of his soul's enjoyment to the solitude-loving savage, slinking forth from his wigwam on a hunting prowl. It is certain, at all events, that these libel-loving folk could never have been present at a jovial gathering of freshwater fishers at any one of the four or five-score of angling clubs established in London and its suburbs.

Possibly it may surprise many to hear that within an area so limited there can be found so many people of piscatorial proclivities that they require for their accommodation nearly a hundred recognised rallying-places. And not mere rallying-places, but formally constituted clubs, each with its appointed officers, and its rules and regulations, and its prize fund, its glorious trophies, its periodical meetings, and its annual banquet; why, the United London Anglers alone have, besides their head-quarters, nearly sixty society houses, spread over the metropolis, and its members number over seventeen hundred. It is computed by those who are in a position to get at accurate statistics, that there are, in and about London, nearly two thousand five hundred "enrolled" fishermen, and at least another thousand habitual practitioners who do not belong to any club.

It might be supposed that with a host of sportsmen waging perpetual war against the finny tribes of our streams, lakes, and rivers, that the scaly innocents would soon become extinct. But the man worthy to wield a rod angles for fame, not for fish. The denizens of the sparkling waters receive fair play at his hands. He would no more demean himself by violating a fish's close time than a good Catholic would disregard the obligations of Lent, and he has as tender a regard for small fry as a Sister of Charity for her orphan charges. Moreover, as a rule, all is not fish that comes to his net, in a manner of speaking. Anglers one and all—especially club men—may be inspired with the same ambition which, of course, is to figure as the champion of the year, but they seek it by different water-ways. The fisher for jack is not himself a Jack of all the branches embraced by angling craft. It is the high-class freshwater fisherman's maxim, that a lifetime is not long enough to enable a man so to master the arts and mysteries of rod and line, that he should eventually become, as it were, an universal genius. It is deemed to be quite enough for an angler to fix on his particular fish, and stick to and study him. Thus, in a club-room, it is easy enough to tell each man's "fancy." Flushed with joyful anticipation, and confident of a good weighing, a just-returned fisherman enters the room with the tray of jack of his catching, and one and all gather round the table. But one and all do not stay there. There are trout men, and roach men, and perch men, and though they of course have sincere respect for the jack man, they have a supreme contempt for his jack; and after the common courtesy of compliment, they saunter back to their seats and group themselves in congenial threes and fours, and give free flow to their praising of the fish of their hearts.

"But what," the uninitiated and very probably prejudiced reader may exclaim, "but what, in the name of all that is eccentric, can they find to talk about?" From a natural-history point of view,—the haunts, habits, and customs of the barbel, for example,—since all barbel exist on one plan of existence, and have had since the Flood, the material afforded for discussion must be limited, and it must be hard work to keep up a warm argument on the subject for many hours,—or at all events for many weeks or months together. Or again, is it as to how hooks are baited, and how barbel are taken, that yields matter for enthusiastic discussion? Surely not, since what can be tamer or less prolific of anecdotal lore than to stand on a bank grasping a stick with a string dangling at the end of it, and wait and wait—a sort of mild improvement, *minus* the fun, on the childish game of "shut your eyes and open your mouth and see what luck will send you." But, oh benighted unbeliever! well may the angler—the man who has the craft well to heart—laugh and wink to his fellows when he hears such foolishness talked, or reads it written. Yes, after all, and from one point of view, the true angler is a selfish individual. His rod has unlocked for him the joys, the marvels, the thrilling excitements, the disappointments that but spur him to renewed efforts, the delightful surprises, the soul-stirring triumphs, that belong to a world known only to the elect—to those who have the *gift* of freshwater fish craft. He is selfish, inasmuch as while he is patient under the jeers and sneers of those who know nothing of the charm that enthrals him, he hugs himself with the knowledge that he and his fellows are privileged beings, and he chuckles at the good work the scoffers do in deterring those who have no particular mind, one way or the other, from trespassing on his sacred domains. This doubtless is the main reason that, with a hundred fishing clubs and several thousand fishermen in our midst, the general public seldom know anything of their exploits and achievements. It is the chattering bird that betrays the whereabouts of its nest. Within the club-room and amongst themselves the delights of angling is the standard topic, and speech is free. But as soon as the outer threshold is crossed by the leagued brotherhood, "mum" is the word, and fishless is the flavour of their conversation until their next meeting.

As to the sport of angling being tame and spiritless, and angling club life dull and flavourless! Is it insipid or wearisome to hear some veteran of the craft recount how he circumvented, and in the end captured, a particularly cunning jack or trout, that through a whole season had defied the stratagem and cunning of every fisherman who had had a try for it? How that, confident of the monstrous fellow haunting a certain spot, but at uncertain times, the angler, whose professional reputation was at stake—he having rashly derided the futile efforts of his brother sportsmen—regularly laid himself out for the capture, and spent three entire weeks, never missing a single day, in reconnoitring and watching, in lying wait at the holes, and where the knowing old jack was known to retire for a snooze after feeding—in endeavours to tempt him when he was hungry, and to beguile him with some precious tit-bit when he had dined, and his appetite was fastidious, with at last the bite; and he followed, alas! by an immediate break away. The chagrin and despair, the stern determination to conquer yet, the break-of-day visit next morning, and the victory! There is not a member of the club, of any experience to speak of, but has a dozen such stories to tell, and by the thorough fisherman they are as keenly relished as are the lion and tiger-hunting narratives related by more ambitious sportsmen around the jungle camp-fire.

James Greenwood

New Music

Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.—Worthy of its predecessor is "A Second Set of Sixty Voluntaries, arranged for the Harmonium," by J. W. Elliott. Harmonium-players of limited capability will find this volume a most useful companion. It contains many well-known works of foreign and English composers, for the most part well, and always simply arranged, amongst which may be mentioned Mendelssohn's "Andante con Moto" (First Symphony), Handel's Funeral March (*Samson*), and Gounod's "Come unto Him."—The two latest numbers of "Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Music Primers" are "Musical Forms" and "Instrumentation." The former is by Ernst Pauer, who in his preface says:—"It is a common remark that musical amateurs talk of different musical forms with a very vague and uncertain notion of their meaning." The same reproach may be brought against professional musicians in a great measure. Henceforth, all who patiently study the above-named work will glean a large amount of information, and probably learn when to speak and when prudently to be silent.—"Instrumentation," by E. Prout, B.A., is intended for advanced students who have acquired the knowledge of score-reading, and are well up in the theory of music as well as its practice; to them this ably written work will be of great assistance and value, whilst the amateur *pur sang*, who has no idea of writing a symphony, will find much interesting matter therein.—Few there are amongst English people who do not know and admire Dr. W. C. Bennett's "Songs for Sailors," they are sure of a welcome in whatever form they appear. Some of these poems are narratives of even fifteen eight-lined verses in length—complete poetical yarns, such as our sailors love—others are brief and sentimental love ditties. To meet the requirements of our vocally disposed tars, J. L. Hatton set these poems to appropriate tunes with marked success; they are published in a neat volume together with a very good portrait of our sailor Duke of Edinburgh.—Written for "The Commemoration Festival at the Church of St. Michael's, Manchester," "I am well pleased" (116th Psalm), "A Song of Thanksgiving for Tenor, Solo, and Chorus," by Henry Hiles, Mus. Doc., Oxon., will surely take a good position amongst church music; it bears the stamp of a genuine musician's hand, and does not lack a certain amount of melodious originality.

Messrs. Boosey and Co.——From the time of its publication, forty-six years ago, to the present day, Louis Spohr's "Violin School" has been a standard work and an often quoted authority, not only in German, but in all musical schools and circles. From the author's preface, addressed to parents and teachers—in itself a lesson—to the last page of this clever and comprehensive work, not one line is superfluous. Arranged in three parts, and sub-divided into sections, Part I. is devoted to the construction and constituent parts of the instrument, with the means to be adopted for its due care and preservation; Part II., which contains twelve sections, concerns the manner in which the violin should be diligently studied and mastered; Part III. is on "Style and Delivery." The present edition is revised and edited, with additional text, by Henry Holmes, the translation from the German is by Florence A. Marshall, the two illustrations by Henry Holiday. The editor has executed his somewhat perilous task of revision and addition in a highly creditable manner. Both translator and illustrator have done their part well and skilfully. Would-be violinists should follow the sound advice given by Spohr in his preface to this work—to secure the services of a thoroughly efficient master before commencing the study of this most difficult instrument, as faults and bad habits when once acquired can only be eradicated with much difficulty.—A complete and elegantly got-up volume is "The Contralto Album," edited by J. Pitman, a collection of fifty celebrated songs (in their original keys) selected from the most famous operas, with Italian and English words. This compact and portable Album will be found a most useful companion to the drawing and concert-rooms, not only for *contralti*, but also for *mezzo-soprani* singers.

Messrs. A. Hammond and Co.——It is to be regretted that Signor Arditi fritters away his time in composing, or we should say rearranging, vocal waltzes all from the same model, his famous "Il Bacio." A change of key and a fresh title seem to be all he desires. "Parla," a *valse brillante* for the voice, contains nothing new excepting the words, by F. Rigelli, which are fairly poetical.—"Sleigh Bells," a song of medium compass, written and composed by T. C. Harman and Gordon Saunders, is brisk and pleasing. Both words and music are good.—Six pianoforte pieces of average merit, which will meet the requirements of musical teachers for the coming Christmas holidays, are "Orage sur le Lac" and "Vieux et Jeunes," by A. L. Desanges. The former is the more original and prettier of the two. "Première Valse de Salon" and "Valse Caprice," by H. Nuyens; the one showy and useful for practice, the other of a very ordinary type. Best and most original of the group is "La Prière d'un Enfant," by Alfred Sergent, a charming song without words. "Souvenir de Briens," by Paul Bernard, will also find favour with many who admire a smoothly-written *nocturne*.—Playable and danceable are "The Review Lancers," by Charles Coote, although they are void of novelty of ideas.—From such prolific dance-music writers as G. Lamothe and J. Gung'l we must expect more quantity than quality. Of a brace of waltzes by G. Lamothe, "Pastorale" and "Toujours et Encore," the former is far more pleasing than the latter; whilst J. Gung'l has but seldom brought out so common-place a set as "Epigrammae Waltzes."

W. Czerny.——A song of no ordinary type is "Judith's Invocation," by J. Concone, the words translated from the French by Dr. S. Kahleuberg. A mezzo-soprano, with cultivated taste and declamatory powers, will surely produce a favourable effect with this song.—W. Czerny has transcribed for the pianoforte "Trillo del Satanasco," Tartini's quaint and well-known *morceau* for the violin. The frontispiece is adorned with a copy of the original drawing of "Satan Playing the Trillo," as he appeared to Tartini in his dream.—Of the same quaint and ancient type is "Gavotte from the Temple of Glory," by J. P. Rameau, transcribed for the pianoforte by G. J. Van Eyken, both these pieces are well arranged, and possess the charm of novelty.—Five fairly good pianoforte pieces of ordinary difficulty adapted for drawing-room after-dinner execution are "Un Souvenir du Temps de Louis XV. (a *sarabande* and *bravura*, by J. M. Leclair), arranged by Victor Moret; a "Gavotte en Sol," by M. Roeder; "Shepherd's Lay," a *pastorale* by W. A. Mozart; a bright and cheerful *morceau*—"Bon Voyage;" a *galop de salon*, by A. Buhl—all the more welcome as coming in the form of a duet—and, best of the group, "Herne the Hunter," a sketch by Max-Schroeter.

Messrs. Wood and Co.——Correct fingering is very important for the due execution of all instrumental works; hence No. II. of "Perles Classiques," a well-arranged edition of Mendelssohn's "Andante" and "Rondo Capriccioso" (Op. 14), edited and fingered by Carlo Tiesset, will be a valuable addition to the schoolroom *repertoire*.—From Immanuel Liebich we are sure of something worth listening to, however simple it may be. "La Petite Espiègle," a graceful trifle for the pianoforte, does not disappoint our expectations.—"The Banjo Polka," by Arthur Nicholson, has already made its mark at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden. A very ear-catching tune and a very funny frontispiece will ensure for this spirited polka a foremost place amongst the Christmas favourites.

Miscellaneous.——A vocal waltz song of an ultra-ordinary type is "Heart of my Heart," music by J. Meissler, words, which deserve a far better setting, by L. A. Johnstone (Messrs. W. Marshall and Co.).—A very feeble specimen of its kind is "Comme il Faut Polka," by J. H. Young, who will no doubt do better when he has studied composition, and can rely on his own more than the ideas of other composers (Messrs. J. R. Lafleur and Son).—A melodious "Barcarole," one of Rossini's posthumous works for the pianoforte, has been rescued from oblivion, edited, and fingered by J. W. Lawson, who deserves thanks for his *trouvaille* (Messrs. H. D'Alcorn and Co.).

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BOARDING-HOUSES

That peculiar part of the social system known as boarding-houses appears to be susceptible of all kinds of varieties and sub-varieties. And yet a common likeness necessarily runs through the whole. Their numbers were never more multiplied, their uses more extended, than at the present time. At the one end of the scale we have those gorgeous West End mansions which form the latest experiments in social life, where vast common rooms extend luxury and social enjoyment, and at the other end of a scale, wherever human beings board in common under a responsible head, there, in however rudimentary a type, we have the boarding-house. There is one common principle which prevails in every variety of this great London institution. The principle is simply that by the force of combination people of a certain income should obtain the larger rooms, the better table, the more extended society than they would be likely to have in places of their own. At the present day, owing to the increased urgency of the servant difficulty, the rising prices of all things, and the desire to abridge responsibilities and labour, the boarding system is receiving a considerable expansion. From the same reason, more or less, we have the rapid development of clubs and the growing habit of living at hotels. At first sight it would appear that the boarding-house admits every variety of English human kind. This, however, is by no means the case. A young married couple, for instance, are very rarely found in a boarding-house; they are making their own nest, and are content with their own society. Still less is a family man found in a boarding-house; he is not likely to be popular there, and children and dogs, unless in special instances, are tabooed. Of course we speak of permanent town residents; there is many a professional man from the country who delights in a week's residence in a London boarding-house. As a rule it is young men and maidens, or the same people when life is wearing fast towards its close, who come to the boarding-house. Then the boarding-house mainly depends upon its connection. Its name its not advertised in the newspaper or trumpeted at the railway stations. Its means of obtaining publicity are mainly through the influence of its *clientèle*. It is in this way that boarding-houses are susceptible of an easy classification. There are commercial boarding-houses; we all recollect how Dickens made Mrs. Todgers' commercial boarding-house immortal. Then there are boarding-houses where the clerical element is so predominant among other elements that they may be distinctly called clerical boarding-houses. The run upon these houses in the month of May is great, and they must have a serious character all the year round. Some boarding-houses have a character for being all other than serious, where the life is of a somewhat free and easy description. Then there is a great run of sea-captains and shipping-people in one house; another has a connection among doctors or lawyers. If the widow of a professional man sets up a boarding-house, of course her connection lies among her husband's friends and associates. Then there are some houses which have a foreign connection; especially we have American boarding-houses. Then there are some boarding-houses which are not even as other boarding-houses are, which are linked with fashionable neighbourhoods, and flatter themselves that they are fashionable themselves.

It would be easy to put boarding-houses in a ridiculous light. Dickens, Thackeray, Sala, and others have all done so. They have salient points very clearly defined. They readily yield themselves to the Comedy of Manners. The most objective and the most objectionable feature is a certain pretentiousness. In a society of this kind each is likely to esteem another as inferior to himself. They all seem self-asserting and on the defence. Then if you have people who are not of a clubbable nature, and are therefore quite unfitted for a boarding-house, such people are alternately the causes of great annoyance or great amusement. We have little heart to make fun of the people who keep boarding-houses. It is an anxious and uncertain business. If they have a run of business at one time they have empty rooms and a thin table at other times. Mrs. Todgers' great difficulty about the gravy is always turning up in one form or another. In offering board and lodging to others they think themselves happy if they can secure board and lodging for themselves. Their policy, financially, is of a contrasted kind. They either minimise expenses and make small savings out of a few, or they seek to attract numbers by a lavish style of living. What may be the peculiar attraction of a boarding-house we are at a loss to imagine. The slavery of having to return to the house at definite hours must be intolerable. We suspect that most Londoners would practically pay for their board twice over. But nevertheless there is a peculiar and original feature about boarding-houses which perhaps makes up the chief part of the attractions to those who are attracted. There is no other way in the world by which a man, whoever he may be or whatever may be his antecedents, can be placed on family terms and sudden intimacy with those who, up to yesterday, were perfect strangers. It is supposed that the landlady asks for references, but in these days a reference does not go for very much, and there is a pestilent doctrine to the effect that a payment in advance is as good as a reference. The result is that there is a certain element of romance and mystery about a boarding-house, which is attractive in one way, but ought to be suspicious in another. It may be recollected that Dr. Smethurst contrived his bigamous marriage in a boarding-house with the lady whom he was afterwards condemned for murdering, although the verdict and sentence were oddly cancelled afterwards. There are many boarding-houses in fashionable watering-places, which are confessedly hunting-grounds for prospective wives. Young ladies go there, suitably protected, under "the plea of the necessity of a little change and air." "Boarding-house marriages" is a phrase which has a considerable meaning and currency. Indeed it is only fair that we should mention a true and affecting story of a worthy couple who, having made a very happy marriage at a boarding-house, being childless, resolved to spend their days under the wing of the happy institution which had brought them together.

F. A.

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GRANDMAMMA'S MIRROR

In this mirror,—years ago,—
May be, sixty-five or so,
Peeped a maid,
Who was young and very fair,
Summer eyes, and sunny hair,—
It is said.

She's a little altered now,
There are wrinkles on her brow,
And her hair
Is more silvery in hue,
But her eyes are kind and true,
As they were.

Only think, she saw herself
Years ago, a pretty elf,
Mirrored here!
'Twould be very nice to know,
Where the pretty faces go
Year by year.

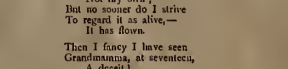
What a treasure there must be
Hidden somewhere, secretly,
In this glass:
For I know that pretty girls
Always trifle with their curls
As they pass.

And I sometimes seem to trace
There the shadow of a face
Not my own;
But no sooner do I strive
To regard it as alive,—
It has flown.

Then I fancy I have seen
Grandmamma, at seventeen,
A deceit!
Yet it builds me up a dream
Of the blue eyes, that seem
Mine to meet.

Though I know it is ideal,
There is something very real
In the face;
Heaven bless me! there it is,
Coming here with Cousin Liz;
"Cousin Grace!"

Arthur H.



Books Received

Science for All, Vol. I.; New Testament Commentary for English Readers, Vol. II; Pictorial Europe; The Magic Flower Pot: Edward Garrett; Palissy the Potter: Professor Morley. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Stories from Virgil: Rev. A. J. Church; Job Singleton's Heir: Mrs. Marshall. Seeley and Co.

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The Disturbing Element: C. M. Yonge: The Boy's Walton: U. J. Burke; Kaspar and the Summer Fairies: Julia Goddard. Marcus Ward and Co.

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The Storm and its Portents. Dr. T. L. Phipson; As He Comes Up the Stair: Author of "Comin' Thro' the Rye," The Land o' the Leal: Ditto; Old Paris (2 vols.): Catherine Charlotte, Lady Jackson; Our Old Actors (2 vols.): H. Barton Baker; Adventurous Lives (2 vols.): Bernard Henry Becker. R. Bentley and Sons.

Queen Elfrida of the Olden Time. J. S. Williams. Hatchards.

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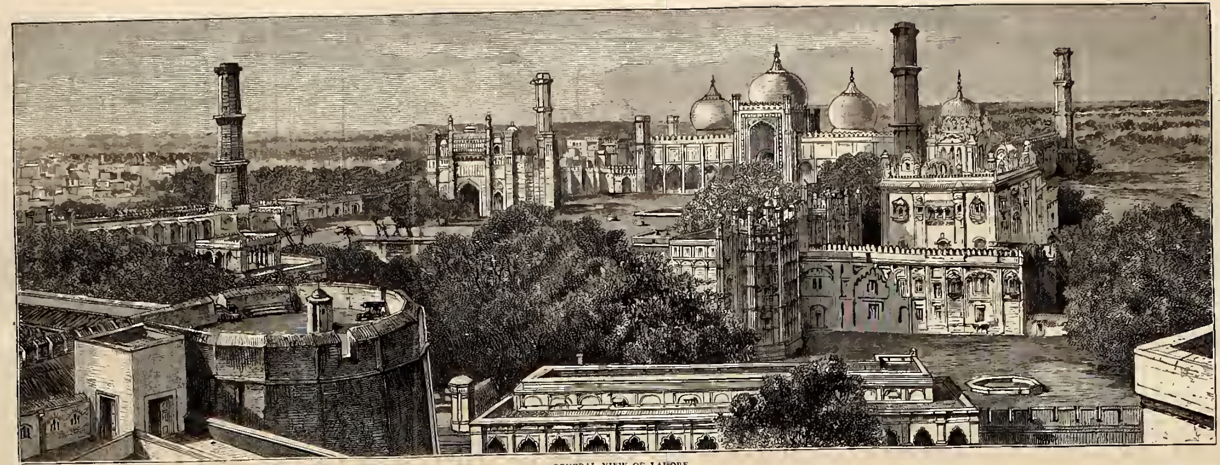

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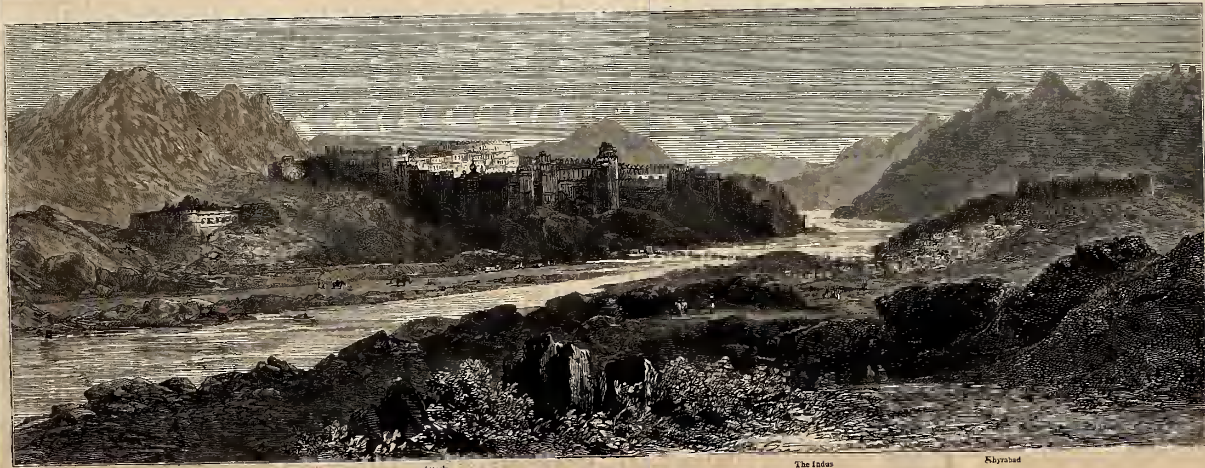

VIEW OF ATTOCK AND THE ENTRANCE TO THE PESHAWUR VALLEY

THE IMPENDING AFGHAN WAR

THE GRAPHIC

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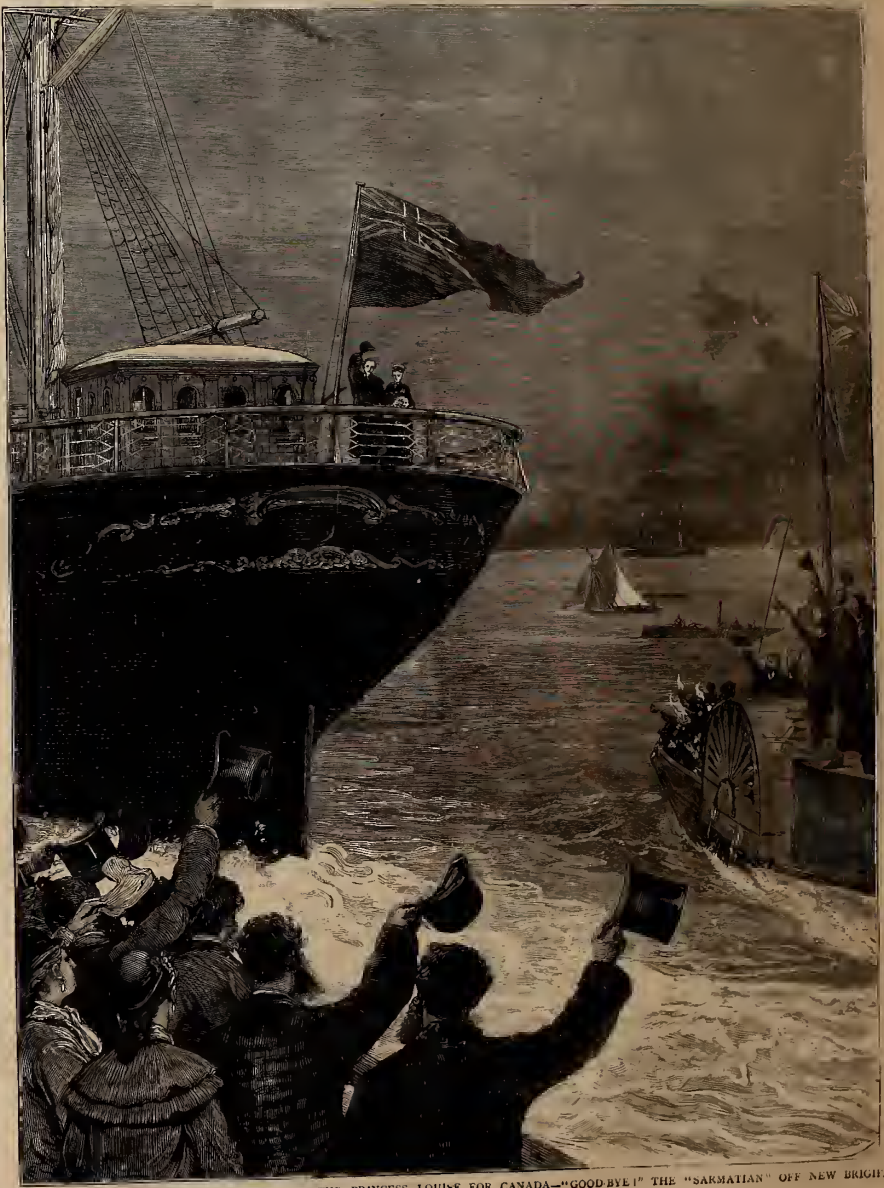

DEPARTURE OF THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE FOR CANADA—"GOOD-BYE!" THE "SARMATIAN" OFF NEW BRIGHTON

Topics of the Week

Lord Cranbrook's Despatch.——This important official document, although formally addressed to Lord Lytton, is of course put forth for the purpose of justifying the present action of the Government in the eyes of the British public, and not for the enlightenment of the Viceroy, who is necessarily already fully informed of all the matters treated of therein. Whatever opinion may be entertained by our countrymen as to the wisdom of the policy determined upon by Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet, that is to say, their resolution to deal with Shere Ali in one only of two characters, namely, either as a firm friend and ally, or as a declared and open enemy—the choice being left to himself, and unhappily now decided against us—it is plain that Her Majesty's present advisers are not solely responsible for the critical state of our relations with Afghanistan which has so long existed, and which is now about to be terminated by actual hostilities. The refusal of the Ameer to receive the Mission which was recently sent to him is only one link in a chain of occurrences which had their origin in days long antecedent to the accession of our present Government to power. The Ameer, it would appear, alarmed by the Russian seizure of Khiva, sent a special Envoy to Simla to ask Lord Northbrook how far he might rely on England to protect him from Russia. Lord Northbrook, in reply, assured the Ameer that under certain conditions the Indian Government would assist him to repel unprovoked aggression. But, after making this offer of aid—and this is the important point to note—Lord Northbrook was not supported in his proposals by Mr. Gladstone and his fellow-Ministers at home. These gentlemen decided that they "did not share his Highness's apprehensions" that Russia would advance, and so Lord Northbrook had to retract his offer of aid. Mr. Gladstone may have been right or he may have been wrong, and no doubt he will endeavour to justify the decision at which he then arrived, but as Shere Ali's sullenness, and his desire to throw himself into the arms of Russia, date from the period of that rebuff, it seems plain that, in spite of their violent attacks on Lord Beaconsfield, the late Government are chiefly responsible for this, the third war against Afghanistan, which is now imminent, if it has not actually begun.

Afghanistan and England.——Lord Beaconsfield has been blamed for the sarcastic tone of his reply to Lord Lawrence, but it must be admitted that he received considerable provocation. It can hardly be supposed that the Government have entered upon a great and far-reaching policy without what seems to them adequate consideration of the facts with which they have to deal. Yet, at the last moment, an irresponsible body comes forward, and dogmatically informs them that they have been wholly wrong, that they know nothing of the difficulties they are creating, and that they must immediately strike out an altogether different course. The wonder is, not that Lord Beaconsfield sent a rather stinging answer, but that he made so moderate a use of his powers of retort. More arrogant pretensions could hardly be asserted, since they amount to a demand on the part of the Afghan Committee to rule the British Empire. The difficulty is that if this particular Committee were allowed to have its way others would claim to determine the national policy in an exactly opposite direction. On the whole, until we receive new light on the matter, it would seem to be best that the government of the Empire should continue as heretofore to be carried on by the Ministry of the day, subject to the approval of Parliament and the country. We may rest assured that no Cabinet will venture to execute a resolution opposed to the will of the people. When Englishmen are genuinely aroused, they know how to express their sentiments; and even the Government of Lord Beaconsfield, strong as it has hitherto been, would become powerless if it were confronted by a really national agitation. The fact that the nation is unmoved by the arguments of so great an authority as Lord Lawrence ought to give him and his friends food for profitable meditation. The truth is that they exclude from the discussion the only point which is of genuine importance. All the world admits that to go to war merely to make our frontier "scientific" would be unjust; but the contention of those who side with the Government is that we are in presence of a serious peril. In consequence of the very policy for which Lord Lawrence argues Cabul is now under the domination of the Russians, and England has been haughtily warned off the ground they have occupied. We thus not only lay ourselves open to invasion, but we convey to our Indian subjects an impression of our strength—or rather of our weakness—which must tend to undermine our authority. What is there unjust in the demand that the Ameer shall not ally himself with our enemies, or in the resolve that if he does we shall make our Empire safe against both him and them? The injustice is in the policy of those who would recklessly endanger a system of rule which is essential to the happiness of more than a fifth of the human race.

Retaliatory Tariffs.——Mr. Maciver's proposals in favour of protective, not necessarily prohibitory, tariffs will be read by many British producers during these hard times with sympathising eyes. It is not that Englishmen have ceased to believe in the advantages of Free Trade; on the contrary, their complaint is that there is not enough of it. It is such a nice game that everybody ought to play at it, they think; but unfortunately, though for years they have piped to foreign countries, foreign countries will not dance, and Englishmen still remain almost the only free-traders in the civilised world. This mattered little so long as the Continent was a hundred years behind us in almost every kind of industrial enterprise, and when Mr. Cobden hoped, by the aid of cheap food, to make our island the workshop of the world. To some extent his scheme succeeded; but now the tide has begun to turn—several Continental countries are pretty nearly, if not quite, abreast of us, and the United States, with unrivalled natural resources and a rapidly-increasing population (the element in which formerly the Republic was weak), is visibly threatening our manufacturing supremacy. And while we send fewer goods abroad, we are yearly becoming more dependent on foreign imports. Before the Free Trade era, we produced nearly everything at home, with the exception of exotics, such as wine, tea, and sugar. Now, setting aside the enormous foreign food bill—rendered unavoidable, perhaps, by the vast population crowded into so small an area until improved Land Laws increase our farm produce—we have only to look into the shop windows to see how many of our other wants are supplied from abroad. And when we add to this that most of our bakers are Germans, our confectioners Swiss, our eating-house keepers of every Continental variety, and that there is a large polyglot element among our sailors and our domestic servants, one begins to wonder what are the pursuits followed by English producers of the working class. There can be little doubt that the facility of foreign import has killed off numerous small native industries which formerly flourished, thus causing a lessened variety of employment, and so aggravating distress at a time when numerous channels of enterprise are closed by the dulness of trade.

Kings and Assassins.——The present year will be memorable as a year of trial for kings. First the German Emperor was twice shot at; then came the attempt to assassinate the King of Spain; now the Italian King has had his turn. It is usual to speak of these attempts as merely the result of a restless craving for notoriety, or at worst as the expression of the envy of an ill-conditioned nature; and it is true that these form large elements in nearly every case of the kind. But something more must also be taken into account. If the would-be murderers were not in the habit of hearing the existing institutions of society talked of with hatred and contempt, we may be tolerably sure that they would adopt less perilous methods of thrusting themselves before the world. The truth is that all over the Continent—we say nothing of our own country, where the conditions are different—there are elements of profound discontent. Everywhere we see signs that the old order of society is to some extent breaking up. The mass of European workmen are satisfied that they do not get a fair share of the good things of the world. They do all the work, they say; and the wealth created by them is consumed by a comparatively small, but utterly selfish, minority. This may be a very foolish view, and opposed to the elementary doctrines of political economy; but it is well to face the fact that it is extensively held, and that to it are more or less due these hideous efforts to kill the men supposed to represent the abuses of ages. If Continental statesmen were wise, they would set to work at once, not to cope with the evil by means of soldiers and police, but to remove its causes. Let society be so organised that every man would have a chance of making his life tolerable, and we should see an end of revolutionary agitation. Unfortunately the first step towards this remote ideal must be the setting aside of the military systems which now crush the energies of the Western world. Europe will never have half or a quarter the prosperity to which it is entitled until vast standing armies are abolished. But what hope is there of Governments moving in this direction? France and Germany, notwithstanding their fair professions, are ready to spring at each other's throats; Italy is bowed to the earth by the burden of her army and her navy; Austria is in a like position; and Russia pursues so mad a military career that so thoroughly peaceful a country as England is compelled to make ready for her own defence. We fear it will not be to-morrow or next day that dynasties will begin to protect themselves by the only methods which can really secure their safety.

Farmers and Foxes.——In the case of the Vale of Taunton Hunt, Lord Coleridge has decided that fox-hunters have no legal right to enter upon a man's land in pursuit of their prey. Non-sporting townsfolk may be inclined to wonder that such a solemn, carefully-weighed decision should be deemed necessary. They would be inclined to decide off-hand in favour of the protesting farmer. Paper-chasing is a favourite suburban sport during the autumn months, but what a monstrous piece of impudence it would appear to be, if the youthful paper-chasers held that they were privileged to enter any brewery or other factory which chanced to lie in their line of route, and rush helter-skelter up and down its staircases, regardless of any damage they might do? Nor is it easy to see wherein, as far as any benefit conferred upon the person trespassed upon is concerned, there is any essential difference between modern fox-hunting and paper-chasing. It is of just as much and no more advantage to the supposed brewer whose premises are invaded that the "hare" should be caught by his brother-runners, as it was to Mr. Summerhayes that the fox should be captured by the bold riders of the Vale of Taunton Hunt. Of course there was a time when matters, as regards fox-hunting, were far otherwise; and, as often happens in England, a custom has survived when the cause which gave it birth has ceased to exist. There was a time in this country when human beings were scarce and foxes were plentiful; when Reynard was really and not merely theoretically regarded as vermin; when farmers felt no compunction at putting him to death in any fashion, sportsmanlike or otherwise; and when a land-occupier would have viewed an injury done to his hedges in the pursuit of one of these mischievous quadrupeds with the same equanimity with which a suburban householder would regard the damage done to a flower-bed during the capture of a burglar. All this is altered now. The fox is an artificial creature, solely cherished for sporting purposes; he is hunted, not merely by the farmer and his neighbours, but by strangers from distant cities; is it then a matter of surprise that farmers, suffering under the combined afflictions of Free Trade, high rents, and Labourer's Unions, should occasionally "cut up rusty" at an inroad of gentlemen "in pink"? We should be sorry to see fox-hunting extinguished, but, unless it is practised with the utmost consideration for the rights of others, there is no small risk of its becoming an impossibility in a crowded country such as England is at the present time.

"The Quality of Mercy."——It is feared that the failure which recently shook the commercial prosperity of Scotland to its foundations will prove even worse than has for some time been expected. The first call on the shareholders is likely to bring forth about a third of the sum on which the creditors calculated. If this be so, there is not a shareholder who will not be ruined in the event of the claims of the creditors being pushed to their utmost limits. For the next call will rise in amount, and so the horrible process will advance until every shareholder has been deprived of his last shilling. Such a calamity as this is too vast to be fully realised. Few imaginations are vivid enough to call up anything like an adequate vision of the misery which will be inflicted on multitudes of homes, to say nothing of the hardships which the shock must indirectly occasion to thousands outside its direct range. Rarely has there been a more sharp revelation of the inevitable issue of that contempt for "the veracities" which in these materialistic days has become too marked a characteristic of the commercial world; and it may be hoped that the lesson will not be lost on a nation whose moral feeling is so radically sound as that of the Scottish people. In the mean time, however, the most urgent question is whether something cannot be done to break the force of the stroke in the case of those who have in no way deserved it. The appeal on behalf of the sufferers has been thus far liberally responded to by the public; and it is expected that the Scotch banks will unite to offer substantial aid. As, however, the distress will even then be but slightly relieved, the time seems to have come for the creditors to decide whether they also should not bear some portion of the disaster. They will be within their legal right in making every shareholder a bankrupt in order to secure their due; but that would be a close approach to Shylock's conception of justice. It will be to the honour of the depositors if they display a temper not quite so pitiless.

Drunk or Dying?——The sad case of Edward Harris, who was convicted of drunkenness, but whose apparently drunken symptoms resulted from a fracture of the skull caused by a fall from a vehicle, has attracted a large amount of popular sympathy, and the funeral was attended by thousands of persons, his brethren of the whip mustering with especial strength. It is very easy to blame the police for these unfortunate mistakes, but people who speak thus are apt to forget the rarity of such occurrences compared with the number of drunken persons who are daily taken into custody. When a constable sees a man or woman lying in the roadway late at night, his immediate surmise is that the prostrate person is drunk, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred his surmise is correct. The question then arises, Is the constable fairly blameworthy for not arriving at a correct conclusion in the hundredth case, where the patient is not drunk, but is either ill, or (like poor Harris) dying of a mortal injury? We can scarcely blame him for disregarding superficial cuts or bruises, for these are commonly found on drunken people when they have been tumbling about, nor are we aware of any symptoms distinguishing intoxication from other ailments which are so palpable as to be perceptible to an unscientific observer. We believe, therefore, that in most of these cases of error the policeman may fairly be exonerated. But is there no remedy against such accidents? We think there is, and a very efficient one. Why should there not be at every police-station during the night a qualified medical man, whose business it shall be specially to examine all the cases of drunkenness which are brought in? Independent of the chief object of his attendance—namely, to diagnose cases of disease or accident—his presence would ensure a more humane and rational treatment of drunkards than often obtains now. A man who is overtaken in liquor, and "run in" by the police, may be by no means an habitual toper, for such gentry generally have somewhat less tipsy friends to see them home, and yet, perhaps, he never recovers his health after confinement in a damp police cell. But how is the doctor to be paid for his services? Why, very simply, by raising the scale of the present absurdly lenient fines.

"A FALSEHOOD."——It was with sincere regret that many Englishmen read the report of the scene in which M. Gambetta denounced a statement of M. Fourtou as "a falsehood." It is true that M. Fourtou was provoking; we know of few politicians whose speeches are more likely to excite violent hostility. But M. Gambetta should regard himself as too great a man to give way to feeling is this vehement manner. The worst aspect of the affair is that it shows how deep are the elements of disunion even yet in France. The Bonapartists have been for the moment overcome; the nation as a whole rejects them, and they appear to be fully conscious of their defeat. But they have not ceased to loathe the Republicans, and such outbursts as that of M. Gambetta indicate that the loathing is returned with interest. The danger to the Republic is that the country may be made suspicious of the ultimate intentions of the Republican leaders. Every one knows that they owe their present position wholly to the moderation and self-control they have for some time displayed. Republican institutions used to be denounced as certain to lead to social anarchy, but by slow degrees it has been made plain that their tendencies may be as Conservative in one direction as they are progressive in another. There has always, however, been a party which has maintained that if a favourable time came, the mask would be thrown off, and the Republic revealed in its true character as the most despotic of all forms of Government. Every true lover of France must hope that M. Gambetta and his friends will do nothing to encourage this foolish opinion. They may be quite certain that, if they are willing to indulge in angry recriminations, the Bonapartists will give them plenty of opportunities. There is nothing M. Fourtou and men of his class would like so much as to be made the object of vehement and unjust abuse by their opponents. The Republicans can afford to baffle them by exhibiting the calmness which alone befits their strength.

MARWOOD'S LEVÉE.——The Llangibby murder, or rather series of murders, was just such a crime as would cause the most intense horror in a quiet rural district, and no doubt the detestation of the murderer was enhanced by the fact of his being a stranger and an alien. Hence we may easily excuse those simple-minded Welsh folk, who after the execution crowded into the waiting-room at Usk, and compelled the dread administrator of the extreme penalty of the law to hold a kind of improvised levée there, shaking hands with him, cheering him, and making quite a hero of him. It is to be hoped that the precedent will not be followed, for the same good reason which forbids applause in Courts of Law. The crowd which applauds one day may yell and hiss on another day, so that the officers of justice run the risk of being intimidated in the performance of their functions; and if the Usk example be imitated elsewhere, the execution of a popular criminal may endanger the hangman's own life. In these days of private executions, there is no necessity for the person of Jack Ketch to become familiar to the populace (Calcraft, we believe, used occasionally to wear a disguise on the scaffold), and we should recommend Mr. Marwood, if only for his own sake, to preserve as close an *incognito* as he can.

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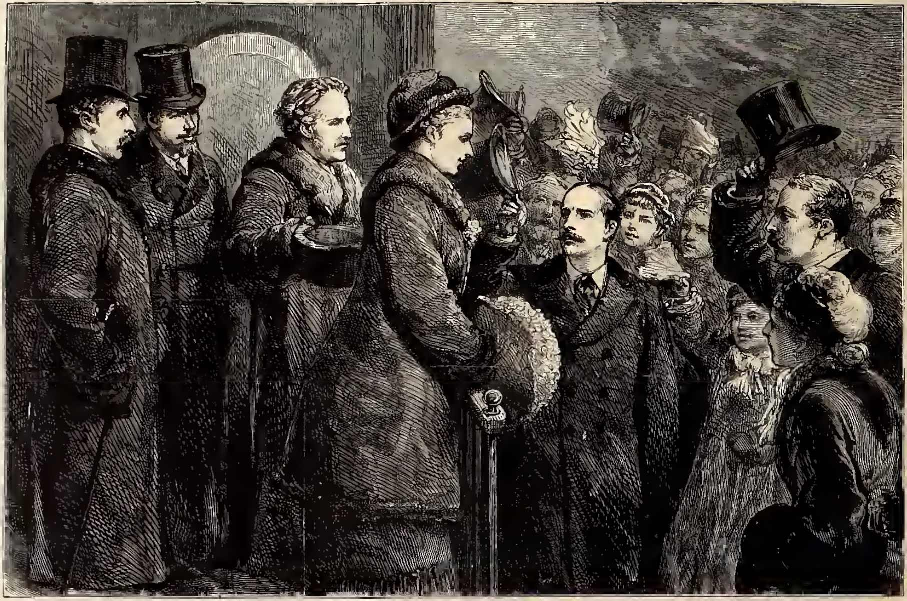
OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

DEPARTURE OF THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

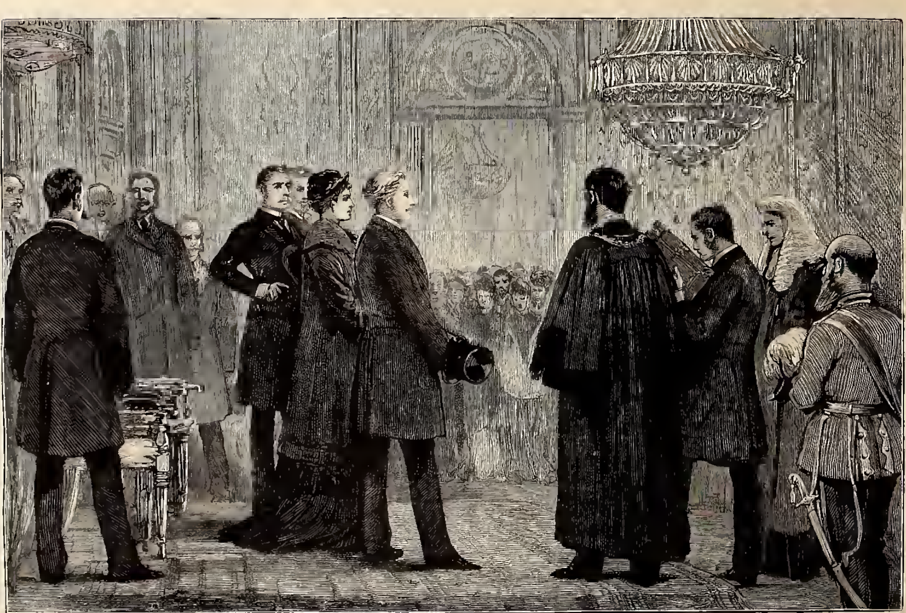
AT midnight on Wednesday last week the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold, left London for Liverpool in a special train, the Pullman cars of which were handsomely decorated with festoons of choice flowers, intermingled with Scotch heather. Many distinguished persons were assembled on the platform, and with several of them Lord Lorne and the Princess cordially shook hands before entering the train. The Royal party were heartily cheered as the train moved out of the station, the Princess and her husband bowing their acknowledgments at the door of the car. Stoppages were made at Leicester, Derby, Warrington, and Stockport, at which last-mentioned place the Mayor was waiting on the platform in his robes of office, but the distinguished travellers were asleep. Liverpool was reached punctually at six A.M., and, in spite of the early hour, and a sharp frost, a large crowd was waiting at the station. The Royal party were received by the Mayor and other local notabilities, and drove off to the Adelphi Hotel, where they breakfasted, and the Princess graciously accepted a bouquet from Mr. Allan, one of the firm to which the *Sarmatian* belongs. At ten o'clock they drove to the Town Hall, where in the great Ball-room, and in the presence of a large and brilliant assemblage, addresses were presented from the Mayor and Corporation, and the Chamber of Commerce, to both of which the Marquis of Lorne replied in appreciative terms. Their Royal Highnesses and Lord Lorne then showed themselves for a few moments on the balcony overlooking the Exchange Flags, where a great crowd had gathered, and their appearance was greeted with a succession of hearty cheers. After this the Princess Louise was presented with a copy of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, specially printed on white satin, and then the Royal party drove off, amid the renewed cheers of the spectators, to the Landing Stage, where they were received with a Royal salute from the guard of honour, and the National Anthem was played. They then went on board the special tender, *Storm Cock*, which soon transferred them to the *Sarmatian*, although her movements were somewhat impeded by the fleet of steam-tugs and other small craft loaded with spectators which crowded around her. Soon after the Royal party were on board, the *Sarmatian* weighed anchor, and moved slowly down the river close to the Liverpool shore, the Royal Standard flying from the mainmast and the Dominion flag of Canada from the foretop, the military band on the Landing Stage playing "Friends far from Home," "Scots, wha hae," "Highland Laddie," "John Anderson, my Joe," and "Will ye no come back again?" The Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold remained on board until the *Sarmatian* was off New Brighton, when they returned in the tender, and the vessel steamed on to Moville, where it anchored for the night, and where, next morning (Friday), the Mayor and Corporation of Derry were received on board and presented an address. When the *Sarmatian* finally left the shores of Ireland the weather was somewhat threatening; but the Princess and Lord Lorne looked well—and, in fact, the only person on board who seemed at all out of sorts was his Excellency's piper. Perhaps the Islay whisky did it.

PESHAWUR AND THE KHYBER PASS

HERE we have one of the most extensive views of the Khyber Pass and Range which can be obtained. It is taken from the city of Peshawur, which is situated on a slightly rising ground, and consequently overlooks the wide intervening plain, and commands an admirable prospect of the Khyber Hills—the defile itself being about twelve miles distant—and of the snowy peaks of the Hindoo Koosh. The valley immediately beneath is exceedingly fertile; but, having formerly been the bed of a vast inland lake, it also abounds with large marshes, which render the locality terribly unhealthy, more particularly for European troops. Indeed, the forces under General Sir Samuel Browne are already suffering severely from the Peshawur fever, as the present is the most feverish season, and the corps of Guides is especially weakened by the prevalent disease. It is in this valley and at Peshawur that the main body of the expeditionary force has been collected together, and it is there that Sir Frederick Haines, the commander-in-chief, has gone to take the chief command, as, should hostilities break out, it will be from this point that the principal attack will be made in order to secure the fortress of Ali Musjid and the Khyber Pass. Already reconnaissances have been made by the Guides, while Sir Samuel Browne's advanced detachment at Jumrood is carefully watching the Pass, ready to prevent any of those formidable breastworks which, in 1842, delayed the advance of General Pollock's columns. Indeed, it seems to be assumed, by those supposed to be well versed in the plans of the Government, that our troops cannot afford to remain in so pestilential a district throughout the winter, but that a bold push on through the Pass to Kandahar must be made at once should the Ameer's reply prove unfavourable, although the ultimate advance upon Cabul will probably be delayed until the spring. Thus *The Times'* correspondent, telegraphing on Monday, states that "the necessary military and commissariat preparations are almost completed at Peshawur for an immediate advance. Many indications seem to warrant the belief that an early attack on Ali Musjid is intended. Military authorities at Peshawur have issued orders forbidding telegraph officials from despatching messages regarding the movements of troops, and, unless an early advance is contemplated, these orders would be unnecessary and unmeaning." We may add that the organisation of Sir Samuel Browne's column appears admirably adapted for mountain warfare, as it comprises one cavalry, one artillery, and four infantry brigades. These latter are composed of one British and two native infantry

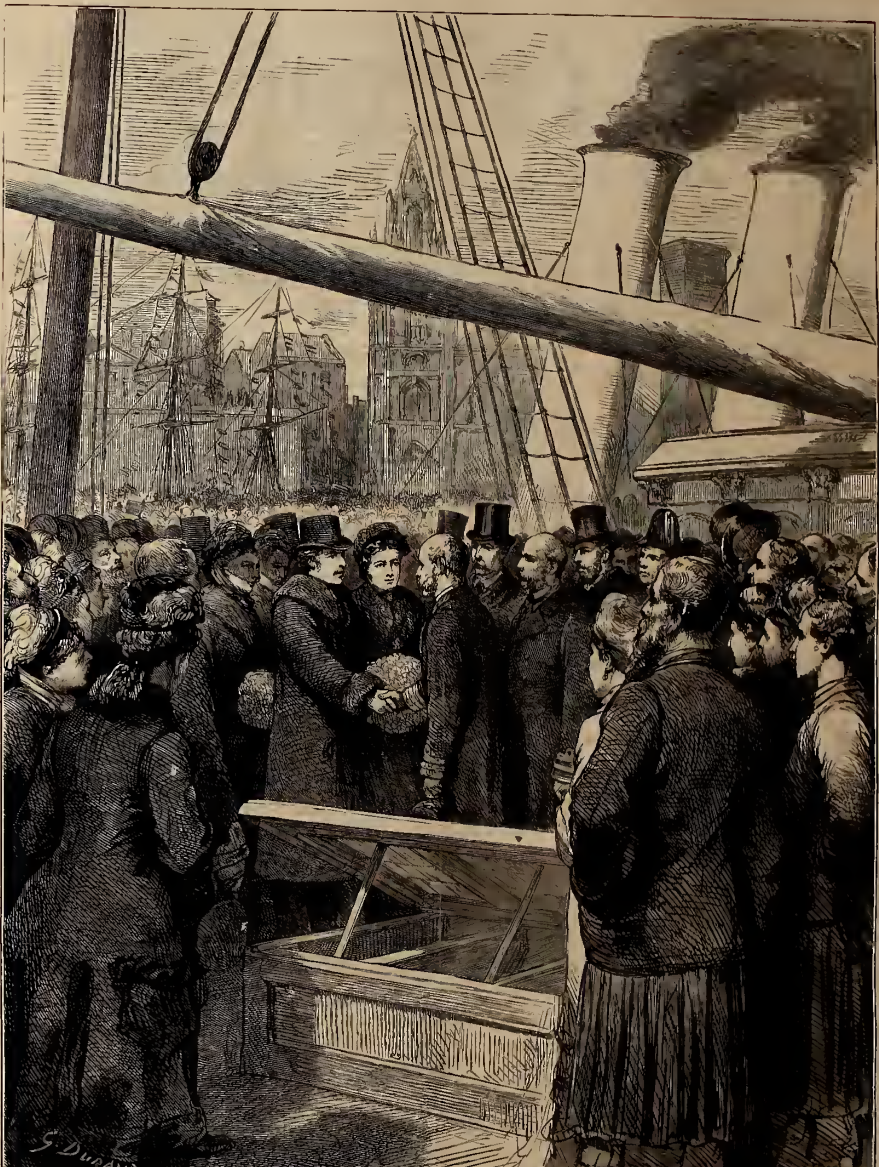


LEAVING ST. PANCRAS STATION



THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION OF LIVERPOOL PRESENTING THE ADDRESS IN THE TOWN HALL

DEPARTURE OF THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE FOR CANADA



DEPARTURE OF THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE FOR CANADA—THE RECEPTION ON BOARD THE "SARMATIAN" battalions, and a battery of artillery. Thus each brigadier is in command, as it were, of a separate column of his own, able to act independently in any position, and not liable to any interruption in its operations owing to an absence of that most important tactical unit in hill fighting, a battery of guns. The moral effect of cavalry on the Afghans is very great, but as they are manifestly unfitted for mountain warfare, their chief duty in the Khyber will be to escort the baggage and to reconnoitre. To return to our illustration, a description of Peshawur was given in our Supplement last week, while we have previously (No. 454, Nov. 9) given a full description of the chief features of the Khyber Pass.

SNOW-PLOUGH AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

The weather in the North of England during the past fortnight has been remarkable for its severity and its boisterousness, and great inconvenience and delay have resulted from the interruption thus caused to traffic. At Newcastle-on-Tyne, in particular, there has been one of the heaviest snow-storms on record in that district. On the evening of Monday, Nov. 11th, the weather was clear and bright, but between eleven and twelve o'clock snow began to fall, increasing in intensity until 2 A.M. on Tuesday, when, the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* tells us, the showers were literally blinding in their severity, and a violent hurricane which raged simultaneously greatly added to the force and fierceness with which they beat on the ground. At 4 A.M. there was a lull which, however, was succeeded by a violent thunderstorm. When daylight came, notwithstanding the short time over which the storm extended, the streets, on its cessation, were covered by an extraordinary depth of snow. In ordinary cases, it lay to a thickness of two feet, while in places where it had been drifted up a depth of almost six feet had been reached. As may be imagined, during the early morning traffic was at a standstill, and considerable bodies of workmen were engaged in clearing the principal thoroughfares of the accumulated snow, in many cases, as our illustration depicts, the snow-plough being for the first time for many years brought into requisition. This useful machine, which is far more familiar to our cousins across the Atlantic than to ourselves—denizens of a milder climate—is a very simple contrivance, consisting of a huge wedge-like triangular projection made of wood, and bound with iron, which is either drawn or pushed through the drift, forcing the snow up in heaps on either side, and thus leaving a comparatively clear roadway for the traffic. On the Pacific Railway, where snow-ploughs are extensively used to clear the lines, it is now a common thing for eight powerful locomotives to be used to propel one of these machines. In our sketch, however, the plough is being drawn by a team of six sturdy North Country horses.

HUMOROUS INDIAN TYPES

AND

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN

See page 535.

ASSYRIAN BRONZES

See page 538.

LADY HELPS

See page 539.

LIFE IN THE INDEPENDENT STATES OF TRAVANCORE AND COCHIN

GOING TO A STATE DINNER IN COCHIN

Cochin and Travancore are traversed by a long line of backwaters, or lagoons connected by rivers and canals. The water communication being so perfect, almost all traffic and travel is carried on by boats of various kinds, from the primitive "dug out" made from the trunk of a single tree, and poled along by one native, to the twenty-oared cabin boat, with its yelling crew of half-naked men. No. 1 of our illustrations represents one of the latter. During a visit made by us to Cochin we, in common with all the European residents in the town, received invitations for a State dinner given by the Rajah of Cochin in the Large Hall of the High School at Enarcolum. This necessitated our crossing the backwater which lies between that place and British Cochin. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and it would have been difficult to conceive anything more lovely than the scene around us as we sat on the roof of the cabin of the boat, the long dark line of cocoanut-trees in the distance intensifying the silvery reflection on the calm sheet of water. A soft cool wind was blowing straight from the sea, and now and then brought snatches of boat-songs, rendered melodious by distance, from other boats going in the same direction as ourselves. As the men pulled their short splashing stroke, phosphorescent flame seemed to spring from the blade of each oar, and go swirling away into the long shining trail we left behind us, while in the distance we could see the glittering rows of lights, all rendered double by reflection in the water, which illuminated the landing-stage, and the road and buildings towards which we were steering.

The three figures in white with pumpkin-like heads in the middle of our illustration are the servants who accompanied us, it being the custom in India for each guest to take his private attendant with him when going out to dinner. The interior of the cabin shows the sleeping accommodation provided for ordinary night travelling—a narrow bed or berth on each side, with space enough for luggage underneath. The natives are capital oarsmen, and will pull unceasingly for twenty-four hours at once, even in the hottest weather, stopping only to eat one scanty meal of rice on the way, which they take ready cooked with them. This, in our opinion, is one of the pleasantest ways of travelling in this part of India.

ON THE ROAD TO PEER MERDE, TRAVANCORE HILLS

"Bandy" travelling is not the most delightful means of locomotion in the world. The "bandies," or bullock-carts, are of the rudest manufacture, and quite innocent of springs of any kind. The bullocks are generally troublesome, and the roads bad, and many and hard are the bumps the traveller experiences, in spite of mattress and pillows laid on a thick bed of straw, inside the "bandy."

It being impossible to travel by day, on account of the great heat, we start by night, a man provided with rather a small amount of clothing leading the way with a lantern. Had one nerves of cast-iron one might sleep, as it is the unceasing jolt, jolt, which keeps one wide-awake, in spite of the intense longing to go to sleep. We say to ourselves that nothing *could* be more uncomfortable, when *thump* goes something, and feeling that we are rapidly going head downwards, we clutch madly at the bamboo supports at the side of the bandy, and wildly inquire what has happened. "My Golden Mother," replies the bandy-man out of the darkness, "one of the bullocks has fallen down." The Golden Mother (by which poetic title our miserable self is intended) devoutly wishes the bullock would manage to keep itself the right way up. When the scantily-robed gentleman before mentioned brings up the lantern, one bullock is discovered all in a heap in the dust, and the other with its head where its tail ought to be, while the bandy is in a recumbent state on the bank, having altogether gone off the road.

Note.——In our last issue we omitted to mention that our portrait of Sir Lewis Pelly was engraved from a photograph by Mr. A. E. Fradelle, 246, Regent Street.—The Christian name of Captain Troup, one of the British prisoners in Cabul (1842), is Colin, not John, as given in our Afghan Supplement last week.

HOME.

Political Affairs.——The most notable event of the week has been the formation of the Afghan Committee under the Chairmanship of Lord Lawrence, and the circulation of their memorial to Government praying that Lord Lytton might at once be instructed by telegraph to suspend hostilities against the Ameer, until his reply to our ultimatum had been made public in England, and other State papers bearing on the question had been produced; and also that Parliament might be immediately summoned to discuss the crisis. The document, which in a few days received many influential signatures, was to have been presented to Lord Beaconsfield by a deputation headed by Lord Lawrence, but the Premier declined to receive the deputation on the ground that he is at a loss to perceive what useful purpose would be served by a more extended expression of those opinions which have already so frequently and so recently been copiously explained. With regard to the early assembling of Parliament, he promises that in the event of war being declared "such communication will be made to Parliament as the letter and spirit of the Act of 1858 would seem to require." As to the demand for papers he promises that they will be ready before the end of the month, and suggestively declares that they relate to events much earlier than April, 1876. The Committee held a meeting on Tuesday, and adopted resolutions condemning the Premier's apparent resolve "not to consult Parliament until after hostilities had been commenced," and to keep the memorial still open for signatures as a protest against the refusal of the Government to summon Parliament before war is declared.—A Cabinet Council was held on Wednesday afternoon, at which all the members were present. Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury were loudly cheered by the wayfarers in Downing Street, and one person called out, "Lord Lawrence to the Tower!"—Lord Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury, in passing through Lynn the other day on their return from visiting the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham, were presented with a congratulatory address from the inhabitants.—Col. Stanley and Mr. W. H. Smith arrived in London on Monday from their Mediterranean voyage.—Lord H. Lennox, M.P., speaking at a banquet at Chichester on Monday, said that no country could dare to risk an encounter with England with her present resources. He believed we should get no reply at all from the Ameer, and then our troops would march forward with little or no bloodshed. Our North-West frontier would be no longer a haphazard one, but it would set back for generations to come those who were always trying to disturb the peace of the world.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, speaking the other day at Carlisle, said that although impeachment had gone out of fashion, yet, if the Government did plunge the country into this guilty war without consulting the national representatives, he hoped that they would be visited by the lasting reprobation of all honest men.—Mr. Dobson, M.P., addressing his constituents at Chester, last week, said that the Eastern policy of the Government was a "ghastly failure." In Western Asia we had undertaken what Lord Salisbury himself called an "onerous obligation," and the cloud of war was lowering over the frontier of India. To attain this the Constitution had been strained, the prerogative exalted, the jealousy of other Powers raised, the fair fame of our diplomacy jeopardised, and our finances heavily burdened.

Miscellaneous.——Lord Rosebery has been elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, defeating Mr. Cross by 302 votes to 298. He had a majority in three of the four "Nations" into which students are divided; but in the "Angus Nation" Mr. Cross had a majority of 28. Some of the Liberal newspapers claim a political victory, whilst the Conservative organs attribute the result to national bias.—Some well-intentioned ladies and gentlemen have formed themselves into a society called the "Social Purity Alliance." The first name on the list of the Executive Committee is that of Professor Sheldon Amos, Folly House, New Barnet.—It seems that 500*l.* was spent on the ceremonial of laying the first stone of the Gloucester Gate Bridge over the Regent's Canal, and that the Vestry are now quarrelling about the "wasteful expenditure." We certainly think that it might have been done a little cheaper.—A deputation of London citizens waited on the Home Secretary on Tuesday to complain of the removal of the Watling Street and Farringdon Street Fire Stations, and the consequent unprotected state of the City. Mr. Cross replied that he had already communicated with the Board of Works on the subject, which he believed would shortly be settled to their satisfaction.—The foul state of the river Liffey at Dublin has at last become so unbearable that Government has been asked to interfere. A deputation of influential citizens, including several medical men, on Wednesday, waited on the Chief Secretary, who promised to recommend the subject to the consideration of the Government. It was incidentally stated that the average death rate in the city was over thirty per 1,000, exceeding that of any other town in the kingdom.—The distress at Sheffield is almost unparalleled. The iron trade is completely depressed. The colliery owners are compelled to stack hard coals, and merely proceed with sales of house coal. The men employed at the Denaby Main have struck work on the ground that the proprietors have no right to accumulate coal at the mouth of the pit, and one of the colliery managers has received the following threatening letter, accompanied by a sketch of a coffin: "Death without law to tyrants.—To the Managers of Denaby Main Colliery.—This is to give notice, that if they do not cleare from that place there will be vengence taken very quickley. It will come very suddently, it will come like a thunder-clap. There are five persons marked out for vengence—that is, Warburton, the maniger, Blewit, Wilson, Rothery, Cramp. There is only six days allowed them to clear away from the district. We are determined this time to clear all fouriguers out."—Subject to the approval of the Charity Commissioners, the Governors of St. Thomas's Hospital have determined to set apart one of the blocks of buildings for the accommodation of "paying patients." There is room for about sixty or seventy "cases," the charges will range from two guineas to four, and the expected amount of profit exceeds 3,000*l.*, which will be devoted to the poor in the hospital.—At a meeting held in the Town Hall, Manchester, on Wednesday, and attended by delegates from the principal mining districts in the kingdom, the establishment of a Miners' General Permanent Relief Fund was determined upon. It was stated that there was fully 100,000*l.* now lying idle, and a hope was expressed that this might be obtained to form the nucleus of a permanent fund.—The roof of the Colosseum Music Hall at Liverpool has been condemned as dangerous by the official engineer, and on Wednesday the stipendiary magistrate ordered the lessee to substitute a new one, and forbade performances in the building. The hall was, however, opened at night and largely attended, the announcement being made that there was no danger, and that the magistrate had no power to close it.—Dreadful floods and gales have been experienced in various parts of the country, many wrecks and casualties by land have occurred, and several lives have been lost. In some counties whole districts are under water, and the destruction of property is immense.

RURAL NOTES

The Dispute between Farmers and their Labourers.——It is a great pity that farmers in some districts should have determined to lock-out such of their labourers as belong to a Union. Farm labourers have quite as much right to unite as any other body of men engaged in a common pursuit. The following is a sample of one of the letters from a farmer to his labourers according to Mr. Simmons, who spoke at Maidstone on Monday night:—"I have decided that after the 22nd day of November not to employ any labourer who subscribes to the funds of the Kent and Sussex Labourers' Union." There was a cry of "Shame" at the reading of this letter, and we can hardly wonder at the reprobation. Unless Union men are bad workmen they ought not to be dismissed on the simple ground that they have banded together to demand what they consider justice. They have on all grounds of prudence, morality, and economy as much right to dictate terms as the farmers have, providing they are in a position to do so, and that they are well advised in doing so. They are not well advised in the present crisis. The farmers have for the next two or three months little need of their services, all that is required on the farm being easy of accomplishment by labourers who are not Unionists. There are plenty of idle hands in the rural districts ready "to step into the shoes" of those who leave their places under such insidious stimulants as Mr. Potter supplied down at Maidstone on Monday night. Mr. Potter declared himself an "outsider," and yet he confidently gave it as his opinion that the farmers had taken "an unfair advantage of their men." Then, with many a sneer at the want of pluck in farmers not going in against the Game Laws, Tithes, &c., and commendation of the great pluck of labourers in striking, this improvised orator on rural affairs declared that, if the farmer did not give in, "the labourers would have the advantage entirely in their own hands next season." The *Agricultural Gazette's* opinion is that it is not a lock-out at all on the part of the farmers, but purely a strike on the part of the employed. The men will not accept the reduction of twopence to fourpence per day. "They will not go to work upon the farmers' terms, therefore the farmers have said that they must leave their cottages, in order that they may get other labourers to carry on the work of the farms." It is sad, very sad, that the agricultural labourers should be led by the nose by interested outsiders, whose real motive, if Hodge only knew it, is, as a rule, political gain for themselves rather than good for him. He is really not half so badly off as many labourers in towns. A Faversham farmer writes in the *Standard* of Tuesday that, on looking over the wage-books of the farmers in his neighbourhood, he found that the highest amount paid for the labourer and his family for a year was 82*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.*, or an average of 31*s.* 9*d.* per week, and the lowest, 59*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.*, or an average of 22*s.* 8*d.* per week. Not very high wages, perhaps, but just about a third more than the "agitators" put them at, and, considering that there is no broken time, more than many skilled workmen earn in cities. The worst feature of the Agricultural Union—it is a blot on all Unions to a certain extent—as well pointed out by a special correspondent of the *Standard*: "is the lumping of all together, for where one man is hardly worth his salt, another is a good workman. It is strange that such men as these should choose to throw in their lot with so many who are idle—whom they must know to be idle—thus jeopardising their own position for the sake of those who are not worth one-fifth the sacrifice the agricultural cottager must be called upon to make in a strike." It is pitiful that lack of patience and excess of passion should have been mixed up in the struggle of labour against not very large capital; and in the interest of contending parties we should recommend compromise before the breach between tenants and labourers grows wider.—The meeting at Maidstone on Monday was followed by one at Woolwich on Tuesday, and on Wednesday some 500 or 600 of the labourers, after marching through the streets in procession, assembled at Exeter Hall, which was crowded with sympathisers. Mr. Auberon Herbert presided. Speeches were made by Miss Helen Taylor, Mr. O'Donnell, M.P., Mr. Shipton, of the London Trades Council, Mr. Simmons, Secretary of the Kent and Sussex Labourers' Union, and by one or two of the working men themselves. Resolutions were adopted condemning the action of the farmers and the Land Laws, and expressing sympathy with the men, and a determination to support them in their endeavours to uphold the Union.

The Season.——The weather has been very severe in many parts of the country, and little labour has been done in the fields for the last fortnight, even where strikes or locks-out have not existed. Frost and snow have prevailed in many localities, to the interruption of ploughing and the lifting of Swedes, where that operation had not been accomplished. Still the cultural and seeding operations of the farm are generally further forward than they usually are in the middle of November.

Miscellaneous.——The Weights and Measures Act has been the occasion of much discussion and no little dissension in all parts of the country. It appears to be more of a miller's and corn dealer's question than a farmer's, at least the latter do not seem to trouble their heads much about it, and tacitly would prefer their old bushel, their windle, or their coombe. The weight of feeling is in favour of the cental of 100 lb.—Colonel Kingscote is going to do a noble thing, one that will be more to the advantage of the farmers than the necessary reduction upon the labourer's wages. He is going to advise his brother landlords to "grant the utmost freedom of cropping." We trust they will accept his advice.—Willows are a very profitable agricultural commodity in this country; M. Charles D. Van Lennep recommends their cultivation in Cyprus for three reasons. Their bark is a febrifuge, they are cheaply cultivated on marshy soil, and their wood affords excellent fuel for agricultural machines, which will, no doubt, ere long be wanted on the island.—A proposal is on foot to reclaim a large acreage of land in Morecambe Bay and Duddon Estuary. It is a feasible one, and would pay for corn growing.—The French Government have taken a fancy to the gazelle-like Jersey cattle, and have bought half a score of the finest for the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris.—The Birmingham and Smithfield Club Cattle Shows will be the best we have had for years. It is understood that some Canadian cattle will be present at the latter.—Pleuro-pneumonia unfortunately is prevalent in various localities north and south, but the strict measures taken in stamping it out have prevented it from spreading to such an injurious extent as it did two years ago. There is not so much foot-and-mouth disease in the country as there was this time twelve months.

THEATRES

THE revival of the elder Colman's *Jealous Wife* at DRURY Lane Theatre is seen under the disadvantage of a version so mutilated that the story which it tells is hardly to be unravelled without some previous acquaintance with the play. When a five-act comedy, in fact, is so reduced that the three acts into which it is compressed can be acted in an hour and a quarter, it is easy to understand that something must have been taken away which is necessary to the full development of the plot. In spite of this drawback, however, the play, now more than a century old, affords great amusement. Mrs. Vezin's performance of the incorrigibly jealous lady is wonderfully animated, and all the scenes in which she appears, well supported as she is by Mr. Cowper as Mr. Oakley, and Mr. Ryder as the Major, awaken frequent outbursts of laughter. Shakespeare appears now to have been definitively banished from the Drury Lane playbill; for the comedy which is converted by the process we have explained into a mere *lever de rideau* is followed by a revival of *Belphegor*, a version of the famous melodrama, entitled *Paillasse*, in which Mr. Charles Dillon sustains with no abatement of his picturesque force and pathetic power the part of the mountebank whose wife is tempted to desert him by her newly-discovered rich and proud relations. This is a romantic drama, and as such its incidents must not, of course, be subjected to any severe test on the score of probability; but it interests and moves an audience, and is always worth seeing by those who are not yet acquainted with the play. It is very well acted, Miss Wallis playing the part of Madeline, the stroller's wife, with many truthful and tender touches. There is also to be seen nightly at Drury Lane a comic ballet called *The Plantation*, in which the clever Laurl family appear.

Mr. Byron has written a new burlesque version of *Fra Diavolo*, which was brought out with success at the GAIETY on Monday night. Mr. Terry and Mr. Royce in this piece make much fun out of the eccentric proceedings of the two brigands, and there is a trio between this pair and Miss E. Farren in the second act on the old catch-lines of "I love my love with an A," and so forth, which is very quaint and clever. The amusement, however, which this trifle affords is due rather to the dances and songs, the picturesque scenery, and the gay costumes with which it is furnished, than to the rhymed lines (though they are not without happy allusions and ingenious verbal quibbles), or generally to the element of burlesque exaggeration. Miss Farren's pink costume of a page of the days of Louis Quatorze, and her Fra Diavolo dress, with its brigand suggestions, in the last act, approach sufficiently to the character of works of art to deserve mention; and this young lady and Miss Kate Vaughan, who is not less charming and vivacious, contribute not a little to the favour with which the piece was received. The whole strength of the Gaiety company—so efficient for the performance of pieces of this kind—including, besides the performers named, Miss Amalia, Mr. Soutar, Mr. Fawcett, Miss Gilchrist, and others—is engaged in this performance, which has also the advantage of the services of Herr Meyer Lutz in selecting, arranging, and harmonising the music. The extravaganza is preceded by *Paul Pry*, in which Mr. Terry and Miss Lawler appear.

Mr. Albery's adaptation of *Les Fourchambault* is to be called *The Crisis*. It will be produced at the HAYMARKET Theatre.—The new romantic drama, originally entitled *The Shadow of a Crime*, which will be brought out at the PRINCESS'S Theatre on Saturday next, is now to be known as *No. 20; or, the Bastille of Calvados*—another dramatist having claimed a right to the former title. The authors are Mr. Hatton and Mr. Albery.—There will be a complete change of programme, this evening, at the FOLLY Theatre, consisting of a revival of Mr. Gilbert's *Wedding March*, and a comedietta, entitled *Retiring*, by Mr. H. W. Williamson.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, HOLBORN.——As Christmas time draws near, and mighty posters concerning pantomimes and other entertaining features of the season are displayed to public view, Paterfamilias will begin to consider where to take the little ones for their expected treat. It may help him to a decision to know that Hamilton's popular entertainment has taken up a permanent residence at this Amphitheatre, where he and his family can take a tour through the United States in a couple of hours, hear some pleasant songs, behold the strange doings of certain niggers, and see an interesting "panstereorama" of passing events.

SPORTING

THE TURF.——Having dragged its slow length along since the present "dark and dreary" month began, the flat-racing season closes this week. The "back end," as it is called, of the legitimate Turf business since the Houghton Meeting at Newmarket has shown nothing like the vitality of many former years, Liverpool and Shrewsbury in particular having been unusually dull meetings. During the present week neither the Warwick gathering, which used to finish up the season, nor that at Manchester have shown much improvement on the sport of last week; but it is not by any means improbable that the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday next at Kempton Park will afford a fair supply of good racing. However this may be, we fancy there is a general and growing impression that the Turf season might be advantageously curtailed, and that all flat-racing should cease with the last of the series of Newmarket meetings. Such a reversion to the old state of things would cause much more satisfaction than many persons might suppose. The whole business is now sadly overdone, and if a number of meetings throughout the year were put down, it would be all the better for the Turf. At Warwick the sport contained a large element of steeple-chasing and hurdle-racing, but did not bring out any new animals in these lines likely to make a name. As usual, too, in the hurdle and hunters' contests, the results were for the most part anticipated, these contests being substantially flat races for thoroughbreds, and hardly what their titles would imply. For once in a way Suffolk Lad took it into his head to run honestly, and won the Guy Welter, and on the second day he would have secured the Budbrook Handicap, but for the slipping of his jockey's saddle. Acrobat took the Selling Welter, but had to knuckle under to Citoyenne in the Avon Plate, the winner having also been credited with the Selling Two Year Old Plate. The Great Autumn Welter Cup, which is considered one of the chief features of the meeting, only produced four runners, of whom Avontes, on the strength of the Shrewsbury running, was made a hot favourite at nearly 2 to 1 on him; and he justified his favouritism by winning easily enough from Singleton. Mr. Crawfurd has thus continued his autumn luck, and throughout the season he has had a fair share of Fortune's favours, which as a good sportsman no one will grudge him. Spectators of the sport at Manchester had to put up with a good deal of fog, which in many races prevented the horses being seen till they were near the winning post. Mr. Drake's Quits, who has now earned the title of the "Champion" hunter, continued his victorious career, and his opponents in the Open Hunters' race might as well have remained in their stables. Tribute, who keeps running on and picking up the emolus, beat seven others in the Flying Welter, but failed to get placed to Woodland in the Wilton Handicap. Savoir Faire made another winning mark in a Selling Stakes, and old Agglethorpe won the Oldham Hurdle Race. The Lancashire Cup of 500 sovs. in specie, brought out a very good field, nine runners including Belphœbe, Placida, Flotsam, and Kineton, contending. The first-named was spotted as favourite, but she could only get second to Lord Zetland's Flotsam, who has done yeoman's service for the Aske colours since the summer.

FOOTBALL.——A few more of the games in the first round of the Association Challenge Cup have been played off. On the Beeston Cricket Ground, near Nottingham, Nottingham Forest beat the County Eleven by three goals to one; and the last game of the round, with the exception of that drawn between the Panthers and Runnymede, was played between Sheffield and Grantham, the former winning by three goals. For the second round there will be twenty-three clubs left in.—The ball has been kept moving at the Universities, Oxford beating the Royal Naval Academy (Greenwich) in a Rugby Union Game, and the Old Etonians in an Association; but at Cambridge the University has been beaten by the Gipsies under Rugby Union rules. Eton and Sandhurst have played an Association game, but neither side could score. The Charterhouse boys were too strong for a fair eleven of Old Harrovians who visited them, but the Clapham Rovers were more than a match for the Westminster boys in Vincent Square. At Sheffield, a very tough game between the Natives and London was played on Saturday, but so even were the sides that it resulted in a draw.

AQUATICS.——Considerable interest will be felt in the fact that a match has been arranged between Hawdon, of Delaval, and Hanlon, of Toronto, to be rowed on the Tyne on May the 5th next.—At both Oxford and Cambridge, particularly at the former, the training of the Trial Eights has been much interfered with. The Cambridge men are especially well spoken of.

PEDESTRIANISM.——The Fifty Miles Walking Competition at the Agricultural Hall resulted in an easy victory for A. Hancock, who did the distance in 8 h. 26 min. 20 sec., his brother, O. Hancock, being second, three miles behind him. The winner's time was not particularly good, but it must be remembered that practically he was not pressed to do his best. It may be noted, in reference to recent pedestrian struggles, that those who took a strong lead in the earlier stages for the most part were the leaders at the finish. A strong lead has a wonderful effect in keeping up a man's spirits.—"Blower" Brown, who was second in the recent six days' trudge, has challenged O'Leary for the Long-distance Championship of the World and the Astley belt.

Scraps

MR. TENNYSON'S NEW DRAMA is founded on the history of Thomas à Beckett, so says the *Daily News.*

CREMATION IN ITALY is slowly gaining ground. From January, 1876, until May last, twenty-three dead bodies—including one only of a woman—were consumed in the Milan Crematorium. Of these bodies four, weighing 63, 62, 41, and 59 kilogrammes, produced ashes weighing from two to three kilogrammes.

A NUMBER OF JOHN LEECH'S ORIGINAL SKETCHES have been offered to the Charter House School, and some old Carthusians are trying to raise money enough to purchase the collection. Leech was himself a Carthusian, and it is thought especially fitting that these sketches, which include the original drawings of the Comic Histories of England and Rome should be placed in the library of the School where Leech received his first lessons in history.

HORSES ARE ABSURDLY CHEAP IN RUSSIA just now, for, owing to the demobilisation of the army, the surplus cavalry horses are being sold off by auction at ridiculous prices. Thus the *Live Stock Journal* tells us that a party of Prussian Jews recently attended the sales and recrossed the frontier with a thousand horses they had purchased for 285 roubles, or rather less than a shilling each. These worthy children of Israel would make an excellent speculation, the lowest price at which a fair animal could be obtained on the Prussian side of the frontier being twenty guineas.

LONDON MORTALITY still further increased last week, and 1,665 deaths were registered against 1,590 during the previous seven days, being an increase of 75. There were 64 deaths from scarlet fever (an increase of 4, but being 33 below the average), 22 from measles (an increase of 4), 13 from diphtheria (an increase of 2), 37 from different forms of fever (5 below the average), 16 from small-pox (an increase of 7), 431 from diseases of the respiratory organs (a decline of 4), of which 269 resulted from bronchitis, 43 from whooping-cough, and 11 from diarrhœa. There were 2,448 births registered (a decline of 159). The mean temperature was 39·8 deg., or 2·9 deg. below the average. The duration of bright sunshine during the week was 4·8 hours, the sun being 62·5 hours above the horizon.

NEARLY TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS have already been spent by the authorities of the Paris Lottery in providing prizes for the twelve million subscribers. The money is chiefly divided as follows: Grand prizes 15,000*l.*; French art objects, 34,000*l.*; books, musical instruments, &c., 21,000*l.*; furniture, bronzes, and ceramic articles, 54,000*l.*; dresses, silks, jewels, 35,000*l.*; raw material, useful articles, &c., 19,000*l.*; machines, tools, carriages 16,000*l.*; articles of food, preserves, wine, and liquors, 11,000*l.*; agriculture and horticulture 12,000*l.*; miscellaneous objects bought from foreign exhibitors, 30,000*l.* A sum of 60,000*l.* still remains in hand, part of which will go to defray Custom House dues, carriage, expenses, &c., and the remainder will be spent in minor prizes.

THE PARIS SALON is to be reorganised, and a scheme for the complete alteration of the existing regulations is now being considered by the Fine Art Council. It is proposed that two juries should be formed, one to choose the pictures for admission, the other to decide the rewards and medals, and that every artist who has exhibited three times at the Salon should be exempt from the decision of the jury of admission, and exhibit at will. Further it is suggested to establish officially an annual "Salon des Refusés," and to get up a lottery similar to the Exhibition lottery at the close of each Salon, in order to provide funds for the acquisition of *tableaux de genre*, the Government purchases being limited to high art subjects. The number of free admissions would be curtailed, but art pupils, soldiers, and art workmen would be admitted gratis.

A PRIZE ESSAY ON SERVANTS' CLUBS is announced by the editor of *Social Notes*, who writes:—"A lady authorises us to state that she will give a prize of ten guineas for an essay on the subject of Servants' Clubs, considered in relation to domestic service—viz., the effects of such clubs, as at present constituted, in producing many of the evils complained of with reference to the undue independence of servants, and the difficulties experienced by employers in maintaining good order and efficiency in their households. The authors should also consider whether the evil influences of such clubs would be more effectually met and corrected by legal enactments, or by some combined action on the part of employers of domestic servants. The essays, which should be of moderate length, must be sent to the office of *Social Notes* (Southampton Street, Strand), on or before January 1st, with a signature, and in a sealed envelope the real name and address of the writer with the signature."

THE BELGIAN GALLERY IN BOND STREET has reopened with its usual small but well selected show of pictures. The landscapes, which are unmistakeably of the foreign school, both in the subjects chosen and in the manner in which they are treated, are on the whole more worthy of remark than the figure subjects. There are several capital sunsets and snow-scenes, among which may be mentioned "Marshes in the Campine," by J. Cossemans—a dreary subject certainly, but one in which the artist has succeeded in putting upon canvas that which he was looking at. He has succeeded in getting that bleak or damp look which a low-lying country has at sunset in the evening of a short autumn or wintry day. No. 17, another sunset, although a more wintry one than the former, is well painted, the snow in particular being very conscientiously done. C. Helfner has a pair of pretty and carefully painted landscapes, entitled "Spring" and "Winter," the subjects of which it is unnecessary to explain. No. 71, a group of soldiers, entitled "On Active Service," by H. Breling, is worthy of notice, although on looking at it one cannot help thinking of Meissonier, to the detriment of the picture itself. No. 40, "The Dancing Lesson," by Dinucci, is a pretty but well-worn subject. Professor Gussow, whose works we have already admired in former exhibitions at this Gallery, has a capital study, entitled "A Beggar." Among others, "Somewhat Fresh," by Maurice Courant, "Rue des Chaises," by H. Schaefels," "Cattle in Pasture," by Victor Weishaupt, and "The Dinner Call," by P. Baudouin, may be mentioned as worthy of notice. A quantity of pictures already exhibited in Messrs. Gammon and Vaughan's Old Belgian Gallery in Old Bond Street, the lease of which has expired, will be sold by auction on Saturday, the 23rd, including works of many of the present exhibitors at the Belgian Gallery.

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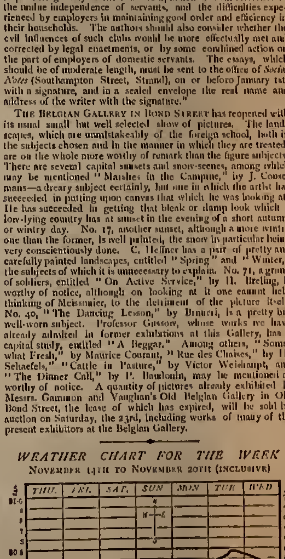
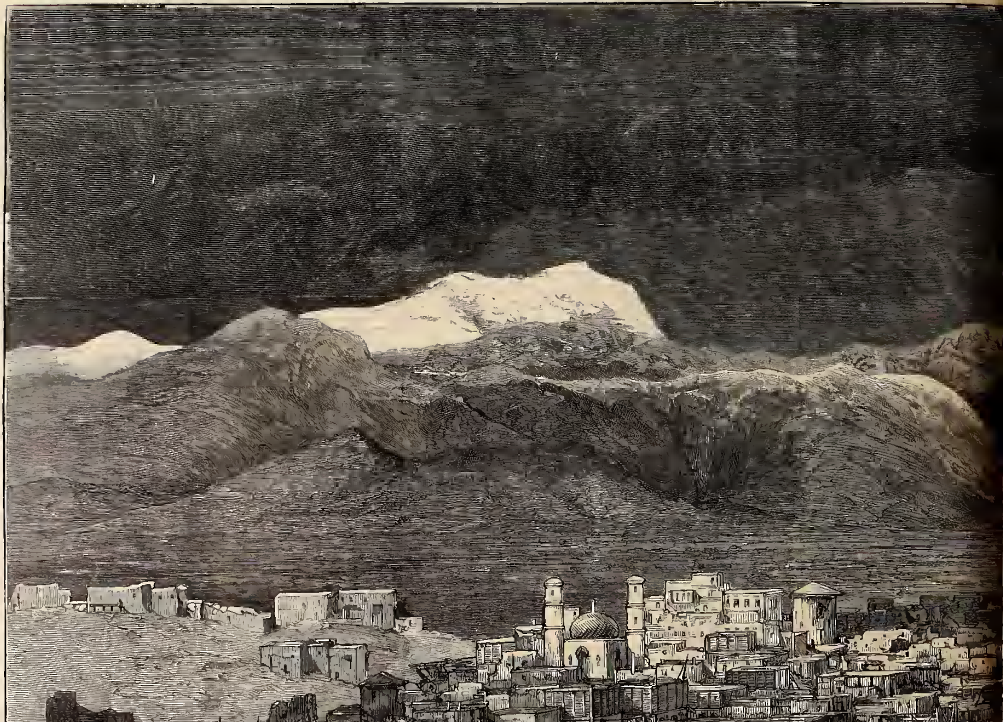
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

NOVEMBER 14TH TO NOVEMBER 20TH (INCLUSIVE)

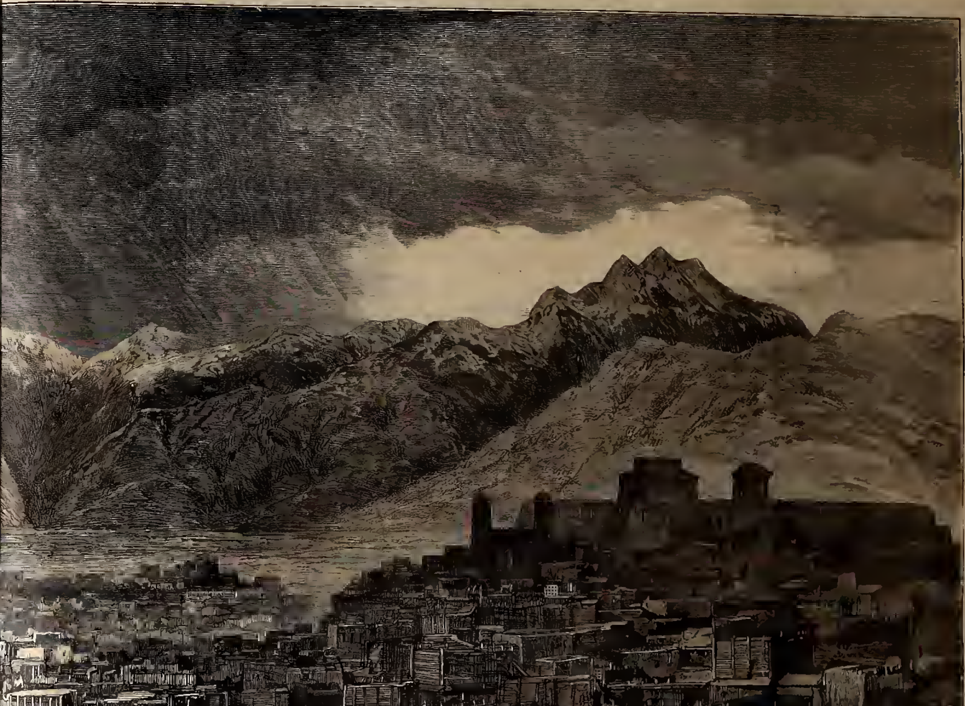


EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather was very unsettled during all the latter part of last week, and in fact, until early on Monday morning, the 18th instant. Cold rains have been very general, with some snow, and gusty north-westerly winds blew over the whole of our south-eastern counties. In Cambridge and Norfolk the falls of rain have been very heavy, and disastrous floods have resulted. Over our north eastern counties violent storms from north-east and north were experienced, and even on our western coasts fresh northerly gales were of daily occurrence for some time. Tuesday, the 19th instant, and Wednesday, the 20th instant, were much quieter, and light easterly breezes were felt at the southern stations, while light south-westerly winds appeared in the north. The weather in London was dry, though gloomy, up to Wednesday, the 20th instant, and fog prevailed. The barometer was highest (30·47 inches) on Tuesday, the 19th instant; lowest (29·30 inches) on Friday, the 15th instant; range, 1·17 inches. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (49°) on Tuesday, the 19th instant; lowest (36°) on Wednesday, the 20th instant; range, 13°. On the grass the thermometer fell to 27° on Tuesday, the 19th instant, and 28° on Wednesday, the 20th instant. Rainfall The total fall in the week was 0·60 inches, on five days; greatest fall in one day, 0·23 inches, on Friday, the 15th instant. On Thursday morning, the 21st instant, the barometer again fell briskly, with a freshening north-easterly wind and gloomy weather.



THE IMPENDING AFGHAN WAR—PE



SHAWUR AND THE KHYBER PASS

FOREIGN

THE EASTERN QUESTION.——The Russians are continuing their assurances that they mean to carry out the stipulations of the Berlin Treaty faithfully and conscientiously, and Prince Dondoukoff-Korsakoff, the Governor of Bulgaria, has been summoned by the Czar to Livadia, in order, it is rumoured, to be recommended to modify his utterances to the Bulgarians that the Treaty is a dead letter, and that there shall be a one and undivided Bulgaria, the Congress of Berlin notwithstanding. It is said that he still frankly declares the execution of the Berlin Treaty to be an impossibility, so that another Governor may possibly be appointed. In Bulgaria itself all appears to be quiet, with the exception of the recruiting for the Macedonian insurrection; while in Eastern Roumelia the International Commission continues its deliberations, although the Bulgarians in Philippopolis have held a meeting, and resolved to throw every possible hindrance in the way of the Commission, and if possible force the members to leave the town. There is little actual news from the other parts of Turkey, save that the Russians, while not exceeding the prescribed limit of 50,000 men in Bulgaria proper, still continue to add to the very formidable army which they keep south of the Balkans. The Greek question has been mainly uppermost in men's minds this week, and Russia has declared her willingness to co-operate with France in urging the Hellenic claims upon the Porte. The Turkish Ministers have however been discussing the matter, and have recommended the Sultan to agree to a modification of the plan of frontier rectification proposed by the Congress, namely, that the suggested delimitation should be curtailed, but that an equivalent should be given in the direction of Volo. Indeed, like Russia, Turkey is adopting a conciliatory attitude, and the negotiations for a Convention with Austria have been resumed, while the modifications made by the International Roumelian Commission in the Turkish projects for organic reforms in that province have also been accepted by the Porte. Prominent among these modifications is the appointment of a Permanent Committee of seven, to be elected by the Roumelian National Assembly. In Constantinople the vexed question of finance is the great topic of the day, and the Financial Commission has proposed that a loan of 23,000,000*l.* should be raised for the redemption of the Caimés and the payment of the floating debt, the interest—4 per cent.—to be guaranteed by England on the surplus revenues of Cyprus and Syria and the Egyptian tribute.

ROUMANIA is looking forward to the occupation of the Dobrudscha, which is announced to begin to-day (Saturday), notwithstanding that the Russians are said to decline to hand over the possession of the province until the Roumanians consent to sign a convention allowing the Russian troops to pass through their territory for an indefinite time, together with various other stipulations for the right of maintaining certain garrisons and embarking troops at Mangalia and Kustendjie. With these demands Prince Charles is stated to have declined to comply, but it is not thought likely that the Russians will forcibly oppose the entrance of the troops into the Dobrudscha, as the Roumanians have fulfilled all the legal terms of the original compact by handing over Bessarabia.

FRANCE.——Electoral matters are once more wholly absorbing popular attention. The three life-vacancies in the Senate were last week all filled up by Conservative members, as the various shades of the majority, feeling that this was the last chance they will have for some time of putting their own partisans into the House, coalesced, and kept out the Republican candidates. The Republicans, however, will amply revenge themselves during the coming election of Senators by the municipal delegates, and, as might have been expected, have determined not to show the slightest quarter. In the Lower House the election of M. de Fourtou, the Minister of the Interior under the Duc de Broglie's régime, has been annulled, M. de Fourtou taking the opportunity to utter a long justification of his five months' Ministry and a violent attack upon the present Cabinet, and in answer to the accusation of intimidation, telling the Left that had he "done his duty they would not be where they were." He even brought M. Dufaure to his feet by declaring that the present Cabinet's existence was conditional on obedience to the majority, while his assertion that in a "southern province" "war had been declared against all Frenchmen not animated by an Old Republican Faith," called forth an exclamation of "You lie" from M. Gambetta, who forgot his usual caution in his irritation; but who ultimately withdrew the expression, after using some very plain language to the ex-Minister. It was said that M. de Fourtou subsequently challenged M. Gambetta, but this has since been denied. The election of the young Legitimist, the Comte de Mun, had been previously annulled, and the report revealed some extraordinary measures the priests had taken to secure his return, promising the simple Breton peasants eternal paradise if they voted for the Count, and consigning his adversaries to the bottomless pit, one curé even declaring that if the Republicans were successful, Christ on the crucifix would be replaced by a naked woman, while the Sisters of Charity refused to nurse the sick who voted on "the side of the devil." The debate, however, had one result; it showed how utterly hopeless a task it is for the various Conservative factions to aim at homogeneity, for when the Count, in his defence, abused universal suffrage, the Bonapartists at once strongly protested, and have since continued to protest, against the *vox populi* being considered anything but beneficial to the State, M. Robert Mitchell even proclaiming it the "safeguard of Conservatism."

In Paris, the Exhibition is being rapidly emptied of its contents, and in a very few days only the mere skeleton of the World's Fair of 1878 will remain on the Champ de Mars. There is little gossip proper in Paris. M. Taine has been almost unanimously elected to the Académie in place of the late M. de Loménie, the ex-Empress Eugénie's claim to the Chinese Museum at Fontainebleau is now being tried, and the exhibition of the prizes for the National Lottery is being rapidly organised, and tickets possessing certain numbers which are supposed to be more than unusually lucky fetch a high premium. The chief theatrical event of the week is the revival at the Vaudeville of Octave Feuillet's *Montjoye*, one of Lafont's most famous characters, and one which no other actor has ventured to play. M. Adolphe Dupuis, however, has undertaken the part in Russia with considerable success, and was accordingly asked to play the *rôle* in Paris—a request with which he reluctantly complied. The revival is in every way satisfactory, and M. Dupuis portrays the character admirably.

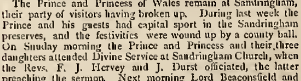
ITALY.——Yet another attempt at a Royal assassination—this time on popular King Humbert on his entry into Naples on Sunday. The King, together with the Queen, their son, and the Prime Minister, Signor Cairoli, was driving in an open carriage, when a man advanced out of the crowd, and, as some people were presenting petitions, aimed a blow at the King with a poniard. The King eluded the blow, and struck the man with his sheathed sword, while Signor Cairoli threw himself before the King and received a second thrust in his thigh—holding on, however, to the man until he was secured. The *cortége* then proceeded on its way, but on reaching the Palace Signor Cairoli was at once put to bed, and ice and leeches applied to his wound. The would-be assassin is a cook named Giovanni Passanante, and is only twenty-nine years of age. He had the dagger hidden in the folds of a small red flag, on which was inscribed "Viva la Repubblica Universale," and it is stated that letters from Internationalists were found upon him and at his lodgings. Passanante himself denies absolutely that he belongs to any society, but makes no secret of his crime, stating that he had no personal feeling against King Humbert, but that he detested Monarchies, and had sought to kill the King as a means towards an end—the attainment of a Universal Republic—his profession of faith being that inscribed on his flag. He has already been imprisoned, in 1870, for affixing placards bearing the words, "Death to all Kings and Sovereigns." He only regrets one thing—that he had not sufficient money to buy a revolver, in which case he declares "he would not have failed," and displays complete unconcern and self-assurance. The utmost sympathy has been expressed on every side with King Humbert, all the European Sovereigns telegraphing their congratulations at his escape, Queen Victoria especially expressing her horror at the attempt, while the Italians themselves have been showing the most loyal enthusiasm, monster demonstrations being organised in every town, that in Rome being composed of some fifty thousand persons. During a procession at Florence, however, which formed part of a loyal demonstration, a bomb was thrown into the corps of Veterans, and exploding killed several persons. The Pope also has sent a special message of sympathy to the King, and in all the principal churches the deed has been ardently denounced by the clergy. In fact, the general indignation throughout the kingdom is most intense, and the event certainly serves to show how universally popular the ruling House of Savoy is at the present time.

Rome has been inundated by an overflow of the Tiber, which has caused great distress amongst the population of the Ghetto and other low-lying districts. The force of the rain was such as to cause landslips and floods upon all the railway lines, and to throw down the whole network of telegraph wires. In Rome the rain swept down in sheets, driven by the force of the wind into great wavelike curves, which dashed up spray from the pavement as the sea does from a rock. In ninety minutes the fall measured one and a-half inches, and in eleven hours it had reached the extraordinary amount of six inches. The city is said to have presented a most picturesque sight at night, the barges gliding through the streets with torches, or cruising out into the Campagna to carry bread to the isolated dwellings of the peasants of the plain.

INDIA.——The Ameer has not vouchsafed a reply to the Viceroy's ultimatum, and Viscount Cranbrook has addressed a despatch to Lord Lytton, briefly recapitulating the events which have led to the present crisis, approving of his action in determining to send an envoy to the Ameer, and assuring him of "the cordial support of her Majesty's Government in the onerous circumstances" in which he is placed. Viscount Cranbrook begins his letter by stating that it has always been the consistent aim of the British Government to establish on its north-western border a strong, friendly, and independent State, with interests in unison with those of the Indian Government—a fact testified by Lord Dalhousie's Treaty of 1855 with Afghanistan. After the transfer of India to the Crown, this question became of still greater interest; but notwithstanding the internal disorders in 1863, after the accession of the present Ameer, the Indian Government under Lord Lawrence did not think it politic to take part with either faction, the outposts of Russia being then distant from the borders of Afghanistan, and no danger being apprehended in that direction from Russia. When, however, Shere Ali had subdued his rival, Lord Mayo, then Viceroy, recognised the Ameer *de jure* as well as *de facto*, and in a letter to him promised him his support, and in 1869 the British Government, by negotiations at St. Petersburg, brought about a complete understanding between the Czar and the Ameer respecting the exact limits of the Ameer's territory. When, however, in 1873, the Russians subdued and occupied the Khanate of Khiva, Shere Ali, alarmed at the Russian advance, asked Lord Northbrook how far he might rely upon British assistance if his territories were threatened by Russia. Lord Northbrook was at first prepared to tell him that under certain conditions the Indian Government were prepared to assist him to repel aggression. Mr. Gladstone's Government, however, did not share this opinion, and the Viceroy ultimately informed the Ameer that the question had better be postponed to a more convenient season. This answer deeply offended the Ameer, who took no notice of Lord Northbrook's desire to send a British officer to examine the northern frontier of Afghanistan, and declined to allow Sir Douglas Forsyth's Mission from Kashgar to pass through his dominions. In 1874 the present Government came into office, and at once saw the necessity of resuming friendly relations with the Ameer. Lord Lytton accordingly, on becoming Viceroy, at once opened negotiations which, however, were received in a surly spirit, the Ameer declining to receive a British Envoy; but after a long time consented to send Syud Mahomed Khan to Peshawur, to confer with Sir Lewis Pelly. Unfortunately, the Afghan Envoy died, and the Ameer refused to continue the negotiations. While showing this unfriendly spirit towards England, however, the Ameer, in the early part of this year, entertained a Russian Mission with great pomp at a time when friendly relations between Russia and England were seriously threatened. Lord Lytton accordingly informed the Ameer that the British Government had also determined to despatch to Cabul an important Mission, headed by Sir Neville Chamberlain. This the Ameer declined to receive, in an evasive letter, and as has been recently told, instructed his officers at Ali Musjid to oppose by force any attempted entry into his dominions. Upon this, Lord Lytton urged instant action; but the Home Government, wishing to give the Ameer one more chance of peace, requested the Viceroy to send an Ultimatum, demanding an apology and the reception of the Mission. To this no reply has been received, so that Lord Lytton has now been authorised to take what action he may think fit, and hostilities are expected to begin without delay.

In the mean time everything is ready for an immediate advance. The commander-in-chief, Sir Frederick Haines, has gone to Peshawur, whence it is presumed Sir Samuel Browne will speedily push forward, seize Ali Musjid, and, by occupying Kandahar, thus secure a basis of operations for an early advance on Cabul in the spring. Further details of the Peshawur force will be found under the head of "Our Illustrations," but we may mention that it is thought probable that the main body of the troops will proceed straight up the Khyber; that a separate force, following the course of the Cabul River, will make for Lalpura, while the smaller passes on either side will at the same time be seized and held by additional troops. The native princes continue to manifest their loyalty, the whole Bhopal contingent has volunteered its services, while a contingent will shortly be formed from the Sikh feudatory States, consisting of 3,000 infantry, 1,000 cavalry, and 13 guns. No precaution is being neglected to secure success; stringent orders have been issued from head-quarters authorising the military supervision of all Press telegrams, and warning both military men and civilians against making indiscreet revelations in their correspondence. Maps have been liberally supplied to officers, and a useful guide-book containing full directions and information as to the Kuram Valley and the passes leading to Cabul has been circulated by the Quartermaster-Generals amongst them. According to some detailed statistics forwarded by the correspondent of the *Daily News*, the grand total of the expeditionary force decided upon at the time he was writing will amount to 34,000 men, of whom 12,740 are Europeans. The force will thus be divided:—The Peshawur army, under Sir Samuel Browne, which numbers 16,364; the Kurom Valley force, under Sir Donald Stewart, 5,776; and the Quettah army, under General Biddulph, 12,590.

UNITED STATES.——The Fishery Question continues to be the chief theme of discussion, but the United States' Government have determined to pay the award to-day. Lord Salisbury's reply to Mr. Evarts, while disclaiming any intention of laying down by inference any principles of international law, asserts the right of a British authority to pass a law binding Americans fishing in the British waters. He at the same time admits that such right is limited by England's Treaty-engagements which municipal legislation cannot effect.—President Hayes has fixed next Thursday, the 28th inst., for Thanksgiving Day.



THE COURT

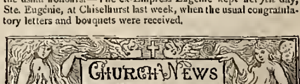
THE Queen and the Princess Beatrice return to the south this week. They were to leave Balmoral after luncheon on Thursday, and travel from Ballater to Perth, where they would stay for dinner. The Royal party were to take tea at Carlisle, and were expected to reach Windsor Castle in time for breakfast yesterday (Friday) morning. Meanwhile, Her Majesty has received few visitors at Balmoral, a gloom having been cast over the Royal circle by the death of the Queen's little granddaughter, Princess Mary of Hesse. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon and Earl Dufferin have however dined with Her Majesty, and the Queen has received Captain Forbes Gordon and Lieuts. Norman Chalmers and Gordon Money of the 79th (Cameron) Highlanders. On Sunday morning Divine Service was performed at Balmoral before Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice, when the Rev. A. Campbell officiated.

The Prince and Princess of Wales remain at Sandringham, their party of visitors having broken up. During last week the Prince and his guests had capital sport in the Sandringham preserves, and the festivities were wound up by a county ball. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess and their three daughters attended Divine Service at Sandringham Church, when the Revs. F. J. Hervey and J. Durst officiated, the latter preaching the sermon. Next morning Lord Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury left Sandringham for town, and the Prince of Wales received the Rev. J. B. Slight, head master of the King's Lynn Grammar School, and Mr. E. A. Fitch, in order to present to Mr. Fitch the gold medal annually given by the Prince to the most proficient pupil of the school.

The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne were delayed in their departure from Ireland last week by a violent gale which obliged the *Sarmatian* to take shelter at Loch Foyle, county Londonderry. The vessel sailed definitively however on the evening of the 15th inst. for Halifax, where she is expected to-morrow (Sunday). She will be met at some distance from the port by the British squadron, including the *Black Prince* under the Duke of Edinburgh. The Duke and his vessel arrived at Halifax on Sunday, and the people gave him a hearty welcome when he landed on the following day. As the Princess Louise will be unable to give away the prizes to the schools of Savoy Chapel this Christmas, according to her promise, the Duchess of Teck has promised to take her place early in May.—The Duke of Connaught is to have a national present from Ireland as a wedding gift, and a Committee has been formed in Dublin to carry out the scheme. No sum above 1*l.* will be received, but subscriptions as small as 1*s.* will be accepted, so that the testimonial may be eminently a popular gift.

A serious outbreak of diphtheria has occurred amongst the Royal family of Hesse at Darmstadt, the disease having attacked the Grand Duke and five of the children, the Hereditary Grand Duke and the Princesses Victoria, Irene, Alix, and Mary. The Princess Mary's illness was of a most malignant type, and the little Princess died somewhat suddenly on Saturday, aged four years. Thus the Grand Duke and Duchess have now lost two of their children, their second boy, Prince Frederick William, having been killed by a fall from a window some five years since. The Grand Duke and his son and third daughter, Princess Irene, are going on favourably, while the Princesses Victoria and Alix are nearly convalescent. The Grand Duchess and her second daughter, Princess Ella, have hitherto escaped.

The Duke of Cumberland is now in Denmark on a visit to his *fiancée*, Princess Thyra, and the betrothal was formally announced at a Court dinner at the Castle of Fredensborg. After the marriage the Duke and his bride will reside chiefly in England.—Thursday was the 38th birthday of the Imperial Princess of Germany, which was commemorated at Windsor with the usual honours.—The ex-Empress Eugénie kept her *fête* day, Ste. Eugénie, at Chiselhurst last week, when the usual congratulatory letters and bouquets were received.



CHURCH NEWS

THE AFGHAN DIFFICULTY.——At St. Paul's Cathedral, on Sunday last, the Rev. Dr. Plumptre preached a trenchant sermon from the text, "Shall we smite with the sword?" He referred to Colet's sermon before Henry VIII., when that monarch was preparing to make war upon France, and said that the time had come when it was once again the duty of the ministers of Christ in this country to urge the first principles of the Divine laws on a people who seemed in danger of forgetting them. The ministers of a National Church would be untrue to their calling if at such a crisis they were to confine their work to what were called the "eternal interests" of individual souls, and to shrink through fear of man from testifying to the Divine laws, which worked out sooner or later a terrible retribution on all who slighted them. Whilst maintaining the lawfulness of a just and defensive war, it was their duty to proclaim, with no faltering voice, when the issues of good or evil were trembling in the scales, that they who "sow the wind" of an aggressive ambition should "reap the whirlwind" of a disastrous failure.—On the same day, the Rev. Paxton Hood preaching at Manchester on "The Last Great Blunder of Lord Beaconsfield," asked what would be thought of him if he were to hold his tongue because some pews in his church might be given up, or because he might endanger his interests there by the avowal of opinions adverse to those of some around him? He had heard some remonstrances respecting the subject of his sermon, and he missed some faces that night. But he stood by his Master. He stood by Christ's gospel and Christ's doctrine, and he denounced the expected war in the name of Christ's cross, in the name of the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel, and in the name of Christianity and humanity.

VARIOUS.——The Bishop of Rochester has issued a long Pastoral, in which he asks his clergy for justice and sympathy, and to be slow to accuse the Bishops of a change of front or levity of principle, because they mean to be fair all round. He says that the first great function of his office is to continue the transmission of the Apostolic doctrine and fellowship by ordaining an efficient clergy—to confirm, to preach, and to sustain the continual administration of the diocese. He is expected to be a leader bold and elastic enough to initiate new schemes for ever-changing times, yet prudent enough not to lead his followers into a quicksand. After an interesting *résumé* of the work effected in the diocese during the first year of his episcopate, the Bishop lays down the lines of "work in front," including plans for the organisation of lay helpers, evangelists, readers, workers, a diocesan temperance society, the encouragement of theological study amongst the younger clergy by offering prizes of books (he himself giving a prize of ten guineas), diocesan bursaries to help candidates for the ministry (he offering one of 50*l.* a-year for four years), a system of book colportage, and a charitable donation fund. His lordship deals plainly with those who oppose themselves to authority, and sets forth "our duty to check the bitter party spirit, to be quiet, firm, and wise, to see the difference between what is merely Anglican and more than Anglican—to bear with those who differ from us;" while he urges the younger clergy especially to seek diligence, patience, and humility, and deprecates their belonging to the Society of the Holy Cross, or the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, which, quite apart from their doctrinal specialities, tend to separate the Church into little sections, instead of compacting its unity.—A Church Mission, which is to last a week, began at York on Sunday, under the sanction and control of the Archbishop. Among the missioners are two London clergymen, the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glyn, Vicar of Kensington, and the Rev. Arthur Williamson, Vicar of St. James's, Notting Hill. The Rev. George Body is another of the missioners, and the *York Herald* states that some of Mr. Sankey's hymns are contained in the special hymnal used at the church where Mr. Body is working.—Mr. W. C. Jones, who five years ago gave the Church of England Missionary Society 200,000*l.* as a capital fund for the support of native evangelists in foreign missions, has now given a further sum of 35,000*l.* to be employed for the extension of evangelistic work by the native church in India.

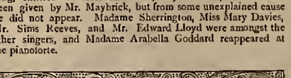
MUSIC

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.——The generally favourable impression created by the new *prima donna* who made her first appearance on Saturday in Verdi's *Traviata* was fully justified by her impersonation of the erring and unhappy heroine. With the birthplace, descent, and antecedents of Mdlle. Emilie Ambre we have nothing to do, her artistic career being all that concerns the public. Enough, then, that she pursued her early studies in the Conservatory of Marseilles; that, some years ago, she first trod the boards in Holland, at the Royal Opera of the Hague—where, as singer and actress, she found many warm admirers; and that, not long since, she was engaged at the Paris Opéra Italien, making her *début* in *La Traviata*, with such success that, subsequently, the part of the heroine in Verdi's *Aida* was entrusted to her, with equally happy results. These are sufficient credentials to warrant her appearance before a London audience. Among the many representatives of Violetta we have seen, Mdlle. Ambre can fairly take rank with some of the best. To imagine any absolutely new conception of the character is out of the question. Some give more prominence than others to certain characteristics, vocal and dramatic; but all considered, the interpretation remains much the same—Violetta Valery is still the "Lady of the Camellias" to whom we have long been accustomed. Mdlle. Ambre's performance in no way disappointed the expectations raised by the eulogies of Continental critics. On the contrary, it upheld them. In the first act her spirited delivery of the bacchanalian, "Libiamo, libiamo," and the genuine expression she threw into the pathetic soliloquy, "Ah fors' è lui," at once gained unanimous approval. The second act brought out her talent as an actress in still greater prominence; and the last, which shows the penitent and despairing Violetta in her dying moments, established the position of Mdlle. Ambre, the audience bearing willing and ample testimony to her merits, as a lyric comedian of the highest promise. That she has yet something to acquire before reaching the point which should be the object of every aspiring artist is intelligible enough; but she possesses the indispensable qualifications—youth, a voice both flexible, and of sympathetic quality, an agreeable personal appearance, and before all an earnestness apparent in everything she does, the surest guarantee for continued progress. She already proves herself a musician born, and the fairest hopes may be reasonably entertained of her. About the impression produced on Saturday there can hardly, we think, be two opinions. Mdlle. Ambre made "a palpable hit." The parts of Alfredo and Georges were respectively sustained by Signors Runcio and Mendioroz. A word will suffice to say that *Il Flauto Magico* was given on Monday, and that "repetitions" have been the order of the week, the irrepressible *Carmen*, of course figuring conspicuously among them.

POPULAR CONCERTS.——The concerts of Mr. Arthur Chappell, held on Saturday afternoons, are, as they merit, just as successful and well attended as those on the long-established Monday evenings. Take, for instance, the last: the programme included Mozart's admirable quintet in D, for stringed instruments, given to perfection by Madame Néruda, MM. Ries, Zerbini, Hann, and Piatti; Beethoven's pianoforte sonata in A, Op. 101, first of the five completing the undying series of "32," performed by Mr. Charles Hallé, who has long proved that he knows them all by memory, and, without any attempt at extraneous display, can render them no less accurately in a mechanical sense than with clear insight into their poetical significance; and Schubert's famous E flat trio, in which the distinguished pianist was happily associated with Madame Néruda and Signor Piatti—a combination leaving nothing to wish. On Monday evening the pianoforte (this time a "Bechstein"—not a "Broadwood") had to pass through a different ordeal. Dr. Hans von Bülow, again among us, selected for his solo exhibition Schubert's long spun-out Fantasia in C, Op. 17—an early work, the somewhat vague diffuseness of which takes much from the impression that might otherwise be created by certain indisputable beauties. Dr. von Bülow gave the whole with manifest enthusiasm. He also took part with Madame Néruda in Schubert's *Rondeau Brillant* for pianoforte and violin, originally introduced at these concerts by Mr. Charles Hallé and Herr Joseph Joachim, near the close of the first season (May 1, 1859), and lastly, with the same lady and Signor Piatti, played a trio in G minor composed by Herr Hans von Bronsart. Herr von Bronsart at one period studied under Liszt, through whose influence, most probably, he became a staunch apostle of what is (ironically?) termed "the advanced school," the cause of which he advocates, not only by his musical but by his literary talent. The trio in G minor, however, only shows traces here and there of this peculiar tendency. It is clever, no doubt; but, considering the intrinsic value of its leading themes, might have been made shorter with advantage, and is, on the whole, rather dry than interesting. Being dedicated to Dr. Bülow, we need hardly say the impetuous pianist gave all his well-known energy to its adequate interpretation. The doctor was powerfully aided (when allowing his two confederates to be on equal terms with himself) by the charming Scandinavian violinist and the gifted Italian violoncellist. The audience, nevertheless, did not seem profoundly moved by the work—at which we confess not to be greatly surprised. The most beautiful piece in the programme, and the most perfectly executed, however, was Beethoven's truly Mozartean quartet in D (Op. 18), in which the playing of Madame Néruda was nothing less than exquisite. The singer was Mrs. Davison, an American lady, with a charming voice and expressive style, both of which were favourably exhibited in songs by Arthur Sullivan and Rubinstein—"Orpheus and His Lute" and "Du bist wie eine Blume," the former, though from the pen of an English musician, by far the better of the two. At to-day's concert Madame Montigny Rémaury is to be the pianist. She will be welcome for more reasons than one.

DR. VON BÜLOW'S RECITALS.——At the first of two announced Pianoforte Recitals, on Wednesday afternoon, in St. James's Hall, Dr. Von Bülow played, without book, the last five Sonatas of Beethoven—Ops. 101, 106, 109, 110, and 111. These made up the entire programme. Though unquestionably a remarkable exhibition of "virtuosity," the effect was somewhat prolix. One of the sonatas, for instance—Op. 106—is enormously long, while none of them are exceptionally brief. The performance, therefore, though interesting, was as great a stretch upon the attention of the audience as upon the physical and mental powers of the artist—who, it will be easy to understand, in the circumstances, was by no means invariably up to the requisite mark. The example thus set is not one we should conscientiously advise other pianists to follow, notwithstanding the fact, of which connoisseurs are aware, that there exist some few able to accomplish the task just as readily as Dr. Von Bülow. The audience sat patiently enough till the fourth sonata came to an end; but very many retired before the magnificent C minor began. Beethoven himself would not have tolerated such a proceeding. Each of the last five sonatas has a marked distinctive individual physiognomy of its own; and to hear them all played in uninterrupted succession must distract the ear of the most earnest and contemplative amateur. What would Beethoven have said had it been proposed to give his last five symphonies, one after another, under the same conditions? He would have raved at the mere notion. This comes from the pride of exceptional "virtuosity," which places the executant above the composer. A single sonata of Beethoven's is enough for one programme—that is, supposing it be listened to with proper attention.

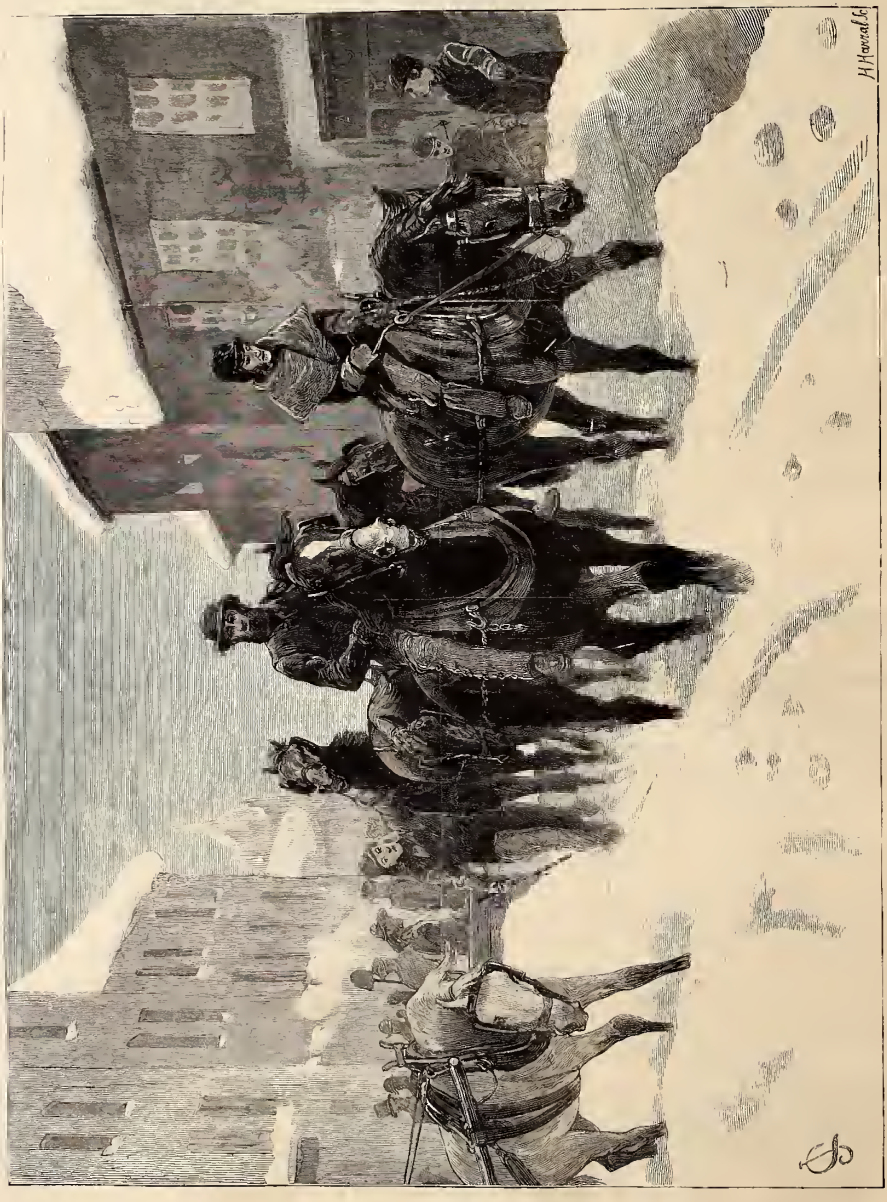
LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.——Of the new songs produced on Wednesday evening, we may specially mention "Darby and Joan," by Molloy, charmingly interpreted by Madame Antoinette Sterling, and the "Wandering Minstrel," by Mazzoni, capitally sung by Mr. Santley. The former is a simple but very graceful melody, is admirably suited to the words, and should become popular in the drawing-room; the latter is a much more ambitious composition, and would, we think, probably prove somewhat trying to most amateurs, but it met with ample justice at the hands of Mr. Santley, and was enthusiastically encored, a similar compliment being paid to "Darby and Joan."—A new song, entitled "Dearer than Life," by Roeckel, was to have been given by Mr. Maybrick, but from some unexplained cause he did not appear. Madame Sherrington, Miss Mary Davies, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Edward Lloyd were amongst the other singers, and Madame Arabella Goddard reappeared at the pianoforte.



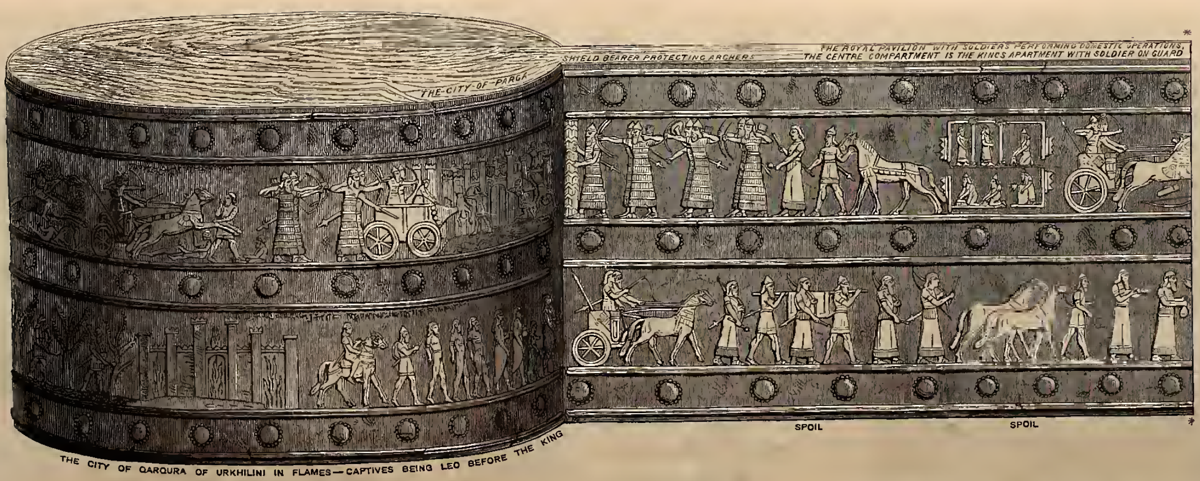
LEGAL

THE BLACKHEATH BURGLARY.——On Tuesday John Ward, *alias* Charles Peace, who was described as "a sailor, aged sixty," was indicted at the Central Criminal Court on the double charge of burglary and felonious shooting. The last-mentioned charge only was proceeded with, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty, at the same time expressing their admiration of the courageous conduct of the constable, and a hope that he would be ordered some reward. The prisoner made an abject appeal for mercy, confessing that he was neither fit to live nor prepared to die, but declaring that his career had been made to appear much worse than it really was. He said also that the first shots were only fired with the intention of frightening the policeman so that he might effect his escape, and that after they had closed with each other the weapon had accidentally gone off. Mr. Justice Hawkins, however, said that he did not believe this. The fifth shot was fired deliberately at the officer's head, and both had to thank God that his life was spared. Notwithstanding his age, he felt it his duty to sentence him to penal servitude for life. The prisoner appeared quite staggered at the sentence, and fell into the arms of the warders, by whom he was carried out of court. Mr. Justice Hawkins then directed that the prosecutor, Edwin Robinson, should stand forward and after complimenting him in high terms upon his bravery, presented to him the paper which the jury had signed, and ordered a reward of 25*l.* to be paid to him for his gallant conduct. The statement that "Mrs. Thompson" and Mrs. Dyson were one and the same person is now contradicted, and it is said that Mrs. Dyson is known to be in America. The trial of the convict for the Sheffield murder, therefore, depends upon whether she can be found, and her willingness to give evidence, as she cannot be forced to do so, being beyond the jurisdiction of the British Courts.—Mrs. Peace is still in custody at Sheffield, and a gentleman resident in the town has received a letter from Peace, written in a very illiterate style (which is supposed to be feigned), declaring her innocence, and begging that legal assistance might be engaged for her.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——The trial of Mr. Bandmann for the alleged assault upon Mrs. Rousby during a rehearsal at the Queen's Theatre in April last, occupied the Court of Queen's Bench for two whole days. The evidence was of the most perplexing character, scarcely any two witnesses agreeing in their accounts of what really took place on the occasion, and some of the statements being diametrically opposed to each other. The jury found that the injuries to Mrs. Rousby's arm had been unintentionally caused by Mr. Bandmann, and this the Lord Chief Justice held to be a verdict of Not Guilty. An attempt at cheering in court elicited a sharp rebuke from the judge, and Mr. and Mrs. Bandmann were loudly cheered as they drove off in a cab.—Mr. Yates, of the *World*, and Mr. E. Ray, of *Touchstone*, have been at loggerheads for some time past, and in a recent number of the last-mentioned journal some uncomplimentary mention was made of Mr. Yates, who thereupon armed himself with a big stick, called at the *Touchstone* office, and threatened to break the editor's back if he wrote "any more such lies" about him. This led to a summons, which was heard on Monday before Mr. Flowers, who bound him over to keep the peace.—A case of a somewhat similar character has just been made the subject of an appeal to the Queen's Bench Division. It appears that on the occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Exeter, in July last, the Rev. J. Ingle, of St. Olave's, Exeter, while making his way through the crowd at the railway station, was stopped by Captain Bent, the chief of the police. This so exasperated the rev. gentleman that he said to the official, "If ever you dare to put hand on me again, I will knock you down, trample upon you, and after that I will bring an action against you for an assault. You are a jackanapes, a dog in office." A summons of course followed, and though Captain Bent admitted that he did not go in any personal fear, the local justices bound Mr. Ingle in 100*l.* to be of good behaviour. Mr. Ingle has now obtained a rule to have the case re-heard in the Queen's Bench Division, in the hope of getting the order quashed.—The Edinburgh High Court of Justiciary has decided that the Glasgow Bank directors are not to be admitted to bail. The Lord Justice-General and all his colleagues, with the exception of Lord Young, were of opinion that the prisoners had no claim as of right to be admitted to bail, and that, though it was within the discretion of the Court to grant it, it would be inexpedient and inconsistent with their practice to override the decision of the Lord Advocate. Lord Young, while agreeing that the discretion of the Court would, if it existed, be properly exercised to dismiss the application, was of opinion that no such discretion existed, and that the prisoners were entitled to bail as a matter of right. The offence with which they are charged does not, he holds, amount to theft; nor, if it did, would it therefore come under the category of those "crimes inferring capital punishment," which, under the law of Scotland, are the only ones not bailable.—Mr. J. D. Fletcher, one of the Middlesex magistrates, has decided that under the Matrimonial Causes Act he has no jurisdiction to grant an order of judicial separation to a wife whose husband has been convicted of assaulting her. The opinion of a superior Court is to be taken, but if the Judge's view should turn out to be correct, it follows that in all cases where the assault is of so serious a character that the magistrate feels it is his duty to send the case for trial, the wives will be deprived of the advantages of the Act, although it was specially passed for their protection, and that husbands will find it to their pecuniary advantage to make the assaults they commit as brutal as possible.—Something very like a miscarriage of justice took place at the Middlesex Sessions on Monday, when a ruffian who with some brutal companions had knocked down and kicked a woman, and stabbed her with a knife, was allowed to go unpunished on payment of 2*l.* as "compensation." This arrangement was suggested by Mr. Montagu Williams, the prisoner's counsel, and consented to by Mr. Stewart White, the counsel for the prosecution. It is sufficiently astonishing that Mr. Serjeant Cox, who heard the case, should have countenanced the suggestion, but what are we to think of the subsequent conduct of the learned judge, who when the woman afterwards came into court declaring that she had never been consulted in the matter, that she would not touch the money, and that she wanted "simple justice," coolly told her that if the man again assaulted her he would be severely punished!—A gang of burglars are very busy at Rugby, where a large number of robberies have been committed within the past few days.—At Doncaster a woman named Whiteside has been arrested on suspicion of having poisoned her husband and two children for the sake of the burial fees from an Insurance Society. She is also accused of forging the certificate of the death of her sister for the same purpose.—The charge against the manager and directors of the Lombard Deposit Bank of making false entries in the books has collapsed. When the case was called on at the Central Criminal Court the prosecution offered no evidence, and Mr. Justice Hawkins said that, having already had opportunities of making himself acquainted with the facts, he had come to the conclusion that, although there had been gross irregularity in the management, the specific charge made against the defendants could not be supported. He therefore directed the jury to return a verdict of "Not Guilty," and this being done the prisoners were discharged.—Stafford, the bank clerk, who absconded from Liverpool with 15,000*l.*, has been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. He said that he had been induced to commit the offence by the witness Macbeth.—A singular defence was the other day made on behalf of a man who pleaded guilty to having stolen a quantity of jewellery from his employer. It was urged that he had a great love for military service and music, and that he was in the bands of no fewer than four Volunteer regiments, the expenses of which were more than he could afford. He was sentenced to six months' hard labour.—At Manchester, a man accused of stealing his wife's gold watch (part of property secured for her sole use by the marriage settlement) has escaped punishment, because, in the opinion of the magistrate, the Married Women's Property Act does not give to a woman the right of prosecuting her husband for felony.



THE RECENT SEVERE WEATHER IN THE NORTH—THE SNOW-PLOUGH CLEARING THE STREETS AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE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SHIELD BEARER PROTECTING ARCHERS
THE ROYAL PAVILION WITH SOLDIERS PERFORMING DOMESTIC OPERATIONS, THE CENTRE COMPARTMENT IS THE KINGS APARTMENT WITH SOLDIER ON GUARD
THE CITY OF PARGA
SPOIL
SPOIL
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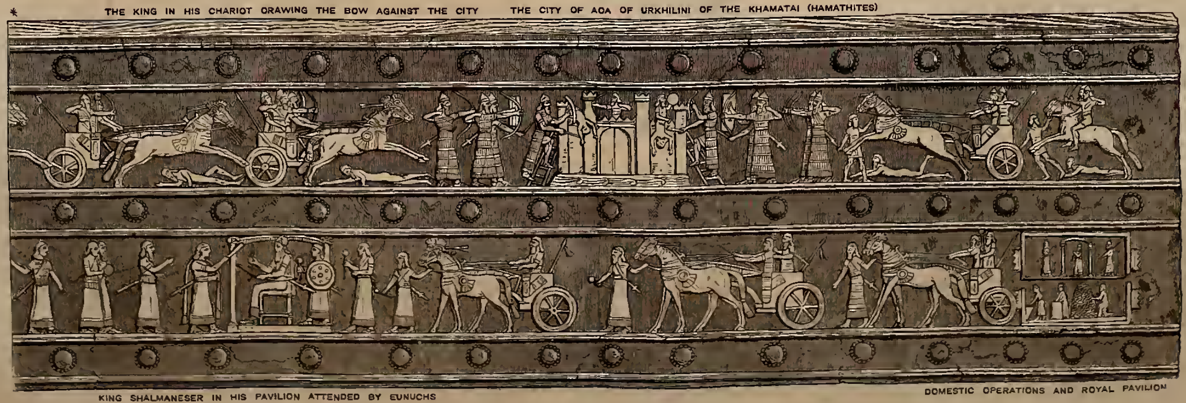
THE CITY OF QARQURA OF URKHILINI IN FLAMES—CAPTIVES BEING LED BEFORE THE KING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THE KING IN HIS CHARIOT DRAWING THE BOW AGAINST THE CITY
THE CITY OF AOA OF URKHILINI OF THE KHAMATAI (HAMATHITES)
KING SHALMANESER IN HIS PAVILION ATTENDED BY EUNUCHS
DOMESTIC OPERATIONS AND ROYAL PAVILION

MR. RASSAM'S ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES AT KALAKH—FAC-SIMILES OF TWO OF THE BRONZE PLATES FROM THE GREAT TROPHY

THE RAPIEFF ELECTRIC LIGHT

We may surmise, from the number of patents for electric illumination which have been registered during the past few weeks, that the public will shortly be in the difficult position of having to judge between the merits of some dozens of rival inventions. Of course many of the plans so registered will never get beyond the provisional stage. Another large proportion will probably turn out to be accidental reproductions of systems patented and forgotten in bygone times, while the remainder, still representing a large number, will furnish work for the law-courts as they gradually reach their proper level, and represent successful processes or the reverse. Among the former we must certainly include the invention of M. Rapieff, for it has passed the experimental stage, and is actually employed in the printing-office and composing-rooms of *The Times* newspaper.

M. Rapieff's improvements in electric lighting are at present confined to the regulator or lamp which holds the carbon points, but we understand that his patent includes a dynamo-electric machine which will, when finished, enable him to depend entirely upon his own apparatus. The current for the lights is at present furnished by one of the well-known Gmmme machines.

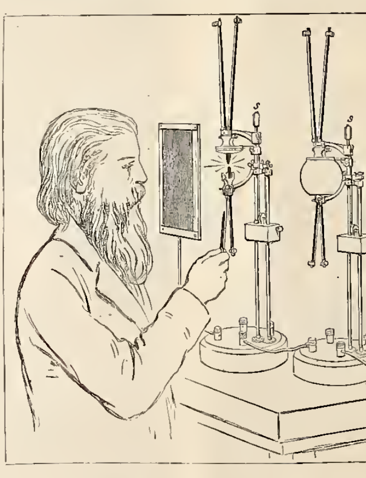
The chief novelty of the system consists in the use of *four* carbons, instead of the two which in nearly every other arrangement form the points between which the luminous arc is produced. These carbon rods, instead of being placed pamllel with one another, are so inclined that their points meet. Or to put the matter more clearly, the two upper carbons form the letter V, while the two others, forming the same letter upside down, Λ, are placed so that the combination represents an X. But the lower pair are set at a right angle to the upper. In plan, therefore, the four rods would form a cross.

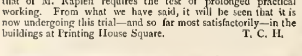
In the Werdermann lamp, which we described last week, it will be remembered that the long stick of carbon forming the positive electrode was pressed up to its proper position by means of a heavy weight. By the same means, and with the help of cords and guide pulley-wheels, M. Rapieff keeps his rods so adjusted that fresh surfaces of carbon are constantly presented to the arc as the ends are gradually consumed. We must remind our readers that the voltaic arc is not produced until a certain distance separates the electrodes, nor in the case of accidental extinction can it be re-established until they are made to touch one another. By an ingenious plan these difficulties are met and overcome. Directly the light is extinguished the current flows to a magnet concealed in the stand of the lamp. This magnet immediately attracts a keeper, or armature, which pushes up a rod connected with one pair of carbons, and causes them to make momentary contact with the other pair. By this means the light is re-established so quickly that its momentary absence could only be described as a wink.

One great advantage in M. Rapieff's system is that a nearly burnt out carbon can be replaced by a fresh one without any stoppage of the light. This operation can, too, be performed without the intervention of a skilled worker. In the annexed illustration the attendant—protected from the glare of the naked light by a small screen of coloured glass—is in the act of replacing one of the negative carbons. The right hand lamp is shown as commonly used—with the light softened by a globe. The screw S in both lamps is the means whereby the distance between the two pairs of carbons is regulated and kept constant. Indeed, we understand that the size of the arc can be so adapted to the current supplied, that a lamp can be made to represent the value of 100 gas flames, or of merely 10.

The Rapieff system, unlike the Jablochkoff candle, which is dependent upon a machine giving alternating currents—can be used with a magneto-electric machine of any pattern. The lights have each an independent existence, that is to say, one or two can be extinguished without affecting others in the same circuit. And the system offers the advantage of satisfactory subdivision without very great loss in the individual intensity of each light. We have not space to dwell upon the many admirable qualities of M. Rapieff's invention, but those of our readers who wish to become acquainted with its various details should apply at the office of the National Electric Light Corporation, Abchurch Lane, a company which has been formed to work the patent. Like every other system of electric lighting, that of M. Rapieff requires the test of prolonged practical working. From what we have said, it will be seen that it is now undergoing this trial—and so far most satisfactorily—in the buildings at Printing House Square.

T. C. H.





THE READER

Under the title of "Yakoob Bey of Kashgar" (A. H. Allen and Co.) Mr. D. C. Boulger tells at much length the story of a man who, more than any celebrity of our time, might have been characterised as a hero born too late. Five centuries ago, and he whom all Central Asia delighted to call Atalik Ghazi, the "Fortunate" Ameer of Kashgar, might have proved—at least, so many think—a milder Genghis or Timur. Only a hundred years ago he might have founded as vast an empire as Nadir Shah. Mr. Boulger, it is true, is inclined to place him on a much lower level than this, albeit fully acknowledging his dauntless courage, his administrative skill in matters both of war and of police, his sincere if narrow patriotism, and the great success which he achieved with absurdly scanty means. Yet if the Atalik Ghazi may not be ranked with the great Mongol conquerors of olden story, the fault perhaps was less with the man than with the time. Even the unchanging East has changed so far that there exists no longer scope or material for the careers that used to appal the world. The lust of conquest has been exchanged for the hungry struggle for existence; the shadow of the Cross—of the arms, the organisation, the seeming omnipresence of Christendom—has chilled, as though with a sense of doom, the sparse descendants of the ancient Khans and Begs. But Mr. Boulger's chief object in this volume is not so much to define the Atalik Ghazi's true place in history, while bringing together all that is known of his career, as to call attention to that third factor in the Central Asian question which most of us have hitherto overlooked—the power of China and the Chinese. He holds, in fact, a brief for the Celestial Empire, of whose high qualities he can scarcely say too much, whether as evidenced in the prosperity of Kashgar during the brief century or so of "Khitay" domination, in the antique heroism of those Viceroys who, when surrounded by infuriated rebels, smoked their last pipes in the circle of their families, then dropped the embers into the powder magazine below; or lastly, in the patriotic enthusiasm of that ever victorious army which, fresh from the extermination of the Panthays, was marched away over thousands of miles of unknown country to reconquer first Jungaria and then Kashgar, and which is waiting now, the hand upon the hilt, for the surrender of Kuldja by its Russian guardians. All this, we confess, is somewhat new to us—this Spartan valour, this splendid army with its "Berdan rifles, its telescopes, and its Krupp guns," and its manœuvres "according to the teachings of Moltke and Manteuffel," are elements of power which visitors to China have curiously failed to see, and which even appear (from Sir D. Forsyth's latest correspondence) to be by no means universally believed in Kashgar itself, and we can only hope that Mr. Boulger has other authority for the picture he presents to us than the back numbers of the *Pekin Gazette*. Still his volume, though a little cumbrous, is quite worth studying, for China, beyond doubt, has men enough—and very many of them brave men, too—to become a menace all along the line from Illi to Mandalay, if she ever assimilates to any such extent as this the methods and the inventions of the European soldier.

Vol. II. of the fine "History of the United States" (S. Low and Co.), by W. C. Bryant and H. S. Gay, fully maintains its special claim to be thoroughly popular in style and treatment, while at the same time it is based throughout on a rigid examination of original documents and authorities. It traverses the period of the great Indian Wars, the religious persecutions in New England, the "witchcraft delusion" in Massachusetts, the surrender of the New Netherlands to the English by stout old Peter Stuyvesant, &c.—a period during which British power extends barely from the Carolinas to New Hampshire, and the great South is a land apart, to be disposed of in separate chapters, by the Rev. E. E. Hale, upon the French and Spanish colonies there. The stern old Puritans "down-east," with their wild out-bursts of religious zeal, their iron discipline and vigorous resenting of any State encroachments, even to the extent (as in the case of New Hampshire Wiggins) of throwing an obnoxious Under-Governor into the fire and then sitting on him, supply matter for many interesting chapters. The handsome illustrations and the more valuable copies of ancient documents and portraits form, as before, a prominent feature in the work.

Although it seems a little out of fashion, there is undoubtedly a grain of truth in "England's Language," by the late Walter Marshall (Longmans and Co.). The more frequent use of good old Saxon words such as our poets choose instinctively, the more careful avoidance of the temptation to introduce new foreign words and compounds, the possibility of recovering some at least of those home-bred compounds and derivatives which the Germans have never lost, are points for which a good deal may be said. But when the author takes us back to Ælfric, and replies to the ancient jest about "rendering impenetrability of matter" by "un-go-through someness of stuff" with the avowal that he himself should prefer "unthurlicnes of an-work" or of "an-timber," it is like broaching a scheme for the revival of the Heptarchy.

"Stories from Virgil" (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday), by the Rev. A J. Church—with its pretty illustrations from designs by Pinelli, a Roman artist all too little known—is simply a delightful little volume. To take from Virgil his stately verse, his exquisite polish, and *curiosa felicitas* of diction, and so serve up the naked skeleton of his great epic in the quaint prose of the old chroniclers, as Arnold did with the stories of the Roman Kings, might seem at first a hopeless task. It is surprising to find how successfully it has been accomplished, and how completely the unadorned myth of Turnus and Æneas can take rank with the best Norse or Teuton tale of Dietrich, Hagen, or Walther of Aquitaine. A volume this to please scholars, old and young, and none the less because the Æneid is rarely read, as a whole, except by candidates for honours.

"Among the Welsh Hills," by M. C. Halifax (Groombridge and Sons), is a story of a young Welsh squire, who inherits an estate which should have been left to some one else. Of course he is too high-minded to take it, and equally determined is the fair unknown, in whose favour he abdicates, not to accept the sacrifice. All ends, we need not say, in the old ballad fashion—"and she shall still be lady of Leigh"—and without keeping the reader on tenter-hooks even for the allowable quarter of an hour. But it is a pretty story with a pleasant ending, and "Guy" and "Gwenny" are healthy, likeable personages—slight sketches of a type which Mrs. Oliphant has made familiar to us in more highly-finished portraits.

The often-quoted prediction of Franz Liszt has for a good many years been so far realised that none would stare at the musician now who put many of Robert Schumann's compositions on the same level with Beethoven's. Among, indeed, our later "tone-poets"—to borrow a phrase from æsthetic slang—there are few that have more attractions for the art-student than the strange son of the bookseller of Zwickau—not for a weird picturesqueness like Chopin's, or a career broken in midway like Franz Liszt's, for a life, indeed, beneath whose veil of romance and phantasy was a fair layer of stout German prose, but which was every way memorable for a force of genius that broke its way through every obstacle, and that alike in criticism and composition opened up new possibilities in the domain of Art. In the "Life and Letters of Robert Schumann (A. Reeves), translated by A. Alger from the German of the musician's friend, Von Wasielewski, the story of this gifted melancholy life is told with equal fulness and precision by one who knew the Master well in the period of his greatest honour, and whose estimate of his works is as genuinely appreciative as it is free from idolatry or hero-worship. The "letters" more especially are charming photographs of Schumann's inner life.

Those who would learn how painting on glass progressed from the early examples of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to the full splendour of the fifteenth, and thence again through the decadence of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to the revival of the art in our own day, or who would follow it through all its phases as the handmaid of architecture and painting—most strong when most subservient to the former, most weak when the picture becomes the chief thing and the mechanic details of glass-making and colouring are disregarded or forgotten—cannot do better than turn at once to an "Introduction to the Study of Painted Glass," by A. A. (Rivington and Co.)—a little volume not intended to supersede the larger works on the same subject in great art libraries, but as a brief historical introduction decidedly most valuable.

Mr. J. N. Shoolbred has opportunely reprinted (Hardwicke and Bogue) the lecture which he read before the British Association last August on "The Present State of Electric Lighting," with additions and corrections up to the present time. Here the general reader will find, told in as clear language as the subject admits of, a succinct history of Electric Lighting from the time of Sir Humphrey Davy's discoveries, early in the century, down to the latest improvements of Werdermann and Rapieff. Mr. Shoolbred's concluding remarks may be perused with comfort by gas shareholders. For the illumination of large cities, and perhaps for street-lighting, electricity will be found available; "but, in its present form, electricity cannot pretend to enter into the special domain of gas-lighting, the illumination of private houses." Of course the wonderful Edison may change all this; however, those who live will see.

"Household Economics" (Arthur H. Moxon).—This is a second series of the "Food and Family" papers compiled by Mr. S. Phillips Day, and comprises a vast amount of interesting information on a variety of subjects, such as candles and soap, lamps, pianofortes, sewing-machines, tobacco, fish-books, steel-pens, pins and needles, &c. It is dedicated, we observe, to "Heads of Households," and they certainly may profit by its perusal.

A very useful little manual is "The Student's Guide to the Medical Profession," by C. B. Keetley, F.R.S. (Macmillan). Those students who are the sons of medical men can generally obtain, either from their fathers or their fathers' friends, much of the information here furnished; but those who have no such connection will find this book extremely valuable, as it tells them just what they want to know, namely, the various methods of beginning medical study, the choice of a medical school, the several degrees attainable, and the justifiable expenses likely to be incurred before the student develops into a full-fledged licensed healer of the sick. Nor are lady students forgotten, a special chapter being devoted to their particular requirements.

Communication by submarine wires between countries divided from each other by vast and deep oceans now appears such a matter of course, that it is difficult to believe how recent is its application. The story of the Transatlantic Submarine Telegraph has been written by the late Mr. George Saward, Secretary to the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and has lately been printed for private circulation by his widow. It seems a pity that such an interesting little volume should not be rendered more accessible to the general public, containing as it does a narrative which, in spite of the dry technical details with which it is necessarily accompanied, nevertheless exercises a fascinating influence upon the reader on account of the patience and perseverance displayed under constantly-recurring failures until success was at last attained. We seem carried back to mediæval times, instead of the year 1854, when we read of the first attempts to utilise the electric telegraph in connection with the steamers plying between Europe and America. Watertight canisters containing the messages were thrown overboard off Cape Race, picked up by a small intercepting steamer, which carried them to St. John's, whence their contents were telegraphically transmitted to New York. On the homeward voyage the process was of course reversed. In 1857 and 1858 the first two attempts to lay a continuous cable between Ireland and the American coast took place, and both resulted in failure, a large portion of the cable being lost. The originators of the scheme, nothing daunted, renewed their efforts in 1865, the *Great Eastern* being employed to pay out the cable. Again their hopes were doomed to disappointment, and new capital had to be raised. In the following year the lost cable was recovered, and communication by submarine telegraph was effected between the two Continents. In connection with this great undertaking, the name of Sir Curtis M. Lampson deserves especial mention. For his services he was made a Baronet by Her Majesty. "His earnest labours," observes Mr. Saward, "had from the earliest period been of great importance to the undertaking, and he displayed a remarkable pluck and tenacity when everybody else had lost heart."

Last on our list, an "Analytical Vocabulary of Greek Testament Words," arranged according to their gramatical form by the Rev. C. H. Waller (S. Low and Co.), may be mentioned as a manual that will be often useful, not only to the beginner who knows little Greek, but to the more advanced student, who may find such a list extremely handy for purposes of higher criticism.

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A LAWYER'S EXPERIENCES

II.

I UNDERTOOK in my last article to refer to some of the customs of manors as illustrating the copyhold tenure of land. I am almost appalled at the extent of the field I have entered, and how to prevent becoming tedious is my great care.

The people of England are becoming so enlightened that some day there will be no work for lawyers, at least with regard to the transference of land. The modern enmity is shown to ancient institutions from which the lawyer derives his best fees. But wherein differs it from the colloquy on Blackheath between Dick the Butcher and Jack Cade?—

> DICK: The first thing we do, let's kill the lawyers.
> CADE: Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? That parchment being scribbled o'er should undo a man?

By the way, one comes across a scathing bit of sarcasm occasionally in the musty tomes of legal authors, where one would hardly expect to find it. Speaking of the "people of England" reminds me that that grave authority, the great Blackstone, says "the popular leaders always imagined themselves to be the people."

While copyholds continue the manners and customs of lawyers will remain pretty much the same as they have long been. When customs are abolished there will be no need for lawyers. Utopia will be reached, and a gallon of beer sold for a penny. Alas! visions of Utopia have turned many a man's head, and Sir Thomas More lost his for his dreaming.

I love to think of the meshes in which this free England of ours was involved by William the Conqueror. How the holding of land—which before had descended from the father to all his children equally, in gavelkind, as it was called, which literally means "give all equally"—became entangled in tenures of Grand Sergeanty, of Knight's Service, of Homage, of Fealty, of Villenage, of Copy, &c., with all their concurrent pomp of circumstance. These relics of ancient grandeur are swept away now along with the Star Chamber and the High Commission, the only remnant of the feudal times being the tenure by copy of the manor Court Rolls, otherwise copyhold. John Holland, a friend of Jack Cade, by the way, said, "It wes never merry world in England since gentlemen came up." Well, certainly the "gentlemen who came over with William the Conqueror" did play havoc with the simple Saxon constitution. Now, gentlemen, at least the gentlemen John Holland referred to, have gone down, yet is it merry world now? The world has gone into hotchpot, I fear. Let me hasten to make myself understood. Hotchpot was an old-fashioned English pudding somewhat of the nature of a sea-pie, composed of various ingredients, say of venison, beef, mutton, and swinesflesh. As, according to Sam Weller, it was "all in the seasoning" as to whether a cat should furnish a veal or mutton-pie, so it is to be feared that the Saxon matrons sometimes put more of pig than of deer into their hotchpot. Seest thou, reader, the interpretation thereof? Why a wayfaring man, &c., might understand.

One of the manors which yielded plenty of clients to the firm with whom I was first engaged exists to this day, unshorn of many of its prerogatives. The pageantry has disappeared, but still its Court Leet and Court Baron are regarded as dread tribunals—by the bailiff and constable. There fraudulent shopkeepers are still "amerced" for dealing with light weights, and there still the "affeerers" settle the amount of the "amerciament." Will it be flippant to say that nobody is "afeard" of the "affeerers" now-a-days? The "affeerers" are "honest and lawful men of the vicinage," who settle the amount of fine, which differs from the fine imposed by magistrates to this extent, that, in case of non-payment, the offender's goods only, and not his person, can be seized.

I shall not readily forget the snuffy old steward of that manor, whose clothes were black, except where they were specked with rappee, whose ruffles were like the head-gear of chanticleer, whose great purple face was always scrupulously shaved, whose voice was slow and pompous. He was an attorney-at-law, and a fine old specimen. I fancy I see any copyholder daring to clap him on the back, and say, "Look here, Rigmarole, old fellow." If he had not died of apoplexy there and then, he would, yes, he would have—struck that copyholder off the rolls, if he could, or have made him do homage, instead of fealty—on paper—in his next admittance. And let me tell you, young man, you who respect not the traditions of your elders, no light matter that. In doing homage a tenant had to kneel to his lord, and say, "I become your man from this day forward, of life and limb and earthly worship;" whereas, when a man swore fealty, he merely had to stand upright, with his hand on the book, and declare that he would be "faithful and true," which need hurt no man's dignity.

The lord of the manor, who was seldom seen, was a scion of a noble house, and of an austere demeanour. To him the steward became as supple as a willow-wand; and though his face was resplendent with the glories of Comet port, shone only as a pale moon while the sun limped—for the lord of the manor wes decidedly gouty—in the firmament. Yet wherein differs the lord of a manor from other men? Is not every man merely a "forked radish with a head fantastically carved upon it?"

Of course, in effect, the customs of a manor are now mainly on parchment. The letter remains, though the spirit is dead. Successive stewards of manors have, however, taken their revenge out of King Charles II.—who, whatever his vices, struck the death-blow of feudalism—by heaping up piles of phraseology, at one shilling per seventy-two words. What humble pie they make the copyholder eat in his "admittance"! Fancy *the* New Zealander poring over a nineteenth-century copyhold surrender and admittance, the two documents necessary when a piece of copyhold land changes hands! Why, he will think that we were a most slavish people, doing homage and making obeisance. But they are mere bumptious phrases, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

It must have been some virtuous King—Edward II., perhaps—who discovered that it was highly improper for an unmarried female, in doing homage, to swear to the lord of the manor that she would be his woman. At any rate, I have the authority of Sir Edward Coke, the contemporary and rival of Lord Bacon, in that romantic, spirit-stirring work, "Coke upon Littleton," that it was discovered "not to be fitting" for a woman to make any such latitudinarian remark. Perhaps it will be discovered some day that it is not fitting that intelligent property owners should "hold of their lord and fealty, and a pound of pepper," as they do in some manors.

There are modern Jack Cades who, with regard to lords of every sort, would "give it them hot," if they could; but whether the stimulating ingredient would be pepper I know not.

Copyholders, bear your burdens lightly. Pay to your lords-paramount the cloves, gilly-flowers, golden spears, bushels of roses, pairs of gloves, bushels of corn, horses, fat capons, hens, or whatever the wisdom of your elders, who ought know better than you, have decreed. Murmur not at heriots, snarl not at terriers: the first has nothing to do with haricot beans, nor the latter with dogs.

I heard a good story once of an intelligent copyholder, who was asked if there was a terrier in his manor. "Wha," said he, "oive wun; but it's a ——" well, never mind what it was, it was not a dog. The poor man did not know Latin, you see; and, therefore, was not aware that "terrier" is the Anglicised version of "Catalogus terrarum," which means a roll containing the quantity of acres and the tenants' names in the manor.

A "heriot" is defined to be the best beast, goods, or piece of plate, due to the lord of the manor on the death of a tenant. Originally this charge was a kind of thank-offering offered by the tenant to his lord, who had, perhaps, enfranchised him. And so it passed into a custom. Now it is generally compounded for by a money payment.

No doubt Justice Shallow was the lord of a manor, with obedient copyholders bringing their tithes into his storehouse, else that order of his for lunch would not have been so profuse:—"Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws."

It is very rare now that the services due by a copyholder to the lord of a manor are enforced. In some cases they are commuted for a fixed rent, and in others they have lapsed until the custom of the manor now is not to render them. In fact many districts have ceased to be copyhold from the falling away of the anciently-observed customs. The old socage tenure was, perhaps, of all late existing tenures the most slavish, for by it tenants were bound to help their lord with soke—*i.e.*, plough. The only real uses of the copyhold tenure are to provide remunerative work for lawyers.

I could extend instances of quaint customs, but I have, perhaps, said enough to give a general idea of what copyhold means to those who do not know. To the wise, what I have said may be more than enough. My next jottings shall deal with magisterial business.

T. H. N.

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THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN

LORD DUFFERIN did not speak altogether in jest when he observed that the chief defect of his successor, Lord Lorne, was that he was not an Irishman, for Irishmen—at all events, those of the mixed Anglo-Irish or Scoto-Irish breed—have played the *rôle* of Colonial Governors with remarkable success, and Lord Dufferin has proved himself one of the most brilliant of the series. It is no easy task to act as Governor of one of these great communities, which in everything but name are independent nations, and which, nevertheless, are content to receive a succession of rulers from the mother country. It is especially difficult to exercise a proper influence in the Colonial Councils without at the same time overstepping the limits of constitutional vicegerency. Judging from a survey of his Canadian career, and of the fervent regrets which accompanied his departure, Lord Dufferin achieved a signal success. "He carries with him," wrote the Montreal correspondent of *The Times*, in chronicling his departure, "the respect and admiration of all Canada, and that to a degree and with a unanimity which folks at home may hardly realise. Popular he was from the first, as what Governor-General would not be who dispensed princely hospitalities, and entered with zest and appreciation into whatever occupied and interested the people over whom he was sent to preside? But Lord Dufferin has achieved more than popularity; he has won a high place in the estimation of an intelligent people, and will henceforth be associated in the Canadian mind with Lords Durham and Elgin—Governors-General of revered memory."

Speaking at Derry on the 15th inst., the Marquis of Lorne said:—"The Dominion of Canada owes much to Ireland. Who does not recal, with gratitude to the country that gave him birth, the rule of Lord Dufferin? Canada will never forget him, or fail to remember that it was an Irish noble whose career has given so bright a page in her history."

Lord Dufferin was most warmly received on his return to Ireland. All sectarian differences were merged in a spontaneous desire to do him honour. With rare unanimity, Protestant and Roman Catholic, Conservative and Liberal, Orangeman and Home Ruler, came forward to give him a hearty welcome home.

With regard to Lady Dufferin, we cannot do better than quote the following paragraph from the Belfast address:—"It did not surprise us to hear how irresistibly your accomplished and much-beloved Countess won the Canadian heart, and we can well understand that her warm Irish affection, her gracious and winning manner, her kindly and generous sympathy, and, above all, her loyal devotion to the interests of her husband's work, proved themselves to be influences of inestimable value in furthering the success of your Lordship's Government."

We add a few biographical items. Lord Dufferin is the great-grandson of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and has inherited no small share of his ancestor's genius and humour. He was born in 1826, and was educated at Eton and Oxford, accompanied Lord John Russell on his mission to Vienna in 1855, and was sent in 1860 as Special Commissioner to Syria to inquire into the massacres there. He afterwards served in the Indian and War Departments, as well as in other Government posts, and was in 1872 appointed Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. Besides some graver works, he has written a humorous account of a voyage to Iceland, under the title of "Letters from High Latitudes."

In 1862 Lord Dufferin married Harriot, eldest daughter of the late Captain Archibald Rowan Hamilton, of Killyleagh Castle, County Down, by whom he has four sons and three daughters.—Our portraits are from photographs:—that of Lord Dufferin by Notman and Fraser, Toronto; Lady Dufferin, by Topley, 104, Sparks Street, Ottawa.

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HUMOROUS INDIAN TYPES

THE sketches from which these engravings are taken were originally intended to form a rhyming alphabet after the fashion of "A was an Archer who shot at a frog," but, as we decided not to use the whole of the series, we abandoned the alphabetical arrangement. To Anglo-Indians—especially to those from the Bombay side of the peninsula—these "types" need no explanation, but we may venture to say a few words for the benefit of those persons who have not had the pleasure of being grilled under the sun of our Eastern Empire.—The Ayah is a familiar personage even to home-staying Britishers. She may often be seen in the quieter streets of the West End, with her young charges in her arms or toddling at her side, and it is reported that during her sojourn in these chilly latitudes she is apt to develop a fondness for bottled stout, and to think no food nicer than a pound of "rumpy-steaky."—Water in the Indian towns is not "laid on" by means of pipes, and so the Bheestie is a well-known personage. He fills his goat-skin at the tank, and discharges its contents into the big water-jars which are such indispensable appendages to an Indian household.—The Dhobee is the washerwoman (of the masculine gender), common to the East. His muscular efforts are apt to make buttons fly off, but perhaps they are not more injurious than the chemicals used in our British laundries.—The Eurasian is a good deal to be pitied, especially nowadays. He is despised by the pure white on account of his swarthy skin, and by the Hindoos and Mahomedans on account of his Christian religion. Formerly, too, he was eligible for many Government posts, out of which he is now elbowed by the keen-witted Bengalees.—The Garee-wallah possesses many of the characteristics of coachmen all over the world. As in India the roadway swarms with foot passengers, he has to exercise his lungs considerably in shouting to people to get out of the way.—The Barber, the Fisherman, and the Kennel-Keeper need no description.—The Jemadar, or sergeant, is usually a brave, excellent, and trustworthy fellow, except when, as during the terrible year 1857, fanaticism sends him mad.—The Munshi, in our younger days, before the new-fangled spelling came up, wes written "Moonshee," and it was he who ground us up in our Hindostani, or Tamul, or Teloogoo, or whatever the dialect might be.—Noker, or Nowker, is simply a generic name for servant. The worthy in our sketch is doing just what his British brother often does.—The Camel-rider needs no description.—The Parsees, as every one knows, are the cleverest and most energetic of all the inhabitants of India. In Bombay especially a large part of trade is in the hands of these descendants of the Fire-worshippers.—Of the Ramoussie (Watchman) and Tapal-wallah (Postman) we need not speak.—The Ustad, or Schoolmaster, often carries on his vocation in a very primitive manner, under an open shed, and the children may be seen learning to write on plantain leaves.—The Vakeel, or lawyer, is by no means unlike his British prototype. The natives of India are very tenacious of their supposed rights, and are very fond of going to law.—Lastly comes the Wuzeer, or counsellor, reading a lengthy petition, which looks about as formidable as the portentous address in *Geneviève de Brabant*, which the Burgomaster is always ineffectually trying to deliver.

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TEN YEARS AFTER

"Nous avons changé tout cela"

TEN years ago, when she was ten,
  I used to tease and scold her;
I liked her, and she loved me then,
  A boy some five years older.

I liked her, she would fetch my book,
  Bring lunch to stream or thicket;
Would oil my gun, or bait my hook,
  And field for hours at cricket.

She'd mend my cap, or find my whip.
  Ah! but boys' heart are stony!
I liked her rather less than "Gyp,"
  And far less than my pony.

She loved me then, though Heaven knows why,
  Small wonder had she hated,
For scores of dolls she's had to cry,
  Whom I decapitated.

I tore her frocks, I pulled her hair,
  Called "red" the sheen upon it;
Out fishing I would even dare
  Catch tadpoles in her bonnet.

Well, now I expiate my crime:
  The Nemesis of fables
Came after years,—To-day Old Time
  On me has turned the tables.

I'm twenty-five, she's twenty now,
  Dark-eyed, pink-cheeked, and bonny,
The curls are golden round her brow;
  She smiles, and calls me "Johnny."

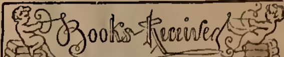
Of yore I used *her* Christian name,
  But now, through fate or malice,
When she is by my lips can't frame
  Five letters to make "Alice."

I who could joke with her, and tease,
  Stand silent now before her;
Dumb, through the very wish to please,
  A speechless shy adorer.

Or if she turns to me to speak,
  I'm dazzled by her graces;
The hot blood rushes to my cheek,
  I babble common places.

She's kind and cool—ah! Heaven knows how
  I wish *she* blushed and faltered:
She likes me, and I love her now;
  Dear, dear! how things have altered!

G. B. S.



The House Surgeon, or the Doctor at Home. Accident Insurance Co.

The Comic Birthday Book: M. F. March Phillips; Claudius: Mrs. R. Knight Causton. Hatchards.

The Bear and the Crescent. W. R. Bowden, Oxford.

The Mariners of England: W. H. D. Adams. Edinburgh Publishing Co.

Maxims and Miscellanies for Merchants: Henry Turner. W. Tegg and Co.

Child Life in Japan: M. Chaplin Ayrton: The Secret of the Sands (2 vols.): Harry Collingwood. Griffith and Farren.

The Ranger's Lodge: R. M. Keith. James Weir.

The English Lake District, as Interpreted in the Poems of Wordsworth: William Knight. D. Douglas, Edinburgh.

Temperance Stories for the Young: T. S. Arthur. S. W. Partridge and Co.

The *British Workman*, *Band of Hope Review*, *Infant's Magazine*, &c. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

Total Abstinence: Dr. Richardson, F.R.S. Macmillan.

Brownlow North: R. Moody Stuart. Hodder and Stoughton.

A Parcel of Christmas Books from the Sunday School Union.

THE TAPAL-WALLAH (POSTMAN)

THE HAJAM (BARBER)

THE PARSEE

THE AYAH

THE USTAD (SCHOOLMASTER)

THE KUTTA-WALLAH (KENNEL-KEEPER)

THE JEMADAR

THE MUCHEE-WALLAH (FISHERMAN)

THE BHEESTIE (WATER-CARRIER)

SOME HUMORO

THE WUZEER (COUNSELLOR)

THE NOKER (BODY SERVANT)

THE VAKEEL (LAWYER)

THE OONT-WALLAH

THE DHOBEE

THE GAREE-WALLAH

THE EURASIAN

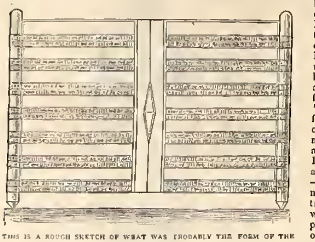
THE MUNSHI (TUTOR)

THE RAMOUSSIE (NIGHT WATCHMAN)

US INDIAN TYPES

ASSYRIAN BRONZE

During his expedition to Assyria, extending over the winter of 1877 and the spring of the present year, Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, the well-known Assyrian explorer, was fortunately enabled to recover from the oblivion of a Mesopotamian sand-heap the splendid bronze gates, of which we now furnish an illustration. These gates were twenty-two feet in height, and each gate-way was nine feet wide, including the post portion, which, like the face of the door, was covered with rich bronze *bas-reliefs*.



THIS IS A ROUGH SKETCH OF WHAT WAS PROBABLY THE FORM OF THE GATES TO WHICH THE BRONZE PLATES NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM WERE ATTACHED. THE NUMEROUS FIGURES RECORD THE VARIOUS HISTORICAL EVENTS IN THE REIGN OF ASSUR-NAZIR-PAL, B.C. 880.

The plates which form our illustration are perhaps the most interesting of the series, as they relate to the great campaign of Shalmaneser III. against the Syrian Confederation.

The chief members of the powerful league of Syrian States which long opposed the advance of the Assyrian armies to the great sea were Ahab, King of Israel; Benhadad, King of Damascus; and Urkhilini, King of Hamath.

In the spring of the year 854 B.C. the Assyrian monarch started upon his great expedition against the combined forces of the Syrians; and the plates we have reproduced form an interesting panorama of this campaign.

In the lower tier of *rilivi* we see vividly depicted the capitulation of the Hittite city of Qarqura, or Aroer, on the Orontes, in the neighbourhood of which the King encountered the army of the Syrian allies. In the camp from which the army has started we see the Commissariat Corps busily engaged in preparing bread for the soldiers. A woman is kneading the flour in a tub, whilst another superintends the baking in a round field-oven, while a third neatly stores the loaves in a pyramid, ready for the coming meal.

A selected detachment of charioteers has gone forth to act as guard of honour to the King, who, seated in his tent, receives the tribute and homage of the nobles of Qarqura. Seated upon a "portable throne," and wearing all the insignia of royalty, the King receives the envoys, who are brought before him by the Court officials. Gold, silver, copper, rich woven robes, horses, and a chariot, form the "tribute to his royalty."

In the rear of the procession come the inhabitants of the city, men, women, and children. Two eunuchs of the royal body guard, mounted upon richly-harnessed horses, guard the rear of the procession. Behind the procession is depicted the burning city of Qarqura (Aroer). Above this scene there is inscribed in neatly cut cuneiform characters, "The city of Qarquara, of Urkhilini, of the land of the Hamathites, I captured."

The upper tier represents the siege of the two Syrian cities of Parga and Ada. Here we see vividly all the details of the siege operations as carried on by the Assyrian hosts more than twenty centuries ago. From the arrangement of the scenes to the right and left of the camp it would appear that the sieges were simultaneous events. Parga, the larger of the two cities, is besieged by the Assyrian host with all the engines of war. A battering ram of a novel form is forced up an inclined plain against the walls of the city, and a picked body of royal archers advance under cover of the screen or shield. A battle appears to have taken place previous to the siege. In the siege of the smaller city Ada, Shalmaneser himself is represented as taking part. Riding in his chariot, we see the "heroic warrior king" advancing to the attack, drawing his bow against the fated city. In the camp which forms the centre of this scroll we see two soldiers with hand mills grinding corn, while a third stores the flour in a sack ready for use. In the royal portion of the camp some officers are represented preparing the royal meal.

The rich work of these gates indicate the high state of art which bronze workers had reached in the ninth century before the Christian era, and many of the scenes here depicted call to mind the famous Shield of Achilles.

When the work of cleaning and repairing these plates is completed the scrolls will form valuable additions to our knowledge of the manners and customs of the Assyrians as well as one of the most ancient panoramas of the "pastime of kings."

The mound of Ballawalin, where these gates were discovered, is situated about nine miles north-east of Nimroud, and marks the site of the town of Imgur Bel, a suburban residence of the Kings of the Middle Assyrian Empire.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

II.

Memories of holidays in all seasons of the year—spring amid Italian lakes and towns, summer on Swiss mountains and German rivers, autumn on the French coast, and winter in the Riviera—awake by a glance at the third volume of "Picturesque Europe" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin). National beauties have been honourably chronicled in the two former volumes, and now British views give place to Continental scenes, most of them very familiar, but all very charming. The brief section allotted to Spain, although it merely glances at the North and Old Castille, is, perhaps, the most novel, but the Venetian views are particularly beautiful, and less stereotyped than the corresponding Roman pictures. Indeed the illustrations show no sign of inferiority to their predecessors, either in execution or selection, while divers writers contribute an agreeable literary accompaniment, chatty and entertaining, without being diffuse.

Turning from celebrated scenes to celebrated people, faces well-known to public life look out from the pages of "Men of Mark" (Sampson Low), now in its third series. Science and philosophy, politics, literature and art, music, medicine, and exploration are illustrated by some of their most famous representatives, and form a valuable gallery of thirty-six photographs from life, clearly reproduced by the Woodbury process, and explained by terse biographies from Mr. Thompson Cooper.—Celebrities of a minor degree—the notorieties of the nursery—are collected in "The Prince of Nursery Playmates" (same publishers), a perfect juvenile storehouse, containing seventy-four good old childish tales and rhymes, and plentiful pictures, often more brilliant than natural.

American stories are plentiful this year, and three more books hail from across the Atlantic. Many a spoony youth might envy the over-wrought journalist in "Six to One" (Sampson Low, Rose Library), who spends his holiday on breezy Nantucket Island, with six fascinating damsels, bound by a solemn compact not to permit him to make love to either of them.—Miss L. Alcott's latest production is for younger readers than usual. "Under the Lilacs" (Sampson Low), tells of a circus lad and his poodle, who escape from hard taskmasters and fall amongst good Samaritans. The story will prove amusing both for boys and girls.—There is a trace of Miss Alcott's style in "Cloverly," by M. A. Higham (F. Warne), a lively record of family life on the American seaboard, saddened by the death of one of the four happy heroines—an episode told with simple and not overdone pathos.—Death, too, is active in "Straight Paths and Crooked Ways" (same publishers), wherein Mrs. H. B. Paull kills off four of her chief personages with much unction, and produces a dull narrative for girls with an involved plot.—Nor is the same authoress's "Englefield Grange" (F. Warne) much more lively in depicting a stern father convinced, after much tribulation, of the superiority of mind over riches.—Equally endowed with a good moral, "Worth Doing," by J. Brockman (same publishers), is much more likely to impress by the plain relation of the successful efforts of a childish circle to grow better in a given year, the charred remains of a Yule log acting as their memorial talisman.

Children, this year, seem chiefly fed on improving stories, and fairy tales are few and far between. Thus there will be a hearty welcome for "Kaspar and the Summer Fairies," by Julia Goddard (Marcus Ward), as all who remember the adventures of the German lad with the wonderful Würzburg pigeons will like the fairy chronicles which Kaspar learnt at a quiet country "Bad."—Boys too old for fairy tales will appreciate "The Boy's Walton," by U. J. Burke (same publisher), which furnishes useful hints for next year's fishing, gleaned from ancient Izaak, and embodied as a story, brightened with piscatorial illustrations.—Meanwhile, the sisters are provided by Miss Yonge with a perfect girlish story in another of Messrs. Ward's Bluebell Series—"The Disturbing Element." Here is a "rosebud garden of girls," all bent on study and improvement, but scattered by the appearance of the disturbing element—man; after which each lady is duly paired off in the orthodox manner, the bursting of a reservoir aiding the *dénouement*.—There are some charming girls, too, in "The Bairns," by the author of "Christie Redfern's Troubles" (Hodder and Stoughton), another chronicle of family life in America. As "The Bairns" has reached an eighth edition, it is unnecessary to do more than commend it as natural and attractive, if a trifle lengthy.

The annual volumes of the religious magazines are already appearing. "The Mother's Friend" (Hodder and Stoughton) contains the usual supply of stories, poems, and good advice; while "Young Days" (Sunday School Association) is of a similar type for juvenile readers.—"Home Words" and "The Day of Days" (*Hand and Heart* Office) are of a more serious and important character, and further include religious papers and Bible studies.—"Hand and Heart" (1, Paternoster Buildings) also forms an interesting volume, combining many of the features of the newspaper with those of a magazine.

In these days of higher education it may be hoped that few girls marry with only vague ideas of their domestic duties. Still many may obtain valuable instructions how to choose and manage their house, food, servants, and dress, from Mrs. Johnson's "The Bride Elect" (*Hand and Heart* Office).—This domestic knowledge is also instilled by "The Way it is Done" (Houlston), wherein Mrs. Warren puts into the mouth of an ideal lecturer much salutary information respecting health, sanitary laws, and food, as well as practical lessons for the sterner sex on strikes and the labour question.—Taught utility by the foregoing, ladies may well turn to the ornamental in "Pretty Arts for Leisure Hours" (Chapman and Hall). Here Ellis A. Davidson lucidly describes various pleasant and useful occupations for feminine fingers, such as wood-carving, engraving, etching, modelling, and even toy-making.

In readiness for the approaching time of merriment, when quips and cranks are the order of the day, "Mirth" (Tinsley) surely comes in season. The witty periodical edited by H. J. Byron now appears in its first volume, and occupies a place of its own distinct from the ordinary comic journals. Full of humorous stories, of sprightly verse, and of odd scraps of fun, and impregnated with a decided theatrical flavour, "Mirth" is just the book to keep handy, and to dip into for a hearty laugh.

Georges Sand's romantic "Mauprat," with its brutal half-brigand hero, and forcible pictures of country life in Berri, when the peasants were ground down by the nobles, and the great Revolution was just dawning, has been added to Messrs. Weldon's collection of translations. Although the story is perhaps hardly suited to English taste, it will be acceptable to those unable to read the original.—Country life, too, is the theme of Mrs. Marshall's "Job Singleton's Heir" (Seeley), three short tales of a pure and simple tone; while French and English existence are also illustrated by Vol. VII. of "Tales from *Blackwood*" (Blackwood), comprising "The Romance of Ladybank" and "Metamorphoses."

Historical stories often induce children to hunt up the subject of their reading, and such is the purpose of "Queen Elfrida" (Hatchards). Miss Williams has, however, chosen an unpleasant episode of treachery, and has adopted a flippant style of conversation, totally unsuited to her characters.—A pretty and fanciful plan of teaching music to children is illustrated by a story of the late Lady Kay Shuttleworth, "The Ladder of Cowslips" (Nisbet), and the authoress's suggestion might tempt imaginative children, to whom dry details are distasteful.—Cowper's poems are heard little of nowadays, but old-fashioned people may like to give their young relatives the tasteful edition of "The Task" illustrated by Birket Foster (same publisher), with its good clear text, artistic engravings, and graceful binding.—A book for recording weddings is a variety on the old birthday book. "The Wedding Ring," by C. H. Parish (Nisbet), contains appropriate poetic extracts on matrimonial matters, with the usual spaces for names.—Friends' autographs, too, are to be collected in "The Querist's Album" (D. Bryce), a "Confession Book," with some remarkably silly questions.

The ancient legend of the youthful porkers gone out shopping is rather harshly treated in "The Tragic, but Strictly Moral, Story of the Three Little Pigs that Went to Market" (Waterston and Stewart), but Mr. Doyle's drawings are merry and spirited, and the poem is set to an easy and haunting tune.—Another delight for the members of a rising family is "Aunt Louisa's Favourite Toy Book" (F. Warne), a collection of old friends of our childhood, such as "Cinderella," "Mother Hubbard," &c., appropriately illustrated with bold and highly-coloured pictures.—Further, the youngsters who enjoyed the 9th of November will hail the gorgeous comic panorama of "The Lord Mayor's Show," published by Messrs. Moxon.

"**The Bubble Reputation**," by Katharine King, author of "The Queen of the Regiment," &c. (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—Whilst writing with her wonted vivacity and ease, Miss King has, we think, in this story struck deeper chords than in any of her previous productions. Its interest centres chiefly on Owen Bourke, a young Irishman of very humble origin, who has enlisted in a cavalry regiment to escape the tyranny of a brutal stepfather, and, as the reward of a long course of good conduct and attention to his duties, crowned at last by a feat of heroic gallantry in the Mutiny, receives the Queen's commission, and is thus promoted to be the equal and daily associate of his former officers. How it fares with Bourke in this honourable, but somewhat difficult and embarrassing, position, the author tells very effectively, the scenes from regimental life here being quite as good as those by which she has already won reputation in earlier stories. Ultimately Bourke shows signs of high promise as a military inventor, and, forced to leave the army through the malicious machinations of certain inveterate foes, who cannot forgive him for having been "a Ranker," he rises in the Prussian service to title, wealth, and high renown for his discoveries in gunnery. The fate at last in store for this gifted and high-minded, but sorely-tried and far from faultless, hero, it is for the reader to learn. In styling him "sorely-tried," we refer principally to his love troubles, for in all his relations with women he is singularly unfortunate. Miss King's heroines are, perhaps, hardly as clearly drawn or as interesting as her hero, but the whole group, it may be said—with one honourable exception—show a tendency to inconstancy in affairs of the heart which is rather a curious feature in a work emanating from a lady novelist.

"Colonel Fougas' Mistake," by Edmond About, translated by J. E. Maitland (2 vols.: Remington and Co.).—M. About's tale is a contribution to the literature of the marvellous, in its combination of extravagance with the most accurate realism, reminding us not a little of some of Poe's wild freaks of fancy. Colonel Victor Fougas is a soldier of the First Empire, who—from the most benevolent motives—has been carefully desiccated, whilst in a state of congelation from exposure to cold, by a learned German *savant*, firmly convinced that a man can be made to undergo this process with as little danger to life or inconvenience as an eel or a tartigrade. From the close of 1813, the date of his drying up, he has lain in his case in a state of suspended animation for forty-six years; till, at last, in 1859, he is sold as a mummy, case and all, for twenty-five louis to a young Frenchman, who brings him back from Berlin as an interesting present for his scientific father. At the instance of this young Léon Renault's betrothed, who experiences the most unaccountable attraction towards this dessicated colonel, it is determined to attempt the experiment of bringing him back to life, by gradually restoring the supply of moisture which has been substracted from the system. The attempt prospers; and Colonel Fougas, restored to the world, twenty-four years of age in fact, though seventy by the calendar, proceeds at once to take the Clementina Sambuco, Léon's betrothed, for the Clementina Pichon, the bride he had parted from on the eve of the Russian War. The mistakes which the gallant warrior piles upon this initial error during the brief period of his second life are endless, and furnish most amusing reading; one inconceivable situation after another being related by M. About with the utmost gravity and carefulness as to detail. In fact a cleverer or more effective *jeu d'esprit* of its kind we should have to go far to discover.

"His Last Stake," by Shirley Smith, author of "All For Herself" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—There can be no question that this is a book much above the average in ability, but it is more powerful than pleasant. Indeed, the pessimism of the author's views as to human affairs will, we imagine, prove too strongly flavoured for the taste of the majority of readers. We have seldom met with a story in which the canons of poetical justice were more defiantly set at naught than in the fates here assigned respectively to Cecil Marlowe and Maurice Dormer. This trait in the book is the more noticeable, as there are not wanting indications in it—though we do not profess to feel certain on the point—that "Shirley Smith" belongs to the gentler sex. The tale is one that may be followed with interest, and the principal character is drawn with much care, and is probably true to nature, though the type is peculiar and the reverse of attractive.

"The Cossacks; a Tale of the Caucasus in 1852," by Count Leo Tolstoy. Translated from the Russian by Eugene Schuyler (2 vols.: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.).—Count Tolstoy, we are told in a preface by Mr. Schuyler—well known as the author of "Turkestan"—is "now, perhaps, the most popular novelist in Russia, and, after Turguenief, he is incontestably the best." He adds that Turguenief once told him that he considered this story, "The Cossacks," "the finest and most perfect production of Russian literature." One would incline to believe the great novelist was guilty of false modesty, as we should certainly rate those of his own stories which have fallen in our way decidedly higher. It is true, however, that to a Russian the tale may have a flavour which a foreigner fails to catch. It is, as the title intimates, a story of life among the Grebna Cossacks of the Caucasus—who seem a tribe distinct from the Cossacks of the Don—and has, at any rate, this claim to attention, that it takes the reader on entirely new ground, and is, in style and character, altogether unlike the novel to which we are accustomed. But we can hardly say that it takes much hold on the interest.

"Will is the Cause of Woe," by the author of "Dacia Singleton," &c. (3 vols.: Samuel Tinsley).—At page 8 of the first volume of this novel we come upon a sentence which we really think, for its almost hopeless complexity of construction, may fairly rival anything in Thucydides. We should like to quote it, but as it fills a clear half-page it is too long for our space. No common mind could have created such ingenious confusion. Nothing farther occurs to us to say concerning a story which is long-winded and silly to an unusual extent, and full of reflections so utterly tame and commonplace that it affects us with mild surprise to meet with them even in a bad novel.

We have also received "Once! Twice! Thrice! and Away!" by May Probyn (Remington and Co.), and "Agatha Chicveley," by Fanny D. Dickins, author of "Unstable as Water" (Charing Cross Publishing Company), two far from unpleasant little love-stories, which have not a few characteristics in common. In both

(*Continued on page 542.*)

Lady Helps

I.

I AM Julia, I am Mary,
  English girls of English nation;
But we've left our father's mansion
  For domestic situation;
Oh! our father's out at elbows,
  He has run through all his "tin,"
And we're forced to earn our living,—
  Madam, Madam, take us in!

II.

First, though, let us ask some questions:
  Are your daughters "in" or "out?"
Is your eldest son good-looking,
  Tall and slender, short or stout?
Should the sweeps come up some morning
  At the early hour of four,
Would the master of the household
  Let *us* sleep, and ope the door?

III.

Should we say we've been to college,
  Perhaps you'll think us rather "blue,"
Yet we're up in mathematics,
  Logic's lore, and classics too.
Give us any phrase, we'll put it
  In a Ciceronian dress;
Horace we can beat in terseness,
  Sophocles in loveliness.

IV.

Talk of painting! Spread the canvas;
  Turner would enraptured cry,
"Why, these girls can beat us hollow
  In depicting earth and sky!"
We have gained no end of prizes,
  And a Girton first-class too;
Listen to us reading Shakespeare,
  You'll think nothing of Bellew.

V.

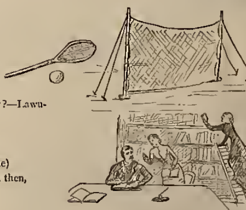
Yet with this we blend a science
  You may prize far more than knowledge,—
We can broil a chop or beefsteak,
  Mix a pudding called the "College,"
Wash your dishes, if required,
  Make all sorts of savoury messes;
But there's one thing, mark, my lady,
  In the article of dresses:

VI.

Do not think that we resemble
  Betsy Jane or Mary Ann,
Women born in lowly cottage,
  Bred for broom or frying-pan.
We will have our morning dresses
  Made in fashionable style,
Do not think your sons and daughters
  At our homeliness shall smile.

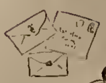
VII.

Might we ask what games you play?—Lawn-
  Tennis now is all the rage,
It is known to us as well as
  Handel's or Beethoven's page.
Should your eldest son (if handsome)
  Want some "coaching" now and then,
You may see us in his study,
  For we like all reading men.



VIII.

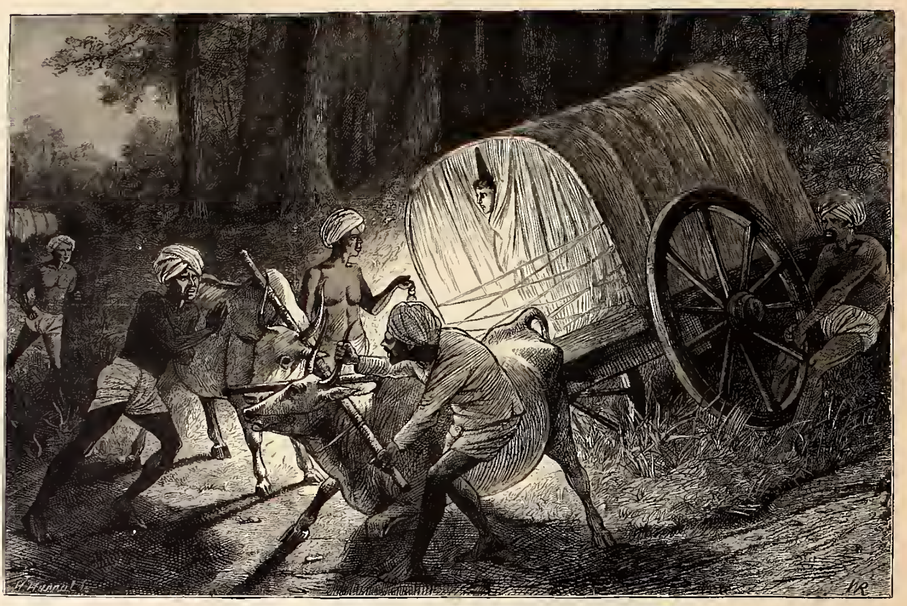
As for dinner invitations,
  Mind you tell your lady friends
That a little dissipation
  For our hard work makes amends,
And that, when we've washed the dishes,
  And put everything to rights,
We do love the valse *à trois temps*
  On your cold bleak wintry nights.



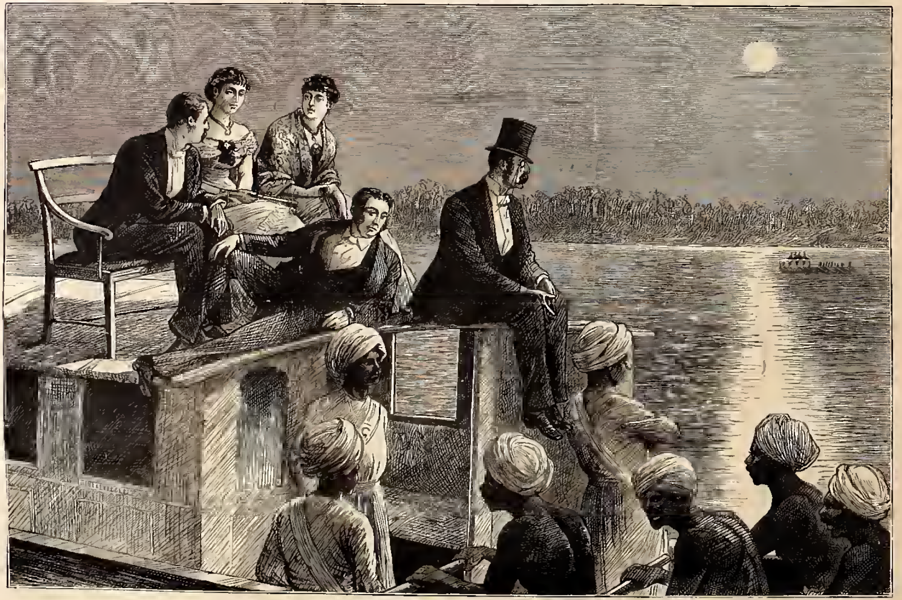
IX.

Oh! There's one thing we've forgotten;
  If you take us, you must say
To your vulgar "Jeames" and Susan,
  Coachman, cook, and page, "Good day."

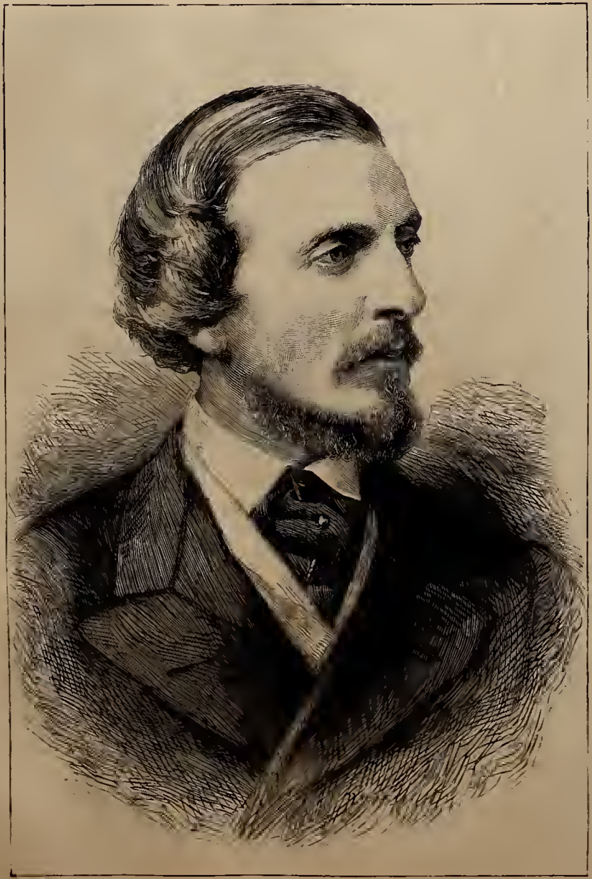
Think you we can sit at table,
  Hear the talk of Jane and Sue?—
Oh! I see, Ma'am, you won't take us,
  So we take our leave.—Adieu!—C. G. D.



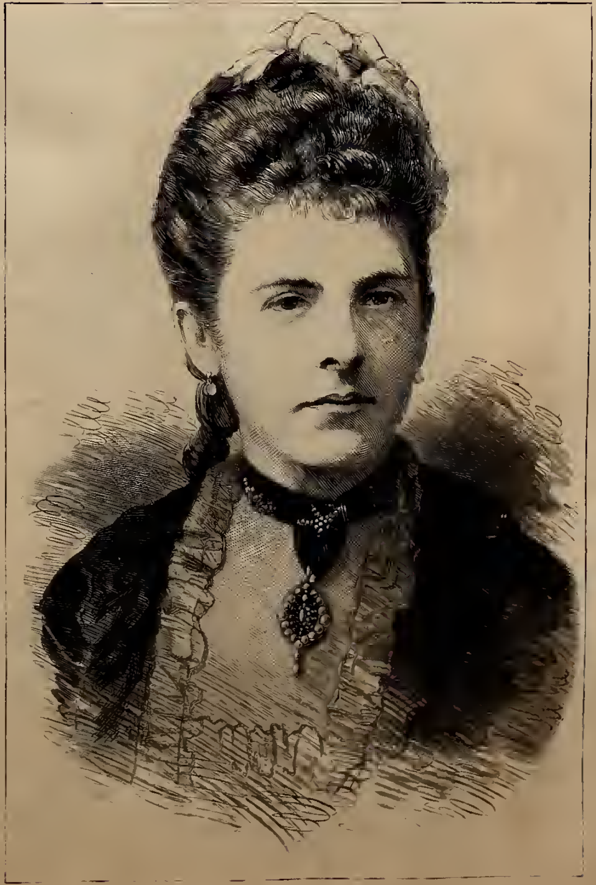
INDIAN SKETCHES—ON THE PEER MERDE ROAD, TRAVANCORE



INDIAN SKETCHES—GOING TO A STATE DINNER IN COCHIN



THE EARL OF DUFFERIN, LATE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA



THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN

(Continued from page 538).

the heroine is very young, very beautiful, and given to being original and having her own way, and in both she has a pet dog very much *en évidence* throughout. They are both readable enough, but too slight for criticism.

Two of the books in Mr. Bentley's "Empire Library" Series are one-volume novelettes by the authoress of "Comin' thro' the Rye." The first of these, entitled "The Land o' the Leal" (we are unable to perceive any special relevance in the name), tells a very tragical, but nevertheless fascinating, story with considerable picturesqueness and power. The keynote of the composition is jealousy. A man has given his apparent affection to (in plain English, has flirted with) two women, both of whom are passionately devoted to him. He remains loyally true to the one he marries, but the wife is led to believe that he is unfaithful, and, though she still loves him, she despises him. When, however, he is taken ill, and after a few weeks dies, apparently of rapid consumption, she becomes convinced that she has misjudged him. The tragical character of the story may be inferred from the fact that it is related by the widow from the condemned cell of the prison where she lies under sentence of death for poisoning her husband and her rival as well.—"As He Comes up the Stair" is of inferior quality compared with the foregoing. Here also jealousy is the mainspring of the action. A bridegroom on his wedding night hears, from a rejected lover of his wife's, words which imply that her reputation is compromised. In real life he would probably have taken pains to investigate patiently a matter of such gravity, but, as is the way in novels, he rushes off and joins a coastguard expedition against smugglers, and is supposed to have been drowned. His wife, however, always believes that he will again "come up the stair," refuses to put on mourning, and is finally rewarded by his reappearance. There is an uncommon freshness and reality about Miss Mathers' descriptions of Nature, and an intensity in her love passages, which rivets the reader's interest, but we should be glad if for the future she would select pleasanter and healthier themes. It is probably because of their actual want of familiarity with such scenes that lady novelists are so much fonder than their male rivals of disagreeable subjects.

BRAZALIAN IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT 7 PER CENT GUARANTEE.

THE GREAT WESTERN OF BRAZIL RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED.—Incorporated with Limited Liability in Great Britain under the Companies Acts 1862 and 1867, and in Brazil by Imperial Decree, No. 5,395.

For Constructing a Railway from the Seaport of Pernambuco (Recife) to Limoeiro, with a branch line to Nazareth, in the Province of Pernambuco, in the Empire of Brazil.

Issue of 15,000 Shares of £20 each, being £300,000, the part of the Share Capital of the Company specially authorised by the Imperial Decree to be at once called up, of which shares 2,000 are reserved for Subscribers in Brazil.

£1 per Share to be paid on Application, £4 on Allotment, and the remainder by Calls not exceeding £5 per Share, at intervals of not less than Three Months.

The Concession is for 90 years, and Interest at 7 per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly in London, free of all Brazilian taxes, accruing from the date of payment of the respective calls, is guaranteed to the Company for 30 years by the Imperial Government, on a kilometric expenditure amounting to a maximum of £562,500, of which the present issue will form the first part.

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The City of Pernambuco has, including Olinda suburbs, a population of about 135,000, and about thirty steamers call at Pernambuco each month, including those belonging to the Royal Mail Company, Pacific Steam Navigation Company, Lamport and Holt, Messageries Maritimes, American Line, &c.

The Railway will traverse the rich and productive Capibaribe Valley, embracing the best cultivated and most prolific Districts of the Province, and convey to Pernambuco for shipment a large proportion of what forms the total exports of the Province, such as sugar, cotton, and other valuable products, besides farinha, beans, Indian corn, rum, molasses, hides, &c., for home consumption, and for export. There being no navigable rivers, the bulk of this valuable traffic, as well as large return traffic, now carried chiefly by pack horses, will be conveyed by the Railway.

Sir John Hawkshaw, in his Report to the Government upon the Harbour of Pernambuco and Railways of the Province, says, "The Limoeiro line will no doubt get more traffic, as it runs straight into the interior at right angles to the coast, and there is no water communication to compete with it. The ground conceded near Fort Brum for its terminus is an excellent situation."

The Works are to be proceeded with at once, and are to be completed to Limoeiro by end of 1881, and to Nazareth by end of 1882.

When no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned without deduction. Should a less number of Shares be allotted than is applied for, the surplus paid upon application will be applied towards the amount due on allotment.

Subscribers will have the option of paying up their Shares in full on allotment, or at the time of payment of any subsequent call, and the full interest of 7 per cent. will accrue upon the amounts from time to time paid up.

Applications in the form attached to the Prospectus, accompanied by a deposit of £1 on each Share applied for, should be forwarded to the Bankers of the Company.

Particulars as to the Contract for the construction of the Works, Estimates of Revenue, Statistics as to Traffic, and further information, will be found in the Detailed Prospectus, which, with Forms of Application, can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and of the Brokers above named.

The Original Government Decrees with Notarial Translations, the Agreement for the Contract for the Construction of the Works, and other Documents can be seen at the Offices of the Solicitor to the Company.

3, Great Winchester Street, London,
November, 1878.

Copy of Letter from the Chargé d'Affaires of the Imperial Brazilian Legation in London to the Great Western of Brazil Railway Company, Limited.

[Copy].
Brazilian Legation,
London, 26th July, 1878.

Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday's date, in which you inform His Excellency the Brazilian Minister of a proposed issue by the Great Western of Brazil Railway Company of £300,000 in shares of £20, being the first issue of the guaranteed capital, which is not to exceed £562,500 (5,000 Contos de Reis) as authorised by the Imperial Decree No. 6,746, of 17th November, 1877.

In reply to your letter, I have to state that the Company's concession under the above Decree authorises the Company to raise and call up at once the above named £300,000, and that the guaranteed interest of 7 per cent. is payable half-yearly in London, reckoning from the date of the deposits with the Company's Bankers, and the Certificate thereof being lodged with the Delegate of the Imperial Treasury in London.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
(Signed) A. DE SOUZA CORREA,
Brazilian Chargé d'Affaires.

The Secretary of the
Great Western of Brazil Railway Company, Limited.

THE GREAT WESTERN OF BRAZIL RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED. NOTICE is HEREBY GIVEN that the LIST of APPLICATIONS for SHARES WILL CLOSE on THURSDAY, the 28th November, for Town, and on FRIDAY, the 29th, for Country Applications.

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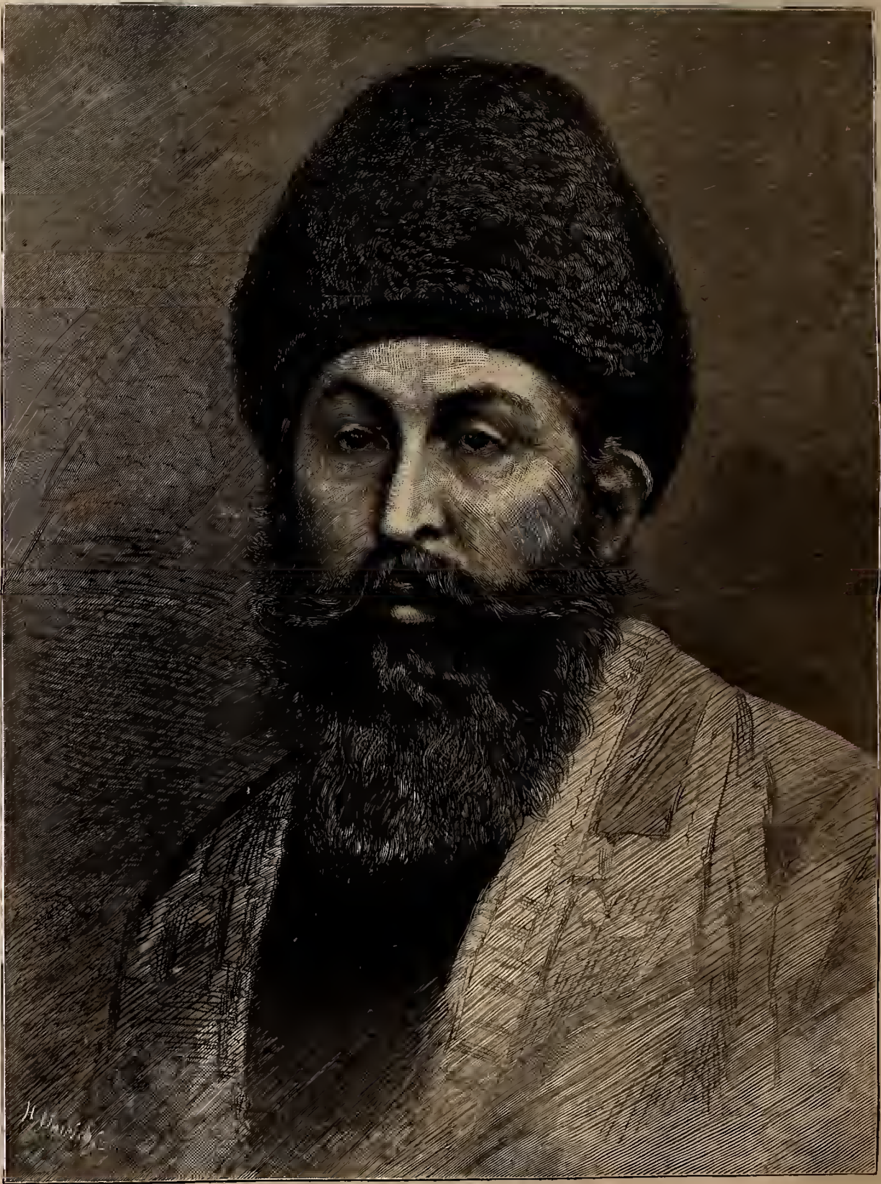

THE AFGHAN WAR—SHERE ALI, AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN

Topics of the Week

THE WAR.——Englishmen could hardly have hoped that the war which has been forced upon them would begin so well. As yet there has been no hitch; and already the taking of Ali Musjid has produced excellent results. So happy a stroke, the effect of well-planned military operations, could not but impress the native princes, but, what is even more important, it has evidently won over to our side many of the Hill tribes. Although it would be rash to predict that some of these wild people will not yet give us trouble, we have reason to be highly gratified that they have allowed us to pass without resistance through the Khyber. And it is, of course, possible that the exhibition of strength we have been able at once to make may have a favourable influence in districts far beyond those we have now reached. Whether this be so or not, the Ameer probably understands by this time that he has called down upon him an irresistible force. We know not what promises he may have received from Russia; but whatever they were, he can hardly hope at so late a stage as this that they will be fulfilled. He may even have begun to question whether, if his Russian friends came to his aid, they could cope with the Power whose enmity he has rashly provoked. Solemn counsels are being addressed to the Government that, however successful it may be, it must not adopt on a large scale a policy of annexation. But it is incredible that the Government should have the least desire to adopt the course against which it is thus warned. Avowedly and really it has gone to war in order to ward off a special peril; and it will, of course, annex not a rood more than is necessary for this purpose. So much, however,—and the exact lines to be drawn must be left mainly to military judgment—it will unquestionably exact. True friends of India, while regretting the necessity of war, are necessarily pleased at the prospect, since, if it is seen to be a decree of fate that the country must be ours, the natives are likely to reconcile themselves much more readily to our rule, and our military expenditure may be steadily reduced. Even for the sake of Russia it will be better that all chance of her conquering India should be obviously removed. She may thus be led to devote rather less attention to ambitious schemes and a good deal more to the task of governing justly her own population.

THE LOSS OF THE "POMMERANIA."——Modern discoveries have probably lessened the risk of ordinary shipwreck. All other things being equal, a steamer will weather a gale which would send ashore a ship provided only with sail-power. But as traffic has increased, the risk of collision has undeniably also increased, and no previous year has been so fatal in this respect as the year which is now drawing to a close. The foundering of the *Pommerania* was attended with circumstances of an especially melancholy character, inasmuch as these poor homeward-bound German colonists were within a few hours' sail of the beloved Fatherland, and had been merry-making on deck in anticipation of the joyous arrival only a short time before the disaster took place. That the loss of life was not far greater may be attributed, not so much to life-saving precautions on board the ship itself as to the "happy accident" of there being a steamer at hand able and willing to lend aid. As usual, the ship's boats proved a partial failure when the critical moment arrived, no less than three out of the eight being damaged and rendered useless. Numerous schemes have been contrived for the more rapid and efficient lowering of ships' boats, but hitherto, either steamboat proprietors disregard these improvements, or else they are found to be wanting in some essential particular when the terrible test of mortal peril is applied. Probably, however, the most effectual method of preventing these lamentable collisions would be to enforce some special rules of navigation in the narrow seas between England and the Continent. The Straits of Dover, the recent scene of several of these disasters, constitute the most crowded maritime thoroughfare in the world. On our main railway lines, engine-drivers, when they draw nigh to London, are forbidden to exceed a certain rate of speed. Would it be impossible to enforce a similar regulation between the coasts of Kent and Picardy, at all events during the hours of darkness? And as the electric light is used for lighthouses, why should not ships be compelled to use it while in these narrow seas? A strict rule of the road, such as is maintained by the Cunard Company's boats, even out in the practically boundless Atlantic, would considerably lessen the risk of collision. If all long-voyage vessels (the rule could scarcely be applied to coasting craft) were compelled to keep to the right or left of a line drawn equi-distant between the two coasts, according as they were proceeding up or down Channel, a few hours of time might sometimes be lost, but such a collision as that between the *Pommerania* and the *Moel Eilian* would be rendered simply impossible.

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.——It is too much to hope that when Parliament assembles we shall be spared tedious debates on the past policy of England in regard to Afghanistan. Grave charges have been made against the Gladstone Government, and the late Premier is not the man to let any kind of accusation pass without challenge. The general feeling of the nation on the subject is unmistakable. It may be, as Sir Henry Rawlinson asserts, that the hostility of the Ameer dates from the beginning of his reign; but if so, there was all the more reason why England should have seized the opportunity in 1873 of permanently overcoming his dislike and securing his alliance. That such an opportunity did then offer itself is beyond doubt. Even from the Duke of Argyll's statement of the case we should conclude that had we definitely offered to guarantee Shere Ali against Russia, and to grant him reasonable support at home, he would have been satisfied with these results. The truth is that Mr. Gladstone, who had notoriously given very little attention to foreign politics, did not realise the magnitude of the danger against which it was his duty to provide, and so he put the matter off, thus making the present war inevitable. We by no means think that so great an error should be allowed to pass uncondemned; but at the same time the past is now of secondary importance, and the nation will be disappointed and indignant if the chief attention of Parliament is not given to the present and the future. And there will be general indignation and disappointment if from mere partisan motives the Opposition hampers the Government. We are now actually at war, and no one who has impartially studied the question pretends that we are at war without good reason. In these circumstances it is the plain duty even of those who regret many things in our recent policy to lay aside their hostility, and to associate themselves with the national flag. The duty is not one which may be neglected without evil consequences. All the world knows that although we are fighting the Afghans we are doing so not because of any fear of them, but because there is behind them a great and aggressive Power which, we have reason to believe, cherishes an evil design against our Indian Empire. Russia never watched more closely than she is now doing the course of events in England. Let her be convinced that the nation is virtually unanimous, and she will take good care not to advance a single step on her career without careful consideration. But if an outcry from the Liberal leaders suggests that opinion is seriously divided, we may soon have upon our hands a war compared with which the struggle in Afghanistan will be the poorest trifle. Unfortunately Mr. Gladstone seems to be no longer sensitive to considerations of this kind, but we may hope that Lord Hartington and the younger men of the Liberal party will manifest a genuinely patriotic temper. Continental Liberals are looking with astonishment on the support given by Mr. Gladstone to a country which is not only the rival of England, but is, at the same time, the most despotic Power in the world.

ANOTHER LANCASHIRE STRIKE.——Cotton workers, we admit, ought to be better judges of their own interests than outsiders, and we also fully admit that the loss of a shilling in the pound in his income is a far more serious matter to a working man than to a person who receives a thousand a year. Nevertheless, it is most difficult to believe that the Oldham men are acting wisely in striking at the present time. Surely, nineteen-twentieths of a loaf is better than the dole of bread awarded to them from the earnings of their fellow-workmen elsewhere. And then they have the experience of the spring against them. The Blackburn strike was acknowledged by the men's own advocates to be a complete failure, and yet they are prepared to repeat that disastrous experiment when trade is worse than it was in the early part of the year, and when winter (always a pincher of the poor man) is just beginning. Masters and men are still at issue on the old question. The masters say, "If by reducing wages we can lessen the cost of production, we may be able to hold our own against foreigners." The men say, "Not so, it is the amount produced which wants to be lessened." If they could persuade foreign spinners and weavers to adopt this view, if they could enforce short time in the cotton trade all over the world, no doubt this artificially-engendered dearth of production would be followed by a brisk demand for cotton goods. But unfortunately foreigners will not act thus, they rejoice to see these Lancashire disputes, because while Lancashire is disputing they are working, and the longer our quarrels last the smaller is likely to be our future share of the world's cotton trade.

HENRY THE FIFTH.——There is something extremely attractive in the letter the Comte de Chambord has addressed to M. de Mun. In every line it breathes a genuine love for France, and it expresses an inflexible devotion to principle that must command the admiration of his most vehement enemies. The Comte de Chambord believes that he alone can save France; he sees that the Republic is for the time triumphant; but he will not depart by a hair's breadth from what he considers vital truth. France must go to him, he will not go to France.

While, however, this is the spirit of a true man, it is also a spirit which must obviously prevent the Comte de Chambord from ever again being a serious candidate for power. For the State he wishes to establish is not such as could be tolerated in these days. Occasionally he uses the language of our time; but beneath his phrases we detect a feeling and a conviction directly opposed to its deepest tendencies. Upon the Revolution he looks with hatred and contempt; yet it is certain that in one form or another the principles of the Revolution lie at the basis of modern society. Freedom and equality—we say nothing of "fraternity," which touches a greater ideal than the world has yet reached—are essential conditions, in the present state of Europe, of a stable Government. We may dislike the fact or not, but, at any rate, it is a fact, that even in monarchical countries democracy is everywhere becoming supreme. It is because this has been recognised in England that monarchy is so strong; it is because the principle is ignored in Germany that monarchy there watches with incessant jealousy every popular movement. We question whether, even if the Comte de Chambord reconciled himself to modern ideas, he could ever now have a chance of the throne. The Republic is in possession, and certainly will not meekly make way for a rival. With his ardent faith in a virtually absolute crown he is simply outside the range of "practical politics." He is a highly interesting survival of an epoch that can never be recalled.

SAVINGS' BANKS.——It is in hard times rather than in good times that people learn the virtues of thrift, and therefore the present is a good opportunity to advise people to begin the habit of saving money. Working people do not need to be preached to in this respect a bit more than those whose annual incomes are higher, for in all classes a large number of people live up to their incomes, and a good many (if they can persuade any one to trust them) beyond it. The French do not act thus, and yet they get as much happiness and pleasure out of life as the English. If the Battle of Dorking should ever be fought, and be followed by its predicted consequences, it is very doubtful whether we could pay a fine of two hundred millions sterling as easily as the French did. That they paid it so easily is partly due to Thiers, but still more to Thrift. Then in France all the business of small investments is rendered by the Government as easy and agreeable as possible, so that every sempstress has her little roll of *coupons*. Here the Government do little to encourage the habit of saving, and while it is easy enough to entrust money to bubble companies, the securities which are really worth having are difficult of access to small and unlearned capitalists. Of course, we do not forget the Post Office Savings' Banks, which have already done much good, but might, under more sensible management, become thrift-creators of a still higher value. Why should they not be opened on Saturday nights, just when the shillings and pennies are in poor people's pockets: why should not the amount depositable in them be unlimited, for no person in their senses would leave large sums with the Post Office at 2½ per cent., when they could get more with equal safety in State securities; and, lastly, though here we speak with considerable diffidence, might it not be worth while to try the experiment of giving no interest on small sums, and, after a certain amount of deposit had been reached, raising the present rate of interest to (say) 2¾ per cent.? Mr. Littlewood's experience at Bath shows that very small depositors care more about having their money in a safe place (an aim often unattainable in their crowded homes) than for interest; and as the keeping of these small accounts entails a vast amount of labour on the Post Office officials, it might be advisable to make the payment of interest dependent on a more continuous course of thrift than is now deemed necessary.

"PROVINCIALITY."——Whether the jury arrived at the right decision or not, it is pretty generally agreed that Mr. Whistler would have acted wisely if he had kept out of Court. An artist who exhibits pictures must make up his mind to have tolerably hard things said about them. Not one man in ten can put himself in another's place, so as to realise the effect of injurious words; hence nearly all work that challenges public criticism is likely to call forth from somebody a violent explosion of indignation. What indignities, for instance, have not our leading statesmen to endure! It can scarcely be supposed that Mr. Gladstone likes to be called a traitor, or that Lord Beaconsfield enjoys the title of charlatan; yet both men are called nearly every day by one or other name, if even more offensive words are not sometimes used. Yet everybody would despise them if they condescended, as another great statesman, Prince Bismarck, does, to prosecute even the most virulent of their assailants. An artist is likely to be of rather more sensitive temperament than a politician; but surely the same principle applies to both. At the same time we sincerely hope that the sort of language used by Mr. Ruskin will not be extensively imitated. We have the highest respect for Mr. Ruskin; he has done more than any other writer to kindle in England a true appreciation of Art, and if he often says extravagant things, there is also in his writings a nobly chivalrous tone that is peculiarly refreshing in these hard, practical times. But all this does not justify him in charging an artist with "ill-educated conceit that nearly approaches the aspect of wilful imposture," or in talking of "a coxcomb who asks 200 guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." That is "vigorous," no doubt; but it has what Mr. Arnold calls "the note of provinciality." No French critic of Mr. Ruskin's standing would condescend so far. A Frenchman might be equally severe, but he would have too much respect for himself and for literature to pick up the sort of weapons that are brandished about by irate cabmen. We fear the fault is not altogether Mr. Ruskin's; it is, at least partly, that of his public. A highly-cultivated community, with a delicate sense of what is right and fitting in criticism, would be in no danger of having this kind of abuse submitted for its approval.

Employers and Employed.——During the investigation before the magistrate of an alleged case of arson, it was incidentally stated in evidence that the prisoner—who had been twenty-eight years in the prosecutors' service, against whom they had (until this charge was brought) no cause of complaint, and who occupied a position of trust, inasmuch as to him was confided the duty of locking up the premises—was paid at the rate of twenty-four shillings a week. Possibly, he had some other source of income which was not mentioned in Court; otherwise, to any one who knows the expenses of life in London, where, unlike the country, everything must be bought with money, twenty-four shillings a week seems a very small wage after so many years' service. We make no reflection on this man's employers in particular, we would rather use the incident as a text for preaching a little sermon to employers in general. Employers are wont to give liberal pay to those of their servants who possess some special qualification not easily found elsewhere; whereas the employés whose places could be filled up at a week's notice are often allowed to vegetate year after year upon a very slender pittance. The laws of political economy may justify such conduct, but, where the master is prospering, it is not humane, nor is it even prudent. The classes to whom we refer are too isolated and powerless to indulge in strikes, but discontent often rankles in their hearts, and indifference to their employers' interests is apt, if opportunity offers, to develop into dishonesty. If employers made it a rule that their servants should participate in their prosperity, they would be served more zealously and faithfully than they often are now, and the unnatural antagonism at present existing between Capital and Labour would gradually disappear.

Notice.——*With this Number is issued an* Extra Double Page Supplement, *representing the* Fort *of* Ali Musjid, *captured on the 22nd inst., by the* British Army *under* Sir Samuel Browne.—*The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 556 and 565.*

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Our Illustrations

THE INUNDATIONS IN ROME

The recent overflow of the Tiber, caused by rain-storms of almost unprecedented force and duration, did immense damage throughout a very wide tract of country. Railways were made impassable, the metals being completely submerged, and landslips occurring in several places. Telegraph poles were washed out of the ground, or broken by the force of the flood. The streets of Rome, in all the low-lying parts of the city, were so deeply flooded that the boats and barges were used as a means of communication, and the city was transformed into a kind of temporary Venice—a condition of things which continued for several days, and caused much inconvenience and distress to the inhabitants. The event, though sad enough from one point of view, had its picturesque and humorous side, as may be seen by reference to our sketches, which need no detailed explanation.

"UNDER ONE ROOF"

Mr. James Payn's New Story begins on page 567.

BUSH LIFE IN WESTERN QUEENSLAND

These engravings depict familiar scenes in Western Queensland, and are from sketches taken at a place called Tambo, in the "Never Never" country. As in all thinly-peopled regions, the "general store" is a favourite gathering-ground. Here is to be seen the stock-rider on horseback, conversing with a man who carries his "swag" on his back, ready for a tramp in search of odd jobs at the various farms or stations which he may chance to pass during his wayfarings. The "swag" comprises such indispensable articles as a pair of blankets, a "billy" (for making tea in), a tin pannikin, an axe, a canvas bag for "prog," a water-bottle, and, if the traveller be a bit of a dandy, a comb for the hair. Coats, collars, and neckties are comparatively rare in the bush, woollen socks, flannel shirts, moleskin pants, and jack-boots forming the usual costume. In the foreground appears an aboriginal and his lady, the former in the cast-off dress of some European "swell." Behind the horseman a member of the constabulary is visible.

The next sketch shows a quartet of bushmen playing cards by fire-light outside their hut, while the "billy" is boiling for tea.

After this we are introduced to the bush tavern, a terribly fascinating spot to the shepherd or stockman. For many months together these men lead a solitary life, and drink nothing stronger than tea. Their teetotalism is not a matter of choice, but is due to the simple reason that spirits are never included in the regulation rations. At last the shepherd's wages are paid him, usually in the form of a cheque. He probably has a tramp of many weary miles before he reaches the nearest bush-tavern. He places the cheque in the proprietor's hands, and too often does not quit the establishment till every halfpenny of his earnings has disappeared. This is called "doing his pile," and during the orgies all comers are invited to drink at his expense. A "general shout," translated into mother-country English, means standing drinks all round. In the last sketch we see him outside the tempter's door, lying in the moonlight penniless, and perhaps temporarily penitent, the three dogs and the black fellow who are looking on probably wondering in their simple heads how it is that a being, in many respects so superior to themselves, can be such a consummate fool.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. P. P. Agnew, Terrantin, Queensland.

SKETCHES IN SWABIA

See page 563.

THE NICOLAIEFF DEPOSITING DOCK

See page 559.

Note.——"England's Language," reviewed in our last issue, is not, as stated, by the late Walter Marshall, to whom it is dedicated, but by William Marshall, his father.——In the article on "Assyrian Discoveries" published last week we omitted to state that the small sketch, showing the form of the gate as it probably existed, was kindly furnished to us by Dr. Samuel Kinns, of The College, Highbury New Park.

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THE AFGHAN WAR

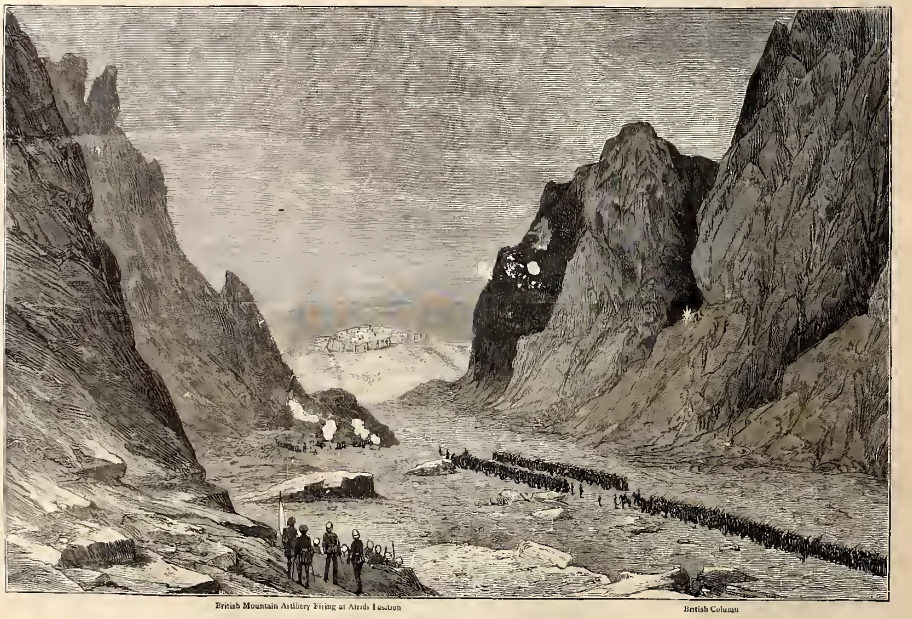
The time allowed to the Ameer of Afghanistan to reply to the *ultimatum* of the Indian Government having expired at midnight on the 20th inst., the Viceroy issued a Proclamation tantamount to a declaration of war, and the columns of the British expeditionary forces which have been mustering on the frontier made a simultaneous advance early on the morning of the 21st. We have already fully detailed the preparations which have been made for the invasion of the Ameer's territory; but we may recapitulate here that the expeditionary forces are divided into six columns or divisions. Of these the principal was ordered to seize the Khyber Pass and push on to Jellalabad, under General Sir Samuel Browne, who is supported by a second column under General Maude. A third column, under General Roberts, is intended to hold the Kuram Valley; while a fourth, under General Biddulph, is advancing from Quetta, in Beloochistan, upon Candahar. A fifth, under General Donald Stewart, has been organised at Mooltan to reinforce the Quetta column; while a sixth column is now being collected, under General Primrose, as a reserve division on the Lower Indus. The whole army numbers about 34,000 men, exclusive of camp-followers, and is under the supreme control of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Frederick P. Haines, who is now with the Viceroy at Lahore. The contingent furnished by the Native States will be commanded by Major-General Watson. We begin our chronicle of the war with a description of the

FORT OF ALI MUSJID,

which, after a short contest, fell into our hands on the 22nd inst. This fort, which is the key to the Khyber Pass, is situated about eight miles from its entrance, and twenty-six from Peshawur, stands on a conical hill about 600 feet high, and consists practically of two small forts connected by walls. The Pass here is about 150 yards wide, and the position is one of considerable strength, the steepness of the incline almost effectively protecting it from the attacks of a storming party, although, in 1839, Colonel Wade took it by assault. In these days of long-range artillery, however, the position possesses one great drawback, as it is commanded by two heights of considerable elevation on the south and west. In fact, it was mainly owing to these heights that our comparatively easy capture of Ali Musjid is due. Early on the morning of the 21st, General Browne despatched his first

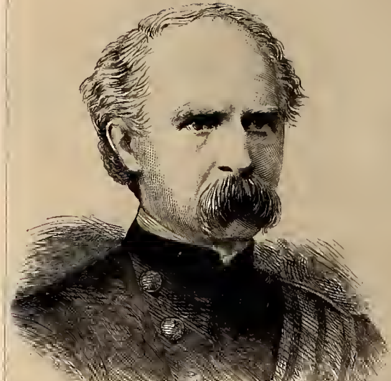
PATHAN INFANTRY SKIRMISHING

BRITISH TROOPS SIGNALLING WITH THE HELIOGRAPH

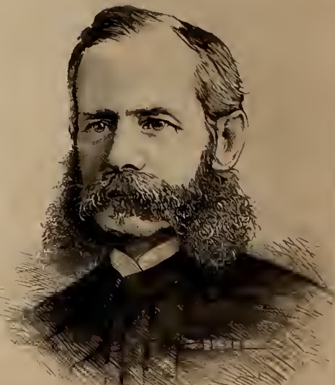

Town of Jummoo, occupied by Afridis
Position of Afridis
Heliograph Flashing Signals
British Mountain Artillery Firing at Afridi Position
British Column

BRITISH TROOPS IN THE NARU KULA PASS DURING THE AFRIDI EXPEDITION

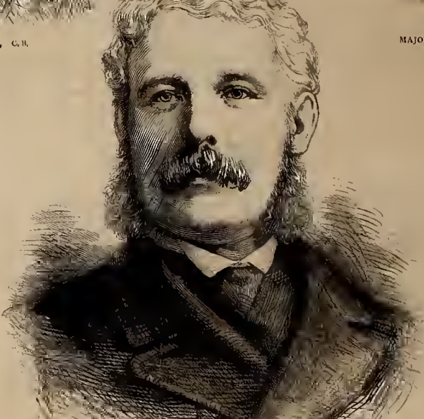
THE AFGHAN WAR



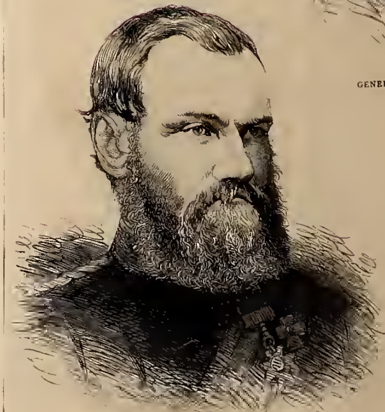
LIEUT.-GENERAL DONALD STEWART, C.B.
Commanding the Mooltan Reserve Column



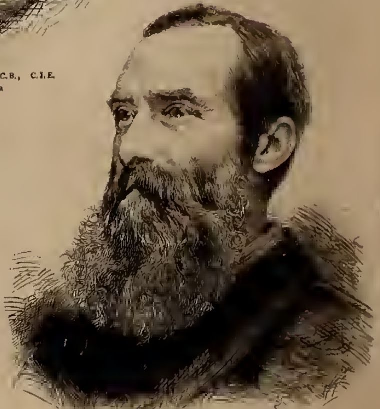
MAJOR-GENERAL F. S. ROBERTS, V.C., C.B.
Commanding the Kuram Valley Column



GENERAL SIR FREDERICK P. HAINES, G.C.B., C.I.E.
Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR SAMUEL BROWNE, V.C., C.B., K.C.S.I.
Commanding the Peshawur and Khyber Pass Column



MAJOR-GENERAL A. S. BIDDULPH, C.B., R.A.
Commanding the Quetta Column

THE AFGHAN WAR — THE GENERALS COMMANDING THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCES and second brigades, under the command of Colonels Macpherson and Tytler, by a circuitous route to the right, with the object of out-flanking the enemy by occupying the Rhotas Hills, and thus cutting off his retreat. Shortly afterwards General Browne himself, with the third and part of the fourth division, advanced directly upon the fort, and establishing his batteries of 40-pounders upon the Shagai range, opened fire upon the fort, which, by the way, had already fired the first shot. Skirmishers were sent forward to clear the villages, and at one o'clock the elephant batteries of 40-pounders arrived, which notwithstanding some exceedingly good practice on the part of the Afghans, succeeded in dismounting the enemy's guns, the third brigade, under Colonel Appleyard, having in the mean time advanced almost within storming distance of the fort. This column, formed of the 27th Punjaub N.I., and detachments of the 14th Sikhs and the 81st Queen's Regiment, mostly bore the brunt of the enemy's fire, and were warmly peppered by the Afghan entrenchments, losing two British officers, Major Birch, commanding the Sikhs, and Lieutenant Fitzgerald, who were killed close to the Afghan guns. As, however, night was coming on, and nothing had been heard of Colonel Macpherson's column, although Colonel Tytler's column had secured the Rhotas heights, the advanced skirmishers were ordered to retire, and the troops bivouacked for the night on the positions they had taken, a general attack being expected in the morning. During the night, however, the Afghans, alarmed at the advance of the out-flanking columns, abandoned the fort, leaving behind them guns, tents, and mules, and in a few hours our troops were in complete possession of this important position, with a loss of about forty men and three officers killed and wounded, the third officer being Captain Maclean, of the 14th Sikhs, who, however, is only wounded. In the mean time the retreat of the garrison had been cut off by Colonel Tytler, and a portion captured, while the friendly Afridis also intercepted five hundred of the Ameer's troops, seizing their arms and clothing. Our troops numbered 6,500, with about 21,000 camp followers and thirty guns, of which several were elephant batteries of 40-pounders, and the rest mainly mule batteries of 9-pounders. Having carefully secured his positions, and taken possession of the enemy's guns and camp, in which everything had been precipitately abandoned, General Browne remained in the fort all the night of the 22nd, and on Saturday advanced to Lundi Khana, whence on Sunday he pushed on to Dakka, which had been evacuated by the Afghans, and from which the march to Jellalabad, a distance of forty-two miles, is comparatively easy, the only difficult or dangerous portion being the Kurd-Khyber Pass, an extremely narrow defile of some three-quarters of a mile long. The headmen of the Kurd-Khyber villages have, however, already offered their services. At Jellalabad, which is reported to have been evacuated by the Afghans, it is expected that the column will winter; though should, as it is rumoured, the Ameer fly to Herat, an immediate advance might be made on Kabul. The various tribes throughout the march to Dakka as yet appear to have been very friendly. A large number of prisoners have been brought into Peshawur. Of these the privates will probably be sent back to their homes, and the officers detained on *parole.*

THE KURAM AND QUETTA COLUMNS

GENERAL ROBERTS crossed the frontier on the 21st, advancing from Thall and meeting with no resistance, occupied Kapuyan Fort, which had been deserted by its garrison, and then pushed on to Ahmadshama, where he occupied another fort, and summoned the hill tribes to supply forage and fuel. He subsequently occupied Mohammed Azim, and then advanced upon the Kuram fort, where he will probably spend the winter.

The column at Quetta, under General Biddulph, also met with no resistance in its advance, and appears to have occupied Peshin without any difficulty. The troops are, however, suffering severely from the intense cold, and a very large percentage of the force are on the sick list. Should, however, they succeed in reaching Candahar, they will be able to winter in a warmer climate and in far more comfortable quarters.

OUR PORTRAITS

WE have already given a biography of the Ameer Shere Ali, so that we need here only say a few words respecting his personal character, as recently painted by a writer in *The Times:*—

"Personally, Shere Ali is of no pleasing appearance. In countenance he bears a striking resemblance to his nephew Abderrahman, both having the heaviest type of Afghan features, in which are equally mingled expressions of fear, ferocity, and cunning. The desperate adventures which marked his earlier years during the long rule of his father, Dost Mahomed, and which continued during his own nominal tenure of power down to a very few years ago, have not been without an adverse effect in making a character, naturally imperious and tyrannical, harsher by the calamities from which he has suffered, even while he has triumphed over them. There can be no doubt that he possesses abilities of a very high order, and that if he could add a little sincerity to his other qualities of tact and perseverance he would not only be a more agreeable neighbour to ourselves, but would also thereby advance his country to a higher pitch of prosperity."

SIR FREDERICK PAUL HAINES, G.C.B., C.I.E., Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India, is an exceedingly distinguished Indian officer, and for some years previous to his present command he commanded the Madras Army. He was born in 1817, and was the son of Mr. Gregory Haines, of Dublin, Commissary General of the Forces, his mother being a daughter of Mr. John Eldridge, of Kerkford, Sussex. He entered the army as an ensign in 1839, and in 1846 obtained his Captaincy, becoming a Lieut.-Colonel in 1850, and a full Colonel in 1851, and three years later a Major-General. In 1845, on the formation of the Army of the Sutlej, he was appointed Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, was present at Moodkee and Ferozeshah, when he was severely wounded. During the Crimean War he served with the 21st Fusiliers up to the siege of Sebastopol, receiving the Crimean and Turkish medals. In 1873 he became a Lieutenant-General, and, as we have said, from 1871 to 1874 was Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army.

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR SAMUEL BROWNE, V.C., C.B., K.C.S.I., is one of the best known officers in the Indian Service, being the son of a medical officer of the East India Company's Service, and having been born at Barrackpore in 1824. He first served with the 46th Bengal Native Infantry, and by his active enthusiasm generally attracted the attention of his superiors, and, after accepting an appointment upon the organisation of the Punjaub Irregular force, subsequently succeeded to the command, which he held until 1864, when, upon the retirement of Sir Neville Chamberlain from the command of the Frontier Force, Colonel Browne was nominated to the command of the Guides. Space will not permit us to more than briefly mention the numerous affairs in which General Browne has been engaged, and which number among them the Bozdar Expedition, under Sir Neville Chamberlain, the sieges of Delhi and of Lucknow, and a brilliant attack, planned and executed by himself, with a small field force, upon the rebels at Sirpoorah, on August 31st, 1858. This action gained for Major Browne the Victoria Cross, the Companionship of the Bath, and a Lieut.-Coloneley, owing to the great courage with which he advanced with one orderly sowar upon a 9-pounder gun, and attacked the gunners. A personal conflict ensued, in which Major Browne received two severe sword cuts, one on the left knee and the other severing the left arm from his shoulder. In 1869 Colonel Browne succeeded General Donald Stewart in the command of the Peshawur Division, being promoted to a Major-General two years afterwards, and in 1875 was selected to accompany the Prince of Wales in his tour through India. General Browne, who has since been "Director of Remount Operations," and has occupied the post of Military Member of the Viceroy's Council in the absence of Sir Edwin Johnson, is extremely popular with the various regiments with which he has served. "In the ranks of the 2nd Punjaub Cavalry and Guides," states *The Times*, "the name of 'Sham Broon' is worshipped, and his fame as a daring cavalry leader, as a warm-hearted, kind commanding officer, as a marvellous shot, has spread from the Indus to the Sutlej, from the Khyber to the Burman."

MAJOR-GENERAL BIDDULPH, C.B., who commands the Quetlah Column, is also an officer gifted with exceptional talents, though hardly possessing such an Indian reputation as General Browne. He first came into notice at Woolwich for saving the life of a brother cadet, and served in the Crimean War with great distinction. He has held many high positions on the Head-quarter Staff in India, and, besides being a popular Brigadier, possesses the confidence of all who have served under him.

LIEUT.-GENERAL DONALD STEWART, C.B., who commands the Reserve Forces at Mooltan, is an Indian officer, who served with great distinction in many border skirmishes under Sir Colin Campbell prior to the Mutiny, in which campaign he acted in the Adjutant-General's Department. He was repeatedly mentioned in despatches, and finally rose to the post of Deputy Adjutant-General of the Indian Army. He commanded the Bengal Brigade in the Abyssinian War, and subsequently was Chief Commissioner of the Andaman Islands. For some time he has been in command of a Division in Bengal, and left England in September to take up his present appointment.

MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERTS, V.C., C.B., who commands the Kuram Valley Column, is an officer of curiously varied experience, having served twenty years in the Quartermaster-General's Department, of which, indeed, he is the actual head. Moreover, he has the advantage of having served through many campaigns, in all and each of which he has earned distinction. At the siege of Delhi he earned the Victoria Cross, for sabring a standard-bearer and capturing his flag. The various operations connected with the relief of Lucknow, and its subsequent siege and capture, saw him acting as Assistant Adjutant-General. For this campaign he received the brevet of Major, besides a medal and three clasps, and was frequently mentioned in despatches. At the Umballah Expedition, in 1863, also, he was present, and again mentioned in despatches. In the Abyssinian War he served throughout as Quartermaster-General of the Bengal Brigade, and was given a Lieutenant-Colonelcy for his meritorious services. As senior staff officer he accompanied the Looshai Expedition of 1872, for which he received the Companionship of the Bath.

PATHAN TROOPS SKIRMISHING BEFORE PESHAWUR

Our sketch represents a couple of those troops who, during the Indian Mutiny, were raised from the Pathan tribes, or men from the hill-country, where India borders on Afghanistan. "The deeds of these men," writes a correspondent of the *Daily News*, "I have often heard spoken of by the officers who commanded them as being sometimes magnificent from their daring and brilliancy." It was one of Lord Lawrence's principles, which was acted upon more strictly after the Mutiny was suppressed, that there should not be above a certain per-centage of Pathans in the irregular regiments, as it was considered that, if a mutiny should take place among such men, it might be highly dangerous, and quite another matter to suppress in comparison to that of the old Pandy regiments.

SIGNALLING WITH THE HELIOGRAPH—BRITISH TROOPS IN THE NARU KULA PASS

THE first of these sketches represents the signalling party attached to the British column which operated against the Afridis in the spring of this year on the Peshawur frontier. The heliograph was used on this occasion for the first time in war, and proved to be a complete success. It consists of a circular mirror on a hinge, which reflects the rays of the sun to the points signalled to. The different signals are distinguished by long and short flashes, representing letters of the "Morse" alphabet. In some cases signals were transmitted to a distance of twenty-five miles. The party consisted of Captain Wynne, of the 51st Light Infantry, in command, who is represented signalling; Captain Barrington Kennett, of the same regiment, and a small staff of men. In the foreground is a foghorn for signalling in misty weather, also the signal-lantern which is used at night by means of long and short flashes, and the ordinary signalling flags. Thus in all weather and at all times communication could be kept up. Sometimes the party had extremely difficult and dangerous work in climbing the mountains to obtain a commanding position from which they could observe the enemy, and signal to the advancing column, as represented in this sketch.

The second sketch depicts the British column issuing from the Naru Kula Pass, with Jummo in the distance. That town, as also the heights on each side of the mouth of the Pass, were occupied by the Afridis, who were, however, soon dislodged by our artillery fire. The signalling party on this day had a rough time of it. They may be observed half-way up the mountain, on the right of the sketch, a position which they reached with great difficulty. From here they managed to get sufficient room to work the heliograph and flags, and thus keep up communication with the other end of the Pass. This method of signalling will be extensively used in the present Afghan expedition.

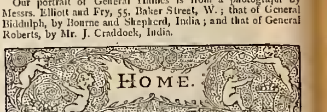
SIMLA IN WINTER

The seat of Government migrates from Calcutta to Simla as soon as the hot weather commences. The houses are built over a ridge and round a mountain, called Jacko, at elevations varying from 7,000 to 7,500 feet above the sea. The climate from April to the end of June is simply perfect, resembling that of England in early summer. After that succeed two months of rain, and Simla is enveloped in clouds. Heads of departments return to Calcutta in October, leaving the place comparatively deserted; a few wives and families remain the year round, and experience a winter like that of Edinburgh. At such time the scenes in the hills, such as we now present, are often of great beauty, the singularly graceful foliage of the deodar, when snow-laden, forming an object worthy of any artist's pencil.

"DINNER TIME"—INDIAN CAVALRY ON BOARD A TRANSPORT SHIP

The subject of this sketch is the deck of a cavalry transport-ship, which recently reconveyed the Indian troops from Malta to Bombay at the time for feeding the horses. The grooming and cleaning is over, and the trumpeter sounds the call for "Tobras," *i.e.*, the native word for the nose-bag containing the horses' feed. The horses know the welcome sound, and their eager eyes and straining necks evince their anxiety for their dinner, which the syces lose no time in giving them.

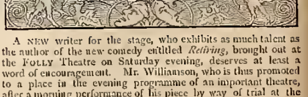
Our portrait of General Haines is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; that of General Biddulph, by Bourne and Shepherd, India; and that of General Roberts, by Mr. J. Craddock, India.



HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——The war with Shere Ali has been commenced, and next week Parliament is to meet to discuss the propriety of the step which the Government has taken. The members are summoned to attend on Thursday next, and the Session, which will probably be sufficiently stormy, is expected to last about a fortnight. Meantime the members of the Ministry have been holding frequent councils to arrange a programme. The Liberal leaders, too, are said to have met for preliminary consultation; but up to the time of writing no announcement has been made of any formal amendment to the Address. Possibly Mr. Gladstone may say something about the tactics of his party in the speech which he is to deliver at Woolwich to-day.—The plans of the Home Rulers for a winter's campaign of agitation have been completely upset by this sudden summons to St. Stephen's, and the great Conference which was fixed for the 10th prox. is now announced for the 3rd.—At several Liberal meetings in different parts of the country, notably at Manchester, Bristol, and Huddersfield, the policy of the Government has been condemned in no measured terms, while on the other hand the Conservatives of several districts have signified their approval.—Mr. Roebuck has been claimed as a Conservative by the editor of the "Parliamentary Buff Book," and the fact has been brought to the notice of the hon. gentleman, who declines to give a categorical denial, as he thinks, and perhaps rightly, that if his long life will not convince his countrymen that he is and always has been an honest Liberal politician, no protestations this time of the day will have any influence.—Mr. Butt has issued his second manifesto to his constituents. He reviews the progress of the Irish Party in Parliament since 1873, claims to have secured for Ireland a better hearing than she ever before enjoyed, and strongly denounces the violent language and writings of the Obstructionists. His next letter is to be devoted to suggestions as to the course which his party ought to adopt.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——Lord Dufferin, the late Governor-General of Canada, was entertained at a banquet at Belfast on Tuesday. The Mayor presided, and the Countess of Dufferin was amongst the ladies in the gallery. The proceedings, which were intended as a welcome home, were of a non-political character, and his lordship in responding to the toast of his health spoke in high terms of the Canadian people, who were not only free but enamoured of their prospects.—Another dreadful collision took place in the Channel off Dungeness on Tuesday, the vessels being the German passenger steamer *Pommerania* and the *Moel Eilian*, a sailing ship of Carnarvon. Both were badly injured, and the first-named foundered almost immediately, fifty-eight persons being drowned out of the 220 who were on board, the remainder being picked up from the boats and wreckage by a passing vessel. The captain of the German steamer went down with his ship, but was subsequently picked up, and landed at Maassluys.—Another fatal disaster occurred on the same day on the Mersey, where, during a thick fog, a ferry-boat loaded with passengers collided with an outward-bound vessel. The shock was so great that a large number of persons were thrown overboard, and some of them drowned.—The jury who inquired into the loss of the *Princess Alice* met on Wednesday to sign their special verdict, it being agreed that it should apply only to the ten cases on which the inquiry was based, the verdict on the remaining 518 cases being simply one of "Found Drowned."—On the same day the Admiralty Court commenced the hearing of cross-actions for damages which have been brought by the respective owners of the *Bywell Castle* and the *Princess Alice.*—It has been decided to build a memorial church at Plumstead, on a site overlooking the spot where the *Princess Alice* was lost; and also to erect a national memorial on Plumstead Common, opposite Tripcock Point, as a warning to navigators and as a landmark.—On Saturday some members of the Board of Works went down the river in a steamer, and took specimens of the water at various points for examination and analysis. Some of them were bold enough to swallow large draughts of it, and though no very severe condemnation was expressed, we do not hear that any one arranged for a supply to be sent home for his private use.—The Thames watermen have held a meeting. They consider a knowledge of the compass is not needed by a navigator of the river, and are sure that qualified seamen cannot successfully compete with them. Still, to make assurance doubly sure, they have resolved to defend their vested interests against any possible encroachments by the Legislature.—There is a strike amongst the cotton operatives at Oldham.—The distress at Sheffield resulting from the great depression of trade still continues. On Monday the Mayor presided at a meeting, at which it was resolved to raise a relief fund, and to establish district committees for its distribution.—Much surprise and some alarm has been caused at Rochdale by the stoppage of the private banking firm of Messrs. John and James Fenton, which was established in 1819. The liabilities are stated at 500,000*l.*—It is announced that twenty-five railway companies have agreed to issue stamps of 4*d.* and 8*d.* each, which shall frank parcels of two pounds and four pounds weight respectively throughout the whole of their system. The South Western, London, Brighton, and South Coast, and South Eastern have not yet consented to the scheme, but it is hoped that they will do so, and that the Post Office authorities will also co-operate.



THEATRES

A NEW writer for the stage, who exhibits as much talent as the author of the new comedy entitled *Retiring*, brought out at the FOLLY Theatre on Saturday evening, deserves at least a word of encouragement. Mr. Williamson, who is thus promoted to a place in the evening programme of an important theatre, after a morning performance of his piece by way of trial at the Globe, has certainly much to learn in the way of dramatic art.

His main incident, a wrongful accusation of robbery brought against a worthy retired livery-stable keeper, has scarcely any connection with the root of his story, to which it stands somewhat in the relation of a flourishing bunch of mistletoe on a branch of a crab tree; and yet so far as there is any *nodus* and any *dénouement* this incident is all in all. Mr. Williamson's method is very simple—very primitive, we might almost say. For nearly two-thirds of the way between the first rising and the final fall of the curtain, he seems to be intent only on making his audience laugh at the "horsey" conversation of Sam Snaffles, and the innocent blunders made by the same good-natured vulgar person and his good-natured vulgar wife on finding themselves in the unaccustomed position of gentlefolks. For the purpose of developing these humorous elements there is a charming and accomplished daughter—pleasantly represented by Miss Rose Cullen—who is engaged to a most respectable young gentleman with a most respectable father, who tolerates but cannot feel quite at ease in the "horsey" atmosphere in which it is nevertheless worth his while to share. All this, thanks in great degree to Mr. Lionel Brough's strong sense of humorous character, and the spirit and drollery of Mrs. Carter, who plays the part of the wife, is highly amusing, though the effect is coarser and rougher than either truth or art requires, and on the part of the lady referred to the fun is accompanied by an incessant vehemence of tone and manner which fatigues the eye and ear. Still there is no plot; but only a sort of nest-egg of a plot, in the shape of a parcel, which is heard of from time to time as having been deposited with Sam Snaffles for safe keeping by a stranger who had once engaged his services. As will now be expected, however, this parcel contains stolen goods; and as this circumstance suddenly involves poor Sam in a prosecution for robbery, affairs henceforth take rather a serious turn. The author, however, may claim the merit, from this point at least, of conducting his plot in a business-like fashion, awakening real sympathy for Sam, and finally extricating him from his troubles in an ingenious and unexpected manner, which it would be unfair here to divulge. *Retiring* is decidedly a very amusing play, and, in addition to the performers before mentioned, its success is in no small measure due to Miss Lydia Thompson's excellent delineation of Mag, the faithful domestic of the Snaffles' household. The comedy is followed by a spirited revival of Mr. Gilbert's *Wedding March* (founded on *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie*), which is immensely droll, and is acted with abundant humour and spirit by Miss Thompson, Mr. Brough, Mr. Hill, Miss Cullen, Mr. Steyne, and numerous other members of the Folly company.

Miss Multon, an adaptation of a French drama of that name, which bears a close resemblance to Mrs. Wood's "East Lynne," has been revived at the DUKE'S Theatre, for the purpose it would seem of introducing to the English public Miss May Howard, an American actress. The play is familiar enough to audiences, and there is little in this performance—supported as it is by actors scarcely known to our stage—to give it any rank as a dramatic event. Miss Howard is a forcible actress, with an expressive countenance, and a fair voice; but her style is not remarkable for originality or—as far as we are yet able to judge—for any great power. Her first appearance here, however, has been well received; and as yet she can hardly be said to have enjoyed sufficient opportunity for the display of her talents. In the United States she is, we believe, a popular actress.

Mr. Bandmann bas been engaged by Mr. Chatterton, apparently to succeed Mr. Charles Dillon in Shakesperean parts. He will appear at DRURY LANE Theatre on the 9th of December in *Hamlet*.

The entire company of the Comédie Française, who, as is well known, have rarely quitted their famous home in the Rue Richelieu, have been engaged by Mr. Hollingshead for an extensive series of performances in June next. They will, with the Lord Chamberlain's permission, represent many famous comedies and tragedies both of the old classic and the modern romantic schools.

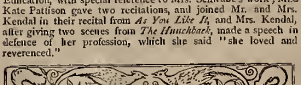
Mr. Albery's version of *Les Fourchambault*, entitled *The Crisis* will be produced at the HAYMARKET Theatre on Monday next.

This evening the PRINCESS'S Theatre reopens under the management of Mr. Walter Gooch, with an entirely new romantic drama, written by Mr. Hatton, jointly with Mr. Albery, and entitled, *Number Twenty; or, The Bastille of Calvados*.

Jack the Giant Killer is the subject of the elaborate Christmas pantomime preparing at the GAIETY. It will be brought out, contrary to custom, nearly a fortnight in advance of Christmas.

HENGLER'S Circus in Argyll Street has reopened for the season with a varied and extensive programme of equestrian and other kindred amusements.

A dramatic entertainment was given at Manchester on Tuesday in aid of Mrs. Salis Schwabe's Italian Schools, by which 75*l*. were realised. Miss Emily Faithfull delivered an address on Education, with special reference to Mrs. Schwabe's work; Miss Kate Pattison gave two recitations, and joined Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in their recital from *As You Like It*, and Mrs. Kendal, after giving two scenes from *The Hunchback*, made a speech in defence of her profession, which she said "she loved and reverenced."



SPORTING

THE TURF.——The three days' racing at Kempton Park, ending with the Saturday of last week, brought the legitimate Turf season to a conclusion; and it must be admitted on all hands that the meeting was a most successful one, showing considerable improvement on those which immediately preceded it. The fields with few exceptions were large, and the quality of the horses up to a high standard. The last of the new ventures in the way of establishing racecourses has more than fulfilled the anticipations formed, and there can be little doubt but that Kempton Park has made for itself a lasting reputation. Bugle March, an evergreen veteran, carried her 12st. to victory easily enough in the Park Hurdle Handicap, and Lady Ronald, strongly fancied with F. Archer up, landed the Halliford Welter; but a hot favourite in Romana was bowled over by Island King in the Garrick Two-year-old Plate, running second, as she has often done of late. It often happens that, when once a horse has run second, the bad luck of the famous Yellow Jack years ago seems to stick to it; and so it came to pass that the unfortunate Telephone, who since the Houghton Meeting had run into this heart-breaking place on two or three occasions, accomplished the same feat twice at Kempton Park in large fields, having to succumb to Groundbait in the Kempton Nursery, and to Rosalind in the Hanworth Park Nursery. Laird of Glenorchy, who seems always able to win a race when he is wanted, beat eleven others in the Wolsey Welter; and Drumhead once more showed how useful an animal he is by winning the Middlesex Handicap. But the last day of the fair was the best, and afforded as good a day's sport as the season has witnessed. Avontes, with his recent honours thick upon him, won in a canter the Kempton Park Handicap, thus proving himself one of best four-year-olds in training, and adding another good stake to Mr. Crawfurd's already large account. The talent were right in selecting Goshawk and King Sheppard for the Selling Nursery and Winding-up Welter, both beating a large number of competitors; but in the Richmond Nursery, for once in a way, F. Archer's mount, Breadfinder, was allowed to start at comparatively long odds, and only those who persistently back the fortunate jockey landed their sixes to one. The Shepperton Selling Plate was the last flat-race for the year, and was won by Captain Machell's Citoyenne, Lemaire, who has made a great advance in his profession this season, being in the saddle.

The Steeplechase season proper can hardly be said to have begun auspiciously at Croydon, as on the first day there was a continuous drizzle, and on the second a continuous downpour, and, as far as appearances go at the time of writing, the third day seems likely to be as wretched as its predecessors. Bonchurch, who took the Maiden Hurdle Race, is evidently destined to make his mark across country, and in Lord Fermoy's Lottery, the winner of the Stewards' Steeplechase, the Irish division have sent over a smart horse. Mr. Drake's Quits rubbed out his Kempton defeat by beating Roundhead and four others in the Hunters' Flat Race; and Bacchus credited the "Emerald Isle" with another victory in the Shirley Hurdles. The Grand National Hurdle Race, on the second day, produced a field of seven, of which Scamp was made favourite, with Boniface and English Archer next in demand. The winner turned up in the French mare Chimère.

AQUATICS.——A sculling race for 100*l*. a side, over the Thames Championship Course, on Tuesday, between Spencer of Chelsea and Bullman of Shadwell, created some interest. Bullman went away with a strong lead, and it was soon taken for granted that the race was virtually over; but Spencer began to overhaul his man when shooting from Craven Point to the Surrey side, and before long the odds veered round. Just below Hammersmith Spencer rowed into Bullman, who was evidently in the wrong, and, after clearing, the former had it all his own way to the finish.

FOOTBALL.——There are no Association Challenge Cup contests to note this week, and indeed there seems to have been rather a lull in the football world since our last, at least as far as important matches are concerned.—At Cambridge the University has beaten Manchester in a Rugby Union game by two goals and four tries to nothing, and Derby School in an Association game by eleven goals to one.—The Military Colleges of Woolwich and Sandhurst met at the Oval on Saturday last for their annual Rugby Union match, in which the former was successful by three tries to one.—The Old Harrovians, with an eleven not so strong as they usually play, have had to succumb to the Hertfordshire Rangers in an Association game; and South Norwood has beaten Barnes.—In noting from time to time the games in which Sheffield footballists take part, it appears from a communication received from the Hon. Sec. of the Sheffield Football-Association, which comprises thirty-nine distinct clubs, that we have not distinguished sufficiently clearly between "The Sheffield Eleven," which is the team picked from all the clubs collectively, and the eleven of "The Sheffield Club," which is only one of the thirty-nine clubs. We regret any injustice we may have done to any eleven in the matter, but at the same time we would venture to suggest that the title of "The Sheffield Club" must inevitably lead to confusion in reports of matches, and that if it could be altered for some other title this confusion would be avoided.—As on former occasions of its publication, we would recommend to all interested in football, and who wish to master the difference between the Rugby Union and Association games, "The Football Annual," by Messrs. A. G. Guillemard and C. W. Alcock, published by the Cricket Press, 6, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill. It has now reached its eleventh year.

BICYCLING.——The six days' (of eighteen hours each) bicycling contest at the Agricultural Hall terminated on Saturday evening last, Cann of Sheffield winning the first prize of 100*l*. with 1,060 miles, and Ellin of Leicester the second of 25*l*. with 1,024 miles.

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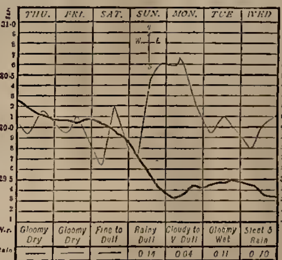
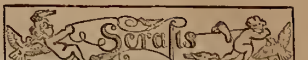
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

NOVEMBER 21ST TO NOVEMBER 27TH (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.——The weather during this period has been very dull. At the commencement of the week the barometer stood at rather above its average height, the winds were north-easterly, and the weather dry; but on Saturday and Sunday, the 23rd and 24th, the mercury fell very decidedly, and rain fell nearly all the latter day. Monday, the 25th, was rather finer; but during Tuesday and Wednesday, the 26th and 27th, rain fell almost continuously, and there did not seem to be much hope of any important change in the weather. The barometer on Wednesday, the 27th instant, was rather low, and barometrical disturbances were advancing towards our south-east coasts from the Bay of Biscay and France. The thermometer has been low generally; but rose quickly on Sunday, the 24th instant and reached its maximum on Monday, the 25th instant, since which time it has fallen to about its former level. The barometer was highest (30·26 inches) on Thursday, the 21st instant; lowest (29·32 inches) on Wednesday, the 27th instant; range, 0·94 inches. Temperature was highest (53°) on Monday, the 25th instant; lowest (33°) on Saturday, the 29th instant; range, 20°. Rain fell on four days; total amount, 0·99 inches; greatest fall on any one day, 0.70 inches, on Wednesday, the 27th instant.



SCRAPS

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY announced for this year is the *Phormio* of Terence, which will be performed as usual by the Queen's Scholars, in the Dormitory, on the evenings of December 12th, 17th, and 19th.

AN *impresario* in a French provincial town has obtained a subvention from the Municipality by adding a second title, in honour of M. Thiers, to a well-known opera. The Council have commanded that frequent representations should take place of *William Tell; or, the Liberator of the Territory*.

THE CENTENARY OF LORD BROUGHAM'S BIRTH is to be celebrated next spring at Cannes by a series of *fêtes*, from April 14th to 19th, in recognition of the late Lord Chancellor's efforts to develope the prosperity of the town. A statue is to be erected to his memory, and the first stone of the pedestal will be laid next month.

POPE LEO XIII., in addition to reforming the Vatican household, is benefiting the public at large by gradually removing the restrictions to study in the Art Galleries of his palace which were imposed at the end of 1870. From the beginning of December the Stanzie and Loggie of Raphael, in the Sixtine Chapel, will be open to visitors and students from 9 A.M. till 3 P.M., excepting *fête* days and Saturdays.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN'S HORSE, tied on a snowy night to a post, and discovered next morning by the melting of the snow to be hanging to the top of a high steeple, has been capped in real life by five cows at Pulaski, in the State of New York. The floor of a stable fell in during the night, and left the cows which were fastened to their stalls hanging by the neck. Endowed with less vitality than the Baron's horse, however, the cows were all dead when found next morning.

THE INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION AT MUNICH, to be held next year, is being rapidly organised, and a committee has been formed to despatch invitations to artists in the divers European countries. The Exhibition will include paintings of all kinds, sculpture, architectural designs, and all objects in the province of the graphic arts, while gold medals will be given by the Bavarian Government, the awards being decided by a jury chosen from the best Munich artists.

PRIMA DONNAS IN MALTA would seem to have a hard time of it through national jealousy. Thus, the present reigning *prima donna*, says *Mayfair*, "is an Englishwoman, and the Maltese are jealous for the musical repute of their nationality. The consequence is that the opera is divided into two camps, the English on one side, the Maltese on the other. Whatever the English applaud their adversaries hiss, and when the Maltese condemn the English clap their hands the louder. There seems some fear of the rival factions coming to blows."

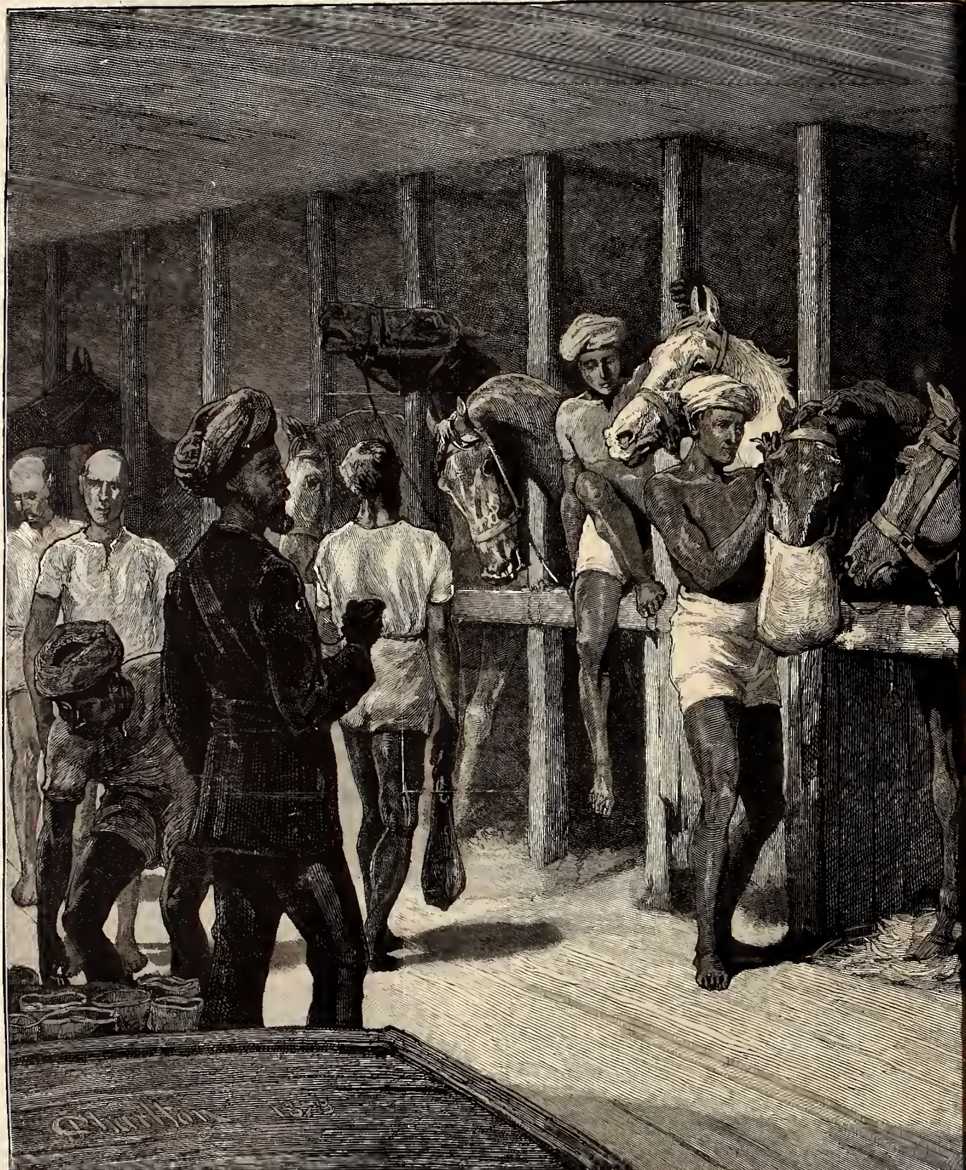
HERR WAGNER, abjuring his general dislike to the Italian style, has been entertaining at Bayreuth an Italian singer, who has an intense admiration for the German composer's works. Herr Wagner gave a *soirée* in honour of the singer, presented her with his photograph, and wrote in her album, "Long breath, charming soul." After supper he begged her to sing "some stupid little thing for the benefit of such of his friends who did not possess the sacred fire of genius," and on the lady giving Madame de Rothschild's "Si vous n'avez rien à me dire," he declared, "What your lips have sung, Madame, is no longer stupid," dismissing his visitor with a friendly kiss on the forehead.

FRENCH DUELLISTS are frequently obliged to cross the frontier into Belgium for the satisfaction of their honour, as the Bois de Boulogne has become rather too well known for such encounters, and zealous officials are apt to stop a pair of suspicious-looking carriages. An ingenious fencing-master, however, suggests an easy expedient for evading the eye of the law. He recommends duellists to hire a bride in full wedding costume, with two respectable elderly gentlemen, send the trio in front in a carriage, and let the two vehicles containing the principals and their seconds follow close behind. Not a soul will then interfere with the affair, as wedding parties taking an airing in the Bois may be daily seen by dozens.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,547 deaths were registered against 1,667 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 118. There were 18 deaths from measles (a decrease of 4, and being 32 below the average), 11 from diphtheria (a decline of 2), 31 from whooping-cough, 24 from different forms of fever (a decline of 13), and 15 from diarrhœa. Deaths referring to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 428 (a decline of 3, and 40 below the average), of which 277 resulted from bronchitis and 107 from pneumonia. There were 2,530 births registered against 2,448 during the previous week. The mean temperature was 40·6 deg., or 1·2 deg. below the average. The duration of bright sunshine was 11·8 hours, the sun being sixty hours above the horizon.

THE ISLAND OF TRISTAN D'ACUNHA, in the South Atlantic, which is rarely touched at by vessels, has been visited by the Government vessel *Emerald*, on her way to Western Australia. The little colony, consisting of the Governor, Peter Grant, and his ninety subjects, were well, and delighted to greet their visitors, and a supply of books and newspapers, but they were less enthusiastic at the present of a score of cats which the Government had sent out, hearing that the island was impoverished by swarms of mice. It appears that cats are as plentiful as mice in Tristan d'Acunha, and while the mice destroy every green blade on the island, the cats live on friendly terms with their hereditary enemies, and scorn to eat them, preferring to catch chickens and young sea-birds. The inhabitants are accordingly obliged to trap the cats by hundreds.

MR. ROBERT WALLIS.——The death is announced of this well-known landscape engraver. He was born in London on the 7th November, 1794, but spent the earlier years of his life in the country, returning to London about the year 1818, when he soon took a high position in the Art world, and was recognised as a worthy associate of Goodall, Miller, Cousins, Willmore, and others. Many of the best specimens of his talent will be found in Turner's "Southern Coast," "England and Wales," "Rogers' Poems," and in the expensively illustrated "Keepsakes," and other gift books of the period. Among his larger works reference may be made to "Lake Nemi," after Turner, an artist's proof of which realised ninety guineas under the hammer at Christie's about three years ago, and "The Approach to Venice," also after Turner. This was his last work of any importance, and it is perhaps the most successful rendering of a picture by the great Master that has appeared since his death. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1859. Shortly after this Mr. Wallis relinquished all professional engagements in consequence of advancing age, and retired to Brighton, where he died on the 23rd inst., aged eighty-five.



"DINNER TIME"—A SKETCH ON BOARD A TRANSPORT

SHIP CONVEYING INDIAN TROOPS FROM MALTA TO INDIA

FOREIGN

THE EASTERN QUESTION.——Count Schouvaloff's visit to Vienna and Paris, on his way to London, does not appear to be fraught with such success as the Russians had hoped. Now that the Czar has definitively announced his intention to carry out the Berlin Treaty to the letter, Russia wishes for the co-operation of the other Powers to compel Turkey to fulfil her part of the bargain. The old argument that as soon as the Russians leave the country the Christians will once more rise in open rebellion against Mahomedan rule, and thus neutralise the benefits procured for them by the Berlin Treaty, is again put forward, together with a strongly urged opinion that without "material assistance" Turkey will not be able, in the face of the Albanian insurrection, to hand over the ceded territory to Servia and Montenegro. Thus Russia proposes a joint European Commission—similar to that proposed for Syria in 1861, to watch over the execution of the Treaty. Neither Austria nor France, however, appear to share her apprehensions, so that the scheme will probably fall to the ground. Indeed, the experiment of the Eastern Roumelian Commission is not so successful as to inspire any hope that another and more important Commission would work together in any degree of harmony, as we hear of nothing but bickerings between the Russian member and his colleagues, whose suggestions are either roundly negatived or either opposed by the argument that the Russian Government have issued no instructions on the subject. The Russians, however, continue to assure Europe that they will spare no pains to fulfil the Treaty of Berlin, General Todleben has addressed a significant warning to that effect to the Bulgarians, the Pan-Slavist Committee have become markedly moderate and guarded in their language and acts, while the surmise that Prince Dondoukoff had been summoned to Livadia in order to be "recommended" not to tell the Bulgarians that the Czar had determined to set aside the Treaty, is officially confirmed by a telegram from St. Petersburg, and that officer will now have to moderate the tone of those utterances which have attracted so much attention during the past few months.

The Roumanian difficulty also is at an end. Prince Charles (assisted, it is said, by Austria) resisted the demands of Russia that a convention allowing the passage of Russian troops across the Roumanian territory for an indefinite time should be signed before the Roumanians entered into possession of the Dobrudscha, and ultimately the Czar gave up the point. Accordingly on Tuesday afternoon the Roumanian troops crossed the Danube, and the Prince issued a proclamation announcing the incorporation of the province into Roumania, declaring that his troops were entering not as conquerors, but as maintainers of peace and order, and assuring the inhabitants, Mahomedans and Christians alike, that their lives, honour, and property will henceforward be protected by the "shield of a Constitution which is an object of envy to many foreign nationalities." Certain taxes are to be remitted for a year, others have been totally abolished, and others again are subject to important modifications. On Wednesday the Chamber re-assembled, when the course of events, and the improvement of the Roumanian position, were the chief themes of Prince Charles' address. There is little other news, save that negotiations are still going on for the final definitive treaty between Russia and Turkey, that the Austro-Turkish Convention is also being officially discussed, that the Bulgarian Assembly instituted by the Berlin Treaty, and consisting of bishops, public functionaries, and notables, is to meet at Tirnova on the 27th prox. to prepare the organic laws of Bulgaria, and that Sir Henry Layard has recommended Lord Salisbury to guarantee a loan of 23,000,000 pounds Turkish (the Turkish pound is 18*s.*).

FRANCE.——The Comte de Chambord has again broken silence, this time in a letter to M. de Mun, thanking him for his recent eloquent denunciation of the Revolution and staunch defence of Divine Right and the Church. Like his young follower, the Comte de Chambord frankly acknowledges the "deplorable abuses" which shipwrecked the old régime, but declares that it was "insensate" to have overturned the protecting bulwarks in order to reform them, and congratulates M. de Mun on not having feared to tell "the triumphant Revolution to its face what it is in its essence and spirit," and to tell the counter Revolution what it has to be in its work of reparation and pacification. M. de Mun had defined the Revolution as a "social doctrine, a political doctrine, which pretends to found society on the will of man instead of the will of God, on the supremacy of human reason in the place of Divine Law . . . . The counter Revolution is the opposite principle; it is this doctrine which bases Society on the Christian law." These definitions are endorsed by the Comte de Chambord, who declares that the Revolution pursuing its "ideal of a State without God—that is to say, against God"—has proscribed the "humbler educators of the children of the people and the admirable Sisters of Charity." After warning the working people against flattery, he tells them, as he has often told them before, that "for France to be raised, God must return as Master, that I may reign as King. Confidence, my dear De Mun! Never forget that the future is to the men of faith and courage." As may be imagined, this letter has practically put an end to the coalition between the Right for the Senatorial Elections, as most Orleanists and Bonapartists are too much concerned in the Revolution not to be included in the sweeping denunciation. The Comte de Chambord, who so strongly resembles Pius IX., must be admired for one thing—that staunch consistency to principle which will permit of no compromise—although to most men even of his party compromise would seem the only practicable means of attaining the wished-for end.

There is little going on in the Chamber, the only incident being the rejection of M. Bardoux's proposal to increase the salaries of aged parish curés from 36*l.* to 40*l.*, and to make a similar addition to the stipends of Protestant pastors and Jewish rabbis; and the chief topic has been the duel between MM. Gambetta and Fourtou in consequence of the scene in the House last week. M. de Fourtou requested M. Gambetta to apologise, and on his refusing challenged him. Accordingly the two Deputies met one foggy morning at Plessis-Piquet, exchanged shots from saloon pistols, at thirty-five paces, without any effect, raised their hats to each other, and walked away with their honour satisfied. Both have been severely handled for such puerile conduct, and M. Gambetta in particular has been severely blamed by his own party.

In Paris the lottery fever is raging more fiercely than ever, ordinary tickets are selling for double their legal price, those bearing an unusual collection of "sevens" or other lucky numbers are at a high premium, while complete collections of the same number of each series sell for forty francs. The prizes are rapidly being classified at the Palais de l'Industrie, and they will shortly be exposed to view. There is considerable apprehension abroad, however, that a very large number of forged tickets have been issued, more especially as they are very simple and exceedingly easy to imitate, so various journals have been reassuring the public by relating stories where the State has been compelled to pay twice over in the event of the same number being presented twice. At present the only means of identification appears to be the manner in which they fit to the counterfoil which the Government retains, a particular pattern printed on the paper, different in each ticket, being cut in two when the ticket is purchased.—There have been two first representations this week, MM. V. Sardou and De Narjac's *Noces de Fernande*, at the Opera Comique, of which the plot is similar to that of the *Petit Duc*, the music, by M. Deffès, of course being of a different nature, and a new opera-bouffe by M. Lecocq at the Renaissance, entitled *La Camargo*, which, neither from a musical nor a literary point of view, is equal to ordinary French opera, as may be judged from the following verse of one of the principal songs:—

> La Camargo
> Est à la mode,
> La Camargo
> J'en accommode
> C'est une rage, un vertigo,
> On fait tout à la Camargo.

No wonder M. Bardoux has written to the Paris theatrical managers complaining that "For some time past the public mind has been disquieted by the sensible decadence observable in certain manifestations of dramatic and lyrical arts."

ITALY.——The attempt on the life of King Humbert continues to absorb public attention, and all Italy has been heartily rejoicing over the King's escape, thousands of addresses being forwarded to the Quirinal, and popular demonstrations being held in all the principal towns. Signor Cairoli's wound appears to have been more serious than had at first been thought, and he is still confined to his bed. The King visited him several times before leaving for Rome, and has rewarded him with the gold Military Medal. On Sunday the King and Queen returned to Rome, where they were received with tremendous enthusiasm, the streets throughout the route to the Quirinal being densely thronged, the *cortège* being literally pelted with bouquets, and the most tremendous shouts of "Evviva il Rè" ringing from every house. One result of the attempt has been a decision by the Government to suppress secret revolutionary societies, and as the Internationale is credited with having organised the attempt, together with the explosions of the bombs at Florence and Pisa, numerous Internationalists have been arrested and raids made upon their dwellings, where important papers are said to have been discovered.

CANADA.——The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise arrived at Halifax on Saturday after an exceedingly stormy passage, during which the Princess suffered very severely from sea-sickness, never putting in an appearance on deck until the day of the arrival. Some heavy seas seem to have been shipped during the voyage, one of which stove in the smoking saloon on deck. On the arrival of the *Sarmatian* the Duke of Edinburgh at once went on board to welcome the new Governor-General and the Princess, and on Sunday the Marquis and the Princess landed incognito, and subsequently lunched with the Duke on board the *Black Prince*. On Monday the *Sarmatian*, having steamed outside the harbour, made her formal entry amid the customary salutes from the vessels of war and the forts, and a great display of bunting, and the Marquis and Princess landed, escorted by the Duke of Edinburgh, General Sir Patrick Macdougall, the Administrator, and Admiral Inglefield, and being received by Sir John Macdonald, the Premier. A procession was then formed, which was enthusiastically cheered by the crowd thronging the gaily-decorated streets, and the Provincial Building having been reached, the Marquis was duly sworn in as Governor-General by Judge Ritchie of the Supreme Court of Canada. The various officials then paid their respects, and an address from the city of Halifax was presented by the Mayor. In the evening the fleet was illuminated, and a general *fête* took place. On Wednesday the Governor-General and the Princess left for Montreal, receiving various addresses at the chief towns by the way. We shall publish a more detailed account of the proceedings when we receive the sketches from Mr. Sydney Hall, our special artist.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The news from INDIA and the AFGHAN WAR is treated of in another column.—In GERMANY the Emperor has written a letter to the Prussian Chamber, thanking the Deputies for their sympathy, and announcing his speedy return to public life.—The UNITED STATES has paid the award of 5,500,000 dols. to the British Government.—In AUSTRIA there is a serious political crisis, the Delegation having refused to vote the extra supply which the Ministry demand for the occupation of Bosnia until the Treaty of Berlin is officially communicated to the Reichsrath.—From SOUTH AFRICA the news still continues bad. Secocoeni holds out, and Cetewayo may commence hostilities at any moment.—From AUSTRALIA we hear that there is a sailors' strike, owing to the employment of Chinese on board ship.

THE COURT

THE Queen and the Princess Beatrice returned to Windsor at the end of last week. Immediately on Her Majesty's arrival Lord Beaconsfield came down from town, had an audience of the Queen, and dined and slept at the Castle, while Princess Christian visited Her Majesty, and the Queen and Princess Beatrice called on Lady Biddulph. On Saturday afternoon Her Majesty and the Princess went to Clewer Churchyard, where the late Sir Thomas Biddulph is buried, and placed three wreaths of moss and yellow and white immortelles on the grave. Later in the day the Duke of Connaught arrived at the Castle, and Viscount Bridport and Captain Fitzgerald dined with the Queen. Next day, Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, and the Duke of Connaught attended Divine Service in the Chapel Royal, when Canon Duckworth officiated, and in the evening the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Wellesley, Canon Duckworth, and Sir J. and Lady Cowell joined the Royal party at dinner, the Duke of Connaught leaving afterwards for town. On Monday, Mr. Frederick Leighton, R.A., and Mr. F. A. Eaton, Secretary of the Royal Academy, had audience of the Queen, when Mr. Eaton delivered up the Gold Medal and Chain of the office of President of the Royal Academy, which Her Majesty presented to Mr. Leighton, and subsequently knighted the new President. Prince and Princess Christian dined with the Queen in the evening. On Tuesday the Queen and Princess came up to town and visited the Duchess of Cambridge. On Wednesday Her Majesty held a Council. The Queen and Princess Beatrice will remain at Windsor Castle for about a fortnight or three weeks, and will then go to Osborne for Christmas.—Her Majesty will not open Parliament in person.—The Court is now in mourning for the little Princess Marie of Hesse, and the mourning will be laid aside on Monday next.

The Prince and Princess of Wales remain at Sandringham, where they are entertaining a party of visitors. The Prince and the Princess and their three daughters attended Divine Service on Sunday morning at St. Mary Magdalene's, when the Rev. H. Smith preached, and next day the Duke and Duchess of Teck arrived at Sandringham. Tuesday was the ninth birthday of Princess Maud, youngest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

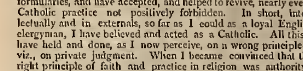
The Duke of Edinburgh returns to England in the *Black Prince* at the conclusion of the festivities in honour of the arrival at Halifax of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. He was to start for home on Wednesday. The Duchess and her children are also to return from Coburg in January.—The Duke of Connaught has gone to Germany on a visit to his *fiancée*, Princess Louise Margaret. He left London on Monday night, crossed to Calais in the *Maid of Kent*, and reached Berlin late on Tuesday evening.

The Grand Duke of Hesse and his family are recovering satisfactorily from their attack of diphtheria. The Hereditary Grand Duke has been seriously ill, but is now out of danger. It is officially stated from Darmstadt that the late Princess Marie was completely isolated from the rest of the family immediately on the appearance of the disease on Nov. 6th, and that from the time of the appearance of the symptoms in the subsequent cases it is evident that the disease had already infected those who afterwards fell ill before the little Princess herself required medical advice.

CHURCH NEWS

PREACHERS AND THE AFGHAN WAR.——At a meeting held in Manchester last week, the Mayor read a letter from the Bishop, in which he asked "can any Englishman in his conscience think that the 'rectification of an unscientific frontier,' or the desire to avenge an insult, if insult was offered, of which we have no evidence, to our Envoy, is a sufficient reason in the sight of God and of mankind for plunging into the unspeakable horror and incalculable consequences of war? I, at least, as a minister of Him who came to preach goodwill among men, cannot think so, and I desire thus to liberate my conscience in the matter."—On Sunday last the Rev. Paxton Hood, preaching at Manchester, condemned the war policy of the Government in the strongest terms, and said that the nation should with one voice demand of the Queen the removal of Lord Beaconsfield from office.—According to a letter from "One of the Congregation," published in the *Sheffield Telegraph* on Monday, the officiating minister at Zion Chapel, Attercliffe, on Sunday, "took occasion to pray that our armies in Afghanistan might not be successful."—The Rev. Baldwin Brown, on Sunday, preaching at Brixton Congregational Church on "Scientific Frontiers," said that the war was unpopular because it was radically unjust. When the report that our Envoy had been grossly insulted, which had struck all Englishmen with frenzy, and made all parties shout their war cry, had turned out to be absolutely and shamefully false, the Government fell back upon "Russian designs" and the necessity of punishing the Ameer into friendship, pleas which had been overwhelmingly answered by Lord Lawrence, supported as he was by the emphatic opinions of Sir Herbert Edwardes, Lord Northbrook, and many other eminent Indian authorities. Then Lord Beaconsfield introduced a new pretext—the necessity for a "scientific frontier"—more unfortunate than any of the others, for it had been proved that our present frontier was the best. So loud was the public indignation respecting this plea, that Lord Cranbrook set up another in his despatch, and we had gone to war to beat the Ameer into friendship. It was the most shameful act that the nation had been guilty of for a long time. We might make peace and retain some strong positions, but behind that there was the curse on the man that removes his neighbour's landmark. If a frontier was extended by fraud or force, by tricks or lies, by the cunning tongue, or by the strong hand, then the God of nations was against it; and every step taken was a step towards sorrow, dismay, and loss. France found it so in the harassing of the German fatherland; Germany would find it so; Austria, at the Brenner Pass, would find it so; and Russia, in Poland—the most inglorious act of the whole in history, in seeking for a scientific frontier—would find it so. It was to be hoped when Parliament met that petitions would be sent in large numbers, and that we might find pacification before the land was dipped too deeply in blood, shame, and sorrow.

VARIOUS.——To-day (Saturday) is the day of Intercession for Foreign Missions. The report of the total income of the sixty-seven societies for foreign mission shows an increase of 52,000*l.* on that of the preceding year. Of this increase the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel received 9,818*l.*, the London Missionary Society 11,588*l.*, and the Church Missionary Society 32,931*l.* more in 1877 than in 1876.—A number of laymen in the diocese of Oxford are signing an address to the Bishop respecting Cuddesdon Theological College, of which his lordship is visitor. The memorialists state that they cannot regard as satisfactory the teaching staff of the college, which consists of members of the English Church Union, which has avowedly been identified with the extreme party of the Church commonly known as Ritualists, from whom the Church of Rome has of late made her proselytes. They, therefore, feel no surprise that many of the Cuddesdon students have become Romanists, and they feel sure that his lordship, recognising the importance of the matter to the laity, will find some means of remedying the serious evil.—Money being wanted for the building of the proposed Cathedral at Truro, a correspondent of a contemporary has suggested that every Church man and woman in England should contribute one shilling to a fund for the erection of the "first English cathedral since the Reformation." He estimates that the number of Church people is between 12,000,000 and 13,000,000, and that as at least 3,000,000 of these are adults, the sum raised would be 150,000*l.*, besides which, many parents would like to give a shilling for each of their children.—Talking of Truro, Canon Thynne, of that diocese, has been publicly depreciating the ability of the local Nonconformist preachers, and has thereby roused the spirit of a Wesleyan minister, who, in a letter to the *Cornish Telegraph*, says that he cannot stoop to argue on the subject with the Canon, but challenges him to a trial of skill, the Canon to select a text, from which each shall write a sermon, and the question of superiority to be decided by some competent theologian who is a stranger to both parties. The Wesleyan engages to pay 5*l.* to any Cornish charity if he loses, if the Canon will agree to pay 1*l.* should the verdict go the other way. Nothing is said as to the length of the sermon; but it is to be hoped that, if the challenge is accepted, it will be on the condition that the match shall in no way resemble the "endurance contests" which are now so fashionable in the sporting world.—The Court of Appeal have decided the Agar-Ellis case in favour of the father, who is therefore to have the control of his children's education. Lord Justice James, in delivering judgment, however, said that he ought to discard all thought of personal dignity, supremacy, or triumph, and to adopt such a course as he conscientiously believed to be for the temporal and spiritual welfare of his children.—*The Times* publishes a long letter from Mr. Orby Shipley, who has just joined the Church of Rome. In it he says that his "Catholic instinct" has led him to leave the Church of England, and that "the result has arisen mainly from a silent, gradual, and steady inner growth of many years in religion. I have long held, I have long taught, nearly every Catholic doctrine not actually denied by the Anglican formularies, and have accepted, and helped to revive, nearly every Catholic practice not positively forbidden. In short, intellectually and in externals, so far as I could as a loyal English clergyman, I have believed and acted as a Catholic. All this I have held and done, as I now perceive, on a wrong principle—viz., on private judgment. When I became convinced that the right principle of faith and practice in religion was authority; when I saw clearly that it is of less moment what one believes and does than why one accepts and practices, then I had no choice as to my course."—The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, preaching last Sunday at St. James's, Bristol, on the subject of Eternal Punishment, said that it could not be denied that there were numerous passages, several parables, and very many individual texts of Scripture which, fairly and consistently interpreted, declared that the doom of the impenitent was eternal, and he knew of no hope put forward in Holy Writ for those who, having had the message of salvation offered to them, turned deliberately from it. The Bible made it perfectly plain that there were two realms—the one in the power of the spirit of darkness and of evil, and the other the blessed and lightsome kingdom of God. There was no indication of any intermediate realm in the remote and distant future. If they were on the right hand with the sheep, well; if not, they must be on the other with the goats.



Her Majesty's Theatre.——There has been nothing new at this establishment since our last. The favourable impression created by Mdlle. Ambre's *début* in *La Traviata* was confirmed, and even enhanced, by her second performance of Violetta Valery. On Thursday she undertook the character of Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*. Here the young Algerian had to contend with as many formidable reminiscences as in the *Traviata*. About her performance, however, we must speak in our next. Last night the ever-popular *Carmen* was to be given, and for this evening we are promised the *Huguenots*, with Madame Pappenheim as Valentine, a character in which she earned merited approval during the summer ("regular"?) season. Meanwhile we hear nothing about *La Forza del Destino*, which, if managerial promises are worth anything, should have been out before now. If its postponement be on account of a difference of opinion as to whether one of two *prima donnas* should play the part of the heroine, we can only say that Verdi's most tragic of tragic operas had better, for the moment, be laid aside. The question between Madame Pappenheim and Madame Hélène Crosmond with reference to such a character is too preposterous for discussion.

Beethoven's Niece.——The King of Bavaria has given instructions that Caroline von Beethoven, the illustrious composer's niece, shall receive a gratuity for every performance of *Fidelio* that may take place in Munich. His Majesty (Wagner permitting) might have thrown in the Masses, Symphonies, Quartets, Sonatas, &c., so as to make the gratuity worth acceptance. How often is *Fidelio* given during a twelvemonth at Munich? Sometimes not more than twice or thrice in a year! Poor niece of Beethoven!

Madame Néruda.——We are requested to state, by "a personal friend," that Madame Norman Néruda, though she married a Swedish gentleman, is not a Swede. She was born at Brünn, in Moravia. Brünn, then, where Heinrich Ernst first saw the light, may be felicitated on having given birth to two of the greatest violinists of the time. We have always called Madame Néruda (in an artistic sense, be it understood) "the wife of Joachim." Henceforth (equal distinction) we must call her "the wife of Ernst."

The Late Mr. Wadmore.——A subscription is being raised for the widow and child of Mr. Wadmore, of the Royal Academy of Music, whose sudden death, very recently, has enlisted such general sympathy. Mr. Wadmore, who sang so well at the Worcester Festival two months since, was universally esteemed by his fellow artists, both for his talent and for his amiable social qualities. He was, moreover, our most rising baritone singer, and, though young, had a fairer chance than any other we can name of ultimately taking the place of the incomparable Mr. Santley. This appeal to the sympathy of the music-loving public is in every sense legitimate; otherwise we should not have called attention to it.

Popular Concerts.——The appearance of Madame Montigny-Rémaury at Mr. Chappell's concerts was, as might have been anticipated, a complete success. On Saturday afternoon she joined Signor Piatti in Beethoven's well-known third sonata (A major) for pianoforte and violoncello, the execution of which, on both sides, was simply perfect. She also took the pianoforte part in Schumann's popular quintet (Op. 44) with no less effect. On Monday night the accomplished French pianist played Beethoven's solo sonata in C sharp minor, the so-called (by every one except Beethoven) "Moonlight Sonata," besides taking part in the somewhat dry and laboured trio by M. Saint-Saëns (in F), introduced last summer by Mr. Charles Hallé at one of his interesting Recitals. The appearance of Madame Montigny among us has shown that a new and engaging individuality in pianoforte-playing is still possible.

London Ballad Concerts.——An attractive programme was provided on Wednesday evening, but no novelty was produced except a song by Cowen, "Make Believe," nicely rendered by Madame Sherrington, and fairly well received. Mr. Maybrick reappeared after his indisposition, and Mr. Sims Reeves was heard with great enthusiasm in "The White Squall." The second part of the programme consisted entirely of old favourites.

Saturday Evening Concerts.——Ballad concerts are all the rage now, and these entertainments (under the conduct of Mr. Ganz) are precisely of the same character as those so long associated with the name of Mr. Boosey, only with a somewhat different body of performers. We need merely mention the names of Madame Patey, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Marian Williams, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Signor Brocolini to indicate the admirable character of these entertainments.

Waifs.——The success of Adelina Patti at Brussels has been almost unprecedented. On the occasion of her first appearance as Rosina in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, the receipts were over 21,000 francs.—Certain artistic unions suspected of Socialistic tendencies in Frankfort-on-the-Maine have been suppressed. Among these are the Cabinet-makers' Vocal Union, the Workmen's Sängerbund, the Alpine-Rose Vocal Union, the Friendly Confederation Vocal Union, the Sociability Vocal Union, and two or three others.—Anton Rubinstein's opera, *Feramors* (from which in England we have only heard some indifferent ballet music), has been produced, with tolerable success, at Königsberg.—Negotiations are still pending with Madame Adelina Patti to sing in Vienna at the Theater an der Wien, the management of the Imperial Opera House not being disposed to agree to her terms. Madame Pauline Lucca, however, is about to appear at the last-mentioned theatre, and begins by giving a performance for the benefit of the Pension Fund, after which she is to appear as Selika, in Meyerbeer's *Africaine*.—The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jean Nepomuk Hummel, the famous pianist, was celebrated recently at Pressburg, his native town.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY

CABINET PICTURES IN OIL

The Dudley is the first of the Societies' Winter Exhibitions to open its doors. It will be followed in due course by the Water Colour Society and Institute, the Society of British Artists, the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition of Drawings, and last not least by the Old Masters at the Royal Academy, which this year is to include drawings as well as pictures.

The Dudley takes the place of the old British Institution. It has not yet fallen into the abject pot-boiling ways which lowered the latter days of the venerable establishment in Pall Mall, begun in such high-reaching intentions for the advancement of British art, and ending in such an abject pandering to its lowest exigencies. The Dudley Winter Exhibition does not reach high. The bulk of the four hundred and fifty pictures exhibited (out of more than a thousand set aside) keep within the margin of the safely saleable, but they do it with a certain grace. They are for the most part not bad pictures but simple studies, very faithful as a rule to the familiar nature they aim at reproducing, of good influence as far as they go, inasmuch as an honest rendering of the truth of nature must be so, and by their frank avowal of modest pretensions disarming attack because their aim is not higher. Better honest painting of common things and familiar scenes, such as we see here, than high aspiration after unattainable aims, ending in morbid affectation, or solemn, stupid pretentiousness. The least satisfactory piece of work here, perhaps because its aim is highest, while the attainment seems to fall short of what may fairly be expected from even the slightest sketch or study, is Mr. Watts's illustration of the old saw that when poverty knocks at the door love flies out of the window. Remembering the painter's noble "Love and Death," originally exhibited here as a small study little larger than this, one may be pardoned for the disappointment with which one turns away from his "Love and Poverty." Perhaps the picture may reconcile us to the imperfections of the design.

Almost all that is best here is homely work in figures or outdoor nature.

There is a great deal of pleasing home-county landscape, chiefly in Surrey, some in Berks, by Frank Walton, Earnest Waterlow, R. W. Radcliffe (a new name), John White, Stuart Lloyd, J. Hetherington (a very sweet twilight, "Road to the Village"), and others.

A full-length cabinet portrait by H. S. Marks (happily christened "Peace with Honour"), of a grey-haired clergyman reading in his library, is painted with Dutch accuracy and feeling for colour and texture in the contents of the bookshelves, and with excellent appreciation of the grave, quiet old gentleman, the centre and crown of the picture. He has a landscape also—a quiet river on an August afternoon, flowing smoothly though a level country, with the swallows dipping and darting over its still surface, which is as admirable in its unpretending way as the portrait.

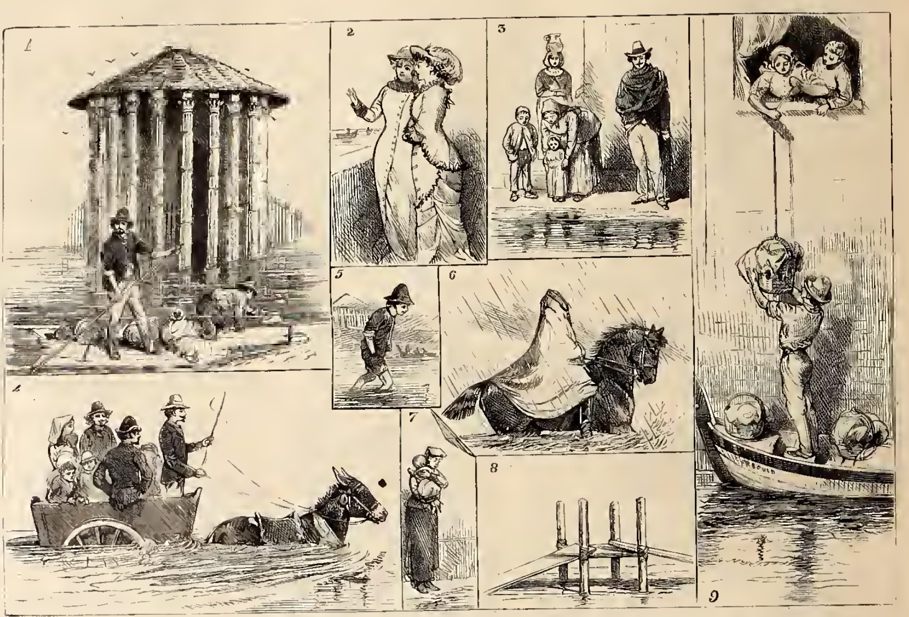
A sunny Highland sea loch, by Hamilton Macullum, with hay-boats and lassies landing their fragrant cargo, is admirable for its effect of light, air, and freshness. An equally noteworthy sea-picture of the same quality of sunny serenity and sweep of light and air, also Scotch, is Colin Hunter's "In Search of Sea Drift," full of accurate observation, however slight in seeming. Pictures cannot be truer and better in their way than two boat subjects of "Shrimping" and "Catching Smelts," by C. Napier Hemy, who paints the sea, its craft, and crafts, like a sailor. After J. Naish there is nobody can build, rig, and sail a boat better on canvass than C. N. Hemy. It seems to me that his pictures of these subjects, of which these are two first-rate examples, are worth immeasurably more than all the second-hand archaism he learnt from the teaching of Baron Leys.

Another sea-picture of very different charm is Henry Moore's "Yarmouth Jetty by Moonlight." Another is H. Woods' "English Colliers in the Lagune," the last place in which one would look for English colliers, but where their black hulls tell powerfully against the blue-green water, the pure sky, and the opaline domes of the Salute in the distance. W. H. Borrow is another young contributor of good sea-pieces, and F. A. Hopkins, in "Making Snug for the Night" (288), has a magical effect of moonlight on the Thames, which remains on my memory as the most charming thing in the Gallery, along with Kate Perugini's child's head "Sally," a pure and lovely subject, beautifully painted, in a clear, firm, simple style, which one has a difficulty in believing the work of an amateur. Mark Fisher's cattle pictures, Heywood Hardy's "Forced Company," a dashing young squire, on his gallant grey, ranging up alongside a broad-backed farm horse, which carries a pretty girl on a pillion behind her rustic swain; Leon L'Hermitte's two street views in Morlaix and St. Malo, though inferior in charm to his charcoal drawings of similar subjects; J. Knight's "In Conway Vale;" James Tissot's "Reverie;" W. Small's "Bleaching;" P. R. Morris's rustic idylls "Changing Pasture;" and "Storm in Harvest;" J. S. Hill's "Wind on a Tidal River," and "Rye," Sussex, both noticeable for subtle aerial quality; G. Clausen's two pretty little Dutch girls "By the Zuyder Zee"; C. Calcroft's "At Home," a graceful young lady in white, enjoying her book over the fire; Arthur Ditchfield's two well-composed Views of Hatfield House; Walter Field's very honest Portrait of Mrs. Lewis, and his study of Poppies and Meadow Sweet—on the chalk; George Leslie's faithful and unpretending study of the Angel Hotel at Henley; Joseph Clarke's "Chimney Corner" and "In the Bath," always making allowance for his woolly texture and tame uniformity of execution; J. E. Hodgson's little Moorish subjects; F. Dillon's "Corner in a Japanese Curio Shop;" F. E. Cox's "Last Look;" P. M. Feeney's "Her Last Haven," a stranded ship on a sand, under a pall of grey sky, and W. S. Stacey's "The Old House," an excellent study of a homely old dame, and his more picturesque "Weary Waiting," may be mentioned as some of the pictures which claim notice, out of a great many of little inferior merit. J. D. Watson's large group of a happy pair engaging hands (in their respective ball tablets) before engaging hearts, deserves some special notice for the courage with which it grapples with contemporary evening costume, a terrible ordeal for the gentleman, whatever it may be for the lady, in this case a brilliant *blonde ardente*, in white satin and swansdown. M. Weguelin's "Swing," a young, lightly-draped Greek girl, in a bath-room, and his "Priestess of Venus Feeding the Sacred Swallows," in a still more diaphanous drapery, are the solitary examples in the collection of any attempt at form, and are really graceful enough to deserve more notice than they are likely to claim for themselves in the uncongenial atmosphere of a gallery devoted to the humbler aspects of contemporary realism.

Tom Taylor

Art Criticism.——Mr. Whistler, who claimed 1,000*l.* damages from Mr. Ruskin, has been awarded one farthing—not a large price to pay for the luxury of calling a man a coxcomb, hinting that his ill-educated conceit was very much like wilful imposture, and blaming him for asking 200 guineas for throwing a pot of paint in the public's face. The trial, which lasted two days, was highly amusing, especially when some of Mr. Whistler's works were brought into Court for inspection, and the plaintiff was examined as to the meaning of his favourite terms, "nocturnes," "arrangements," "symphonies," and so forth. Each party will have to pay his own costs, and both will probably be more dissatisfied with each other than ever.

Miscellaneous.——The hearing of Mr. Wybrow Robertson's action against Mr. Labouchere, for speaking of him in *Truth* as "a manager who had been dismissed for dishonesty," was commenced in the Queen's Bench Division on Wednesday.—The evidence against Lady Gooch was completed on Friday last, and Sir Francis, who had supplied the funds for his wife's defence, asked permission to withdraw from the prosecution, the charge being fully admitted by the lady's counsel, who, however, urged that her motive was to regain her husband's affection, and not to divert the property from his rightful heirs. Mr. Newton said that the question was, whether the imposture ought not to be punished. He adjourned the case until Thursday, when both Lady Gooch and Mrs. Walker were committed for trial.—A breach of promise case, tried in the Common Pleas Division, has resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff, damages 75*l.* The defendant's counsel, however, contended that his client was entitled to a verdict, he having only given a "ratification" of a promise made during his minority, which was not legally binding. Execution was stayed for a week, in order that the point raised might be settled by the Court.—Miss Taylor, the daughter of one of the directors of the Glasgow City Bank, last week applied to the Lord Advocate to be allowed to take her father's place in prison until the trial. The request was of course refused. The Relief Fund continues to prosper, and an auxiliary committee has been formed in London. It is now stated that every one of the 1,300 shareholders, many of whom are ladies, will be completely ruined, and that, according to the price at which they bought their shares, they had been receiving not 12, but barely 5 per cent. on their investments.—The police are looking for the manager of the Ventnor branch of the Capital and Counties Bank, who has absconded. He is accused of conspiring, with a certain Captain Hunt and one David Attrill, both of whom are in custody, to defraud the bank of over 2,000*l.*—The man Sewell, whose case we referred to last week, has been sent to prison for three months for the assault committed on Mrs. Platt, at the end of which time he will have to find bail for his good behaviour. It seems that her counsel, Mr. Stewart White, had received the brief from Mr. Horry with the intimation that it was a case for compensation, and that Mr. Horry had given that instruction under the impression that he was acting for the best. Mr. Serjeant Cox explained that he had adopted the usual course, and had accepted the assurances of the counsel that it was a proper case for compensation.—Mr. Bailiff, one of the persons who complained of the conduct of the police in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket on the night of the 9th inst., appeared at Marlborough Street Police Court last week to prosecute a sergeant of the C Division, whom he accused of having kicked him. Several witnesses spoke to the fact of the police having behaved in a very rough manner, but Mr. De Rutzen, without hearing the witnesses for the defence, dismissed the summons, remarking that it would be utterly impossible for the police to do their duty if constables in a crowd were to be made liable for every injury caused, as that which was complained of had been, and that he could see nothing in the case which should lead the Police Commissioners to visit the defendant with any punishment.—At Exeter, last week, a woman committed suicide by hanging herself because, as she believed, she had been "overlooked" or bewitched by her husband.—At Southend, the other day, a jury, assembled to inquire into the death of a fisherman who had fallen down the hold of his vessel, declined to give a verdict, as they doubted whether the man was really dead. The foreman said he had seen the brother of the alleged deceased remain in a state of death-like torpor for hours together, and it was not until the inquest had been adjourned for an hour and a post-mortem examination had been held, that a verdict was returned. The surgeon found that death had probably been caused by congestion and inflammation of the brain, and this being so it is perhaps needless to inquire what would have been the result had the poor fellow been in a trance, and only temporarily revived by the pangs of evisceration.—Owen Jones, a farmer's son, who appears to be a lunatic, has been committed for trial for attempting to murder a young lady named Pritchard at Anglesey. He had escaped from a lunatic asylum, bought a double-barrelled gun, a revolver pistol, and ammunition, and gone straight to the house where the lady resided, firing at any one who appeared at door or window, until a gamekeeper disabled him by shooting at him with small shot.—A man, named Wyness, has been committed for trial for shooting at a Mr. Jefferies, whom he would probably have killed had not the bullet been turned aside by a button on his trowsers. Wyness appears to have cherished an insane passion for Mrs. Jefferies, whose first husband he shot in February last year, the wound proving fatal, although Wyness, when tried for murder, was acquitted



1. The Temple of Vesta in the Flood.—2. Isn't it Charming? Just like Venice (only rather more so).—3. Waiting for the Boat.—4. A Drive in the Corso.—5. The Ubiquitous Mudlark.—6. Dragoon Practice.—7. Overtaken.—8. A Street Crossing.—9. Saturday's Marketing.

THE RECENT FLOODS IN ROME

THE AFGHAN WAR—SIMLA IN WINTER

The "Rhineland" on the Lancet Rock.

UNDER ONE ROOF: An Episode in a Family History

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," "By Proxy," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO MASTERS

In Mother England, teeming with progeny as she is, and knowing, alas, often times no more what to do with them than the old woman who lived in her shoe, the population is nevertheless partial. She has probably more sheltered nooks, far from the madding crowd, and known only to neighbours, than any other civilised country; lone spots, visited indeed by man, but occupied only by one or two families in half a score of generations; "haunts of ancient Peace," where the echoes only of wars and tumults have penetrated, and those yielding no obedience to the laws of sound, but reaching the stolid ear—for all recluses are stolid—after a huge interval. Some of these spots are really distant (as we count miles in England) from towns and even villages: others again are not so far removed from human communities by space as by circumstance—they are merely out of the way; the road to them leads nowhere else, and therefore no one comes by it save those who have business in the place—a quite inconsiderable number. Now and then, in these secluded glens or plateaux (for they are of both kinds) the vagrant or mistaken traveller comes upon some stately dwelling quiet as a star, which seems, like a star, to have fallen there. He asks himself, for there is perhaps no one else to ask, How came this noble edifice in so retired a spot? It reminds him of some Charles V., in stone, that has embraced the cloister.

Such a spot, and containing such an ancestral mansion, is the hamlet of Halcombe in the north of Devon. You may roam over the purple moors to north and east and south of it for days and never dream of its existence, though it is always, so to speak, at hand; or you may travel along the high road—and it is very high—on a coach top, seeing, as you fancy, everything upon all sides, both on sea and land, and never catch a glimpse of the tall tower of Halcombe Hall, in so deep a glen are its foundations set. At one point, indeed, where a narrow road branches westward, you might ask, if you are by nature curious, "Whither does that lead?" and the coachman would reply, "Only to Halcombe," as though Halcombe were the grave—whither no one goes, with a few exceptions, however—unless compelled to do so.

Even from the west, which is the sea side of it, you can only see the spire of Halcombe Church, which is set on a little hill between the village and the ocean, a landmark to which mariners take care to give a wide berth, for the coast is cruel. True, there is a little harbour, where coal is brought by coasting vessels on calm days; but when the least sea is "on," the place is unapproachable; the little blue bay is lashed by the lightest breeze into frenzied foam, beneath which are jagged rocks and far stretching ridges of granite on which many a good ship has laid her bones. No passenger ever comes to land alive at Halcombe Point, as the place is fitly termed, for it would be irony indeed to call it Harbour, and there is little salvage for the honest villagers, for what the Atlantic hurls and grinds against that rock-bound coast in clouds of spume it mostly whirls away again; then, after some three days' fury, it will lap and smile about the rocks and ledges for a treacherous hour like some marine Macbeth with its "Thou canst not say I did it."

Nothing, however, but the church on the hill in Halcombe feels the fury of the gale. The village lies deep in a sheltered dell, where lofty elms and oaks grow to their full height, and never lose a limb or die from the buffets of the storm-fiend. In the centre of the hamlet, approached by a long grassy avenue, sentinelled by giant trees, stands the Hall, a composite mass of buildings, but so irregular in outline from the first that no addition has robbed it of its picturesque appearance. Its main features are Gothic, and doubtless architectural pedants would apply that term, in a deprecatory sense, to the whole mass; but the Poet and the Painter would admit its claim to beauty of a high order. Every room differs from its fellow not only in magnitude but form; here juts out an oriel window, and there a bay; here the long line of building fronts the level lawn without a break, and here again a modern conservatory, wherein the well-warmed air grows faint with alien fragrance, dazzles the eye with its white radiance.

To one who comes on Halcombe on a sudden from the lone moorland it seems as though the trees had been driven into it like sheep, from the country round, and all the flowers. It lies an oasis in the desert, fresh with foliage, and cool with verdure, and bright with blossom. There is nothing new or staring in the little village; even the billiard-room at the Hall, built out by its preceding tenant, has already put on a decent garb of ivy which hides its modernness; and for the most part all the houses are very old. There are no new comers, and consequently no accommodation for them is needed. When a family grows too large for its residence its surplus numbers go forth into the world without and make dwellings for themselves elsewhere.

A few hundred yards from the mansion there is the Manor Farm, almost coeval with it, and besides these two there is no house of any pretensions—the rest are cottages, all the property of the tenant of the Hall, Sir Robert Arden.

This gentleman has no ancestral connection with the place, having purchased the estate of its late tenant about four years before our story opens. It was whispered that the purchase money was no less than 90,000*l.*; if so, it must have been a fancy price, for the Halcombe land, where it is not absolutely barren, is poor, and there are no local industries—unless a saw mill near the Point can be so termed, and some occasional wrecking. Sir Robert, however, is a man who does not count the cost in matters where his sympathies are concerned, and Halcombe seemed in his eyes, when he became a widower, the very place wherein to bury himself and his great sorrow. He lost his young wife, with his only child, in her confinement, and sought this place of retirement as a stricken deer some solitary spot wherein to sob out its last hours. He did not, however, pass them altogether in this way, for within eighteen months of his bereavement he married again.

His second choice was a widow with four children, all of whom he took to his generous heart as though they were his own. The question, Why did he do so? often put by his neighbours, was like all other inquiries of a similar nature, either very easily answered, or quite inexplicable. Mrs. Nicoll, though not of course in her first youth, was still young, and very beautiful after her own fashion—plump of figure, gentle of speech, and with a complexion of cream. Perhaps he chose her out of delicate compliment to his first wife, who was her antipodes in every way. No. II. could never remind him of No. I., whose pure image remained in his heart as uninjured by Comparison as by Time. Such was the opinion of one who knew Sir Robert at least as well as he knew himself, though I am aware that it is open to ridicule. The second Lady Arden also entertained the same view. Before she married Sir Robert she may have entertained a secret hope that in time she would occupy the first place in his affection, though he had given her fair warning that that could never be; but she soon came to acknowledge that she had no power to oust from his bosom her dead rival. After all it was not a woman, but only the memory of one, which thus came between her and husband's love; and the subordination was not intolerable. Moreover, it must be considered, that though his dead Madeline thus remained his idol, enshrined in the very temple of his soul, his living Mary was in no way neglected; she had all that money could buy, and almost all that heart could wish. She saw her children possessed of a second father and herself the object of his tenderest care and regard. He made her as absolute mistress of Halcombe Hall as though he were dead, and had left it to her for use during her life. Notwithstanding that her four children found a permanent home in it, she had *carte blanche* to invite whom she pleased thither; she would ask permission just for form's sake, but his answer was invariable. "Well, my dear, there is surely room enough."

Everybody thought Lady Arden "a very lucky woman," and in saying so perhaps implied that she did not quite deserve it. Not that there was anything to find fault with in her ladyship, who, though she had some fashionable tastes, was both dutiful and simple; nay, though somewhat hypochondriacal, she was really genuine, so far as she went—but then she went but a very little way. What her neighbours meant to imply was that, though a deserving woman as women go, the widow herself had in her second marriage been rewarded above her deserts.

At the same time, even in her sunny lot there was a crumpled roseleaf. Being by nature more than tolerably just, it was only to be looked for that all friends of her husband would have been welcome under that roof. His nephew, and only blood relation, was, for example, as dear to her as one of her own family, indeed he was one day to become such, for his uncle had set his heart upon his marriage with Evelyn Nicoll, Lady Arden's eldest daughter, into which arrangement the young people had fallen without the least remonstrance; he had been prosecuting his studies on the Continent, after he took his degree at Cambridge, and was now expected home. But there was another person "on Sir Robert's side of the house," as the simple Halcombe folks termed it, who was not so agreeable to Lady Arden—notwithstanding that he did his best to make himself so. This was Ferdinand Walcot, the brother of Sir Robert's first wife, and who exercised a great and somewhat inexplicable influence over him. Perhaps, to begin with, Lady Arden resented the fact that this person, who was "neither kith nor kin" to Sir Robert, should in these latter days have been admitted to his confidence solely on the ground of the relationship to his dead wife. This intimacy of the two men dated, indeed, from after Sir Robert's second marriage, and perhaps her ladyship had a shrewd suspicion that had they come together earlier she would never have been Lady Arden at all.

There was nothing, however, in Mr. Walcot's conduct to suggest this; on the contrary, he was polite and deferential to her in a high degree; if he erred in behaviour, it was, if one may say so, in the other direction: on the very rare and trivial occasions when Sir Robert and his wife disagreed Mr. Walcot always took the side of the latter, and in so doing occasionally threw into his manner a touch of patronage. The feelings of some wives are very sensitive on a point of this kind; they do not wish to receive foreign aid in contending with their husbands, and especially to owe their victory to it. And it must be acknowledged that whatever Mr. Ferdinand Walcot took in hand was not only done, and effectually, but also suggested the idea that he could do twice or even ten times as much with equal ease: a state of things, which, when we ourselves have had some trouble with the same matters and have failed, it is not in human nature not to resent.

With the exception of this trifling and only occasional source of friction the relations of Mr. Walcot with the mistress of the Hall were amicable, if not cordial; while with the other inmates of the house he was on excellent terms. As these persons were of both sexes and of various characters, this must be surely put down to his credit. Nature, too, there was no doubt, had been friendly to Ferdinand Walcot. He was thirty-five years of age, but had still the figure and even the grace of youth. His dark hair, though it could not boast of a curl, was still fine and plentiful; his face was handsome, pale, and full of thought. At the first glance you would have said, "This is a student;" but there was too much mobility of feature, of the lively play of intelligence, for a lover of books. His eyes were large, soft, and gentle, but could on occasion suddenly become keen and penetrating. He claimed to have some mesmeric powers, of the commoner sort, and had certainly a very attractive manner and address; of this he was very conscious without being conceited about it. He used to say of himself quite simply, "People like to have me about them whether sick or well." This was certainly the case with his brother-in-law and host, Sir Robert, a gentleman of such highly nervous temperament that the good folks, his neighbours, while admitting his many virtues, scarcely knew at times "what to make of him," and who was never so much at ease as in Mr. Walcot's company.

And yet, as in most cases of intimate friendship, there was little similarity of character in these two men, except that they both wore the intellectual stamp. Walcot was a tall, strong, though somewhat lean figure, dark as a Spaniard, with a musical but decisive voice; Sir Robert a small grey man, frail of limb, somewhat weazened as to face, though comely, too, and like a gentleman in presence. He was the senior of his brother-in-law by at least ten years, and looked older yet: at times, when excited, his utterance was shrill and rapid, like a very old man's, but more generally it was hesitating, thoughtful, and with that sort of echo in it which may be noticed in the voices of those who concern themselves mainly with the past.

CHAPTER II.

A TÊTE-À-TÊTE

THE two men I have attempted to present to the mind's eye of the reader are sitting together in the great dining-room of the Hall on a certain September evening; the ladies, that is to say, Lady Arden and her eldest daughter, Evelyn (who, though she is eighteen, and has accordingly "come out," still retains her schoolroom name of Evy), have long retired from the dessert table; and their absence has been, as usual, the signal for producing the cigarette box which lies between the two gentlemen, and within easy reach of either's hand. The table, which is one adapted for a small party, has been laid in the great bay window, so that three fair scenes are presented to them at once; on one side the avenue, its two straight lines of oak appearing in the far distance to contradict Euclid's definition by meeting and enclosing a space; in the centre the bowling-green, of late years desecrated by croquet, but yet retaining—thanks to a grand back ground of "those green-robed senators, the trees"—most of its venerable air; and, on the third side, a portion of the garden proper, still ablaze with red geraniums with their blue borders of lobelias.

Sir Robert has his gaze dreamily fixed upon this spot, and Mr. Walcot's eyes, as is common with him, follow those of his companion. They are not engaged in conversation, nor have they spoken for some time, a circumstance which discomposes neither of them; they are much too intimate with one another not to be able to endure any amount of silence; but their reflections often run—to some distance at least—in the same groove. The beautiful description of the poet of two sympathetic minds, whose

> Thought leapt out to wed with thought
> Ere thought could wed itself with speech

was only, however, in part applicable to them. Mr. Walcot often knew what his host and friend was thinking of, but the reverse of this was not the case. Nor was this to be wondered at, the elder living almost wholly in the past—a past with which the other was more or less acquainted, and the younger concerning himself mainly with the future.

It was curious, however, how very clearly Sir Robert's train of thought was sometimes followed by that of his companion—an instance of which occurred at this moment. Into the garden plot comes a young girl, with a pair of "La Crosse" sticks and a hoop in her hand; she stands sideways to the bay window, and proceeds, unconscious of spectators, to play the game with some one who stands nearer to the house, and is, therefore, not in sight. The effect is peculiar, since she appears to put herself into a hundred attitudes without any other object than to exhibit her grace and beauty. She is tall and fair, with little natural colour, save the rose tints which the exercise is now giving to her, but her complexion is exquisitely delicate; her long brown hair, tossed back from her face, with each quick movement of her shapely neck, flows well-nigh to her waist; and now and again her bright lips part and a merry laugh breaks out from them, evoked by some blunder of her unseen playmate.

> A vision fit to make an old man young.

Sir Robert gazes on it with serene content; Mr. Walcot with a deep-set pleasure that is seldom indeed permitted to reveal itself as at present, but his companion, always unobservant, is now utterly wrapped in his own thoughts. His eyes, however, being presently raised to the top of the tall cedar on the lawn, which sways and swerves as if under the influence of a tornado, though all lesser things in that sheltered spot are calm and well nigh motionless, he exclaims with anxiety, "There is a storm at sea."

"George does not start till Thursday," returns Mr. Walcot in his measured tones.

He understands at once the connection which has led his companion's thoughts from Miss Evy to his nephew, and the apprehension that has been aroused in his mind.

"He said he should pass through Paris, and might be a day or two late, or a day or two earlier," continued Sir Robert nervously.

"To-day is but Monday, however, Arden. Moreover, this storm would not affect ships upon that route—it is to the last degree unlikely he would come by Bristol."

"Why?" inquired the other quickly, yet without testiness; he was willing to be convinced.

"Because it is the cheap route."

Sir Robert laughed good-humouredly.

"Well, George is not very economical, that is true; but what does it matter?—when I am gone there will be enough for everybody, himself included. Did I ever tell you how the dog answered me at Heidelberg, when I rated him for his extravagance, and told him that at his age I should not have dreamt of running into such expenses. 'Ah,' he said, 'but you had no rich old uncle as I have.' One cannot help liking a frank lad like that—you allow he *is* frank, don't you?"

"I did not say anything to the contrary, did I?"

"No, but you did not speak, and with you Silence does not always mean Consent."

"It means, in this case, disinclination to differ, Arden," answered the other softly. "I like your nephew; you are as fortunate, it seems to me, in your one blood relation as any man can expect to be; but when you speak of him as though his chief virtue was frankness—there—well, I must be excused for remaining silent."

"Ferdinand, pray be more explicit," exclaimed Sir Robert. "How can you, with your eyes upon that pure girl destined for his bride, treat his hypocrisy—if he has been a hypocrite—so lightly? If he has deceived *me*, may he not deceive *her*——"

"He has certainly deceived *you*," put in the other, quietly; "but a young man need not be rendered an outcast for a mere venial crime. I should not even have thought of mentioning it had you not been so importunate for the proof of his guilt." Here Mr. Walcot's swift intelligence had a little forestalled matters; for there had been no importunity such as he had described as yet.

"Of course I require the proof," said Sir Robert, falling into the other's groove that had been thus cut for him. "I should not dream of condemning George unheard."

"It is not a question of condemnation, I hope, nor even of reprobation," answered Mr. Walcot. "But, since you speak of your nephew's frankness, I will tell you what I saw him do at Homburg, the very day before we left him. Do you remember finding him in the Saloon there, contrary to your express injunctions?"

"I remember forbidding him to play, but not, I think, to enter the gambling room. Otherwise I should have been annoyed to find him there as I did, standing by the *trente et quarante* table. I remember the circumstance, now you mention it, perfectly."

"You caused him to lose about forty pounds that morning."

"I? How could that be? He never played; and, besides, he came away with us."

"Yes: but he had been playing. He drew back from the table as you entered, and left his stake upon it; on the red. The red turned up four times, while you were speaking to him, yet he did not dare to take up his gains. At last, as was certain to be the case, he saw them swept away before his eyes. To see him listening, with apparent seriousness, to all your good advice against gaming, while his eyes were fixed upon the cards, and his thoughts occupied with the idea of how he was wasting his good luck, was as good as a comedy."

"It seems to me to have been a very bad piece of taste, to say the least of it, and nothing laughable about it," observed Sir Robert, gravely.

"You are too serious-minded, Arden; your own feelings of honour are too delicate; and, besides, you must remember George is but a boy."

"He is old enough to think of taking the responsibility of another's happiness upon his own shoulders," answered the other; "it is useless for you to make excuses for him, though I respect the motive which prompts you to do so. Still, even you may have been mistaken. I will tax the lad with it with my own lips, and see what he has to say for himself."

"No, Arden, you must not do that," answered Walcot, quietly. "The fact is, I have myself been guilty of a breach of confidence in the matter. I perceived George's error—for it was but that at most—and reproached him with it. He did not attempt to deny it, but he promised amendment for the future. Under these circumstances I am afraid it was tacitly understood between us that I should not mention the matter to your ears."

"Then I am very sorry you did," said Sir Robert, in tones of deep annoyance.

"And so am I, Arden. I have done amiss; my desire that your charity—I mean, of course, your kindness of heart—should not be imposed upon has carried me too far. Of course you can tax George with this peccadillo; he will confess to it without much remorse, if I am not mistaken in his character; but he will look upon me, and with reason, as having in a manner betrayed him—he will hold me henceforth as his enemy—"

"Nay, he shall not do that, Ferdinand," interrupted the other. "No one shall ever do that in my house. Let bygones be bygones. He shall never know that I know aught about it, although it gives me pain to think of George as otherwise than truthful. I had thought him as open-hearted as he certainly is open-handed."

"Without doubt he is that, Arden, though, having no money of his own, one can hardly put it down to his credit. He has other virtues, however, I make no question."

"You have saddened me, Ferdinand," said Sir Robert, after a pause.

Mr. Walcot raised his shoulders and smiled sadly. It was evident that he had said all he had to say, and was sorry it had been so much. There was a long silence. The baronet rose and went slowly to the window; the girl had left the garden, and the light of the moon was on the trees, the tops of which rocked and vibrated more than ever.

"There is a terrible storm at sea, I am sure, Walcot. Hush—is that thunder?"

"No, it is a minute gun." As he spoke the door opened, and in ran a fair-faced blue-eyed lad of about nine years old.

"Oh, Papa! oh, Mr. Walcot! There is a shipwreck off the Point!"

The boy's words were significant of much. He had called Sir Robert, who was but his step-father, Papa, as indeed he might well do in return for much loving treatment; and he had then addressed himself to Mr. Walcot, as being the master of the house *de facto* if not *de jure*, and the person to be appealed to in every emergency. The flushed face and glowing eyes of the speaker betrayed intense excitement.

"If there is shipwreck there is danger to some poor souls, Frank," said Sir Robert, reprovingly. "You should be sorry rather than pleased at such a catastrophe."

"Oh, but indeed, Papa, I am sorry, only——"

"Only we young people are a little thoughtless, eh," put in Mr. Walcot. "We are apt only to think of ourselves, even though what is fun to us (as in the case of the fable of the Frogs) may be death to others."

"Don't let us say 'Death,'" said Sir Robert, gently. "And if it be so how can the young picture it to themselves? We are not angry with *you*, my boy. If there was any one on board that unhappy ship in which you had any interest or connection you would feel sorry enough, I know—— You smile, Ferdinand. What is it?"

"Oh, nothing; I was only smiling at human nature. As it happens there *is* in all human probability on board this very ship some one connected with our young friend; but then it is not likely to be a pleasant connection. Lady Arden expects the new governess from Bristol to-morrow. She should arrive there from the Continent by sea to-night."

"Good heavens, I had forgotten that; but so, of course, had Frank; else his conduct would have been heartless indeed."

Again Mr. Walcot shrugged his shoulders, and smiled his pitying smile.

"You expect too much of poor Humanity," he said; "you have been taught to look for too much."

"That is true, indeed," said Sir Robert, with a deep sigh. "There was no one like my Madeline for thinking of others, nor ever will be." He sat down in his chair again, as though quite forgetful of his intention to go out, and covered his face in his hands. The thud of another storm-gun broke the silence, and once more roused him to a sense of the occasion. "Come," said he, "let us do what we can; it is well to remember the dead, but we must not forget the living."

CHAPTER III.

FROM THE QUAY

WHEN the two men entered the hall for their coats and wraps they found all the rest of the family about to start on the same exciting errand—that is, all the able-bodied ones, which did not include "Baba" Nicoll (aged three and a-half), nor Lady Arden herself, who never trusted herself to the tender mercies of the night air (in the country), and objected to all excitements (such as shipwrecks) which were not of a strictly fashionable kind. Notwitstanding her thick Ulster and hard cap, and the great fur scarf that was wound round her shapely neck, Evelyn looked distractingly lovely, as she would have equally done in the shovel hat of a Bishop or a coalheaver, for her beauty was such that attire did not so much become her as she it. Cousin George, as she called him (though, of course, they were not relations), used to admire her most in the rough costume that the wind and weather of Halcombe necessitated, and had dubbed her (almost everybody at the Hall had a nickname) "the Fair Smuggler."

Milly Nicoll, her real name of Millicent was absolutely forgotten—the only record of it being at the Register Office in Marylebone Church, where she had been christened—was two years junior to Evy, and therefore but one year beyond the age described by the poet as "bashful fifteen." But no one but a poet could have called her "bashful." She was about to become so, it is true—"Tomboys" always do so in due time—but for the present she was like an untamed colt, shaggy as to her hair, which was of a deeper brown than her sister's; wild, though tender, as to her hazel eyes; and as to her limbs a very tarantula. Yet, strange to say, in that perpetual motion of theirs, there was never a false concord—the least awkwardness.

She had equipped herself, on this occasion, in a pea-jacket of Cousin George's, and with her sailor hat, and ever twinkling legs, looked like that marine young person whose gallant conduct under fire was rewarded, as the bard informs us, by the First Lieutenantship of the gallant *Thunderbomb*. Curiously enough, that ballad was Milly's favourite poem (indeed the only one she cared about), and those stirring lines

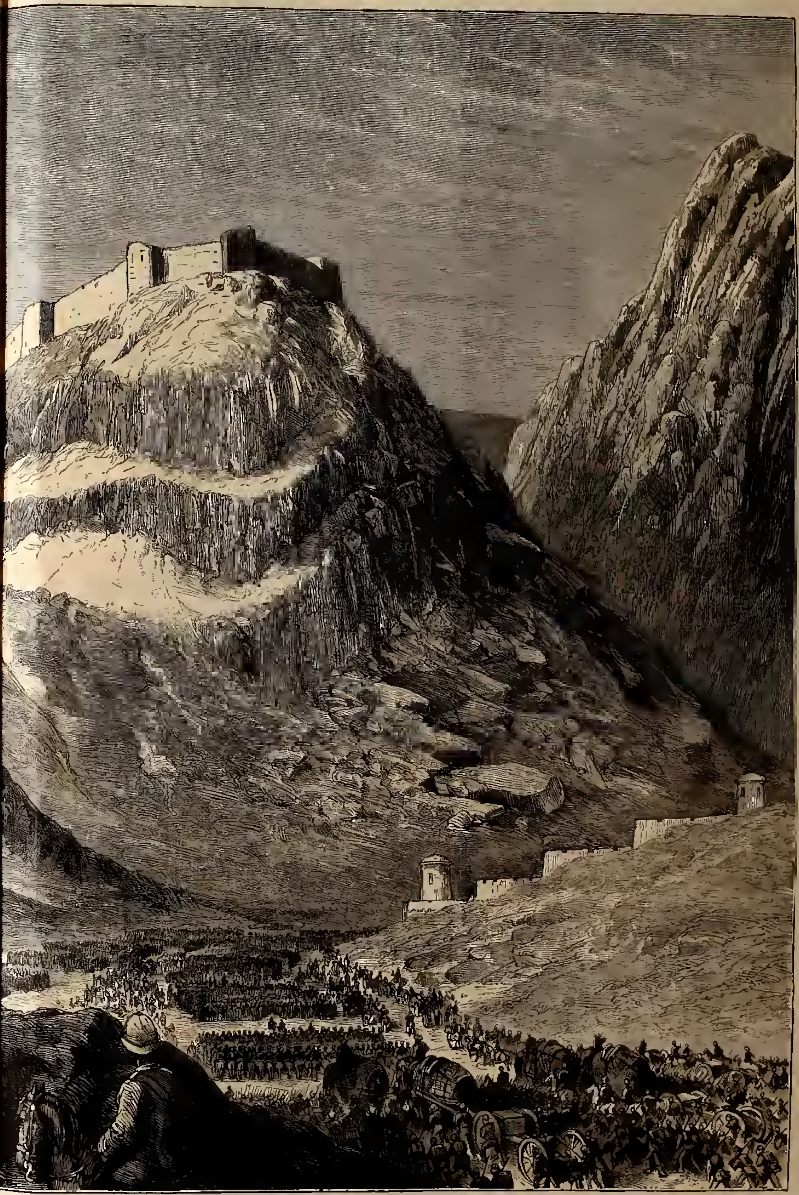
> Which, when the Captain comed for to hear of it,
> Very much applauded what she'd done,

were frequently on her lips.

Frank himself, with his delicate eager face, and large, soft, restless eyes, scarcely looked more like a sailor boy than his two sisters, which was the cause of much domestic "chaff." He had what others beside his mother termed a "heavenly temper," but the way to ruffle it was to "call him out of his name," to address him in place of Frank or Franky as Finella, or still worse, by its contraction "Nellie." He would bear it from the godfather who gave it him (Cousin George), but from no one else; though oddly enough the first syllable of it, euphonised to "Fifi," was an address to which the young fellow would answer with the greatest docility.

It is not to be seriously contended, of course, that these three young people were starting out upon a rescue expedition; but nevertheless each was provided with something or other—if it was but a flask of brandy—that might be of use to some half-drowned wretch if opportunity arose; and if their eagerness had something of delight in it all genuine students of human nature will forgive them. They were looking on no "sinking ship and praying hands," it must be remembered, but only going vaguely forth on an errand of high excitement, and of which, as it happened, they had had no previous experience. It

THE FORT OF ALI MUSJID IN THE KHYBER PASS, CAPTURE



BY LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR SAMUEL BROWNE, NOV. 22, 1878

was curious and very striking to mark the comparative calmness of the air while the little party crossed the lawn, and made their way up the terrace at the back of the Hall, and then to compare it with the fury of the blast that met them on the hill-top. It had blown in the door that led through the garden wall into the churchyard, and was streaming through the aperture like pent up waters through a suddenly discovered channel. "Fifi," who was first, went down before it, as though it had been a volley of musketry, and he the first stormer in the breach. The two girls only saved each other by an involuntary embrace and a flank movement (very hurried and confused) behind the sheltering wall. Then Sir Robert moved forward, throwing a word of raillery to the young ladies, upon their pusillanimous conduct. His fate would have been the worst of the four, for the wind whisked him off his legs, and would have laid him as prone as Frank, without that young gentleman's ability to pick himself up again, had not a strong arm linked itself with his at the critical moment.

"Union is strength, and a twofold man is not easily withstood," said Walcot in his ear as he landed him on the right side of the wall, and with his back to it. It was characteristic of the man to imply that the other was giving him aid in return for his own, instead of being, as he really was, an additional burthen. Frank came after them with a rush, and was instantly flattened against the wall by his stepfather's side, like a small placard beside a large one.

Then Mr. Walcot went back for the ladies; Milly at once seized him by the coat tails and hung on, and with head depressed and body bent he charged the pass and brought her through triumphantly.

In view of its success Evelyn would, perhaps, have adopted the same simple plan, but Mr. Walcot did not give her the opportunity: doubtless, being a great stickler for the proprieties, he thought it indecorous; he took her left hand in his, and with his right arm round her waist, bore her steadily, if somewhat slowly, through the breach. This Thermopylæ of the winds being thus carried, progress, though very difficult, became possible; the church itself afforded the little party some oblique protection, as they made their way through its God's Acre. This spot to a stranger's eyes—who did not happen to have a tornado blowing into them—would have afforded a curious spectacle. There were but a few homely graves in it; but one corner of it was devoted to the reception of the bodies of poor shipwrecked souls who had been from time to time cast ashore on the rocks below. To these it could hardly have been expected that the parish should supply gravestones; but pious hands had done what they could. Large sea shells were laid on every swelling mound to mark the fate of him who lay beneath it; and in some cases the figure-heads of the lost vessels had been set up by way of monument. One of these, the bust of a young person without raiment, the *Erin*, of Bristol, stood out from the sacred soil in a manner which, by moonlight, had a very striking effect, and had once frightened a new curate almost out of his wits; his ideas (running in a Scriptural direction) having led him to imagine that she was anticipating the Resurrection Day.

It seemed wonderful, indeed, with that tempest howling and roaring over the long grasses of their graves, that the dead themselves could lie so quietly; for all the powers of the air were abroad that night and working their wild will on earth and sea and sky. The moon was at the full, but was only visible by fits, when the hurrying masses of grey clouds left her pale face clear at intervals of unequal duration. A great master of word-painting has described the wind as coming into "a rocking town and stabbing all things up and down;" but to no town-dweller can be conveyed an adequate conception of the force and fury of that element as it rages on such a coast as that which lies around Halcombe Point. The very land seemed to shudder as it swept across it; the sea grew livid under its ceaseless scourging. As far as the eye could reach, from the hill above the Point, was a world of wild white waters, the foam of which was dashed upwards in sheets fathoms high, and carried inland in sharp sleet.

On this white surface there was but one object, from which ever and anon there flashed a jet of flame, succeeded by a dull thud—a hoarse cry for help that it lay not in human power to give; it looked, and was, but a black, inert mass, a broken plaything, of which the storm had not yet tired; but it had been an hour ago a gallant steamship, prompt to obey its master, man. The wind was now the only power it acknowledged, and it was being driven before it at headlong speed towards the Point. The little party, huddled together for foothold, gazed on this spectacle with awestruck eyes.

"Poor souls, poor souls," cried Sir Robert. "Good God, can nothing be done?"

"Nothing," answered Walcot, gravely. "She will go to pieces when she touches the rocks."

"Thank Heaven, here is Mr. Dyneley, with some men," ejaculated Evy, looking back.

"Mr. Dyneley is a clergyman, Miss Evelyn," answered Walcot, with the least touch of scorn, "but he cannot work miracles."

"He has, however, brought the mortar apparatus," observed Milly naively.

And, indeed, as the tall, brown-bearded curate drew nigh, they could see that he was followed by half-a-dozen stalwart men, who dragged behind them the implement in question.

"A sad sight, Sir Robert," bawled the curate (for indeed every one spoke at the full stretch of their lungs); "but if the ladies can bear to look at it you had better bring them down to the mill."

This was the saw mill, of which we have already spoken, built upon the very edge of the harbour, and the only place for miles upon the coast in which on such a night shelter could be found.

"You are always right, Dyneley," said Sir Robert, approvingly, "do you take charge of one of the girls."

With a diffident, hesitating air that contrasted rather comically with his stature and proportions, the young curate was about to offer his arm to Evy, but Mr. Walcot, who stood beside her, was quicker in his movements, and took possession of that young lady, leaving her sister to fall to the other's share.

Thus they moved down the hill together to the mill, from the windows of which could be obtained almost as good a view of the driving ship as from the hill itself, but, nevertheless, such was the excitement of the little party, that they preferred to stand outside, sheltered only in a very moderate degree by the low stone wall of the quay.

The vessel, we have said, was approaching the point very rapidly, but not in a direct line; it was possible that she might just skirt it, and go ashore a few score yards beyond. In this case her destruction would not be so immediate, but, on the other hand, the life-lines could hardly be shot over her from the apparatus. The curate and his men, however, had everything in readiness; you would have said, to judge by their resolute and earnest faces as they stood beside the mortar, that they were about to defend their native soil against the attack of a foe. Mr. Walcot, too, faced the cruel blast with stern eyes and knitted brow, except when he dropped a word of exhortation to be of good courage to Evy; but Sir Robert and the young people wore looks of fear and pity, and more than one of them already repented that they had come out with a light heart to behold so sad a scene.

"Do you know the ship?" asked the curate of the man beside him. He himself had been on the coast for years, but to his landsman's eyes the shattered mass before him was but a black and shapeless hulk.

"It is the *Rhineland*," answered the other confidently; "the steamer that plies between Rotterdam and Bristol."

"You may say 'that used to ply,'" put in another—it was John Jenkins, parish clerk, who plumed himself on employing terms of accuracy—"for she will never make another voyage."

"Do you hear *that*, Mr. Walcot?" exclaimed Evelyn, in terrified accents, "it is the *Rhineland*; that is the boat that poor Miss Hurt is to come by."

"*Was* to come by," murmured Mr. Jenkins, fortunately beneath his ordinary ecclesiastical tones, so that the amendment was inaudible.

The huge hull came flying on, like some mighty sea-bird on a broken wing, for whose discordant screams the shrieking of the wind might easily have been taken; her mainmast and rigging could now be clearly seen standing out against the moonlight; without a rag of sail or puff of steam, her ghastly and spectral form was hurrying on, when her headlong course was suddenly arrested; the crash of rending timber was mingled for an instant with the roaring of the storm, and a white shroud of foam enveloped her and hid her from sight.

"God of Heaven, she has foundered," exclaimed Sir Robert. The two girls uttered a scream of anguish.

"Nay, I still see her," cried the curate, eagerly.

"She is on the Lancet, sir," said a coastguardsman. "The wind must have shifted a point to have took her there."

The Lancet was a long sharp line of rocks, about two hundred yards from shore, but quite disconnected with it, the waves always covered it, but at low tide—which was now the case—only a few inches.

The hull looked considerably higher now than she had been in the water, the wind and waves having probably carried her bodily on to the ledge; nevertheless, in her stationary position, the sea, climbing and raging about her at its will, seemed to devour her more completely even than before.

"Is the position altered for the better by this, Marley?" inquired the curate anxiously.

"She may hold together now for a few hours," answered the coastguardsman; "but she will go to pieces at the flow." He was an old sailor, and his mind was fixed on the fate of the ship rather than on those it carried.

"I mean as respects the poor souls on board, man," continued the curate, with some asperity.

"In my opinion nothing can save them, sir. If the men at Archester have already put out the lifeboat, it is possible they may be here in time; but not otherwise."

"But is it not probable they have done so?"

"No, sir; they must have known from its position (judging from the sound of the guns) that the ship would be ashore hours before they could reach her; and of course they did not take into account the chance of her grounding on the Lancet."

"A swift horse, even with this wind across him, would reach Archester in an hour," soliloquised the curate. "I am a heavy weight; but then I know how to ride, which these men don't. —Might I take your bay mare, Sir Robert?"

"Of course, my dear fellow; and don't spare her. Ten pounds a piece from me, mind, to every man who mans the lifeboat, but don't volunteer yourself, Dyneley; Halcombe can't spare you."

The compliment was lost on him for whom it was intended, for the curate was already on the slope of the hill.

"He's a rare good plucked one," observed Mr. Jenkins, approvingly, "and allus was."

"Especially at the University," muttered Mr. Walcot, not so low, however, but that Evy, who was still his close companion, could catch the sneer.

"I can now stand by myself quite well," said she, withdrawing her arm. The tone was as unmistakeable as the action, and signified not only mere disapproval, but disgust.

"A thousand pardons, Miss Evy; I did not intend my little joke to be overheard."

"I don't think this is a time for jokes, Mr. Walcot."

"Or rather, Miss Evy," returned the other, tartly, "do you not mean that Mr. Dyneley is not a fit subject for them? I had forgotten that a certain Divinity doth hedge a curate in some people's eyes."

"When he is doing God's work, I think it does so," answered Evelyn, sharply. "You are always trying to turn Mr. Dyneley into ridicule."

"I am very sorry; I had no idea he was under your particular protection; of course if it had been George, I should have known better than in your presence to have taken such a liberty with him. You are his natural defender; but in Dyneley's case I had no idea——"

She turned away from him with a face of scarlet, and fixed her eyes upon the wreck, as it could now in truth be called. Yet for the moment she was not thinking of the vessel, nor even of its unhappy crew. She was full of pity for them, but a still deeper feeling than pity had been stirred within her.

"I think I see figures upon the rigging," observed Sir Robert, anxiously. "Is it not so, Marley?"

"Yes, sir; the sea has found its way into the hull, and some poor souls have taken to the shrouds."

"To the shrouds?" murmured little Frank, trembling with awe. He knew that shrouds and death were somehow associated.

"Yes, my boy," said Sir Robert, kindly. "They will thus, for the time, be out of the reach of the waves, and let us trust that they will be able to hold on there till help arrives."

Mr. Marley shook his head with a grunt. It was his manner of expressing disagreement with the baronet's opinion. They might hold on indeed up in the cross-trees and elsewhere for an indefinite time, but it was not possible, he meant to imply, that the ship could hold together.

(To be continued)

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THE NICOLAIEFF DEPOSITING DOCK

Our principal illustration shows the new Russian Imperial Dock, carrying the circular ironclad, *Vice-Admiral Popoff*, in the harbour of Nicolaieff, South Russia.

This vessel, docked the last week in September, was the second of the circular ironclads lifted with the greatest ease, and without the slightest inconvenience or delay. The dimensions of the *Vice-Admiral Popoff* are: diameter 121 feet, draft 14 feet, and weight, at the time of docking, 3,850 tons. The dock, which is capable of raising nearly 5,000 tons, had consequently a reserve buoyancy of over 1,000 tons. During the past summer this dock has been in constant requisition, making good the damages that befel the Black Sea Fleet during the late war.

As an instance of its value, we may mention that the steamship *Russia* was hastily docked, cleaned, and some torpedo fittings added in a few hours, and a day or two after, having captured the Turkish steamer *Mersina*, off the coast of Anatolia, she returned to port with her valuable prize, which was reported to have been of sufficient worth to repay a large part of the cost of the dock.

Messrs. Clark and Standfield, of London, designed and constructed this particular dock, not only to lift ordinary sea-going craft, but especially these circular ships, whose great beam has hitherto prevented them from being docked since their construction. Admiral Popoff, the eminent Russian naval engineer, promptly recognised the great working capacity of their design; and it was on his recommendation that the Russian Government appreciated and boldly adopted this then novel and untried invention, which has proved so successful.

This class of dock opens out quite a new era in ship-building and repairs, and it will probably exert a great influence on the future of the Navy.

For years the battle has raged between the comparative merits of the long and short ironclads; the old school contending that the former lines were alone correct, whilst Mr. Reed, the late Chief Constructor of the Navy, and his followers, proved, by the construction of such ships as the *Bellerophon* and *Hercules*, that short thick ships were far handier and better sea-boats.

If we mistake not, Mr. Reed went farther than this, and pronounced the Russian Circular Ironclads to be of very high value, as their great beam insured great stability, even with a very low freeboard. Whether they are of high value remains to be proved; but this much can be asserted, that such a vast improvement in docks as to enable them to receive ships of unlimited beam is worthy the serious attention of the Government.

The size of the entrances to the existing graving-docks has had a serious and always a detrimental bearing on the design of our modern war ships, as may be gathered from the Report of the Committee of Inquiry into the stability of the *Inflexible*, which states that the beam of that vessel was limited by the necessity of having to accommodate her in existing dry docks, whilst it recommends a greater beam than that carried by the *Inflexible* in first-class vessels of the future.

The Depositing Dock at Nicolaieff meets the difficulty, and has at the same time another remarkable peculiarity, inasmuch as it can not only lift a vessel out of the water, but deposit it on fixed stages along the shore; the number of vessels lifted and deposited at the same time being limited only by the length of this staging.

Vessels can be raised, sighted, and lowered again, in about one hour and a half.

The fingers, or pontoons, which are connected with the side of the Dock are allowed to float in between fixed piling, erected at right angles to the line of shore the vessel is then transferred to the staging, as a pencil may be transferred from one hand to the other, by allowing the fingers to pass between each other.

The Dock, with or without a vessel, may be readily transported from place to place, for the purpose of raising or depositing vessels at different points. For instance, the Dock might place one vessel on the shore, at the Isle of Wight, in the forenoon, and the same Dock lift a second, say, in Portsmouth Harbour or the vicinity, later on in the day.

One of the Docks, with a sufficient length of staging, can dock some six or more vessels daily; and altogether the Dock seems to meet a great want, which is not accommodated by any other known system.

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*"BJORN AND BERA"**

Mr. Montgomerie Ranking, whose "Fair Rosamond" many of our readers will remember with pleasure, has now given us a very artistic setting of the picturesque story of "Bjorn and Bera"—one of the most interesting and poetic of the quaint Norse legends.

The verse is singularly melodious, the imagery delightful, and the beauties of the work so varied that, while at times we seem to note the perfume of wild flowers, the sough of the singing sea, and the changing light of that northern land, we come upon other passages of intense tragedy, or delicate songs of tender love-making.

The author's courageous adoption of the "Homeric repetition" has a very pleasing result: note the recurring lines, beginning—

> The dragons were manned, and with golden sheen,

The guilty "Snow-white" is a finely-drawn character, full of force, though readers will have a more sympathetic interest in the history of the unfortunate Bera; about Bjorn, Hring, and all the other men, there is an air of heroic manliness that is thoroughly refreshing after so much of the mawkish sentiment some would-be poets have of late inflicted upon us.

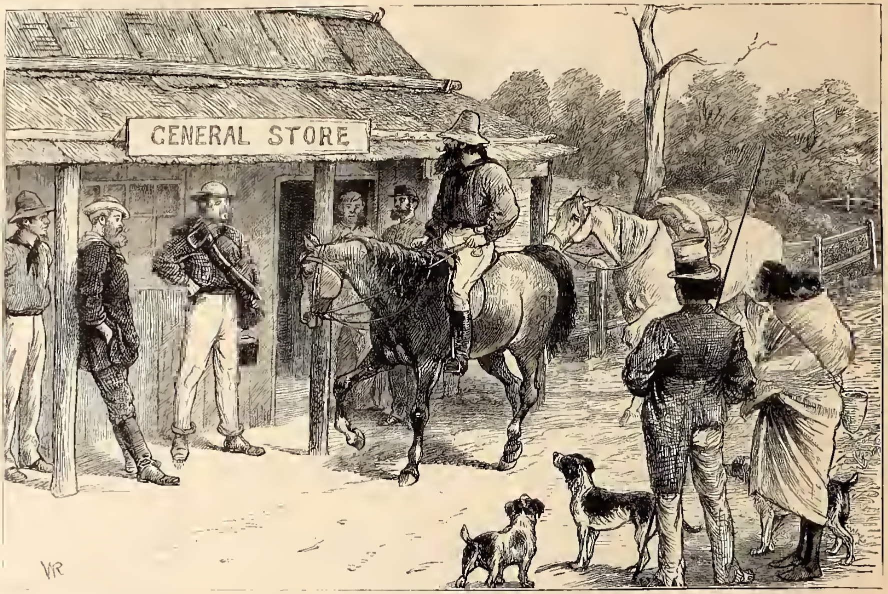
The "garden pleasaunce," where the Knights find for the old King a young Queen, is most charmingly described; we have space only for a short quotation:—

> All manner of delight was there
> Whereon the weary eye,
> That tires of branches black and bare,
> And sullen, snow-fraught sky,
> May rest with gazing, and grow fain
> To know that on the earth again
> The summer hath set noiseless foot.
> There bent the boughs with golden fruit,
> Half hidden by thick creamy buds
> That promised more; the bloom that rode
> The apple boughs at Easter-tide
> Vied with the apples at its side,
> Which could show redder; nothing lacked
> Of spring or summer—squirrels cracked
> And chattered in the hazel trees
> That bent with autumn store, the breeze
> Shed rose leaves all about the sward,
> And stirred the primrose 'neath its leaves;
> All seasons joined in quaint accord,
> The hours of bud, and bloom, and sheaves.

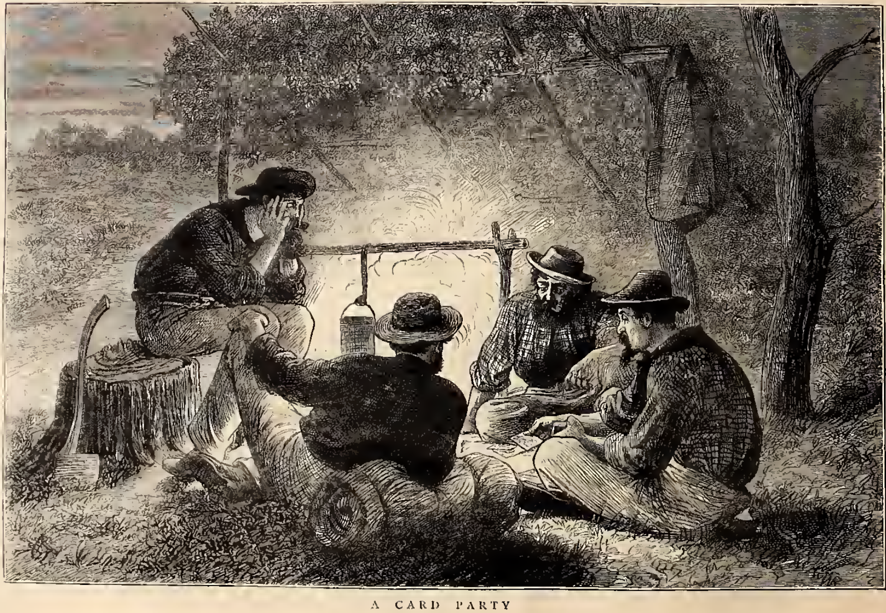
As a contrast to this we would commend some of the dramatic passages of the Third Book.

Altogether we have gone over the volume with true pleasure, and we hope soon to have another opportunity of studying—through the medium of Mr. Ranking's melodious song—more of these grand old Norse-folk—their land and lives and loves.

* "Bjorn and Bera: a Norse Legend," by B. Montgomerie Ranking, author of "Fair Rosamond," &c. London: Remington and Co.

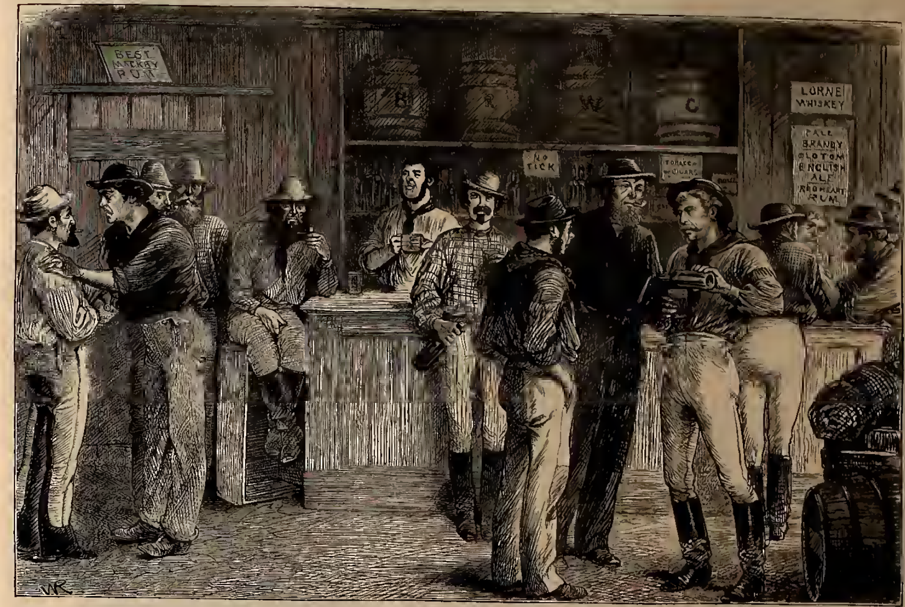


A BUSH STORE

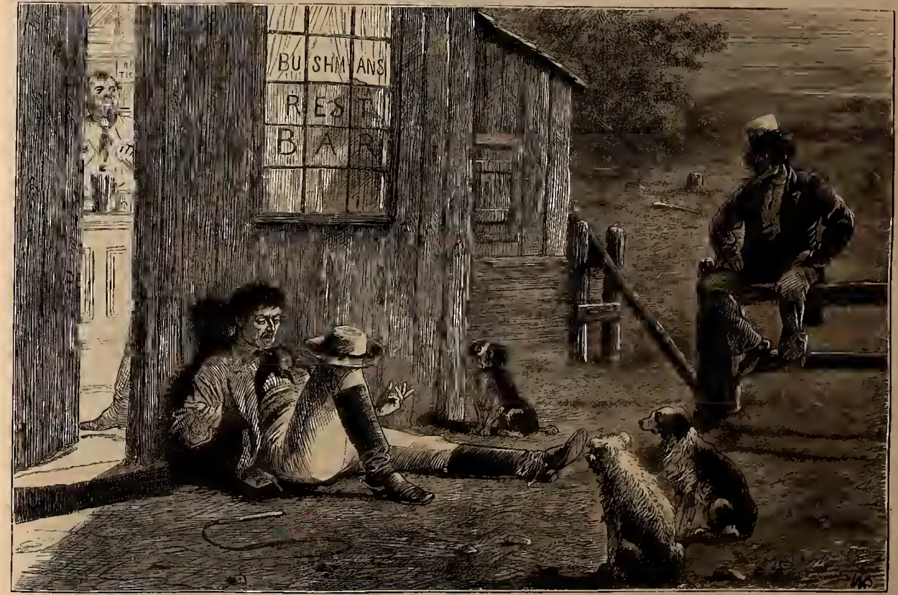


A CARD PARTY

BUSH LIFE IN



INSIDE A BUSH TAVERN—A GENERAL "SHOUT"



OUTSIDE A BUSH TAVERN—"PENITENTIAL MOMENTS"

QUEENSLAND

New Novels

"THE HAUNTED HOTEL: A MYSTERY OF MODERN VENICE," to which is added, "My Lady's Money," by Wilkie Collins (2 vols.: Chatto and Windus).—We shall give the best idea of the character of "The Haunted Hotel," by describing it as an admirably contrived and telling ghost-story, although "ghost-story," we admit, is somewhat of a misnomer for a tale which, though concerned with preternatural phenomena, contains no ghost, properly so called. Its merit and interest are thus altogether of the melodramatic and sensational order—we use these adjectives here in no invidious sense—and this being so, it is clear that our criticism of it had better be brief, as it would be difficult to dwell upon its excellence without more or less revealing its secret, a course on every ground undesirable. Mr. Wilkie Collins' strong natural genius for the Novel of Mystery has been improved by many years' practice, so that he may now be pronounced a perfect master in his special variety of art. Of the thousands of readers who will hurry through his tale, impatient to reach the *dénouement*, few, perhaps, will note as they deserve to be noted the wonderful skill and immense pains desplayed in the selection of details, and in combining them together to bring about the desired results. It would be difficult to praise too highly the ingenuity by which Mr. Collins, without actually putting his readers on a false scent, succeeds in putting them off the right one so completely that in guessing the secret of the Haunted Hotel it is probable that the keenest among them will only anticipate the dullest by a few pages. A novelist, again, of less resource and less imaginative grasp of his subject, would almost certainly have made all the members of the Westwick family affected by the mysterious influences of the room associated with their dead brother in a similar way; whereas, in Mr. Collins' narrative, the effect produced upon each occupant in succession of No. 14 in the Palace Hotel, though distressing in every case, is completely different in kind. Had the author the same power of delineating character that he has in manipulating the incidents of a plot, his place among novelists—and not novelists of our own country or our own day only—would indeed be high; but in this direction he seldom can be said to do more than suggest conceptions which he seems to want the strength to work out.—Of "My Lady's Money" it may be enough to say that, as the Christmas story which it originally was, it is no doubt above the ordinary mark, though it cannot be considered to exhibit its author at his best.

"You Play Me False," by Mortimer and Frances Collins (3 vols.: Bentley).—One would be inclined to think it unlikely that the late Mr. Mortimer Collins' share in this novel went beyond jotting down the merest rough outline of a tale to be filled in and worked up afterwards; but then it is true, as we think we said in noticing "A Village Comedy," that there was always so much sketchiness even in what he put forth as finished works that a little more sketchiness than usual is hardly of itself a sufficient reason for deciding that he had but little hand in the composition. That here and there in the book we come upon a scene which has the making of an effective situation, or upon a clever and pointed saying, is true enough; but, though reluctant to speak otherwise than kindly of a work which comes to us under the circumstances of this, truth compels us to say that it is of slender merit, and we can hardly think it well that it should have been rescued from oblivion.

"Arthur Jessieson," by Joseph Crawford Scott (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall).—Mr. Arthur Jessieson, who relates his own experiences, is good enough to anticipate any fears his readers may be disposed to entertain for him by assuring them, at the close of a brief prologue, that he is "still young, extremely handsome, and one of the wealthiest and most fortunate men in Europe." This is not a prosperous opening, and the striving after eccentricity which would seem to have prompted it is disagreeably conspicuous throughout Mr. Scott's story. During the first half of it the hero omits no means of inducing his readers to regard him as a prig and a coxcomb, and seems quite proud of the character. The book is certainly one that should never have been thrown into the autobiographical form. Nevertheless there are signs of some ability and originality in the tale, though it is not attractive, and the conclusion is much too hurried.

"My Polished Corner: Her Pleasures and Trials," by Alfred Snowdon Emmett (3 vols.: Tinsley).—The first of these three volumes is occupied with scenes of broad farce, and broad farce from the pen of a writer who mistakes the feeblest and silliest jocularity for humour soon becomes rather trying. And later on, when Ezra Bombshell and his "Polished Corner," as he is fond of styling his wife, become people of position through an accession of fortune, and we are introduced to a kind of life with which the author seems to have little personal acquaintance, we cannot say that there is much improvement. Still, though positive merits the book has few or none, it is, perhaps, less oppressively dull than some novels we have attempted to read, and we are almost inclined to think that if the author would confine himself to low life, and keep what he thinks his wit under stern restraint, he might do better.

"Rose and Josephine," translated from the French by Edith H. Owen (Samuel Tinsley).—This is a tale with a moral, reminding us rather of the stories which used to be thought improving reading for children in bygone days. The pretty and naughty heroine, Josephine, insults and snubs and persecutes the plain and virtuous heroine, Rose, and in the end is rescued from the direst distress and loaded with benefits by the girl she has scorned and ill-used. And, of course, everybody is brought to a right frame of mind, and left very good and very happy. As a specimen of a French "goody-goody" story, the book is not bad reading.

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SCIENTIFIC NOTES

IN our account last week of the Rapieff electric light we had not sufficient space to describe a form of electric candle which is due to the same inventor. In the Jablochkoff candle we must remember that the essence of the invention lies in the use of an insulating strip of kaolin, or plaster, which separates the two electrodes. M. Rapieff's form of candle resembles the play of *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark, for the insulating substance is omitted. And, strange to say, the light given is all the better for its absence. The new arrangement is shown in Fig. 1. It will be seen that the two carbons incline towards one another—so that their upper ends meet. But an electro-magnet is concealed in the stand, which causes them to fly apart directly the electric arc is established between them. Should the light be from any cause extinguished the carbons again touch, and it is renewed. In the kaolin candle there is no provision of this kind, and should the light be blown out—as it very easily can be—nothing can restore it but the application of some conducting substance which will form a connecting link between its two carbons. The insulating substance is proved to rob the light of a good percentage of its illuminating power, hence the advantage of doing without it. The irregularities of burning and a certain unsteadiness in the light given are faults which cling to the new as well as the old arrangement. For this reason and others M. Rapieff puts forward the regulator, which we described last week, as the more perfect instrument. The candle arrangement, as we saw it lately in his laboratory, is covered with a cylindrical opal glass shade, which fits on the top of the stand.

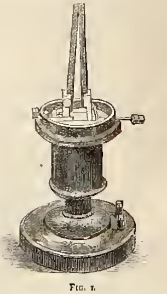


FIG. 1.

According to the *Scientific American*, Mr. Edison's electric light consists of a spiral of platinum wire, which is rendered white hot by the passage of the electricity. It has a kind of automatic check attached which acts upon the current just before the fusing point is reached. Should this information be correct there is certainly no novelty about the invention, for light by incandescence has been patented and tried in every conceivable form. Some years ago in Russia two hundred lamps were exhibited, lighted by one circuit on this principle. The experiment at the time made a great sensation, and a good deal of money was subscribed towards the formation of the inevitable company to give it practical effect. But the scheme altogether failed, and the faith of the subscribers in the return of their money received a rude shock.

At Fig. 2 we give a diagram which explains the construction of a very clever little contrivance, which Mr. Edison has invented and christened the Phonomotor. Like the Phonograph it has a mouthpiece (A) and a vibrating diaphragm (B). Attached to the latter is a piece of rubber tubing, which forms a cushion for the spring (D). At the top of this spring is a little bar called a "pawl," which presses on the ratchet wheel (C), which is attached to the flywheel (E). On speaking or singing into the mouthpiece (A), the diaphragm is thrown into vibration, in consequence of which the pawl is able to push round the wheel (C) by a rapid succession of thrusts. In this way the flywheel is soon thrown into quick movement, its rapidity of rotation, of course, depending upon the number of vibrations peculiar to the pitch of the voice which actuates the diaphragm. This instrument suggests a new use for chatterboxes. Instead of interrupting the labours of others, as they most commonly do, they will be in positive request as motors.

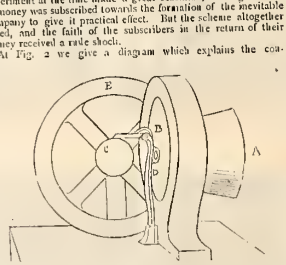


FIG. 2.

Another instrument—also due to Mr. Edison's fertile brain—is the "Harmonic Engine" shown at Fig. 3. It is so called because a huge tuning-fork, 2½ feet long (A) forms its principal feature. This fork is fastened to a rigid support (not shown in the figure), and to its arms are affixed 35 lb. weights (CC). On each side of the fork is an electro-magnet (B), which serves to throw it into vibration. These vibrations have an amplitude of about one-eighth of an inch, but as they happen thirty-five times in every second, the total movement may be said to equal in that time more than four inches. To the ends of the magnet are fastened slender arms which are connected with a miniature pump concealed within the box (E). By means of this pump with its tiny stroke, and on the principle that "every little makes a mickle," an ordinary-sized house-cistern can be filled in a day. Mr. Edison proposes to apply this little engine to the compression of air, in order to gain power enough to work a sewing-machine. The battery power required is very small indeed, and would consist of not more than two or three cells. We trust that this scheme will be practicable, for a good sewing-machine motor is much wanted.

T. C. H.

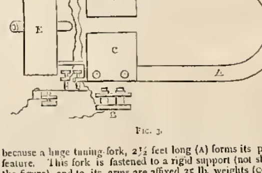


FIG. 3.

THE READER

OF the admirable "New Testament Commentary for English Readers," edited by Bishop Ellicott (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), we have already had occasion to speak highly. The second volume just published, containing the Acts and the Epistles to the Romans, the Corinthians, and the Galatians, annotated severally by Professor Plumptre, Dr. Sanday, and the Rev. Teignmouth Shore, is to the full as excellent as its predecessor. The introductions and the *excursus* to the different books contain all that the average student can desire, whether in the way of lucid exposition of the plan and purpose of the sacred writers, examination of questions of authenticity—rarely hazarded as to these special Scriptures by the boldest of German innovators—or of historical details of the times and circumstances amidst which they wrote—these latter sometimes leading again to very interesting disquisitions, as, for instance, in the *excursus* on the latter years and personal characteristics of St. Paul. The running commentary combines very happily devotional reflection with exegesis proper. But it is the distinctive excellence of this volume that it is no miscellaneous collection of pious dissertation, but that it fairly and consistently represents throughout the matured views of the learned but cautious school of English critics of which Lightfoot, Wordsworth, and Bishop Ellicott himself, may be esteemed the leaders, and which for pure scholarship and critical acumen can hold its own with the strongest *literati* of the Continent. This trustworthiness in the case of studies, where all but the most accomplished specialist must take so much on trust, is a merit not easily overrated.

We might be puzzled to say decisively why we like Mr. H. Hussey Vivian's "Notes of a Tour in America" (E. Stanford), but we have certainly skimmed them through with a fair sense of entertainment. It is by no means easy to find much that is novel in the "regular United States' round," and Mr. Vivian is probably the last man to attempt it. His mind, indeed, as to America, seems to have been somewhat in the state of a *tabula rasa* when he set out—not quite certain, for instance, whether the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada were two separate ranges or different sides of the same chain, and prepared to describe to old friends in Glamorganshire the Pullman cars, the Chinese immigrants, the manufactories where the pig goes in a live porker at the one end and comes out a ham, a saddle, and a hair-brush at the other, and all the other stock wonders of the West, as though such things had never been spoken of before. It is rather, we think, for this very ingenuousness, and because the simple narrative so much resembles the *vivâ voce* reminiscences of a personal acquaintance who has had a "high old time" at Saratoga, or amused himself by watching the Representatives at Washington, that Mr. Vivian gradually gains our friendship. Now and then, it is true, he lights on something not too generally known, as when he visits the Emma Mine—the first "disinterested expert" probably who has ever cast his eyes upon the spot where so many fortunes and reputations have been buried—though even here he only finds a man who can give him any information just ten minutes before he runs away, and has thus to leave its future productiveness as open a question as before, or when he is escorted through the Great Bonanza levels by the gentleman whose supposed income is nine hundred thousand pounds per annum—we must write this in full to avoid printers' errors; or when discussing the prospects of Sarnia and Toledo—two places we shall leave our reader to discover for himself on his pet map of "the States." Altogether, though not a book we should turn to as an authority, an hour may be not unpleasantly passed away over these "American Notes."

"Ethics and Æsthetics of Modern Poetry," by J. B. Selkirk (Smith, Elder, and Co.), bear ample evidence of refined and cultured, if not of highly original and incisive, thought. It is the Ethics, however, not the Æsthetics, of verse on which Mr. Selkirk chiefly dwells, or rather, perhaps, it is the moral side of poetry which he exalts far above all excellence of form or sound. The inspiration which would clothe the *fleurs du mal* with gorgeous, but unhealthy, colours will find no favour in his eyes; still less the wild idolatry of form which in one instance led a critic to declare a poem to be so musical that "it would not matter if it meant nothing." The ghostly mysticism of the Rossetti school of sonneteers, the obscurity of Browning's later style—an obscurity resulting, however, in his case from a fancy too creative and too richly fed to find expression easy, and thus rightly characterised by Mr. Selkirk as an obscurity of syntax, not of thought—the occasional slips of even a careful Tennyson or Arnold are matter for many good papers under the headings of "Scepticism in Poetry," "Mysticism in Poetry," &c. Throughout, in fact, the volume seems very successful in its attempt to distinguish that which is true and indestructible in poetry from that which is only a trick and fashion of the time.

The two-and-twenty years which have passed away since "A. K. H. B." introduced himself to the public have not deprived his right hand of its cunning or debarred his feet from tracing out new paths in the level pastures wherein his soul delights to feed. The old admirers of the "Recreations of a Country Parson" will find this "Third Series" (Longmans and Co.), as palatable as any that went before. In some respects, indeed, it appeals to an even wider circle, if we recollect rightly, than its predecessors, in so far as it is more pre-eminently Scottish, not only in tone but in its choice of subjects. In reminiscences of the General Assembly, in Glasgow stories of the late Norman Macleod or legends of Scotch worthies hardly known at all to Southern ears, like the late Professor Buchanan, "A. K. H. B." is at his best, and will please many who might turn away after the first two pages from such papers as "An Old Story Now."

Under the title of "A Housewife's Opinions" (Macmillan and Co.), Mrs. Webster has made a little collection of crisp, neat papers (with one exception upon social subjects) contributed by her as "middle articles" to the *Examiner*, and worthy certainly of a better fate than that which usually befalls these small-type *causeries de Samedi*, which the great public expect to see invariably for their sixpence, but do not always *en revanche* feel expected themselves to read. Though rather too much of such social stuff as in our fathers' simpler days made pleasant chat over a "dish of tea," ere any thought of "setting up" and paying for it arose, these papers often are very happy. One or two, indeed, are something more—notably a Polynesian Griselda, a most quaintly told version of a South Sea myth, and "a Transcript and a Transcription" (we protest against the title), a genuine bit of criticism on the two latest and contemporaneous translations of the terrible "Agamemnon," the one by the poet Browning, the other by Mr. Morshead.

A seventh edition of "Palestine Re-peopled" (J. Nisbet and Co.), by the Rev. James Neil, formerly incumbent of Christ Church, Jerusalem, attests the popularity with a certain class of minds of confident predictions based on difficult and uncertain prophecy. For some time a resident in Jerusalem, Mr. Neil has a good deal to say in his opening chapter on the new Jewish and Protestant Colonies in Palestine, the capacities of the land, and the gradual removal of all impediments in the way of the new settlers, which is fairly worth hearing. This, however, is the preface only. The main purpose of the book is to predict the restoration of the Jews to Palestine—not, however, as believers, but as still reprobate; the substitution of the Greek Church for the Papacy, as the last embodiment of Anti-Christ; the destruction of the "Two Witnesses"—*i.e.*, of Eastern and Western Protestantism after an Œcumenical Council which is to last three years and a half at Jerusalem; the coming of the "third (and greatest) woe" in the person of Russia; the battle of Armageddon, and the salvation of the elect in the Millennium. It is possible that all this and much besides may be squeezed with a little ingenuity out of Revelations, but we should have preferred a tone of less absolute certainty.

"Science for All" (Vol. I., Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), a capital illustrated serial edited by Dr. Robert Brown—brings us once more into the domain of fact. Made up of brief, well-written papers—of good specimens, in a word, of the scientific "pot-boilers" with which our *savants* seem more and more disposed to vary the elevating but unremunerative pursuit of the higher research, it well fulfils the special aim of most of the Messrs. Cassell's publications—the furnishing out of an excellent volume for domestic reading.

* * *

SKETCHES IN SWABIA

ALTHOUGH Swabia is now reduced to a name, and its boundaries have for centuries ceased to be marked upon the map, yet what a host of romantic, poetical, and art recollections present themselves to the mind when we hear this almost indefinite region mentioned! Parcelled out between the two modern kingdoms of Bavaria and Wurtemburg, with little political importance and no great wealth to boast of, yet in the olden time it was the cradle of the mighty Ghibeline family, and its capital was the "Lombard Street" of Europe. Its artists were in request all over the world; and what crowned head in the sixteenth century was not anxious to be pourtrayed by Hans Holbein? Its architects not only covered Germany with stately and magnificent buildings, of which the Cathedrals of Strasbourg and Ulm alone would serve to immortalise them, but were sent for to erect the distant Cathedrals of Milan and Prague, and even portions of the great Monastery of Subiaco. Its national poetry and songs (*Volkslieder*) are still popular all over Europe, and their sad and plaintive melodies still soothe many an aching heart.

Although Swabia is regarded as the early home of the Reformation, and has become memorable for the "Augsburg Confession," yet it is curious how little change has taken place in the religious views of the people since the sixteenth century. The same towns and villages which then declared for the Augsburg Confession are still Protestant, and those which have upheld the ancient religion do so to this day; thus Ulm, Stutgard, and Esslingen are for the most part Protestant, while Augsburg, Rottenburg, and Gmünd are for the most part Roman Catholic.

There is, however, a curious feature about the Catholics of Swabia, and that is the absence of ritual and ceremonial from their church services. After being present at a High Mass in Belgium, and witnessing the elaborate ceremonial and very dramatic style of music there in vogue, or attending the same service in Cologne Cathedral, Aix-la-Chapelle, or, above all, Ratisbon, with their more simple and dignified ritual and noble ecclesiastical music, one is quite startled at the contrast here presented. It is true, the church is full of altars, statues, and pictures, and candles are lighted upon the altars; but all these will be found in the Protestant churches of Swabia as well. But what most astonishes one is to hear the whole congregation bawling endless hymns, in the German language, to the very same tunes as those used in the Methodist chapels in England, while sometimes a member of the congregation will read out each verse of the hymn before it is sung, as was the custom many years ago in very primitive village churches in England. In many towns in Swabia the Protestants and Catholics use the same churches at different hours of the day.

The Swabians have the reputation of being good musicians; but, to judge from what one hears of their performances, they are certainly not good executants—their bands, for instance, are greatly inferior to those of Bavaria Proper, or Austria.

There can be little doubt that the Swabians, as a race, have greatly degenerated since the Middle Ages, as they do not at the present day produce either distinguished artists or great men. Yet they are a good, honest, and industrious people, and rather serious. Like most Germans, they are quite incapable of either "making" or "taking" a joke. They are certainly not a handsome people. "Meine liebe Schwabele" is really a very uninteresting maiden, very inferior to her graceful Franconian or her lively Bavarian sister. She is swarthy and square built, but very serious and romantic, and does not in the least understand anything like a flirtation; she will believe all the flattering speeches which may be addressed to her, and take them all as positive declarations. We should advise all young Englishmen who get introduced into Swabian households to be very careful not to be too attentive to the young ladies without they really have "serious intentions," as "Herr Papa" will certainly be asking questions, and "Bruder Karl" is very ready with his broadsword. However, a man, especially if he has a limited income, may do worse than marry a Swabian girl, as she makes a most careful and attentive wife, brings up her children well, and is an excellent manager of a household. Domestic debt seems to be almost unknown in this part of Germany. Those nice little quarterly reminders of the existence of the butcher and the baker seems to have no place in the economy of a Swabian household. And as everything is paid for in "ready money," dinner parties entirely unknown, and ladies do not indulge in extravagant toilets, living is cheap. The detestable practice of making ceremonial visits obtains here, as elsewhere in Germany. Fancy baving to call upon people about four times a year at twelve o'clock in the morning dressed in black, with a tail coat and white cravat! But the Germans seem to be unable to live without perpetually going about in this hideous costume; it has been doubted whether a German does not make his first appearance in this world in a dress suit.

The dinner hour in Swabia is half-past twelve, and woe betide the poor wretch who is not in time for that meal, as he is like to fare badly until supper-time. As an example of this, the writer was once walking through a part of Swabia, when he arrived at a large village at about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon terribly hungry. Of course the first thing to be done was to find out an inn, which is not generally difficult in this part of the world. Having discovered the required establishment the following dialogue took place between the writer and the intelligent host:—

THE WRITER: "I am very hungry. Can I have some dinner?"

THE INTELLIGENT HOST: "Dinner!!!! Dinner!!!! Why, it's half-past two!!"

THE WRITER: "Yes, I know, but I have had nothing to eat all day. Can you not give me something to eat?"

THE I. H.: "Quite impossible. One *never* eats at half-past two, because one has dined at twelve. One can take a cup of coffee at such an hour, or a glass of beer, but it is *not possible that one can be hungry at half-past two in the afternoon!* One is not an ostrich, and cannot, therefore, be eating all day long. One dines at twelve and one, takes supper at eight. Good afternoon."

Much as the Swabians have degenerated as artists and musicians, it is nothing to the way in which they seem to have lost all taste and skill in architecture. It is difficult to conceive that a land which produced Erwin von Steinbach, the architect of Strasbourg cathedral, and Peter von Arber, could have so fallen away as to delight in such works as the new pulpit and organ in their cathedral of Ulm, the Episcopal Seminary at Gmünd, and most of the new buildings in Stutgard. And if St. John of Ulm could again visit his native land, and see the modern stained-glass windows made at Stutgard, he would repent that he ever had anything to do with the art of glass painting.

The scenery in Swabia is for the most part pretty and interesting, but in some places there are great bald tracts of land entirely without trees, very desolate and dreary. The ancient towns are exceedingly interesting. Ulm and Augsburg are the most important. The Cathedral of the former place is justly celebrated, not only for the grandeur of its architecture, but also for its magnificent stained glass and interesting furniture.

Augsburg is, perhaps, the most dignified looking of all the German towns. The Maximilian-Strasse, more than a mile in length, is lined on both sides with lofty ancient houses, decorated with fresco paintings of "Imperial Diets," great battles, and portraits of emperors, electors, bishops, &c. The grand appearance of the town is greatly increased by the number of lofty dome-capped towers, and vast churches rich in all the decoration of the Renaissance. What Nuremberg is to German Gothic, Augsburg is to German Renaissance. Yet it must not be supposed that Augsburg has no buildings of an earlier date than the Renaissance, for the cathedral possesses a nave of the very earliest Romanesque, entered by bronze doors, covered with *bas-reliefs* representing scenes from the Scriptures, executed in the year 1063, while it is lighted by windows retaining their ancient stained glass of the same date, undoubtedly the very earliest examples of this art now in existence. Although not a grand example of architecture, the Cathedral of Augsburg contains much that is interesting, and is very rich in pictures of the earlier Swabian school; fine works are to be seen over the altars by the elder Holbein, Burgkmeyer, Zeitbloom, and Martin Schoen.

Augsburg was celebrated for its bronze work in the Middle Ages, and fine examples of skill in treating this metal are to be seen in the three magnificent fountains which adorn the Maximilian-Strasse, and the splendid shields and trophies which ornament the gables of the Rath-haus and other public buildings. Our sketch, No. 1, represents the Maximilian-Strasse with the Rath-haus and the lofty tower called the "Perlacher Thurm," which is more than 350 feet high.

About five miles from Augsburg is Friedburg, a pretty old town with an old castle and a most picturesque Pilgrimage Church, a short way out of the town. This is represented in our sketch No. 2. It is a charming place of worship upon a hot summer day, as the arches supporting the roof are quite open, so that the part appropriated to the congregation has neither walls, doors, nor windows. Although there is not much to said in favour of the congregational singing in the Swabian churches, except that it seems to be hearty and popular, yet the writer is bound to acknowledge that he was very much struck by the effect of a congregation of peasants singing hymns in this pretty church at sunset one Sunday evening in summer. The swallows flying in and out amongst the beams of the roof, and the bleating of a large flock of sheep in a neighbouring field, added to the charms of this scene of rustic worship.

Swabisch Gmünd is a beautifully-situated town in a romantic-looking valley about twenty miles from Stutgard. It is a singularly picturesque old town, with walls, towers, and fourteen churches. It has a population now of little more than 5,000. The principal church, a very noble building, and is celebrated from the fact that it was designed by Peter Arler, the well-known architect of Milan Cathedral, and its lofty and noble interior bears some resemblance to the great Italian church. The tower was never built, and the bells are hung in a picturesque, isolated erection, which was intended to have been temporary, but still serves its purpose, though nearly 500 years old, a wonderful example of the excellence of Peter Arler's building, as the tower is only of timber covered with tiles. A view of this building, with the great church in the distance, is given in our Sketch No. 3, the curious building to the left is the front of St. John's Church, an interesting example of Romanesque architecture. The singular little church of St. Salvator, entirely cut out of the rock, is represented in Sketch No. 4. It is said to be the oldest Christian place of worship in Swabia. Esslingen is another very interesting old town, the walls of which were built by the last Ghibeline Emperor, Frederick the Second. It contains three churches, that of St. Dionysius has two very picturesque towers, connected by a bridge (see Sketch No. 5). It is a most interesting building, and has some fine stained glass in its windows and a richly carved rood-screen. The people here are very proud of the spire of St. Mary's Church, which is looked upon as a perfect example of German Gothic. However, to an Englishman who knows the fine spires of Coventry and the Northamptonshire churches, this one at Esslingen looks rather "gimcrack," and has a decidedly disagreeable outline; nevertheless it is interesting, and a good example of skilful building, as it is pierced the whole way up and unsupported by iron ties.

There is a singular old bridge at Esslingen, with a desecrated chapel upon it, which forms the subject of Sketch No. 7; and a very picturesque fountain, which is represented in Sketch No. 6.

H. W. BREWER

* * *

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

III.

NEARLY a century has elapsed since the miraculous experiences of that Teutonic traveller whose name is now synonymous with humbug came out as "Gulliver Revived, or the Vice of Lying Exposed," and now "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (F. Warne) reappear in a fresh garb, as sprightly as ever, and rendered doubly entertaining by M. Bichard's clever illustrations. The present volume, compiled from the original English edition, and from Burger's translation, includes part of the sequel published in 1792 as a skit on Bruce's discoveries, and admirably has the spirit of the text been carried out by the artist. The lean baron, his gifted animals and attendants, and his extraordinary exploits are depicted with uncommon humour, which never merges into caricature, while all minor details are studiously cared for, and the colouring is most refined. Altogether "Baron Munchausen," old as he is, is evergreen enough to beat many novelties out of the field.—The same absence of garishness in coloured illustrations is notable in Messrs. Warne's "Aunt Louisa's Golden Gift," with its fascinating old-fashioned girls and children on a golden ground, wedded to nursery rhymes, novel and ancient.

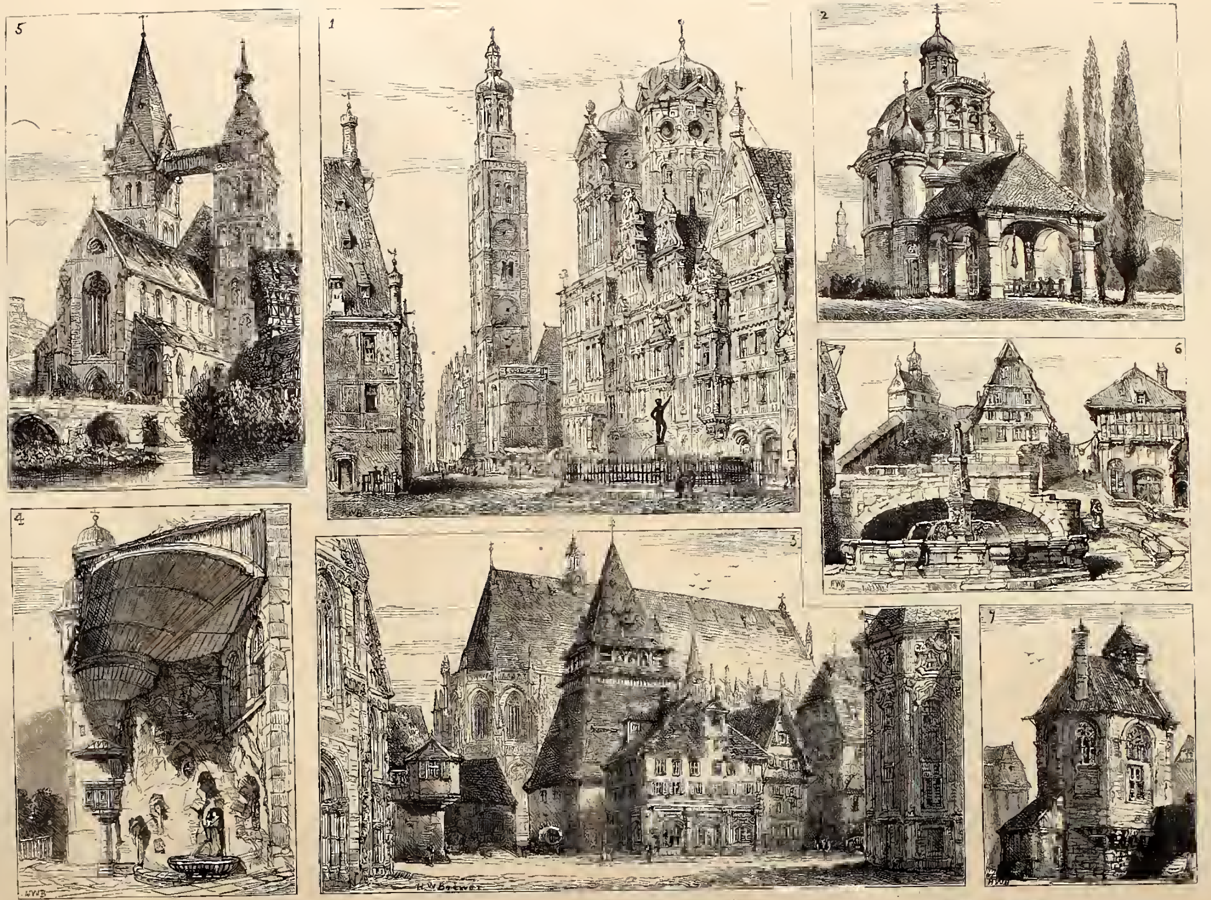
Scenes of country life, common to the unobservant eye, full of beauty to the artist, are reproduced by "Nature Pictures" (F. Warne) wherein J. H. Dell furnishes thirty attractive drawings, carefully engraved by R. Paterson. Mr. Dell's style is delicate rather than bold—there is a touch of Birket Foster in his figures and backgrounds—but he produces some good effects of light and shade. The letterpress, each page surrounded by a most graceful border, consists of appropriate poetic extracts.—Anent the poets, Mr. Hutchieson has most industriously gathered together a quantity of anonymous poetry of the last three centuries in "Fugitive Poems" (F. Warne), a collection of varied merit. Many of the verses are familiar, and many beautiful, but the taste may be questioned, for example, of the effusion commemorating "The Wedding of Loo with her Sweetheart Lorne," or of the refrain, "Paddle Your Own Canoe," to a strain of moral advice. We may remind the author that "The Dying Boy" is by Mrs. Sigourney, and that "Watch and Pray," though here somewhat altered, is a well-known hymn by Charlotte Elliott.

The pleasant chatty dissertations on feathered pets contained in "Bird Keeping," by C. E. Dyson (same publisher), make the revised and enlarged edition of this useful little book very acceptable. Few birds are now left unnoticed, from the wee avadavat with its squeaky note to the lordly eagle, and the plates are good and natural.—Two inspiriting boys' books are also sent by Messrs. Warne. Back to the days of Alfred and the cakes goes "The Danes in England," and Mr. A. H. Engelbach is particularly happy in picturing early Saxon life, sketching the rude Vikings, and interweaving a love story.—There is plenty of life and adventure in Augusta Marryat's "Left to Themselves," for here are two young emigrant lads, whose father dies immediately on their arrival in Australia, working a farm themselves with considerable success.—The loss of his father acts far more seriously on the hero of "True under Trial," by F. Palmer (Wells Gardner), who from a comfortable existence is reduced to sharing a hay-barrel with an Italian monkey-boy. Eddy, by the way, is a worthy model for little boys disposed to forget their prayers.—"Master Bobby" (C. Kegan Paul) is just such another lad in the lower walks of life, and many are his temptations, happily averted by the influence of a quaint little sister in an orphanage.

As "breaking-up" day draws near, many teachers are looking for prizes and reward books, and a number of suitable small illustrated works, mostly adorned with a tasteful floral fly-leaf to contain the possessor's name, come from the Sunday School Union. Thoughtful girls, seeking after the higher life, may learn the importance of home duties from "Mary Mordaunt," by Annie Gray—a story eminently religious in tone, and free from the prevailing morbid taste for edifying death-beds.—The usual types of school girls—the rich and lazy, the poor and industrious, and the dishonest, but eventually repentant, maidens, are all to be met with in "Monksbury College," by Sarah Doudney.—More stirring fare is provided for boys, and the exciting relation of the first blow struck in the American War of Independence—the Battle of Lexington, involuntarily witnessed by two youths—makes Mr. A. R. Hope's "Young Rebels" thoroughly amusing. Founded on fact, the episode is well put before the reader.—No such important events are witnessed by the narrator of "Archie Dunn's Stories," nevertheless he and his cousin contrive to unmask a ghost, capture a runaway, and ferret out a secret with wonderful sagacity.—The succeeding volumes are fitted for Sunday School prizes. Thus the dangers of boy life in London are plainly set forth by Emma Leslie in "George's Temptation;" the same authoress contributing an effective sketch of the introduction of the translation of the Bible into England, "The Chained Book," in which Anne Boleyn appears to great advantage. Why, however, does Miss Leslie speak of the Paris "Palace Royale"?—The seamy side of life in a circus is painted in "The Infant Zephyr," by B. Clarke, although the tiny tight-rope dancer is brought out of her troubles happily; while the unloveable heroine of "Who Shall Win?" by Mrs. Seamer, also has a miserable berth with a cross-grained mother, and turns rebellious, but is ultimately reclaimed.—Miss Ellis's "Little Bess," with her innocent faith, seeking to find on earth the living embodiment of one of the Beatitudes which has impressed her at school, is a trifle too good to be natural.—Another sweet little maiden is found in "Sunshine Through the Clouds," by F. Tylcoat, which shows a sullen child reformed by the pure and loving influence of a schoolfellow. Unfortunately for would-be imitators, Eunice no sooner becomes good than she dies.—Further Sunday School literature from the same publishers comprises four New Year's addresses, respectively for parents, teachers, senior and junior scholars—"Take Pains," by the Rev. W. Skinner; "Quiet Words," by Mr. Macgregor; "Backwards and Forwards," by the Rev. J. H. Hollowell; and "The Best New Year's Gift," by the Rev. A. Bax; a "Sunday School Teacher's Diary," and a "Sunday School Teacher's Pocket Book," including the Year's Lessons with other information and space for class notes, a "Class Register" for pupils' names and addresses, &c., and twenty-four excellent little tracts for very youthful intellects in "The Child's Cabinet." Of special interest to the class too is the minute portrayal of Jewish worship given by the late John Dilworth's "Pictorial Description of the Tabernacle in the Wilderness." Mr. Dilworth had a model of the Tabernacle constructed, and in the present pamphlet details and illustrates the rites and ceremonies of the Old Testament, carefully explaining how the varied types of worship were symbolical of things to come and how entirely they were subsequently fulfilled.

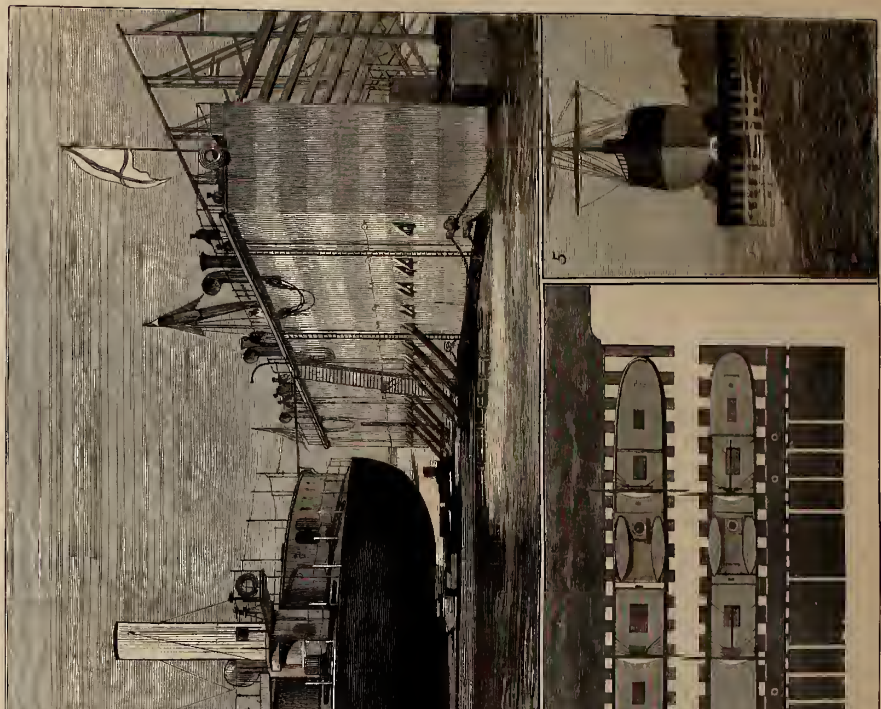
To turn to a group of yearly volumes of religious magazines for all ages. Taking three from the Sunday School Union there are some pretty stories, verse and pictures for youngsters under ten in "The Child's Own Magazine," while "The Morning of Life" appeals to older children, with serial tales, historical and geographical descriptions, and brief moral lessons, and is enlivened by good illustrations. Prizes to encourage budding literary talent are given by this magazine as well as by "Kind Words," another periodical for young people in their teens which also devotes a page to youthful authors, and besides the usual stories, &c., has some able papers on British manufactures, "England's Wealth."—In Messrs. Partridge's collection the chief features of "The Infant's Magazine" are Mr. Harrison

(*Continued on page 566.*)



1. The Maximilian Strasse with the Rath-haus and the Perlacher Thurm.—2. The Pilgrimage Church, Friedburg.—3. St. John's Church, Swabisch Gmund.—4. Church of St. Salvator, Swabisch Gmünd.—5. Church of St. Dionysius, Swabisch Gmünd.—6. Fountain at Esslingen.—7. Ancient Chapel at Esslingen.

SKETCHES IN SWABIA



1. Russian Circular Ironclad "Vice-Admiral Popoff" in the Dock.—2. Dock Submerged Ready to Receive Ship.—3. Plan of Staging, with Outline of Ship deposited on it.—4. Plan of Ship on Dock about to be deposited on Staging.—5. End View of Ship deposited on Staging.

THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL DOCK AT NICOLAIEFF

(Continued from page 563).

Weir's outlines of animals intended for drawing lessons. "The Childrens' Friend" is a step higher in age, and "The Family Friend" for "grown-ups" may be commended for the instructive glimpses of Jewish life and customs afforded by the serial "Sophia de Lissau," while "The Friendly Visitor" is calculated to suit failing eyesight by its legible print.—"The Band of Hope Review" and "The British Workman" present the usual features of former years.—Mr. Arthur's brief tales of reformation wrought by childish influence, "Temperance Stories for the Young" (Partridge), are attractive, although we fear they will tend to make juvenile readers think too highly of themselves.

Sentiment and humour are diversely illustrated by a pair of annuals. Under the direction of Mr. C. H. Ross, "Judy's Annual" (*Judy* Office) brims over with merry caricatures from well-known pencils and lively prose and verse from equally well-known pens, further ornamented by the writers' autographs.—Flowers of the garden and the field are commemorated in "The Floral Annual" (Simpkin and Marshall), eight fairly coloured floral plates, accompanied by suitable poetic extracts. Two volumes of a sterner character suggest return to toil after the holidays. "A New Grammar of the English Language," by the Rev. G. Bartle (same publishers), is an excellently compiled work, curt and practical, possessing the usual features of grammatical manuals, and furnishing specially full information respecting the derivation of words.—Equally practical is the Rev. C. W. Tait's "Analysis of English History" (Macmillan), which is based on Mr. Green's "Short History of the English People," and will be of great use to the student as conveying a mass of valuable information in a condensed form. Historical in purport also, "The Mariners of England," by the Rev. W. H. Adams (Edinburgh Publishing Company), like several recent books of the same type, recounts the gallant deeds of English bluejackets, and sensibly adds a chapter explanatory of terms.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Switzerland: Woldemar Raden. Bickers and Son.

Russia: D. Mackenzie Wallace, M.A. (New Ed.). Cassell.

Through Asiatic Turkey (2 vols.): G. Geary; A Hero of the Pen (2 vols.): E. Werner; The Martyrs of Glencree (3 vols.): R. Somers. S. Low.

Egypt, Cyprus, and Asiatic Turkey: J. L. Farley. Trübner.

Kelverdale (3 vols.): Earl of Desart; Royal Windsor (2 vols.): W. Hepworth Dixon. Hurst and Blackett.

Fairy Tales, their Origin and Meaning: J. T. Bunce; Memoir of Rev. Francis Hodgson (2 vols.). Macmillan.

A Mountain Daisy (3 vols.): E. G. Harding; Her World Against a Lie (3 vols.): Florence Marryat; Walter Forbes; The House of Achendaroch: M. E. Cameron. S. Tinsley and Co.

Afghanistan: S. R. Townshend Mayer and J. C. Paget. Routledge.

A Scotch Playhouse: J. Keith Angus. D. Wyllie and Son, Aberdeen.

Our Horses: Col. E. A. Hardy. W. Ridgway.

St. George and St. Michael (Second Edition): George Macdonald. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

We have also received some Christmas Books and Annuals from Messrs. Routledge, S. Low, Ben George, Cassell, &c.

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London: E. STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

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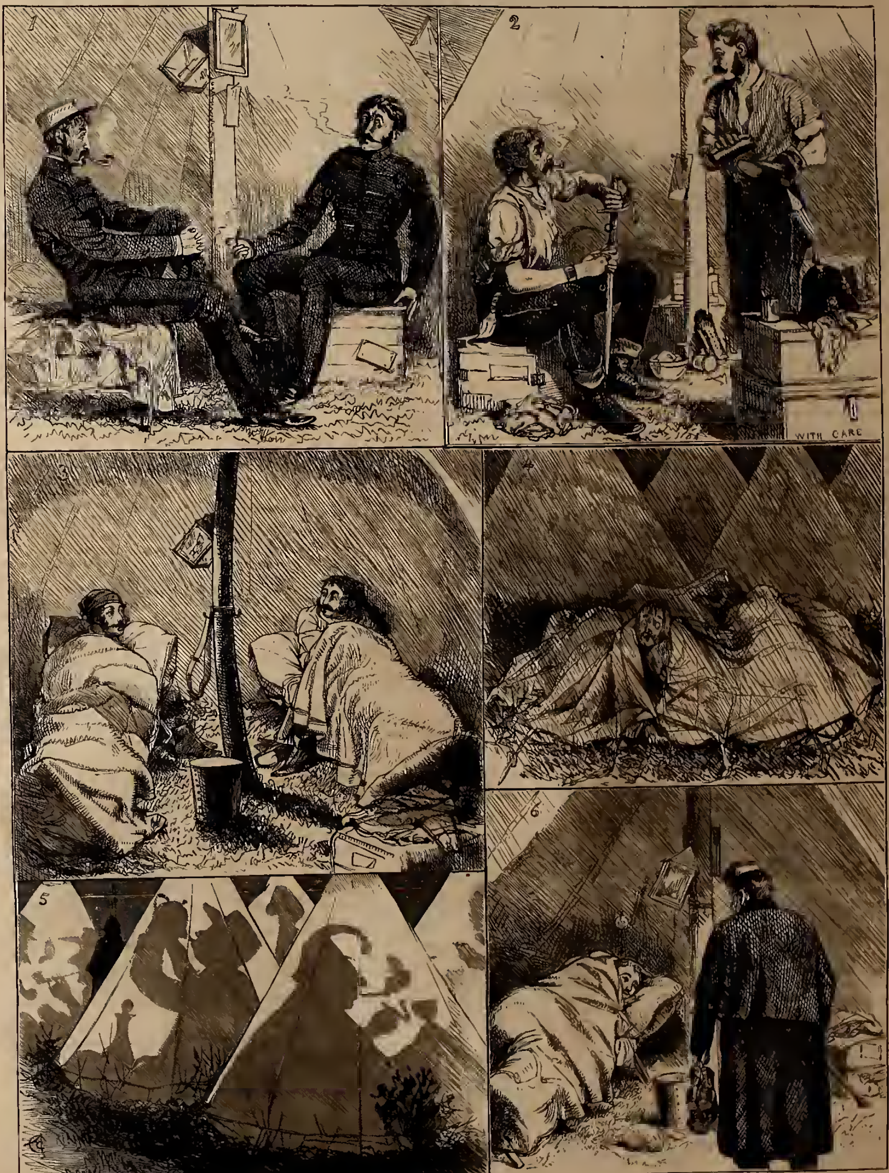

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MILITARY SKETCHES—INCIDENTS OF CAMP LIFE

Topics of the Week

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.——As was generally anticipated, Her Majesty's Message is of a very brief and of an eminently business-like character. Parliament has been summoned at this early date chiefly, if not entirely, for the purpose of granting supplies for the Afghan Campaign, and though the Ministry cannot avoid, and probably have no desire to avoid, a full and exhaustive discussion of the causes which have led to the unfortunate rupture with the Ameer, they tell the momentous story in a very curt fashion in the Speech which is supposed to be delivered by the chief personage of the realm. "The hostility towards my Indian Government manifested by the Ameer of Afghanistan, and the manner in which he repulsed my friendly Mission, left me no alternative but to make a peremptory demand for redress. This demand having been disregarded, I have directed an expedition to be sent into his territory, and I have taken the earliest opportunity of calling you together, and making to you the communication required by Law." This is practically the whole of the Speech, except that we are told that all Foreign Powers are friendly to us, and that the Berlin Treaty is "doing well," for no announcement is made regarding the nature of the Bills which the Government propose to introduce at a later date. Possibly this reticence foreshadows that, as in 1874, another Winter General Election is at hand. Short, however, as the Speech is, the opponents of the Government may have a good deal to say on the inadequacy of the motive alleged for our assault on the Afghan Power, and it is not easy to see what reply Ministers can make except that based on "the tyrants' plea, necessity." Meanwhile, in this not too virtuous world, nothing succeeds like success, and General Roberts' victory in the Peiwar Valley will tend to put Parliament in good humour; as affording a hope that the winter campaign at any rate may be brief, decisive, and therefore comparatively inexpensive.

THE WEAKNESS OF THE OPPOSITION.——The leaders of the Opposition must feel by this time that they have been singularly unsuccessful in their attempts to influence the nation. Mr. Gladstone never spoke with greater fervour than he is now doing; Mr. Childers displays all his old mastery of detail; Mr. Fawcett exercises to the utmost his considerable powers of angry denunciation. Yet they produce no effect. The meetings to which they address themselves noisily applaud; the nation supports the Government more heartily than ever. It would be very advantageous to the Liberal leaders if they would thoroughly investigate the explanation of this striking fact. We believe the meaning of it to be that Mr. Gladstone and his friends never make the smallest suggestion as to the course the nation ought to adopt in its present perplexity. They criticise the Government with tedious iteration; they point out innumerable faults of which Lord Beaconsfield has been guilty; they laud the surpassing wisdom of the last Liberal Ministry. But for any hint with respect to our present duty, we look through their speeches in vain. This is the only element in the controversy for which the mass of Englishmen really care. In the remote future it may be interesting to apportion to each party and to each prominent statesman the exact amount of praise and blame due to their actions; but in the mean time we are confronted by a powerful rival which may any day become an open enemy, and it is something like an impertinence to divert attention to questions about which there is no living interest. What would Mr. Gladstone do if he were in power? Would he reverse the existing policy, or would he continue it? Or would he merely modify it? These are the questions England wishes to see definitively and positively answered. While no answer is forthcoming, the people will give their confidence to men who have a distinct theory of their duty, and who do not shrink from the responsibility of executing it.

CENTRAL ASIA.——It seems but the other day that procrastinating politicians bade us take comfort. Russia and England could not meet in Asia for at least another half-century, and such a remote possibility was out of the pale of practical statesmanship. Russian progress has been more rapid than these gentlemen supposed it would be; already the boundaries of the two empires are nearly conterminous; and we must make up our minds at once how we ought to act, unless, indeed, the swift march of events makes up our minds for us. The vital question to determine is whether it is absolutely necessary for Russia and England (as regards Asiatic acquisitions) to treat each other as enemies. Is there not room in that vast Continent for both, and may not each exercise its civilising influence in its proper sphere, without trenching on the domains of the other? It would be very pleasant to be able to answer this question confidently in the affirmative, but even the staunchest Russophil among our countrymen would hesitate to say "Yes." Russian officials know perfectly well that we have no desire to penetrate into the barren steppes of Turkestan, but can we feel equally sure that they wish to leave our Indian Empire alone? The Russian conquests in Central Asia and the English conquests in India have often been compared, and there are many points of resemblance between them. In either case, without doubt, fresh annexations have sometimes been made rather from necessity than from a desire for immediate additional aggrandisement. But there are two points of difference between the Asiatic Empires of Russia and of England. Indian conquest was mainly the work of a trading corporation, acting, at all events in its earlier years, almost independently of the royal authority at home. Russian conquest has been the deliberate traditional scheme of a military monarchy, unfettered by Parliamentary restraints. Again, Indian conquest had no temptation to proceed beyond the Himalayas, on the other side of which are barren wastes and nomad tribes. But what is the prospect of Russia when she has arrived at the Himalayas? Why, beyond these Asiatic Alps, she knows that there extends a region as rich as Lombardy, and, by comparison, of illimitable extent, inhabited by an industrious population, who, unsupported by Western help, could not resist the Muscovite legions for a twelvemonth. And, again, this rich peninsula is bordered by the sea, to which at present Russia, in proportion to her vast extent, has but a very limited access. Are not these prizes—a fertile country, and a seaboard free from ice—likely to stir the ambition of patriotic Northmen, and have not our statesmen some right to feel uneasy?

DIVIDED ATTENTION.——If the Russians intended, by stirring up trouble in Afghanistan, to turn the thoughts of England from their doings in Turkey, they have been singularly successful. Even the phrase "divided attention" hardly gives a true account of the study now devoted to the Turkish problem. For some weeks the mass of Englishmen seem almost to have forgotten that such a problem exists, having given up to Afghanistan all the time they can afford to sacrifice to politics. This is natural enough, yet it is decidedly dangerous. The knowledge that Englishmen were jealously watching every movement imposed a strong check on Russian aggression. If our rivals fancy they are now free from British control, their courage will rise, and we may have the pleasure of suddenly finding that we are in the midst of our old perils. As yet, fortunately, there has been no such result as this. On the contrary, the Czar appears to have issued orders of genuine stringency, to the effect that the Treaty of Berlin is a reality, and must be executed. Probably the firm tone recently adopted at Vienna has had something to do with this satisfactory change. Count Andrassy has been using lately the language which befits the representative of so great a Power as Austria, and there can be no doubt that his words have quickened the desire of Russia to be loyal to her engagements. But we cannot feel confident that this influence will always act so effectually. Austria-Hungary is so complicated a State that its policy is liable to great fluctuations. A powerful movement among the Slavonic population would necessitate some abatement of the vigour due to Magyar pressure. Hence the absolute necessity of England preserving part of her attention for European as well as for Asiatic difficulties. The fate of Constantinople is just as important to us now as it was when we had no thought of sending troops through the Khyber. Were Russia to reverse the policy she is now pursuing, we should still have to resist her with the whole force of the Empire.

THE INFLUENCE OF PARLIAMENT.——Does Parliament—especially the House of Commons—exercise as great a sway over public opinion as it exercised, say, thirty years ago, and if not, why not? Mr. Gladstone evidently recognises that there has been a change when he complains that the present Parliament rather resembles one of the old French *Parlements* than the Great Council of the Nation, and that its functions are "to register the edicts which are issued from Downing Street." These remarks were received with cries of "Shame!" and of course Mr. Gladstone believes or professes to believe that this acknowledged decadence of Parliamentary influence is in some mysterious manner due to Lord Beaconsfield's Machiavellian machinations. The real cause is probably deeper, and far less easily removable. Parliament cannot fail to command considerable respect so long as it continues to be the principal law-making machine of the British Empire, but, apart from its legislative powers, its debates are no longer read with such eagerness and attention as they formerly were. It is not that the speakers—man for man—are intellectually inferior to their predecessors, it is that other methods of attaining publicity have come into vogue, which have taken the wind out of our Parliamentary orators' sails. A striking example of the change which has taken place is shown by the manner in which some of our leading public men, with two or three notable exceptions, have dealt with the Afghan question. In the last generation, a few anonymous pamphlets would, perhaps, have been put forth beforehand as feelers, but the real discussion would have been patiently postponed until the assembling of Parliament. The debate would then have come home to the public with a freshness and a force which are now unattainable. What with long letters in daily papers, in weekly papers, in monthly magazines, and speeches at City banquets and in skating rinks, the forthcoming debates, enlivened though they may be by the interest which personal encounters inspire, can scarcely fail to have something of the flavour of a twice-told tale.

AMERICAN PROSPECTS.——It is a long time since the future of the United States looked so promising as it does now. The "Greenback" party in Congress have been denouncing the resumption of specie payments; but to other people it seems to be one of the most hopeful symptoms of the national life. It must inevitably check a dangerous and insincere agitation, and give confidence to the sober and enterprising portion of the community. The fact that the national debt is now held mainly in the country itself is another excellent guarantee against dishonest legislation. Of course everybody knows that the mass of our kinsfolk have quite as sound moral convictions and impulses as the advanced European nations; but many American politicians are so reckless and so unscrupulous that every circumstance which puts difficulties in their way is gladly welcomed. Another point to which the President's Message at the opening of Congress alluded was the revival of trade. It is impossible not to be rather envious of the Americans in regard to this element in their prospects. Here there is not only no symptom of revival, but many things indicate that we have before us still deeper depression. The statesmen of America are luckily free of the Eastern Question; and the nation has doubtless profited by the bitter experiences to which it was led by wild speculation. There is good reason to believe that the tide of prosperity will rise rapidly, and that large numbers of emigrants will once more be attracted to share its benefits. If so, the result will be mainly due to a return to those elementary principles of honesty which were for a time treated as antiquated prejudices.

SMALL POX HOSPITALS.——We are inclined to think that the verdict of the jury in the Hampstead Hospital case might have been different if there had been a small-pox epidemic raging at the present time. When this loathsome disorder assumes the dimensions of a pestilence (tempered by vaccination) as it has on several occasions during the last few years, people rejoice to hear that those of their neighbours who have been smitten by the disease have been borne off to the hospital, they naturally feel that such institutions are real blessings, and they are ready to subscribe liberally towards their support. Perhaps—if they could get an equally convenient abode elsewhere—they would not choose to live hard by one of these establishments, and yet the prejudice in this respect cannot be very strong, when we remember the successive emigrations of *The* Small Pox Hospital *par excellence*. Twice in our recollection has it been driven out by the buildings which accumulated round it; from Mount Pleasant (Gray's Inn Lane) to King's Cross, and from King's Cross to Highgate, and even there it is the ample domain of the Cemetery rather than prejudice which preserves it from being hemmed in by "eligible dwelling-houses." Be it observed, however, that we do not complain of the verdict in the Hampstead case, and, even if it is reversed by another tribunal, it may exercise a wholesome effect on the *external* economy of such institutions. The jury specially exonerated the *internal* management from blame, but it stands to reason, small-pox being universally admitted to be a contagious disease, that there must be some risk to those who are the immediate neighbours of an establishment into which patients are constantly going, and out of which convalescents and corpses are constantly coming, unless—and herein lies the whole gist of the matter—the authorities exercise the most careful precautions. Seeing that small-pox hospitals are absolute necessities, and that they must be within a convenient distance of the great centres of population, they cannot be isolated, as a building is isolated on a Devonshire moor, and therefore the adjacent inhabitants are justified in complaining if it can be shown that a single case of disease is generated by their location in the district.

SUNDAY POLITICS.— Some attention has been excited by the strong utterances of prominent Nonconformist preachers with respect to the Afghan war. We are far from thinking that clergymen ought to confine their allusions solely to what are called sacred subjects. By doing so, unless they are men of a rare order of genius, they are sure to be guilty of the unpardonable, although too common, crime of dulness. Every true sermon ought to bear evidence that the preacher is in immediate contact with life, and that the principles he unfolds for guidance and consolation have not been merely learned by rote from books. This, however, is a very different thing from saying that ministers of religion are justified in delivering from the pulpit party harangues on current questions. It is all very well for them to assert that they must uphold the eternal laws of justice; but they must know that in a question like that which now agitates the nation there is room for difference of opinion as to the course which these laws prescribe. Men who approve the war are as firmly convinced of its justice as the irate preachers are convinced of its wickedness. In these circumstances such tirades can only do harm. They do not make politicians who already agree with them more sure of their ground; and they irritate persons who have arrived at a contrary conclusion. What good can an irritated man be expected to derive from the previous services? He leaves church in a far less religious temper than when he entered it. Altogether, it is to be hoped the mass of the clergy both in the Established Church and in the Nonconformist Churches will refrain from following the bad example which has been sent them. It is vain for them to point to the political sermons of men like Latimer. There were no newspapers in those days. Now the newspaper pursues us, morning, afternoon, and night; and to many people one of the attractions of church is that they can there forget all about leading articles and barren party strife.

AMUSEMENTS

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Conductor, Sir MICHAEL COSTA.—FRIDAY NEXT, Dec. 13, at 7.30, Rossini's Oratorio, MOSES IN EGYPT, English Version, by Mr. A. Matthison. Principal vocalists: Madame Sherrington; Mdlle. Mathilda Enequist, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Cummings, Mr. W. Wells, Mr. Bridson, Mr. Hilton, and Mr. Santley. Organist, Mr. Willing. Tickets, 3s., 5s., 7s., 10s 6d. Book of Words, 1s.; Vocal Score, 6s. The FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PERFORMANCE of Handel's MESSIAH on FRIDAY, December 20.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—THE TWO ORPHANS Every Evening at 7.30. MORNING PERFORMANCE of A REPUBLICAN MARRIAGE Saturday Next, at 2 o'clock. Box-office open daily from 11 to 5. No Booking Fees.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—Every Evening, at 6.45, THE DAY AFTER THE WEDDING. Mr J. B. Howe, Miss Bellair. MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. Levantine, Gale St. John and Celia Dwight. Followed by (Wednesday excepted) WEALTH. Mrs. S. Lane. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Charlton, Drayton, Reeve, Pitt; Mdlles. Marie Henderson, Pettifer, Newham. To conclude with THE RENDEZVOUS. Messrs. Bigwood, Towers; Mdlles. Adams, Summers, Rayner. Wednesday, commencing with THE STRANGER.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. G. CONQUEST.—Every Evening at 7 (Thursday excepted), TALE OF TWO CITIES. Messrs. James, F. Dobell, Syms, Nicholls, Parker, Gillett; Mdlles. Verner, Victor, Denvil. To conclude with THE WOMAN IN RED. On Thursday, OLD JOE AND YOUNG JOE, LITTLE TREASURE, HAND AND GLOVE. The Grand Christmas Pantomime will be produced on Christmas Eve, Tuesday, Dec. 24.

SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW OF CATTLE, IMPLEMENTS, ROOTS, &c.

SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, Islington.—MONDAY, Dec. 9, at 2 o'clock, admission Five Shillings; Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, at 9 o'clock, admission One Shilling.
Agricultural Hall Co., Limited. S. SIDNEY,
Barford Street, Islington. Secretary.

THE CANTERBURY THEATRE of VARIETIES.—TRAFALGAR; The VICTORY at SEA—Moorish Dagger Ballet at Gibraltar—The West Indies—Jack Ashore at Portsmouth—Songs and Hornpipes—Nelson's Departure from England—Castanet Ballet at Cadiz—On BOARD the VICTORY—Musket Drill—Cutlass Drill—Shortening Sail—Beating to Quarters—The Battle—The Death of Nelson. The *Daily Telegraph* says:—"Arranged in a manner well calculated to invite an expression of patriotic sympathies and evoke enthusiastic plaudits." The *Observer* says:—"Surpasses anything of the kind ever attempted." VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT during the Evening: Miss Nelly Power, Mr. Arthur Lloyd, Mr. Fred. Wilson, The Kimbas, &c.

MASKELYNE AND COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL.—EVERY EVENING at Eight, and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoons at Three. A programme of inexplicable illusions and mechanical wonders. Music by Mechanism is Mr. Maskelyne's latest and greatest achievement. The performance of Fanfare, the Cornet Player, and Labial on the Euphonium, are just now the attraction and talk of the entire kingdom, the Press having spoken in terms of unqualified praise. Private Boxes from 21s. to 2½ Guineas; Stalls, 5s. and 3s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.—W. MORTON, Manager.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. "A TREMENDOUS MYSTERY," by F. C. Burnand, and MRS. BROWN'S HOME AND FOREIGN POLICY, by Mr. Arthur Sketchley.—EVERY EVENING, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8. Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place.

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No fees. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s; Gallery, 1s.

HAMILTON'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, HOLBORN.—Visitors to the Cattle Show should not fail to visit HAMILTON'S EXCURSIONS and GRAND PANSTEREORAMA of PASSING EVENTS, including Superb Scenes of Cyprus by the most eminent London artists. The O I C.M. Minstrels, Champion Skaters, and other attractions. Every Evening at 8; Mondays and Saturdays, 3 and 8. Admission, 6d to 2s.; Stalls, 3s. Bonnets allowed. Seats booked without fee at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—The TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES by British and Foreign Artists, including 40 Sketches and Studies from Nature, by B. W. Leader, is NOW OPEN. Admission, 1s.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—DE NEUVILLE'S Grand Work, LE BOURGET, Oct. 30, 1870, at the Twenty-sixth Annual Exhibition of Pictures by British and Foreign Artists. See *The Times*, Nov. 5.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Night of the Crucifixion," "Soldiers of the Cross," &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of HIGH-CLASS PICTURES is now OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH'S GALLERY, 5, Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre, from 10 till 6 o'clock. Admission 1s., including Catalogue.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The THIRTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES will OPEN on MONDAY NEXT, Dec. 9.
Gallery, 53, Pall Mall. H. F. PHILLIPS, Secretary

ELIJAH WALTON.—Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings, ISLE OF WIGHT, ALPINE and EASTERN, ON VIEW and for SALE at very moderate prices, at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191, Piccadilly. Ten till Dusk. Admission, with Catalogue, 1s.

THE "TALKING MACHINE," or PHONOGRAPH (Edison's Patent)—"One of the greatest marvels of science."—*Times*. Is on exhibition at the Galleries of the LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, 110 and 108, Regent Street, and 54, Cheapside. Admission, 1s. "Like a recording angel it notes down and repeats every word uttered."—*Standard*.

BRIGHTON.—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS, leaving Victoria for Brighton every Weekday at 10.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and from Brighton at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m.; and on Sundays from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and from Brighton 8.30 p.m.
EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.
Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.
(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—Engagement, for Twelve Nights only, commencing Monday, December 9, of Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL (Miss Madge Robertson), in the Enormous Successful Play of DIPLOMACY.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.—BOOKING of PASSENGERS at Town Receiving Offices.—ORDINARY TICKETS (Single and Return) can now be obtained at the following Town Receiving Offices for all the principal stations on the LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN SYSTEM and its connections: Swan-with-Two-Necks, Gresham Street, E.C.; Golden Cross, Charing Cross; Spread Eagle, Regent Circus, W.; 70, St. Martin's Lane (late Willing and Co.); Albert Gate, Knightsbridge; Spread Eagle, Gracechurch Street, E.C.; 350, Oxford Street, W. The Tickets obtained at these Offices will be available from either Euston or Kensington (Addison Road), and will be issued at the same Fares as are charged at those Stations. They can also be obtained at Gaze and Son's Tourist Office, 142, Strand, at the same Fares as at Euston Station. Passengers can also be booked through to the London and North-Western System from Broad Street, Mansion House, Blackfriars, Charing Cross, Westminster Bridge, Earl's Court, Kentish Town, Victoria (L. B. & S. C. and District Stations), Kensington (Addison Road), Uxbridge Road, Hammersmith (N. & S.W. Junction Station), Willesden Junction, Clapham Junc. Stations.
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Our Illustrations

MILITARY SKETCHES—INCIDENTS OF CAMP LIFE

HERE are some more of the humours of camp life, which may be regarded as a continuation of the series which we published a few weeks ago (No. 466, November 2). In Nos. 1 and 2 we have the interiors of two tents, tenanted respectively by a couple of officers and their orderlies. The tents being placed in juxtaposition, the masters overhear much of the conversation of their servants, and it may guessed that what they overhear is not always of the most flattering nature. The next sketches, 3 and 4, illustrate in a double sense the truth of the proverb, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." In the small hours of the morning, Brown being awakened by the creaking of the tent-pole, which is bending like a reed before the violence of the gale, calls to his friend Jones to go out and ease off the ropes, Jones politely replies that he will "see him hanged first," but when a moment afterwards the soaking canvas flops down upon them, each wishes that he had himself done what was needful, instead of wasting time in trying to persuade his companion to do it. No. 5 gives us a good idea of the grotesque shadows which are visible on the white canvas tents, every evening after darkness has set in. Presently, however, when the bugle sounds "Lights out," the phantasmagoria will suddenly disappear, and the lonely sentry on duty outside will no longer be able to while away the weary hours by watching the grotesquely magnified forms of his comrades who are enjoying themselves within. Finally, in Sketch 6, we have a scene which only those who live at home at ease can afford to laugh at. Poor Smith of the —th, slumbering with his martial cloak around him, has had a visit from Queen Mab, who has cheated him into the belief that he is at home on furlough, comfortably ensconced in a civilised bedchamber, with no imperative necessity to get up until he feels inclined. When his newly-polished accoutrements are brought in, the half-dreaming sybarite yawns "All right, Atkins," and orders a fire, and hot water; but then comes the dread announcement which awakens him to the stern realities of the situation, "Half-past four, sir. Parade at five, sir; and it's raining hard, sir!"

THE DISASTER IN THE CHANNEL

THE fatal collision which took place off the Foreland on Monday last resulted in the deaths of fifty-four persons, thirty-seven of whom were passengers. The accident happened at night, soon after most of those on board the *Pommerania* had retired to their berths after indulging in some festivities in the main cabin in celebration of their near approach to port. The crash was terrible, but as yet there is little means of forming an opinion as to which vessel was to blame, although this moral can at least be deduced, that water-tight compartments are practically useless unless they are made without doors. Both vessels were built with them, but the *Pommerania* sank like a log because her doors had been left open; whilst the *Moel Eilian*, though frightfully damaged in the bows, as will be seen in our engraving, was safely towed into harbour, the water never penetrating farther than her first compartment. Accounts differ as to the behaviour of the crew of the German vessel; a lady passenger says that they did all they could to save life, whilst, on the other hand, Thomas Brightling, a certificated chief mate, who was also a passenger, declares that they behaved very badly, actually saving their baggage and bedding, instead of trying to rescue the passengers. He also states that one boat was upset by some of the crew rushing into it after it was full of passengers, and that another, in which he himself was saved, was pushed off, in spite of his protests, while there was still room in it for eight or ten persons. He saw no officers, except Captain Schwensen, whose gallant conduct is attested by all the accounts. This brave seaman actually went down with his ship, but having risen again to the surface, he was picked up by the *City of Amsterdam*, and subsequently landed at Maassluys, on the Wednesday. It is singular, however, that nothing further concerning him has been announced. The majority of those saved were taken on board the *Glengarry*, and landed at Dover, where they were temporarily housed at the Sailors' Home, being subsequently forwarded to Hamburg, for which place the unfortunate vessel was bound. The coroner's jury have returned an open verdict; but the inquiry stands adjourned, and of course there will also be an investigation by the Board of Trade.

THE SOLDIERS' INSTITUTE, PORTSMOUTH

THIS institution is now in the fifth year of its existence, and has already become so popular that its benevolent promoter, Miss Robinson, is often puzzled to find accommodation within its walls for the many applicants who present themselves. Every inch of space is utilised, the cellars have been transformed into kitchens, the former kitchen offices into a handsome reception room, lavatory, and store, whilst the refreshment bar has also been much improved, marble counters, mirrors, handsome urns, &c., adding greatly to the attractiveness of the house. The Institute has fifty-two rooms, and makes up seventy beds; over ten thousand nights' lodgings have been provided during the year, and on special occasions, although beds are improvised in the reading-room, &c., many have been refused admission. Without counting sleepers, the daily average of soldiers and sailors using the house exceeds three hundred. The place combines the advantages of a Temperance Hotel, Literary Institute, and Social Club-house, in which soldiers, when out of barracks, can pass their time in an enjoyable and improving way. For those who simply need recreation, billiards, skittles, and other games are provided, whilst for the more studiously inclined there is a Reading Room well supplied with periodicals, a library of well-selected works, and a Lecture Hall in which meetings are held and entertainments given. There are also classes for secular and religious instruction. Miss Robinson and the ladies who assist her reside in the house at their own expense, and their gratuitous work is not confined to the establishment itself. They visit the outward bound troopships and supply the men on board with books, newspapers, writing materials, whilst those who have just disembarked are invited to the Institute, lodgings are provided in different parts of the town for their families, children taken care of, and widows and orphans provided for until they can communicate with their friends. Need we say more to recommend Miss Robinson's benevolent undertaking to our readers? Such a work cannot, of course, be carried on without funds, and in aid of these a Fancy Bazaar was last week held at Willis's Rooms. Those who missed the opportunity of attending it, may still aid the good work by sending money, books, and clothing for women and children, to Miss Robinson, at the Institute, High Street, Portsmouth.

"UNDER ONE ROOF"

MR. JAMES PAYN'S New Story is continued on page 577.

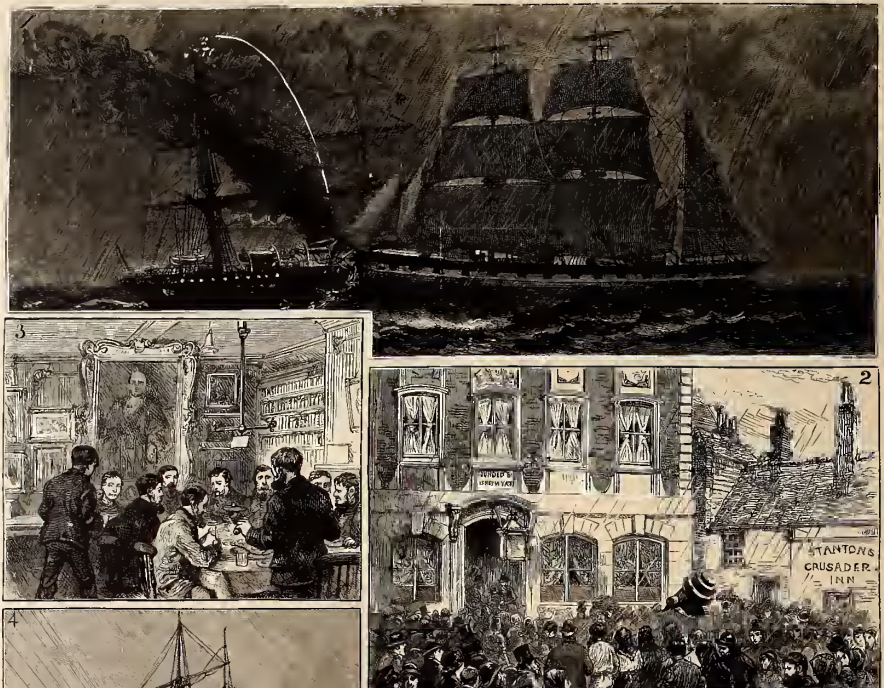
PROFESSOR PALMIERI'S OBSERVATORY ON MOUNT VESUVIUS

THE observatory of Professor Palmieri, the courageous *savant* who has devoted his life to the study of this mountain, is situated on a long and narrow ridge of rock on Mount Cantaroni, almost at the foot of the actual cone of the volcano, and about half-a-mile from the Hermitage of San Salvatore—the extreme point to which carriages can ascend the mountain. Owing to the slight elevation of the rocky ridge, and to the sharp point which it presents to any stream of lava which may come curling down the mountain, the observatory is much safer than at first appears; and our picture shows how the great torrent which devastated the slopes of the mountain in 1872 was cleft in two streams by the projecting edge of the rock. Notwithstanding the great risk, Professor Palmieri bravely remained at his post throughout; and it is to his observations that we owe a complete history of that eruption. The view from the observatory is most singular, as the house seems to be situated in the midst of a sea of lava, which curls around in great fantastic waves, sometimes rising to many feet in height, and at others showing traces of an overwhelmed tree or house. Before you rises the grim cinder-bestrewn cone, silently smoking and emitting an occasional shock or rumble, all of which is carefully registered by the delicate instruments inside the Observatory, which automatically mark the duration of the shock, its intensity, the particular part of the crater in which it was taking place, and its direction, as well as the exact time at which it occurred. While the writer was standing before the instruments, the mountain kindly obliged him with a slight quiver, all the details of which were at once noted by this most ingeniously-contrived apparatus. During the recent eruption, as well as that of 1876, the most valuable results have been chronicled by the Professor, who has been able to calm the exaggerated fears of the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, who were terrified at the threatening appearance of the mountain, by making a very fair forecast of the proceedings of the volcano, his accuracy of course increasing with every year's experience. The Professor, through careful observations, has also ascertained that, at time of eruption, the full moon has a curious stimulating effect upon the mountain's activity.

The observatory was first erected in 1844, and Professor Palmieri receives a considerable yearly salary for the pursuit of his valuable investigations. We should mention that the actual cone of the mountain is *not* shown in the engraving, being considerably to the left of the picture.

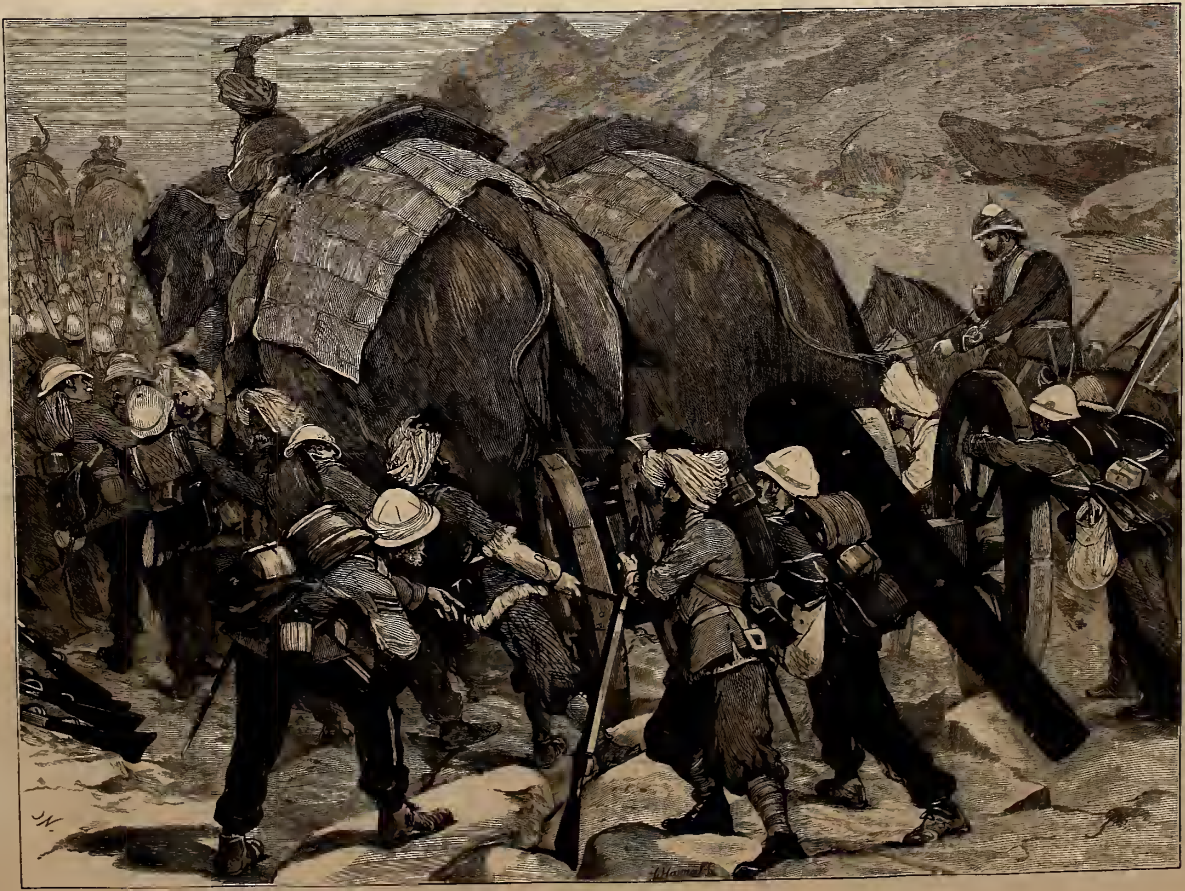
MAORI MEETING AT WAITARA, NEW ZEALAND

THIS interesting gathering took place at the end of June (having been delayed some days by inclement weather) in the Taranaki district, New Zealand. The meeting excited the greatest curiosity among the white population, numbers of whom flocked to the spot by train and by other conveyances. Owing to the lapse of old Maori customs, and still more the rapid decay of



1. The Collision between the German Steamer *Pommerania* and the Welsh Barque *Moel Eilian*.—2. Outside the Sailors' Home, Dover.—3. In the Library at the Sailor's Home.—4. The *Moel Eilian* in Dover Harbour.—5. Bows of the *Moel Eilian*, showing the Damage done by the Collision.

THE RECENT DISASTER IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL



THE AFGHAN WAR—AN ELEPHANT BATTERY ADVANCING TO THE FRONT the Maori race, such a meeting will in a few years be quite impossible. Moreover, this meeting was held to commemorate the war fought at the Waitara, and another native war on that scale is an impossibility. Turning to our engraving, which is from sketches furnished by the Rev. Philip Walsh, curate of Waitara, the time chosen for the illustration is the moment of the distribution of the food to be eaten at the feast, which is always an essential at Maori gatherings. This, according to custom, was contributed by the entertainers, who, on this occasion, were the various tribes inhabiting the Taranaki and adjacent districts. It consisted of some 2,500 baskets of potatoes, kumeras, and taros, a large number of dried shark, and ninety-one pigs. The whole was stacked in a solid heap, like a wall. The preliminary ceremonies of welcome having been concluded, a Maori, armed with a long wand, stepped on to the pile of food, and, directed by an old chief, Te Patu, who acted as master of the ceremonies, proceeded to call on the tribes present by name, and to allot to each a portion, previously marked off by a dried shark stuck on end. When he came to the centre of the pile, where was placed a flag, he formally handed over the rest to Sir George Grey, Premier, the Hon. the Native Minister, and the rest of the Ministerial party present at the meeting. According to etiquette this was accepted, but was afterwards returned to be distributed amongst the Maories present. After the distribution the food was taken by the tribes and rapidly cooked on hot stones in Maori ovens made for the occasion. An hour or two was devoted to feasting, and in the afternoon Rewi, the chief of the Ngatimaniapoto, and head man present, opened the meeting with Sir George Grey and the Government party, which lasted several days, many topics of interest to the natives being discussed.

FANCY DRESS BALL AT BRIGHTON

THE ball in aid of the Brighton Hospital for Sick Children was held on the evening of the 15th of November in the Pavilion, which was crowded by a brilliant throng of ladies and gentlemen in rich and fanciful dresses, borrowed from the fashions of almost every period in history. The present bent of the public mind was exemplified by the number of military and Eastern costumes, and the effect was added to by the presence of several Indian guests in gorgeous native apparel. Here, as in the outer world, "John Bull" made himself a prominent figure. A number of the costumes were supplied by Messrs. John Simmons and Sons, of Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, among which may be mentioned Raoul, Comte de Nevers, Punch, Charles Surface, Figaro, and Louis XV. The whole affair seemed a great success, and, we trust, added materially to the funds of the institution for whose benefit it was organised.

MDLLE. AMBRE

See page 579.—The portrait is from a photograph by F. Mulnier, Paris.

PIRATICAL RAID AT HONG KONG.

AT midnight, on the 24th September last, a singular attack was made by a gang of armed pirates, about a hundred in number, on a goldsmith's shop in Wing Lok Street, Hong Kong. This street runs parallel with the Praya, between the harbour-master's office and the Canton steamer wharf. It appears that previously to the attack the robbers, having extinguished the street lamps so as to cover their operations, boarded the *Kate*, a steam-launch belonging to a European firm, and having by threats silenced the Chinese in charge, got up steam so as to effectually carry off their expected booty and make good their escape. Having landed, the robbers divided into two parties, one of which kept guard in front and one behind. By means of a bamboo ladder some of the party reached the first-floor windows, forced open the venetians, and entered the house. Their motive for attacking this particular *hong* was that they had heard that the last American steamer had brought a large consignment of specie for it, and that the treasure was kept on the premises. Fortunately, they were foiled in their efforts to force the safe, and the inhabitants of the street, having become aware of the robbers' presence, though afraid to come out and offer active resistance, fired repeatedly on them from the windows. The constables also fired on the robbers, who returned the fire, and ultimately made good their retreat with the loss of one man shot dead (and probably some wounded, who were carried off by their comrades); and, on the side of the police, three European, two Sikh, and one native constable dangerously wounded. The *Kate* was pursued and fired upon by one of the police boats; but the pirates got clear away, and next day she was found high and dry on her beam-ends at Mong-kok-tsui. On board of her were found some rifles and ammunition, and a revolver stolen from the goldsmith's shop in Hong-Hong. It may be observed that a similar attack was made by a number of Chinese robbers in October last on the Dindings settlement in the Straits of Malacca, one European being killed and several wounded. A number of suspected persons are in custody.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Afong, a native photographer, and has been kindly forwarded to us by Mr. D. K. Griffiths, of Hong Kong.

THE OVERFLOW OF THE NILE

As our readers are aware, the rise of the Nile has this year attained a greater height than at any time within the last fifty years. It has unfortunately been attended with more than the usual destruction of life and property. In the Delta alone it is estimated that over five hundred of the natives perished, and about 200,000 acres of land were submerged.

The great cause of mischief was the break in the dyke at Mit-Habib, shown in one of our engravings. This disaster resulted in the complete destruction of several villages.

Samanoud, a great commercial centre for the growth of cotton, was partially inundated, as shown in another sketch, and the railway at Rahbain, close by, was also in many places swept away.

Another break in the Nile banks occurred at Kafr-es-Zyat on the Cairo line of railway, where a considerable portion of the town was flooded.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Charles Royle, of Alexandria.

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THE AFGHAN WAR

OUR three columns continue to advance into the Ameer's territory, but, with regard to the Peshawur division, there has been considerable trouble with some of the Afridis at the entrance to the Khyber, as they have fired upon our men, and at one time created so much apprehension by their attitude that several convoys destined for Dakka turned back to Peshawur, while it was even rumoured that General Sam. Browne's communications were cut. Those fears, however, fortunately turned out to be exaggerated, the marauders proved to be formed partly of members of a tribe (Zukkur Khels) whose headman had not withdrawn his allegiance from the Ameer, and partly of those lawless spirits whose love of plunder far exceeds their respect for their chiefs. Amongst those attacked were Major Pearson and a small signalling party, of whom a grass-cutter and a soldier of the 81st Regiment were killed. A mail with despatches to the Viceroy was also robbed. Troops were speedily brought up to the district, and Major Cavagnari, aided by the Kuki Kheyl Muliks, attacked and dispersed the malcontents, breaking up an intended combination, and rendering the communications comparatively safe. Large convoys now pass through, while Lord William Beresford has ridden through the Pass alone without being attacked. Arrangements have also been concluded with the friendly tribes to post strong guards on the most exposed points, Colonel Macgregor has been sent to Ali Musjid, and entrusted with the regulation of the traffic and the defence of the Pass, while General Maude and his division have now arrived at Peshawur. General Samuel Browne is still at Dakka, and has made a reconnaissance on the Jellalabad road as far as Hazar-nao, a place situated on the banks ot the Cabul River, while General Macpherson's division has reached Bosawal beyond the Khurd Khyber Pass. General Browne reports that the Khurd Khyber offers a good position should the British forces hold that part of the country. General Browne will probably now push on to Jellalabad, as the Ameer is "authentically" reported to have withdrawn his troops to the capital, so that there is now no Afghan force between Sir Samuel Browne's head-quarters and Cabul. According to *The Times*, there is "every probability" of Jellalabad being incorporated in the British Empire, and becoming a fortified frontier town. Captain Maclean, of the 14th Sikhs, who was wounded in the attack on Ali Musjid, is dead. Amongst the tribes who have tendered their allegiance to Sir Samuel Browne are the Sangu-Khel, the most powerful clan of the great, but notoriously unfaithful Shinwarri tribe.

General Roberts, after occupying the Kuram Fort, pushed forward to Habib Kala, at the foot of the Peiwar Pass, which he reached on the 28th inst. Next day a reconnaissance was made, and the 29th Native Infantry and the 5th Punjaub Infantry, with one gun, were sent on to skirmish, and exchanged shots with the enemy, Lieutenant Reid and six men being wounded and one man being killed. By a telegram from Lahore, dated the 5th instant, it appears that General Roberts has succeeded brilliantly in an attack on the Afghan position. He has carried the Peiwar Kothal, and has driven off the enemy, inflicting great loss, capturing all guns, and is following up the retreating enemy in the direction of Ali Khail. Our loss is about eighty, including Captain Kelso, R.A., and Captain Anderson, 23rd Pioneers.

General Biddulph has also advanced, and has reached Pishin, and has been reconnoitring in the direction of the Kohjack Pass, and General Donald Stewart is marching rapidly to Quetta in order to take the supreme command of the force destined to march upon Candahar, although owing to transport difficulties it is unlikely that he will begin his march in real earnest until January. By the last advices, however, he had reached Kistah in the Bolan Pass, about sixty-five miles from Quettah. The troops are said to be suffering somewhat from the cold, which appears to be exceedingly severe, while the difficulties of the transport service are still further increased by the sore backs of the camels, caused by the inexperience of the officials in charge of the convoy trains.

The Ameer's reply to the Viceroy has at last been published, and is said to be much milder in tone than was generally thought. Another letter from the Ameer has been received from Major Cavagnari, but its contents are not known. The Ameer, before the outbreak of hostilities, held a Durbar at Cabul, at which he exalted the power and prowess of Russia, and exhorted his followers to sharpen their swords for the enemies of their country. There is little other miscellaneous news, save that the Indian Press are in a great state of indignation owing to the severe restrictions put upon correspondents at the front, who are restrained from sending telegrams unless countersigned by a staff officer. Moreover, the old order prohibiting staff officers from writing for newspapers has also been revived.

AN ELEPHANT BATTERY

HERE we have a battery of those 40-pounders (Armstrongs) which have already proved extremely useful in the present campaign, as it is to their long and accurate range that the silencing of the Afghan guns in Ali Musjid and the subsequent capture of that fort is due. As may be seen, the guns are mainly drawn by elephants, whose powers of traction and endurance are far greater than a team of horses.

A PASS IN KHAGAN

KHAGAN is a mountainous district, forming our frontier adjoining the territories of the Maharajah of Cashmere on the western side. Although nominally under British rule, it is in a very unsettled condition, and until recently no one was allowed to travel in it without a guard. It consists of a large wooded valley down which rushes the river Nainsook. Some of the side valleys are very beautiful, being clothed with deodar cedar. At the upper end of the side valleys are passes leading into Cashmere; some of these are about 14,000 feet above the sea. Our sketch represents a surveying party on the march over one of these passes.

A TWIG BRIDGE IN KHAGAN

A JHULA, or twig bridge, which is often used throughout the Northern Himalayan districts, consists of a pair of ropes, formed of twisted twigs, sewn side by side, to form the pathway. A pair of light ropes are stretched about two feet higher up, so as to form hand-ropes, *et voilà tout!* As towards the centre of the span the hand-ropes often only reach to the knees, it may be imagined that to cross a roaring torrent by one of these bridges, suspended 150 feet above its surface, requires nerves of no ordinary character. Ladies have often to be carried over on the coolies' backs.

Although Khagan is hardly within the range covered by the war, we publish these sketches, as they will serve to show the features of mountainous districts similar to those through which our troops will have to pass.

THE REV. IMÂM SHAH PREACHING TO THE AFGHANS AT PESHAWUR

THE Church Missionary Society commenced its mission to the Afghans at the earnest solicitation of the late Sir Herbert Edwardes, in the year 1855, and for the last twenty-three years the operations of the Society have been carried on with considerable success at Peshawur. There is now a small native congregation of some eighty persons, amongst whom are several converted Afghans. This congregation is presided over by the Rev. Imâm Shah, who is himself a convert from Mohamedanism. Our engraving represents this native clergyman addressing a crowd of Afghans from the steps of the preaching chapel in the centre of the market-place of Peshawur. It has been taken from a drawing recently prepared (and not yet published) by the Church Missionary Society, from a photograph taken on the spot, and is specially interesting as giving one of the best groups of Afghan costumes we have yet seen. It was on the steps of the preaching station represented in our picture that the life of the Rev. Thomas Tuting, M.A., a clergyman of the Church Mission Society, was attempted in 1862, but with that exception preaching has been regularly carried on amongst the Afghans in Peshawur without any physical opposition, and the conciliatory conduct of the Society's European missionaries at Peshawur has, we are assured, enabled them to gain the friendship of most of the leading chiefs of those parts. At Peshawur there is a large Anglo-Vernacular Society conducted by the missionaries, and it is in this Institution that the Ameer's English-speaking clerks and interpreters have been educated. The European missionaries stationed at Peshawur are the Rev. T. P. Hughes, B.D. (now on a visit to this country), and the Rev. Worthington Jukes, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge.

HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——Parliament was opened on the Thursday by the Lord Chancellor. Some comments on the Speech from the Throne will be found in our "Topics of the Week."—Next to the conjectures as to the tenor of the Queen's Speech and the probable tone of the ensuing Parliamentary debates, the main topic of the week has been Mr. Gladstone's farewell addresses to his constituents at Greenwich and Woolwich. At the Ship Hotel he dwelt chiefly on the necessity of Liberal organisation, advising his hearers to "imitate the Tories in their good deeds," and hinting strongly that the early dissolution of Parliament might be expected; while the oration at the Skating Rink was one long attack upon the Cabinet for their foreign policy in general, and the Afghanistan War in particular; and their trespass on the province and privileges of Parliament. He contended that it would be no answer to say that they had the support of a large majority in the House of Commons. It was not competent for Parliament to barter away the privileges of Parliament. If our liabilities were to be abridged it must be done by the people themselves. Shere Ali was said to be only a puppet in the hands of Russia, and yet, while tamely accepting the explanations of the Czar, we had commenced a war against the Ameer. He denied the statement that the present crisis had been brought about by anything which had been done by the late Liberal Government. The present Ministry were entirely and absolutely responsible for carrying fire and sword into the dominions of a friendly Prince, especially as it had declared war without consulting the country, or taking Parliament into its confidence. The final appeal must be made to the country, and the question which towered over all others was, whether the war was a just one. He feared that it was grossly unjust, and if so we should come under the stroke of the everlasting laws that suffering shall follow upon sin, and the day would arrive when the people of England would discover that national injustice is the surest road to national downfall. —The meeting, which was a ticket one, was very large and enthusiastic, and so great was the crush at the doors that the gentleman who had been entrusted with the illuminated address could not get into the building, so that Mr. Gladstone had to put up with an ordinary printed copy. An opposition meeting was held outside the rink, at which resolutions were passed approving of the action of the Government. Both at Greenwich and Woolwich handbills were freely circulated denouncing Mr. Gladstone as a traitor to Queen, Country, Liberal Party, and "Poor Greenwich," and "a servant to that pitiless and lying despotism, Russia."—Lord Shaftesbury, who at first declined to join the Afghan Committee, because he thought that the Ministry were entitled to forbearance, has now done so, because he thinks that in their despatch to Lord Lytton they have now stated their entire case. Although the forthcoming papers may possible abate their claim to public approval, they cannot possibly improve it, unless it should be found (which is most unlikely) on the perusal of the documents that Lord Cranbrook omitted some matters of importance to the position of himself and his colleagues. He remarks that their responsibilities are tremendous, and that neither success in the field nor an approving vote in Parliament can rescue their action from being a monstrous sin.—The London Positivists have issued a manifesto condemning, on principle, our Indian Empire and the Afghan War, and all other efforts for the extension of it, as repetitions of the original crime.—Numerous party meetings both Liberal and Conservative have been held, the details of which we have no space to record. The war has of course been the staple subject of debate, and it has been condemned or defended with more or less warmth according to the temperament and political proclivities of the speakers. Some of the meetings were very turbulent, notably that at Bath on Monday, at which Lord Bury, Under-Secretary for War, was the chief speaker.—Mr. Butt, in his third letter to the electors of Limerick, again counsels moderation, and asks how any right minded man, after taking the oath of allegiance to the Queen for the purpose of obtaining power in Parliament, could use that power, to baffle all her measures, confute all her counsels, and disrupt the citadel of her power? Rebellion begun in Parliament must, he contends, be followed by rebellion in the field, to suppress which England would spend her last shilling and stake her last man. Mr. Butt has also written to the Secretary of the Home Rule Party saying that he cannot attend the coming Session, and strongly advising that no amendment to the Queen's speech shall be moved.—Efforts are being made to establish a Ladies' Political Club in London, which, however, will not be opened until it numbers 1,000 members. The annual subscription is only five shillings. Miss Raisin, 154, Camden Street, N.W., is the Hon. Secretary.—The deaths are announced of Professor Smyth, M.P. for Londonderry, and of Mr. J. Dunbar, M.P. for New Ross,

MISCELLANEOUS.——The depressed condition of trade is becoming more general, and more widely felt. From almost every part of the country come accounts of strikes, lock-outs, business failures, and reductions of wages.—The Poor Law Guardians held a Conference on Monday, and resolved upon the establishment of a Metropolitan Poor Law Guardians' Association with the view of putting pressure on Parliament in relation to Poor Law questions.—A second steamboat excursion was made on Saturday by some members of the Board of Works to complete their inspection of "the sewage zone." Their experiments are said to have yielded evident and general satisfaction.—A portion of the sea-drive at Westgate-on-Sea, near Margate, is now illuminated by the electric light, which is to be tried there for a month, but the opinion is expressed that, on account of its expense it cannot supersede gas for domestic and general use.—The Established Presbytery of Glasgow have arrived at the conclusion that the altered condition of modern society makes the running of tram-cars on Sundays "a work of necessity and mercy," at least such is the effect of a resolution passed by

28 votes to 19.—At a meeting of farm labourers, held on Wednesday in Southwark, it was stated that the men who took part in the recent demonstration at Exeter Hall had been grossly deceived by the leaders of the agitation. Neither lodging nor refreshment were provided for them, and after the meeting many had to walk the streets all night, whilst others, who took shelter in low lodging-houses in the Mint, were robbed of what little they possessed. One of the speakers said that, had it not been for interested parties, the men would never have struck at the time they did. They had been blinded to their own interests by persons who, after having eaten the flesh off their bones, were now actually sucking the marrow out of them.—The remains of the late George Cruikshank were last week removed from Kensal Green Cemetery to St. Paul's Cathedral. There was no special ceremony.—The deaths are announced of Mr. G. H. Lewes, the eminent and versatile *littérateur*, and of Mr. Alfred Wigan, the popular actor, of whom we shall shortly publish portraits and biographical notices.—On Monday an accident occurred on the Merthyr Tydfil Railway, by which four of the company's officials lost their lives. Owing to some defect in the metals, the train on which they were working was pitched over an embankment on to a road beneath, and it was ten hours before their bodies were got out of the *débris*.

THEATRES

THE announcement that an adaptation of M. Augier's comedy, *Les Fourchambault*, was preparing for representation at the HAYMARKET Theatre awakened some misgivings among readers who are acquainted with the original piece, which was brought out at the Théâtre Français last April. This is one of those sentimental comedies for which the modern French stage is so famous. It sets forth the marvellous devotion and forgiveness of a mother towards her child. Fourchambault, a merchant, has deserted the lady on the ground of some idle calumny invented for the express purpose of prejudicing him against her, and mother and son have lived, apparently unnoticed by him, for some forty years, during which time, without any aid from his father, of whose name and very existence he has remained ignorant, the young man has grown rich. Yet the mother is represented as so touched by the news that her betrayer is in difficulties through a panic, that she implores her son to go to his assistance, thereby unintentionally revealing to her middle-aged offspring the relations in which the parties stand. Thereupon the audience are called on to believe that the son, moved by his mother's entreaties, and by a kind of mystic filial and fraternal instinct, preserves the Fourchambaults from ruin at an enormous cost to himself, reforms various matters in their domestic circle, and finally wins them from selfish and extravagant habits to the recognition of better principles. With the main thread of this story are interwoven other minor threads of a similarly ultra-sentimental kind. The task of Mr. Albery, therefore, in converting the piece into a story of English life and manners has not been an easy one; but if he has not attained an absolute success, there is still room to admire the skill and tact with which he has proceeded. *The Crisis*, which is the title of his version, represents a circle of friends and relations who do rather strange things from rather impalpable motives, and now and then both common sense and good taste are shocked by a certain want of refinement both in the incidents and the treatment they receive. Yet the piece furnishes genuine amusement, and the story to a certain extent interests. Somehow the spirit of comedy has to a great degree evaporated, but in its place we have much dialogue that is clever and humorous. Mrs. John Wood, as Mrs. Denham, the extravagant, vain, self-seeking wife of the gentleman who corresponds to the M. Fourchambault of the original, says perhaps more oddly characteristic things, and delivers herself of more good jokes, than have fallen to her lot for a long time; and the acting of Miss Louise Moodie, as the neglected and long-suffering mother, wanted really nothing but a little more truth and nature in the part and its surroundings to create a very powerful impression. Perhaps the same might be said of Mr. Charles Kelly's performance of the part of her son, for it is not the fault of the actor that this personage is of a rather tediously didactic turn, though a little less severity of tone and manner would certainly win for him more sympathy from the audience. Miss Eastlake plays an incidental, but not unimportant, part with singular vivacity and grace, and in more serious situations changes these qualities for a very earnest, truthful, and impressive manner of delivery. Unhappily, her relations with the Fourchambault, or rather Denham, family, by whom she is supposed to be engaged as a governess, convey almost from first to last an unpleasant impression to the audience. Altogether the comedy is really admirably acted. Mr. David Fisher, jun., Miss Lucy Buckstone, Mr. Howe, and Mr. Terriss, who sustain less prominent but not by any means insignificant parts, are equally good in their way. Brilliant scenes, and tasteful and liberal decorations, add to the attractiveness of the piece; nor must we omit to mention the rich attire, changed again and again, with which Mrs. John Wood almost overpowers the senses of the spectator. With all its faults, Mr. Albery's clever adaptation deserves the success it has achieved. It is pretty safe to predict that *The Crisis* will not fail this season to attract audiences to the Haymarket.

We would gladly record if we could an equally happy result in the case of Messrs. Albery and Hatton's new romantic drama at the PRINCESS'S, which bears the strange title of *No. 20, or the Bastille of Calvados*. This is an elaborate melodrama, with a murder scene, an escape from a fortress prison, an audacious scoundrel, and a pair of persecuted lovers; but it is not because its elements are tolerably well known that it failed to interest. Experienced playgoers do not expect much novelty in the materials of a melodramatic story; and a robust appetite, so to speak, for melodramatic entertainments will no more reject familiar incidents than a hungry man will expect originality of aspect or flavour in a roast sirloin. It is, in brief, not the familiarity of the incidents, but the failure to present them in the shape of a harmonious and interesting story, which constitutes the complaint against *No. 20*. Miss Fowler is really a very agreeable heroine, and if she is not a powerfully pathetic actress she can yet move our feelings when the opportunity is afforded. Mr. Barnes, who plays the romantic hero for whose sake Miss Fowler is seen to carry a coil of ropes made up into a petticoat (an unsafe garment to deal with before an audience otherwise tempted to laugh at inconvenient times), is also a manly hero of presentable appearance. It was not indeed from any short-comings on their part that lack of sympathy was felt. Mr. Charles Warner, however, certainly performed the part of a cold-blooded malefactor, who is also a gay hysterical and obstreperous personage, in a fashion which tended to exaggerate certain absurdities of which the joint authors are guilty. The coldness with which an elaborately fantastic and humorous ballet was received should be a warning to the authors that on the stage there is a time for all things; and that the vagaries of Punchinello are out of place while villainy is flourishing unchecked, and the hero and heroine are waiting to rush into each others' arms. There is nevertheless, ingenuity in the laying out of the story, which betokens some faculty for writing plays of this description. The work, we may add, is entirely original; and it is put on the stage with every advantage in the way of scenery and ingenious mechanical contrivances.

With the exception of a few performances by Mrs. Hermann Vezin at the Haymarket and the Queen's Theatres, no revival of *Cymbeline* has taken place since Miss Helen Faucit played the part of Imogen, fourteen years ago, until Wednesday evening last, when this play was selected by Miss Wallis for her benefit at DRURY LANE. *Cymbeline*—in spite of its many beautiful passages—is not one of its author's masterpieces; and, if the "divine William" had submitted his plot to a modern Lord Chamberlain, he would certainly have found his "growing reputation" interfered with by a prohibitory decree. Nevertheless, Imogen is a favourite part for ambitious young actresses, and Miss Wallis displayed considerable tenderness and power in her delineation, especially in the "Milford-Haven" scenes. We should like her still better if she could get rid of a certain shrewishness of tone and of facial expression in the more forcible passages. She was excellently supported as Leonatus Posthumus by Mr. Edward Compton, a very promising young actor; and it is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Ryder was a good, though somewhat conventional, Iachimo.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE.——Mr. C. Hengler and his company have taken up their quarters again at the Grand Cirque, Oxford Circus, where a most pleasing entertainment is provided of great variety, introducing some very clever riders, beautiful horses, and athletic performers, the marvellous feats of strength by the Brothers Gilfort, comic interludes by the funniest of clowns, and many other attractions, which should not fail to produce as large audiences as on the opening night, especially during the coming holiday time.

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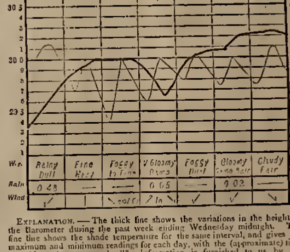
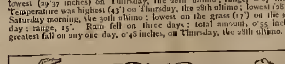
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

NOVEMBER 28TH TO DECEMBER 4TH (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.——The weather during this period has been on the whole cold, damp, and gloomy. At the commencement of the week a depression was found in our neighbourhood, and strong north-easterly winds prevailed, with exceedingly wet weather. Friday and Saturday, 29th and 30th, were rather finer; but on Sunday, the 1st instant, another disturbance passed over us, and rain again fell. Since that time the barometer has risen steadily, and we have been under the influence of an area of high pressure; but, as is commonly found at this season of the year, the anti-cyclonic conditions have been accompanied by a good deal of cloud and mist, and temperature has been very low. At the close of the period we find that the barometer is inclined to fall, and changes which are going on in other parts of the country seem to indicate that a period of warmer weather, with winds backing from north-west to west and south-west, is about to succeed. The barometer was highest (30·24 inches) on Wednesday, the 4th instant: lowest (29·37 inches) on Thursday, the 28th ultimo; range, 0·87 inches. Temperature was highest (43°) on Thursday, the 28th ultimo; lowest (28°) on Saturday morning, the 30th ultimo; lowest on the grass (17°) on the same day: range, 15°. Rain fell on three days: total amount, 0·55 inches; greatest fall on any one day, 0·48 inches, on Thursday, the 28th ultimo.



SCRAPS

AN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION will be held in Mexico next year.

MR. BRET HARTE purposes to deliver his lecture, "The Argonauts of '49," an illustration of early Californian life, this winter, in London and in the principal provincial towns.

A REGICIDAL SOCIETY, entitled the Nobiling Club, has, it is stated, been founded at Leghorn, the prospectus coolly announcing that the name of the Society is sufficient indication of its object.

JOURNALISTS IN SOUTH AMERICA are not too politely treated by angry rivals. Thus the *Buenos Ayres Herald* reproves a Spanish contemporary, the *Nacional*, for styling certain obnoxious reporters, "Vile worms of earth, you live by what you can steal from others."

M. VICTOR HUGO'S PORTRAIT is being painted by the well-known French artist, Bonnat, for next year's Salon. Only two portraits of M. Hugo have ever been painted—one, taken by Auguste de Chatillon, in 1838, represents the author seated holding his youngest son in front of him; in the other, by Louis Boulanger, and dating from 1842, M. Hugo is standing.

AN ARISTOCRATIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER.——Among the contributors to the *Vanity Fair Winter Number*, which will be published on the 10th inst., are the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Manchester, the Marquis of Londonderry, the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, the Earl of Dunmore, the Earl of Desart, the Countess Batthyany, Lady Florence Dixie, and Mr. Bret Harte.

A NOVEL AND HARMLESS KIND OF DUEL is specially recommended to Gallic statesmen by the *Ulk*, a Berlin comic journal, the Gambetta-Fourtou encounter having excited much derision in Germany. Each combatant would grasp the end of an enormous Christmas cracker containing some libellous verses, at a given signal they would pull the cracker, and the person in whose hands the verses remained would be considered the conquered party.

THE NEW KING OF BURMAH appears to have a somewhat unpleasant propensity for throwing spears about him. Recently an unfortunate courtier having incurred his displeasure His Majesty flung a spear at the offender, hitting him in the side, while when a Court herald appeared in a white coat which was too short for Royal taste, the monarch soundly rated the culprit, and, thinking that the reproof was not received with due humility, thrust a spear into his body.

A BAROMETRICAL UMBRELLA is owned by an unlucky Frenchman, who finds his property an admirable weather-gauge, but a totally insufficient protection from the rain. The stick is made of some wood so susceptible to atmospheric changes as to become a perfect hygrometer. Thus, in damp, and rainy weather, the stick swells so much that the owner cannot put up the umbrella, while on dry days the wood resumes its normal condition, and the umbrella can be used at will.

AN UNPUBLISHED COMPOSITION BY ROSSINI is to be played shortly at Monte Cavallo as a serenade to the King and Queen of Italy. It is a *fanfare* for military band, and was composed for the late Victor Emmanuel in return for his present to Rossini of the cross of a new Order, the Crown of Italy, founded on the marriage of the present King Humbert. Rossini called his *fanfare* the "Crown of Italy," but the work, composed in 1868, has lain unused till the present time.

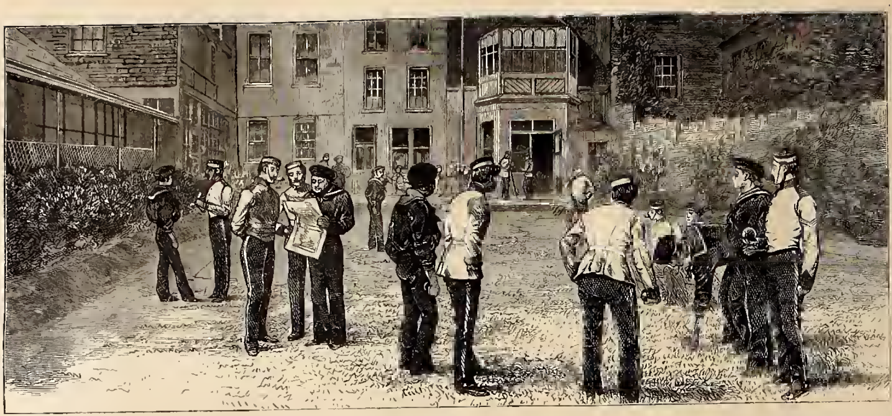
ELECTRIC LIGHTING.——Mr. H. Wilde, of Manchester, whose name is so honourably associated with the subject of electric lighting, calls our attention to the description of a new form of "candle" devised by M. Rapieff, which appeared in last week's issue. Mr. Wilde points out that this method of burning the carbons, and lighting them automatically in the manner shown, forms the subject-matter of letters patent granted to him on the 17th of August last. He also informs us that one of the electric lighting companies has purchased the right to introduce the system into public use. We may mention that our description and illustration were taken from the lamp itself, as shown by M. Rapieff in his laboratory at *The Times* office.

"SIR WILFRID LAWSON," writes the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "might do worse than undertake a crusade in Russia, where the prospects of the Permissive Bill are not bright. It is stated that some Polish Roman Catholic priests lately succeeded in inducing their parishioners to abandon the use of alcoholic liquors. The local authorities complained of this to the Governor of Grodno, who thereupon ordered an inquiry. The priests were found to have acted solely for the purpose of benefiting their parishioners; but the Governor of Grodno ordered them to be transported to the interior of Russia, in order to give them time to reflect there on the presumption of depriving a paternal Government, by preaching sobriety, of the revenue from the duty on spirits."

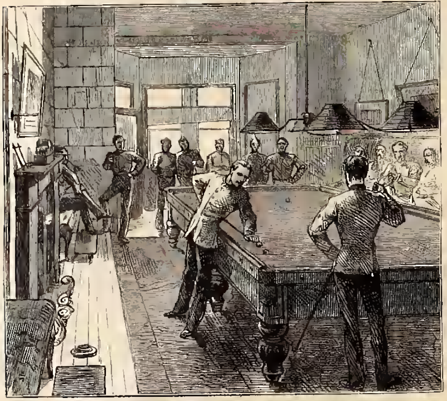
LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,624 deaths were registered against 1,547 during the previous seven days, an increase of 77, but being 126 below the average. There were 70 deaths from scarlet fever (an increase of 16, but 19 below the average), 28 from measles (an increase of 10), 7 from diphtheria (a lower number than during any week since the beginning of last August), 52 from different forms of fever (an increase of 28, and exceeding the average by 10), 8 from small-pox, 39 from whooping-cough, 14 from diarrhœa, and 441 from diseases of the respiratory organs (an increase of 13, but being 3 below the average). There were 2,427 births registered against 2,530 during the previous week. The mean temperature was 39·0 deg., or 2·6 deg. below the average. The duration of registered sunshine was 4·1 hours, the sun being 57·7 hours above the horizon.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT is likely to be largely adopted in Sheffield, according to *Engineering*. In Sheffield and the neighbourhood, the mills are of exceptional magnitude, and from the nature of the work carried on are mostly on the ground floor, being thus more easily lighted. On account also of the extensive nature of the machinery there is generally from ten to twenty horse-power unemployed in the engines,—the amount of the steam which is seen "blowing off" showing clearly the waste—and this power may be used for the producing of the electric current necessary to the light. One firm have already illuminated their large works with the light, and have found it highly satisfactory. A *Daily News* telegram also tells us that Mr. Edison has succeeded in inventing a meter for the measurement of the current used in the light, and, further, that his plan for subdividing the light without loss is now complete. He is now engaged upon experiments to reduce the cost of the light, and these finished will make the invention public.

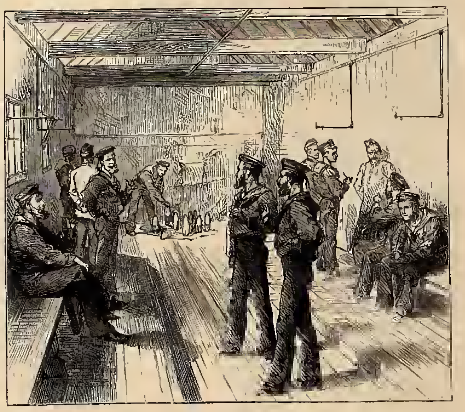
A NATIONAL MUSEUM OF HYGIENE.——The Parkes Museum of Hygiene, has been established for the purpose of diffusing a practical knowledge of sanitary science, and although quite in its infancy, contains objects relating to life-protection, dietetics, clothing, furnishing, engineering, and architecture, in fact, every branch of Hygiene. The library already consists of between 300 and 400 volumes, exclusive of pamphlets. The Queen has marked her approval of the undertaking by contributing 50*l.* to the fund, while the Council of University College have aided the Executive Committee by temporarily placing a large room at their disposal, together with a second room for the purposes of the library. It cannot be too widely known that it is intended to extend the benefits of the Museum to all classes, so that not only professional men, but owners of property, employers of labour, artisans, and others, both men and women, may be able to study at their leisure the subjects in which they are most interested. In order that the Museum may become a great Central Institution for the instruction of the public, an endowment is absolutely necessary to meet the working expenses, independently of the probability that it will ultimately become necessary to erect a separate building for its reception. The Executive Committee, whose Chairman is Sir William Jenner, therefore confidently appeal for pecuniary support to all who are interested in technical education and sanitary science. The Committee will not only be glad to receive subscriptions of money, but also books and pamphlets in any language, statistical tables, maps, plans, and other drawings, models, apparatus, or specimens illustrating any branch of Hygiene. Subscriptions may be paid to the Treasurer, Mr. Berkeley Hill, 55, Wimpole Street, W. Cheques should be crossed "Union Bank," and Post Office Orders made payable at Vere Street. All communications relating to the presentation of articles to the Museum should be addressed to the Curator, Mr. Mark H. Judge, Parkes Museum, University College, Gower Street, W.C. A detailed prospectus, which has been kindly prepared for the Committee by Mr. Twining, of Twickenham, and further information, will be forwarded on application to the Curator.



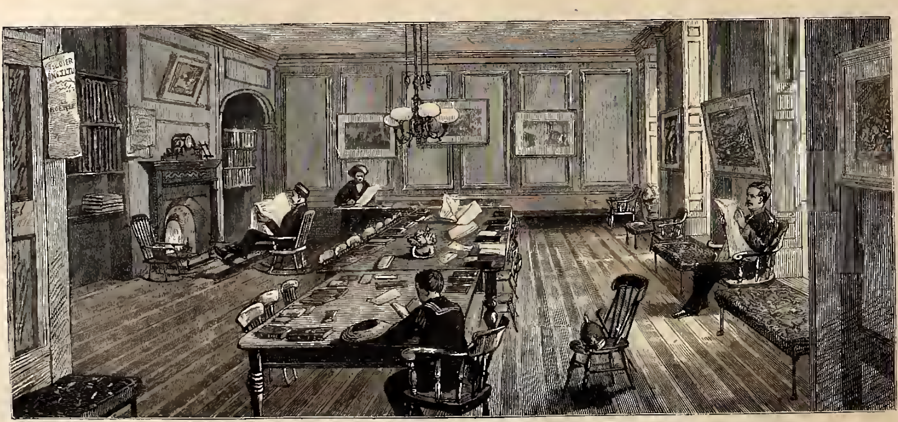
THE GARDEN



THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS' BILLIARD ROOM



THE SKITTLE ALLEY



THE READING ROOM

THE SOLDIERS' INSTITUTE, PORTSMOUTH

To judge by the expression of his bronzed and handsome face, as he arranges his railway rug about her shoulders, he hugs the chain that has enslaved him.

UNDER ONE ROOF: *An Episode in a Family History*

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NIGHT WATCH

THE storm had abated nothing of its ferocity, yet none of the party at the Point thought of going home. It seemed to all of them, though they could do nothing in the way of help, that it was a forsaking of these poor drowning creatures to quit their post. But the Hall folks did leave the quay and withdraw into the mill, from the windows of which they continued to watch the doomed vessel.

"Was not this poor Miss Hurt," asked Sir Robert of Mr. Walcot, "to have come to us last month instead of now?" The baronet knew almost nothing of the domestic arrangements at the Hall, which were effected without any consultation with him by his wife—not, however, without some indirect assistance from Mr. Walcot. He never "meddled," but her ladyship, who was of an indolent disposition, had always the advantage of his advice, and to say truth it was generally valuable. Mr. Walcot hastened to explain.

"No, Arden, you are confusing Miss Hurt, the German governess, with Annabel Spence, who, but for some indisposition, was to have come last month to be the young ladies' maid."

"Oh, yes; I remember my wife said you had recommended her."

"Nay, it was not quite that. The young person was spoken of very highly by a common friend of ours; indeed I think she mentioned her to Lady Arden first. I never set eyes on her but once in my life; but her story touched me, and would have touched you, with your tender sensibilities, even more. You remember the Swintons who lived at Makerly Hall; our dear Madeline used to rather like them you know."

"Did she?" he sighed. "I had forgotten—and yet I thought I had forgotten nothing in connection with her. Yes, I remember the name of Swinton. This girl, then, was in service with the family."

"Oh, no; it is a much stranger history. The old man had a son who died at college, and after his death it was found that he had left an illegitimate child. This was Annabel Spence. His mother was anxious to adopt her, but the old man would not hear of it."

"Dear, dear," said Sir Robert. "It was a difficult case as to morals, but I hope he was not hard upon her."

"Well, something was done for the child; but Mrs. Swinton died first, and her wishes were no longer attended to."

"That was abominable," exclaimed Sir Robert. "The wishes of the dead ought to be sacred."

"Of course, that is your view, Arden; but all men are not cast in the same mould. This girl then, fatherless, and, as it happened, not perhaps so unfortunately, motherless also, was left utterly unprovided for at her grandfather's death. A friend of Lady Arden's did what she could for her—put her in service and so on; but she is now out of place. She has the highest character from her employers. There is nothing against her except the misfortune of her birth; and I judged that that would not be an objection in your eyes."

"You judged well, Walcot; and my wife also—it was the more creditable in her, however, being a woman."

"Ah, you know human nature, Arden. It is, as you say, to Lady Arden's credit that this poor girl is her *protégée*. But it is as well that the circumstances of the case should be kept to ourselves."

"Certainly; though it behoves those who know them to be all the kinder to the girl on that account—— Do you know anything of this poor Miss Hurt?"

"Nothing whatever, except that she too is an orphan girl, highly accomplished, I believe, who has been recommended to Lady Arden by a German friend."

"I fear she will never touch English soil," said Sir Robert, glancing at the foam-covered wreck.

"I fear not; still if she is doomed to meet with so unhappy a fate I had rather it happened now, while she is unknown to us, than after she had been under your roof."

"Our sorrow would be more personal, of course, in that case."

"Yes; but I was thinking of Annette Roy. She was poor Madeline's governess, you know; the one that was lost on her passage to Havre, with her father, at Christmas time. Did she never tell you about it?"

"Yes, yes; but my memory is not what it was. I remember it but very dimly." He spoke with a nervous eagerness uncalled for, as it seemed, by the occasion. "What was it?"

"Well, it was a strange story; this Annette was an old-fashioned little woman, who dressed in a mob-cap, and looked like a buy-a-broom girl. She was very particular about all her little possessions, and when she went away that Christmas left a huge box in one of the attics with a written notice on it that it was not to be opened till her return. She never did return, and her father who was drowned with her was the only representative she had in the world; so the question was, What was to be done with the box? However, nothing was done. It lay untouched for a year till a certain bill for her happened to come in from some tradesman by whom it had been forgotten; when it seemed only reasonable that this should be discharged by the sale of her effects. On the day that my father had come to this decision one of the maids who had only been with us a few months ran down to him, half frightened out of her wits, to say that there was a strange woman in the attic. She said 'she stared at her like a dead creature, and had a baggy lace cap on.'"

"Yes, yes," said Sir Robert, "I remember it all now; my poor Madeline saw the figure herself."

"Well, she thought she saw it," replied Mr. Walcot; "I am slow to believe such stories. Still occurrences of that kind are disagreeable in a house; and whether they occur or not they are easily imagined. That is why I said I am glad for your sake that this was poor Miss Hurt's first voyage rather than her second. When any inmate of a house comes to a violent end superstitious ideas are always suggested."

"I would prefer to say that spiritual conditions are likely to be induced, Walcot," answered the other, gravely. "If, for instance, instead of my sweet Madeline having expired tranquilly in my arms, such a fate as that of yonder poor creature had overtaken her, I should, I know, have been haunted by her dripping form, her fair hair draggled in the brine—pshaw; I tremble to think of it."

There was a look of horror on Sir Robert's face at least as marked as that which the spectacle of the shipwreck had at first evoked on it; it was curious under such circumstances that Mr. Walcot should have pursued the subject; but perhaps he thought the opportunity for the administration of a little pure reason was not to be thrown away. His silence might have seemed too like adhesion to the other's fantastic views.

"I think you should say, Arden, that in the case you put you would have imagined yourself to be so haunted. When the feelings are deeply moved the Imagination becomes a slave to them."

"One is obliged to believe the evidence of one's own senses," answered Sir Robert, gloomily.

"I do not see the necessity. Moreover, some of our senses are more liable to deception than others."

Sir Robert waved his hand with a deprecatory air. "I know what you are hinting at, Walcot, and appreciate your good intentions. It is no use arguing the matter, and especially"—here he threw a glance at the young people who were crowded at the other window—"since we are not alone. It is enough for me that I know what I know."

Mr. Walcot uttered a sympathising sigh, and was silent. Nothing was heard in the almost empty chamber—the only room the Mill afforded not used for the purposes of trade—but the roaring of the wind and the rattling of the window frames. The minute guns of the ship had long ceased to fire, and, indeed, so far as matters could be made out, the sea had made a clean sweep of her.

Presently there was a knock at the door, and a short thick-set man, with a shawl wound about his neck, presented himself. He held his cap in his hand, and thereby displayed a head covered with red stubble mingled with grey.

"The mistress says," observed he in a strong north-country accent, "that it is very late for the young ladies and the bairns to be out of doors, and the sooner they gang hame the better."

Sir Robert looked displeased. This gardener's rough manner always annoyed him, but for that very reason he passed over certain misdemeanours in the man—especially a fondness for nips of whiskey at premature hours—lest he should act harshly towards him through prejudice.

"That was not her ladyship's own message, Groad," remarked Mr. Walcot, severely.

"Well, no sir," the man's voice took a more respectful tone at once, though it was far from deferential, "I took the mistress's orders from Mr. Beamish."

"And why didn't Beamish bring the message himself?"

"Because all the breath was out of his body before he got to the kirkyard wall, sir," grinned the gardener. "He was blowed down flat—or at leastways as flat as his shape permitted—by the wind in the wicket gap."

"Oh, Papa dear, *don't* send us home," pleaded Frank, removing for an instant his sharp thin face from the window pane to which it was glued in rapt excitement. "I do so want to see the lifeboat come."

"And I," echoed Milly; "I am sure I could never get a wink of sleep till I knew what is to become of those poor creatures yonder."

"You can know that, Missie, by just putting a word to any coast-guardsman," observed Groad, slowly; "they all say as they'll be drownded."

"If it is God's will, man, it will be so, and not otherwise," exclaimed Sir Robert, reprovingly. "What do you think, Walcot, about the young people going home?"

Before Mr. Walcot could reply Evelyn interposed, "Of course, if Mamma wishes it, we will go home, but she does not understand that we are in shelter here; and I do think that neither Milly nor Frank will get much rest till they know what happens to these poor people. Baba was sound asleep when I came away, so that we have only ourselves to look after."

"It will be a good many hours," said Sir Robert, doubtfully, and looking at Mr. Walcot.

"Still, as Miss Evelyn says," replied the latter gentleman, "the young folks are too excited to go to sleep. And if they could get refreshments—" Here the door opened again, and admitted a good-looking young fellow bearing a small hamper on his shoulders.

"I have brought some bread and butter and things from the farm," said the new comer, "which Mr. Dyneley sent down, Sir Robert, with his compliments; and he says if a bit of fire was lit here he thinks a cup of tea might be of advantage to the young ladies."

"That is the very thing," said Sir Robert; "now the garrison is victualled for the night. Thank you, Gilbert, it was very thoughtful of Mr. Dyneley, very."

"Well yes, sir; and he hadn't much time to think of anything either. I met him coming to the Hall stables, and saw him start off on the mare like a flash of lightning. She'll take him to Archester if four legs can do it, but the wind is mad upon the moors to-night, and that's the truth."

"Get some sticks, Groad, and light the fire," said Mr. Walcot in a more authoritative voice than he was accustomed to use, even out of Sir Robert's presence. He was a little annoyed, perhaps, by the forethought which the curate had exhibited in sending supplies from his own lodgings at the Manor Farm.

John Groad obeyed, though with a very ill grace; lighting fires, except in a hot-house, being as he considered an operation exceedingly derogatory in a head gardener at eighty pounds a year. He brought the sticks, "as cross as two of them," as Gilbert Holme afterwards observed, and even produced a kettle and coals. In a few minutes the apartment lost much of its cheerless aspect, and Master Frank found his attention divided between the shipwreck and an impromptu repast. Their exposure to the wind had given him and Milly a vigorous appetite, but the others only took a cup of tea.

"How I wish," sighed Evy, "I could give a draught of this to those poor shuddering souls upon the wreck; it seems quite shocking to be warm and to have no wants, while they are perishing yonder of wet and cold."

"Tea would do them little good I fear, Miss Evelyn," said Mr. Walcot. "They are past that by this time. There is plenty of brandy for them on the quay, however, if they ever reach it."

"May it please God that they may," observed Evelyn, fervently.

Sir Robert said nothing; his eyes were fixed upon the casement, but his finger was raised mechanically, as if for silence.

"What is it, Arden?" inquired Mr. Walcot in a whisper.

"She is speaking to me," replied he, in the same under tone. "I heard her say 'Robert, Robert.'"

"You mean you imagined you did; pray remember we are not alone."

"Yes, yes: that makes no matter to her, however. It was a more cheerful voice than usual, Walcot. It seemed to say, 'Be of good courage.' I believe these people will be saved."

CHAPTER V.

A TIFF

How few even of so-called educated persons, who trust themselves every day to the risks of a railway journey, have any intelligent reason for the faith that is in them. What the ordinary traveller knows of steam-power, or the method by which it acts, is next to nothing; and it is doubtful whether he is even acquainted with the means by which his carriage is kept (when it *is* kept) from going off the line. It is quite as well, perhaps, that this blissful ignorance exists, if the opinion once expressed to me by one of the most eminent of our railway engineers is a correct one. "If the public only knew," said he, "the risks they run, especially the 'shaves,' which take place in every railway journey of any length that they undertake, they would stay at home, or set up the coaches again." And if such is the ignorance of our land travellers, how much greater is that of our voyagers by sea, the whole confiding class that is included under the head "Passenger."

It was a type of this class, rather than an exception to it, that Thomas Hood alluded to, in the lady who, being in a vessel which the winds and waves were hurrying to its doom, exhibited such courage and high spirits because she had the Captain's own assurance that "they were going on shore."

When the good ship *Rhineland* started from Rotterdam for Bristol on what turned out to be her last voyage, the weather was what seamen term "dirty;" but it was not for those who had paid the very moderate passage money demanded of them to enquire whether that phrase did not, in this particular case at least, mean "dangerous." They could not be expected to understand that when a large consignment of cattle are eating their heads off at a shipowner's expense, a vessel puts to sea in weather that, under other circumstances, would keep her in port, or even that the presence of cattle on the deck of a steamer does not tend to increase its seaworthiness. Except those unhappy persons who never go to sea at all without a presentiment that they shall be drowned, and behold in every wave the instrument of their destruction, the passengers by the *Rhineland* were without misgivings. Those subject to sea-sickness at once fled to their berths to hide their agonies from the public gaze, and the others repaired to the saloon—the sofas of which rocked like cradles—or secured themselves in such shelter as they could find upon the deck, to snatch a fearful joy from the contemplation of the work of a southwester.

Among these latter were two persons, with one of whom, Elise Hurt, we are acquainted by name. She is a girl of eighteen years of age or so, of graceful figure, and a face, which, if not beautiful, according to our English notions, is, at least, eminently pleasing. She is tall and fair, and, well, yes, plump. No other word exactly expresses that particular contour, which, however, it may err in years to come on the side of stoutness, is for the present all that can be desired in the way of shapeliness, and no more. Her hair is of a light auburn, and very plentiful; her eyes, of tender blue, are large and thoughtful, and their long lashes droop over them in a manner which Solomon (who was a good judge of such matters) evidently appreciated; he talks of a lady "taking" one with her eyelids; and this is what Elise Hurt's eyelids did. They took you, or "fetched" you, as we moderns express it, in spite of all resistance.

The young Englishman by her side upon the deck has, however, made no resistance at all, and to judge by the expression of his bronzed and handsome face, as he arranges his railway rug about her shoulders, he hugs the chain that has enslaved him. His arrangements for her comfort are complete enough, yet he always seems to imagine that something is wanting; and his solicitude appears somewhat to embarrass her. She explains to him in the German tongue, which he perfectly understands, that she is quite comfortable; and also informs him in a natural and simple way that she is unaccustomed to such kind attentions.

"You will quite spoil me, sir," she says, "if you take so much trouble about me, who am not only used to look after myself, but must always do so."

"You don't know how to take care of your own money," says he with a good-natured smile, that becomes his olive face exceedingly.

"That is true—or at least it was so on one occasion. If you had not picked up my little purse in the church yesterday, or if it had fallen into bad hands, it would have been a great misfortune to me—nay, a catastrophe."

"I did not know I had averted a catastrophe," replied the young man. "But it was surely imprudent of you to carry so much money about in your pocket."

"'So much money' was only a few pounds, sir; but then you see it was all I had."

The young gentleman's eyes grew very pitiful. He had a kind heart which was always sorry for poor people; but it was especially sorry for this particular victim of poverty. It seemed so hard that one so young and so beautiful should be so poor.

"But had you no friend in Rotterdam?"

"No; my aunt—who is my only friend to call such—lives at Heidelberg. My money must last me for many months, though indeed," she added, with a smile, "if all goes well I expect to make more in England, and to return home quite rich."

"And how is it, if I may make so bold, that you propose to acquire this fortune?"

"I am engaged as a governess in the house of a rich English family. A friend of my aunt's was so good as to recommend me, though I have never been out before."

"Poor thing," ejaculated the young man in English. She laughed aloud.

"Take care what you say," said she. "I have been learning your language—though it is expressly enjoined on me that I am not to speak it—to some purpose. I do not consider myself a 'poor thing' at all, I do assure you, but a very lucky girl."

"Lucky! What to be leaving your only friend, and your native land, for a strange country, and a stranger's roof. It seems to me you are thankful for small mercies. If your case were mine I know I should think it a very hard one."

"I hope not; for in the first place, you see, I am no longer an encumbrance to my aunt, who has pinched herself for my sake. Then the lady I am going to, I am assured, is kind, as indeed I gather from her letters. My salary is a better one than I could expect. I like teaching young people, too; and it is a great thing when duty and inclination go together."

"Is it?—No doubt it is—of course," added the young man, hastily; for he saw that his *naïve* rejoinder had somewhat shocked his companion. "You see unfortunately I have no duties. Life has been made very easy for me."

"Still, I should think you would be happier if you made some object for yourself in life."

"I am not sure; I am happy enough—or at least I used to be so. I used to feel that I had all that I wanted. And then I am so incurably indolent."

"To know one's faults is half-way, they say, towards remedying them," observed the girl, in cheerful tones.

"Not in my case. For example, I was as nearly as possible late for the packet this morning, notwithstanding that I had a very particular reason for coming by it."

"Ah, then, you have more important matters on hand after all, it seems, than you would wish me to believe."

"I have no objection to your knowing about this particular one—the reason why I wanted to come by the *Rhineland*. It was because I heard you say that you were going by it."

"Sir, I do not think it is right," said the girl, with quiet dignity, "that you should say such things to me. Such idle compliments may please young ladies in your own rank of life. To one in mine they are quite inappropriate and, I must add, in my own particular case, distasteful."

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated the object of this censure. "It was unnecessary for you to say that. I could see that I had made a fool of myself before you opened your mouth. I am constantly doing that however——"

"With young ladies whom you meet accidentally in foreign churches?" put in the other, gravely.

"No; there upon my honour you wrong me. I speak thoughtlessly, I know, out of the fulness of my heart; but I am no philanderer—what do you call it in German—a male flirt. I despise such a character; and I should still more despise the man who, taking advantage of having performed a trifling service to an unprotected young lady to win her confidence, should venture to breathe a syllable to her that should be 'distasteful.'"

The young fellow spoke with fluency enough, but with earnestness also; there was no glibness about his tone; it was plain to see that he had been very much moved and hurt by the suggestion that he had behaved improperly.

"I am quite sure that you did not intend any rudeness," said the young lady gently.

"I hope not, Miss Hurt. I trust that I am at least a gentleman. What annoys me, however, is that you, of all people, should have supposed me capable of such misconduct. I trust I am saying nothing 'distasteful' in avowing that your good opinion is of great consequence to me."

"I can hardly understand how that can be," was the quiet reply; "since you never saw me before yesterday, and we are only acquainted with each other's names, Mr. Gresham."

"I cannot understand it either," replied he quickly; "I only know it is so. Before I saw you, heard you speak, or took your hand—for these three events that to you, it seems, look so trivial, are now epochs in my existence—I was a waif and stray in the world. It mattered not to me where I dwelt or whither I went. As it happened I was going to Paris and thence to England, where I have that home and friends which you tell me I do not sufficiently appreciate. You are a little hard upon me there, for I like my home and love my friends dearly; yet, I will confess, that until yesterday I felt like a ship without sails or anchor, drifting here and there, as the wind might blow. Now all that is changed; I do not venture to hope that you will believe it: but I cannot think I have done wrong in telling you the simple truth."

"I am sure you are speaking what you believe to be the truth, Mr. Gresham," answered the young girl, gravely; "but I am not sure that you have not done wrong in telling it me. On the other hand, I am quite certain that I should do wrong to listen to you any further. I thank you heartily for all your kindness to me; but your words have put an end to our acquaintance. I am going below, and shall remain there till we reach land. Good day, sir."

And she rose from her seat, and held on to the nearest rope, which had long become a necessary precaution to all on deck who would keep their footing.

"Miss Hurt, you are surely not in earnest!" exclaimed the young man. "The punishment you would thus inflict upon me for a venial fault is——oh! you cannot guess what it is: you are taking away my life blood."

"If it really seems so, Mr. Gresham," answered the girl firmly; "the discipline, harsh as it may appear, is only the more necessary to you. I am a friendless girl, and you are a gentleman of fortune. The gulf between us—since you compel me to speak of such a matter—is deeper than any between yonder crested waves. I depend upon your honour, and because I am sure you would not do a cowardly action, not to follow me."

With steps so hasty, that they did not permit of his offering her any aid, and catching here and there for support, at ropes and blocks, she reached the cabin stairs in a few seconds, and disappeared.

To say truth, this proceeding had required of Elise Hurt not only courage but self-denial. In her own heart she did not think that there was either wrong or danger in what Mr. Gresham had said to her. She only felt that she *ought* to think so.

Her bringing-up had been of a prudent and somewhat narrow kind—yet not on that account less adapted to her circumstances, which were narrow also. Her aunt, to whose sole care she had been left from an early age, was a solid, sensible woman—of which Germany has perhaps a larger share than most nations—and she well understood that her niece could not afford, as girls more blessed with this world's goods might do, to receive any kindness from strange gentlemen that exceeded the limits of mere civil attention; and in particular she had warned her against listening to the first words of flattery, or compliment, unless they were so light as to be dispersed by a wholesome laugh. She had taken care also to instil in Elise's mind a proper understanding of her own position, out of which it was very unlikely that she should be raised by marriage, especially in England, where social distinctions were so strongly marked. This advice, winnowed by the machinery of her delicate nature from its more coarse and calculating fibres, Elise had laid to heart, and was now profiting by. But, at the same time, it cost her not a little to exchange the breezy deck, with the comforts that Gresham's hand had provided for her there, for the stifling saloon, where no such pleasant companionship awaited her. And his society had been very pleasant. Most young ladies appreciate the attentions of a well-bred, handsome young fellow, who, naturally indolent, evidently puts himself out of the way to give them pleasure; his youth and respectful ways are agreeable to them; his honied talk, if it is not insipid, is music to them. And if this is so in the general case, how much more grateful was such an acquaintance to a friendless, almost penniless girl, quite unaccustomed to be made much of, and who had never listened to a compliment, neatly turned, from the lips of any man. She blamed Mr. Gresham's folly for having put it out of her power to enjoy his society any longer; but she forgave him. It was very foolish of him to entertain such feelings as he had expressed to her, of course, but if he really did entertain them; if, as he said, he had merely spoken the simple truth to her out of the fulness of his heart, she must needs pity him. But she pitied herself also.

As for Mr. Gresham, left alone on the slanting deck in undisputed possession of his railway rug, he was furious with himself for having kept no better guard upon his tongue. Any one but himself, he argued, would have had more sense than to insinuate, far less declare, his passion for this simple, innocent girl, on so short an acquaintance. He might well congratulate himself that she had not taken his words as a positive insult; that she had set him down for the fool he was, instead of a scoundrel. It had been the height of self-conceit in him to take it for granted that the grateful acquiescence with which this poor, friendless girl had received his attentions, was a reciprocation of his own ardent feelings. What was there in a great hulking fellow like him, that almost at first sight a modest young woman should have been ready to listen to his protestations of love—for what he had said to her, he admitted, was nothing less. He had picked up her purse for her, it is true; but in returning it to her he had only shown that he was not a thief—certainly not acquired the right to talk to her as a lover. It was a sign he felt his mistake very seriously, that he did not grumble to himself because he had foregone the delights of Paris and the pleasure of meeting Fred Mayne, his old college friend, there, as had been agreed upon, all for nothing—or for worse than nothing—as the being snubbed by this young woman might well be termed. Miss Elise Hurt was the exclusive object of his reflections and regret. He reproached himself for having gone so far as he had done with her, upon another account, also, which for the present need not be mentioned, especially as if he had succeeded in getting her to listen to him, he would not have experienced much remorse. Moreover, though that was a small thing, in comparison with the main distress and disappointment, he had deprived himself by his own folly of a charming companion on the voyage. And such a voyage as it was likely to be! The packet, half laden with cattle, was by no means the sort of craft which Mr. Gresham was wont to patronise. He always went by the best steamer and by the shortest route. He was never sea sick; but he did not like to be inconvenienced. And now what had he let himself in for? A voyage at the best, of uncertain duration, in a clumsy vessel, labouring in a raging sea against a gale from the south-west; while at the worst—though to do him justice, he was not one to look on the black side of things—he might find himself united with the object of his affections—at the bottom of the Channel.

(To be continued)

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NOVEMBER ON THE ATLANTIC

It is a peculiarity of the Atlantic, cheerful or otherwise, according to circumstances, that no one can anticipate with moderate certainty the sort of weather that may prevail in crossing from one hemisphere to the other. You may start in fair weather, and be buffeted by storms for nine days out of the ten occupied by the journey; or you may start in a storm, and presently steam into sunshine and smooth water. Generally speaking, June is a pleasant month to cross in, whilst the prospect of a voyage in November is one which few regard with complacency. Yet June has its storms not less renowned than those of December, and November brings unexpected streaks of good luck to Atlantic passengers. The voyage of the *Sardinian*, the sister ship of the vessel honoured by the preference of the new Governor-General of Canada, profited by one of these breaks in the gloom of November, and so achieved a passage which has actually become famous as the quickest ever made between England and the Dominion.

The good luck which, without a break, marked the voyage was notably shown at the outset. By the time the ship was due off the north coast of Ireland there was also due, according to the obliging arrangements of the *New York Herald*, a storm of more than average severity. I have not heard whether the appointment was kept, being content to know that if the storm came at all it spent itself outside the limit of the *Sardinian's* track. Indeed it seems that the periodic storms with which we in England have of late been so familiar, and whose coming is only too faithfully presaged "by telegraph from New York," come with the flow of the Gulf Stream. The Allan Line track to Quebec lies to the north of the Gulf Stream, and once clear of the British coasts Canadian passengers can read weather forecasts with that equanimity which is possible when we are considering other people's misfortunes. Thus it was with the *Sardinian* and her passengers. At no time of the year does the Atlantic enjoy the perfect rest which voyagers experience, say on a passage between the Temple Stairs and Westminster. At the best of times, when the ocean seems a vast lake with an almost unruffled surface, there is a long rolling swell which rocks the ship with a perceptible motion. But when you are prepared for a storm, you are not inclined to complain of a light breeze, and no landsman reasonably expects to cross the Atlantic without a certain amount of discomfort. So the passengers on the *Sardinian* made the best of it. They came down to the first dinner on the Atlantic in great force, though not free from the apprehension that "that few should part where many meet." They stayed as long as they could—some seeing the dinner fairly through, others disappearing at various stages. This was, it must be admitted, on the whole a doleful night—not that the sea was rough, but that the motion was unaccustomed. With the next day matters mended; the social barometer went up and continued rising steadily, till on the seventh day newly-made friends parted regretfully at Rimouski, and those who went on to Quebec spoke kindly of others who had left vacant places at the dinner-table.

On board ship is, perhaps, the only place where the Briton on his travels is endurable. We all know ourselves and our counterparts in a railway carriage, or a river steamer, how we look for quiet places where no one shall come between the wind and our nobility, how we button up our pockets, and generally conduct ourselves as if we were in the company of known thieves or suspected fever patients. On an Atlantic steamer all this is changed. There is felt a community possibly of danger, perhaps of discomfort, certainly of helplessness, which rolls smooth all ridges of social distinction, and all wrinkles of self-conceit. We may some of us be exceedingly able fellows and important personages on land. But what are we at sea as compared with the humblest cabin-boy, who, when the ship is rolling, can walk across the deck with a kettle of hot water in his hand, and when she is pitching in a heavy sea can contemplate boiled bacon and cabbage not only without disgust, but with positive relish? However it be, it is certain that on board a ship the most unsociable people grow communicative, and good fellowship everywhere abounds. On this particular voyage there would have been no excuse for any one to have been otherwise than jolly. The *Sardinian*, a splendid vessel in a storm, was deprived of all opportunity of distinguishing herself in this direction. After the first day out, with occasional intervals of an hour out of the twenty-four, her canvas was all set, and she bowled along at an average speed of fourteen knots. Two days in succession her log showed a run of 330 knots, and on the third day she ran the total up to 345. The mail steamer generally reaches Quebec on the Sunday, frequently on the Monday, and at this time of the year no surprise is felt if she does not appear till the Tuesday. The *Sardinian* was off Rimouski at five o'clock on the Friday, and was in Quebec at half-past four on Saturday morning. The passage would have been an hour and a-half shorter but for the fact that, no one expecting the steamer at such an hour, the tender at Rimouski was not ready, and an hour and a-half was lost in waiting for her. This was, of course, an unexampled voyage, and, as it has never been equalled since steamers began to go to Canada, it possibly may not be repeated in twenty years. But, under any circumstances, a voyage to Quebec has distinguished recommendations as compared with other routes to the American Continent. From land to land the average passage is not more than six days. Once within the Straits of Belleisle ocean travelling is over, and for hundreds of miles the steamer threads its way, first through the Gulf, and then through the magnificent River St. Lawrence. This is an immense pull, mitigating the terrors of an Atlantic voyage by at least one-fifth.

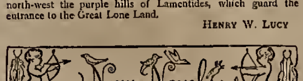
The effect of the first sight of land upon Atlantic passengers is extraordinary, even after a voyage in which there has been nothing worse than "sailing breezes." It is a far cry from the Straits of Belleisle to Quebec, but there is land on either side as the ship steams through the narrow gateway; and, though there are yet two days before the harbour is reached, it is felt that the voyage is practically over.

The sick get suddenly well; those whose sickness is a thing of the past become boisterously convalescent. The merry groups on deck pace up and down with renewed vigour; there is not a vacant seat at dinner; and afterwards, when the cloth is drawn and the long evening has set in, the saloon is crowded with friendly working-parties or card-parties, or companies of readers, who feel so sociable that they must needs sit together in order to the full enjoyment of their books. Everybody knows everybody else by this time, and only regret that they had not made earlier advances in intimacy. There has been no master of the ceremonies, and perhaps no two people have been formally introduced. But we all call each other by name, and seem to have known each other for years instead of days.

Thus, with the crowd below in the snugly-lit saloon, and with the two or three groups indomitably pacing the snow-white deck, the ship speeds on over the moonlit waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. We pass through the Straits at night, and in the morning wake to find ourselves once more out of sight of land. But as the shadows lengthen land looms again upon the horizon.

Here is Anticosti, as big as several English counties. Swiftly passing the island, we come upon the iron-bound coast of New Brunswick. Then follows another moonlit night, showing the ghostly coast on either side, shining in its first white winter dress, and we wake in the morning to find our vessel moored under the historic rock of the Citadel, and looking out from the deck see the busy river, the handsome town, and far away to the north-west the purple hills of Lamentides, which guard the entrance to the Great Lone Land.

Henry W. Lucy



"The Return of the Native," by Thomas Hardy (3 vols.: Smith and Elder).—In this fine work—perhaps the most artistically perfect that we have yet had from him—Mr. Hardy more than retrieves the ground he lost in its immediate predecessor, "The Hand of Ethelberta." Wisely refraining from a second attempt at depicting that life of the great world which one would be inclined to say he knew chiefly by hearsay and from other people's books, he has returned to the rural life which he knows "to the bone," and in the literary presentment of which he is surpassed—if, indeed, he can truly be said to be surpassed—by George Eliot alone. To show to those who have eyes to see that this rural life, placid and somewhat humdrum as it may well look, viewed from afar off, contains within itself all the materials for tragedy, has been a chief aim with Mr. Hardy in all his stories, and in none of them is this aim more marked than in the book before us. The scene of the drama lies altogether on "a vast tract of unenclosed wild" in the south-west of England known as Egdon Heath, an "obscure, obsolete, superseded country," and in the villages that border it, and the tiny clusters of poor cottages scattered here and there over its surface. And the *dramatis personæ* are really no more than five,—or perhaps we should say six,—only one of whom has any sort of pretensions to be considered as in station above the well-to-do agricultural class; these leading actors being supplemented by that rustic chorus which generally forms one of the most attractive features in the author's novels. With these personages, and the relations they stand in towards each other, we must leave the reader to make acquaintance for himself; for it is not our intention, and would, indeed, be out of the question within our limits, to attempt any outline of Mr. Hardy's story. Its masterpiece is the central figure, Eustacia Vye, who, as granddaughter of a retired naval officer of some kind, is entitled to hold herself somewhat superior to her surroundings—the girl with an eager longing to shine, and a consciousness that she could shine in some dimly-imagined world, but condemned to what to her is imprisonment and mental starvation in the remote and unsympathetic solitudes of Egdon; with a "supersubtle, epicurean heart," in love really with love far more than with her lovers, yet, whilst still dwelling "in maiden meditation," utterly sceptical of love's endurance. Of course such a woman affords precisely the material to suit a writer like Mr. Hardy, never happier than when revelling in intellectual and emotional subtleties. Space forbids us to say more of the book, except that the humour of the author's rustics is as fresh and racy, and his word-pictures as highly-wrought as ever; whilst his style has decidedly gained in power and clearness, and strikes us as freer from mannerisms than heretofore.

"A Great Mystery Solved," being a sequel to "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," by Gillan Vase (3 vols.: Remington and Co.).—We are here offered, with all due apologies for venturing on the completion of a work left unfinished by Dickens, a conjectural solution of the mystery of Edwin Drood's disappearance, of the merits of which the most competent judge would certainly be the gentleman who discussed the subject at some length, and with a thorough mastery over detail, in a recent number of *Belgravia*. Without claiming for ourselves any pretensions to speak with a like authority, it seems to us that Mr. Vase's solution is ingenious and plausible enough; and, at any rate, his sequel to "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" forms a very readable novel. He has unquestionably succeeded to a surprising extent in catching some of Dickens' tricks of style, so much so that there are passages upon passages here which we should find no difficulty in believing had been written by Dickens himself—only, unfortunately, by Dickens when he gave freest rein to that pathos and boisterous "geniality" of his, which are precisely the qualities in the great literary artist which his discriminating readers regard with least admiration.

"George Hern,' by Henry Glemham (3 vols.: Samuel Tinsley).—"George Hern" is a story of very fair interest, by an author who is manifestly a man of singularly wide and varied reading, and has at least the gift of making some among his characters, to wit, all the gentlemen of the Ashbocking family, talk remarkably well if somewhat in the style of the scholars of a past generation. It is on the score of its conversations that we chiefly recommend the book to notice, not but what George Hern is an eminently worthy hero, who has every claim to the reader's sympathies.

We have also received "Elinor," by Clara Talbot (Remington and Co.), a pretty and often very humorous little tale, about a beautiful young lady, who, on the highest motives, insists on becoming a governess, and has the good luck to find her lines cast in unusually pleasant places. The picture of the virtuous British matron, furious with the governess for having—as she insists—ensnared her son into a proposal, and equally furious with her immediately afterwards for having had the presumption to refuse him, is very good, and, indeed, the little book is one altogether to be commended.

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MDLLE. AMBRE

"A new vocalist," says the *Musical World* of the 16th ult., "of great promise and exceptional claims to consideration, is about to appear at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mdlle. Ambre is by birth an African, having first seen the light at Oran, in Algiers. Her parents belonged to a distinguished Moorish family, and were highly regarded in the Court of the late Emperor of Morocco. Both were accomplished in the musical art, and at an early age their child began to give proofs of sympathy in the same direction. Mdlle. Ambre, in short, may be said to have been a musician from her cradle. This speedily declared itself, and, as her inclination was evidently towards singing, she received instruction in the vocal art from an accredited professor, under whom she made progress so rapid as to decide her future vocation. Her studies were perfected at the Marseilles Conservatoire, the director of which, the well known and distinguished Professor Benedict, treated her with marked attention, and watched her advance with the greatest interest.

"Mdlle. Ambre's first public appearance was in Holland, four years since, at the Royal Opera of the Hague, where she showed herself not only a singer endowed with that rare gift, a fine, full-toned, and flexible voice, but an actress instinct with genuine dramatic impulse. Her performances at the Hague elicited praise from every quarter, and not only approval from musicians and amateurs but the high consideration of the Court, the King and Queen themselves ranking amongst her warmest patrons. Her success in Holland drew general attention to her merits, and Paris offering the fairest prospects for her artistic career, Mdlle. Ambre accepted an engagement for three years at the Théâtre Ventadour, the home of the Italian Opera in the great French capital. She made her *début* six months ago as the heroine of *La Traviata*, at once obtaining the suffrages of Parisian connoisseurs, who, by no means easy to please, were charmed alike by her personal attractions, her vocal grace and facility, and her dramatic fervour. Mdlle. Ambre's success admitted of no denial. It was, moreover, confirmed by her performance in another and greater opera by Verdi. Though frequently played before, and though the season approached its close, *Aida*, with Mdlle. Ambre as the new and, for reasons easily understood, congenial heroine, was performed no less than twenty nights in uninterrupted succession. The celebrated composer himself expressed his satisfaction; and thus the future of the interesting young Moorish songstress became established beyond further question. That Mdlle. Ambre is destined to shine as a bright star in the horizon of Italian Opera is the firm conviction of *dilettanti* in particular and the musical public in general."

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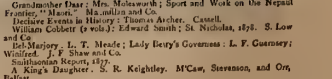
The Sydney International Exhibition, which is to take place next year, is being actively organised in New South Wales, and a Committee of Management has been appointed. The public subscriptions have already reached 5,000*l*., and Parliament is to be asked by the Government to grant a similar sum.



Grandmother Dear: Mrs. Molesworth; Sport and Work on the Nepaul Frontier, "Maori." Macmillan and Co.

Decisive Events in History: Thomas Archer. Cassell.

William Cobbett (2 vols.): Edward Smith; St. Nicholas, 1878. S. Low and Co.

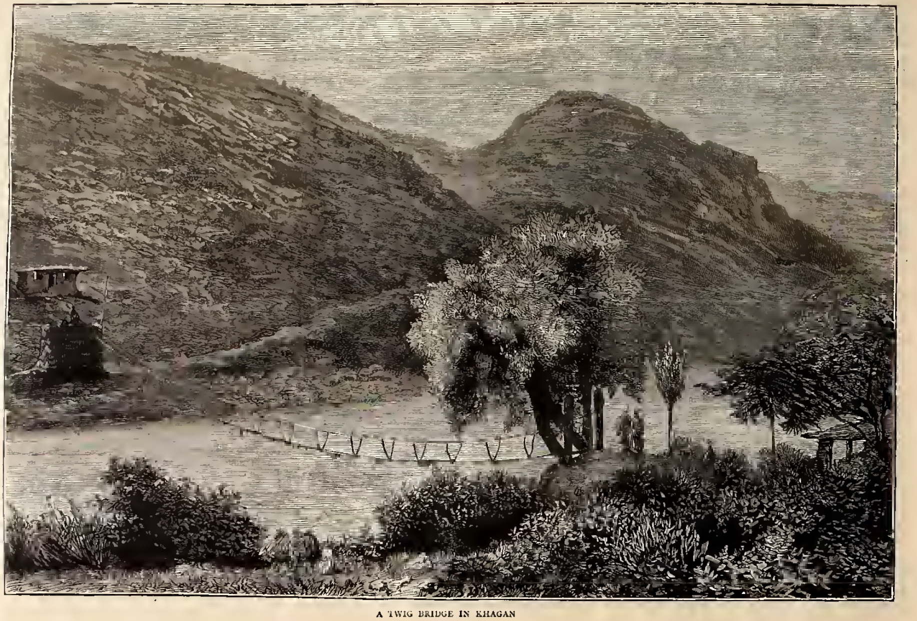
Bel-Marjory. L. T. Meade; Lady Betty's Governess: L. F. Guernsey; Winifred. J. F. Shaw and Co.

Smithsonian Report, 1877.

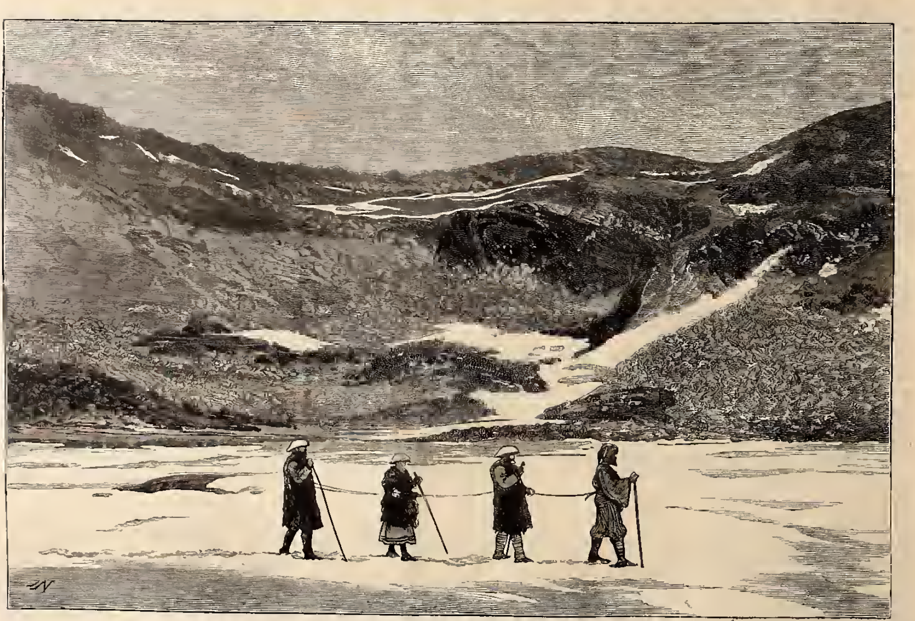
A King's Daughter. S. R. Keightley. M'Caw, Stevenson, and Orr, Belfast.

Licensed Victuallers' Tea Association Diary, 1879.

And a number of Christmas Books and Annuals from Messrs. Cassell, Routledge, the Religious Tract Society, &c., &c.

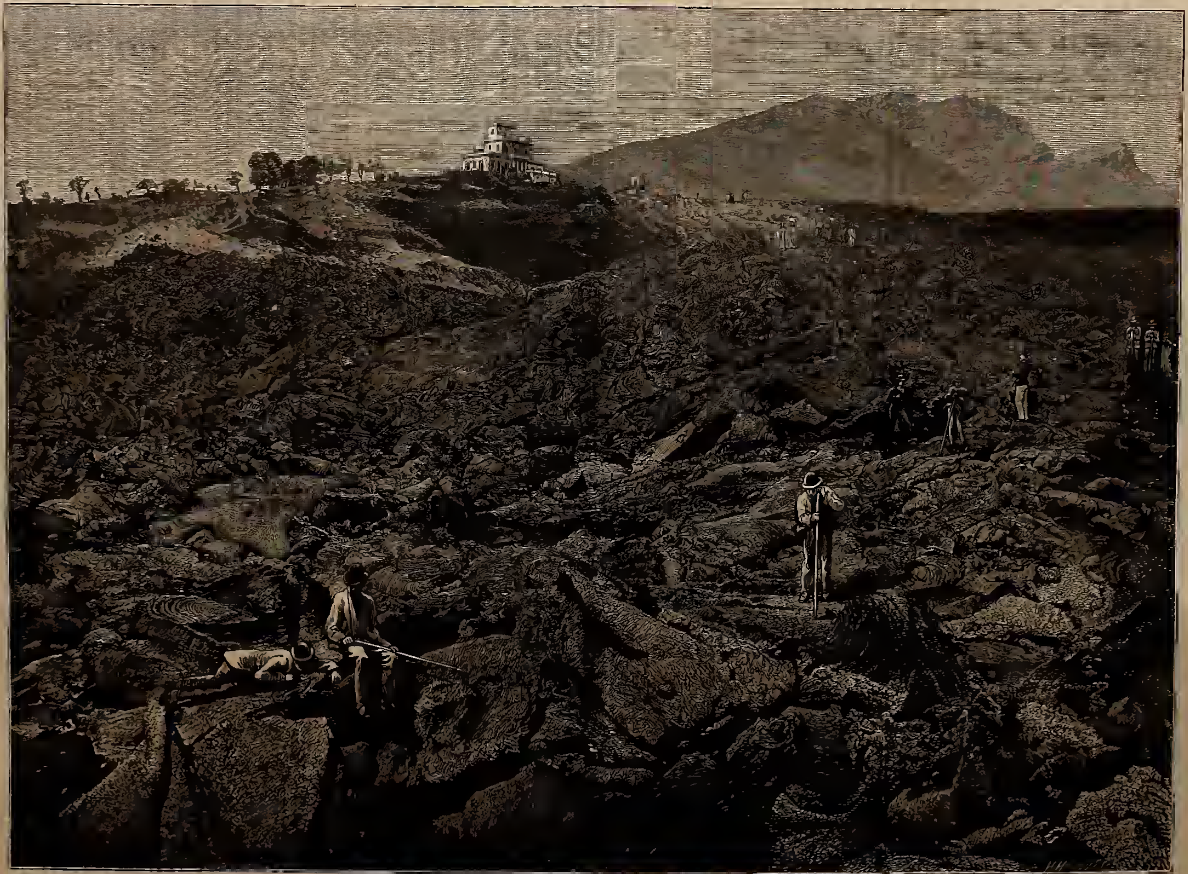


A TWIG BRIDGE IN KHAGAN



A PASS IN KHAGAN

THE AFGHAN WAR



THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS—PROFESSOR PALMIERI'S OBSERVATORY AT THE FOOT OF THE CONE

FASHIONS

Most of our young readers are studying and talking over their toilettes for the Christmas holidays; many of them are returning to their homes in remote country places, and are expected to appear in the latest London and Parisian novelties, which will set the fashion for many miles around the centre of attraction; it behoves these models to choose carefully, and to avoid all vulgar extremes, which will surely be exaggerated by the copyists. The most important and expensive articles of apparel to be first considered are the boots, shoes, and stockings, for out and indoor wear. In spite of all that our Parisian contemporaries may say to the contrary, we advise our readers to put aside all shoes for walking at this season, at least in the country. One or two pairs of porpoise-hide boots with cork soles, low square heels, buttoned up the side, and reaching half-way up the calf, are and look comfortable; they should be made to measure, and, although expensive, will ar should carry their wearer well through the winter. For indoor morning wear nothing looks neater than an Oxford shoe of black kid, tied with ribbons to match the dress; for the afternoon the Watteau shoe in black kid or satin, with a coloured bow, is admissible, although shoes to match the dress in colour and material are the most fashionable, often tastefully embroidered on the toe in coloured filoselle or gold or silver thread. As to the stockings, they must match the dress, no difficult task in these days, for they can be procured in every hue and shade; for the morning and promenade in fine cashmere and spun silk, for dress in the finest Lisle thread and silk.

We last month described some costumes for rough weather, and shall therefore now discuss those of a more dressy character. A walking costume for a bright sunny day may be made thus: The dress, short enough to clear the ground, of mulberry coloured cloth, cashmere, velvet, or velveteen; on the skirt two flat flounces, about six inches deep, scalloped and embroidered at the edge with an elegant design, in filoselle or crewel, of two or more lighter shades than the foundation; fully draped tunic trimmed to match, jacket bodice with a real or simulated waistcoat of embroidery, collar and cuffs to correspond. The same style of dress made in black or any rich dark colour looks very well embroidered in designs of faded leaves, *après nature*, variegated ivy, cream coloured roses and foliage, chrysanthemums or pompons, or many other floral patterns which may be very quickly worked by dexterous fingers at home, where economy is needful, or given to lady-workers who depend upon their art-needlework for a living. We may remark, *en passant*, that our male art critics are now so severe in their censure of female attire and needlework that it is well for workers and designers to shade from the natural flower or good water-colour drawings. Long and unrivalled as its reign has been, cashmere is still in high favour, nothing has appeared to displace it for demi-toilette. What can be more elegant than a Princess polonaise of white, cream, or any delicate colour over a train skirt of poplin, silk, or velvet? Amongst the newest materials of the season may be mentioned, for evening wear, "Challis Tamative," a soft texture, with a glossy, bright surface; it is a fine mixture of silk and wool, it may be especially recommended to young people for Christmas carpet dances as being at the same time very effective and inexpensive. The same may be said of the Louis velveteen, an admirable substitute for velvet which it so closely resembles as almost at times to defy detection.

From a number of bewitching elegant toilettes recently shown to us we have selected a few for description. Petticoat of brown silk with velvet longitudinal stripes, *casaquin* of brown velvet, edged with a band of beaver fur; velvet and satin bonnet trimmed with fur. Costume of steel-grey corduroy velveteen, Princess shape, plain demi-train, long waistcoat, covered with Pompadour embroidery; the bodice, fastened by two buttons only, and much cut away at the waist. A very elegant mantle of plain grey velvet trimmed with feather fringe and a wide crossway piece of the same material as the dress; grey velvet hat with feathers to match, and a bouquet of crimson and pink chrysanthemums. Dinner dress of silver-grey satin shot with white, made *en saque*, opening over a petticoat and waistcoat of pink-striped velvet; trimmings of old point lace; grey satin shoes with silver and opal buckles, necklet, earrings, and butterfly for the hair of opals mounted in silver. Ball dress of Celadon blue satin, long train skirt, white lace tunic, artistically draped, bodice high at the back, open in front to the waist in a point, and filled half-way up to the throat with puffings of *tulle*, divided by bands of pearl embroidery, pearl ornaments to correspond. Ball dress for a young bride: White satin petticoat, with three white scarves of tulle, edged with white flower fringe, and caught together at intervals with bouquets of flowers; white satin cuirass bodice, square back and front outlined with floral bands. The wearer of this graceful costume was very fair, her hair was arranged in short curls and a wavy fringe, a *bandeau* of pearls, three rows, was her only ornament for the *coiffure*, bracelets and necklet to match. We must not omit to mention a costume which appeared recently in the *Révue de la Monde*, as it is one of the prettiest we have seen, with the newly-introduced *panier*, which as yet has not made much progress in popular favour; it is a dinner toilette of the Louis XV. style, made thus: the front of shot blue silk; at the bottom of the skirt two pleated flounces, *tablier* kilted pleating; the upper dress and train of shot blue silk sprinkled with Pompadour *fleurettes*. The square-cut bodice is trimmed with white lace, and on the left is a rose. The lace is carried from the corsage round the pleats over the hips, which thus forms the panier; the elbow sleeves are finished off with a pleating of silk and two lace ruffles. The rage for costumes of the Louis XV. period has been the primary cause of the revival of paniers, as they are incomplete without them. There are several styles of panier, the smallest and least conspicuous is the "Mousquetaire."

Long sealskin tight-fitting paletôts are very fashionable in Paris as well as London; but they are so costly as to place them beyond the reach of other than wealthy people. A good substitute is a fine cloth or velvet paletôt, trimmed with otter, beaver, or any dark fur; velvet and sable are always elegant, and more becoming to the figure than is sealskin. Fur-lined cloaks are much worn this winter; they are certainly comfortable and warm wraps, but lack a stylish appearance, as a general rule.

There is a great variety in the shapes of bonnets and hats which are worn to suit the taste of their owners, if not always to become them. The *bébé* shape, which suits most faces, is much worn in dark velvet without any trimming, excepting a large bow in the front, and sometimes two or three small feather tips; the diadem shape is adopted for dress toilettes, concerts, weddings, &c.; the jockey bonnet, made in white plush or velvet, is very stylish, and suits pretty young faces, but is not so generally becoming as the Gainsborough and Rubens, which are still in favour, made in felt and velvet.—Caps for morning wear are of muslin and velvet or ribbon; at times, lace-edged pocket-handkerchiefs and *fichus* are made to do duty as caps, and very pretty they look, when tastefully arranged. It is very difficult at times to distinguish a dress cap from a bonnet, excepting that the former is more fussy than the latter; satin, thickly studded with pearl or gold beads and fringe, lace, and artificial flowers in profusion, are lavished on these head-dresses; greater care is needed in selecting a cap than in either a hat or a bonnet. Although gold is no longer used in excess for trimming costumes—it so very soon became vulgar—yet some of the new bands or *galons* which are made to match the costumes on which they are worn are very elegant; they are delicately worked in gold and silver thread; chenille fringes are fashionable, as are also the whalebone and grass fringes, which are made in rich dark colours, as well as the most delicate shades.—There is quite a *furore* for lace of every description, the more ancient the better; no dress toilette is considered complete without it. Some very beautiful specimens have been secured from the Paris Exhibition, not only by our leading West End and City firms, but by private individuals, hence we may be sure that lace of every description will be the favourite trimming both for morning and evening wear during the coming season.

THE READER

In "Adventurous Lives" (2 vols.: R. Bentley and Son), Mr. B. H. Becker leads us through a gallery of portraits, all interesting, many of personages still by no means too generally known. Let not, however, the reader think from a first glance upon the title-page that this is any Christmas-tide collection of good-boy heroes or moral paragons of "self-help." The lives—at least the larger moiety of them—are of adventurers in the less flattering acceptation of the term. The scamp, indeed, whether male or female, is a being for whom Mr. Becker has an evident tenderness, and whom he handles with a loving and a skilful touch. "Notre Dame du Thermidor" steps down from the canvas as Arsêne Houssaye painted her, to fascinate us with the brilliant eyes and Coan robe, whose memories nerved the feeble heart of Tallien for the last duel with Robespierre and St. Just. Jacques Casanova, that prince of scoundrels, from whose adventures Thackeray caught the idea of his Barry Lyndon, and whose Memoirs, carefully relegated to the back shelves of all respectable libraries, are never asked for, save upon the plea of a desire to read in the original their one not "quite too" improper chapter, the famous escape from the Piombi, is presented here in seemly outline and with as much fulness as under the circumstances is possible. The pretty silly nobody who in youth inspired "Junius" Francis with *la grande passion*, and in middle-age became the wife—and so far as such things could be, the beloved wife, too—of Talleyrand, weaves round us a *chronique scandaleuse*, whose strangeness is, perhaps, its chief recommendation, for "the thing was neither rich nor rare; we wonder how the —— it came there." Others there are who are only scamps in so far as a certain scampishness was inseparable from their time, and some who are in no way scamps at all, but whose shields of knight or citizen are spotless as Sir Galahad's. Sea-rovers of the good old days when peace was never even supposed to cross "the line"—old travellers like Busbequius, Benjamin of Tudela, and "Messer Marco"—old chroniclers like De Joinville and Villehardouin—supply material for a dozen papers, which make the second of these volumes quite as interesting as the first. On the whole, these sketches, though for some tastes probably too much in miniature, must be pronounced entertaining and instructive in no ordinary degree—the more so that Mr. Becker, so far as we can judge, is always at pains to get his facts at first hand, and not from the nearest authority within reach, after the common fashion of compilers.

"Egypt, Cyprus, and Asiatic Turkey" (Trübner and Co.), by Lewis Farley, is an extremely pleasantly written volume, in which political considerations suggested by the Anglo-Turkish Convention have been somewhat skilfully tacked on to chapters originally penned to advocate the claims of the Levantine coastlands as an agreeable health-resort for holiday-makers and invalids. A resident of old experience of the East, who writes from the fulness of his knowledge, and thus never shows between the lines that he is gathering his information as he goes, Mr. Farley is never tedious, even when most statistical. The brief opening pages on Egypt as it is, the lengthier chapter upon Syrian travel, with its ingenious recommendations for "doing" Palestine, not in the regular tourist's round, but by quiet excursions this way and that from Beyrout, are particularly light and sparkling. Nor are the strictly political chapters less valuable, though both in speaking of the Anglo-Turkish Convention—which we must hope has other alternatives than ruinous failure or the complete conversion of Britain into an Asiatic Power—and of the "undeveloped resources" of Anatolia—resources that will scarcely draw much British capital for the present—Mr. Farley appears to us to adopt a slightly exaggerated tone. More especially can we commend the chapter on the various Euphrates Valley Railway schemes as one of the best accounts of the whole matter that we could mention. At the risk, however, of differing from so great an authority, we are inclined to question Mr. Farley's harsh judgment of the Turk of Asia—not, of course, of the Pashas of Constantinople. Equally competent judges have pronounced the Ottoman at least the equal in the more solid virtues of the more showy Greek or Arab. We should like, too, to know Mr. Farley's reasons for asserting that Midhat Pasha made a fortune in Bulgaria. Midhat has usually been thought indifferently honest, and the story is at any rate inconsistent with his undoubted poverty a year or two later on at Bagdad.

"Through Asiatic Turkey. Bombay to the Bosphorus," by Grattan Geary (2 vols.: S. Low and Co.).—Mr. Geary's journey—rare and hazardous even in these days of general ubiquity—derives still deeper interest from the political crisis in the midst of which it was undertaken. "Alliteration's artful aid," it is perhaps ungracious to remark in passing, conveys at first an unfair notion of its extent. As a matter of fact the journey by land was from Bussorah to Alexandretta only, leaving the hills and cities of Anatolia to be surveyed from the commodious deck of the *Scamandre*. Even so, however, it traverses all the country where the Euphrates Valley Railway must ultimately run, and through which (if strategic prophecy is worth anything) the armies of the Czar must pour the next time the attack is renewed upon the Ottoman Empire; while it is still more valuable for its picture of the change that even in these remote lands came over public opinion when the Osmanli knew at last that his cause was lost, and no longer rallying, as Captain Burnaby had seen him in stubborn loyalty to his Padishah, though poor in purse and ill-equipped and ill-commanded, began to mutter in his beard "*Nous sommes trahis*," to grumble openly against the men at Stamboul, and almost wonder whether it would not be best to say at once what Persia has already said:—"We are too weak to fight you. Give your orders." In such a journey incidents swarm so thick that anything like attempts to summarise them within our narrow limits becomes impossible. From the southern province of Persia and the No-man's Land of the Gulf towns and inlands, where the police of the sea is maintained by British gunboats, and improvements on shore are firmly, but unobtrusively, burked by the ambitious Power whose object is to turn the entire trade of Persia to Poti and Batoum, to the marshes that render difficult the approach to Alexandretta, we never tire in Mr. Geary's company of investigating alike the remains of ancient greatness, the stagnation of the present, or the uncertain, though rich, possibilities of the future. Another chapter to which every reader will turn just now is that which tells us of the Turkish Mission to Cabul last year when the Afghan Ameer was still wavering, though already half-determined to rely on Russia, and of the conversation which the author held himself with an Osmanli ex-Minister on the course of British policy in the farther East. Of one thing at least Mr. Geary is quite convinced—that in the Ottoman Turk alone is either patriotism, or the instinct of rule, and that if he is dispossessed, his empire will at once break up and be captured piecemeal by the first comer. We can thoroughly commend these able and dispassionately-written volumes to readers of every shade of politics.

The early history of an important town is a matter of such universal interest that no excuse is needed for the expansion of Mr. J. Thackray Bunce's "History of the Corporation of Birmingham" (Vol. I. Published for the Corporation. Cornish Brothers) into a work of two volumes by the addition of "a sketch of the earlier government of the town," when charters of incorporation as yet were not, and municipal authority was represented by the Lords' Leet, the Churchwardens, the Steward, Bailiff, and Constables of the Manor. And Birmingham, as all readers of Dr. Doran know, though quite a *parvenu* among municipal and Parliamentary boroughs, is a most ancient market town, whose early institutions, from the antique Guild of Holy Cross to the simple household life in fashion still in Hutton's day, are equally curious and entertaining. It is when we come to the quarrels over the application for a charter, and the parochial disputes of the first Corporations, that our patience begins to fail us. The preface is good, but only the toughest of Radicals can be expected to work through the body of the work.

A cheap one-volume edition of Mr. MacKenzie-Wallace's "Russia" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin)—our best book about the great Northern Empire—is most welcome at the present moment, if only to remind us that Russians are human beings like ourselves, with instincts always natural and often laudable, and that, moreover, there are eighty millions of them.

"Afghanistan: Its Political and Military History, including a Full Account of the Afghan Wars of 1838-42" (G. Routledge and Sons), by S. R. Townshend Mayer and J. C. Paget, is a handy little volume for those who like to read as they run, and have neither time nor inclination to consult original authorities.

We have also to acknowledge the fifth volume of the "Globe Encyclopædia" (Thomas C. Jack: Edinburgh), the careful compilation of which renders it an extremely valuable work. The articles are all written with as much completeness as is consistent with unavoidable brevity, and the information afforded is brought down to the latest possible date, *e.g.*, in the volume before us—"Pass" to "Shell"—we have descriptions of such recent inventions as Professor Crookes' Radiometer and Mr. Edison's Phonograph; whilst under the head of "Reporting," allusion is made to the exclusion of "strangers" from the House of Commons, in April last, during the debate on the assassination of Lord Leitrim; and the history of "Russia" s brought down to the intrigue with the Ameer of Afghanistan.

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WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

This collection carries out more thoroughly than usual the promise of the catalogue, for it includes a considerable proportion of what are obviously "sketches" and "studies." In nineteen cases out of twenty outdoor studies are the kind of work which water-colour painters do best, and for which water-colours have peculiar advantages. Apart altogether from the impolicy of repeating in December the Exhibition of May, I see no cause to regret the absence of laboured studio work, which, in the great majority of cases, in process of elaboration loses more freshness than it gains completeness.

Both Members and Associates of the Society are well represented. Except Alma Tadema, G. P. Boyce, and Dobson there seem to be few absentees of mark. The contributions of Birket Foster, Carl Haag, and F. Powell are small and inconspicuous, though good of their kind, indeed, those of the last excellent. The drawings of Sir John Gilbert, the Fripps (G. and A.), Duncan, Dodgson, F. Tayler, Charles Davidson, T. Danby, J. Jenkins, Naftel, S. P. Jackson, J. D. Watson, H. Brittan Willis, W. Collingwood, and Collingwood Smith are of fair average quality, in their several well-known styles. Only one drawing of Sir John Gilbert's, "The Return Home," a rough waggon, with an escort, passing under a mill on a rising ground, in a squall of rain and wind, seems to me to have a different note in it from those Sir John is in the habit of striking. In his night scene, of an armed force by torchlight, I am puzzled to account for the absence of stronger contrasts of light and dark, and, indeed, find myself at a loss to explain the lighting altogether. George Fripp has one study of conspicuous excellence, the Gouliette Rocks at Sark, a masterly representation of the lines and colouring of a very curious rock formation, going sheer down to the sea; and some lovely drawings of the painter's well-worn, but never stale, subjects of hay-making and harvest, bathed in mellow serenity and sunshine. Dodgson has, amongst other drawings, a very fine stormy Welsh coast, with a grand sky, and a picturesque country fair. Alfred Hunt has been spending another autumn at Whitby, which seems to be inexhaustible in subject matter for his pencil (did not David Cox visit Bettws every year for nearly half a century?). His present drawing, a warm afternoon effect, looking over the red roofs of the houses that fringe the harbour on the east, to the river, the opposite houses, and the cliff with its crown of old church and abbey ruin, seems to me as good as anything he has derived from the same picturesque source. His smaller drawings are all noteworthy; the Whitby West Cliffs, lashed by a savage sea, under a stormy moonrise, the long-nosed "Carnedd David" in wild weather, and two interesting scenes, the approach to the Acropolis of Athens, showing the Genoese tower now pulled down, and the far-stretching view over the Theatre of Syracuse, both bathed in southern sunshine.

Venice furnishes subjects to several exhibitors, in particular to

E. A. Goodall (views of the Monastery of San Gregorio, and studies of Venetian craft on the lagune); to Clara Montalba, who sees Venice with eyes of her own, and has accomplished the seemingly impossible feat of bringing home a new set of subjects and effects from the sea-city (see her brightly-lighted little "View on the Grand Canal," her "Sunset," "Orchard," and "View on the Giudecca," the "View of the Piazetta" with figures; (217, 230, 319, 336, 349, &c.) the "Salute," at early morning, and the same church under an effect of Sirocco, to Oswald Brierley, whose studies of *bragozzi*, with their painted sails, on smooth grey-green water are excellent in drawing and most agreeable in composition and colour; to Birket Foster, who, besides his pretty outdoor studies of Surrey commons and cottages, and a most tempting little nook from Haddon Hall (373), has a picturesque scene of *billet doux*-smuggling on a Venetian balcony, and a gossip beside a Venetian water-door. Surrey, as usual, supplies a goodly store of subjects not only to C. Davidson, the painter-in-ordinary of the delightful neighbourhood of Red Hill, but to Mrs. Allingham, who exhibits a charming series of studies of wood-embowered, red-roofed cottages, enlivened with the most delicate little figures, wonders of expression and elaboration, yet so appropriately and artistically introduced that one has no sense of their being over-wrought or intrusive. Two mowers, in steady scythe-swing, in a hay-field under a wood, ought especially to be noted for their perfect drawing on the smallest scale, and for the judgment with which they are introduced to give the appropriate kind of life to the scene. Mrs. Allingham sends besides two beautiful little studies of children on the beach of St. Leonard's and Dover, a very truthful study of a grey sea, and a trim and watchful coastguard on the look-out, with a cluster of purple irises and their sword-like blades, all showing the same conscientiousness guided by fine artistic sense, which distinguishes every thing this lady puts her hand to. Henry Wallis is a very recent Associate whose contributions make a very decided mark. He has an impressive drawing of the distribution of a dole of loaves at Bruges, in which a powerful effect is produced by the broad and simple harmonies of the black *failles* of the women and the pile of yellow loaves relieved against a richly-carved oaken dado. Another very forcible drawing by him represents a spot between Hampstead and Highgate, with fine hedgerow-timber and red-roofed farm-buildings, which was a favourite walk of Lamb, Keats, Coleridge, and Shelley. The most conspicuous figure-subject in the room is Mr. Wallis's large study in crayons, entitled a "Sestette under the Terror," with the absorbed six working away as steadily at wind and strings as if all was peace out of doors. The contrast between the awful crash of discords without and the happy harmony within the charmed domain of "music, heavenly maid," is, I presume, what has attracted the painter in the subject. There is character in the heads as well as oddity in the costumes, and very good drawing and composition. This is a careful study, however seeming rough, in execution. But the completest piece of figure-painting in the room is Mr. Marks's highly elaborated study of a dinner-party of the fifteenth century, filing two two and two, lady and gentleman, in solemn state, along a tapestried gallery lined by serving-men, each with the cognizance of the house upon his breast. This is, in every sense, a thoroughly good piece of work; and so are Mr. Marks' two designs for decoration, which he calls "Capital and Labour" and "Wine and Water."

Of effective figure work there is a fair proportion, though Mr. J. D. Watson contributes less, and of less interest, than usual. Mr. Marsh's study of Dunluce Castle is an impressive drawing of an impressive subject, but we cannot say as much for his tourists in the sea cave under the Castle. The subject does not warrant the dimensions of the drawing.

Walter Duncan is acquiring more and more command of his resources, and sends clever studies of Ironsides, grouped and single. Prettiness and smoothness are pushed to an extreme in the work of E. K. Johnson, who seems to live in a world of pretty girls in the most elaborate, if rather *décolleté*, toilettes, and flowers. Mr. Parker emulates him, as far as the pretty girls go; only as his smooth beauties are servant lasses, or peasant maidens hanging out the clothes and wringing at the wash-tub, one is still more impressed by the daring defiance of probability in the character of their good looks. Mr. Hopkins seems to be tending to the same kind of untruth in his fisher lasses. Mr. Radford has but one drawing, a graceful half-length of a girl in white with black ribbons, and a sentimental face. In the presence of this growing tendency to over-prettiness, I feel the more obliged to Mr. Norman Tayler for the honesty of his groups of rustic lads and lasses, which yet have grace and good looks enough to charm.

It is long since Basil Bradley has produced so fine a drawing as this of a noble pair of St. Bernards leading a band of monks from the Hospice over the snow, on their life-saving errand.

W. E. Lockhart's Scotch coast views are certainly not chargeable with over-prettiness. They even push the unlovely to an extreme, exaggerating, as it seems to me, the blackness and grimness of their subjects.

H. Moore has some very living sea subjects, in particular a study of tumbling surf off the Gurnard's Head, Cornwall. Albert Goodwin's "In the Buttercups," and his "View on the Medway," have his characteristic charms of subtle truth and delicate colour.

Charles Davidson's out-door studies in Surrey, Wales, and Ireland, are delightful for their quiet truth, and the unpretentiousness with which the rare skill of the painter is put forth.

Thorne Waite's and Otto Weber's sketches are conspicuous among the out-door work which does so much to give this Winter Exhibition its distinctive character, and greatly enhances its interest for the many who, as amateurs in water colour, are glad to get a glimpse into the artist's use of a most difficult material.

Tom Taylor

EXHIBITION OF ETCHINGS AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERY

Condition of space restrict me from more than calling attention to an extremely interesting and instructive Exhibition of etchings, got together by Mr. Seymour Haden, one of the ablest of English etchers, and accompanied by a very interesting catalogue from his pen, which is, in fact, a brief treatise on what etching is and should be, and wherein the etcher's work is distinguished from the line engraver's. The collection of etchings illustrative of the points urged in the catalogue includes examples of Bakhuisen, Jacques de Barbari, the master of the Caduceus; Bartholomew Behan, Nicholas Berghem, Abraham Bosse, Jean Both, Peter Bout, Canaletto, Annibale Camcci, Claude, Durer, Van Dyk, Everdingen, Faithorne, Fyt, Goltzius, Hollar, Karel du Jardin, Lucas Van Leyden, Marc Antonio, Karel le Moor, Nainweencx, Ossenbeck, Adrian van Ostade, Paul Potter, Rembrandt, Ruysdael, Stoop, Swaneveldt, Turner, Adrian Van de Velde, Waterloo, Wilkie, and Zeemann.

The remarks on each of these masters in the catalogue turn the selected examples to best account for illustrating the points Mr. Haden wishes to inculcate or apply by means of them. Himself one of the finest, most forcible, and rapid of English etchers, he holds firmly to his preference for rapid and broad work, and insists strenuously on the essential distinction between painter-engravers and engravers who are not painters but mechanics.

This distinction is most emphasised, he maintains, in the difference between the etched and the engraved line, the one rapid, palpitating with life, and conveying with its varying force the varying moods of the artist, the other slow, dead, mechanical, and unchanging. The distinction is well illustrated in some of Vandyke's portrait series, of which the heads were etched by himself and the draperies and backgrounds put in by mere mechanical engravers. But in some instances (one of them is shown here) the engraver has gone over Vandyke's etched work, completely taking the spirit and fire out of it, and leaving what may, without exaggeration, be called a "*caput mortuum*."

The catalogue and collection together supply matter for an extremely interesting study, which in this day when etching is daily growing more popular, should prove not only attractive, but instructive in very high degree.

A selection of Mr. Haden's own brilliant and masterly etchings is shown in an outer gallery, and justifies his claim to a very high, if not the highest, place in the first rank of the etchers of this or any country. I am glad to learn that he has in hand two etchings of Windsor and Greenwich, to be published by the Fine Art Society, which will exceed in dimensions any etching yet produced, being on a base line of 17 inches.

Tom Taylor

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

IV.

"Switzerland, its Mountains and Valleys, described by Woldemar Raden, with Four Hundred and Eighteen Illustrations, engraved by A. Closs" (London: Bickers and Son).—This is a companion volume to the beautifully illustrated work on the Rhine which Messrs. Bickers and Son produced last season, but both in subject and execution it is much superior to its predecessor. The artists employed are for the most part German, and the engraving has been entirely the work of Mr. A. Closs, whose *atelier* is so well known and celebrated for the production of some of the finest effects that can be achieved by artistic wood-engravings. Many of the plates in the volume before us have the texture and softness of chalk drawings, witness the landscape with cattle entitled "Mountain Pastures," the charming bit of foreign scenery, "The Hollow Way at Kussnacht," and a host of others. The subjects chosen for illustration are admirably varied, and many of the figure drawings (portraits, we presume) are perfect studies of character, and as effective almost as etchings. The treatment of the whole is somewhat broader and more free than we are accustomed to meet with in English works of this class, but will not on this account be less attractive to lovers of art. The printing is a little irregular, some of the plates being too black, and carrying too much ink, but on the other hand many of the softer drawings are beautifully rendered, and the fine work displayed in one or two of the initial letters is admirably brought up. We cannot say quite so much for the text of this work, the style of which is apt to get turgid at times, as though the subject had been too much for the writer. The volume is gorgeously bound in red and gold, the binding blocks being particularly artistic.

"Pleasant Spots Around Oxford," by Alfred Rimmer (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), is a work of an entirely different order, and offers quite as great a contrast in its style of execution as it does in the character of its subjects. Mr. Rimmer will be remembered as the author of a charming volume on "Ancient Streets and Homesteads;" and although he has limited his wanderings to a narrower sphere on this occasion, he is still as chatty and as pleasing as ever both with pen and pencil. To Oxford men both past and present this handsome monograph of the pleasant nooks and picturesque corners which surround their Alma Mater will be especially attractive. It is difficult to apportion the due meed of praise to text and illustrations when both are so well done, but we have been particularly pleased with the admirable effects the artist has produced by his water scenes, which are everywhere thoroughly transparent and true to nature. The preservation by works of this class of artistic bits of architecture, now, alas! fast disappearing from our landscapes, gives them a peculiar charm, and will render them increasingly valuable alike to artists and archæologists.

"Longfellow's Poetical Works: The Author's Pocket Volume Edition (George Routledge and Sons).—The practice of issuing in a handy form the complete works of popular authors is a highly commendable one, and this natty little box, with its eleven tiny volumes printed in the clearest of type, and bound in the daintiest coloured cloth, will, we venture to say, prove one of the most popular and acceptable literary gifts of the season. It will be none the less so from the fact that the publishers, having managed to overcome the absence of an International Copyright Act, are able to give this popular author a share of the proceeds. We believe the edition is absolutely complete, including even "Keramos," the last published work by Mr. Longfellow.

"A New Child's Play; Sixteen drawings by E. V. B." (Sampson Low and Co.).—Although by no means equal to those by "E. V. B." in the exquisite edition of her first work, "A Story without an End," the illustrations in this volume are far in advance of the drawings to be found in the ordinary run of children's books. One or two, such as "The Little Nut Tree," "The Little Brown Owl," and "The Great Buzzing Bee," show the same delicacy of conception and quaintness of treatment, but we do not think the colour printing is quite so cleverly or so artistically done.

"The Baby's Bouquet; a Fresh Bunch of Old Rhymes and Tunes," arranged and decorated by Walter Crane (Routledge and Sons), is altogether a delicious little volume. We should be glad to think that it will be appreciated as fully as it deserves by the young folks for whom it was designed, but we doubt much whether, in spite of School Boards and Art Classes, the juveniles of the present generation are quite equal to doing it justice. At any rate, Mr. Crane is doing an admirable work in educating the eye and cultivating the taste of the youngsters; and if he succeeds even partially in rescuing them from the love of the vulgar daubs which have so long passed muster as coloured picture-books, he will not have lived in vain. The music is hardly up to that of the "Baby's Opera," published a year or two ago, but the introduction of French and German nursery songs is a novelty which will tend to make the popularity of the book more cosmopolitan.

"The Leisure Hour" and "Sunday at Home" (Religious Tract Society).—These popular periodicals come before us once more in their volume form, replete as ever with articles and stories full of interest, instruction, and amusement; with plenty of illustrations, many of them of a very pleasing and attractive character. The *Leisure Hour* strikes us as being a trifle more scientific than usual, whilst the *Sunday at Home* apparently has relied during the past year mainly upon its coloured frontispieces, serial stories, and unusually large instalments of poetry.

"A Narrative of the Voyages Round the World performed by Captain James Cook (London: Bickers and Son).—The peculiarity of this edition of a well-worn favourite is its illustrations, which have been reproduced by the heliotype or autotype process in exact *fac simile*, from drawings made during the voyages. The effect is decidedly good, and as the work is otherwise well got up, being printed in clear, readable type, on good paper, with handsome margins, this edition can hardly fail to become, as it deserves, a very popular one.

"The Grimm Fairy Library," in ten volumes (Routledge).—Here is another *multum in parvo*, a library in a box, that will delight the heart of the lucky juvenile to whom Santa Claus conveys it on Christmas morn. Few people have ever excelled the Brothers Grimm in inditing those weird stories of enchantment, and fascinating legends of the little folks, which have from time immemorial been so eagerly devoured by children of all ages. The handy form in which they are presented in this library box will at the same time tend greatly to preserve the volumes, and enable the readers to enjoy their beauties without monopolising the book.

"Peter Parley's Annual" (London: Ben George).—Mr. Parley is hardly up to the mark this season. His coloured illustrations are better printed than they are designed, whilst his wood engravings are decidedly inferior. His text is much more varied, however, and we doubt not the stories will be greatly enjoyed by the numerous readers for whom he has catered for so many years.

"Every Boy's Annual," edited by Edmund Routledge (London: Routledge).—This popular volume is full, as usual, of spirited stories of adventures. Captain Mayne Reid contributes a thrilling tale of the Gran Chaco, which, like all the gallant Captain's productions, is full of excitement, startling situations, and daring deeds. Mr. R. Mountency Jephson furnishes no fewer than six of the shorter tales, most of them illustrated very cleverly by Mr. T. S. Seccombe. The rest of the volume is made up of sporting anecdotes, hunting adventures, and a capital series of articles on conjuring, by Professor Hoffman.

A new candidate for favour, which Messrs. Routledge send us, may be regarded as a companion volume to the above, and is entitited "Every Girl's Annual." It is in every respect a charming book, and is beautifully illustrated throughout. The long story is by Mrs. Molesworth, author of the "Cuckoo Clock;" and the shorter pieces comprise articles and tales by such writers as J. R. Planché, Knatchbull-Hugessen, E. L. Blanchard, Fergus Grahame, Mrs. Riddell, Christina Rosetti, Mrs. Mackarness, &c. The illustrations include a delightful frontispiece and title-page, by Kate Greenaway, printed in colours, and numerous drawings by M. E. Edwards, J. D. Watson, and W. Browne. Such a bill of fare should be tempting, and we can safely prophesy that no one will be disappointed who becomes the happy possessor of this volume.

"Elinor Dryden," by Katharine S. Macquoid (Sampson Low and Co.).—This reprint of a story by the talented author of "Patty" is something more than a new edition, having been greatly altered in its present form. As a gift-book for girls of sixteen and upwards, it will be heartily welcomed as helping to fill one of the few voids which still exists in our literature for young people requiring something beyond a child's story, but who are not yet quite prepared to tackle a full-blown three-volume novel.

"Dodd's Beauties of Shakespeare," illustrated by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., &c. (Routledge).—This is a handsomely-printed edition of the well-known selections of our national poet, made by the ill-fated Rev. W. Dodd. The illustrations have apparently been transferred from Mr. Staunton's edition of Shakespeare for which Sir John Gilbert's drawings were originally made. A capital index adds greatly to the value of the collection.

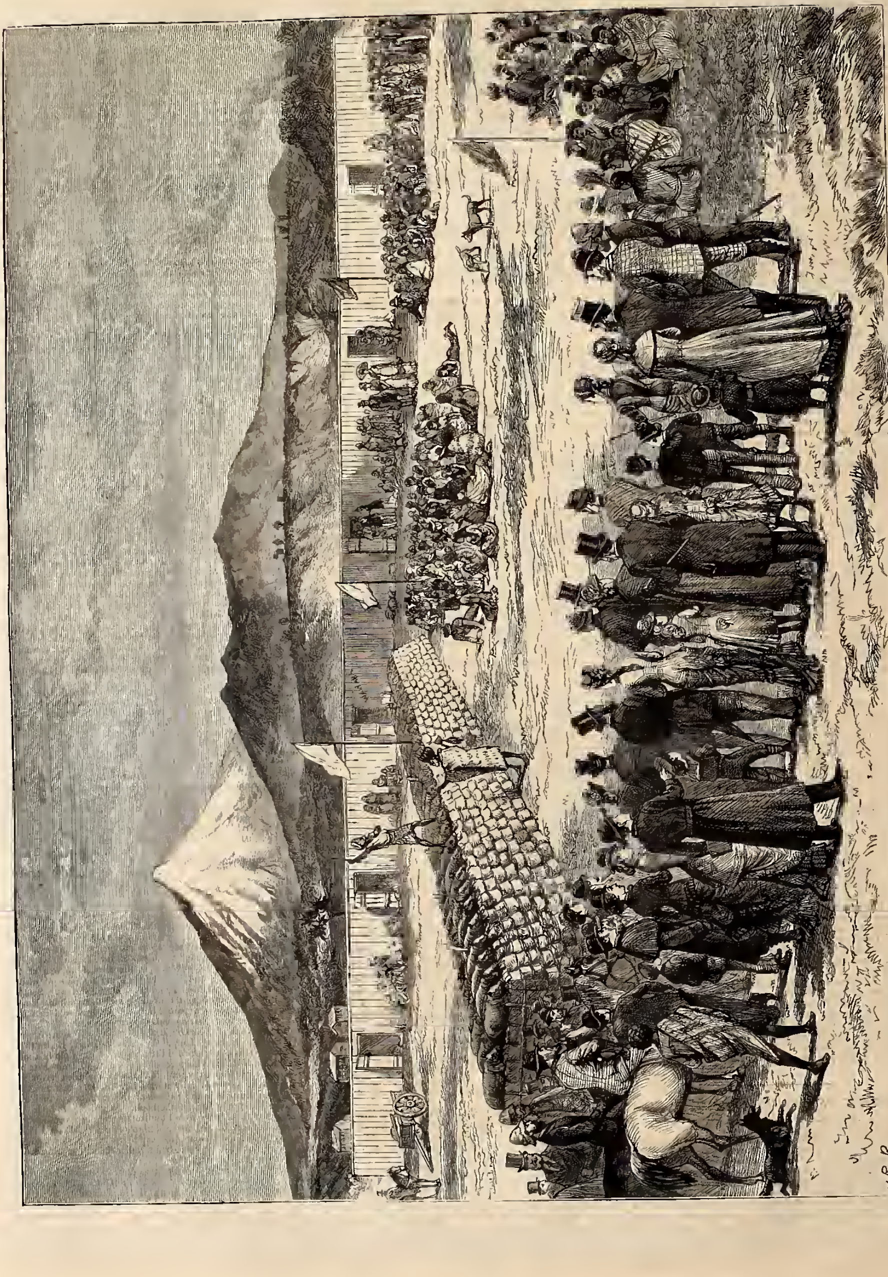
"Sancta Christina," by Eleanor E. Orlebar (Sampson Low and Co.).—A tale, the object of which is set out the difference between ancient heathen civilisation and the Christian Church. It is of the order of Mrs. Webb's "Naomi," and seems to be fairly well done, but the canvas has been almost too large for the artist to cover, and it might have been better to have confined the narrative to a more restricted period. Still the Bishop of Winchester, in a few lines of preface, commends it as telling the story of the most momentous period in all history, and as being full of warm human feeling.

"Picciola," by X. B. Saintine, with ten steel plates by Leopold Flameng (Routledge and Sons).—M. Saintine's delightful story of the sentimental Count de Charney, who beguiled his imprisonment in the fortress of Fenestrella by the cultivation of a flower, which he dubbed his *povera picciola*, has never been more admirably produced than it is in this handsome edition. The steel plates by Flameng—etchings really—are full of vigour and colour, but are somewhat unequally printed.

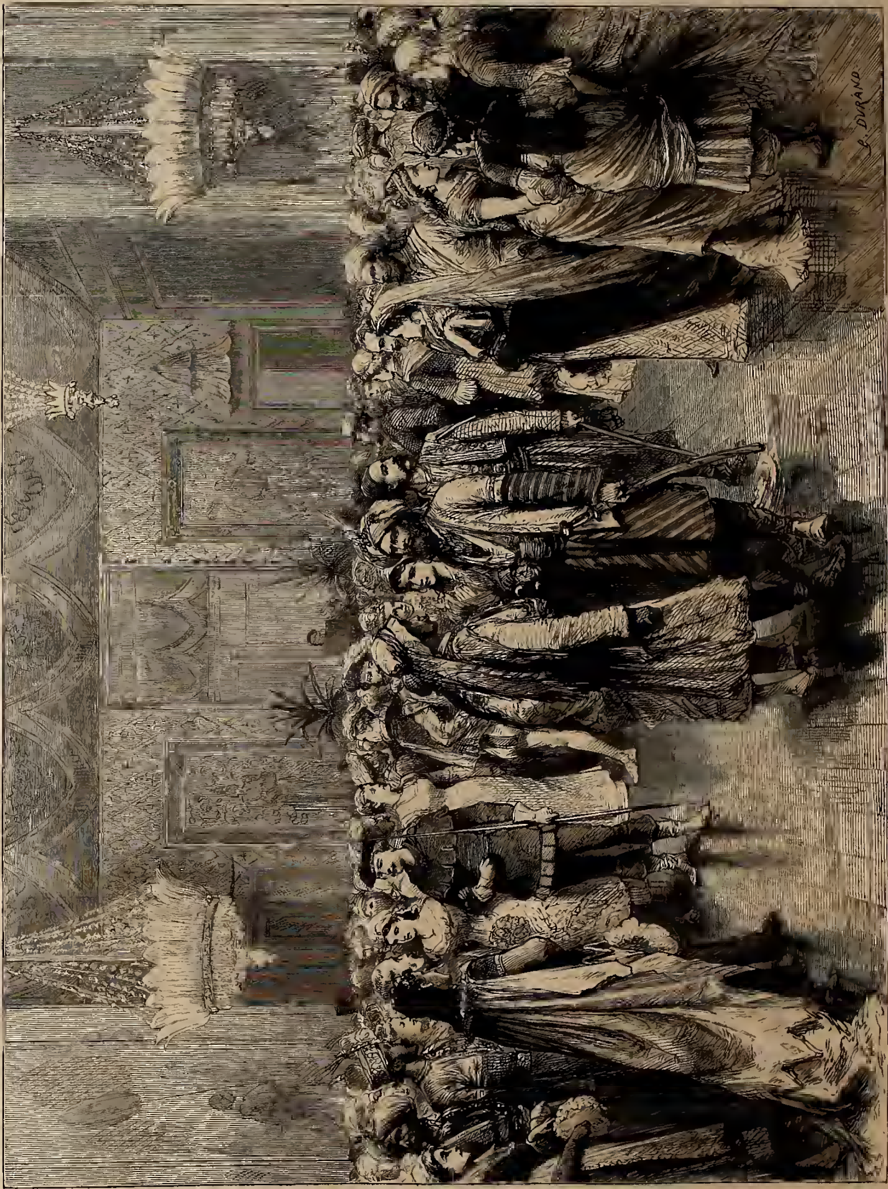
"Little Wide-Awake," a Story-book for Little Children," by Mrs. Sale Barker (Routledge), is the annual volume of this favourite magazine, and is more than usually pleasing with its stories, poems, and music, and its 400 illustrations. Some of the latter are quite above the average, and the work has less the appearance of being a patched-up volume from old cuts than many of these Christmas annuals too frequently are.

"Fairy Tales: Their Origin and Meaning, with some Account of Dwellers in Fairy Land," by John Thackray Bunce (Macmillan).—This neatly-printed little book had its origin in a series of Christmas Holiday Lectures delivered at the Birmingham and Midland Institute last year. Mr. Bunce has been favourably known as a writer of fairy stories himself, and we are not surprised to learn that the success of the lectures was such as to prompt the production of the book. We confess to little sympathy with those who would find a meaning in every fairy tale, and so reduce our old favourites to mere symbolisms, but Mr. Bunce makes no pretence to scientific method, and modestly offers his book as an inducement rather than a formal introduction to the study of Folk Lore.

Messrs. Routledge and Sons send us "Uncle Chesterton's Heir:" A Translation from the French of Madame Colomb, by Henry Frith, illustrated by cuts, also of French origin; a new translation of "Swiss Family Robinson," edited by W. H. G. Kingston; "The Child's Picture Scrap Book," with upwards of 400 illustrations by Gilbert, Watson, Wolf, Coleman, &c.; "The Child's Delight," another picture-book for little children, with large type text by Jeanie Hering, which is as bright as the pictures it describes; and a collection of "Little Wide-Awake Pictures," selected from that periodical, with a few lines of text descriptive of each.



A MAORI MEETING AT WAITARA, NEW ZEALAND—DISTRIBUTING THE FOOD FOR THE FEAST



FANCY BALL IN THE BRIGHTON PAVILION, IN AID OF THE BRIGHTON HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN

FOREIGN

The Crisis in the East.——Matters certainly seem improving between Russia and Turkey, who have now entered into direct relations with each other. Prince Lobanoff has assured the Porte of the Czar's intention to carry out the Berlin Treaty, and that Bulgaria and Roumelia will be duly vacated according to its stipulations, with the exception of Adrianople and Thrace, of which the evacuation will be dependent upon the signature of the definitive Treaty of Peace. He even offers that the Convention shall be completed at an earlier time than originally fixed if the Treaty is signed at once, and that an early settlement of the question is expected is manifested by the Czar's speech at Moscow on Monday, in which he expressed the hope that the definitive Treaty would soon be signed. Indeed, one of the chief points of Count Schouvaloff's travels now seems to have been to secure the consent of the Cabinets of Austria and England to the terms of the definitive Treaty, which, by the way, also provides for the payment of the indemnity of 300,000,000 roubles, by yearly instalments of 25,000,000—the first payment to be made on the complete evacuation of the territory. Turkey's difficulty with Austria also respecting the occupation of Novi-Bazar appears to have been smoothed over, as the Austrians have agreed that they will not enter the place this winter except any "necessity" for so doing should arise. The Greek question also continues to be actively discussed in Constantinople, and it is expected that a Turkish and Greek Commission will shortly be appointed to consider the matter.

At Constantinople there has been another sweeping Ministerial change, the Grand Vizier being Khaireddin Pasha—a Circassian of extremely liberal views, Ghazi Osman being Minister of War, and Caratheodori Pasha, now Governor of Crete, Minister for Foreign Affairs. The fortifications are still being busily pushed forward, and the various works which, ranged in parallel lines, are to protect the city, will soon be completed. They will be armed with 800 guns of large calibre. Finance seems to be the great home topic, and it appears that of the loan of twenty millions sterling twelve millions are to be devoted to the liberation of the Egyptian tribute, five millions to the withdrawal of the paper money, and the remaining three to be applied to reforms. The interest is to be raised as follows:—680,000*l.* from the Egyptian tribute; 136,000*l.* from the Cyprus surplus revenue, and 184,000*l.* from the Syrian Customs. Suleiman Pasha, who commanded the army in the Shipka Pass during the late war, has been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment in a fortress for his conduct during the campaign.

To turn to Bulgaria, the proposed constitution has been submitted by Prince Dondoukoff-Korsakoff. It provides amongst other things that the Bulgarian Assembly should consist of one House of 400 members, of whom 100 would be nominated by the Government. The Prince of Bulgaria will not have the right of declaring war, but will possess the prerogative of mercy. The courts of justice will be independent, and the press free. The election of the Prince will take place on January 1, and General Ignatieff is still a favourite candidate.

France.——There is very little home news of any kind, and foreign affairs afford the chief subject for discussion, both in the newspapers and in the Cabinet Councils. Most of the journals approve of England's policy in undertaking the Afghan War, while the *République Française* also energetically denounces Russia for her policy in Turkey. The debates that have been in the Chambers are of very little interest, the Budget having been passed last week, and the chief Parliamentary topic is the management of the Opera, which the Committee have now decided should be placed directly under the control of the State, with M. Perrin, who has so skilfully managed the Théâtre Français of late years, as chief director. By this means a not insignificant source of profit will probably accrue to the Treasury. Even Paris is more than usually devoid of gossip, save for the production of Dumas' *Fils Naturel* at the Français—fairly successful—and the continual gambling in lottery tickets, which is by no means diminishing. The exhibition of the prizes is expected to be ready by the 10th inst., and the drawing will probably begin on the 10th January. The *Figaro*, in order to calm the fears of those who think that the tickets which they have bought are false, states that the forgeries can easily be detected by means of the type. The genuine tickets are printed in the National Printing Office, the characters being of a peculiar form, each having a slight hook on the left at the height of the preceding letter.—M. Massenet has been elected the musical member of the Académie de Beaux-Arts, in place of the late François Bazin.—The Académie will elect the successor of Archbishop Dupanloup on the 26th inst.

Germany.——The anti-Socialist crusade still continues, and the Government has been busily prohibiting foreign works and papers likely to foster sedition in the Teutonic mind, while forty-two Social Democrats have been expelled from Berlin, two of whom are Deputies, and a manifesto, prepared by them, has been seized by the police. This wholesale banishment is in accordance with a Ministerial order, issued last week, enacting that all persons from whom "danger to public safety may be apprehended" may be refused permission to reside in Berlin, Charlottenburg, Potsdam, and several other places. The Berliners also, with certain exemptions, are prohibited from carrying arms—in fact, the Prussian capital is almost declared in a state of siege. These severe measures were due to the discovery of an extensive Socialist organisation in Berlin, and to the fear that another attempt on the Emperor's life might have been made on the occasion of his public entry into Berlin on Thursday, for which the Berliners had made the most enthusiastic preparations—Unter den Linden having been most gorgeously decorated in honour of their Kaiser's return. On the arrival of the Emperor at the Station, he was to sign a decree, announcing the resumption by him of the reins of Government.

Prince Bismarck is again unwell, and has been ordered perfect rest by his physician.

Italy.——The Socialistic movement is causing no less excitement here than in Germany, and Tuesday's sitting of Parliament, when the subject was brought before the House by the Government, was looked for with eager expectation by all parties, each faction seeking some combination by which the debate on the subject might be turned to it's own particular advantage. Signor Cairoli, however, who continues to suffer severely from his wound, was unable to be present, and the beginning of the debate lost much of its expected pungency, although both Government and Opposition speakers freely bandied about mutual accusations of having brought about the present state of affairs. On Wednesday Sig. Minghetti asked the Government why Republicans any more than Internationalists should be allowed openly to propagate their doctrines. In the mean time active measures are being taken against Internationalists, and thirty of the Barsanti clubs have been closed, while numbers of arrests continue to be made. Signor Cairoli bore the journey from Naples fairly well, although his wound is exceedingly painful. The King visits him every day.

Austria.——Count Andrassy has made a long speech to the Budget Committee, replying to the charges brought against the Government for its Eastern policy and the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. He declared that no attempt had been made to secure fresh territory, and argued that any attempt of Bosnia and Herzegovina to obtain an autonomous position under a nominal Turkish sovereignty would have been hopeless. On Monday, nevertheless, the Budget Committee, by a vote of twelve to six, adopted a report which Count Andrassy declared to be an indictment, and a formal declaration of want of confidence, and the full Delegation were to discuss the matter on Thursday. On Sunday another bomb explosion took place at Pesth on the staircase of the Liberal Club, where Herr Tisza was speaking to the Liberal Party.

United States.——Congress opened on Monday, the President's Message being fuller and of more importance than usual. President Hayes begins by acknowledging the abundant harvests of the year, and that trade was reviving, and then plunges into the ever-vexed Southern Question, recommending Congress to examine into the charges of recent intimidation, so as to determine the validity of the seats in question. The Halifax Award comes next, and he states that the five and a-half million dollars have been paid to Great Britain, accompanied by notice of the ground of payment, and a protest against any other construction being placed upon his action. The relations with Mexico and the border question is then touched upon, and after an allusion to the success of the Paris Exhibition and to the International Monetary Commission, President Hayes announces the resumption of specie payments, and finally endorses the Secretary of War's recommendation that a corps of mounted Indian auxiliaries should be enrolled to keep the unruly Redskins on their "reservation," or repress disturbances, stating that this "would weaken the restless element among the Indians by giving a number of young men congenial employment, and would aid the army in a task for which its numerical strength is sometimes found insufficient." The arrangement for the resumption of specie payments is now complete, and after January 1, the Treasury will also redeem paper either in gold or silver at the option of the holder.

Canada.——The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise have continued their triumphal progress through the Dominion, being everywhere received with great enthusiasm and the usual salutes, bonfires, deputations, and addresses. At Montreal there was a magnificent reception, the horses of the Marquis's carriage being unharnessed, and the new Governor-General drawn in triumph to the Windsor Hôtel. In the evening there was a grand ball. On Saturday the Marquis and the Princess attended service at St. Andrew's Church in honour of St. Andrew's Day, and in the afternoon visited the University, while a grand reception was held in the evening. On Sunday the Governor-General and the Princess went to the Cathedral in the morning, and to the Presbyterian Church in the evening, and on Monday the Marquis and the Princess went on to Ottawa, where the proceedings were marred by a fall of snow. On Tuesday the weather was better, and the official greetings were resumed.

Miscellaneous.——The great trial of T'Kindt, the clerk of the Bank of Belgium who succeeded in embezzling 800,000*l.*, has at last come to an end, and the prisoner, being found guilty of 149 acts of theft and various other misdemeanours, has been sentenced to fifteen years' solitary confinement. M. Fortamps, the Governor of the Bank of Belgium, who was accused of illegally repurchasing the shares of the Bank, was sentenced to a fine of 240*l.* and a year's imprisonment.—From Spain we hear that the Government have been in correspondence with other nations respecting the Socialist movement, and that all foreign Internationalists are to be expelled from the country.—In South Africa considerable uneasiness prevails, Cetewayo's attitude is now overtly hostile, and the British are continuing their military preparations.

THE COURT

The Queen entertained a number of visitors at Windsor Castle at the end of last week. Count Beust, who had been received in audience to present his letters of recall, the Marquis of Salisbury, Col. the Hon. F. A. Stanley, and the Earl of Dunmore, dined with Her Majesty, and Princess Christian lunched with the Queen. On Saturday the Princess Beatrice came up to town, and was present at the Saturday Popular Concert at St. James's Hall, returning afterwards to Windsor. The Queen gave audience in the afternoon to the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, who, as well as Lieutenant-General Ponsonby, dined with Her Majesty in the evening. Next day the Queen and the Princess Beatrice attended Divine service in the private chapel, when the Rev. James Fleming preached. Lord Beaconsfield came down to Windsor on Monday and had audience of the Queen, and Her Majesty subsequently gave audience to Viscount Cranbrook, while in the evening Prince and Princess Christian joined the Royal party at dinner. On the following day the Queen and the Princess Beatrice went to Chislehurst to see the ex-Empress Eugénie, remaining about half-an-hour at Camden House, and returning afterwards to Windsor. Her Majesty held a Council on Wednesday, when Prince Leopold also arrived at the Castle.

The Prince and Princess of Wales kept the Princess' 34th birthday very quietly at Sandringham, and as the anniversary fell on Sunday the annual tea to the women and children on the estate was postponed, while the usual bell-ringing and Royal salutes were deferred till next day. In the morning the Prince and Princess, with their three daughters and the Duke and Duchess of Teck, attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, when Canon Tarver preached the sermon. Next day, the Duke and Duchess of Teck returned to town after a week's stay, and the Prince of Wales also left Sandringham on a visit to Mr. Gerard Leigh at Luton Hoo. The Prince shot over Mr. Leigh's preserves on Tuesday and Wednesday, and on Thursday morning he would visit Luton, where he was to receive an address from the Corporation, and inspect two of the chief straw hat manufactories. We shall publish some engravings relating to his visit next week. Subsequently the Prince was to leave Luton for town in order to be present at the meeting of Parliament.

The Duchess of Edinburgh returns to England earlier than had been expected. She left Coburg on Tuesday for Stuttgart, where she will remain till the end of the week with her aunt and uncle, the King and Queen of Wurtemberg. The Duchess will then be joined by her children at Mayence, and the whole party will travel *viâ* Brussels to London.—Prince Leopold has subscribed 20*l.* to the Parkes Museum of Hygiene.

The marriage of the Princess Thyra of Denmark and the Duke of Cumberland will take place on December 21st or 22nd. After the wedding ceremony has been performed in the Chapel of the Castle of Christiansborg at eight o'clock in the evening, the Bishop of Zeeland officiating, there will be a grand banquet at Amalienborg, and the bride and bridegroom will spend their honeymoon at Fredensborg. As head of the Guelph Family, the Prince of Wales will probably be the Duke's best man.

CHURCH NEWS

Cuddesdon College.——The lay memorial to the Bishop of Oxford, alluded to last week, has been met by a counter memorial from 277 old students of the College, and the Bishop, replying to the latter, remarks that the imputations on the teaching of the College proceed from persons who have no opportunity of knowing what it is, and the contradiction from those who know it well. He observes further that there is an entire absence of any definite charge to which they could distinctly reply, and with which he, as Visitor, could judiciously deal. The malcontents have, however, returned to the charge. One writer suggests that the controversy might be at once settled by the Principal saying "Yes" to the simple question, "Has the question of confession been uniformly and totally discouraged by the authorities of the College?" while another says that the Bishop, in his anxiety to shield the teaching staff, ignores the one general fact which Mr. Knox's speech pressed upon his attention, and upon which the lay address is based—that all the officials are members of the English Church Union, and thereby proved to be disqualified for the solemn function of imparting a theological education to future clergy of our Reformed National Church.

Various.——The Bishops of Peterborough, and Gloucester and Bristol have threatened to resign their positions as Vice-Presidents of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel unless the Committee immediately rescind the resolution recently passed, to the effect that in cases of missionary candidates nominated by Colonial Bishops the recommendation of the examiners shall be dispensed with. The trouble arises out of the rejection of a candidate by the examiners because he belonged to the Society of the Holy Cross.—A ten-days' mission was commenced at Liverpool on Sunday last, special services being held in all the Church of England places of worship.—The nave of Bristol Cathedral was lighted with the electric light one evening last week.—Mrs. Tait, the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, died in Edinburgh on Sunday night. She was the youngest daughter of the Venerable Archdeacon Spooner, of Coventry, and was married in 1843.—The Roman Catholic Bishops of the Archdiocese of Dublin held a meeting on Sunday to nominate a successor to the late Cardinal Cullen. Dr. M'Cabe (auxiliary Bishop) obtained forty-three votes; Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory, nephew of the late Cardinal, seven; and Dr. Woodlock, Rector of the Roman Catholic University, one. These names have been sent to the Pope for selection. A cathedral and a statue are to be erected as a memorial to the late Cardinal Cullen.—The Pope has given to the Society of Jesus the work of evangelising a portion of Central Africa. The Bishop of Salford, in giving permission for the collection of funds in his diocese, writes:—"God seems to seek compensation among the inferior races for the dishonour He sustains by the perversion of cultivated and refined intellect amongst the more favoured races. As it was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, so it may be in the nineteenth and twentieth. The Church, through the zeal of her missionaries, will spread, and will acquire more than she has lost and is losing.—It is said that the New Forest Shakers are about to disperse, Mrs. Girling having given orders for the sale of their furniture.—Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, has written a long letter to the *Nonconformist*, in which, while indulging in in some peculiarly choice language, he attempts to defend his method of conducting the *Fountain*. He demands the real name and the address, "if he has one," of "Independent," whose letter appeared in the *Nonconformist* a few weeks' ago; declares that what he has done he is ready to do again; and says that the *Nonconformist's* statement is "a disgusting and infamous libel, every syllable of which is an offence against truth, decency, and honour." In reply to this the *Nonconformist* prints Dr. Parker's recent circular *verbatim*, leaving its readers to judge whether his vindication is as successful as his letter is long, and it declines to reveal the name of its correspondent, remarking that Dr. Parker, being a public man, cannot claim immunity from public criticism.—The Bishop of Carlisle has withdrawn the license of the Rev. Michael Haslam, Curate of Maryport, for having protested vehemently in the parish (not having been allowed to preach a sermon he had prepared on the matter) against the impropriety of fruit having been placed on the Holy Table at a recent harvest festival.—A stained glass window is to be placed in Westminster Abbey as a memorial of Dr. Livingstone, the African missionary.—A good story is told at the expense of the Rev. D. P. Mitchell, the Greenback candidate for Governor in Kansas, U.S.A. In a recent political speech, he advocated an exclusive paper currency, and derided gold and silver as "twin relics of barbarism." A few nights later, while preaching at a camp meeting, he described the Celestial City as pictured in the Book of Revelation, with gates of silver and precious stones, and streets paved with gold, when one of his coloured hearers shouted out, "Stop dar, Brudder Mitchell! No gold and silver in dat place. Dey's twin relics of barbarism!"

MUSIC

Her Majesty's Theatre.——Mdlle. Ambre has added not only Gounod's Marguerite but Verdi's Gilda to her repertory, achieving in each a legitimate success. She is evidently as well-versed in the music of *Rigoletto* as in that of *Faust*, and, though still suffering from cold, acquitted herself with no less ability than zeal. What was written about her previous efforts applies equally to her last, which throughout exhibits the utmost earnestness and intelligence. Her Gilda was not merely a success, but a success well merited. The part of Rigoletto, the miserable Court buffoon, who so well deserves the "maledizione" bestowed upon him by Count Monterone, was sustained creditably, if no more, by Signor Mendioroz. If this artist's means were on a par with his good intentions he would take a more conspicuous and prominent position. It must suffice to add that Signor Runcio, if he exerted himself less and gave his voice occasional repose, instead of straining it so as to make "points" that in the end are comparatively pointless, might justify the best hopes for his future career; and that the characters of Sparafucile, the hired cutthroat, and Maddalena, his sister and decoy, were respectively assigned to Herr Behrens and Miss Purdy. A new barytone, Signor Valcheri (Mr. Walker, if we are not misinformed), appeared on Monday night as the Comte di Luna in *Il Trovatore*. About this gentleman we shall have another opportunity of speaking. He has a good voice, but seems wholly inexperienced in stage business. Madame Pappenheim was Leonora, one of the best representatives of that character now before the public. There has been nothing else to speak of. *Carmen* goes on as merrily as ever; and for to-night we have the welcome promise of a revival of Weber's *Oberon*, with Sir Julius Benedict's admirable recitatives, and Madame Pappenheim (who grows more and more in public estimation) as Rezia.

Mdlle. Chiomi.——A correspondent wishes us to state that the Mdlle. Chiomi, who sang recently at Bayreuth in a *soirée* at Herr Richard Wagner's house, is not an Italian but an English artist, whose real name is Hairs. We labour under the impression that this fact was generally made known when, some time since, the lady appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. As "Chioma" is one of the Italian equivalents for hair, the other being "capello" (the former feminine, the latter masculine), we thought at the time that the *nom de théâtre* assumed by Miss Hairs was unusually happy—much preferable to Mdlle. Hairsini, which precedent might have encouraged her to adopt. We may add, on the authority of our correspondent, that Mdlle. Chiomi is engaged to sing at Brussels next January. We wish her all success.

London Ballad Concerts.——The only novelty produced on Wednesday evening was a ballad by Cowen, entitled "Never Again." It is rather peculiar in style, but was well received, perhaps because of the artistic singing and sympathetic expression of Madame Antoinette Sterling. Hatton's "Good-bye, Sweetheart," sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, was most warmly welcomed; and equal favour was extended to Cotsford Dick's new ballad, "Olivia" (Miss Mary Davies), and "Zurich's Waters" (Madame Sherrington). Mr. Alfred Moore proved, by his delivery of Cooke's "Safely follow Him," that he has a capital voice; and lastly, Mackenzie's part-song, "A Franklynne's Dogge" (words from "The Ingoldsby Legends"), produced a most humorous effect, as sung by the London Vocal Union in their usual admirable manner.

Waifs.——According to the Brussels' papers Madame Adelina Patti and Signor Nicolini cleared no less than 60,000 francs (2,400*l.*) by their six performances at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. How much of this was due to the gentleman and how much to the lady it is easy enough to guess.—Miss Emma Barnett, one of our youngest and most rising pianists, sister to Mr. John Francis Barnett, and niece to John Barnett, composer of the *Mountain Sylph*, *Fair Rosamund*, the *Pet of the Petticoats*, *Farinelli*, and (more shame to our operatic *entrepreneurs*), the still unheard *Kathleen*, with great and deserved success. Her programmes, varied and excellent, comprise specimens of Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., with all of whose music she is familiar.—To-night a series of operatic performances, under the direction of Mr. Samuel Hayes, begin at Covent Garden Theatre, with Mr. Sims Reeves as the chief attraction. —A pianoforte recital was given by Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons at their concert room in Wigmore Street on Tuesday afternoon. The pianist was Miss Margaret Bucknall, who performed works by Chopin, Macfarren, and Thalberg, in an exceedingly brilliant and artistic style. The object of this recital was to introduce to public notice a grand pianoforte of new and improved make, the work of this firm. This splendid instrument possesses the unusual compass of seven and a half octaves, and has a greatly increased length and weight of string between the bridges, while the Sostenente sounding board is so constructed as to respond to the vibration of the strings with extreme readiness.

Death of Mr. Gye.——The accident which happened on the shooting grounds of Lord Dillon, on Thursday week, to the director of the Royal Italian Opera has led to fatal results. On Wednesday Mr. Gye expired, after a week's terrible suffering. He has so long been a prominent figure in the world of operatic music that he will be missed from amongst us. Some thirty years' probation showed him as one of the ablest and most energetic of managers. He was invited to superintend the financial and general business affairs of the Covent Garden Opera House in 1849, when it was carried on by some of the principal artists on their own account. In 1851 he became sole manager, and has remained so till now that death has taken him away. As an example of Mr. Gye's quick readiness and indomitable perseverance may be cited the almost unparalleled feat which succeeded the destruction by fire, Feb. 5, 1856, of Old Covent Garden Theatre, when under the temporary control of Mr. Anderson, the once renowned "Wizard of the North." Mr. Gye leased the Lyceum Theatre, and began his opera season about two months after the disaster, with the whole of his company. He then announced that the Royal Italian Opera would be rebuilt, and open on the 15th of April, 1858. The pledge was strictly fulfilled, a grand performance of Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* being given, with Grisi and Mario in the two leading characters, and Costa conductor on the very evening advertised. If there ever was a *coup de maître*, this was surely one. We have no space to dwell upon the repertory that season after season has built up until upwards of 50 operas are at ready command of the establishment which, thanks in a great measure to Mr. Gye's own exertions, has long been recognised as the first opera house in Europe.

SPORTING

The Turf.——The Croydon November Meeting concluded in even worse weather than it commenced, and those who were present at Woodside to witness the Great Metropolitan Steeplechase will long remember the day as one of the most wretched ever experienced. That several owners did not care to run their horses with the ground a very Slough of Despond may account partly for the small field of seven only contesting the chief event. The French horse, the Marquis de Sauveur's Wild Monarch, was elected favourite, with Bacchus and Sleight-of-Hand next in demand. Only one of the three, however, could get a place, and that was the favourite, who finished third, Citizen winning from Royal Oak II. by a length. Bacchus ran out of the course, a proceeding which called forth some remarks uncomplimentary to his rider, while Sleight-of-Hand, on landing at the last jump, may literally be said to have stuck in the mud—a *contretemps* which destroyed the excellent prospect he had of winning the race. Altogether, it may be said that, without taking into account the adverse influence of the weather, the meeting showed signs of weakness, and it seems not improbable that the new institutions of Kempton and Sandown Parks will still further interfere with Croydon and other meetings in the neighbourhood of London. Not that Sandown this week can boast of any great success, though it was favoured with fairly good weather. Seven was but a poor field for the Great Hurdle Race, run on Tuesday; and the pickers of favourites were again out in their choice, as the French mare Chimère, who won the corresponding race at Croydon, though made first favourite, had to put up with third place, while Bugle March, who was next in favour, could only get fourth. The race fell to Carthusian, who beat Sir Hugh by a head, after a game struggle. Chimney Sweep had to suffer another defeat in the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase, being beaten by Quibble, and it would almost seem that the old horse has lost some of his speed, though his jumping powers are as good as ever. In the Claremont Hunters' Race, Mr. T. T. Drake scored an eleventh victory with Quits. In a Selling Steeplechase Mr. Yates ran both Extinguisher and King Sweep, and as the former had won twice at Croydon and well beaten his stable companion, odds were laid on him. King Sweep, however, won, and as might be expected there were murmurings loud and deep, which were increased on the following day, when Extinguisher beat King Sweep easily enough, both horses having passed out of Mr. Yates's hands. This gentleman and his jockey, Mr. Barnes, were called before the Stewards to give some explanation; and the result was that Mr. Yates was exonerated of all blame, but Mr. Barnes was suspended from riding for the remainder of the day, and ordered to appear before the Grand National Hunt Committee on Monday next. A small field again could only be got together for the Great Sandown Steeplechase, and once more backers were at fault; for neither of the two selected favourites out of a field of eight were placed. Sleight-of-hand, it was confidently expected, would make up for his Croydon defeat, but he ran badly. The winner turned up in Marshal Niel, and thus Sir J. L. Kay has added the Sandown to the Croydon victory. The Priory Steeplechase was won by York, the favourite Tutor falling at the bottom of the hill.—Among some items of Turf news may be mentioned that Great Tom has been purchased for stud purposes in the United States; and that the promising Derby colt Falmouth has been sold to Mr. F. Gretton for the substantial sum of 6,000 guineas.

Football.——In the second round of the Association Challenge Cup Cambridge has beaten South Norwood by three goals to none.—At Eton, according to ancient custom, on Saturday last, St. Andrew's Day, the annual match—"the Game at the Wall"—between Collegers and Oppidans was played before a large assembly of old and present Etonians and their friends. The Collegers, who specially cultivate this form of football, were victorious by no less than nine goals to love. On the same day, also according to annual custom, the Old Etonians resident at Oxford and Cambridge played their match "in the field." The Cambridge team had it all their own way from the beginning, and won by three goals and three "rouges" to nothing.—Birmingham has suffered a signal defeat by London in an Association game at the Oval.—An Inter-County match under Rugby rules has been played between Kent and Yorkshire, the southern county winning easily; and Lancashire has beaten Northumberland and Durham combined.—The Sheffield team has beaten Staffordshire; Cambridge in an Association game was superior to the Old Harrovians, while Oxford and the Wanderers have played a drawn game.

Pedestrianism.——"Corkey," the English long-distance champion, offers to contest with O'Leary in two matches, one to come off here and one in America, for the possession of the English Champion and the World Champion belts.

RURAL NOTES

Fat Stock Shows.——At this period of the year little else is thought of by farmers than "to see and be seen." There is not much work to do on the farm that they cannot safely trust to their bailiff. Their crops have been gathered in, their winter wheat sown, their roots and potatoes lifted, and they are free to see how their roots and potatoes stand at great shows, such as Sutton's, Carter's, and Webb's, in comparison with those of their fellow agriculturists who grow in other localities. They are anxious also to observe how the cattle they have been kind to in their own way would contrast with others that have been fed upon different kinds of artificial food. Many disappointments often occur to exhibitors through too much localisation. They do not think, having taken stock of the cattle belonging to their immediate neighbours, and seeing their own to be superior, that they can possibly be beaten in their particular class at such great shows as have taken place this week—Birmingham, for instance. That this idea had pervaded the minds of not a few exhibitors was manifest from the fact that a considerable number of animals appeared in the stalls of Bingley Hall which had better have stayed at home. Their owners had not got the knack of putting on the flesh evenly on the frame, nor the *nous* to give such polish to the skin as men like M'Combie and other constant exhibitors can do. The Birmingham Show was below the mark this year, as, indeed, were several others preceding it. Hard times have precluded farmers from laying out so much money on artificial feeding as they had been wont to do; and another reason, perhaps, apart altogether from the "crisis" in farming affairs, is that they find that fattening for show purposes is not so profitable as keeping stock well on for the butcher. Looking rationally at fat-stock shows—they have now lost their educational training. The stock of all breeds and in all sections have not improved one whit for the last ten years. We have no finer type in form, quality, and style to look up to in the Scotch polled, for instance, than Mr. M'Combie's Black Prince, from which the Queen secured a baron; no heifer in shorthorns equal to the Rev. Mr. Bruce Kennard's Queen Mary; and no better cross than Mr. Harris's ox. Fat-stock shows are now valuable only as an advertisement for the ordinary stock of the exhibitor: sometimes the winners have found out that they have paid too dear for their whistle, and not a few previously well-known names have of late years dropped out of the competitive list. The exhibition at Birmingham this year had additional attraction given to it by the presentation of a silver cup of 100 guineas value, and a silver cup of 50*l.*, for the best animal of the cattle classes in the yard and the best sheep respectively. These prizes, indeed, were regarded as the blue riband of the arena, and the anxiety manifested as to their bestowal by those who had gained awards in their special sections was intense. One by one the sectionally-honoured ones were weeded out, and the final tussle lay between Lord Lovat's magnificent cross between a shorthorn and polled Angus and a wonderfully well-fleshed symetrical Hereford, belonging to Mr. Platt, Hereford. The judges did not take long to decide between them. Lord Lovat got Messrs. Gibbs' cup, a very handsome trophy, and the value of the prizes taken by this one animal at Birmingham amounts to 380*l.*, a sum sufficient to cover a few defects. The remarkable thing is that few disputed the justness of the decision. The Smithfield Show, which commences on Monday, will have better animals than those which appeared at Birmingham.

The Royal Agricultural Society's Forthcoming Show in London.——The funds towards the expenses of the R. A. S. E. are not rolling so rapidly into the Mansion House coffers as was to be expected. At least 20,000*l.* will be wanted, and as yet only 7,700*l.* are forthcoming. However, it is a long call to July yet. The present list as already arranged is immensely larger than anything that has preceded it. On Monday it was stated that 12,458*l.* had been allotted; the Mansion House Committee contributing 3,747*l.*, the Shorthorn Society 200*l.*, the Hop-growers' Committee 230*l.*, and from the funds of the Society itself are extracted 8,281*l.* After this announcement had been made an additional 292*l.* was voted towards Cups for the best shorthorn, English or foreign; 25*l.* given by the London Omnibus Company for the best 'bus horse; 50*l.* for the best waggon for conveying perishable articles a distance of 500 miles, such as meat, fish, &c.; two prizes of 25*l.* each for carcases of beef which arrived in good condition after 1,000 miles' transport; and two of the same amount for American beef and mutton arriving in palatable form fourteen days after slaughter. These swell the total of prizes to 12,900*l.*, a sum which ought to attract exhibitors from all quarters of the globe. Among the prizes, however, we do not yet note any for agricultural machinery, which surely ought to be recognised.

The Agricultural Crisis.——It is lamentable that in Kent such difference should exist between farmers and labourers. The breach instead of narrowing is gradually growing wider day by day, to the great disadvantage of both parties, but specially to the labourers at the present season of the year. Their Union funds cannot last very long, and if they continue unwisely to remain out of employment, it appears to us, there will be only a cold Christmas for them, which the fiery orations of their leaders will not warm. Farmers, however, might show a little bit more leniency than in some cases they are reported to have done, for, although they are comparatively independent of the labourer for a month or two, they will need his services in the spring.

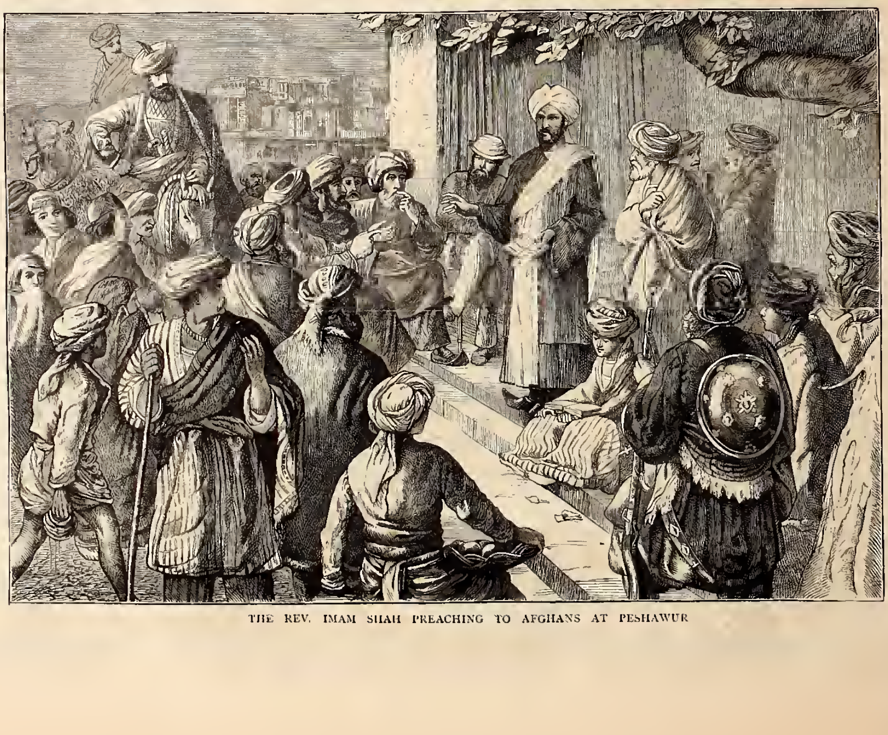
The Weather.——A great amount of rain has fallen recently, more than we have had in the latter days of November for many years. All outdoor work on the farm has been stopped or carried on under very unfavourable circumstances. Sheep on turnips have not been thriving on account of the rain, and foot-rot has shown itself in some localities in the north. Speaking generally, however, the usual operations on the farm are on an average well forward.

LEGAL

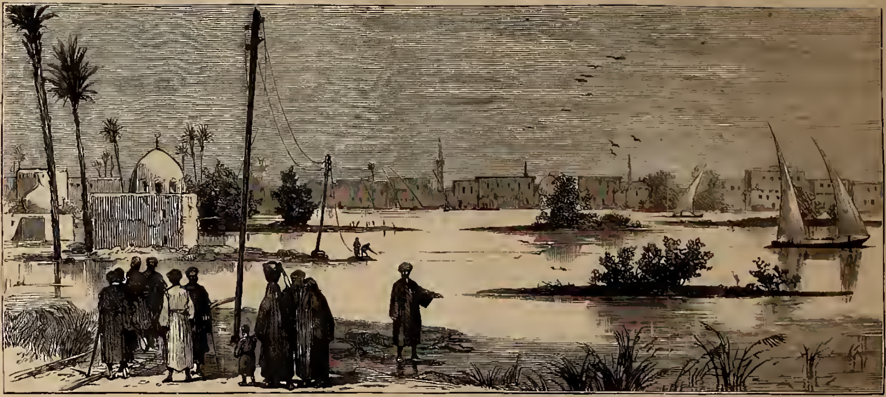
Miscellaneous Items.——An extradition treaty entered into with Spain in June last comes into force on Monday next. It applies to all crimes and indictable offences recognised by the laws of both countries, and is retrospective in its action, so that numbers of persons who are "wanted," amongst others Mr. Nichol Fleming of the Glasgow City Bank, will have to seek an asylum further afield if they wish to avoid arrest.—The Irish legal appointments have now been completed. Mr. Gerald Fitzgibbon, Solicitor-General for Ireland, succeeds Lord Justice Christian in the Court of Appeal; Mr. Michael Harrison, of the Court of Bankruptcy, succeeds to the Common Pleas, in the room of the late Mr. Justice Keogh; and Mr. Serjeant Robinson, Q.C., succeeds to the Bankruptcy Court, Mr. Hugh Holms, Q.C., becoming Solicitor-General. Some of the Irish papers express great dissatisfaction at the appointment of Judge Harrison.—The trial of Mr. Robertson's libel action against the proprietors of *Truth* has been postponed in consequence of the illness of Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, the plaintiff's leading counsel, who was seized with a fainting fit during the hearing of the case on Friday last.—Mr. Lambri's action against the printer and publisher of *Truth*, was before the Queen's Bench Division on Saturday, when the defendants' pleas, which were objected to as not being sufficiently specific, were ordered to be amended within a week, so that that the trial might not be delayed. Attention was called to a paragraph bearing on the case which had appeared in *Truth* subsequent to the application; and the Lord Chief Justice remarked that it was an ungenerous sneer which ought not to have been published.—On Saturday, in the Exchequer Division, a gentleman named Rumer (not Rumour) brought an action against Lord George Hamilton to recover 250*l.* for "valuable information" regarding the Eastern Question supplied to the British Government. Lord George, however, stated that it was only out of respect for one of his constituents that he had read the plaintiff's communications which contained nothing but what had already appeared in the newspapers, and Mr. Baron Huddleston ordered a nonsuit on the ground that no contract had been proved.—On Saturday the depositions against Lady Gooch, and the nurse, Mrs. Walker, were completed, and both were formally committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court, bail being taken for each. It was stated that Lady Gooch, acting under the advice of her counsel, would commence an action for adultery against Sir Francis.—The defective state of the London tramways, which has long been a subject of general complaint, may perhaps be in some degree remedied now that the company have had to pay damages to the tune of 42*l.* 10*s.* to a medical gentleman, whose carriage was literally torn in halves while crossing the rails in the Kennington Road in June last.—It is not often that one has to thank a thief for robbing one: yet this seems to be the case of a lady in Scotland, who some time ago entrusted 2,000*l.* to an agent for investment in the Glasgow City Bank, and believed that he had done so, as he paid her the dividends regularly. Since the failure, however, it has been discovered that he appropriated the capital, and paid her the interest out of it. She has, therefore, no "calls" to answer, and may possibly recover her 2,000*l.*, if she can find the rogue who embezzled it.—The other day a gentleman was summoned by his butler for assaulting him, by forcibly turning him into the street, because he refused to clean a coal-scuttle. He was, however, told that his master had a right to put him out if he did not obey his lawful commands; his remedy for the improper termination of an

MDLLE. AMBRE OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE

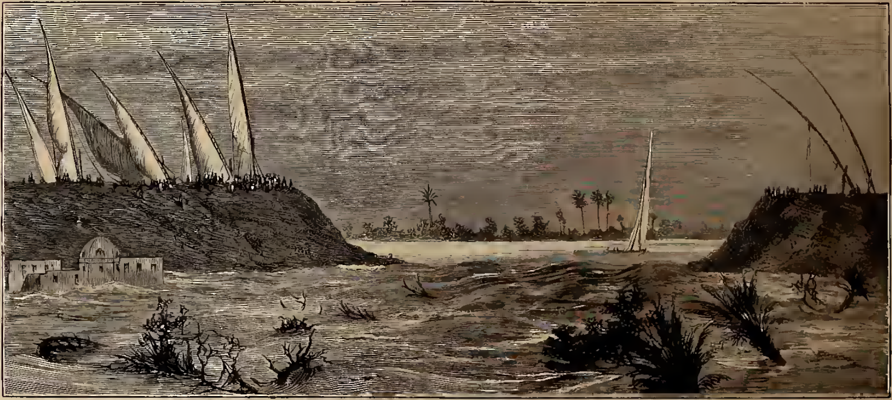
THE PIRATICAL OUTRAGE AT HONG-KONG—THE GOLDSMITH'S SHOP, SCENE OF THE ATTACK



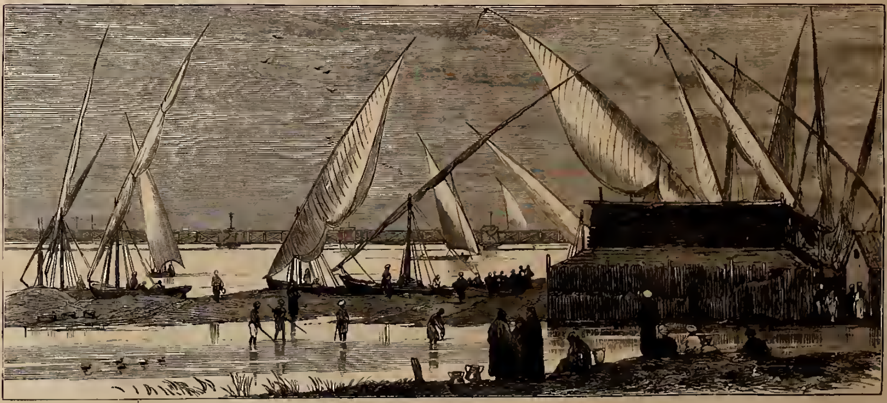
THE REV. IMAM SHAH PREACHING TO AFGHANS AT PESHAWUR



VIEW OF THE SUBMERGED COUNTRY ROUND SAMANOUD, IN THE DELTA



GREAT BREACH IN THE DYKE AT MIT-HABIB, NEAR SAMANOUD



VIEW OF THE RIVER AT KAFR-ES-ZYAT

EGYPT—THE OVERFLOW OF THE NILE

engagement being in the County Court. Whether the cleaning of scuttles formed part of a butler's work the magistrate confessed he did not know.—The sentence of five years' penal servitude, passed by Mr. Edlin on a man named Davis for stealing money, which he declared to be his own, has been commuted to one of a year's imprisonment with hard labour.—A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* says that, on Friday last, a lady, having had her purse snatched from her, pointed out the thief to a policeman, who only shrugged his shoulders, and remarked, "He has gone too far; I can't catch him." It is a pity that the number of this active officer was not taken.—A coroner's jury have found that the death of the lad Nolan, which occurred recently in the House of Detention, resulted from inflammation of the lungs, and was accelerated by the repeated and excessive punishment of bread and water diet, ordered by the Governor and sanctioned by the surgeon. The verdict was given on Wednesday, and on Thursday an indignation meeting was held on Clerkenwell Green, at which a deputation was appointed to wait on the Home Secretary.—Mr. W. R. Wood, the Salford magistrate, who recently arrested two Sisters of Mercy for "begging," has been severely censured by the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, who threatens to remove his name from the Commission of the Peace in the event of a repetition of such indiscreet conduct. Mr. Wood, however, declines to be guided upon points of law by the Chancellor, and says that he shall only bow to the decision of the Supreme Court of Judicature.—Mrs. Peace, the wife of the Blackheath burglar, has been brought to London, and examined at Bow Street on the charge of "receiving" some of the stolen property. She is now under remand; but her counsel contends that, even if she did receive the things, she cannot be convicted, as she was acting under the influence of her husband. The Treasury is conducting the prosecution.—The manager of a "money club" at Sheffield has absconded with the funds, 300*l*., to America, whence he has written to say that he shall not return.—A fellow named Williams last week visited Liverpool, and managed to get cash for forged cheques to the amount of 1,500*l*. His clerk, however, suspecting something wrong, communicated with the police, who followed the forger to Birmingham, and caught him after a smart chase amongst the moving trains in the railway station, during which he was nearly run over by an engine.—A quantity of jewellery has been carried off by a burglar from the residence of the Bishop of St. Alban's.

DEATHS.

On the 1st inst., at 13, Great Stuart Street, Edinburgh, Catharine, wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the 59th year of her age.

On the 2nd inst., in her 64th year, Miss Esther Davis, of 41, Holland Road, Kensington, S.W. American and Australian papers please copy.

On the 1st ult., at 35, Upper Park Street, Clifton, Sarah, widow of the late Douglas Dutton, Esq., formerly of Connaught Terrace, Hyde Park, aged 68 years.

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CULLETON'S Guinea Box of STATIONERY contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

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BENSON'S WATCHES of every description, suitable for all climates, from £2 to 200 guineas. Chronographs, Chronometers, Keyless, Levers, Presentation, Repeaters, Railway Guards', Soldiers', and Workmen's Watches of extra strength.

BENSON'S "Early English" and Queen Anne Clocks in Ebony and other Woods, decorated with Blue China, Art Tiles, Paintings, &c. Novelty, Artistic English Clocks, specially designed to harmonise with furniture, decorated with Wedgwood, Faience, and other wares. Made solely by Benson. £5 5s. 0d. to £250.

BENSON'S PAMPHLETS on TURRET CLOCKS, Watches, Clocks, Plate, and Jewellery, Illustrated, sent post free each for two stamps. Watches sent safe by post. Benson's new work, "Time and Time Tellers," 2s. 6d.

WATCHES.—Three Gold Medals awarded. London made Keyless Half-Chronometers. Racing Watches, Repeaters, Clock Watches, &c., &c.—CHAS. FRODSHAM and CO., Makers to the Queen, 84, Strand, London, only address.

OROIDE GOLD WATCHES, 21s., 25s., 30s., free by registered post 6d. extra. Facsimile of costly gold watches. Exact timekeepers. Lockets, 3s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.
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OROIDE GOLD ALBERT CHAINS, manufactured in the very highest degree of finish, and in standard gold designs, not affected by time and wear, 10s. 6d. each, post free. Fancy patterns, 5s., 7s. 6d. Safe and free per post. Post-office Order, Exhibition Road. Opinions of the press and price list free.
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IMPROVED JANUS CORD,
Registered, both sides alike,
1½ guineas the full dress length
Made specially for Messrs. JAY, and recommended by them as the best and cheapest material
at the price ever manufactured for a lady's dress.
Janus Cord makes up remarkably well,
and ladies who at this season of the year habitually wear black will find it an excellent wearing dress.
JAY'S, Regent Street.

MOURNING.

MESSRS. JAY'S experienced
Dressmakers and Milliners
Travel to any part of the kingdom,
Free of expense to purchasers,
when the emergencies of mourning require the
IMMEDIATE EXECUTION OF ORDERS.
They take with them dresses and millinery, besides
Materials at 1s. per yard
and upwards, to cut from the piece,
ALL MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES,
and at the same price as if purchased at
The London General Mourning Warehouse.
Reasonable estimates are also given for
Household Mourning
at a great saving to large or small families.
JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Regent Street, W.

PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE GRAND DIPLOMA OF HONOUR

WAS AWARDED to M. MENIER for the excellence of his Chocolates.

IT is the HIGHEST PRIZE awarded to any French or Foreign chocolate maker.

ONE GOLD MEDAL was awarded in Class 6.

ONE GOLD MEDAL was awarded in Class 47.

ONE GOLD MEDAL was awarded in Class 65.

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THE GRAND PRIZE in Class 74.

ONE BRONZE MEDAL in the English Section.

ONE LETTER OF FELICITATIONS in Class 51.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER FOR BREAKFAST.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER FOR EATING.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER, in ½ lb. and ¼ lb. packets.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.—Consumption annually exceeds 17,500,000 lb.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.—Paris.

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MENIER'S FRENCH CHOCOLATE for BREAKFAST.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER, awarded 28 Prize Medals.

LIST OF PRIZES awarded to M. MENIER:—
1832. Gold Medal, Encouragement Society.
1834. Silver Medal, National Exhibition.
1839. Silver Medal, National Exhibition.
1842. Medal from the Committee of Meaux (Seine-et-Marne).
1844. Second Silver Medal, National Exhibition.
1849. Gold Medal, National Exhibition.
1851. Honourable Mention, Great Exhibition, London.
1851. Prize Medal, International, London.
1853. Medal, New York Exhibition.
1855. Honourable Mention, Paris Exhibition.
1855. Medal of Honour, Paris Exhibition.
1858. Silver Gilt Medal, Committee of Crecy (Seine-et-Marne).
1862. Medal, Great Exhibition, London.
1865. Medal of Honour, Porto Exhibition.
1865. Medal of Honour, Dublin Exhibition.
1867. Member of the Jury, Paris Exhibition.
1868. Member of the Havre Exhibition.
1869. Great Diploma of Honour, Amsterdam Exhibition.
1869. Member of Jury, Altona Exhibition.
1870. New Gold Medal, Encouragement Society.
1873. Grand Medal, Vienna Exhibition.
1876. Four Medals, Philadelphia Exhibition.
1878. Paris Exhibition:
Grand Diploma of Honour.
Class 6. One Gold Medal.
Class 47. One Gold Medal.
Class 65. One Gold Medal.
Class 66. One Gold Medal.
Class 74. Grand Prix.
English Section:
One Bronze Medal.

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THE ORIENTAL COMPANY, 418, Oxford Street, London.
INDIAN and CHINA TEAS, Choicest Imports.
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THE ORIENTAL COMPANY'S PERSIAN RUGS, Chyloong's Preserved Ginger.
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

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12 in. GONGS	£1 0 0
16 in. GONGS	£2 0 0
20 in. GONGS	£4 0 0
23 in. GONGS	£6 0 0

THE ORIENTAL COMPANY'S SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, 2s. 6d. and 3s. each. Tea Sets, Tea Caddies, Japanese Trays, Cabinets, Tables, &c., and a great variety of Oriental Goods for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

NECESSARY NOTICE.
ALL LETTERS, ORDERS, AND TELEGRAMS
INTENDED FOR
PETER ROBINSON'S MOURNING WAREHOUSE
must be clearly directed
TO REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.
Occasional misdirection of Letters and Orders renders this Notice necessary.

MOURNING ORDERS SENT at ONCE upon RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM.
A large Staff of very competent Dressmakers and ASSISTANTS are kept purposely to TRAVEL to all parts of the country—no matter the distance—(free of any extra charge whatever to the Customer) with a full assortment of Made-up Goods of the most fashionable and suitable description
FOR A FAMILY MOURNING,
and also Mourning for Servants.
Orders, however large, can be completed at a very short notice by Dressmakers of the greatest proficiency (either French, German, or English).
Observe—the only ONE Address—
PETER ROBINSON'S
COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, 256 to 262, REGENT STREET, London.
One of the most important Houses of its kind in England.
Established as a Mourning Warehouse 30 Years.

BLACK SILKS.
NOW ON SALE, at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET,
an Important Purchase
of the PUREST and BEST BLACK SILKS,
much below the usual prices.
400 Pieces of the celebrated BEGOVE, at 4s. 8½d.
78 Pieces BONNET ET CIE. at 5s.
51 Pieces TAPISSIER'S, at 6s. 6d.
69 Pieces QUEEN CACHEMIRE, at 5s. 6d.
Also excellent qualities
at 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 3d., 4s. 9d.
BLACK SATINS (cotton back), at 2s. 6½d.
BLACK SATINS, all Silk, at 6s. 9d.
BLACK LYONS VELVET, at 10s. 9d.
BLACK TRIMMING VELVET, at 4s. 9d.
Observe the Address— Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON,
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BLACK SILK VELVETS,
Exceptional Value.
at 3s. 11d., 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., and 7s. 6d.
RICH LYONS VELVETS
at 10s. 9d., 12s. 9d., and 15s. 6d.
Superb qualities for Dresses and Mantles.
For Patterns, address as follows:—
PETER ROBINSON, REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.

BLACK SILK COSTUMES,
from pure and good wearing silks,
at 5½, 7½, 9, 10, 12, and up to 20 guineas,
fashionably trimmed with Satin and Velvet.
Copies of the most recent Paris models.
Also good Black Satin Quilted Petticoats for One Guinea.
For photographs of the Costumes and self-measurement form address as follows:—
PETER ROBINSON, REGENT STREET,
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EVENING and DINNER DRESSES.
New Styles, well cut, and elegantly trimmed, from one guinea to 10 guineas.
Tarlatans in the most fashionable styles, 21s.
Black Brussels Net, 25s., 29s. 6d., and 35s.
Black Silk Tulle (condition-keeping), 42s. and 50s.
Grenadine, from 42s. to 4 guineas.
For Sketches of the above, address as follows:—
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KID GLOVES AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

THE LONDON GLOVE CO., 1, Bow Churchyard, Cheapside, E.C., respectfully direct attention to the exceptional superiority and value of their Best Quality of Ladies' Kid Gloves, at the undermentioned prices:—

Buttons	2	4	6	8
Per half-doz.	15s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	21s.	25s.
Sample pair	2s. 8d.	3s.	3s. 7d.	4s. 3d.

P.O.O. to Joseph Hammond at G.P.O. Detailed list of other makes from 6s. per half-dozen, post free.
THE LONDON GLOVE CO., 1, Bow Churchyard, Cheapside, E.C.

NEEDLES, FISH HOOKS, AND FISHING TACKLE.
TWO GOLD MEDALS, Paris, 1878,
FOR THE SUPERIORITY OF THEIR QUALITY AWARDED TO
W. BARTLEET and SONS,
REDDITCH.

CHUBB'S PATENT SAFES ARE FIRE and THIEF RESISTING.

CHUBB'S DETECTOR LOCKS ARE UNPICKABLE, and have Small Keys.

THREE PRIZE MEDALS and HON. MENTION AWARDED to CHUBB and SON at PARIS, 1878.

CHUBB'S ART METAL WORK.
57, St. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, E.C.

CHUBB and SON, 128, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C., and 68, St. JAMES'S STREET, S.W. LISTS OF ALL THE ABOVE SENT FREE.

NO CHARGE FOR STAMPING IN COLOURS BY MACHINERY.

JENNER and KNEWSTUB, HERALDIC STATIONERS and ENGRAVERS, beg to call attention to their superb specimens of ILLUMINATING RELIEF STAMPING and DIE SINKING, combining the perfection of work with the most moderate price; also to their new mode of Stamping in Colours (by machinery, WITHOUT CHARGE), in quantities of not less than two Reams and 1,000 Envelopes. To Clubs, Public Companies, and large consumers generally, an immense saving is thus effected. All kinds of Stationery at the most moderate prices. Cash discount 10 per cent.
JENNER and KNEWSTUB, to the QUEEN, 33, St. James's Street, and 66, Jermyn Street, S.W.

CAUTION.—BOND'S CRYSTAL PALACE GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK (3 Gold, several Silver, and other Medals for merit and superiority). Some chemists and stationers for extra profit deceive you. Genuine label, "Daughter of late John Bond." Works, 75, Southgate Road, N. No heating required. £100 reward on criminal conviction for misrepresentation or colourable imitation.

PARIS EXHIBITION.—NOTICE.

HENRY GLAVE
Will show on MONDAY NEXT and every day during the week some startling and cheap novelties bought by himself in the Exhibition after the close, which will include a variety of fashionable Paris-made Costumes from 30 to 300 francs each. Several useful lots of fancy Dress fabrics; various kinds of Furs; Winter Mantles; some choice Austrian Manufactured goods; Bronze Ornaments and other fancy Objects from three successful Exhibitors, with many other Parisian-made Novelties not usually kept by Drapers.
The whole having been bought after the close of the Exhibition from several of the Exhibitors on the eve of leaving Paris, consequently great reductions have been made in the prices.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S Extensive New Galleries, erected for the Christmas sale of fancy goods, the largest and most elegant display in the kingdom of all kinds from the Paris Exhibition and all parts of the world.
Christmas Games and Presents.
Christmas Ball and Evening Dresses.
Christmas Hats, Caps, and Bonnets.
Christmas Wreaths, Flowers, and Feathers.
Christmas New Square Collarettes of Brabant Lace, with Flowers and Ribbon for Evening Wear, 2s 11d. and 3s. 11d.
Christmas Eldora Gauze, at 1s. 2¾d. a yard.
Christmas Eclipse French Spangle, at 1s. 6½d.
Superior Night Colours in Cashmeres, Silks, Satins, Velvets, Llamas, and Bright Alpacas, patterns free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

CHARLES GASK and CO.
(Limited).
SALE OF PARIS EXHIBITION GOODS.
Oxford Street and Wells Street.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS from the PARIS EXHIBITION.
An infinite variety of Fancy Articles and Works of Art from the Paris, Austrian, and Oriental Courts. Travelling and Early English Clocks, Fine Bronzes, Works of Art in Polished Copper and Oxydised Silver, &c., with thousands of new and pretty objects suitable for presents at most moderate prices.
CHARLES GASK and CO., Limited.

MANTLES, FURS, from PARIS EXHIBITION.
Superbly rich and New Mantles, Jackets, Furs, Fur-trimmed Mantles and Dresses, Sealskins, &c.
These goods are of the very choicest quality, the furs being selected especially for Exhibition. Gold medals awarded. All bought very cheap, and will be sold very cheap.
CHARLES GASK and CO., Limited,
58 to 63, Oxford St., and 1 to 5, Wells St., London.

CHARLES GASK & CO. (Limited).

GRAND SALE of PRIZE GOODS

FROM the PARIS EXHIBITION.

COSTUMES, MANTLES, SILKS, VELVETS,

DRESS FABRICS, FURS, KID GLOVES,

REAL LACES, HOSIERY, UMBRELLAS,

BLANKETS, LINENS, WORKS OF ART, &c.

ALL GOODS of the highest character, and will be sold at lower prices than are usually charged for ordinary goods.

CHARLES GASK & CO. (Limited),
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street;
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street, London.

BEST COMPOSITE CANDLES of PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY, Limited. The Company recommend these and their GOLD MEDAL PALMITINE CANDLES, their NEW PATENT NIGHT LIGHTS for burning in a glass without the paper case, their CHILD'S NIGHT LIGHTS, and their PURE GLYCERINE. GOLD MEDAL again awarded to the Company in the PARIS EXHIBITION of 1878.

HOLY BAZIL — PIESSE and LUBIN.—This is a most rare perfume distilled from the HOLY BAZIL FLOWER OF HINDU (*Ocymum sanctum*), so remarkable for its unique fragrance. Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s 6d. at the Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London, and by Chemists and Perfumers in all parts of the world.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S
PESTACHIO NUT
SKIN AND
COMPLEXION POWDER
Imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin, attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration.
2, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.
MAY BE HAD OF
All fashionable Perfumers and Druggists throughout the Earth, with the same facility as a Book.
In Boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL preserves, strengthens, and beautifies the human hair. 3s. 6d., 7s.; and 10s. 6d. family bottles. ROWLAND'S ODONTO whitens the teeth, 2s. 9d. per box. Of all Chemists.

BREIDENBACH'S ABRONIA.—The NEW SCENT for 1878. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE

BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s., or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S WIGS and SCALPS, from 35s.
47, FENCHURCH STREET.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S Hair Department for Ladies comprises a large collection of Long Hair Head Dresses, Crop and Frizzy ditto, Chignons, Plaits, Curls, Coronets, Cachepeignes, and covered Stems in all shades of colour. Also Bands, Fronts, and Curls.—47, Fenchurch Street.

PROFESSOR BROWNE has the largest stock of Ladies and Gentlemen's Ornamental Hair in the World always on view at his Establishment, 47, Fenchurch Street, London.

general impression is that the material Oxford has in hand out of which to form the Putney crew is better than was thought a few weeks ago.—The corresponding race between the Cambridge Trial Eights came off on Wednesday over the Ely course of three miles. Davis of First Trinity was the stroke of the winning crew, which, after a good race for the first two miles, drew in front and beat the eight stroked by Bird, also of First Trinity, by two lengths. As at Oxford, so at Cambridge, satisfaction is felt at the exhibition of rowing in the Trial Eights. The arrival at Bristol of Wallace Ross, the well-known American oarsman, is announced. He will endeavour to make some matches with our scullers during his stay in England.

COURSING.——The coursers have had a pretty fair time of it since the season began, but this week the frost has caused the postponement of the Ridgway Club Meeting, to the disappointment of very many lovers of the leash.—The Blankney Meeting was quite up to the mark, and has now fairly taken rank among first-class gatherings. Mr. Wise's Wedding Tour and Mr. Marfleet's Mead Flower divided the Chaplin Cup; Mr. Alexander took the Blankney Stakes with Alice Conroy; and the Temple Stakes fell to Mr. Robinson with Runaway.—The North of England Club (Eslington) had also had a good meeting, Mr. Walker's Miss Jane winning the Eslington Stakes, and Mr. Spearman's Nellie Miller the Ravensworth Cup.—There has been a little speculation on the Waterloo Cup, Lord Fermoy's nomination with those of Lord Haddington, Mr. Hornby, Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Briggs being the most in demand, the first-named being quoted at 18 to 1 on the supposition that Zazel, last year's runner-up, will fill it. Against Coomassie, the winner on the two last occasions, only 8 to 1 can be had; and there is hardly a whisper as yet whose nomination she will represent.

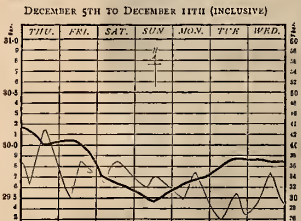
FOOTBALL.——Progress has been made in the second round of the Association Challenge Cup. It was a foregone conclusion that the Forest School would go down before the Clapham Rovers, as it was a case of men against boys. At Upton Park the Minerva beat the Grey Friars by three goals to none; and a draw was the result of Darwen *v.* Eagley. But by far the most interesting game has been between Oxford University and the Royal Engineers, both powerful teams. It was played at the Oval on Tuesday, when the Military sustained a four goals to love defeat at the hands of the "pale students," who are likely to make a very bold bid for the cup.—Those old antagonists, Maidenhead and Windsor, have played an Association game, the former winning by a goal to nothing.—Richmond *v.* Cambridge, one of the best Rugby games of the season, was played at the University on Saturday last, to the discomfiture of the Cantabs.—The Clapham Rovers have been too much for St. Thomas's Hospital; but the combined London Hospitals scored against the Liverpudlians at Liverpool.—In an Association Match between the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, the former won by eight goals to one.

HUNTING AND SHOOTING ACCIDENTS.——It is always sad to have to record fatal accidents in connection with our out door sports and pastimes; and two very lamentable ones have recently happened, the one in the hunting-field to Mr. Gye of operatic renown, and the other to Colonel Whyte-Melville, of hunting and literary fame, while galloping with the Vale of White Horse fox hounds. Of the latter accident there is nothing more to be said than that such mishaps will occasionally befall the best of riders when riding the best of horses; but in connection with the former it is impossible to avoid reflecting that it would never have happened, had the excellent rule of withdrawing cartridges when obstacles have to be crossed been observed.

◆

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

DECEMBER 5TH TO DECEMBER 11TH (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.——During the past week the weather has continued dull, cold, and gloomy. The winds have again been generally northerly, inclining more to north-west than north-east, and some small barometrical disturbances in our neighbourhood at the commencement of the period caused cold rain on Thursday, the 5th instant, and snow on Friday evening, the 6th instant. The next few days were rather more settled; but the weather was extremely gloomy, and a good deal of fog and mist were observed. On Wednesday, the 11th instant, snow showers fell, and a disturbance appeared to be advancing along our east coast, causing the barometer to fall a little, and the wind to back somewhat. Temperature has fallen in the course of the week, and was very low on Tuesday, the 11th instant, the maximum being no higher than 31°. On Monday night, the 10th instant, the thermometer on the grass fell as low as 15°. The barometer was highest (30·18 inches) on Thursday, the 5th instant; lowest (29·47 inches) on Sunday, the 8th instant: range, 0·71 inches. Temperature was highest (43°) on Thursday, the 5th instant; lowest (26°) on Tuesday, the 11th instant; range, 17°. Rain or snow has fallen on three days; total amount, 0·15 inches; greatest fall on any one day, 0·12 inches, on Friday, the 6th instant.

◆

CHRISTMAS CHEER.——Among those charitable institutions which need aid at this season is the Leicester Square Soup Kitchen and Refuge, Ham Yard, Great Windmill Street, W., where preparations are being made to give a Christmas dinner to a thousand families, each to receive 4lbs. of beef, 3lbs. plum pudding, a loaf of bread, with tea, sugar, &c. The bankers are Union Bank, Charing Cross, and Messrs. Barnetts, Hoares, and Co., Lombard Street. As the puddings are made in the kitchen, contributions in kind would also be very acceptable.

SHORT BALL DRESSES are to be worn in Paris this winter.

THE NEXT SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS is to be held in Manchester.

THE YELLOW FEVER EPIDEMIC in the United States has cost 12,000 lives and 40,000,000*l.*

VOLTAIRE'S SWISS HOME—Ferney, on the Lake of Geneva—is in future to be called Ferney-Voltaire.

ANOTHER AMERICAN EXHIBITION is projected on the plan of the Centennial—this time, however, in New-York.

GERMAN SOCIALIST ORGANS adopt very striking names—to wit, *The Storm Blast*, *The Martyr of Capital*, *The Iron Hammer*, and *The Petroleum Can*.

MR. EDISON has invented an improved receiver for his telephone which enables any person standing fifteen yards from the machine to hear distinctly a whisper uttered miles away.

A NEW ART GALLERY is to be built in Dresden, and the design will be selected from the plans of Dresden architects, who are to send in their works by February. The scheme has been long under consideration, the site for the building having been given in 1862.

THE PARIS LOUVRE has acquired the trunk of a new statue of Venus unearthed in the neighbourhood of Vienne. The figure is in a stooping posture, and has unfortunately lost both hands and head, while on the back is a tiny hand evidently belonging to a Cupid which she must have been bearing on her shoulders.

TABLEAUX-VIVANTS illustrating the prize pictures in the Paris Exhibition will probably be produced at the Gaîté this winter. The manager of the theatre has already written to Herr Mackart, the painter of the enormous "Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp," in the Austrian Section, for permission to represent his work.

THE ITALIAN SCULPTORS who exhibited at the Paris Exhibition have decided not to bring back their works to Italy on account of their fragility, but intend to sell them by auction in Paris. The proceeds of the sale will be equally divided among the sculptors, so that the minor artists may profit as highly as their more famous brethren.

A BIBLE DINNER is described by a Transatlantic contemporary, every item of the meal being ingeniously collected from various parts of Scripture, given verbatim in the language of the text. Every detail of the feast is noted, from the invitation of the guests and the laying of the table, to the actual bill of fare, the beverages and the music during the festivities.

THE VACCINATION ACT is curiously misunderstood by illiterate Romanists in Canada, according to the New York *Christian Union.* They believe that the operation is a sort of baptism, a trick to make them into Protestants, and one curé near Montreal has been working hard to reassure his flock on the subject, numbers having died of smallpox.

THE VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, Queen's Road, S.W., appeals for funds to free from a debt of 800*l.* the Convalescent branch of the institution established at Margate in 1876; this convalescent home contains twelve beds, and requires an annual income of 500*l.*, which as yet has never been entirely provided, although the house has been given rent-free.

A SNAKE-KILLING CAT is owned by an Arizona settler near Mohawk. Master Puss is a perfect adept at catching rattlesnakes; he watches them till they uncoil and begin to glide off, then he springs on the creatures, clutches the back of the neck, and chews the vertebræ until the snakes are dead, tearing loose with his claws any coils that may be thrown round his body.

WOODCOCKS have been plentiful in Central France during the recent bad weather. In the mountainous country through which part of the Loire runs the birds have been frightened out of the woods by the storms and cold, and have flown in flocks to the furnaces of the works at Terrenoire, where, fascinated by the flames, they have hovered so near that the workmen knocked them down with sticks.

KING LOUIS OF BAVARIA is going to build a gorgeous palace after the model of the Versailles chateau and grounds, on an island in the Chiemsee, a lake in the Bavarian Tyrol. Three hundred workmen are already employed on the foundations, and the building is expected to take ten or fifteen years, costing some 1,800,000*l.* A canal will also be cut through the island, and a lighthouse erected.

THE VATICAN is going to establish a special journal, which is intended to advance the Papal cause, to publish the full text of all allocutions, briefs, addresses, and supply clerical news. The journal will be printed in five languages, Italian, French, English, German, and Spanish, and will be organised by the Pope's brother, Mgr. Pecci. The first number comes out next March, and it is hoped will attain a circulation of 50,000, 10,000 to be sold in Rome itself.

A NEW FRENCH JOURNAL, *La Semaine Française*, has been brought out in London for the benefit of those English readers who may wish to study contemporary French opinion from all points of view, instead of confining their reading to one particular Gallic print. Judging from the character of the first number—which contains articles on varied topics culled from the best French papers, and odds and ends of interesting news—the venture certainly merits success.

THE PROMISE OF A SEVERE WINTER this season is further supported by some statistics in the *Gardeners' Chronicle.* The writer shows that a hard winter is likely to recur at periods of either forty-one or eighty years, and brings forward numerous proofs of the rule. Unfortunately for chilly people, the present winter comes eighty years after the bitter winter of 1798-9, and forty-one years after that of 1837-8, when the thermometer near London registered 46 degrees of frost, so that, according to the above rule, we have a double chance of severe cold.

CHRISTMAS CARDS, DIARIES, &c.——Everything that is issued by the well-known firm of Messrs. De la Rue is distinguished by its elegance and high finish. This criticism applies equally to their pocket-books, table and other calendars, and their Christmas Cards. Messrs. Letts aim rather at the patronage of the counting-house than the drawing-room, and their diaries vary in size and arrangement so as to suit every commercial requirement. From Messrs. Marcus Ward, from Mr. B. Sulman, from Mr. H. Rothe, and from Messrs. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, we have also received assortments of Christmas Cards, all calculated to afford pleasure to the senders and receivers of these friendly little missives. From the Religious Tract Society we have some very effective and highly ornamental wall texts.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 2,016 deaths were registered against 1,624 during the previous seven days. This increase was mainly due to the sinking of the *Princess Alice* on the 3rd of September, 389 deaths being registered. Exclusive of this number the deaths were 138 below the average. There were 4 deaths from small-pox, 28 from measles, 9 from diphtheria, 42 from whooping-cough (an increase of 3), 9 from diarrhœa, 62 from scarlet fever (a decline of 8, being 22 below the average), and 460 from diseases of the respiratory organs (an increase of 19, but being below the average), of which 299 resulted from bronchitis and 101 from pneumonia. There were 2,576 births registered against 2,427 during the previous week. The mean temperature was 36·3 deg., or 5·4 deg. below the average. There were 3·4 hours of registered bright sunshine, the sun being 56·1 hours above the horizon.

KELLY'S POST OFFICE LONDON DIRECTORY.——Once more we have to acknowledge the receipt of our old and esteemed friend with his new face for 1879. This is the eightieth year of publication for this invaluable manual. Although London yearly grows bigger, there are nearly 200 pages less than there were last year. This has been accomplished by printing the "Commercial" portion in smaller type. We would not, however, recommend the proprietors to carry this diminution of the size of the type too far. Under no circumstances can the "Post Office London Directory" be converted into a volume for the waistcoat-pocket, and it had better be very big and quite legible than nearly as big and much less legible. We may add that an improvement has been effected in the manner in which the map has been folded, so that any part can be referred to without unfolding the whole. But why not, Messrs. Kelly, charge a trifle more for your mighty annual, mount the map on canvas, and bestow it in a flap under the cover? As matters now are, the map is reduced to a rag long before the year is over.

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THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

EMBARKATION OF TROOPS AT SOUTHAMPTON

THE 99th Regiment, which was under orders for service in South Africa, left Aldershot for Southampton last week by special train. A portion of the regiment, numbering over 400 officers and men, besides women and children, was embarked on the Wednesday on board the Union Company's steamship *American.* On the following day, the remainder of the Regiment consisting of about 300 officers and men, with about 60 women and 120 children, embarked on board the *Asiatic*, a vessel which also belongs to the Union Company, and on board of which our sketches were taken. The *American* sailed on Thursday, and the *Asiatic* on Friday, and on Tuesday last the *Teuton*, a third steamer of the Union Company's fleet, left Southampton with a further instalment of troops, numbering some 600 officers and men. All three vessels are bound for Cape Town, where orders will be received as to the port of debarkation.

Our artist desires us to express his obligations to Messrs. Hedger and Giles, the manager and the engineer of the Docks, to Capt. Dixon, of the Union Line, and to Capt. Leigh, of the steamship *Asiatic*, for the facilities afforded to him for making sketches.

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS BY THE QUEEN

ON Friday last, the 4th Regiment ("King's Own"), which is now on its way to South Africa, received its new colours from the hands of Her Majesty the Queen. The ceremony took place in the Great Quadrangle of Windsor Castle, where a guard of honour, consisting of a company of the Coldstream Guards and 100 men of the 1st Berkshire Volunteers, was drawn up. The "King's Own" came from Aldershot under the charge of Col. Bray, C.B., an officer who in his youth served with Pollock's "Avenging Army" in Afghanistan, and soon after they had marched into the quadrangle, the Queen and Princess Beatrice, with the Duke of Cambridge and Staff, arrived. Her Majesty was of course received with a Royal salute, and after the National Anthem had been played by the band of the Coldstreams, the "King's Own" marched past, first in slow time and then in quick. The old regimental colours, on which appeared the name of many hard won victories, were then "trooped" and saluted for the last time, and then borne away through the southern porch. The band of the regiment then marched into the centre of the quadrangle, and piled their drums in a pyramid to form a military altar, upon which the new colours were presently laid. Bishop Claughton (Chaplain-General of the Forces) then offered up a prayer and pronounced a benediction, after which the Queen stepped forward to the altar, and standing between the colours, held erect by Lieuts. Shepherd and Hutchinson, who had received them kneeling, made a short speech, expressing her hope that order might be restored in South Africa before the regiment arrived, and of her confidence that she might at all times rely on their devotion and zeal, and that they would emulate the deeds of their predecessors, who for two hundred years had been distinguished in the annals of their country. Col. Bray then spoke in reply, addressing himself first to the men of the regiment, reminding them of its brilliant history, and calling upon them to carry the bright colours, that day presented to them by the Queen, through the ranks of Her enemies wherever they might dare to bar the way. Turning to the Queen he assured Her Majesty that the honour which she had conferred would be returned by the devotion with which the "King's Own" would lay down their lives for Her and for Her Royal House, and that "the colours presented by the greatest lady in the land would never be sullied by cruelty and barbarity, but always be carried with the national valour of true soldiers." Another Royal salute and the strains of the National Anthem brought the ceremony to an end, and the Queen retired amid the cheering of the men, who shouted and waved their white helmets with great enthusiasm. Before returning to Aldershot the officers of the "King's Own" were entertained in the Waterloo Chamber, a substantial meal being provided for the men in the Riding School.

SKETCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA

"'FORT EVELYN,' says our artist, "is the name of an earthwork thrown up on the Gazo Heights, in the Peri Bush, by Colonel Wood, whilst the bush was full of the enemy. On the plateau, more than a mile as the crow flies from the camp, the Kaffirs used to warm themselves in the sun, and challenge our soldiers to come and fight them. At the time of my sketch the fort was occupied by Hottentot Militia, which, however, have since been withdrawn and disbanded. The heights are several thousand feet above the level of the sea, which is visible distant some forty miles.

"Baillie's Grave is the name given to a post, close to the spot where Baillie fell in a former Kaffir War, which is now occupied by troops. The road over the hill in the centre leads to Kieskammahoek, a place of some importance. The high mountain peak on the extreme right is the Kieskamma, and on the left is the Hogs-back. Directly behind the long neck which unites the two peaks rises the Gaka Kopi, the highest peak of the Amatolas, but it is not visible in the sketch. A party of prisoners is passing the post.

"The view of the Peri Bush was taken from the spot where Lieut.-Gen. Thesiger stood when he made his arrangements for the combined movements. The Krantz in the centre is M'Naughten's Krantz. The Peri Bush stretches right across. To the left is Murray's Krantz (not seen in the picture), to the right is the Krantz where Donovan and Ward, of the D. F. Horse, fell. The bush (K K K) in the right centre was full of Kaffir huts and the remains of dead oxen. When in the mountains and in the Peri Bush the Kaffirs usually built their huts and kraals just within the bush, not further than twenty yards at the utmost from the open, so that in case a raid was made to burn their huts they simply retreated a few yards into the thick cover of the bush and opened fire. Their dwellings were quite invisible from without. Those represented had been partially destroyed by the captors, and the ground was strewn with husks of mealies, bones, and horns of slaughtered cattle, remnants of mats, &c., while here and there we came across the unburied corpse of a Kaffir.

"My fourth sketch represents the arrival of a party of Hottentots at King William's Town."

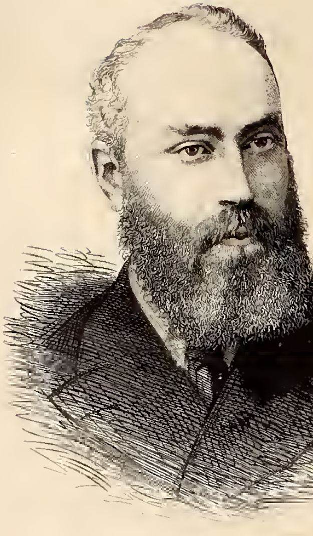
OPENING OF PARLIAMENT—MOVERS AND SECONDERS OF THE ADDRESS

As a report of the debate on the Queen's Speech will be found under the head of "Parliament" we need not here recount the arguments used in both Houses by the Movers and Seconders of the Address to the Throne. In the House of Lords the Address was moved by Lord **RAVENSWORTH**, whose portrait we are unfortunately unable to give, as his lordship has never sat to any photographer. We, however, learn from "Debrett" that **HENRY THOMAS LIDDELL**, First Earl of Ravensworth, was born in 1797, educated at Eton and Cambridge, succeeded his father in the barony in 1855, and was created Earl of Ravensworth and Baron Eslington in 1874. His lordship married in 1820 the eldest daughter of Lord George Seymour, and has a family one son and seven daughters.—The Seconder of the Address in the Upper Chamber was **EDWARD DONOUGH O'BRIEN, BARON INCHIQUIN**, a representative peer of Ireland and a Baronet. He was born in 1839, educated at Cambridge, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1872. He married in 1862 the Hon. Emily Holmes A'Court, a daughter of the second Baron Heytesbury, who died in 1868, and by whom he has three sons and one daughter; and secondly, in 1874, the Hon. Ellen Harriette White, daughter of the second Baron Annaly, by whom also he has issue.

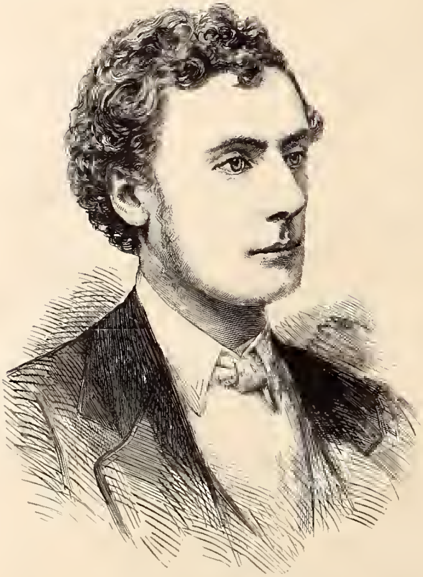
In the House of Commons the Address was moved by **CHARLES STUART VANE TEMPEST, VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH**, M.P. for County Down. He is the eldest son of the Marquis of Londonderry, was born in 1852, and educated at Eton and Oxford. His lordship is Lieut.-Colonel of the Durham Artillery Volunteers, a magistrate for the county of Durham, and Deputy-Lieutenant for Montgomery. He was married three years ago to the eldest daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot. At the general election in 1874 he unsuccessfully contested Durham, and in 1877 he was rejected by the electors of Montgomery Burghs, but was returned last May by the Downshire electors in the room of the late Mr. J. S. Crawford.

ALEXANDER WILLIAM HALL, Esq., M.P. for the city of Oxford, who was the seconder of the Address in the House of Commons, is the eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Hall, of Barton Abbey, Oxfordshire. He was born in 1838, educated at Eton and Oxford, and married in 1863. He is a Justice of the Peace, and Deputy-Lieutenant for Oxfordshire, of which county he was formerly High Sheriff. At the general election in February, 1874, he was an unsuccessful candidate for Oxford city, but in the following month the seat again became vacant by the elevation of Mr. Cardwell to the Peerage, and Mr. Hall was chosen by the electors in preference to Mr. J. D. Lewis, the Liberal candidate.

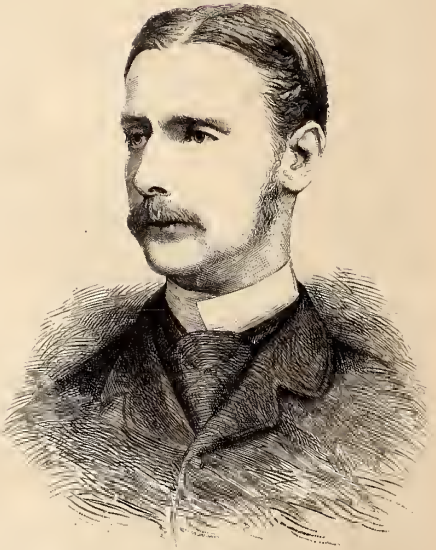
Our portraits are from photographs—that of Viscount Castlereagh by Alexander Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W., and those of Lord Inchiquin and Mr. Hall by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.



THE RIGHT HON. BARON INCHIQUIN
Seconder of the Address in the House of Lords



A. W. HALL, ESQ., M.P. FOR OXFORD
Seconder of the Address in the House of Commons



THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH, M.P. FOR COUNTY DOWN
Mover of the Address in the House of Commons

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

Only a few women besides Elise Hurt had obtained a footing on the shrouds at all, and one by one, overcome by fatigue and fear, these relaxed their hold of the ropes, and were whirled away into the raging deep, as often as not in silence.

UNDER ONE ROOF: An Episode in a Family History

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

DRIVING SHOREWARD

GRESHAM was no sailor, and he was by no means easily impressed with the sense of personal danger; but as the gale increased he could not avoid the suspicion that the *Rhineland* was incompetent to fight against it, though whether this arose from her build, or the weakness of her engines, or the unfitness of her crew, he was no judge. He only knew for certain that she sank lower in the trough of the sea, remained longer than she had at first in those briny depths of the colour and opaqueness of bottle glass, and rose to the surface no longer buoyantly, but as it were with a dead lift. His view of matters was essentially that of a landsman, of course, yet it was clear that things were not as they should be. For example, notwithstanding his thick Ulster and the railway rug, he had now scarcely a dry thread on his body, for wave after wave washed the deck, so that it seemed at times to be under water. Seated at the foot of a mast in almost the centre of the vessel, he was in as level a spot as could be attained, yet his feet were as often as not higher than his head, and only by gripping a taut rope could he save himself at every lurch from being swept with the outgoing waters against the bulwarks.

There had been one or two male passengers who, like himself, had preferred the rough usage of the storm to the sights and sounds and smells that were only too certain to be met with below stairs, but even these had sooner or later sought the shelter of the cabin, save one individual, with bright grey eyes and keen, weather-beaten face, who now ensconced himself close to Gresham. "When there is war among the elements," he observed, with a strong American accent, "man and beast, fore-cabin and saloon passenger, all herd together in presence of the common danger."

The idea of this individual from the second cabin thinking it necessary to apologise for his intrusion on a privileged locality during what, not only to Mr. Gresham's eyes, but in actual fact had become little less than a hurricane, tickled that gentleman's sense of humour.

"You have been in a good many gales like this, no doubt?" said he, good naturedly, and also, perhaps, with a secret hope that his companion might reply in the affirmative.

"I have been in a good many gales, yes, *sir*, but not in one like this," answered the other, slowly. "This is a most all-fired and catawampous tornado."

"Do you think the ship will live through it?" inquired Gresham, in as indifferent a tone as he could assume.

"I have not given my consideration, sir, to that contingency," was the reply, delivered with a most philosophic air; "I don't care two cents about the ship, which, moreover, is doubtless insured beyond her value; but if you ask my opinion as to whether you and I will live through this tornado—well, I give it you plump, I don't think we shall. If I was on dry land, and yet in possession of the facts concerning our position, I would lay ten dollars to one against any person on board this ship getting to land alive."

"God bless my soul!" ejaculated Gresham, half mechanically, half from the serious shock of this communication.

"Yes, that's just what it's come to," answered the other; the coolness, not to say the cynicism of whose tone was greatly intensified by a certain prominence in his left cheek which looked as though he were putting his tongue in it, but was really attributable to a plug of tobacco. "A man—if he's to be called a man—knows how to take the last hard slap of Fate; the one with which she knocks you down for good and all. But the women they mostly take to hysterics. There will be sad scenes down there, I reckon," and he pointed to the cabin. "It's time for them as has Prayer-books to sport 'em."

"You are a seafaring man, of course, and I am a landsman," answered Gresham, gravely; "else I had hoped that my ignorance of the extent of our danger had magnified it. Why is it you take such a gloomy view of our position?"

"Well, the *Rhineland* is not A 1, and few vessels even that are such could bear such a buffeting as this for many hours; the *engines* don't work, in my opinion, as they should do; we're lower in the water than we should be, and I guess there's water on board below stairs. Moreover—but look yonder, and judge for yourself. Our captain would not heave that ballast overboard unless he were in great straits."

Gresham's eye followed the direction of his companion's finger, and perceived that one side of the cattle pen had been removed, and a corresponding portion of the ship's bulwarks swung back upon its hinge, so that with every roll of the ship to leeward many sheep and oxen fell into the sea. It was a simple way of unloading which the position of the ship, now on one side, now on the other, alone could have rendered possible.

"There will be less meat for the English markets," observed Gresham, resolved not to be outdone in coolness by the representative of Cousin Jonathan.

"There will be also less mouths to eat it," was the quiet rejoinder.

"Is it not possible to put back?" inquired Gresham.

"No. To steer one point out of the wind's eye would be to write *Finis*."

"If the gale doesn't abate, in short, we are dead men."

"Nay, things are not quite so bad; if we can hold our course till we are round the Land's End we shall have the wind behind us. Then we shall run, as if the devil were kicking us; and if we are not pooped may find ourselves in Bristol instead of Heaven."

Though the stranger spoke as if quite indifferent to the alternative, Gresham noticed that his eye watched narrowly every event—or mischance, for the words were now identical—that took place on board: the breaking loose of various articles that had been hitherto secured to the deck; the occasional crashing of the bulwarks; the lessening load of live stock; the behaviour of the two men at the wheel, and the gestures of the captain who, despite wind and wave, stuck like a limpet to his post upon the bridge between the paddle-boxes. He understood from what his companion said that if the ship were once in the Bristol Channel there would be a better chance for her, notwithstanding that she would be exposed to dangers of another nature.

Matters had thus endured for many hours, when the calls of hunger necessitated Gresham's descent into the saloon.

"If you are going to the larder," said his Transatlantic friend, "put both meat and drink in your pocket as I do"—and he produced a flask and a loaf—"for you may need it."

"You mean if we have to take to the boats? But one of the sailors told me that nothing but a lifeboat could float in such a sea as this."

"Never mind what the sailor told you. Do what *I* tell you. Depend upon it Providence always takes the most care of those who never throw away a chance."

There seemed good sense, if not much faith, in this advice; and Gresham procured certain supplies from the ship's steward accordingly. That functionary was very pale and silent, and took the money without a trace of his usual promptness on such occasions. Although no sailor, he had been too many voyages in the *Rhineland* not to know that there was something greatly amiss with this one.

The passengers in the saloon, too, were silent; uttering only a moan or a groan as the shock of a wave threw them from their moorings on the sofas. Some of them had a frightened look in their eyes, like that of a hunted creature who knows not whither to fly; but most had a stern, grave air. One or two sat hand in hand with their wives, who were weeping silently, but there were very few women present. Gresham glanced into the ladies' cabin as he passed by its open door, and saw Elise Hurt sitting at the corner of the sofa that ran round the room. Her calm, quiet face presented a strange contrast to the sorrowful and despairing looks of her companions.

She rose, and holding by the little pillars of the cabin, made her way towards him. "Are matters really so bad, Mr. Gresham," inquired she, quietly, "as they are thought to be down here?"

"They are very bad," he said. "Would you prefer to come on deck?"

"If I shall not be in the way, I should," answered she simply.

The relations between them, it was understood by both, had altered with external circumstances. In the presence of such sudden destruction as threatened them, all prudery disappeared; face to face with death it was moreover impossible that love should again become the topic of conversation.

"Put on every shawl and wrap that you possess," he gravely said; and she obeyed him.

At the foot of the cabin stairs a lurch more violent than usual shook the vessel, and Elise would have fallen had not the young man clasped her in his arms.

As the vessel lurched a murmur of apprehension arose from the inmates of the saloon. "What has happened, Mr. Gresham?" she exclaimed.

"I think the ship has changed her course: we are running before the wind."

They got on deck and reached their old place of shelter with less of difficulty than Gresham had met with in leaving it; for what he suspected had, in fact, happened. The vessel was now steaming—or rather scudding—for the paddles were of little use—with the gale behind her. The pitching and the rolling of the ship had somewhat mitigated, and her stern was now receiving the giant blows that had heretofore fallen on her bows. Neither cattle nor sheep now remained on board, and all things that had not been secured to the deck, or formed part of it, had been swept away. The Yankee had gone below, and besides the two men lashed to the wheel, the captain on the bridge, and the sailors at the pumps—which were kept constantly going—the two young people were the only persons who now braved the storm.

Not, however, that the condition of those in the saloon or cabins was much better; for every seam, through the straining of the ship, had begun to leak, and the berths were half full of water.

"Sit here, Elise," said Gresham, without the least consciousness of having addressed her by her Christian name; "and do not turn your head, or look behind you."

Being a woman—or perhaps it would be fairer to say, being human—Miss Hurt immediately looked behind her—to behold a sublime spectacle! The sea seemed to be pursuing the ship with open mouth, with the literal intention of swallowing her! Huge mountains of dark green water, fringed with flying foam, were rushing at headlong speed after their trembling prey. It was a chase wherein the odds against the hunted thing were as a thousand to one; for strength and life were failing it. The *Rhineland* flew with amazing speed, but no longer of her own volition.

There was a certain light to starboard, by which it was attempted to steer obliquely, but the ship scarcely answered to her helm at all; though this, as it happened, was of small importance, for the light was a floating one—the *Hope* lightship—which the gale had driven from her moorings two miles nearer shore. A little canvas with extreme peril had been spread in the forepart of the ship, when she changed her course, to keep her head straight, but this had instantly been split to ribbons. It was plain to the most inexperienced eye that the labouring and groaning vessel was almost *in extremis*.

Suddenly a tremendous sea broke over the bow, sweeping everything, including even the boats, to the afterpart of the deck, lifting the very starboard anchor on to the forecastle, and washing one of the steersmen from the wheel.

That Elise Hurt and Gresham did not share his fate was solely owing to the protection of the mast behind which they were screened. For the moment it seemed that all was over. The steamer, indeed, could no longer be so entitled, for its engines had stopped, the inundation having put the fires out; nor henceforth could the *Rhineland* be termed a vessel—it was a mere log, at the mercy of the winds and waves. Still it floated. Gresham's arm encircled Elise, and drew her closer to him; "Be of good courage," he said, "I see the land."

For the first time, indeed, the land had become dimly visible by the occasional light afforded by the moon when uneclipsed by the clouds that raced across her. A long black line of coast—high and rocky—showed itself on the northern horizon. There were more people now on deck—the watch below among them—who had been driven from their quarters by the inroad of the waves. Despair and irresolution reigned among them, but not in every case.

"Load the gun," roared the captain.

All the boats were badly damaged, some having been broken to pieces, and in any case no boat could have been lowered in such a sea. The only chance of rescue was from the land; and it was high time to tell, if haply there should be ears to listen to them, in what miserable straits they stood. The powder in such confusion was not easily procured, and the operation of loading was still more difficult. But somehow or other it was effected. Then the roar of minute gun after minute gun mixed with the artillery of the gale. Every thud of the cannon sounded like a knell to these poor wretches; till suddenly the hearts of all were lighted up by the sight of a thin light to southward. The consciousness of their peril had been at last conveyed to their fellow creatures on shore, and had been thus acknowledged! The light was that of the beacon that the men of the coastguard had lit upon the quay at Halcombe Point.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE REEF

As to the locality in which the *Rhineland* was now situated, the Captain himself had only an approximate idea of it, while the majority of the passengers only knew that they were in the Bristol Channel.

The American, whose name was Pearce, and who preferred, as it afterwards appeared, to be called "Commodore," being appealed to (by reason of his knowing looks) upon this subject, grimly replied that he did not know in what portion of the Channel they were, but that in his opinion the question would soon be solved; the expression he used was, "I guess it won't be long before we're at the bottom of it." To do him justice, he only gave this answer to the men; to the women he always expressed himself hopefully. He said that there was a mighty difference between being drowned and having the starch taken out of their collars—which had happened to the poor creatures already. It was known, of course, by this time to himself and every seaman on board, that the ship was driving on shore, and that the question of safety for every soul on board depended on what sort of shore it was.

While he was making this very observation in Gresham's ear the ship suddenly struck with tremendous violence, though against no visible object, and like a dreadful echo a shriek of horror burst from every part of the ship. Many of those still below were killed at once by their heads being dashed against the sides, and even the roof of the cabin, many on deck were flung into the sea. It was the very crisis of horror and despair.

"To the fore-top for your lives," exclaimed Pearce to the two young people.

"Go, Mr. Gresham, go," cried Elise, "you have already done your best for me. I cannot climb the shrouds."

"It is probable you never tried," observed the American, drily. Gresham's only reply was to lift her in his arms, and, aided by Pearce and her own exertions, they managed to make their way through the terrified crowd to the forecastle; the crew had already fled there, and were running up the rigging in swarms. The top was occupied at once by as many as it would hold. With the help of the two men, however, Elise climbed to the very foot of it, and out of the reach of the waves that now swept the ship from stem to stern.

"There is a woman here," said Gresham to those above; "is there not a man among you who will give up his place?"

There was no answer, except from the American from below. "No, they won't, I bet. They will never oblige a lady even by so much as a seat in a car. You are better where you are, Miss," he added, in a lower tone, "if your young man will only lash you to the rigging."

For this purpose Gresham had nothing but a handkerchief, supplemented by the strength of his own arms.

"I can hold you on till daylight, Elise," he whispered, "and longer; while I have life I will keep life in you."

"Next to God, I trust in you," answered she, simply. It was fortunate that she had more than one friend, for though every inch above them was occupied by clinging limbs, the wretched people below endeavoured to make their way up, and even to climb over their very bodies. The horrors of their situation, rocked by every blow of the sea, and drenched with its spray, was aggravated by the pitiful cries which burst from those around them. From the broken skylight above the cabin miserable groans still issued, and now and then a sharp shriek of agony: "My child, my little one, is drowned!" was one of them, which went to Elise's heart. For the most part they were cries wrung by necessity from human throats, but now and then there was an ejaculation of frenzied terror. For instance, a young fellow immediately below the American suddenly exclaimed that the ship was breaking to pieces.

"Let it break," answered the Yankee, contemptuously, "*you'll* keep whole enough, I'll warrant."

It was curious to observe what an effect this one man's coolness and quaint good sense had upon those around him, notwithstanding the peril and misery of their position. That they were on a rock, and a hidden one, was all of which the best-informed were conscious. The force of the wave that had just thrown them upon it had been such as to carry the whole vessel on to the reef; otherwise, had part only been driven on to it, and part left on a lower level exposed to the breach of the sea, the ship would have been torn asunder in a few minutes. Thanks to the lowness of the tide, the masts and rigging stood out of water, and were only washed to any height by some exceptionally huge wave, but in the mean time it was only too plain that the ship's timbers were giving way under the reiterated blows of the sea. The wind was as keen as it was furious, and the cold soon began to tell upon these poor creatures, many of whom had rushed from below but scantily clad. Only a few women besides Elise Hurt had obtained a footing on the shrouds at all, and one by one, overcome by fatigue and fear, these relaxed their hold of the ropes, and were whirled away into the raging deep, as often as not in silence. The two men bade Elise shut her eyes, under pretence of her thus obtaining a little rest, but in reality to prevent her witnessing these distressing scenes. More than once, however, a man came tumbling down from the foretop or the shrouds more immediately above them, and that so close as to imperil her own safety in his descent into his watery tomb. The cold had benumbed the hands of these poor fellows, and they had become too weak from exhaustion and hunger to retain their positions.

And here it was that the forethought of the American stood Gresham and his companion in good stead. Not only did the young fellow insist upon her partaking of the viands with which he had filled his pockets, but also administered, under Mr. Pearce's directions, an amount of brandy which, in other circumstances, would have had a most unpleasant effect upon any young lady's organisation.

"'The blood is the life,' says the Scripture," were Mr. Pearce's words; "and the brandy is the blood upon this occasion,—you needn't be afraid of taking too much, ma'am."

Elise, though very unwillingly, being as temperate as all German maidens are, took what was given her: which, after all, was not so very much, for what with the swaying of the mast, and the numbness of Gresham's hands, much of the liquor missed the mouth it was aimed at. Nor was it only the young man's hands that were numb, for his feet had become like marble; and in compliance with his request, Elise more than once had to stamp upon them to restore their circulation. That she herself was exempt from this inconvenience of course proved the care that the other took of her, in which it must be acknowledged that he was greatly assisted by Mr. Pearce.

It was strange to see how during those weary hours these three were drawn together—almost as much mentally as physically—by the circumstances of that supreme occasion. Each spoke to the other of himself and of his private affairs, with a frankness and confidence that they could not have used after six weeks of ordinary intercourse.

"If you get to land, Mr. Gresham," said Elise, "send a few words of tender farewell for me to my good aunt;" and she gave him her address with methodical exactness.

"If I live, Elise, *you* will live," returned the young fellow simply. "It would be no self-sacrifice to perish in trying to save you, since life without you would not be worth having."

He spoke with earnestness as well as fervour, and was quite unconscious of any extravagance of expression. In such sublime moments the emotions become, as it were condensed: his whole previous existence appeared divided into two parts; during one part he had known Elise Hurt; during the other, he had not known her. And the former part monopolised his thoughts.

"Do not talk so," answered the girl reprovingly; "for in my case there is but one person to mourn me; and my good aunt, I am thankful to think, has others to love her. But you—you yourself told me that you have dear friends and relatives——"

"One relative—a very kind one," interrupted the young fellow; "and some dear friends certainly."

He hesitated a moment; should he tell her something he had in his mind, or should he not? The waves were beating against the doomed vessel more frantically it seemed than ever. The tide was rising. No, it was not worth while. "You, Elise, are more than all to me," he added simply.

Presently Gresham, turning to the American, begged him to send the girl's message to her aunt, in case he should be the sole survivor of the three.

"Oh yes," he answered; "and do you two remember, for my sake, the address of Henry Pearce, at the 'Figure Head' Hotel, Charing Cross."

Gresham smiled sadly; for small as either of their chances of life were, *his* chance—bound up as it was with that of the girl—was surely the smaller.

"That is your brother, I suppose?" he answered.

"No, *sir*; it is myself," replied the other coolly. "The 'Figure Head' is always my address in London town, in case you should want a skipper for a yacht. My friends call me Commodore. I've got my certificates——"

Here a great wave filled his mouth with salt water, and blinded all three of them with its spray. Two more wretched creatures were thrown from their hold by the shock of it, and were carried away in its whirl. These had occupied positions above "the tops," and were worn out with hunger as much as fatigue; those, on the other hand, in Gresham's vicinity, had been supplied, at Elise's entreaty, with the remainder of his provisions.

"It is no use keeping them for me, love," she had whispered; "for death will come to me before hunger returns."

Her logic was unanswerable; it was plain that the vessel could now only hold together for a very short time.

Presently "the dawn, the dawn!" she moaned in German.

"What is it?" inquired the American, anxiously. "Her strength is failing. Give her more brandy."

Before Gresham could explain, some one cried out, "The land, the land!" And in a moment the coast line became distinct against the sky.

"Great Heaven! It is Halcombe Point!" exclaimed Gresham.

"It is something to know your bearings," observed the American. "What sort of landing do you give to strangers hereabouts?"

"It is a rock-bound shore," answered Gresham, gravely. "The ship must be on the Lancet Reef," he murmured. "There are people on the pier. Sir Robert——"

"'Sir Robert,' and 'Halcombe,'" ejaculated Elise. "Is it Sir Robert Arden of Halcombe Hall of whom you speak?"

"Yes, dearest; do you know anything of him?"

"It was to his house I was going as governess."

"And I am his nephew," said Gresham. The coincidence, strange as it was, did not strike him so forcibly as might be expected; those words of his companion, "I was going," speaking of herself in the past tense, had saddened him too much to admit of wonder.

"Hold on all," cried the American, in a sharp clear voice. "I see a boat coming—a lifeboat."

It was well that he had given his warning before he gave his news; for the excitement which his good tidings communicated to the poor wretches about him past the bounds of reason. Even as it was, it was with difficulty that some could be persuaded not to cast themselves into the sea to meet the coming succour.

What an apt term is that of Life-boat! How nobly does the god-child prove its right to the name that has been given to it! What an ark of safety does it appear to those for whom the depths of ocean rage and roar—thanks to it—in vain! In no other visible form do Human Endeavour and Divine Intention combine so sublimely. Consider, too, the comparative humility—nay, to all appearance, the inadequacy—of the means of salvation. The "Commodore's" keen eyes and technical knowledge had at once caused him to recognise the nature of the help that was approaching them, but to the ordinary observer it looked scarcely help at all; but merely more of wreck and ruin. Was it possible that that frail undecked boat, now tossed on the foam of some mighty wave, now lost in the trough of the sea, not urged by its rowers at all, but flying before the fury of the gale, could be Rescue—Life? To those on shore it seemed so at all events; for though the sound of their cheering could not reach the ears for which they were intended, the poor shipwrecked creatures could see flags waving from the little pier and from the windows of the mill in token of joyful sympathy. Notwithstanding their evil plight this moral support—the sympathy of their fellow-creatures—had an inspiring effect; they felt, as it were, that the great heart of humanity was beating high for them. They were not cut off, these things seemed to assure them, from the sunshine, yet.

(To be continued)

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COURSING À LA MODE

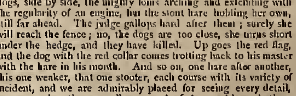
A DAY'S coursing on the downs; delightful anticipations of the advance in the long line of spectators, the judge on horseback, and the dogs in the slips ready for the hare when startled from her form; the uncertainty when and where she will jump up, and the uninterrupted view of the course, down the steep *coomb*, over the round swelling shoulder of the down, and the kill just before she reaches the sheltered coppice in the bottom of the *dean*.

The railway station; the throng of men of a healthy out-of-door appearance; the tall solemn greyhound in his sheets, following his master unled; the boy with a bunch of dogs, two couple in each hand, all dragging him in different directions; the surly dog with his muzzle; the mixed company, two-legged and four-legged, with which the carriages are rapidly filled, settling themselves variously as the train moves off; one dog, inquisitive, standing on the seat to see the landscape as it glides past the window; a second, sociable, laying his head on the knee of a fellow-passenger of friendly countenance, and the rest coiling themselves down for a sleep, or uneasily watching the door, till the train slows down as it approaches its destination.

The downs on which we expect so exhilarating a walk seem a long way from the station, and on our left the fence is supplemented by a high wire netting. We pass through in single file, follow a wired path, and pay for a ticket to enter the wired enclosure. Surely those carriages, with the luncheon baskets and ladies, do not expect to follow the coursers across the country, and, by the way, how strange it is that scarcely any of the men, even those that lead the dogs, wear gaiters, or are otherwise equipped for rough walking? Not a bit of it; this is coursing *à la mode*, with all the latest improvements, brought within reach of gout on a camp stool.

The ticket-holders, passing through the wire fence aforesaid, find themselves in a space roped in, about half way up the side of a long field. At the bottom, adjoining the railway station, is a spinney and artificial covert, closely hurdled in, the undulating and richly wooded country of the weald rising up behind. Down both sides, and across the bottom, extends the high wire netting, but at the top the fence is unguarded, and beyond the picture is closed in by the battlefield of Mount Harry, and the bluff escarpment of the South Downs.

The judge on horseback, in his redcoat, and the slipper with the first couple of dogs, are in their places, and while we wonder where the hare is to come from, the keeper and his assistants open the hurdles, and after a little poking about in the spinney, send her out, as a shepherd would a sheep from the pen. Here she comes, straight up the field, and now the dogs are slipped, gaining on the hare at every stride, black and white forges past fawn; he is close on her, he seizes her; no, she turns, and the dog, striving to stop in his extended gallop, pitches on his head, and falls clean over on his back. Fawn, turning quicker, is left with the hare, and is making up lost ground, but the gallant black, in spite of his sickening fall, comes racing past, and, after two quick turns, picks up the hare, and in a second of all her speed is left nothing but a draggled wisp of fur, pulled two ways by those powerful jaws. And then a second couple of dogs is placed in the slips, and a second hare sent out, but she is too small and weak, and is allowed to escape. A third comes scudding up the field, and here come the dogs, side by side, the mighty loins arching and extending with the regularity of an engine, but the stout hare holding her own, still far ahead. The judge gallops hard after them; surely she will reach the fence; no, the dogs are too close, she turns short under the hedge, and they have killed. Up goes the red flag, and the dog with the red collar comes trotting back to his master with the hare in his mouth. And so on, one hare after another, this one weaker, that one stouter, each course with its variety of incident, and we are admirably placed for seeing every detail, for comparing the marvellous speed of dog and hare, both so swift, and yet with action so different. We never saw coursing so well before, except from the saddle, and yet we do not feel quite satisfied about it. Can this entertainment, so skilfully arranged, be called a field-sport? No, altogether we think we should have preferred that walk over the downs, beating up the wild hares from their forms, that we looked forward to when we dressed this morning. And, as we turn away for a long walk home, we hear the remark of a critic in a smock frock:—"They runs well enough for the young dogs, but they beant stout enough to give sport for the old uns, because he's never give 'em enough carrots." Carrot-fed hares, hand-reared pheasants, the advance of civilisation, and the improvements of British sport!



"ROXY," by Edward Eggleston (2 vols.: Chatto and Windus).—"Roxy" is an American story, the scene of which is Luzerne, a village of Southern Indiana, on the banks of the Ohio, and the period between thirty and forty years ago. It is distinguished by that odd and peculiarly-flavoured combination of humour and mysticism which we may almost describe as the speciality of American novels; it is clever and original throughout; and many of its situations are conceived with much dramatic power. Yet somehow it leaves on the mind the impression that with all its merits it is not quite so good as it ought to have been. We suspect the fault lies with the heroine herself. Roxy Adams, the daughter of the village shoemaker, is a religious enthusiast, a girl saddened by the contemplation of the human wickedness which she believes is doomed to meet with so terrible a retribution. She keeps a diary in which she puts down her spiritual experiences, meditates much on the careers of the wife of President Edwards, Mrs. Fletcher, Lady Huntingdon, and such saints of Puritanism, craves for a "mission," and, in fact, as her practical little friend, the Swiss girl, "Twonnet" (Antoinette) Lefaure, says, "would feel obliged to anybody who would give her a chance to be a martyr." No doubt the religious life is a field full of peril for the novelist, and Mr. Eggleston, to our thinking, scarcely seems to have the gifts for treating it. Anyway, we must confess to having found Roxy, until very nearly the end of her history as here set before us, a heroine more estimable than attractive. It is only when the storm has burst, and Roxy, dealing sternly with her conscience, is forced to recognise that her own austerity and half-unconscious assumption of spiritual superiority have had much to do in driving her merely mundane, but far from naturally vicious husband, Mark Bonamy, into sin, that she rises to those heights of true womanly greatness and devotedness of which she is really capable, and takes genuine hold on the reader's sympathies. The author analyses and dissects the moral anatomy of the husband almost as carefully as that of the heroine herself, but we have not space to dwell upon him here. Among the minor personages of the tale it may be sufficient to name Roxy's father, the shrewd disputatious shoemaker, never happy till he has provoked somebody into contradicting him; the cultured, mildly-ascetic young Presbyterian minister, Whittaker; the bright, mischievous, affectionate "Twonnet," and Major Lathers, the good-natured, and quite unprincipled "politician," as of special excellence. Whatever we may find or fancy amiss in "Roxy," it must be considered a book of no common mark, and it certainly will not disappoint those who go to it in search of striking and entertaining reading.

"Salvia Richmond" (3 vols.: Bentley).—The anonymous author of this novel has unusually good notions of what a plot should be, but at present is somewhat of a novice in carrying them out. She—for we can scarcely doubt that we are dealing with a lady's workmanship—sets about her task with a great deal too much artlessness. One need not be a very practised novel-reader to see clearly all along here that the sale of Julian Leylands' reversionary interest in the Reyburn property has been really effected by Gilbert Archer, who has personated his dead friend; the only question being whether the purchaser, the money-lender, Ivory, has played the part of dupe or accomplice. Still, the idea is decidedly ingenious, and worked out with a carefulness as to details which lead us to think that with farther practice the author may one day take honourable rank among novelists of Mr. Wilkie Collins' school. The characters are somewhat thin and conventional, and it is noticeable that they, all of them, from the heroine—who tells her own share in the story by means of extracts from her diary—downwards, speak in exactly the same key, a similarity which has often anything but a happy effect. The incident of the anonymous letter again, and its easy credence by the lover, is far-fetched, and a little absurd, especially as nothing is really gained by it. But, with all shortcomings, "Salvia Richmond" is lively and sparkling, and carries the reader along, and we can unhesitatingly pronounce it eminently creditable as the performance of a beginner.

"Hillford-on-Aire," by Martin Weld (3 vols.: Tinsley).—This is a tale of country-life with a manufacturing town as background, sufficiently well-written and well put together to be read through without weariness, though it may hardly impress or charm. The most exceptional among its *dramatis personæ* is the young hero of the people, Stephen Carr, who, as Radical, philanthropist, and free-thinker, and as choosing to live among and as his own work-people, instead of taking that position above them to which his worldly success entitles him, seems rather an echo of Felix Holt. The tale is not without an episode or two of a sensational character, but such interest as it possesses depends chiefly on the more ordinary of its incidents and personages, who are very fairly natural and pleasing, and whom we find occasionally really amusing.

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CHRISTMAS BOOKS

IV.

"BABY BELL," by T. B. Aldrich; and "Excelsior," by H. W. Longfellow (Routledge and Sons), are two daintily illustrated books, apparently of American origin, for, if we mistake not, we noticed the first of these in these columns last year from an American publisher. "Baby Bell" is still as delightful as ever with its little vignettes of figures and landscapes, but we cannot say much for the illustrations to "Excelsior," which strike us as being hard and unpleasing.

"St. Nicholas" (Sampson Low).—This is without exception the very best magazine we know for boys and girls. The illustrations are simply splendid and exceedingly abundant, and the stories by some of the best American writers. Miss Alcott's "Under the Lilacs," which appears here, is written in her best style.

"Drawing-room Amusements and Evening Party Entertainments," by Professor Hoffmann. With Illustrations. (Routledge). Professor Hoffmann's volume, this year, is more varied in its contents than usual, and consists of a capital collection of round games, card tricks, after-dinner amusements, drawing-room magic, and *tableaux vivants*, &c. It is altogether a wonderful *omnium gatherum*, which will, we doubt not, brighten many an otherwise dull party this season.

"Lady Betty's Governess" and "Bell Marjory" (J. F. Shaw and Co.) are two very handsomely got-up story books. The first is the chronicle of a family during the time of the Commonwealth, in which historical characters are very ingeniously and naturally brought upon the scene. The second is the history of a young girl's struggles to arrive at the meaning of the adage, "It is better to be blessed than happy."

"Burns' Poetical Works," edited by Charles Kent (Routledge).—This is a very handome red-line edition of the Scottish national poet, with an able introductory biography and notes by Mr. Kent. The illustrations, by Sir John Gilbert and others, are very effective, and the whole book is charmingly printed.

"Decisive Events in History," by Thomas Archer (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin).—This is a very good idea admirably worked out. The aim of the book, as expressed in the title, is to set forth in a brief and picturesque manner the particular events in history which have been turning-points in the destinies of nations. Sixteen full-page illustrations, from drawings made specially for the work, tell the stories almost as powerfully as the text, though that is admirably done.

"The Green Hand," by George Cupples (Routledge).—We are glad to see a good library edition of this old favourite. As a sea story it is without rival, with the single exception of "Tom Cringle's Log." We should think if Mr. Cupples had been paid a royalty upon all the recruits for the Navy this book has sent, he would be a rich man.

"Paul and Virginia" (Routledge).—A large-type handsomely-printed edition of another old favourite, with upwards of three hundred illustrations, the quantity of which is more evident than the quality.

"Routledge's Picture Natural History," by the Rev. J. G. Wood, is a thick volume with seven hundred engravings by Wolf, Zwecker, Weir, Coleman, &c., apparently made up from the well-known "Illustrated Natural History" by the same author.

"Grandmother Dear," by Mrs. Molesworth (Macmillan), is a charming book for boys and girls by the author of "Carrots" and the "Cuckoo Clock." The illustrations are by Mr. Walter Crane, and are full of quaintness and good drawing, though we prefer to see Mr. Crane's creations printed in colours.

"Winifred" (J. F. Shaw and Co.), and "Sybil Garth" (Religious Tract Society) are two very interesting stories for girls, the first one being a well-written description of the life of an English maiden in the seventeenth century, and the latter on account of the successful efforts of a maiden of to-day to live up to her highest ideal in the midst of the distraction of society in the nineteenth century.

"A Picture History of England," by Dr. Dulcken (Routledge), is an attempt to tell the story of the British nation in a manner easy of comprehension for very young children. The eighty full-page engravings with which it is illustrated are from designs by Mr. A. W. Bayes, and are bold and vigorous in outline, but not very highly finished.

"Robinson Crusoe" (Routledge).—This edition of Defoe's immortal work is of especial value as containing fifty-two illustrations by Mr. J. D. Watson, some of which are beautifully engraved examples of that artist's very best style.

"Chapters on Everyday Things" (Religious Tract Society) is a little volume of histories and marvels in common life. The main object of the writer has been to teach the youthful reader how to observe, and to stimulate young people to seek information for themselves.

"Once Upon a Time" (Religious Tract Society) is a boy's book of adventures, written by those who have passed through, witnessed, or taken an active share in them. It consists for the most part of stories selected from the *Leisure Hour*.

"Tales of Three Centuries" (Religious Tract Society).—These three stories of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries are translated from the French of Madame De Witt, the daughter of the illustrious Guizot. They are heart-stirring tales of the persecution of the Protestants, most of the personages and incidents being real.

"Mrs. Burton's Best Bedroom, and Other Readings for Working Men's Homes" (Religious Tract Society), is a volume of miscellaneous readings, with large illustrations, the title of which, coming from the quarter it does, savours a little of smartness of a kind we should hardly have expected from a religious society. It is announced as a story by the author of "Jessica's First Prayer" and other readings, &c. The story which gives its title to the book occupies 2½ pages, and the other readings 195½, none of which are by the same author.

"The Child's Companion" (Religious Tract Society).—The annual volume of this well-known magazine is charmingly got up, with a very attractive coloured frontispiece, and a striking novelty in the way of binding.

"The Prize" (W. W. Gardner) is a volume of a similar sort, intended for very young boys and girls, with an abundance of full-page illustrations, for the most part well drawn.

"The Cottager and Artisan" (Religious Tract Society), another annual volume, intended for older folks, is chiefly remarkable for the very high character of its illustrations, many of which are animal subjects, by Harrison Weir, and all of which are singularly telling and effective.

"Father's Motto" (Religious Tract Society) is a collection of stories for "boys and their sisters," somewhat of the goody-goody order, with a very weak preface, the omission of which we should recommend in the next edition.

From Messrs. Routledge—who seem to have issued the lion's share of children's books this season—we have in addition to those already noticed, "Only a Cat," by Mrs. H. B. Paull, a capitally written autobiography, with clever life-like sketches, by Alfred Elwes.—"A Picture Book for Laddies and Lassies," a collection of engravings and short stories, together making a class of book of which "The Children's Album" was the forerunner some years ago, and of which many imitations have since been offered to the public.—"Happy Day Stories for the Young," by Dr. Dulcken, especially noticeable for the thirty full-page pictures it contains by A. B. Houghton, an artist we miss greatly as a book illustrator.—"Aunt Effie's Rhymes for Little Children" are here set to music, by T. Crampton, with pretty little head and tail pieces drawn by Hablot K. Browne; "Golden Light," by Dr. Dulcken, is a volume of Scripture histories, with designs somewhat too realistic by A. W. Bayes, the binding is very handsome; and "The Large Picture Primer," as its name indicates, is intended for beginners, and as such is one of the best of its kind. The illustrations by Harrison Weir and W. Small leaving nothing to be desired.

"The Scripture Pocket Book," and "The Young People's Pocket Book" (Religious Tract Society), are two handy little volumes got up in the orthodox roan tuck style of annuals which were so abundant twenty years ago, but which latterly have been very much reduced in number.

In "The British Working Man, by One Who Does Not Believe in Him, and Other Sketches" (*Fun* Office), we have a first selection of the very amusing and satirical drawings which Mr. J. F. Sullivan has for some time past contributed to the pages of our comical contemporary. Of the many exasperating nuisances that go far to make up the total of our minor miseries scarcely one escapes his sarcasm, which is all the more forcible because of the truth that underlies it. This is felt most keenly when he uses his pencil to direct attention to the blots which disfigure our social life. However funny or grotesque Mr. Sullivan's pictures are, there is nearly always a serious purpose in them, and we close his book wiser, if not sadder, from its perusal. We have also received "*Fun* Almanack for 1879," which quite maintains the standard of its predecessors.

Continental travelling is undoubtedly less expensive for experienced tourists than British excursionising, but the author of "A Continental Tour of Eight Days for Forty-four Shillings" (Sampson Low) is certainly an adept at doing things "on the cheap." True, the "journeyman" did not go far afield, and it is dubious whether many holiday makers would enjoy as much as he did travelling in the fore-cabin from London to Dunkirk, and mooning about the remarkably flat country from Dunkirk to Ypres in showery weather. Entering heartily into the national life, however, he was free from the ordinary crowd of tourists, and his example may well be copied by many who declare they can't afford to go abroad. The journeyman's lively narrative is decidedly worth reading, although it would be improved if he were less anxious to be jocular.

The usual reward of childish virtue in books of the present day—death—is meted out to the most charming character of the happy band of Cornish children whose adventures are related in "What the Swallows Told Me," by L. Mohun Harris (Hatchards). Apart from this blemish, the tale is bright and simple. The authoress, however, is totally mistaken in her definition of the Holy Grail.—A new object of ingenuity for the feminine needle on behalf of masculine relatives or acquaintances is included in the designs of the second series of "The Lady's Crewel Embroidery Book," by E. M. C. (Hatchards),—a smoking-coat of black satin appropriately ornamented with the pink blossoms of the tobacco plant. Fancy workers will hail this fresh instalment of twelve designs, with the flowers naturally treated.—The "Shakespeare Birthday Book," edited by M. F. Dunbar (same publishers), already a favourite, now owns thirteen capital photographs of scenes from the poet's life and plays; while a companion volume of humorous scraps of poetry from divers authors, "The Comic Birthday Book" (same publishers), has been compiled by W. F. M[illegible]h-Philipps for people fond of a joke.

NOTES OF A T

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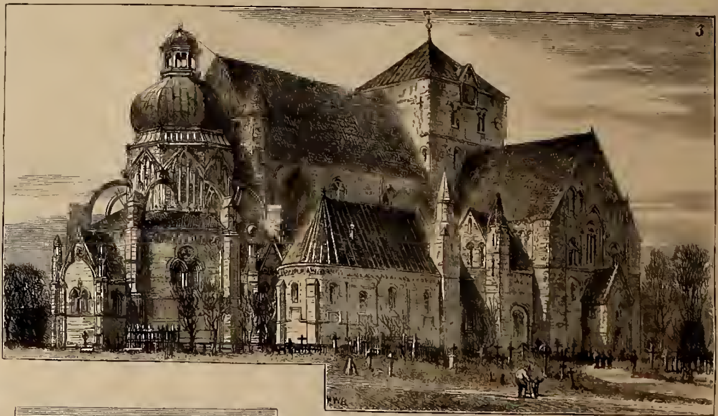

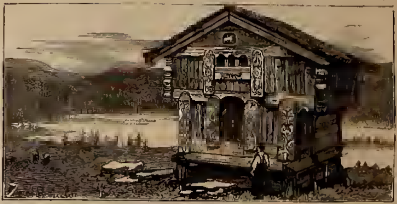

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GGEDALSFOS.—6. THE NÆROFJORD.—7. STABLE AT BREDHEIM, THELEMARKEN 8. THE MAARKEFOS

Magazines

M. de Laveleye's article, "Prince Bismarck," in the *Fortnightly Review*, is based on the extraordinary revelations concerning the great statesman contained in Herr Busch's recently published book, many of the most striking of which he quotes, though the majority of readers have probably made acquaintance with them already in the columns of the newspapers. Persons, however, who, heedless of the reproach of laziness, persist in regarding their morning slumbers as among the chief pleasures of life, may take comfort from learning here that Prince Bismarck, the man whose personality, as M. de Laveleye truly says, has for fifteen years been the pivot of European history, rarely rises before ten o'clock. We note also, on the authority of the Prince himself, that it is a fact that Victor Emmanuel was with the utmost difficulty restrained from marching to the aid of France after the great disasters at the beginning of the War of 1870.—A paper of much interest is one written by the late Mr. Walter Bagehot, in 1874, immediately after the present Government had come into power, on "The Chances of a Long Conservative Régime." The rock ahead of Ministers, Mr. Bagehot anticipated, would prove their want of administrative training, whilst their task peculiarly required skilled and trained administrators. "If they" (the Tories), he says, "wish to inherit the fruits of the last forty years, they must work in the spirit of the last forty years," that is, "they have to adapt themselves to a situation which they did not make, and to administer a policy which is not their own." If, however, this difficulty was conquered, he seems to have thought that a long Conservative reign was to be looked for. It is a curious instance of the blindness to the immediate future often displayed by the keenest-sighted of mortals, that it does not seem so much as to have occurred, even to so sagacious an observer as Mr. Bagehot, that foreign affairs might assume such a predominating importance, that a Ministry might come to be judged almost exclusively by its foreign policy.—The number contains also Lord Carnarvon's Edinburgh speech, of a month ago, on "Imperial Administration," and a refutation, signed by the Editor, of Mr. Hyndman's gloomy forebodings of an approaching Indian bankruptcy.

The chief interest of the *Nineteenth Century* resides in Sir Henry Rawlinson's masterly article on "The Afghan Crisis," which is, in truth, a weighty and elaborate State-paper, though its author is careful to disclaim for it the possession of any such character. As even a rough outline of a paper of so much importance would be impossible within such modest limits as ours, we had, perhaps, better content ourselves with earnestly recommending it to the reader's attention, as the work of a man in the opinion of good judges better entitled than any other now living to be listened to on the matter in hand. We may observe in passing that Sir Henry Rawlinson is of opinion that as far back as 1873 Shere Ali had decisively made up his mind in favour of a Russian rather than an English alliance, and that the negotiations at Simla that year, of which we have of late heard more than enough, were never intended by him to be successful, but only to serve as pretext for picking a quarrel.—Mr. Mallock's essay, "Dogma, Reason, and Morality," is a sequel to "Faith and Verification," in the October number of the review, and, like that, deals with a series of philosophical questions ill adapted for such brief discussion as we could give them here. Its drift, roughly stated, is a plea for the Church of Rome, on the ground that the acceptance of her authority involves only that sacrifice of reason to faith which all men have made already who believe in the dignity and moral value of life, and, so it is urged, in a spiritual and supernatural world of which science gives no intimation. Mr. Mallock argues ably, but we do not think it would be a difficult task to point out not a few weak places in his reasoning.—Mr. Ruskin concludes his "Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism," and leaves us, we confess, still in considerable uncertainty as to his precise meaning in it—except that he disapproves generally of the Nineteenth Century—the age, we mean, not the periodical—and greatly admires Mr. Burne Jones' pictures. Readers, however, may be grateful to him for reproducing here the noble passage at the conclusion of the third of his Oxford Lectures on Art.—Space forbids us from saying more of Mr. Wilson's inquiry into the position and duties of a Colonial Governor, and Mr. Kebbel's exposure of the bugbear of "Personal Rule," than that they are in every way worthy of attention.

The Alcohol Question again occupies much space—too much space, to our thinking—in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" seems the only reflection that can be suggested by the controversy. One would have expected that the beneficial or injurious effects of the use—the moderate use, we mean, of course—of alcohol, would have been a point as to which medical experts had by this time arrived at some sort of unanimity; but, on the contrary, we find authorities like Sir James Paget and Sir William Gull flatly at issue with each other. The former of these gentlemen alleged, as our readers may remember, in the last number of the *Review*, that the evidence of history showed that in respect of working power the advantage was with the consumers of alcohol; the latter, who occupies the place of honour here, although he would not go so far as completely to deprive the working man of his beer, would have every one else employ alcohol strictly as a medicine, not as an habitual article of diet.—The Abbé Martin makes a not ineffective rejoinder to the replies put forward by Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Littledale to his original inquiry, "What Hinders Ritualists from Becoming Roman Catholics?" and we trust for the present there may be an end of the matter. The "Great Roman Controversy," as somebody has called it, was in fact pretty well threshed out before the present generation was born, and, except in the hands of a genius like Dr. Newman, it is somewhat of a weariness to the spirit.—We have also an account of the growth of "The Greatness of England," by Mr. Goldwin Smith—interesting enough, and written, we are glad to say, far more in the spirit of the historian than of the political partisan; and a farther instalment of Professor Monier Williams' sketch of "The Progress of Indian Religious Thought."

In *Blackwood* we have a good paper—the first, apparently, of a series on "Contemporary Literature"—devoted to "Journalists." The writer sketches the position and duties of journalists "of sorts," as the amateur expert, the "all round" leader-writer, the special correspondent, war correspondent, and so on, well and amusingly, though, perhaps, without saying much that will be novel to those at all behind the scenes. He complains—not altogether without reason, as it seems to us, but then we may not be guiltless of a tendency to magnify our office—of the neglect which the claims of literature are apt to receive from the Press. An editor, he says, "learns to look on his reviews as so many useful stop-gaps that may serve to pad an issue on occasion," and "the back-of-all-work who has broken down somewhere else is thought quite sufficiently good" for criticism.—We may mention as also of interest "In the Country," the fourth of the second series of papers on "French Home Life," and "The Cottage by the River," which seems an exciting tale of mystery.

"Tory Finance," in *Fraser*, is a furious onslaught on the financial administration of the Government, by an enraged Radical, who appears unconscious that the policy which caused the increased expenditure can hardly in the eyes of its authors appear so insane and wicked as it does in his.—Mr. McCoan gives another of his "meaty" articles on "Public Works in Asiatic Turkey: Existing and Projected," the drift of which is, that, when once administrative reforms are assured—if that time is really coming—Englishmen will find in their new protectorate a vast and virgin field for the employment of enterprise and capital; and we have a lively sketch of "'Frisco," a city highly-favoured in many ways, but beset with three great obstacles to comfort in the prevalence of fires, earthquakes, and "Hoodlums." These last are boys of from fifteen to twenty years of age, banded together in gangs, for the purpose of preying upon society. "No crime seems to be too bad for these young brigands; almost all of whom carry revolvers, which they use on the most trivial occasions." The police are quite unequal to coping with the nuisance, as they are but four hundred strong, all told, to a population of 300,000, exclusive of 80,000 Cinese. The excellent series of papers, entitled "Among the Burmese," is here concluded.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* contains an article on "The Afghanistan Imbroglio," by the Rev. Malcolm MacColl, the character of which may be guessed, whilst its argument hardly seems to call for notice.—With all respect for the motives which animate the Rev. H. N. Oxenham in his article here on the "Moral and Religious Estimate of Vivisection," we regret that he should display so much heat in dealing with a very difficult subject. We cannot but feel that psychologists and medical men *have* a case, and that this is not to be disposed of by Mr. Oxenham's benevolent indignation. No doubt, however, the practice of vivisection should only be permitted under the most careful regulations, and if the present regulations are abused, as we are here assured, they should be made stricter.—The effect of the "Unpublished Episodes in the Life of Dr. Johnson" is to present the Doctor—for a wonder—in an unfavourable light; but we think that most readers will feel that there is probably another side to the story.

In *Belgravia* Mrs. Lynn Linton's "Pictures from Venice," with the thoughts they suggest, form very pleasant reading, and Mr. T. A. Trollope gives us a sketch of Batista Guarini, foremost among the Italian pastoral poets of the sixteenth century, and the author of the "Pastor Fido."—Mr. Barton Baker's "Theatrical Makeshifts and Blunders" is amusing enough. We have a story of a terrible mishap that once befell Mrs. Siddons when playing Lady Macbeth at Edinburgh. "Just before going on for the sleep-walking scene, she had sent a boy for some porter, but the cue for her entrance was given before he returned. The house was awed into shuddering silence as, in a terrible whisper, she uttered the words, 'Out, out denned spot!' and with slow mechanical action rubbed the guilty hands, when suddenly there emerged from the wings a small figure holding out a pewter pot, and a shrill voice broke the awful silence with 'Here's your porter, mum.'"

The *North American Review* contains an article by Hobart Pasha on "Systems of Offence and Defence in Naval Warfare," which is of much interest for its remarks on torpedoes. The gallant Admiral is of opinion that with a very good look-out, especially if the electric light, properly arranged, is employed, a successful torpedo-attack against ships lying at anchor may be prevented, but he thinks that a blockading squadron may be dreadfully harassed by torpedo-vessels in large numbers choosing their own time and place for a dash.—Another most distinguished contributor to the *Review* is M. Ernest Rénan, who gives a brief essay on "The Emperor Hadrian and Christianity," which is, in fact, a general review of the reign of this ruler, who is regarded by M. Rénan as one of the ablest and most far-seeing of all the Cæsars.—"The Government of the United States," by Dr. Horatio Seymour; "The Congress of Berlin and its Consequences," by "An Old Diplomatist;" and "Antipathy to the Negro," by Mr. James Parton, are also papers on which we would gladly dwell did the very limited space at our disposal permit.

In the *Cornhill* we have one of Mr. Leslie Stephen's delightful "Hours in a Library," devoted to Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," which he criticises with much justice and insight. It is a work, he says, which he believes has been a great deal more praised than liked; and he has the courage to confess for himself that, with all his admiration for Landor, he is often bored by him. We think most people who have made any study of Landor will understand and sympathise with both these mental attitudes.—Mr. Henry James' "International Episode" seems a very delicately executed sketch, and the astronomical article on "The Sun's Long Streamers" strongly suggests Mr. R. A. Proctor as its author.

Mr. E. B. Tylor's paper, "Backgammon Among the Aztecs," in *Macmillan* is of interest and value for the evidence it contains that the Mexican civilisation—whether the civilisation was really as advanced and complicated as is popularly supposed or not—was to a very great extent derived from Asia; and Mr. Laing-Meason's article on "Our Army in India," and Mr. E. Clarke's "Notes on Afghanistan" will also find many readers at a time like this. But the number is, perhaps, slightly below the usual mark.

The best article in *The Atlantic Monthly* is one on "The Nature of Music," by Mr. R. G. White. We incline to agree with Mr. White in the theory he here advocates that sensibility to music is simply the result of a certain physical organisation, but certainly not in the consequence he draws from it, that "at the point of capacity of appreciation" (of music) "at which a man stands in early life will he stand throughout life." According to our own experience and observation nothing is clearer than that a man's musical sensibility admits of many degrees of education and gradual perfecting.—The notices of contemporary literature, which form a standing feature in this periodical, are as usual of high critical excellence.

WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS

This is an unusually interesting exhibition, as including a larger proportion than usual of sketches and studies, not wrought up by after labour in the studio. As in the case of the Society's Winter Exhibition, this is the only condition on which two exhibitions in the year can be adventured, without damaging the reputation of the artists, and leaving the public with a sense of sameness. I should be inclined to say that the younger body had the better of it in this year's Winter Exhibition.

This impression is mainly owing to the contributions of the Institute's clever young members, Linton, Herkomer, and Gregory, and the Associates, Edwin Bale, C. J. Staniland, G. Clausen, and Harry Hine. The large heads by Herkomer and Gregory, in particular that which the former calls "A Phrenologist," have a vigour of handling, a power of light and shadow, and a taking dash, which carry away the judgment. There might be as much force with less *bravura*. But the critic cannot but admit that, *bravura* allowed for, here is real and rare vigour of hand, shown on a scale seldom attempted in water-colour, in refreshing contrast, on the one hand, with the niminy piminy prettiness into which the English school of water-colour is apt to fall, while as regards material, and manner of work, this is pure water-colour without that large employment of body colour which threatens to turn what used to be transparent water-colour work into opaque *gouache* or distemper, a very good and legitimate method, but only to be blended with drawing in transparent colour with the utmost reserve, and under the most guarded conditions.

In these large heads water-colour pure and simple, with a little scratching and rubbing out of lights, is made to do the work of oil, as far as regards force and effect, and that on a scale little less than that of life.

At the same time, these heads look like three or four hours' studies, such as would be made for introduction into elaborated pictures. Mr. Herkomer's "Phrenologist" contemplates a skull, to which by a little dexterous management of light and shadow in the empty orbits, and a protrusion of the teeth, the painter has imparted a ghastly grotesqueness which suggests an answering look and grin of mockery in reply to the phrenologist's gaze of intense inquiry.

The phrenologist's head is repeated, with that of a dark, plain, middle-aged woman, in two studies for portraits, and life-like ones. Mr. Gregory's two heads, one of a figure in mediæval costume, with a light falling on the shoulder and side of the head, the other of a soldier, are singularly keen in grasp of character, and push vigour of execution to the verge of, if not into, exaggeration. It is a sure sign of something wrong in a picture when we find ourselves thinking more about the artist's way of doing his work than about the work itself—more impressed by the dash and dexterity with which a head has been knocked off than by what there is in it of beauty, dignity, or character.

Mr. Linton's work here, while in no way deficient in force, had more of the self-restraint which seems rather too intent on keeping out of sight, than insisting on, the speed and skill with which the work has been dashed off. His "Fisher Girl" is a capital bit of work, solid, full of life, suggestive of blood, purified by the fresh air of the seaside, and of health and strength due to wholesome toil and simple fare.

I do not find the same simplicity and frankness in Mr. W. Wilson's large and laboured study of a Scotch fishing village, in which, while the old woman picking mussels for bait, and the other old crone in the foreground whose back is to the spectator, are capital bits of study direct from the life, the short-skirted Christie Johnstone, whose lover wants to share her labours, and in whom the interest of the picture should be concentrated, is affected in air and action, and not a bit like a simple Scotch fisher-lassie.

E. Bale's graceful full-length, which he calls "Memories," of a lady in a sacque, absorbed in old letters, is a harmonious, refined, yet vigorously painted study of well-arranged colours, mainly neutral greys, delicate drabs, and yellows. While the whole drawing is a pleasing arrangement of tones and tints, the figure is graceful and the face attractive and expressive. There is no reason why the two pleasures of harmonious colouring and pleasing form should *not* be combined; every reason why they should. Yet they are often severed as if the painters thought one sufficient without the other.

G. Clausen has a capital drawing of the interior of a church in the Isle of Urk, in the Zuyder Zee, with demure maidens in their wide and stiff-frilled caps bound by a broad black riband, and stalwart fisher lads, in full suits of blue, which is dramatic and humorously pleasant in expression, while good in colour.

Hugh Carter's large portrait of an old Dutch woman, with a kindly, wrinkled face, is excellent in its kind.

Young Harry Hine has a number of capital out-door sketches, most of them of red-brick buildings in and about Yarmouth, others at Chesterton, St. Alban's, Sandwich, and elsewhere, all indicating respect for truth, and showing sense of colour both in buildings and landscapes, and a feeling of picturesqueness in choice of subject, of capital augury for the young artist's future career. There are not honester or better examples of out-door work in any of the Winter Exhibitions.

J. Aumonier has some good, impressive, and broad out-door sketches, one in particular of a brown fallow, crowded with rocks. H. Johnson's out-door studies in and about Dartmoor are vigorous and true, and free from any suggestion of other men's work, against which direct study from Nature is the best preservative. Hargett's Scotch mountain scenes are as telling as ever; so are Philp's Devonshire and Cornish coast scenes.

J. Orrock's Lincolnshire studies of sand and sea, with little to break the level monotony of flat surface and warm yellowish grey, but here and there a line of groynes, or a tuft of bents, have the impressiveness these flat waste subjects always carry with them, to me at least, and I fancy to many. W. May's Dutch sea subjects are as good as ever.

W. Small's "Summer Time," with a trim lass spreading her bleaching of lace, and two happy little boys lounging by, with the brook for their wonderland, is very fresh and cheerful. I like very much a seashore with cobles, by T. Collier. The interior of a convent kitchen, and the inner court and the readers' room in that most interesting of all museums, the house of Plantin, at Antwerp—lately acquired by the Municipality, with all its wealth of contents—the accumulation of six generations of learned and laborious printers, are picturesque in themselves, and to all who know the history of the house very interesting.

C. Staniland's sketch of a drowning man and woman from a wreck on a Yarmouth sand is striking, and looks true. Mr. W. L. Thomas's head of a Swiss girl of Schweitz in gala costume is the most attractive and effective piece of his figure-painting I have ever seen. Towneley Green's "Play in an Inn-yard," of the Shakespearian time, is a most carefully finished drawing of one of these performances, with the spectators at it. Its blemish is too great a uniformity of finish, which tames down textures and faces into something approaching insipidity.

Of two pictures by H. G. Hine, a moonlight, and a tumble-down smugglers' haunt, seen through rain and mist, I need not say anything, having so often said my say of this always to me delightful artist. Dashing or careful drawings, after their respective manners, by Whymper and Wimperis, Mole and E. Warren, C. Warner and Mogford, a series of cartoons in sepia from Anglo-Saxon history by Corbould, among the other interesting contributions to this Exhibition, are unusually good. Two effective full-lengths of a Puritan, with book and sword, in buff coat and calf-skin boots, and a Cavalier in black and gold armour, by Seymour Lucas; a clever Hungarian study and some Bedaween figures by Guido Bach; two of Tenniel's admirable studies for *Punch* cartoons: "Hard Lines" and "Britannia on Neptune's Lap," and the drawing for the central cut for the last Almanack, of which the central cue is given by Cleopatra's Needle.

Tom Taylor

THE READER

"THE TRANSVAAL OF TO-DAY," by Alfred Aylward, Captain (late) Lydenburg Volunteer Corps (W. Blackwood and Sons).—There is probably no portion of the British Empire of whose political condition home readers have, as a rule, a hazier notion than the newly-annexed frontier land of our great South African colony. Nor is our perplexity much diminished if we turn to those who should be our authorities. From some we shall hear that annexation was an Imperial necessity to save the Dutch Republic from itself—that the Boer was stubborn, unprogressive, and uncivilised, wedded to the practice of domestic slavery, and much inclined to take might for right in all his dealings with the native races; from others that annexation was neither necessary nor desired (save by a little "ring" of theorists and land speculators), that the Dutch settler, though slow, was industrious, though of little culture a lover of education, and of all European colonists the only one who, in his simple patriarchal way, had made the Kaffir a faithful and willing servant, and without regular soldiers or police contrived to keep the border tribes in order. Mr. Aylward, a writer evidently of Irish descent—query the same whom the Diamond Field newspapers qualified, if we mistake not, a year or two ago as a Fenian—is an authority of this latter class. Annexation, whether of the Diamond Fields or of the Transvaal, he pronounces at once an injustice in itself, made practically more galling still by the unfair arguments adduced in its defence—though he admits that it was peacefully and successfully carried out—and a measure full of peril for the future, both from the stubborn discontent of the Boer farmers, and the surprising readiness with which the natives—unmoved by soft words about protection for the aborigines or artificial temptations of "high wages and new wants,"—have begun at once to make the new comers the objects of their hostility. For the rest the volume is a lively and fairly interesting tale of "war and witchcraft, sport and spoils," during a long residence in Southern Africa, but more especially of border skirmishes in that first Transvaal War with Secocoeni and his Kaffirs, for which neither the Boer "Commandos" nor the "filibusters," headed by Von Schlickmann, Captain Aylward, and others, received from the Cape Press quite the honour they deserved. Of the power of the native chiefs, and even of the great Zulu king himself, Mr. Aylward, it is worth noting, is inclined to form a much lower estimate than has been usually entertained by recent writers on the African difficulty. Easily vanquished by disciplined Europeans in "the open," they can almost as easily, he thinks, be "worried" out of their strongholds without much loss by assailants experienced in Kaffir warfare. Altogether, if only on the *audi alteram partem* principle, this is a volume decidedly worth reading, though often at variance with authorities commonly held in some esteem, and at the last leaving the reader a little uncertain whether it would undo the policy of the past year, or make it a success after all by the sheer force of vigorous improvements.

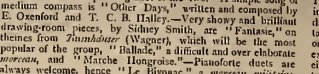
A melancholy interest attaches to "Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson," by her niece, Gerardine Macpherson (Longmans and Co.), for ere the volume could be revised for the press its author, the stout-hearted relict of the Robert Macpherson whose name some fifteen years ago was as a household word to every visitor to Rome, had passed away to the majority. If not a life of startling incident, it is one which in these days of biographies had every title to be written. For Mrs. Jameson was not simply a clever woman—a personage of some mark in literature when women were less commonly *littérateurs* than now—but a being of strongly marked though undemonstrative individuality, noteworthy both in herself and for her intimates—Ottilia von Goethe, Harriet Martineau, the Brownings, or (last, but by no means least) that strange unpleasant Lady Byron whose influence over most who came in contact with her is quite a psychological mystery. Her Mrs. Jameson—herself unfortunate in her marriage relations—loved with a love beyond the love of women, and the breach which inevitably came at last, and separated for ever two equally unbending spirits, was in truth the crowning sorrow of her life. But even in childhood the daughter of Brownwell Murphy, the clever Irish miniature painter, who came to England just in time to escape being mixed up in the rising of '98, and who became in after life a favourite artist with many noble families, is a very interesting little body. Indeed, the stories of her childish escapades are some of the most pleasant pages in the book. In latter years an atmosphere of repose, well fitting the historian of "Sacred and Legendary Art," clothes with a sort of sunset glow the closing scenes of a career which, favoured enough in many ways, had yet deep and bitter disappointments in love, in friendship, and in fortune-winning. Among biographies of illustrious women this graceful volume will justly take a modest but not undistinguished place.

In the two charming volumes, entitled "Our Old Actors" (R. Bentley and Son), Mr. H. Barton Baker has done much more than gather together a neat selection of the events and anecdotes, tragical or mirthful, in which the lives of "the players" are so prolific. Taken as a whole, these volumes tell the story not of individual lives alone, but of the successive schools of actors—so far as we can know them now from contemporary report and criticism, growing ever dimmer and more vague the farther we push our researches back—which have ranged in turn from the supremely natural to the supremely artificial, and from the artificial back to the natural again, and have fairly divided the history of the stage into five great periods, each known by the name of its most famous actor: the periods of Burbadge and of Alleyn, of Booth and Betterton, of Garrick, of Kemble, and of Edmund Kean. Mr. Baker is with some reason a *laudator temporis acti*, of the days when patent theatres kept the good actors in the same house, and rendered it possible to put Shakespeare on the boards without a single feeble part, when the "trousers'-pocket" school did not exist, and the delivery of blank verse was not as yet one of the lost arts; and equally naturally he sighs, though we fear in vain, for a National Theatre which, like the Comédie Française, shall develop anew the "higher acting," and educate the taste both of spectators and of performers. But this is only by way of epilogue. The lives themselves are the main portion of the book, and these, without exception, are capitally written, well-seasoned, but not overdone, with anecdote, and full of excellent comment, critical and antiquarian.

The long dark evenings of the winter months, when men like to recall the memories of summer cruises, and shudder sympathetically only to think of snipe and duck-shooting on moor and marsh, are just the hours for a new series of "Wildfowler Snap-shot's" "Shooting Adventures, Canine Lore, and Sea Fishing Trips" (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall). Sometimes, perhaps, to those who read only to be amused, recollections of previous sketches will obtrude themselves, for to such readers a mackerel is a mackerel and nothing more, whether caught off Scarborough, Brighton, or Dalkey. Such daintier readers will possibly pick and choose among the many samples of very similar trips, and not wade through all with the devouring zeal of the sportsman in search of some new "wrinkles." But even these will find some papers they cannot possibly let go if they once take the volume up—two notably: one, "How they Catch Poachers in Alsace;" the other, "How to Train a Night-Dog," a most exquisite bit of canine lore we greatly wish that we could quote in full.

In "Royal Windsor" (Vols. I. and II.: Hurst and Blackett), Mr. Hepworth Dixon has found a subject most rich in opportunities for the gorgeous word-painting and the dramatic power of which—though in too exaggerated form for gentle tastes—the writer has unquestionable command. The Royal dwelling in its various phases—Saxon hunting-lodge, Norman keep, and Palace-Castle, altered, enriched, and added to by king after king—supplies in vulgar phrase the peg on which to hang the storied chronicle of the kings and captives who all these years have tenanted its walls. The work—ending at present with the union of the Roses—is pre-eminently one for the general public. The antiquary may complain that of Windsor Castle, from the architect and the antiquary's point of view, we have no more than so much picturesque outline as may lend local colouring to the narrative; the accurate student that the treatment throughout is rather that of the dramatist than the historian. But it is not a work to be passed over with indifference, but to be liked or disliked very much. Detractors and admirers of Mr. Dixon will rise, we think, from its perusal more confirmed than ever in their respective opinions.

Amongst the various Christmas annuals is "Little Dorinda" (Burns and Oates), a thrilling story of modern life, by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. The plot is based on the old old story of love *versus* money, in which money temporarily and love ultimately wins the day, but is cleverly worked out, the *dénouement* being singularly novel and striking. Altogether, "Little Dorinda" furnishes pleasant reading for a leisure hour.



New Music

MESSRS. ASHDOWN AND PARRY.——Vocal duets are always welcome, especially at Christmastide, when sisters, fresh from school, are expected to sing, when asked, however limited their voices may be. Four vocal duets, music by Ciro Pinsuti, are melodious and pleasing, within the compass of most *soprani* and *mezzo soprani*. The poetry of two is by Longfellow—namely, "There is a Reaper," a really charming two-part song," and "It is not always May."—The words of "Three Charms of Life" and "Kind Words" are taken from "The Afterglow." The former is the more pleasing duet of the two.—A simple song of medium compass is "Other Days," written and composed by E. Oxenford and T. C. B. Halley.—Very showy and brilliant drawing-room pieces, by Sidney Smith, are "Fantasie," on themes from *Tannhäuser* (Wagner), which will be the most popular of the group, "Ballade," a difficult and over elaborate *morceau*, and "Marche Hongroise."—Pianoforte duets are always welcome, hence "Le Bivouac," a *morceau militaire*, playable and ear-catching, will find many admirers.—Six remarkably graceful little songs without words, for the pianoforte, by Stephen Heller, are fitly styled "Feuillets d'Album." They should be committed to memory, for, though short, they are very sweet.—"Elfes" is from the same composer's "Album Dédié à la Jeunesse," a brief but clever trifle.—The same may be said of "Petite Valse," by Max Schröter.—Appropriate for the coming festive season are the latest numbers of "The Glee and Choral Library," from 90 to 93. They are all well-known favourites, as "The Captive to his Bird," a glee for three voices, by J. Mazzinghi; Sir Henry Bishop's tuneful music to Shakespeare's racy words, "What shall he have that Killed the Deer?" arranged for S.A.T.B. by J. L. Hatton; also "Come, Thou Monarch of the Vine," written, composed, and arranged by the same gifted trio; and "A Little Farm well Till'd," a comic glee for three voices, by J. Hook.

J. BATH.——The name of Dr. William Spark as editor of "Bath's Musical Museum for the Harmonium" is a sufficient guarantee for the judicious selection and arrangement of its contents. Twenty carefully and easily arranged extracts from ancient and modern composers' works will supply a daily increasing demand from students of this often abused instrument; the price of this compact little book places it within the reach of the most impecunious executant.—"Celestial Trumpets," a march for the organ, by Dr. A. S. Holloway, is but a weak specimen of his musical compositions; the grotesque frontispiece is enough to condemn it.—Exactly the reverse may be said of "Dreaming Eyes," a feeble fantasia for the pianoforte, by J. Harrison, with a graceful frontispiece.—In memory of many pleasant days passed at "The Cottage, Wimbledon," a warm reception will be given to "The Cottage Polka," a specimen of less than average merit, by G. Grossmith, jun.—Worth treble its cost is "Bath's Shilling Album of Easy Dance Music," which contains six tuneful and danceable examples of their species.—John Cooke, jun., has done and can do better than with "La Comète Valse," which is absolutely void of originality.—"The Soldier's Return," a march by J. E. Newell, has a pleasing melody; its chief fault is too frequent repetition of the leading theme.—"Tell Me, Sweetheart," written and composed by E. Oxenford and M. Watson, and the "Cloud and the Flower," by Messrs. R. Reece and B. Tours, are favourable examples of drawing-room songs; the former for a baritone or tenor, the latter for a soprano.—Two very laughable comic songs for bachelors are "The Careless Man" and "The Gay Photographer," by G. Grossmith, jun.; the imitation banjo accompaniment to the latter is really clever.

MESSRS. STANLEY WEBER AND CO.——"Eight Songs for Three Female Voices," by F. Hiller, English translation by Julia Goddard, are far above the average of their kind; especially worthy of mention are, "Where Can My Darling Be?" (No. 3), "Cuckoo Song," wherein the work of the two under voices is but light, consisting of the repetition of the word "cuckoo" on two notes, the effect of which is quaint and telling (No. 6), and "Parting Song" (sung at the departure of the bride), the melody and words of which are pathetic (No. 7).—"Kein Feuer, Keine Kohle," is an admirable arrangement of a German popular song, composed for two voices in canon-form by George Henschel; intelligent singers may do well with this song.—The same composer has effectively set to music Sir Walter Scott's poem, "O, Hush Thee My Babie."—A genuine contralto will find a song to please most listeners in "Sleep, Darling, Sleep," slumber-song, music by J. Schönbach, words by his mother.—mild imitation after Kingsley is "Only a Broken Dolly," written and composed by Somerville Gibney and Myles B. Foster, both of whom are capable of better work.—A moderately good tenor song is "Ah, Sheelah, Thou'rt My Darling," words by Tannahill, music by M. L. Girelon.—Very graceful and tuneful is a vocal duet for two *soprani*, the music by Carl Hause, poetry by Longfellow.—"To My Fellow Traveller" is the dedication of "Five Pictures on a Journey," for the pianoforte, by Francis Davenport, far more interesting they are without doubt to the two personages concerned than to the public in general.—A "Barcarolle," for the pianoforte, by Alexander Rowland, is written with care, but void of originality.

MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.——In its place the quaint poem, "I Once Had a Dear Little Doll," written by the Rev. C. Kingsley in his "Water Babies," made its mark, but it has failed to inspire Alfred Cellier to compose music worth singing or listening to.—By the same composer are "The Ship Came Sailing from the West," a dramatic song for a contralto, words by Mrs. Eric Baker, and "My Laddie," also for a contralto, words by E. Oxenford.—Nos. 4 and 5 of "Six Pensées Dansantes," for the pianoforte, by A. Cellier, are excellent studies for the schoolroom.

W. PAXTON.——A marvel of cheapness and correctness is Paxton's edition of Crispin's Valses," which consist of the "Invitation à la Valse," "Trois Valses Brillantes," "Grand Valse," and "Trois Valses."—Both poetical and melodious are the words and music of "The Singer," a soprano song, written and composed by Wade Robinson and Cleveland Wigan.

MISCELLANEOUS.——From A. E. Klitz, a rising young composer, come a song and two pieces, which give promise of future excellence; it will, however, be better when he has decided upon a publisher. They are entitled respectively, "O, Happy Hour," words by Saml L. Moore (H. Davidson); "Grand March" (Messrs. Willey and Co.); and, best of the three, "Elaine," a *mazurka de salon* (Messrs. Howard and Co.).

A TOUR THROUGH NORWAY

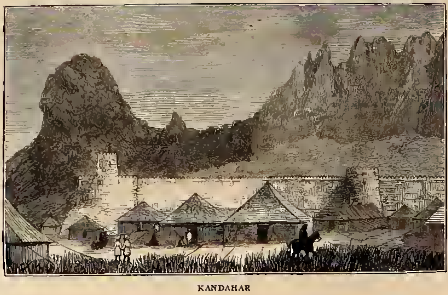
THOSE whose main object is scenery-hunting should enter Norway at Throndhjem, and leave it at Christiania, and if they defer their visit till September, by which time early frosts will have caused the bracken to assume a ruddy hue, and turned the quivering foliage of the birch to a bright yellow, their sacrifice of an hour or two of daylight for travelling will be compensated for by the glories of the autumn tints on mountain side and valley floor. The ancient capital of the land of the Vikings, founded nearly 900 years ago, is not likely to detain the visitor long, but the Domkirke, or Cathedral, which dates as far back as 1160, furnishes some of the best specimens of Norman and Early English architecture, and is now in process of restoration, much of the most beautiful work having for centuries been hidden beneath coats of plaster. The Tomb-house much resembles Becket's Crown in Canterbury Cathedral, and the high altar is surmounted by a superb cast of Thorwaldsen's statue of the Saviour, presented by the sculptor. In this Cathedral is always performed the ceremony of crowning the Sovereign, and Oscar II. and his Queen were duly proclaimed here in 1872. Journeying southwards by karyol, the Dovrefjeld range is crossed in two days' pleasant travelling through grand scenery over wild mountain plateaux, and the Romsdal, or Valley of the Rauma, opens out to the west. Some twenty-five miles in length, and hardly exceeding a mile in breadth, this grand valley is shut in by precipices some 2,000 feet in height, from the edges of which tumble innumerable waterfalls. The lion of the gorge is the Romdalshorn, a solitary peak, 4,188 feet in height, and much resembling a ruined steeple. It rises abruptly from the valley in almost vertical precipices of dark grey rock, but, though the crag is apparently inaccessible, a local blacksmith is said to have reached its summit. It is reported in the valley that an English M.P. has recently purchased the mountain for 50*l.*; he leases the fishing in the Rauma, but what object he has in buying the Romdalshorn does not appear.

From Veblungsnæs, the port of the Romsdal, two days' passage in little coasting steamers gives the tourist lovely views of the Romsdal, Hjorrend and Stor Fjords, and brings him to Hellesylt, whence by four days of karyol travelling, in the course of which he will skirt the Justedals glacier, the largest ice-field in Europe, he can reach the northern shore of the Sogne Fjord, which huge arm of the sea runs inland to a distance of more than 100 miles from the Atlantic. At the head of this fjord is a little village, Aardal, whence the Maarkefos, or Vettisfos, the loftiest of the four great waterfalls of Norway, can be visited. It is the plunge of a mountain torrent, 940 ft. from lip to basin in a clear unbroken fall. The Staubbach, and the Bridal Veil Fall in Yosemite are of equal height, but the gem of Yosemite outshines the Maarkefos, and the Staubbach must be content with third honours. From Aardal a tiny steamer takes the traveller up the Næro Fjord, a lane of water, eighteen miles in length, and averaging little more than half a mile across. Here and there are yellowing slopes of birch and pine, but almost vertical precipices of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet, down which pour a hundred cascades, form the characteristic feature of this, the grandest fjord in Norway. At its head is Nærodal, reputed third in magnificence amongst the valleys of the world, Yosemite and the Taurus Gorge in Cilicia alone surpassing it. Like the fjord, it is hemmed in by stupendous walls of rock, and resounds with the roar of cataracts. No one who has gazed into its purple depths from the Stalheimskleft at the head of the valley, can ever forget the scene. Hence a day's brisk karyol-driving, and we are at Eide on the Hardanger Fjord, into a lake situated in a lateral valley of which falls the Skjæggedalsfos, from the height of 700 feet. The amphitheatre of ink-black rocks which receives it is gloomy in the extreme, and the unfathomable waters of the lake are walled in by cliffs rising sheer from the margin to the snow-clad fjeld two thousand feet above. From Odde, the little port at the end of the Sor Fjord, leads the high road across Thelemarken, the wildest district of Norway. Costumes are picturesque, and the exteriors of houses and stables are quaintly carved, as will be seen from our sketch of a stable at Bredheim. The superb Rjukanfos and Hitterdal Church are the chief lions of Thelemarken. The latter dates back to the twelfth century, and is built of pine, but very few of the original timbers remain. It is surrounded by cloisters, and the interior is painted a light buff colour, the windows being of green glass. There is much quaint carving in the body of the building, which for a Norwegian church is highly decorated. This and that at Borgund are the two most picturesque churches in the country. Hence a couple of days travelling by karyol and train brings us to Christiania and the steamer for Hull.—Our engravings are from photographs by Knudsen of Bergen and Frith of Reigate.

ARTHUR G. GUILLEMARD

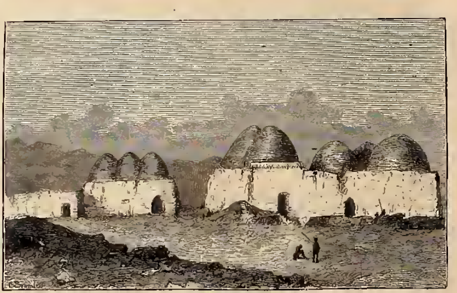
A SPLENDID AQUARIUM is to be built at Leipzig. The building will contain twenty-one enormous tanks, nine being filled with sea fishes, and twelve with fresh-water specimens, while there will be a large centre grotto full of tortoises and alligators, and including an aviary for water fowl.

IN THE BOLAN PASS



KANDAHAR

GUNDAVA



AFGHAN HOUSES, GOONDAN

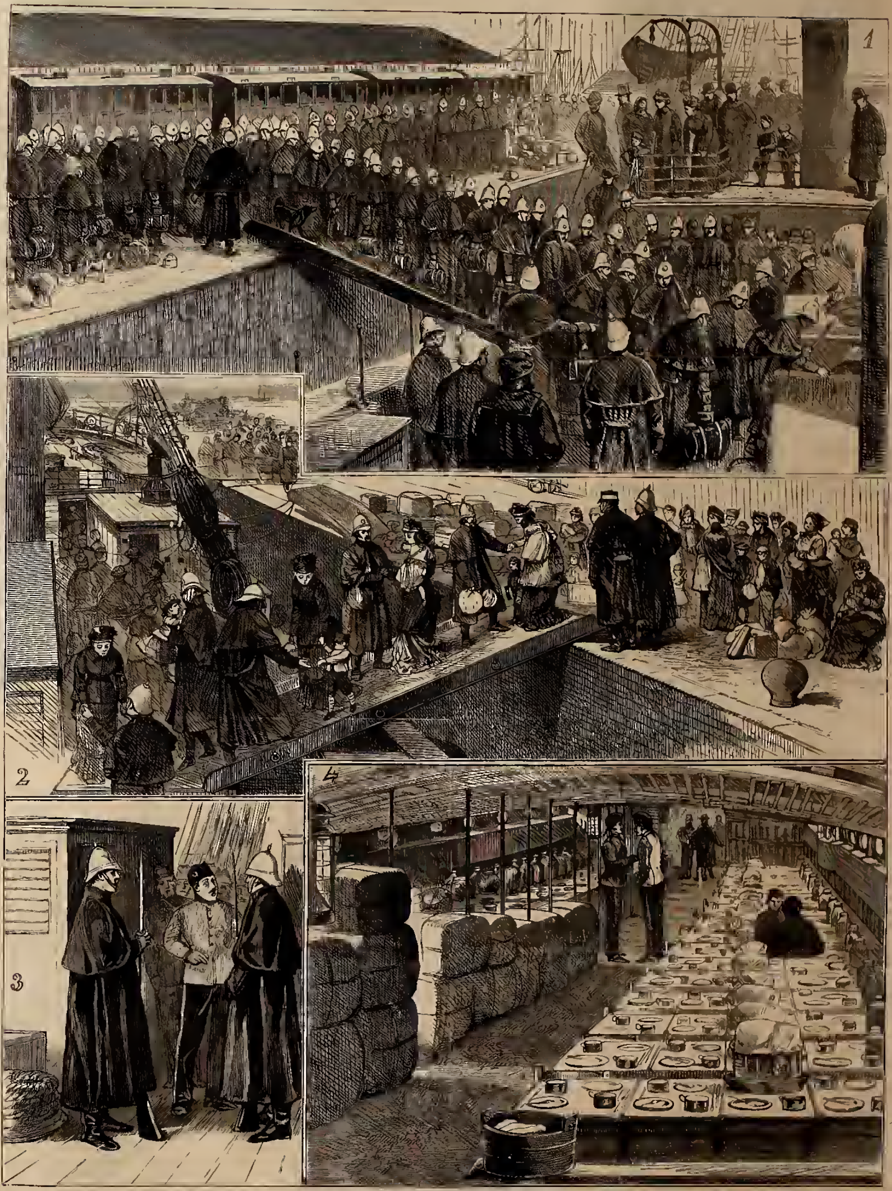
HEAD OF THE BOLAN PASS

KELAT

FORT OF KULLAN GOTI, NEAR TATTA

QUETTA

THE AFGHAN WAR



1. Arrival and Embarkation of 99th Regiment on Board S.S. *Asiatic* at the Extension Wharf, Southampton.—2. Embarkation of the Wives and Children.—3. "No Man Allowed on Shore."—4. Soldiers' Quarters 'Tween Decks.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FROM SOUTHAMPTON

FOREIGN

THE CRISIS IN THE EAST.——The new Ministry at Constantinople has certainly begun well, and the first effect of Khaireddin Pasha's appointment has been the virtual banishment of Mahmoud Damad Pasha and the most prominent members of the Palace party from Constantinople, as their intrigues threatened to neutralise the endeavours which are now being made to organise the proposed reforms. Another Imperial *Hatt* is expected to be issued by the Sultan announcing the reforms ordained by the Treaty of Berlin, and the Sultan himself has declared that the appointment of Caratheodori Pasha as Minister for Foreign Affairs implies that he is determined to carry out the stipulations of that Treaty. Khaireddin Pasha, also, has officially assured the Armenian Patriarch that all Ottoman subjects will henceforward be regarded as equal, completely irrespective of creed, adding, "We all pray to the same God, we in the mosque, you in the church." Whether or no all these fine words will bear any better fruit than the innumerable promises which the Porte have so liberally given forth during the last twenty years remains to be seen. Amongst the most prominent members of the new Cabinet is Said Pasha, a great favourite of the Sultan, who had vainly tried to induce the late Grand Vizier to accept him as a colleague. Notwithstanding the declaration of Ministerial responsibility with which the new Ministry has inaugurated its reign, it appears that the Sultan is as determined upon autocracy as either Abd-ul-Aziz or Abd-ul-Medjid, or even the great Mahmoud himself. The general impression upon the various Powers caused by the appointment of the new Ministry is fairly favourable except in Austria, to which country Khaireddin is for some reason or other supposed to be personally hostile.

To turn to the provinces, the Delimitation Commissioners in Roumelia are quietly pursuing their work, and the International Roumelian Commission appears, as usual, to be in a state of ferment through the quarrels of its members, while there is a growing excitement in Bulgaria respecting the coming election of the ruler of that new Principality. Prince Dondoukoff-Korsakoff is the favourite candidate, but as it is considered in Russian circles that neither Turkey nor the Powers would approve of a Muscovite ascending the throne, more particularly when he holds such pronounced views regarding the absorption of Roumelia into Bulgaria as Prince Korsakoff, it is proposed to make a prominent Montenegrin the favoured candidate. The Bulgarians, however, are not unlikely to object to this, as they hold themselves far superior to the mountaineers, and would by no means approve of electing one as their Prince. At Adrianople the Russians have committed an outrage on the British Consulate, where a British subject, accused of some civil offence, had taken refuge. The Russians requested Consul Calvert to give up the culprit, and on his refusal, sent a body of Bulgarian police to the Consulate, where they broke open the door with hatchets, and forcibly carried off the prisoner. Consul Calvert at once lodged a protest with the Russian authorities, and communicated with the British Ambassador at Constantinople. There is little other news. ROUMANIA is busy consolidating her rule in the Dobrudscha, and has just reorganised her Cabinet, M. Bratiano having formed a new Ministry.—Tuesday being the anniversary of the capture of Plevna was kept as a general holiday throughout the country.—It is reported that Russia will probably object to the proposed Turkish loan, on the ground that as the Berlin Congress had declared that only the existing loans had precedence of the war indemnity, the latter would be rendered illusory, should the available resources of Turkey be pledged by a fresh loan.

FRANCE.——The invalidation of the election of the Duc Decazes by the Chamber of Deputies has been the great theme of discussion this week, and now that he is down the Republican papers have been somewhat ungenerously administering a severe castigation to the fallen Minister. Under the circumstances, which were most flagrant, the Chamber could not do otherwise than unseat the Duke, but it must not be forgotten that during a very trying period he piloted France through the dangerous maze of foreign politics not only with safety, but with dignity and honour. Still his manifest love of power, his willingness to coquet with Right and Left alike, with M. de Broglie and M. Gambetta, and, finally, his very questionable conduct with regard to his election, will go far to injure his political career for the future. The Duke made an energetic defence before the Chamber on Saturday, but without effect. There is no other political news of interest, except that a Perpignan newspaper is to be prosecuted for insulting King Alphonso, and that on Tuesday the Bonapartists celebrated the 10th of December by drinking the Prince Imperial's health at a grand banquet at St. Mandé, under the presidency of M. Haentjens. Another toast was to the "Return of the Emperor," and the various speakers abused the Republic to their hearts' content, so that the liberalism of the present *régime* can hardly be called into question even by its enemies. The lottery still continues to create considerable excitement, and people are eagerly looking forward to the exhibition of the prizes, which some two hundred and fifty men are busily arranging in order. Amongst the prizes which have been bought are the sculptured bedstead which excited so much attention in the Chinese section, and which, wrought all over with hideous dragons and imps, will probably give the winner a severe nightmare—some magnificent carpets, sets of drawing-room furniture, clocks and watches in hundreds, layettes, boots in dozens, and, if we are to believe *Figaro*, "surprise baskets," containing two bottles of ink, a bottle of blacking, two packs of cards, a penholder, a pair of stays, a pair of braces, a waistband, and a fan. This reads like a "miscellaneous lot" at a popular auction. The 480,000*l.* realised by the sale of the tickets has been expended as follows:—48,000*l.* in commission and general expenses; 144,000*l.* in taking 22,000 working men to the Paris Exhibition, the original object of the lottery; 280,000*l.* in prizes; the remainder, 8,000*l.*, being retained for a reserve fund destined to defray the cost of forwarding the prizes, &c.

From Paris there is little news save that M. Littré has been ill, that M. Gigot, the Prefect of Police, has come over to London to arrange with the British police relative to the exchange of "information," more especially respecting Socialists, and the production of a new play by the author of the *Danicheffs*, M. Pierre Newski (M. Corvin Kroukovskoi)—which has just been brought out at the Ambigu. Although exceedingly cleverly written in parts, it is by no means so successful as the *Danicheffs*, owing to the crudity of some of the language—a fact doubtless due to the non-collaboration of M. A. Dumas. A bright three-act vaudeville, *Fleur d'Oranger*, by M. Cœdès, has also been brought out at the Nouveautés. The first *bal masqué* at the Grand Opera is fixed for the 18th of January.

GERMANY.——The Emperor has returned to Berlin, and has reassumed the reins of Government amid general enthusiasm. No disturbance whatever occurred during the rejoicings, which were virtually continued for several days, the Emperor receiving congratulatory deputations, while a grand thanksgiving service was held in all the churches of Berlin on Sunday, the Emperor, Empress, and all the Royal family being present at the service in the Cathedral. The official crusade against the Socialists continues unabated, and the Minister of the Interior has stated in the Prussian Diet that "the Socialists were carrying on a secret propaganda, by which the lives of all European Princes appeared to be menaced, as was evidenced by the occurrences in Berlin, Madrid, and Naples. Moreover, Nihilists from foreign countries had arrived, who were in communication with the Berlin Socialists. The Government, therefore, was under the necessity of shutting up the school of crime and expelling the teachers." Up to the present time 153 clubs, 40 periodicals, and 135 other publications have been placed on the black list.—Prince Gortschakoff has paid a flying visit to Berlin, and has had an audience with the Emperor and the Crown Prince, and a long interview with Lord Odo Russell.

ITALY.——Signor Cairoli has been defeated in the Chamber after several days' hard debating, the motion of confidence in his Ministry being rejected by 263 against 189. The Italian Premier had sufficiently recovered from his wound to attend the debate in the Chamber, and spoke vigorously in defence of the Government policy, but all to no avail, and the Cabinet is expected to resign.

The canonisation of the late Pope Pius IX. continues to excite considerable discussion in Papal circles, and Pope Leo XIII., hearing that certain Bishops objected to the step, has sent them a sharp reminder that they owe unqualified obedience to the Holy See. The Ultramontanes have now determined to take a decided part in all elections, and the Pope has rescinded the rule which compelled candidates and electors to demand a modification of the oath of fidelity to the King and his dynasty.

UNITED STATES.——The House of Representatives at Washington have thrown out the Bill for the recoinage of trade dollars into dollars of standard silver, and has passed a Bill reducing the salaries of the Diplomatic Representatives. This, however, will probably be negatived by the Senate.—The Southern States have addressed—through a mass meeting at New Orleans—a resolution of thanks to the whole country for the assistance afforded them during the recent yellow fever epidemic.—General Grant has accepted the offer from the Secretary of the Navy of a vessel to convey him on a tour through the East Indies, China, and Japan. The *Richmond* has accordingly been sent out to him, and it is expected that his visit will have good influence in extending American commercial relations in the East.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The marriage of the King of HOLLAND is fixed for January 7th. The King and his bride will make a state entry into Amsterdam, on the 20th, and the subsequent festivities will last a week.—In AUSTRIA the debate on the Treaty of Berlin was begun in the Reichsrath.—In RUSSIA there has been a grand festival, commemorating the 109th anniversary of the Order of St. George, at the Castle, St. Petersburg, when the Czar told the arrayed knights, who amounted to four thousand, that "our young army during the last campaign showed itself worthy of the heroic traditions of the old army of Russia."—In BELGIUM there are symptoms of a serious religious conflict, the clergy are beginning to threaten eternal damnation from the pulpit to parents who send their children to the "godless schools," *i.e.*, schools without religious instruction," after the reform of the law on religious instruction. In the Chamber, also, an amendment to the Address to the throne was proposed, placing the coming celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Belgian Independence under the special protection of the Deity, but was rejected by 66 to 54 votes, the Chamber considering that the motion tended to mix up in a party interest the religious with the political question.—From SOUTH AFRICA the news is not reassuring. Cetywayo is concentrating his troops on the principal points of the frontier, and a conflict has already taken place between the British troops and one of his chiefs, in which our losses were one man killed (Sergt. Pegg, 13th Regt.), and eleven wounded.

THE COURT

THE Queen with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold will leave Windsor on Tuesday for Osborne to spend Christmas. They will remain in the Isle of Wight until the beginning of February. Last week Her Majesty presented new colours to the 2nd Battalion of the 4th Regiment, and in the evening several of the officers who had been present at the ceremony dined with Her Majesty. On Saturday afternoon the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold went to Eton College, where they were present at the performance of Mozart's "Requiem" in the chapel, and afterwards visited the Provost and Mrs. Goodford before returning to Windsor. In the evening the Countess of Stair and Mr. Cross dined with the Queen. Next morning Her Majesty with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold attended Divine Service in the private chapel, when the Rev. Henry White preached, and after the service Princess Christian lunched with the Queen. On Monday Her Majesty gave audience to Earl Beauchamp, who presented an address from the House of Lords, and in the evening the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Wellesley, Major C. E. Phipps, and Captain T. J. Edwards, R.E., joined the Royal party at dinner. Prince Leopold came up to town and was present at the debate in the House of Lords. To-day (Saturday) is the 17th anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort, and the Queen with those members of the Royal Family now in England will attend the usual memorial services at the Frogmore Mausoleum.—The Queen and the Princesses Christian and Beatrice and Prince Leopold sent wreaths by Dean Stanley to be placed on the coffin of the late Mrs. Tait, Her Majesty adding a letter of condolence to the Archbishop.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are now staying in town, the Princess having joined her husband at Marlborough House on Monday. The Prince on Sunday afternoon went to Charing Cross Station to receive the Duchess of Edinburgh. Next morning he visited the Cattle Show at the Agricultural Hall, where he is himself an exhibitor, competing in seven classes, and having obtained several awards. Afterwards the Prince lunched with the Duchess of Edinburgh, and went to the House of Lords in the evening. On Tuesday the Duchess of Edinburgh visited and lunched with the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Prince was again present at the debate in the House of Lords. On Wednesday the Prince presided at a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society at Hanover Square Rooms.

The Grand Duchess of Hesse is seriously ill with diphtheria. She was attacked at the end of last week, and at first suffered from violent fever in addition to the diphtheric affection. Much anxiety was felt on her account, and on Monday the Queen despatched Sir W. Jenner to Darmstadt, but on Wednesday the Princess showed less fever, the local symptoms had not increased, and her general state was satisfactory. Meanwhile, the Grand Duke and his children are convalescent, and have been recommended to go to Heidelberg for change of air.

The Duchess of Edinburgh and her children have returned to London. The Duchess, who had spent a few days with her relatives at Stuttgart, joined her four children at Mayence, and travelled by Cologne and Brussels in the Prince of Wales' special saloon carriage to Calais, where she crossed the Channel in the *Maid of Kent*, and came up to town by special train. The Prince of Wales, Prince Leopold, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck, met the Duchess on her arrival in London.—The Duke of Connaught's marriage takes place on February 7th in St George's Chapel, Windsor. The Princess Louise-Margaret will have eight bridesmaids chosen from daughters of English, Scotch, and Irish peers. The Duke continues in Berlin on a visit to his *fiancée*, and on Sunday, with the rest of the German Imperial family, attended a thanksgiving service for the Emperor's recovery at the Cathedral. On Tuesday he visited the Emperor and the Imperial Prince. Emperor William has appointed the Duke Honorary Colonel of the Brandenburg Ziethen Regiment of Hussars, which is commanded by the Duke's future father-in-law, Prince Frederick Charles, whose *sobriquet* of Red Prince comes from the colour of the tunics worn by this regiment.

The Russian Czarevna, Princess Dagmar, sister to the Princess of Wales, has another son—her fourth child and third son. The baby has been named Michel Alexandrowitch.—The Queen's consent to the marriage of the Duke of Cumberland and Princess Thyra has been officially announced.

CHURCH NEWS

ADVANTAGES OF AN ESTABLISHMENT.——The writer of a series of articles upon this subject, which have been published in *Church and State*, sums up the arguments in favour of the union of Church and State as follows. "It enables the State to profess a national religion, and to have a medium through which it can discharge its responsibilities, and lead the nation's thoughts and religious life—benefits which are made universal by its territorial organisation, and permanent by its legal provisions. An Establishment gives the weight of the law to the work of the clergy, generates a sober standard of religious thought and doctrine, and besides being a bulwark to truth, is a help to Nonconformists, for by means of its organisation the Church's ministrations can be claimed by every one. It promotes the education of the poor, especially in rural districts, lessens conflict between Church and Dissent, and diffuses its blessings over all the dependencies by means of Colonial Churches to both colonists and heathen. In addition to these religious advantages, the following social reasons are urged for its maintenance. The parochial clergy are the germs of civilisation in every parish; it tends to form national character; its roots are intertwined with the whole framework of English society; it enables men to rise in the social scale; it influences society, literature, public opinion, all institutions, and art; a higher class of men are attracted to the ministry by the Church prizes; and finally, it preserves the political continuity of the nation. It is therefore our highest wisdom to keep these blessings we possess, and put up with any disadvantages we may have than 'fly to ills we know not of.'"

VARIOUS.——The Bishop of Durham has issued a circular to his clergy, announcing that, on account of continued illness, he has placed his resignation in the hands of the Archbishop of York. His lordship expresses his regret and pain in having to sever his official connection with the diocese, and adds that he will not require a pension, as he possesses some private means. Dr. Baring, who is a decided Evangelical, was educated at Oxford, where he took his degree (a double first) in 1829. After holding the Rectory of Limpsfield, Surrey, and that of All Souls', Langham Place, London, he was consecrated Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol in 1856, and translated to the See of Durham in 1861. The income of the Bishopric is 8,000*l.* per annum, and the preferment is in the hands of the Premier.—The Evangelisation Society have just finished a fifteen days' mission at Canterbury, during which crowded meetings have been daily held in the Theatre, the Music Hall, and the Rink.—The Rev. James Davis, secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, has been compelled by failing health to resign his post, the duties of which he has discharged for upwards of twenty years.—The students and ex-students of the Dublin Roman Catholic University have addressed a letter to their Archbishops and Bishops, urging them to resist the rumoured Government proposal for the establishment of an Examining Board, and stating that nothing less than the endowment of the existing University will be satisfactory.—It is said that Mr. O'Shaughnessy intends to introduce a Bill for the purpose of enabling persons about to marry to make valid and binding agreements with regard to the bringing up of their children. It probably arises out of the recent decision in the Agar-Ellis case.—The *Echo*, virtuously indignant at the issue of the prospectus of the "Clergy Co-operative Stores," wonders if Christianity would have made the wonderful progress it achieved in the first century if St. Paul had set up a big shop in Corinth, with Titus, Mark, Timothy, and Barnabas as directors, to undersell the retail traders of that city. For our own part we cannot see anything wrong in clergymen seeking the cheapest market for any worldly goods of which they may stand in need.—A memorial was recently sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury by Mr. G. J. Holyoake, begging his Grace to open the grounds of Lambeth Palace to the poor children resident in the neighbourhood. The Archbishop in reply states that the ground is already used for cricket, football, volunteer drills, and children's school treats, and adds that, considering the limited extent of the space, no advantage could be secured by throwing it entirely open which would at all compensate for the loss of the advantages at present.—The remains of the late Mrs. Tait were on Saturday interred in the churchyard at Addington, in a grave next to that of the late Rev. Craufurd Tait, who died six months ago. The service was read part by the Rev. W. F. Knollys and part by the Bishop of York, the Primate himself pronouncing the Benediction by the grave side. The Bishops of London, Winchester, St. Alban's, Rochester, and Dover, the Deans of Canterbury, Westminster, and Durham, and several other clerical dignitaries, were present, and amongst the floral mementoes placed upon the coffin were wreaths sent by the Queen, the Princesses Beatrice and Christian, and Prince Leopold.

MUSIC

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.——A revival of *Oberon*, according to the Italian version prepared expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre eighteen years ago, gave special interest to the performance of Saturday. The Baron Max von Weber, Carl Maria von Weber's son, who was present on the occasion, no doubt felt somewhat astonished at hearing his illustrious father's last work under conditions so different from those to which he was accustomed at home in Germany. Nevertheless, if *Oberon*, like *Der Freischütz*, must absolutely be metamorphosed into an Italian opera, however objecting to the interpolations from *Euryanthe*, and other liberties, he may have found some consolation in the admirable skill with which Weber's favourite pupil and staunch disciple, Sir Julius Benedict, has set the spoken dialogue to accompanied recitative, and the reverential delicacy with which he performed a task not to be entertained without certain misgivings. In regard to *Oberon* itself (*pur et simple*), it is quite unnecessary to go into details. Despite a hopelessly weak libretto, it has lived, thanks to the music, over half a century, and is likely to survive half a century more. Such melody as it contains is perennial—nay, imperishable; and while listening to it, we are by no means inclined to discuss the *raison d'être* of a piece which inspired so richly gifted a composer. *Oberon*, at any rate, has long been a recognised "classic." For this distinction it is indebted neither to *Huon de Bordeaux*, the source whence the story is derived, nor to Wieland, who made a poem out of it, nor to Sotheby, who translated that poem into English, nor to Mr. Planché, who turned it into an operatic libretto, with verse worthy a more congenial theme, but exclusively to Weber, who found music which throws over it an indefinable charm, endowing with life and characteristic individuality the shadowy nonentities who make up the *dramatis personæ*—herein almost rivalling Mozart, in his incomparable *Zauberflöte*, a prodigy inducing very many sane people, also musical enthusiasts, to believe they have discovered some hidden significance in that singular medley written by Shickaneder (or, by somebody else, *for* Shickaneder) for which the poor composer, despite its success with the public of Vienna, never got a ducat. The performance of *Oberon*, on the whole, at Her Majesty's Theatre is good, though in many respects it might certainly be better. The want of sufficient rehearsal is manifest throughout; and this, considering that six or seven representations take place weekly, is hardly to be wonderd at. The distribution of characters, if not unimpeachable, is by no means wanting in efficiency. Sir Huon is represented by Signor Gillandi (who has been terribly overtaxed of late), Oberon by Signor Carrion, and Scherasmin, the (should be) comic squire, by Signor Mendioroz—each of whom works zealously, if not all with the same results. The parts allotted to ladies, however, are much more ably sustained. Miss Purdy is a pleasant and lively Puck, Madame Bauermeister the most engaging and persuasive of Mermaids, Madame Trebelli a Fatima beyond reproach, and Madame Pappenheim a Rezia worthy to tread in the footsteps of Titiens herself. At the first performance the three last-named of the artists greatly distinguished themselves—Madame Bauermeister in the exquisitely tuneful "Oh! 'tis pleasant to float on the sea," Madame Trebelli in both the airs allotted to Fatima, more particularly "Oh! Araby, dear Araby," upon which Weber set such store, and Madame Pappenheim in "Ocean, thou mighty monster," a *scena* which may pair off with the great soliloquy of Agatha in *Der Freischütz*, being quite as expressive and quite as dramatic. Madame Pappenheim, by the way, in every character allotted to her, makes a step forward, and already, with good reason, stands high in the estimation of the London operatic public. The orchestra, under the direction of Signor Li Calsi, is, as might have been expected, all that could be desired, playing the magnificent overture, which every member knows by heart, with wonderful spirit and unfailing accuracy. The chorus, too, although not invariably up to the mark, performs its duties well; and the ballet, if (like the scenery and decorations) scarcely what Weber would have gone into raptures about, as in 1826, when *Oberon* was originally produced by Charles Kemble, at Covent Garden, has, nevertheless, thanks to Madame Katti Lanner, some excellent points. In any case the revival of such an opera is something to be welcomed by all who care for music which is not only dramatic but poetical. Verdi's *Forza del Destino* has, we understand, been set aside for reasons not worth discussing; and, indeed, next week will be the last of the season at reduced prices. Early in February Mr. Carl Rosa takes possession of the theatre; and from him and his company much, as usual, will be expected.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.——These admirable entertainments are following their accustomed course, and with their accustomed success. Masterpiece after masterpiece from the works of the really great composers is presented, in accordance with the plan originally contemplated. We have by good luck only had one innovation on that much-to-be-respected scheme, in the shape of a not very interesting, though very pretentious, trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by M. Bronsard, who belongs to what is called the "advanced," but which we must persist in calling the "retrograde" school. Madame Norman Néruda is playing more divinely (we use the term without hesitation) than ever. Her leading of Schubert's very fine Quintet in C major, for stringed instruments, on a recent occasion, could not possibly be surpassed by any artist of either sex. Mr. Chappell is fortunate in obtaining the services of so admirable a first violin as this accomplished lady for his ante-Christmas concerts. About his new pianist, Mdlle. Janotha, we shall find another opportunity to speak. She is young, and already a favourite.

ENGLISH OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.——It was a happy thought of Mr. Hayes to fill up the usual gap between the termination of the Promenade Concerts and the commencement of the annual pantomime with a series of popular English operas. The first of these performances took place on Saturday evening last, and attracted a large audience. The programme consisted of the second and third acts of Wallace's *Maritana* and Dibdin's *Waterman*, with Mr. Sims Reeves as Tom Tug. The great tenor was in capital voice, and caused a perfect *furore* by his admirable rendering of "The Bay of Biscay," but, though his resolution was severely tested, he firmly resisted all efforts to obtain an *encore*. Mr. Reeves was very ably supported by Madame Cave Ashton (whose singing of "Cherry Ripe" was deservedly encored), Mr. Aynsley Cooke, Mr. J. Maclean and Mr. J. D. Stoyle, who had to repeat his capital rendering of "Cherries and Plums." Mr. Sidney Naylor conducted an orchestra which was all that could be desired.

WAIFS.——Dr. Arthur S. Sullivan, who conducted the English concerts in the Trocadero, has been created a Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur.—The monument to Felicien David, composer of the "Desert," is now completed all but the statue, to which the sculptor is putting the finishing touches.—Madame Annette Essipoff, the famous Russian pianist, has been playing with brilliant success at Zurich.—At the recent visit of the Emperor of Germany to Wiesbaden, Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* was performed at His Majesty's express desire.—Dr. Hans von Bülow, after performing Weber's *Concertstück*, at a concert of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, conducted by Sir Julius Benedict, has returned to his post in Hanover. His recent sojourn among us has been unusually brief.—It is said that no offers whatever can persuade the Abbate Franz Liszt to pay a visit to this country in consequence of the cool reception he met with in 1840.

THEATRES

THE past week has been almost completely barren of theatrical events. On Monday Mr. Bandmann, who has been absent from the London stage for some months, reappeared in the character of Hamlet, a part which he has often represented on the English stage. Mr. Bandmann's impersonation unfortunately does not attain any high level of excellence; and his foreign accent, though only slight, is sufficiently marked to be distressing to the ear of an English reader of poetry. His performance is, moreover, overloaded with action. Partly for these reasons, and partly from his failure to mark, by tone of voice, the appropriate key of pathetic regret, the beautiful passage beginning, "I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth," may be said, in Mr. Bandmann's hands, to have lost all its poetry. Miss Wallis is a pretty Ophelia, acting with grace, and speaking her lines with due tenderness. Of the other performers little that is favourable can be said. The whole representation, indeed, betokened hasty preparation—which, perhaps, is all that is deemed necessary in the case of a revival "for six nights only."

A good programme and a good object drew together a large and fashionable audience on Tuesday evening at the ROYAL AQUARIUM Theatre, where a performance was given by the gentlemen in the London and Westminster Bank in aid of the funds for the Home for Incurable Children, Maida Vale. The curtain rose on *An Ugly Customer*, while for the second piece *The Honeymoon* was revived and well played throughout. Both pieces were most favourably received.

A new musical extravaganza, entitled *Our Baby*, will be produced at the STRAND Theatre this evening. The authors are C. H. Ross (the inventor, we believe, of that amusing personage, "Ally Sloper,") and Mr. A. Freer.

The GAIETY Theatre and the AQUARIUM will produce their pantomimes on Saturday afternoon next.

The new play, entitled *The Republican Marriage*, has proved so successful at the OLYMPIC, that its representation on Saturday afternoons appears to have become a standing arrangement. It will be repeated to-day.

Morning performances will also be given to-day at the Gaiety, the Vaudeville, and the Haymarket.

Books Received

The Irish Bar. J. R. O'Flanagan. S. Low and Co.

Whitaker's Almanac, 1879.

The Book of Epigrams: W. D. Adams. Routledge.

The Earl of Dufferin's Administration in Canada: W. Leggo. Lovell Printing and Publishing Co., Montreal.

Maud Linden's Lovers (3 vols.): George W. Garrett. Tinsley Bros.

My Son, Give Me Thine Heart: Dr. Vaughan; A Memoir of M. Davenport Hill; Dress (Art at Home Series): Mrs. Oliphant. Macmillan.

Life and Letters of Sydney Dobell (2 vols.). Smith, Elder, and Co.

And a number of Christmas Books, Cards, Annuals, &c., from Messrs. Routledge, De La Rue, Marcus Ward and Co., H. Rothe, *Hand and Heart*, &c.

The Fairy Land of Science: Arabella B. Buckley. E. Stanford.

Legends of the Morrow: T. Gordon Hake. Chatto and Windus.

The Birket Foster Portfolio of Gems. Raphael Tuck.

A **GRAPHIC CLUB** has been established by the principal Viennese printers to afford members of the trade a meeting place where they can discuss and obtain information relative to the graphic arts, a library having also been formed containing journals and books on printing and the Arts. Lectures on inventions and improvements in printing and artistic subjects are to be delivered at intervals and the club already includes 200 members.

"**PROGRESS**" is the name of a new weekly Philadelphia journal, framed somewhat after our Society journals, and edited by Mr. John W. Forney, whose name is well known in England. On the front page it states that Progress is typified by the nine portraits depicted in the title:—"William Penn began the one century when he organised Philadelphia in 1682, and Benjamin Franklin opened the other when he finished his great career in 1790 in the same city. The seven others—Lincoln, the liberator; Grant, the soldier; Sumner, the statesman; Carey, the philosopher; McMichael, the journalist; Childs, the philanthropist; and Edison, the inventor, illustrate the successive stages of American progress in liberty, arms, government, and science, during the century closing with the Centennial of the National Constitution," September 17th, 1881.

THE DIFFERENCE IN FRENCH AND ENGLISH CHARACTERISTICS, particularly in their respective seaside resorts, is noted by a correspondent of the *American Architect*, who compares alike architecture and manners. "As the English people spend their leisure in walking, so the French spend their leisure in talking," says our Transatlantic observer, "consequently at English watering-places there are vast jetties running out into the sea, built expressly for 'constitutionals,' where day and evening both sexes tramp up and down. The French at all seasons like to sit in the open air and chat, and this accounts for their casinos, which at every watering-place are the centre of interest from the wide piazzas where they can sit." In their modern country buildings the French adopt a far more stereotyped style, thinks the critic, than the English. "The French have not so keen an appreciation of the picturesque as their neighbours. The latter as a nation have always been travellers and accustomed to sketch, and in all lands a sketcher is at once set down as an Englishman. Thus the people at large as well as the architects naturally seek and note picturesque 'bits,' while the theoretical education of the French leads to the study of elevations and plans in books rather than of the real buildings."

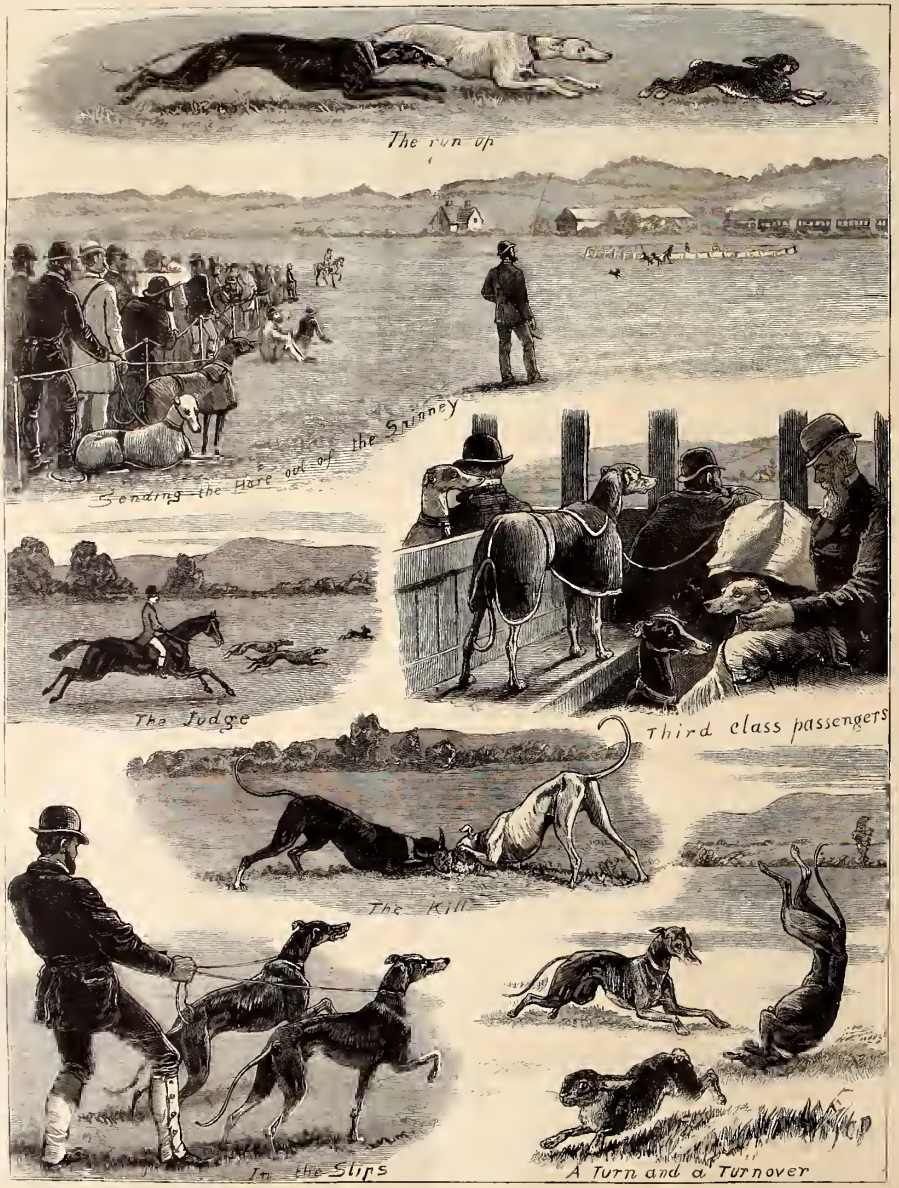
POPE LEO XIII. is a very hard worker, according to the *Italie*, and has so fatigued his secretary, Mgr. Bocali, that he has been obliged to take an assistant. His Holiness dictates sometimes for hours at a time, walking up and down the room, and even during his meals he likes a secretary to read aloud to him his private correspondence. The Pope also cares little for eating, at dinner he only takes one kind of meat, and his supper consists of one or two new-laid eggs. His solitary pleasure of the table used to be a certain wine called *asprino*, which he always drank at Perugia, and which he now to his great regret cannot obtain at the Vatican. *Asprino* is made from grapes cultivated on the mountain, and gathered before they are ripe, and His Holiness declares that it materially aided digestion. Leo XIII. loves solitude, and unlike Pius IX., who surrounded himself with Cardinals when he gave audiences, has only invited the Cardinals to form his Court on one occasion, when he received the Spanish pilgrims. Nor is the Pope over-gracious to his former friends, for after his accession, when his various acquaintances appeared at the Vatican in hopes of obtaining some favour or preferment, they were politely informed that he had nothing to give them.

SOME CURIOUS ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES, we learn from an interesting paper read before the Devonshire Association for the Advancement of Science, Literature, and Art by Mr. Edward Parfitt, and now published, have been recently made at Exeter during the excavation of some cellars for a firm of Exeter wine-merchants. These cellars were excavated under a courtyard and house attached to the Cathedral, and abutting on the ancient wall of the Close built in 1295. The first discovery was a Gothic doorway in excellent preservation, apparently a postern gate, and opening into a passage, which it is supposed led to the Cathedral. Beyond this gate were found eighteen human skeletons, heaped in all sorts of positions, and presumably Roman, from the quantity of Roman and Greek coins and pottery unearthed close by. As the Cathedral Close was used as a graveyard for 900 years it is supposed that these bodies occupied a burial ground, and the manner in which they were placed in the ground points to a period anterior to the time and mode of Christian sepulture. The earliest Roman coin found during the excavations bears the bust of Trajan, of the date A.D. 98—117, and the earliest Greek coin that of Septimius Severus, date A.D. 193—211, thus coinciding with the Roman occupation of Britain. The West of England, by the way, has been specially fertile in antiquarian treasures of late, for the excavations at Mudgeley, a hamlet near Wedmore in Somerset, which have been going on for some time under the direction of the son of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, have resulted in the discovery of the remains of an old building, declared to be the palace of our West Saxon Kings, and the scene of the festival of 1,000 years ago, when peace was signed with the Danes. The Palace is situated in a field called the Court Garden, and considered as the site of King Alfred's Palace by long tradition.

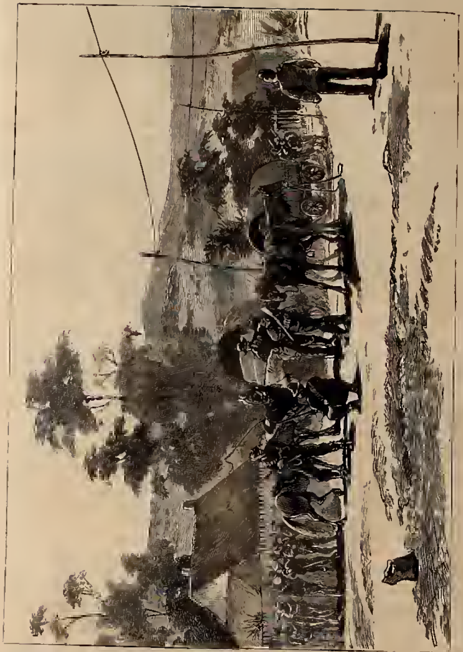
LEGAL

THE CHARGE AGAINST LADY GOOCH.——On Monday, at the Central Criminal Court, the Recorder, in charging the Grand Jury, explained that in order to prove "conspiracy" it was necessary that it should be established that all the parties should be acquainted with the criminal object that was intended to be carried out. He could not see that there was any evidence to support the charge of conspiracy against the second defendant. All she appeared to have done was to have made the false statement which Lady Gooch told her to make. The mere telling of a lie was not sufficient to make her responsible, and it therefore appeared to him that the charge of conspiracy would entirely fail. The Grand Jury appear to have taken this view of the the case, for on Tuesday they returned "No True Bill." The *Morning Advertiser*, on Wednesday, commented severely on the conduct of Sir Francis in preferring the charge, and in the course of the article made the curious statement that there was nothing criminal in what Lady Gooch had done.

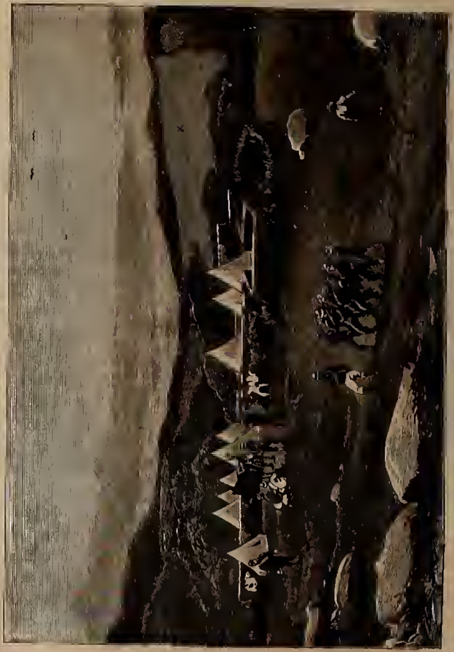
MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——The irrepressible Mrs. Weldon appeared again at Bow Street on Saturday, and stated to Mr. Vaughan that she had unwittingly rendered herself liable to twelve months' imprisonment by receiving into her house an escaped Chancery lunatic. Her object was to get the help of the press so that she might defy the Commissioners. Mr. Vaughan, however, declined to allow the time of the Court to be used for such a purpose, and the lady retired with the remark that she had perhaps better "try Mr. Flowers."—A Liverpool policeman, who was the other day summoned for non-payment of rates, urged that he ought not to be rated so heavily as other people, as in consequence of his occupation he was not allowed a vote. The magistrate declined to enter into the question thus raised, but ordered the rate to be paid.—Three Westminster milk-dealers have been fined for adulteration by Mr. Woolrych, who very sensibly declined to entertain the plea that the article was not sold "to the prejudice of the customer." His interpretation of the act coincides with that of Mr. Justice Lush and the majority of the metropolitan magistrates, though other London magistrates and a Scotch Court have taken the opposite view. Some amendment of the law is necessary to do away with the continuance of this absurd division of legal opinion, which practically makes that an offence in one street which is not so in the next.—Some extraordinary revelations have just been made in the Dublin Rolls Court. It seems that about three years ago a Mr. Vincent died intestate, leaving a widow and seven daughters. His fortune of 30,000*l*. consisted of freehold property and shares in various insurance companies, and letters of administration were granted to Mrs. Vincent, limiting her power to the receipt of dividends. She, however, mortgaged the shares and some of the freehold property, and after spending the proceeds became insolvent in March last, and a writ has now been issued on behalf of the children, charging her with breach of trust. The Master of the Rolls said that he never heard such a career in the whole course of his life; the wildest thing that fiction ever portrayed was nothing to it. "It was deplorable that a splendid fortune which a man had accumulated in the course of a long life should thus be scattered to the winds. Full statements of the accounts must be filed, and every one of the securities must be traced."—The judge of the Brighton County Court has decided that, in the absence of express stipulation at the time of engagement, a cook cannot be compelled to attend family prayers.—The alleged wife of Peace, the burglar, is still under remand. She states that her marriage certificate has been burnt,



A DAY'S COURSING ON THE DOWNS AT PLUMPTON



ARRIVAL OF HOTTENTOT MILITIA AT KING WILLIAM'S TOWN



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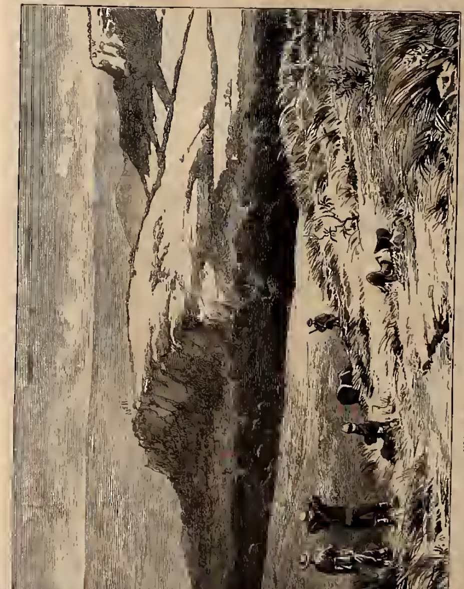
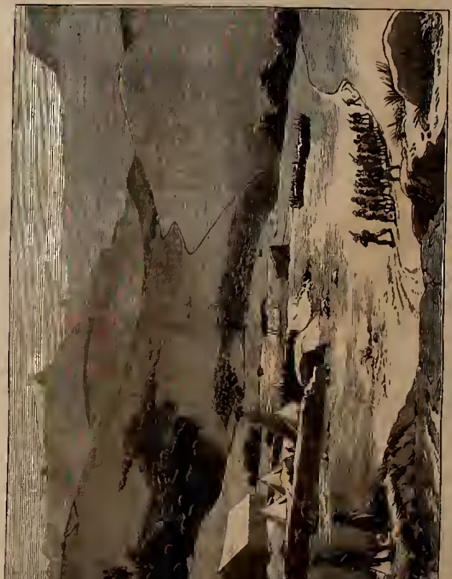


VIEW OF THE PERI AND M'NAUGHTEN'S KRANTZ



"BAILLIE'S GRAVE" AND THE "HOG'S BACK"

SKETCHES FROM SOUTH AFRICA—BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST and unless she can prove that she is really his wife the plea set up on her behalf must of course fail.—A dreadful murder has been committed near Sandwich, in Kent, the victim being a young farmer named Gillow, who had recently introduced steam-ploughing upon his land. The engine had been more than once tampered with by some malcontent labourers, and on Wednesday night, last week, Mr. Gillow had gone out to watch for the miteners, who are supposed to have set upon and murdered him. His body was found next morning covered with wounds and blood, and the coroner's inquest resulted in a verdict of wilful murder against some unknown persons. A man named Gambrell, employed upon the farm, was subsequently arrested, and while in custody made a desperate attempt to commit suicide by cutting his throat, and tearing open the wound after it had been stopped up. He now lies in a critical condition, closely watched, and some days must elapse before he can be brought before a magistrate.—A man named Trittner is in custody at Mile End for attempting to murder his wife, whom he attacked with a chopper, inflicting no fewer than seventeen wounds. He had been previously summoned for assaulting her, but the hearing was adjourned in the hope that the quarrel might be amicably settled.—On Friday last, a prisoner was killed while attempting to escape from Lewes Gaol. He had broken through the ceiling of his cell, and endeavoured to descend from the roof, a distance of 55 feet, by means of a rope of plaited "sennel," 31 feet in length. Much surprise was expressed by some of the jurymen that the prisoners should be allowed to have such a quantity of material in their cells, but the coroner stopped the questioning on the subject as irrelevant, though, he said, it would not have been so had the deceased used the means to commit suicide instead of to escape. One of the jury, however, persisted for some time in his endeavour to get a rider attached to the verdict, recommending the Home Secretary to alter the prison rules, but he was ultimately overruled, and the return made was simply "Accidental Death."—Sentence of twenty years' penal servitude has been passed on the man Wyness for shooting at Mr. Jefferies. He pleaded drunkenness, denied having any murderous intention, and said that the prosecutor's wife was always following him about, but this statement was denied by Mrs. Jefferies, who said that, so far from giving him any encouragement, she had entertained a perfect horror of him ever since the death of her first husband, for shooting whom the prisoner was tried and acquitted about two years ago.

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Government acted only on the dictates of common prudence in taking the precautions to which effect is now being given. There is some reason to hope that the brief Session will have an excellent effect on the progress of events in the East. A narrow majority might have misled the Russians by allowing them to fancy that a change would pass over the national temper. They can have no doubt now that Great Britain will pursue the policy on which she has entered with as much resolution as has ever been displayed in a great crisis.

MEAT-SELLERS AND MEAT-BUYERS.——"The price of meat," like the difficulty of getting good servants, is one of those perennial topics which are almost always "on tap" in the domestic circles of the middle classes, and are often also gravely discussed in the newspapers. As in all such cases, there is a great deal to be said on both sides. What with customers who demand long credits, and often fail to pay altogether; what with muggy weather which, even in these days of cheap ice, is still a formidable foe to the dealer; and lastly, what with dishonest assistants who too often, judging from some recent criminal reports, dispose of their masters' joints on their own account, the butcher is probably by no means always such a happy and prosperous being as the customer is wont to depict him. But the other day we came across some statistics issued by the authorities of the Metropolitan Cattle Market, showing the prices realised by beasts at the Christmas Markets since 1841, and these figures certainly indicate that, from some cause or another, there is a far wider margin now than there used to be between the wholesale and the retail price of beef. In 1841 the price (per 8 stone, sinking the offal) varied from 3*s.* 8*d.* to 5*s.* In 1851 and 1852 it reached its lowest point, 2*s.* 8*d.* to 4*s.* 2*d.* (perhaps those were very mild Christmases). In 1859 5*s.* 6*d.* is still the top price, nor is 6*s.* reached till 1869. 1873 is the dearest year recorded. Perhaps the beasts were all of prime quality, for the figures only vary from 5*s.* 6*d.* to 6*s.* 8*d.* Since then, between 1874 and 1878, the lowest price has been 4*s.* 6*d.*, while the top-rates have oscillated between 6*s.* and 6*s.* 10*d.*, which latter, in 1874, is the maximum price reached. Now, judging from this table alone, which we should suppose is a fair index of the movements of the wholesale meat trade, there seems but small warrant for the very large advance of retail prices which has occurred since 1841, and we should like to see some explanation of the phenomenon.

WHO IS TO PAY?——The Government have not added to their popularity by the manner in which they have dealt with the question as to the payment of the Afghan War. They have undertaken that some portion of the burden shall be borne by England, but they apparently did so unwillingly, and the terms of their resolution seemed to imply that the whole was to be fastened on India. The expression of opinion from all sides of the House was so strong that it is to be hoped the Ministry will now altogether change their original plan. It is true that England can ill afford increased expenditure, and it will not be pleasant for the Cabinet to face the ill-will of the taxpayer. But the duty of the nation appears to be quite clear. It is surprising that an attempt should have been made to describe the war as a matter concerning India alone. We always understood that the main contention of the Government was that it did not merely relate to India, but was an episode in an Imperial policy. Of course if we go far enough back, everything we do in the East has a relation to our great dependency; but then we are not, it must be remembered, acting solely in the interests of the native population; we are also striving for the maintenance of the national greatness. It so happens that India is at this time rather better off than usual; but if she were much less poor than she is, the principle would remain the same. Besides, the improvement in her finances is slight and accidental; fresh taxation would press heavily on the humblest classes, and tend to excite a doubt in their minds whether, after all, it was so great a benefit to secure the North-West frontier. Of course it is not suggested that India should make a profit out of the war. All the expenses she would have to meet under ordinary circumstances she should meet still; but every rupee that goes beyond these ought to come from England.

EXPRESS LETTER SERVICE.——It seems to us that the Huddersfield Chamber of Commerce are like the Dutch in Canning's famous rhyming despatch. They are "asking too much" when they propose that upon the arrival of a letter bearing "a threepenny express stamp" at any town or village, it shall be immediately despatched by special messenger to the addressee. In large towns, where deliveries are frequent and houses are close together, the system is already practically at work for the sum of one penny; but when we remember the scattered character of rural populations, it is really too much to ask that, for a fee of twopence extra, every village postmaster should keep a messenger handy to tramp off a distance of several miles. Far more practical than this would be, as a correspondent suggests, to lower the shilling telegram to sixpence. Not that we feel particularly in favour of this reduction. The classes who chiefly use telegrams can well afford to pay the shilling, and twenty words, with the addresses taken gratis, is a very liberal allowance. Such so-called reforms as these are very apt to ease the pockets of a well-to-do class at the expense of the public.

NATIONAL DISTRESS.——There is no doubt that we are in the midst of a time of national distress such as this generation has hardly seen. In London it is not felt so much as in the provinces; but from all the great centres of manufacture we hear the same story—trade almost at a standstill, capitalists withdrawing from business, workmen thrown out of employment. It is a somewhat novel feature of the crisis that the sufferers seem to look more than has ever before been done to the authorities for help. In Edinburgh, for instance, a number of workmen seem to have demanded, and to have obtained, work as a kind of undefined right; and elsewhere the same spirit is daily manifested. The temptation to give way to such demands is very great, but we question whether it ought not to be resisted. Let any class of the community fall into the habit of trusting to the Government or to the local magistrates, and not only must the spirit of independence be undermined, but we shall sow the seeds of serious future trouble. Socialism is a dangerous power in Germany and other countries mainly because there is a popular notion that the Government can do anything, and that it does not make everybody rich simply because it will not. On the other hand, it is to be hoped that private charity will do all that can be done to relieve the sufferers. At the present season vast sums of money are spent in gifts. Might not ths expenditure be limited, and the amount saved devoted to the poor? The sympathies of children are quick and generous, and it would not be from them that any objection to this plan would come.

NOTICE.——*With this Number is issued a Special* TWO-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, *containing a* PORTRAIT *of the late* PRINCESS ALICE, *Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, and a* PORTRAIT GROUP *of the* GRAND DUCAL FAMILY.

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AMUSEMENTS

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.—Under the Management of Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—On BOXING-NIGHT, Thursday next, Dec. 26, will be produced the New Grand Christmas Pantomime entitled JACK AND THE BEANSTALK; or, Harlequin the Seven Champions as We've Christened'em. Written by Frank W. Green. New and Magnificent Scenery by Julian Hicks and Assistants. First Morning Performance Saturday, Dec. 28; Second, Monday, Dec. 30; Third, Wednesday, Jan. 1; Fourth, Saturday, Jan. 4; and every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday until further notice, commencing each day at Two. Children under twelve half-price to morning performances on payment at the doors only. The only authorised Box-office open from 10.0 to 5.0 under the portico of the Theatre, under the direction of Mr. E. Hall. No fees. Prices of Admission: Private Boxes from £4 4s. to 10s. 6d.; stalls, 7s.; dress circle, 5s.; upper boxes, 4s.; amphitheatre stalls (reserved), 3s.; unreserved, 2s.; pit, 2s., and gallery, 1s.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—THE TWO ORPHANS Every Evening at 7.30. MORNING PERFORMANCE of A REPUBLICAN MARRIAGE Saturday Next, at 2 o'clock. Box-office open daily from 11 to 5. No Booking Fees.

MYERS' GREAT HIPPODROME AND CIRCUS, the Most Gigantic Establishment in the World, from Paris and the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, will open at the Agricultural Hall on BOXING DAY, Dec. 26. See future advertisements.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Closed Monday and Tuesday, Re-open Boxing Day, with A TREMENDOUS MYSTERY, by F. C. Burnand. First Time of A TRIP TO CAIRO, by Mr. Corney Grain, concluding with ENCHANTMENT, a Musical Fairy Tale by Arthur Law.—Twice on Thursday and Friday, at 3 and 8. Saturday, at 3 only. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place.

THE CANTERBURY THEATRE of VARIETIES.—TRAFALGAR, EVERY EVENING at 9.45. *Punch* says:—"Must be as great a success for the Canterbury as the battle itself was for England." Miss Nelly Power, Arthur Lloyd, Fred Wilson, and VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT at 8.0.

HAMILTON'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, HOLBORN. Increased Attractions for the Holidays.—HAMILTON'S EXCURSIONS and PANSTEREORAMA of PASSING EVENTS, with Superb Scenes of Cyprus and the Kyber Pass. Patriotic and Character Songs, Champion Skaters, &c. The most varied entertainment in London. Every Evening at 8; this Saturday, Monday, and Daily during the Holidays, 3 and 8. Admission, 6d. to 3s. Bonnets allowed in stalls and Boxes. No fees for booking Seats. Carriages at 10.30.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—The TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES by British and Foreign Artists, including 40 Sketches and Studies from Nature, by B. W. Leader, is NOW OPEN. Admission, 1s.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—DE NEUVILLE'S Grand Work, LE BOURGET, Oct. 30, 1870, at the Twenty-sixth Annual Exhibition of Pictures by British and Foreign Artists. See *The Times*, No. 5.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAY FESTIVAL, 1878-79.
THE WORLD-FAMED
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS
will inaugurate their
FOURTEENTH ANNUAL SERIES OF CHRISTMAS
AND NEW YEAR'S PERFORMANCES
at the
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On BOXING-DAY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26,
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DAY PERFORMANCE AT TWO O'CLOCK,
And another in the
EVENING AT SEVEN.
AFTER BOXING-DAY
Performances will be given
EVERY AFTERNOON at 3,
EVERY NIGHT AT 8,
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After which date they will be resumed in their regular order.

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NEW and BRILLIANT GAS ILLUMINATION,
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MOST SUPERB SALLE DE CONCERT IN EUROPE.

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND BEAUTIFUL PROSCENIUM
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Has been painted by that eminent Artist,
RICHARD DOUGLASS.
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BUT ON BOXING-DAY BOTH PERFORMANCES
WILL COMMENCE ONE HOUR EARLIER,
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Gallery, 53, Pall Mall. H. F. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

ELIJAH WALTON.—Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings, ISLE OF WIGHT, ALPINE and EASTERN, ON VIEW and for SALE at very moderate prices, at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191, Piccadilly. Ten till Dusk. Admission, with Catalogue, 1s.

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Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.
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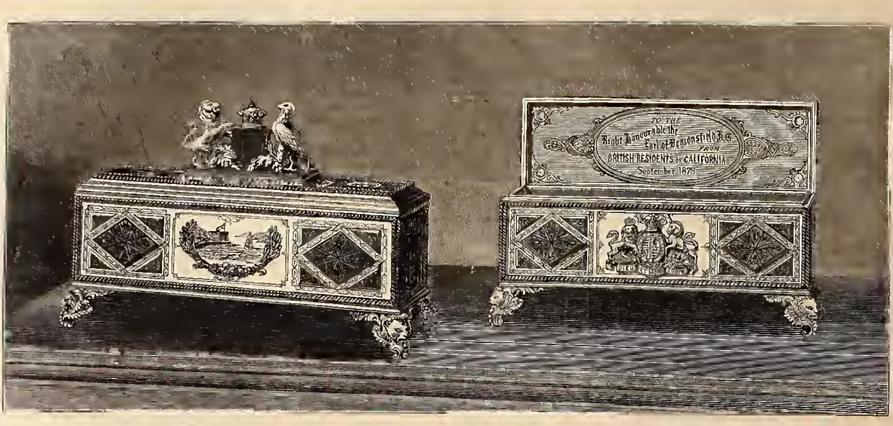
OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

CALIFORNIAN TESTIMONIAL TO LORD BEACONSFIELD

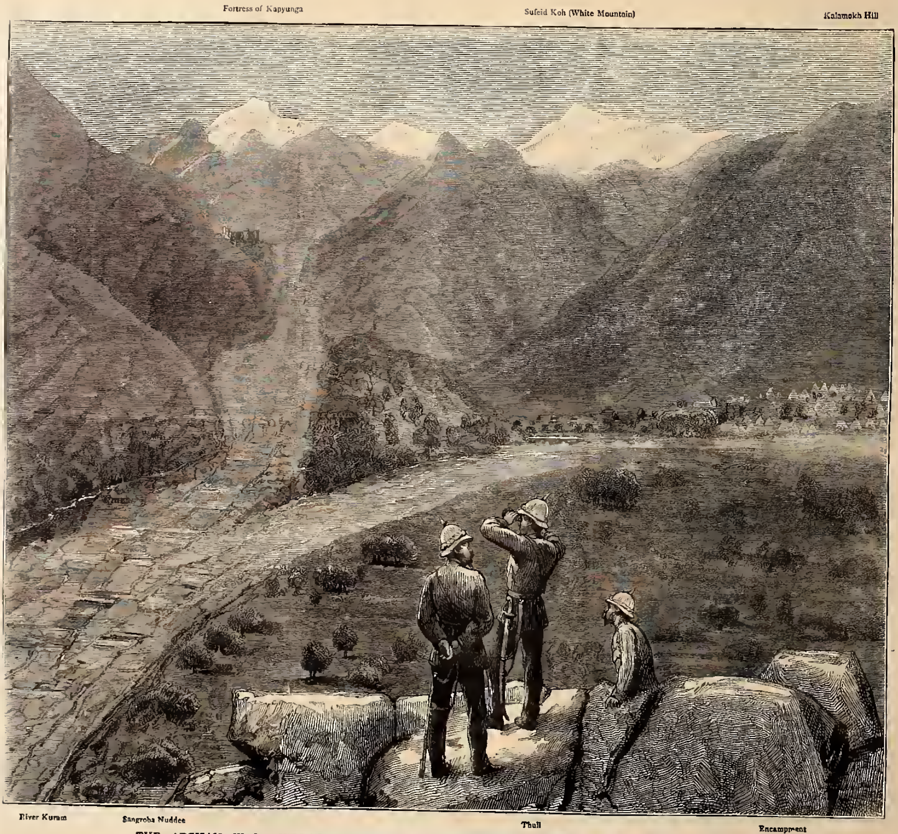
THIS casket has been subscribed for by a number of British residents in California, and contains an address expressive of their high appreciation of "the brilliant statesmanship which the Earl of Beaconsfield evinced during the late European crisis, and the interest and pride with which they have watched the successive triumphs which his genius has won for their beloved country." It was brought over to this country by Mr. W. G. Harrison, who, accompanied by several members of Parliament on Saturday last, went to Downing Street for the purpose of making the presentation to the Premier. The receipt of the sad news of the death of Princess Alice had, however, reached his lordship that morning, and he therefore wrote a letter asking the deputation on that account to defer their meeting, a request which was of course readily complied with, several of the deputation expressing their deep sympathy with Her Majesty in her bereavement. The deputation again attended at Downing Street, by appointment, on Thursday, when the presentation was made, and Lord Beaconsfield expressed his thanks in a gracefully worded speech. The casket, which is the work of Messrs. Anderson and Randolph, of San Francisco, is made entirely of Californian materials. The body is of silver, and the ornamentation of gold and polished gold quartz. One side bears the Royal arms in mosaic relief, and the other presents a view of the harbour of San Francisco, while at one end is represented in relief an English soldier and a Goorkha, and at the other a British sailor and a Sepoy, with the mottoes "Defence, not Defiance," and "Ready, Aye, Ready." On the lid are the arms and supporters of Lord Beaconsfield, done in gold, with mosaic panels, composed of cut and polished plates of gold and silver ores, and stones found on the Pacific coast. The address which the casket contains was engrossed and illuminated in London, the Californians not being very skilful in those arts, and the the whole is enclosed in a handsome case of Californian maple.

CHRISTMAS IN BARRACKS

"MERRY CHRISTMAS" has once more come round to us, and everywhere in Great and Greater Britain the good old English fare, Roast Beef and Plum Pudding, is placed upon the board. In all circles of society, in mansion, cottage, palace, and poor house, the season is one of feasting and rejoicing, and in barracks it is certainly not less so than elsewhere. Your soldier can never be an ascetic. The regularity of his ordinary regimen, and his constant physical exercise generate a buoyancy of spirits which make him ever ready to take part in frolic and festivity, and it is doubtful whether any other class of persons (young children, of course, excepted) so thoroughly appreciate the enjoyments of Christmas as do our brave defenders in the Army and Navy. Our sketch needs little explanation. The scene is a barrack room, the uncut pudding is smoking on the board, and



CASKET PRESENTED TO THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD BY THE BRITISH RESIDENTS IN CALIFORNIA



THE AFGHAN WAR—VILLAGE OF THULL AND ENCAMPMENT OF THE KURAM FIELD FORCE

MILITARY SKETCHES—CHRISTMAS IN BARRACKS

the captain of the company, who has doubtless contributed to the creature comforts of his men, has just stepped in to exchange with them the compliments of the season.

THE LATE MR. G. H. LEWES
AND
SKETCHES IN LADAKH

See page 624.

"UNDER ONE ROOF"

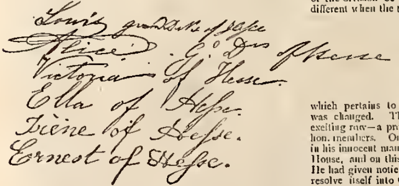
Mr. James Payn's New Story is continued on page 625.

SERVANTS OF THE WRONG SORT

The alleged misconduct of servants forms a frequent staple of conversation among their mistresses, and there can be little doubt that thoroughly good servants are more difficult to obtain than they were a generation or two ago. Some of the reasons for this dearth of capable servants are not difficult to discover. Discipline, whether as between parents and children, or as between employers and employed, is less sternly enforced than it used to be, and hence revolt, or at all events disobedience, has become more frequent. But the chief reason for the change is that servants are far less at the mercy of their employers than they were in the old days. Then locomotion was difficult and costly, and there were few other openings for female employment, so that if a girl left her mistress without a character she ran considerable risk of having to choose between starvation and the workhouse. Nowadays, there are all kinds of employments for which women are fitted, and which act as formidable rivals to domestic service; it is easy and cheap to travel from one part of the country to another; and the colonies are never overstocked with domestic female servants, but are, on the contrary, glad to bring them out free of expense. If masters and mistresses were to ponder over these inevitable changes, and were to alter their behaviour accordingly, there would be fewer servants of the type depicted by our artist, which at the same time it would be unfair to regard as fair average specimens of the modern British handmaiden. Bad people always make more noise in the world than good people, and while we hear of the troublesome and inefficient hundreds, little is said of the unobtrusive thousands who, although with many short-comings, are really trying to do their duty towards those who feed and pay them.—Our sketches are self-explanatory.

THE LATE PRINCESS ALICE

A special article on the death of this lamented lady will be found on page 618.



Louis grandDuke of Hesse
Alice G. D.ss of Hesse
Victoria of Hesse
Ella of Hesse.
Irène of Hesse.
Ernest of Hesse.

FAC-SIMILES OF THE SIGNATURES OF THE GRAND DUCAL FAMILY OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.

IN THE ARENA

This is an allegorical picture which we shall leave our readers to interpret for themselves according to their political predilections. The leading *dramatis personæ*—England, the Lion; India, the Tiger; and Russia, the Bear—are obvious to every one. Whether the prostrate animal in the foreground represents the Ameer, we are not so sure; for that potentate, at the present stage of the war, can scarcely be regarded as prostrate. The jackals or foxes by whom the Bear is surrounded may be generally typical of Panslavism, or may represent the small nations which are likely to follow the lead of the Czar.

THE EAST LONDON HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN

See page 635.

THE T'KINT-FORTAMPS TRIAL IN BELGIUM

This trial, which for a whole month has absorbed public attention in Brussels, will always be reckoned amongst the most gigantic and extraordinary cases of fraud ever perpetrated. Twenty years ago a clever youth, T'Kint de Roodenbecke, was engaged as a supernumerary clerk in the Bank of Belgium. His extreme cleverness and good address quickly made him a general favourite with his employers, and he was ultimately entrusted, at a yearly salary of 160*l.*, with the care of the securities deposited in the bank for safety by its customers. Although not actually entrusted with the key of the safe, he was able to obtain whatever securities he wished by asking the secretary for them, and was trusted to the fullest extent, as he was the especial friend of the Governor of the Bank, M. Fortamps, who, indeed, appears usually to have conveyed all his orders to the officials through T'Kint, so that at last T'Kint's commands were looked upon as obligatory as those of the Governor. In the mean time T'Kint was abstracting securities of large value, and gambling with them to an enormous extent on the Bourse, while he lived in the most extravagant style, keeping a town and country house, a splendid picture gallery, a box at the Monnaie, a racing stable, and all the extravagances of a profligate man about town. Although some wonder appears to have been excited that a clerk on 160*l.* a year should be able to do all this, it was accounted for by the fact that he was said to possess private property, M. Fortamps even stating him to be worth 160,000*l.*

One day, however, M. Bischoffheim, the well-known financier, noticed that certain securities which he had withdrawn from the bank did not bear the same numbers as those which he had deposited, and complained accordingly, but was met by T'Kint with the bold assurance that he had confounded that gentleman's securities with his own, and the excuse was duly accepted. A short time afterwards there was a general examination into all the securities by one of the directors, who, however, was successfully hoodwinked by T'Kint, and gave a certificate that all the securities, save five, were in proper order.

From that time, however, ugly suspicions began to be whispered about, notwithstanding that M. Fortamps still reposed entire trust in his favourite, who accordingly pillaged the bank more ruthlessly than ever. At last, however, an official investigation was ordered into the whole question, and T'Kint fled to Paris, writing a most penitent letter to the manager, confessing fraud, but stating that he had gone to Paris to find means of restitution. He then went to London, thence to Liverpool, where he embarked for the United States, being arrested, however, at Queenstown in March, 1876. Two years and a-half have been occupied in an investigation into the case, and on the 4th ult. T'Kint was brought to trial, M. Fortamps being placed by his side, not accused of complicity, it is true, but of having permitted illegal returns of the shares to be issued.

The trial lasted a whole month, during which it transpired that T'Kint had defrauded the bank of 800,000*l.*, and had utilised the greater part of this money in transacting business with no fewer than twenty-five brokers, one of whom had bought and sold securities for him in five years for nearly two millions sterling, and another to the extent of 400,000*l.*—the commission of one of these gentlemen amounting to 80,000*l.* The trial excited the most intense interest, and the Court was crowded each day. In the end no fewer than 594 questions were put to the jury, who found T'Kint guilty of 149 charges of fraud, and for these he was sentenced to fifteen years' solitary imprisonment. M. Fortamps was also found guilty, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a fine of 240*l.*

Note.——In our issue of Nov. 16th, we gave the *fac-simile* of a document signed by the British Prisoners at Cabul, 11th March, 1842. One of these signatures is interpreted in the explanatory letter-press as that of "J. Waller, probably the eldest child of Lieut. Waller" (another of the captives). This is an error. The signature in question is that of Mr. T. J. Fallon, who is still living, and who at that time was attached to the Commissariat of Shah Shooja's Force, and was afterwards Deputy Commissioner in British Burmah. Mr. Fallon also informs us that Mrs. Mainwaring, another of the prisoners, was the wife of Captain Mainwaring, who, fortunately for himself, was at the time with General Sale's force at Jellalabad.

PARLIAMENT

The House of Commons assembled on Monday inspired with fresh vigour. It had sorely languished throughout the previous week, when the debate on Mr. Whitbread's amendment to the Address dragged its slow length along. The arguments were familiar, the illustrations stale, and the conclusion foregone. The House can withstand monotony and a long debate if the issue of the division be in any measure doubtful. But the case is different when the thing is settled beforehand, and the estimated majority can differ only in a matter of ten per cent. Begun on a Monday, a debate of of this class grows exceedingly stale by Thursday. Last week we had, hour after hour and night after night, speeches from one to three hours in length, the subject India, and the orators for the most part possessing just the measure of attraction which pertains to authority on India. On Monday all this was changed. There was a reasonable anticipation of an exciting row—a prospect which has an irresistible attraction for hon. members. On the previous Friday Sir Stafford Northcote, in his innocent manner, had cast a bombshell on the floor of the House, and on this Monday night it was expected to explode. He had given notice of his intention to move that the House resolve itself into Committee of Supply in order to consider a vote in aid of the sufferers in the Rhodope district. The Opposition was at first alarmed, and then elated; the Ministerialists commenced by being dumbfoundered, and finished by being rebellious. There was to be a general attack from the Opposition, whilst at the same time anarchy was to reign in the Conservative camp, and, attacked in rear and front, Her Majesty's Ministers were expected to see their long triumph varied by an ignominious defeat.

But before this business could be approached a solemn duty was to be performed. The Princess Alice was dead, and the House of Commons, in this case the unquestioned exponent of the national sentiment, was in profound mourning. Many of the Ministers, notably Lord Barrington, indicated their grief by wearing actual mourning. Plain Sir Stafford Northcote did not follow the example of his courtier-colleague; but that he was profoundly troubled by the calamity that had bereaved the Queen was unquestionable. Being really sincere, his words, simple and appropriate, went straight to the heart of the crowded House, and a low murmur of sympathy marked the cadence of his sentences. According to the graceful custom of English politics, the leader of the Opposition seconded the Address of Condolence, and was not less felicitous in his speech and manner than the Chancellor of the Exchequer. A contrast to this method of dealing with the subject was supplied on the following night in the House of Lords. Their Lordships had adjourned from the previous Tuesday, when they settled off-hand the question of the Afghan policy, and met again on Tuesday for the purpose of formally adjourning. Here Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Granville performed the task elsewhere accomplished by Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Hartington. It would not be kind to say that the Premier rather overdid his part, whether in the densely funereal garb in which he presented himself, in his elaborately mournful manner, or in the high strain of his allusions to the dead lady and the august family that mourned her. However that be, it may be recorded, as a personal impression, that Lord Beaconsfield's oration had not about it the ring of unaffected and manly sympathy, which Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Hartington and, in less degree, Earl Granville succeeded in imparting to their speeches.

When the duty of condolence was over in the House of Commons the whole bearing of the place changed. Heads which had been bared whilst in the presence of Death were now covered. Shoulders were squared, and with fierce delight the House plunged into the fray. The signal for battle was not long in coming. Rising again as soon as the Address had been agreed to, Sir Stafford Northcote, in changed tone and manner, alluded to the business of the evening, and announced that since the proposed grant in aid of the Rhodope sufferers had not been received with special favour it was not intended to proceed further with it. Here was a disappointment for Her Majesty's Opposition. It was like passing a tempting bone across the jaws of a hungry dog, and then replacing it under lock and key. So near the opportunity had been and now so far. But hon. members were determined not to be altogether disappointed, and Lord Hartington, with quite unaccustomed promptness, led the way in an attack upon the Ministerial columns, now in full retreat. If the original proposal had been extraordinary the present announcement was, Lord Hartington said, amid loud Opposition cheers, "still more extraordinary." The House could not tell where it was or where it might be, and his lordship thought it would be desirable that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should at least say whether the proposal was definitely abandoned or only temporarily withdrawn. To the Leader of the Opposition succeeded Mr. Anderson and Mr. Serjeant Simon, and then came Sir William Harcourt, seizing an opportunity, of late years rare in its occurrence, of chaffing a strong Ministry and an overwhelming majority. Sir William is seen at his best on an occasion like this. Nothing could be better than his barbed jokes and light raillery. The Opposition roared with laughter, whilst the Ministerialists sat silent and sullen, Sir Stafford Northcote literally bowing his head before the storm of chaff which flew about him.

Member succeeded member from the Opposition benches, till at length, in reply to a taunt at the unusual silence which Ministerialists, ordinarily so apt at speech, now maintained, Sir Robert Peel presented himself. The right. hon. baronet had nothing to say in defence of his friends, and was not able to do more than to suggest that the Opposition were making a little too much of the matter, and that, on the whole, it would be well for the House to proceed to business. This suggestion was received with roars of laughter and ironical cheers, amid which Mr. Gladstone rose. The right hon. gentleman had long resisted the temptation to speak. He had moved several times, and had as often drawn back. But now he could remain dumb no longer, and taking a serious view of the subject he pointed out how the Government were imperilling the credit of the country by thus lightly undertaking a work of charity, and then precipitately withdrawing. The episode was brought to a conclusion by the Chancellor of the Exchequer giving a formal pledge that nothing more should be heard of the proposal, and the subject dropped, the Liberals having spent the pleasantest hour they have enjoyed since they first sat on the left hand of the Speaker.

After this the real business commenced, and as might have been expected proved far less attractive than the sport. Mr. Stanhope moved a resolution the effect of which would be to charge the cost of the Afghan War upon India. Mr. Fawcett moved an amendment condemning this as unjust, and on these lines there ensued a debate which lasted up to midnight. It had been expected that the House would adjourn on Monday, but this intention was frustrated by a familiar Parliamentary phenomenon. In view of the debate of last week many members had prepared speeches for the delivery of which no opportunity presented itself. This new motion on a cognate subject gave the off-chance, and so the speaker (at least) was fain to sit and listen by the hour to speeches from Anglo-Indians like Mr. Smollett, Sir George Campbell, and Sir George Balfour. But all things have an end, and the great Indian Debates of the memorable Winter Session of 1878 closed half-an-hour after midnight on Tuesday, and the House adjourned till the 13th of February.

HOME.

Political Affairs.——The Council of India have voted by a majority of one for an increase in the native army of India; and a Parliamentary paper, issued on Saturday, contains the "opinions" of five of the members in explanation of their votes in its favour. Sir Erskine Perry argues that the war is inexpedient, and that it is unjust that any part of its cost should be thrown on the revenues of a poor country like India; but he has voted in the affirmative because he sees that no time should be lost in providing for a necessity growing out of actual war. Sir Barrow Ellis says that the war is the outcome of events in Europe, and trusts that its locale will not be made the excuse for placing a new burden upon India; Sir R. Montgomery says the war is for Imperial purposes beyond the boundaries of India, and any permanent addition to the civil, military, political, or administrative charges of India, arising out of it, ought to be shared by the Imperial Government; Mr. R. A. Dalyell considers the war in some respects Imperial, and thinks it only just that a considerable portion of the burden should be transferred to the finances of Great Britain; and Sir W. Muir holds that, now the war has commenced, there should be no hesitation in supporting the Indian Government in all measures for its successful prosecution; but the British nation is, he thinks, responsible for its cost.—Mr. Gladstone is to receive a birthday present on the 29th inst., in the shape of a solid silver axe, subscribed for by a number of his political admirers.—The Liberals of Manchester have sent a requisition to Mr. Gladstone, asking him to become a candidate for that borough. He has, however, consented to contest the county of Edinburgh, and it has been suggested that, as a tribute of respect and honour, he should be elected by a number of constituencies, and that it should be left to himself to choose for which he should take his seat in the new Parliament.—The Irish Home Rule Party are more disunited than ever. Lord Robert Montagu, M.P., has withdrawn from the Home Rule League, on the ground that the course taken by the party in Parliament during the last three Sessions has been injurious to the movement.—The Liberals have secured a victory at Bristol by the return of Mr. Fry, who polled 9,342 against Sir Ivor Guest's 7,795, while in the little borough of New Ross the Conservatives have triumphed, Colonel Tottenham being returned by 96 votes against 90 secured by Mr. Delany, the Home Rule candidate. After the poll closed on Tuesday, there was serious rioting and fighting in the streets; the Riot Act was read, and the police, charging the mob with fixed bayonets, wounded several persons. Stones and sticks were freely used, and one constable had his skull badly fractured.

Miscellaneous.——The death of the Princess Alice, particulars of which are given in another column, has spread an universal gloom over the country, and expressions of sincere sympathy and condolence have been sent to the Queen from the local authorities and residents of most of the chief cities and towns throughout the kingdom. On Sunday last the mournful event was alluded to in touching language by many preachers, both Church of England and Nonconformist, in London and the provinces; and on Wednesday, the day of the funeral, there was every indication of general mourning. Shops were half-closed, blinds drawn at private houses, and muffled peals rung on the church bells. In St. James's Park, and at the various garrison towns, minute guns were fired, as also from the ships of the Fleet at the various naval stations, while at all ports the shipping displayed flags at half-mast.—The electric light is now in use on the Thames Embankment and the Holborn Viaduct, the Jablochkoff candle being employed at both places. The experiment is a decided success as far as illuminating power is concerned, but the question of its cost as compared with gas has yet to be determined.—During the early part of the week a sharp and continuous frost prevailed, the weather being especially severe in Scotland and the North of England. Skaters and sliders have been actively engaged in London and elsewhere, and in Scotland the favourite national pastime of curling has been indulged in. Thousands of people have daily congregated on the waters in the Parks of London, and many unlucky wights have come to grief in consequence of the ice giving way. On Wednesday, in London, the weather began to break, and the ice was so wet that it required constant sweeping to preserve a good surface, and on Thursday a decided thaw set in. The Royal Humane Society have done good service, and it is rather surprising, considering the valuable nature of their work, that, on Saturday, when the parks were thronged, the total collection made by twelve of their men, who were supplied with boxes, amounted only to *twopence-halfpenny*. Whether this is to be attributed to the existing commercial depression we cannot say. One or two severe falls are reported, resulting in fractured limbs.—Another serious landslip has occurred at Devonport, by which the construction of the new dock will be greatly delayed, and its cost much increased. A mass of stone, 250 ft. long, 12 ft. wide, and 30 ft. deep, has shifted, carrying with it many thousand pounds' worth of stock, whilst another fissure has opened in the main road of the dock-yard 30 ft. distant from the excavation. The water mains were carried away, and many hundred tons of water flowed into the works.—On Tuesday, the President of the Local Government Board received a deputation of Cheshire landowners, who complained that the working of the salt mines in that district was causing an alarming subsidence of land, in consequence of which roads and bridges have sunk, and several houses have fallen. The President declined to promise any special legislation, but said that the Government had already recognised the peculiarity of the district by sanitary bye-laws, and he could not see why further inquiries should not be made.—Her Majesty's recent built steel corvette *Cleopatra* on Wednesday got into collision with a Dublin steamer while coming down the Clyde. Both vessels were damaged.—Reports as to the dulness of trade and the distressed condition of the working-classes continue to come from all parts of the country. Relief funds have been established by the local authorities and clergy of various denominations, and food, fuel, and clothing supplied to many thousand sufferers, but the funds collected are scarcely adequate to meet the necessities of the poor, and the evil is daily and hourly increasing. At this season of the year let it not be forgotten that charity is one of the chiefest of Christian virtues.—Sir John Bennett, in a letter to a contemporary, recalls attention to the necessity of continuous footboards on railway carriages, through the absence of which he the other day slipped between the platform and the train at the Temple Station, and but for the prompt assistance of some friends would probably have been killed or fearfully maimed.—Mr. Carlyle, on Saturday, completed his eighty-third year, and the London St. Andrew's Society have sent him a letter of congratulation upon the occasion.—The anniversary of closing the gates of Derry was on Wednesday celebrated as usual by the town apprentices.

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THE AFGHAN WAR

THE chief interest of the week has again centred upon General Roberts' column, who advanced with a reconnoitring party, on the 9th inst., to the heights of the Shutar-gardan Pass, which he reached unopposed, only finding some gun-carriages and limber which had been left by the retreating enemy. The road thither appears to have been better than had been expected, and the position less defensible. Having explored the Pass, General Roberts returned to Ali-Khel, and on the 12th broke up his camp and began the return journey to Kuram, where he intends to spend the winter. While on the way he was warned that an attack upon his force was projected by the Mangals, who, however, confined their operations to a descent upon a baggage convoy in the Saperi Pass. The Goorkhas, however, made a brave stand, and, being quickly reinforced by detachments of the 72nd Highlanders and the 23rd Pioneers, drove back the enemy, three Goorkhas being killed, and Captain Goad of the transport and Captain Powell, 5th Goorkhas, and thirteen men wounded. General Roberts has demanded prompt reparation, and, should this be refused, he will take summary vengeance upon the offenders. The other tribes, including the Ghilzais and Jagis, have up to the present time shown themselves extremely friendly, the former even proffering active assistance, and undertaking to keep the road to the Shutar-gardan Pass clear. The wounded are doing well; but the troops are suffering from intense cold—all the more so as, by some strange oversight, they appear to have been unprovided with sufficient clothing. A garrison has been left on the Peiwar Khotal, which is being rapidly put into a complete state of defence. The troops are in high good humour at their success, and are especially pleased with a congratulatory message which Her Majesty has forwarded to them.

The news from the other columns is not less encouraging. General Biddulph has occupied the Khojak Pass without opposition, and the Engineers and Pioneers are busily constructing the necessary roads for the artillery and camels. General Donald Stewart is also at Khojak, which his division will traverse as soon as the roads are ready.

In the Khyber Pass all is quiet, the Afridis are giving no trouble, and the Mirzam Khel tribe, which recently attacked a surveying party has been punished by Colonel Tytler, who has burned their principal fort of Chinari. Colonel Macgregor has taken the Afridis in hand, and is said to be keeping them in order admirably; while General Maude has moved up his division so as to keep all communication open with Dakka, whence General Sir Sam. Browne is now advancing upon Jellalabad. There are now no Afghan troops in Jellalabad, and such has been the effect produced there by the news of General Roberts' victory, that the notables of that town have come into Sir Sam. Browne's camp to offer their submission, and treat for the occupation of the town. General Browne, however, knowing the habitual treachery of the Afghans, will advance with great caution, although he will be exceedingly glad to gain possession of the place, as there he will be able to secure bountiful stores of provisions from the surrounding fertile plains. At present he is unable to obtain anything more than forage and firewood from the natives, and all supplies have to be transported from Peshawur. The health of the troops is not very good, moreover, and the whole of the 14th Sikhs have been sent back to Peshawur owing to the large number of invalids in the regiment.

The whole of the native contingent—excepting a small detachment due from the Rajah Mahum—has now arrived at Lahore, where last week they were reviewed by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub, the Maharajah of Cashmere appearing for the first time in the uniform of a British General. On Tuesday they were reviewed by the Viceroy, who made them a speech, addressing each corps separately, and referring in warm terms to their services in 1857, and to their present readiness to assist the Government. He hoped that the Ameer, warned in time, would render any further prosecution of the war unnecessary, but there might be need of severer measures, in which case they would share with the British army its dangers and successes. The Maharajah Scindiah, who was expected at Lahore, was unable to come upon the plea of ill-health. The native contingent numbers altogether 13 guns, 850 cavalry, and 2,700 infantry, armed with Enfield rifles. The contingent will leave for Peshawur to-day (Saturday), and is destined to hold the Cabul River and the Khyber Passes in order to allow the regular troops to advance.

There is no news from the Ameer beyond that it is reported that the troops at Cabul are becoming disaffected. The Viceroy has left Lahore for Calcutta, where he intends to hold an investiture of the Star of India on New Year's Day. Considerable discussion has been excited throughout all India by the news that the expense of the war is to fall upon the Indian Exchequer. Public opinion is divided, but the general opinion is that Great Britain ought to sustain half the cost of the campaign.

WAITING FOR THE ELEPHANTS

THIS sketch depicts some of the difficulties our troops have to encounter in their march forward into Afghanistan. The country is exceedingly rugged throughout, and the best roads consist of mere mountain paths or the beds of dried-up torrents, so that the transport of artillery by simple horse-power is a task of considerable difficulty, and frequently of utter impossibility. In our sketch a desperate effort has been made to get some field guns through a narrow defile, but the attempt has hopelessly failed, and a messenger has been sent to the rear to hasten forward the elephants—those valuable monsters whose traction powers are almost priceless in the present compaign.

WITH THE KÜRAM VALLEY FORCE, THULL

THULL, the head-quarters of the Kuram Valley Force before the advance into Afghanistan, is a small village in Upper Merauzai, the extreme limit of our border towards Cabul. This site was selected as the one for collecting the Kuram Field Force, under the command of General Roberts, C.B., V.C., previous to the advance to Cabul. At the time our sketch was taken the camp consisted of the 5th Punjab Infantry, on the extreme left, then come the 5th Punjab Cavalry, the 29th Bengal Native Infantry, F. A. Royal Horse Artillery—the 12th Bengal Cavalry, and the 5th Ghoorkas subsequently arriving at this place. The River Kuram divides our boundary from that of the Ameer, and the Sangroba Nuddee (stream) is a small river which flows into the Kuram, and on which the village of Thull is situated. The village of Thull consists of mud huts, and has a population of 300 or 400 inhabitants, who are subservient to us. The Thana of Kapyauga, a fort belonging to the Ameer, and situated on the river Kuram, is discernible in the distance.—The sketch, forwarded by an officer of the force, was taken from a small hill immediately in the rear of the village.

THE KURAM VALLEY AND PEIWAR PASS

THIS view up the Kuram Valley is taken from Kafer Khot, a hill some eight miles from Thull, up the left bank of the river from Thull. It is all but opposite to Ghilzei Bunda, the first march up from Thull. There is a flat piece of ground immediately below, along which the road runs. The hills have stunted trees upon them. The right bank is more wooded than the left. The two little hill tops in the far distance are well beyond the others, and looked very barren, no sign of trees. The Sufied Koh, or White Mountain, was, at the time our sketch was taken, black, except at the spur to the left, where there appeared to have been land slips, upon which the sun fell. A little snow was in the ravines. In the middle distance may be seen the Peiwar or Peiwari Pass, the scene of the recent gallant exploits of General Roberts and his force.

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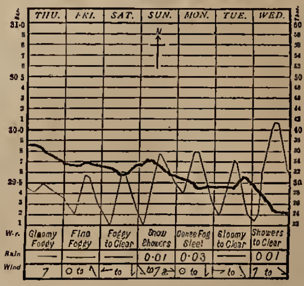
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

DECEMBER 12TH TO DECEMBER 18TH (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been very cold in all parts of the kingdom, the mean temperature being more than 10° below the averages for a large number of years. The cold was very severe in the northern parts of the kingdom on Thursday (12th), Friday (13th), and Saturday (14th), the shade thermometer having sunk as low as 3° at Durham on one occasion. In London the lowest readings (22°) were recorded on Saturday and Sunday mornings (14th and 15th), and on those occasions a thermometer on the grass fully exposed to the sky registered 12°. Since Saturday night, the 14th instant, occasional thaws have been experienced over England, the most decided of which occurred on Wednesday, the 18th instant, when the thermometer rose to 41° in London. Northerly winds have been prevalent generally; but these have latterly become mingled with breezes from the westward. The barometer was highest (29·86 inches) at the beginning of the period; lowest (29·23) at the close of the period; range, 0·63 inches. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (41°) on Wednesday, the 18th instant; lowest (22°) on Saturday and Sunday, the 14th and 15th; range, 19°. Rainfall: Total fall (chiefly snow and sleet), 0·05 inches, in three days; greatest fall in one day, 0·03 inches, on Monday, the 16th instant. On Thursday morning, the 19th instant, the wind had freshened from west, with fine weather.

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THE ST. CLEMENT'S DANES' MISSION HOUSE, LAUNDRY, AND SOUP KITCHEN makes a Christmas appeal for funds. This excellent institution provides a public laundry, where the poor can do their own washing at very slight cost, and which is much appreciated, as often fifty applications for admission are refused in a single day; a kitchen where twice a week a quart of soup and a slice of bread at the charge of a penny are served out to those supplied with a subscriber's ticket: a prosperous Penny Bank; and a Mission House in Yeates' Court where, besides religious assistance, broken victuals from several of the Clubs are given away. Donations may be sent to the Treasurer, H. H. Twining, Esq., 216, Strand.

OFFENBACH'S NEW OPERA, *Madame Favart*, comes out at the Paris Folies-Dramatiques early next week.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" is being played at the Berlin Victoria Theatre by the negro *troupe* lately in England.

PARISIAN BON-BONS in readiness for the New Year are invariably named after some contemporary celebrity or event. So this year M. Lecocq's latest opera, *La Camargo* gives its name to the fashionable sweetmeats in their dainty boxes.

A LADIES WALKING CLUB has been formed in New York. The members take train or boat to a short distance from the city and spend a day in the country, walking some six or seven miles. They are all strongly shod and wear short dresses.

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.——Messrs. Tom Smith and Co., of 69, Wilson Street, Finsbury, have sent us a packet of these commodities, of new and original design. During the holidays we hope to report upon them, and to hear their reports in exchange.

GRAY'S YARD RAGGED CHURCH.——Mr. J. Edmunds, Hon. Sec. of this charity, writes that it has been the custom to give a substantial breakfast on the first Sunday of the year to about 800 destitute men and women, and earnestly appeals to the public for funds to do so again on 5th January, 1879.

SNOW has fallen unusually heavily in Switzerland this season, and so severe a fall as in the last week has not been known for years. Almost an unbroken sheet of snow extends from the Jura to the Alps, traffic is greatly impeded, and the omnibuses in Geneva are running as sledges. Probably the young Switzers will have involuntary holidays from lessons like their little contemporaries on the Bavarian-Bohemian frontier, where last month the snow was so deep on the ground that the children could not get to and fro and the schools had to be closed.

A BRISK TRADE IS STILL DONE IN LOTTERY TICKETS in Paris, more especially in temporary shops in the Avenue de l'Opera. There are large placards announcing from 10,000 to 20,000 for sale. The prices, however, do not vary very much. Thus those of the first series sell for 2 fr. 65 c., the second series 3 fr., third series 2 fr. 70 c., fourth series 3 fr., fifth series 2 fr. 50 c., sixth series 2 fr. 45 c., seventh series 1 fr. 55 c., eighth series 1 fr. 45 c., ninth series 1 fr. 40 c., tenth series 1 fr. 30 c., eleventh series 1 fr. 25 c., twelfth series 1 fr. 15 c. A complete collection sells for 24 fr. 50 c. Those series priced at 3 fr. are for some reason or other rare, and consequently command a better figure.

FEMININE INFLUENCE IN ELECTIONS is historical, and a Conservative Gallic mayor, during the late elections, ingeniously utilised the charms of his daughters to overcome the Republican tendencies of guileless provincial voters. He posted the three damsels—fascinating girls of seventeen to twenty—at intervals along a narrow corridor leading to his study where he presided over the voting urn. Each maiden held a packet of white (official) voting-papers, and offered one to the voters as they came by singly, inducing many wavering spirits to vote according to the mayor's sentiments. The young ladies carried the day, and the Conservative candidate won his seat; but the history of his success has just been told in the Versailles Chamber, which coolly invalidated the election.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,698 deaths were registered against 2,016 during the previous seven days, a decline of 318, being 89 below the average. There were 17 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 13, and a higher number than in any week since August last), 34 from measles (an increase of 6), 46 from scarlet fever (a decline of 16, and 39 below the average), 14 from diphtheria (an increase of 5), 47 from whooping-cough (an increase of 5), 33 from different forms of fever, 11 from diarrhœa, and 501 from diseases of the respiratory organs (exceeding the average by 15), 350 resulted from bronchitis, and 101 from pneumonia. There were 2,397 births registered against 2,576 during the previous week. The mean temperature was 25·8 deg., being 14·8 deg. below the average. The duration of sunshine was 3·6 hours, the sun being 54·9 hours above the horizon.

THE CHILDREN'S HOME (Bonner Road, Victoria Park, E.), held their Christmas Festival on Tuesday evening at Exeter Hall, when a large detachment of the children, 300 strong, executed an admirably selected programme of vocal music with great spirit, and in a manner that reflected much credit on their tuition. Music forms a very important element of the education given in the Home. This Institution is doing a very large and most excellent work. Besides the Central Home, there is a branch at Gravesend, another, with a farm, at Bolton (Lancashire), and another at Hamilton (Ontario, Canada). The Home receives waifs and strays and destitute children of any age and of any sect, or, more often, of *no* sect. It is conducted on the Family principle, is a religious and essentially industrial institution, and is entirely dependent on voluntary contributions. A training ship in the Thames, it is hoped, will soon also be attached to it. Five hundred children are now in residence, and their appearance and demeanour speaks volumes for the able administration under which they live. A child can be kept in the Home for 16*l.* a year. A visit to this Institution will be welcomed by the Principal, and will be a timely and most interesting pilgrimage at this season.

AN ARTIST'S PROTEST.——Mr. Elihu Vedder, of 68, Capo le Case, Rome, writes to us as follows:—"I have just seen the December 1 number of *L'Art*, containing reproductions of two of my works at the Exposition Universelle, together with the exceptionally elaborate flagellation accorded them by the critic of that valuable review. Permission to make use of my works was obtained from me through a polite note from that journal requesting me to furnish them a drawing of one of my paintings, which they would be happy to fac-simile and publish in one of their forthcoming numbers. In case I could not send the drawing, they would desire permission to photograph one of my works. I may be excused for accepting this as a compliment, and granting the permission. Judge of my astonishment on finding both my works had been reproduced merely to show (in the words of the journal itself, or what amounts to the same thing) their utter lack of all artistic merit; and, as if this were not enough, the public were warned that, even in looking at the reproductions, all their merit must be attributed to the engraver. I take no exception to the low estimate of my artistic ability on the part of the critic (it would be impossible for me to agree with the critic); but I do protest against this species of trap into which I have inadvertently been drawn, and wish to bring it to the notice of my brothers in art for their future benefit. Whether editor and critic were alone actuated by a sincere regard for the interests of art is not the question. I protest against the methods they have employed."

THE LATE MR. G. H. LEWES

George Henry Lewes, the eminent essayist, historian, and philosopher, was born in London in 1817, and, after receiving his education at Greenwich under Dr. Burney, he was for some time employed as a clerk in a mercantile office. He subsequently studied medicine, which, however, he abandoned for literature, and began to write largely for leading magazines and other periodicals. In 1838 he resided in Germany, studying its language and metaphysics, and the earliest outcome of his more profound studies was his celebrated "Biographical History of Philosophy," published in four volumes in 1845. This was followed, in 1846, by the "Spanish Drama," in 1849 by the "Life of Robespierre," and in 1853 by "Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences." Amongst his more recent writings are the "Life and Works of Goethe," the "Physiology of Common Life," a work on Aristotle, entitled "A Chapter from the History of Science," and his latest work, "Problems of Life and Mind: the Foundations of a Creed." Besides the above-named works, Mr. Lewes was the author of a number of novels and dramatic works, but it is not so much upon these as on his more solid productions that his reputation must rest.

In 1850 Mr. Lewes, in company with some other men of mark, projected and started the *Leader* newspaper, Mr. Lewes himself being the literary editor until the spring of 1854. In 1865 he again assumed editorial functions, the *Fortnightly Review* being started under his direction. The duties of this he was, however, obliged to resign in the following year owing to failing health. In social life Mr. Lewes was naturally much sought after, his great intellectual gifts and restless activity of mind making him a most agreeable and profitable companion. Amongst his many friends may be mentioned Carlyle, Grote, Mill, Dickens, Thackeray, Jerrold, Arnott, and Wilson.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Charles Watkins, 1, Torriano Avenue, Camden Road, N.W.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES
Died Nov. 30, aged 61

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SKETCHES IN LADÂKH

Visitors to Kashmir who, on leaving the Valley, take a north-easterly direction, after a few marches find themselves in a country the very opposite to that they have just quitted. Ladâkb is desolate in the extreme, and except in the neighbourhood of the villages built near streams, which are few and far between, is almost totally destitute of vegetation, yet it has a good deal to interest travellers. It is the extreme western of the countries professing Bhuddhism, the followers of which constitute so large a proportion of the earth's inhabitants, and whose head, the Grand Lama, remains in such seclusion, and is encircled with so much mystery, at his capital, Lbassa, the home of the Bhuddhists. The Lamas, or priests, form the greater part of the scanty population.

Their Lamaseries are built in the most picturesque and uncomfortable manner on the faces of rocks, it being one of the principles of Bhuddhism that such places should be built as far as possible from the haunts of man. The Lamas, whose chief characteristics are piety and dirt, as they have a rooted objection to washing in any form, are curiously dressed in dark red robes. Service is held in the Lamaseries three times a-day; the Chief Lama of the place sitting at one end of the temple with some half-dozen other of the priests, furnished with long trumpets, conch shells, and other means of making noise, while the remainder squat on the floor in two rows as comfortably as they can. The Chief Lama selects portions of the Bhuddhist Scriptures, which he reads, as a rule, at a great pace, and on getting to the end of a chapter, beats together a pair of cymbals; the remainder then join in, each trying to rival the other as to who can make the most inharmonious sounds. Those without instruments mumble something which answers for responses, and then go to sleep till they are woke up again by the music at the end of the next chapter. The Lamas have a good deal of artistic genius among them, and decorate the walls of their temples with brightly coloured portraits of their numerous saints, and also with scenes showing the different rewards and punishments for human beings in a future state. Sin in this life according to their ideas is met with different amounts of chastisement in the next, and there being twenty-four places of various degrees of discomfort and temperature in wait for those who transgress and are unrepentant, their artists have a wide field for exercising their perception of the horrible. In the temples are generally rows of idols more or less grotesque. At the village of Shé, there is a gigantic one of Sakya Thubba, or the Great Bhuddha, thirty feet in height, sitting in that attitude of complete abstraction which is the aim of every true Bhuddhist. On entering the temple containing the statue, the lower part at first is only visible, it being necessary to ascend a flight of steps in order to see the head and shoulders, which appear above the floor in an upper storey. In many places the Lamas are snowed up great part of the year, the Lamaseries being at a great elevation, that at Gya upwards of 14,000 feet. The largest are those at Hanlé and Hémis. The celebrated prayer cylinders are to be met with everywhere in Ladâkh. In the Lamaseries they are small painted cylinders, turning on vertical axles, and ranged along the walls in rows, inside each there is a roll of paper, some hundred feet long printed many thousand times with the mystic sentence of Thibet—"Aum Mani Padme Aoum." The words are Sanscrit in origin, of which the literal translation is meaningless, and would be, "O!—the jewel—lotus—Amen!" But each syllable is considered mysteriously to act as a charm of unlimited power. There have been few satisfactory conclusions arrived at by the numerous writers who have gone into the subject, as to what this combination of words can have originally meant, to be handed down to the present time with such significance attached to it. The people of the country can offer no explanation as to its origin, so the wheels will continue to revolve, and the charm keep its efficacy, but the mystic sentence will probably remain as such till the end of time. The people of Ladakh carry small cylinders about with them, which revolve by means of a weight attached to a string. This is certainly an easy way of getting over devotional exercises, but in some parts of Ladakh and Lahoul (an adjoining district to the south) large prayer cylinders are attached to water-wheels, and turned like mills, which is a still more excellent system. The mystic sentence is continually before the eye, outside the villages, and along the roadsides are long mounds or walls, covered with flat stones, having the sentence carefully cut on them. The number of these is astonishing, for they are found everywhere by the roadsides, even in the most uninhabited parts. They are cut by the Lamas, and are executed with great finish, the letters being in relief. The people purchase them, and the placing a stone by the wayside is looked on in the light of a votive offering. When a Lama dies there are various ways of disposing of his body,—one by burning, when the ashes are collected and put into curiously-shaped receptacles called *chortens*, which are found in great clusters round the villages, making them to appear from a distance much larger than they really are. When a Lama of great sanctity dies, his ashes, after being mixed with clay, are moulded into a number of small images, and placed on shelves in a temple. The other ways are by burying and exposing the body to be eaten by birds on the tops of mountains. Leh, the capital, is well known as being the great emporium for trade on the Yarkand road. It is a very picturesque town, being the spot where various trade routes from different points meet, so that the *bazàr* shows a variety of nationalities in their different costumes, which forms an attractive picture.—We are indebted for the drawings from which our engravings are taken, and for the above description, to Mr. Farquharson, Lieut. Royal Scots.

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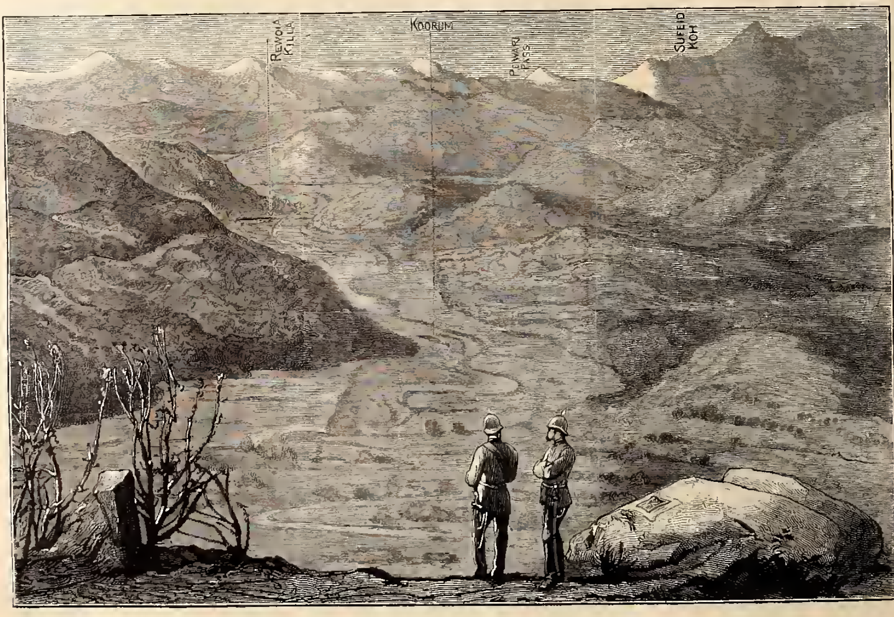
The Three Professions—Law, Physic, and Divinity—are well supplied with feminine members in the United States. The lady doctors number 530, and feminine dentists 420, while 68 women are preachers, and 5 practise as lawyers. Some American ladies, however, adopt two or three callings at once; and a certain Mrs. Gibbs, living at St. Louis, notifies on her door-plate that she is an "elocutionist, poetess, washer, and ironer."



THE AFGHAN WAR—THE KURAM VALLEY NEAR THULL

Frank, on his part, frenzied with fear, seized him by the hair, and roused the echoes with his screams for help.

UNDER ONE ROOF: An Episode in a Family History

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

A RECOGNITION

JOHN DYNELEY had not spared Sir Robert's bay mare upon his way to Archester; it was not his way to push a willing horse to the full extent of its powers, but human life was in the balance that night, and he had not spared the spur. He was a heavy man for so speedy a journey, but his weight had this advantage, that it steadied the gallant bay, against whom such a wind was blowing, broadside on, as had never swept Halcombe Moor within the memory of man. The curate, however, paid little heed to the gale; he was recalling to his inward gaze the bright look of approval that had lit up Evy Nicoll's face when he had asked her stepfather for the use of his mare; that would have been reward enough, if he had needed any, for the discomforts of his ride, of which in truth he recked but little. He was a man to whom wind and rain, and heat and cold, were indifferent, a man of thews and sinews, as well as of girth and inches, and with a great heart in his great body. His intelligence was not remarkable, but he had plenty of common sense, which, however inconvenient to a theologian, is to a working clergyman the most valuable of all senses. And yet at this moment he was doing a very foolish thing, for what could be more contrary to common sense than to cherish so tenderly that last look of Evelyn Nicoll, whom he knew to be as good as engaged to another man?

Common report had given her to Sir Robert's nephew, George Gresham, and while she had taken no pains to contradict it, her mother had, by implication, corroborated it. Indeed, it was understood that George was shortly expected at the Hall, for the very purpose of making himself better known to his future bride before the knot should be tied between them.

Still, as Evelyn had never with her own lips confirmed the general opinion, the curate gave himself the benefit (as he fondly imagined it to be) of the doubt, and persuaded himself that he was doing no harm in thus secretly worshipping his idol.

He was far too modest a man to suppose that his passion was returned; he was not half rich enough for her, he knew, nor half good enough for her, he thought—though in that last idea in my judgment he was mistaken—and she was altogether, he confessed, out of his reach. If he did entertain a hope that he should ever win her, it was one of the very vaguest kind; but now and then he could not avoid giving himself up to it. In his saner moments he foresaw that he must be content with honouring and admiring her as the wife of another, and would think himself happy if, under such circumstances, the opportunity might be afforded him of doing her some self-sacrificing service.

Such men there are in this nineteenth century, by contrast with whose natures all that has been recorded of the so-called "Ages of Chivalry" grows pale and dim. One other mistress he had who was not denied to him, Work, and his devotion to her was incessant. Some fools thought less of his labour in the Lord's Vineyard because he went about it as often as not with a short pipe in his mouth; he was labouring in it now (or words have lost their meaning), and though his pipe, by reason of the gale, was an impossibility, his attire was far from what is generally associated with the ecclesiastical calling. He wore a dark pea-jacket, with waistcoat and trousers of the same thick material; and his black cravat was knotted instead of being tied in the orthodox way.

Thus he rode at the bay's best speed along the sandy roads, making occasional short cuts (not free from rabbit holes) across the heathery moor, till the lights of Archester gleamed before him.

Without drawing rein for an instant he galloped down the stony street to the little pier, which he knew on such a night would have its complement of seafaring men, watching their old enemy the storm, and in a few words explained his errand.

"A ship on the Lancet, opposite Halcombe Point, and the lifeboat wanted; ten pounds a head from Sir Robert to each man that pulls an oar in her."

It would doubtless have "looked better in print" had he appealed only to these brave men's sense of duty, and it would have been sufficient, for the mariners of Archester were never backward in risking limb and life for their fellow-creatures; but, on the principle of "surplusage being no error," the curate addressed them as we have described. Moreover, it saved time, and time—a few minutes more or less—was of immense importance to all those upon that cruel reef (which, however, had thus far been the cause of their preservation). Time had become, indeed, the alternative of Eternity with them.

A rush was at once made for the boat-shed, where the cork-jackets and all other things were kept; and in an incredibly short space of time eight men were ready for this perilous enterprise. There are two things which expedite human action above all other motive powers; namely, the opposing elements of Fire and Water. The celerity with which a fire engine is got ready and started is the greatest triumph of human forethought and agility. Next to that is the quickness with which a lifeboat is got under weigh. From the shed at Archester were two "slips," one on either side, so that the boat could be launched to north or south, according to the quarter from which the wind was blowing; the men were in their places, and a score of eager pairs of hands were on her stern and sides ready to run the *Swiftsure* (contraction of Swift and Sure, I wonder?) off the truck on which she stood, when the coxswain suddenly roared, "Stop!"

There was a man missing: only seven being in the boat beside the coxswain. From the list of the crew hard by (for everything was at hand in that place) he began to read out the names of those absent; "George Parfitt?" "Here," answered a ready voice. "You are not George."

"No; he is ill a-bed, but I am his brother."

"A bold fellow, no doubt; but hardly strong enough for the tight job before us. "Henry Absolon."

"Gone to Mirton," was the reply.

"Hullo, sir, this is quite irregular." This to Dyneley, who had slipped on a cork jacket and sou'wester cap, and jumped into the boat.

"No matter, coxswain, I am as strong as any of you, and can pull as good an oar. There is not a moment to lose, I tell you—push off."

There was a burst of cheering, which, however, in no way impeded the exertions of those who thus indulged their feelings, for at the same moment the boat began rapidly to move down the slope.

"Steady, steady." The moment she touched the sea it seemed to every man that he was under water. Never since the gallant *Swiftsure* had been built had she put out in the teeth of such a storm, the wind beat almost dead against the land, and strove with frantic screams and fiendish fury (the Prince of the Powers of the air being in command that night in person) to dash the boat back on the rocky shore. "She never, never," shrieked the frantic blast, "shall ride the main this night to rob the hungry waves of their human prey."

Thrice the *Swiftsure* was cast a score of yards up the strand, then withdrawn like a plaything which a child throws from it only to pursue and clutch again, but the fourth time the oar-blades and the strong arms that use them are plied to such good purpose that she is flung back no more.

"Steady, men, steady," cries the coxswain, for rowing against a moving mountain range renders time more difficult to keep than between Barnes and Putney; "once round the Point the wind will do our work for us."

This was satisfactory so far as it went, but made it clear to every man (if he had not known it before) that the return to Archester *against* the wind would be a physical impossibility. After performing their perilous mission, should that be practicable, they would have to go on to Mirton Harbour (twenty miles away) if they should reach harbour at all, since to try Halcombe Point would be to go to pieces.

Such things are trifles to the heroes who man our lifeboats, and we ashore think still less of them, but supposing even the case of a country doctor robbed of his night's rest by a summons to a sick bed, and compelled to ride twenty miles in a storm which did not admit of his return, we should call it a hard one; add to this utmost fatigue of body and extreme peril of life, and give the laurel where it is due.

Once round the Point the *Swiftsure* flew before the wind, as though, instead of being a bare boat, she were a racing cutter. She was following, in fact, the very route of the *Rhineland*, only the sea had a very different customer to deal with. The waves filled her again and again, but her escape pipes freed her from the deluge as quickly as it was poured in; they threw her on her side, but she made light of that, and even had they thrown her over she would have righted again in half a second—though, unhappily, empty.

Thus hurried along at headlong speed it was no wonder that, in a shorter time than it had taken the mare and her rider to cross the Moor, the one man in the boat to whom the use of his eyes was not denied—for the eight rowers, we may be sure, cast no look behind them—exclaimed, "There she is, boys."

And there she was; half of her—the stern part—now covered by the rising waves, and the other half, now hid, now seen, with a bare mast sticking out of it, covered with human beings, like bees in swarm. The sea was running like a mill race, and the sharp reef beneath it.

"I doubt if we can get nigh her," ejaculated the coxswain.

"There are women on board," observed Number Six, who was the curate.

"Never fear, Master Dyneley, but we'll do what man can do to save 'em," was the reply, not without a certain haughtiness in its tone. The waves and winds could be discounted, as it were, as a source of peril, but whether there was water enough above the rock to float the lifeboat to leeward of the wreck, was an experiment not to be reckoned upon, but only tried. If they shot by her, it was plain they could not put back again in the teeth of such a gale, ere the flowing tide should engulf the last spar of the *Rhineland*.

"Steady; be ready to ship oars and out with the grappling irons." The next minute they were under her quarter, and had made fast to it.

"The women first," cried the coxswain, in a voice of thunder. There were but three women left, and none of these could move across the rocking deck without men to help them. The first two were carried, rather than led, and lifted into the *Swiftsure;* the third, Elise, used her own limbs, though stiff and cramped, upheld on either side by the American and Gresham.

All sat where they were placed, without a word, as though astounded (as they well might be) at their own deliverance. The wreck was clear of all save one man, who clung to the mast apparently stupefied.

"Quick, quick," exclaimed half-a-dozen voices. He never moved.

"Are we all to be drowned for one fool?" ejaculated the coxswain, passionately. "Cast off, boys."

"One moment, sirree," cried the clear shrill voice of the American. He leapt back on the wreck, seized the still hesitating man round the waist, and fairly threw him among the rest.

"It's the poor Cap'en, Coxen; he don't like to leave his ship," said he apologetically. "I've felt the same myself—especially when I've had a share in her."

As the boat once more flew before the wind its occupants could see a little group upon the quay of Halcombe, whose joy appeared only second to their own. These persons, of course, knew not how many of the crew had succumbed to the waves, or to the fatigues and privations of the night; they only saw that every soul upon the wreck had been taken off, and were in comparative safety. They were well aware that on their cruel shore no boat could land in such a sea, but to many of the poor shivering creatures on board the *Swiftsure* it seemed strange enough that they should be turning their backs on these hospitable and friendly people.

Gresham, of course, knew why they didn't land at the Point," and secretly he was not displeased that the attempt could not be made. He recognised female forms upon the quay, and guessed, rightly enough, their identity; and he had good—or at least sufficient—reason to congratulate himself that the *Swiftsure* was making for Mirton. He was now turning over in his mind whether it would not be better to wait a day or two before presenting himself to his friends at home, and to let it be imagined that he had not taken passage in the ill-fated *Rhineland* at all.

The accommodation on board lifeboats is in extent considerable, but it is not of a select or private character. Rescued folks settle down where they can, and are seldom found to complain of their quarters. The craft is broad of beam, and there is room for passengers, even in the very centre of it, without interfering with the rowers. Here sat Elise Hurt, exhausted but grateful, with the same loving arms supporting her that had made her hold secure upon the shrouds.

"I owe my life to you," were the first words she murmured in his ear.

"Nay, darling, the Commodore, as he calls himself" (he had once commanded, as it turned out, a certain flotilla of trading vessels to the West Indies) "did his part; it was he, for example, who called my attention to the victualling department—I have still a little brandy left, by the bye."

"Not for me," she said, putting aside the flask; "I feel I shall live now. Is it not strange, George, that wet and cold as I am, in this open boat, and with only a plank between us and death, I am happier than I have ever been?"

"It is not strange," answered the young man tenderly. "It is because you love."

"Ah, yes," she sighed.

"Why do you sigh, darling?"

"Because this may be the last hour in which I may say, 'I love.' Out yonder—with the waves yawning for us, I told you the secrets of my heart; there seemed no harm in it, and it was very sweet to tell them. But now we are no longer two fellow creatures awaiting the same doom; I am again a penniless girl, and you—you are Sir Robert Arden's nephew."

"Well, and what then?" said Gresham, lightly, but there was a look of trouble in his face that accorded ill with his jesting tone.

"I know not what then," she answered. "You know best how it will fare with us. But I have always heard that the rich English are very proud. There will be a great gulf fixed between you, Sir Robert's nephew, and me, the governess of his children."

"They are not his children," replied Gresham; "they are the children of his wife by her first marriage."

"Indeed? Then you are his own kith and kin, and they are not. His very heir, perhaps?"

"Perhaps; though I have never thought of that. When one has a benefactor so kind as he has been, one does not speculate upon his death."

"I hope not, dear. Pray do not be annoyed with me——" for there had been a certain irritation in his tone; "I only wish to look matters in the face. As it seems to me you are bound, above all things, to obey this good uncle's wishes; and especially never to act counter to them. Is it likely, think you, that he will wish you to marry *me?*".

"My dear Elise, I thought that those who love were given to building dream-castles for love to live in; whereas you build only obstacles to love. It will be time enough to combat opposition when it has arisen. There will, of course, be objections to our union—some even that have not entered into your apprehensions: but we must trust to time and happy chance. My uncle is very peculiar: a man of impulse and sentiment; by no means the hard, conventional man of the world you have probably pictured to yourself. But, no doubt, we must be prudent. It will not be necessary to tell the good folks at Halcombe all that we have said to one another. Nor even need you repeat the conviction you expressed just now that I was the happy means of saving your life last night; it is an exaggeration to start with, and to proclaim such a fact would be very injudicious. People would think that gratitude might cause you to overrate my deserts—do you understand, darling?"

"I do not like concealments," answered Elise gravely. "Besides, to dwell under the same roof with you, and never to be able to speak to you, nor look towards you, as I should wish to speak and look—No, Mr. Gresham; I could not do it."

"What? You call me Mr. Gresham because you have no longer need of my loving service? That is ungenerous, Elise."

"You do not think so,—you *can*-not think so," answered the girl impetuously; "it gives me ten times the pain to address a cold word to you than it gives you to hear it. But it is better to say 'Farewell' now—cruel as it seems to part—than later on."

"We will never part, Elise; I swear it."

"Hush, hush!" for in his vehemence he had raised his voice, so that if those next to him had not been sunk in their own thoughts they might have heard him, despite the roar of the wind and the rush of the wave. "God has been very good to us; do not call Him to witness to aught that does not lie in the path of duty. I fear,—I fear that your love for me runs counter to it."

"Do not fear, Elise," he answered gravely; "Love and Duty can never be in opposition to one another. Only, as I have said, we must expect obstacles. The course of *true* love never does run smooth, you know."

Elise was silenced, if not convinced; it was difficult, no doubt, to compel herself to picture mischances, not only to her own happiness, but to that of her preserver.

Presently they came in sight of Mirton, a picturesque village, built in zig-zag up steep cliffs; but with a good harbour and breakwater. Once within shelter of the latter the mountain waves lost their crests, the gale thundered harmless above their heads. With a few more strokes of the oar they reached the side of the little jetty where a few men were gathered together in the grey dawn.

Gresham and the Commodore assisted Elise to land, and were escorting her up the winding street to the little inn, when they were overtaken by one of the crew, who seemed about to address them.

"I will see you in five minutes, my good fellow," said Gresham. "For the brave work you and your mates have the night, no reward can be sufficient, but—— What! Dyneley?"

"Yes, it is I," answered the curate, removing his sou'-wester. "I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw you step into the boat; and when I felt sure of your identity I had no breath for even a word of recognition."

Then Gresham remembered that the features of this man had seemed somewhat familiar to him; he had had other things to think about, or else there had been plenty of opportunities of observing him, for he had sat cheek-by-jowl with "Number Six" for the last two hours.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. WALCOT VENTURES A SUGGESTION

So unexpected was the presence of the Rev. John Dyneley that for the moment Gresham forgot the strangeness of his guise, and even the obligation which he owed to him in common with the rest of the gallant crew of the *Swiftsure;* the thought that was monopolising his mind was, "Does he guess the relation between Elise and myself?"

He had said he could scarce believe his eyes when he saw Gresham, and, knowing what he knew as respected Evelyn, it would have been even more difficult, if he had overheard his talk in the life-boat, to believe his ears.

There had been something in the Curate's tone which had struck him he addressed as smacking of reproof as well as astonishment, but that might have been but the sting of conscience. Whether he knew all, or not, however, any lingering idea Gresham might have entertained of ignoring under his uncle's roof all previous acquaintance with Elise, even if he could have persuaded her to join in such deception, was now become out of the question. There was nothing left for him but to assume a bold front.

"This is Miss Elise Hurt, Dyneley; the young lady Lady Arden was expecting from Germany, and who, I am thankful to say, will reach her journey's end after all; thanks to you and the rest.—Miss Hurt, I demand an amount of confidence in me that almost reaches to credulity, when I ask you to believe that this gentleman in a dustman's hat and a cork jacket is a British divine."

Elise held out her little hand with a quick flush. "How brave you are, sir! how good you have been to us," said she simply. "I shall think more highly than ever of God's ministers since you are one of them."

"I am glad to have been of use," said the Curate, blushing too; for he could not bear anybody's praise. "But as for my own share in last night's work, I had no choice in the matter; for the crew could not be made up without me."

"Ah," exclaimed the Commodore; "that's what looks well in a man. One always likes a fellow who sits down at euchre merely to oblige. I've noticed they're generally good players, those. And *you* pull a good oar, sir—there was no better in the boat, except the stroke's. Let me shake your hand, sir."

The Curate, of course, shook hands; but it was evident the Yankee puzzled him.

"This is Commodore Pearce, of the United States," explained Gresham; "without whose sagacity and assistance neither the young lady nor myself would, I honestly believe, be alive at this moment. I hope I shall persuade him to pass a few days at Halcombe, where I am sure that he will find a hearty welcome."

"Thank *you*, Mr. Gresham, but my time is limited. So soon as I have got my clothes dry, and have had a snatch of sleep at this *ho*tel, I'm off for London."

This was a relief to Gresham, though he was ashamed of himself at finding it to be so. However successful he might be in imposing silence concerning recent events upon Elise, it would have been quite impossible, he felt, to keep Mr. Pearce's mouth shut, who, unaware of the shortness of the two young people's acquaintance with one another, had taken it for granted, from the first, that they were an engaged couple.

"You will allow me, at all events, Mr. Pearce, to be your banker," said Gresham. "I am well known here."

"Thank you, sir," interrupted the Commodore, "but I have given nothing to the fishes, except my kit—and that won't clothe the Leviathan. My money is safe in my breast pocket; and I've got tobacco for a week's consumption, though it's a trifle damp."

They had now reached the "Golden Lion," the hostess of which had been already informed of the arrival of her involuntary guests, and had partly attired herself to welcome them. It was arranged that Miss Hurt should be left in her charge till a carriage could be sent for her from the Hall; and after some refreshment for the inner man, and dry clothes for the outer, lent him by the landlord, Gresham took his leave of the Commodore with many expressions of goodwill on either side.

"If I'm in England, sirree, mind, I come down to your wedding," were the Commodore's last words, which, delivered as they were in Dyneley's presence, turned Gresham scarlet. Then the two young men stepped into a dog-cart,—for the gale was still strong enough to have turned any closed vehicle that the "Golden Lion" could offer them topsy-turvey,—and set out for Halcombe.

It was a satisfaction to Gresham that the presence of the ostler close behind them precluded any conversation of a private nature; but as a matter of fact the Curate was the last man to have asked his companion for any explanations. He had certainly observed the familiarity that existed between Gresham and Elise; and had even caught some fragments of their conversation in the lifeboat. But his nature was too unsuspicious to jump to the right conclusion from such scanty premises. The Commodore's parting words had rather dissipated, than confirmed, any suspicions he might have entertained; for he took it for granted that they alluded to Gresham's marriage with Evelyn. Had he guessed the truth, it might be imagined that he would have gladly welcomed such evidence of his rival's lack of love for Evelyn; but so loyal was his nature, that he would on the contrary have found in it a cause of quarrel with Gresham for his traitorous conduct. Even as it was, Gresham's behaviour had excited his displeasure, though his sense of justice compelled him to make allowances for his young friend, placed as he had been in such an exceptional position with respect to his fair companion. Perhaps there was nothing that made John Dyneley so ill-understood as this gift of charity, as rare with the commonplace Pious, wrapped up in the salvation of their own souls, as with the children of this World. Moreover, John Dyneley was a gentleman, and he did not feel justified in hauling a fellow-creature over the coals without adequate warrant.

From all which it arose that there was little conversation between the two occupants of the front seat of the dog-cart; and what there was confined itself to details of the wreck and the rescue.

Unwilling to disturb the tenants of the Hall from their slumbers after their long night of watching, the Curate invited Gresham to breakfast with him at his lodgings at the Manor Farm. Here they aroused the young farmer, Gilbert Holm himself, from his first sleep, for he had remained with some of the men at the Point till they had not only seen the lifeboat carry off the tenants of the *Rhineland*, but beheld the remains of that unfortunate vessel go to pieces, which happened in about an hour after the rescue. He described the distress and agitation of the young ladies as having been very great, but they had restrained their tears, he said, until the safety of all on board had been assured, and when, as it seemed to him, "there was no sort of occasion for 'em."

"Ah, Gilbert, you don't know the nature of women," said Gresham, jestingly.

"Perhaps not, sir," answered the farmer drily; "but I know the nature of one of them as I'm talking about enough to be sartin' sure that she would a'most ha' cried her pretty eyes out, had she been aware as a certain person was on board that craft last night; and I daresay Mr. Dyneley here could give a name to her."

"Well, of course, they would all have been greatly more distressed," said the Curate, evasively, "had they been aware that Mr. George was among the wrecked."

It was merely common civility in Dyneley to ask his nominal host (for Holm was only Sir Robert's tenant) to breakfast with them considering that he had been disturbed by his visitors at so untimely an hour, so the three men partook of their meal together.

There was little talk, however, among them, for the young farmer's allusion to the supposed engagement between Evelyn and Gresham had annoyed the latter. He thought it familiar and impertinent, though perhaps he would not have done so had he not been thrown, during the last three days, into the companionship of Miss Elise Hurt.

"There's to be a new arrival at the Hall to-day, sir, as I understand," observed Holm, addressing the Curate. Gresham felt growing red and white by turns; he felt sure that this insolent clodhopper—with whom, however, he had heretofore been on the familiar terms that are usual between men in their relative positions in a place like Halcombe—was about to speak of Elise herself.

"Indeed?" said the Curate. "Who may that be?"

"Well, the young ladies are going to have a new maid. John is going to take the gig over to Archester this afternoon to meet her."

Gresham uttered a little sigh of relief; it was plain that this man had not heard of the expected arrival of the governess.

"I hope John will have less wind against him than I had last night," said the Curate, "or he will need some ballast on his voyage out."

"Ah, to be sure, you must ha' been much blowed about," observed the farmer. "Perhaps a little drop of the right stuff would do you no harm this morning." And he produced from his cupboard—the fire had been lit for them in the kitchen, as being at that early hour most convenient—a bottle of brandy.

"No, thank you," said Dyneley; "I never touch such a thing in the morning."

"Nor I," said Gresham, curtly.

"Well then, gentlemen, I'll just drink to the health of both of you." And he helped himself to a full glass.

Though still very early, it was agreed that Gresham should now go to the Hall to relieve the fears of its tenants as to Miss Hurt's safety, and the Curate accompanied him as far as the garden gate.

"There was one person, Dyneley, I did not ask you about when we were in the dog-cart together, because of the ears so close behind us. Ferdinand Walcot is here, of course, and as much master as ever?"

"Yes; even more so, I think, than when you left us."

"I call it a downright infatuation in my uncle," exclaimed the other, with irritation.

"Well, I confess I don't share Sir Robert's predilection for his brother-in-law," answered the Curate, smiling; "but I suppose we are what your uncle calls antipathetic—in plain English, I don't like Mr. Walcot, and he don't like me."

"Of course not. I had hoped that you might have opened my uncle's eyes; you are the only man who could do so without the suspicion of having any interest in the matter."

"Nay, I have nothing to say against the man. It is only a question with me of 'I do not like thee, Doctor Fell!' and I cannot suppose that Sir Robert would espouse my prejudices. When I did once venture to say that I thought Walcot took too much upon himself in the way of parish affairs, your uncle was obviously annoyed. He said that I little knew Ferdinand Walcot; everybody who did so must revere him. 'As for myself,' he added, 'there is a sacred tie between us which nothing but death will sever.'"

"A sacred fiddlestick," observed Gresham, contemptuously. Then, after a pause, "Who is that yonder, going over the hill."

"It is Gilbert Holm. He is bound for the shore, I reckon, to see if there is any flotsam or jetsam from the wreck. He had much better trust to his farm for his profits than to such waifs and strays."

"Ay, he's another of Walcot's *protégés*, is he not?"

"I don't know about that," said the Curate, "but he has great influence over him, as he has over every one else; and I wish he would use it to persuade him to give up taking brandy of a morning.—I shall see you again in an hour or two, no doubt, Gresham. Good morning."

The tone of the Curate was cordial, much more so, had Gresham been aware of his feelings towards Evelyn, than his companion had any right to expect; for what is more calculated to raise the spleen than to suspect the object of our own affections to be held but lightly in those of our successful rival? Even as it was, Gresham acknowledged to himself what a worthy, modest, and high-souled fellow Dyneley was, and how incapable of a baseness. This last reflection was, perhaps, suggested by a prick of conscience, for Gresham did not in his heart approve of that policy of silence—not to say deception—which he had chalked out for himself in the future as respected Elise. He was by nature, as his uncle had called him, frank. The story Mr. Walcot had narrated respecting his behaviour at the Homburg gaming-table had been, to say the least of it, distorted to his disadvantage; he was too impulsive for duplicity, though a certain weakness of character might, as in the present case, suggest concealment.

Nor must it be supposed that George Gresham had in his advances to Elise acted disloyally towards Evelyn. Not only had he not broken truth—for troth had never been plighted between them, but he had done her no tacit wrong; there was no mutual understanding between them whatever, such as lovers use, and though they had been drifting towards Matrimony, it was without aid of sail or oar, and merely from the wind and tide of circumstances. They were both aware that marriage was expected of them by others, and they had not actively opposed themselves to the pressure from without, but that was all. Gresham was not aware that Evelyn had ever stated "I am not engaged," but he knew that she did not acknowledge an engagement. Nor had she once given him, during all the years they had known one another, such looks or words as Elise had bestowed upon him within the last few hours. He felt less self-reproach in fact as respected her than as respected others—such as his uncle and her mother, but with these he was undoubtedly about to play, if not falsely, a false part.

The adults of the Hall party were already downstairs, despite the earliness of the hour, eager to hear the news from Mirton, and their astonishment was great indeed at finding it was Gresham who had brought it.

"What, *you* here?" "George!" "Good Heavens!" and "This is unexpected, indeed"—the last and less enthusiastic greeting being Mr. Ferdinand Walcot's.

The ladies kissed him, of course. Lady Arden with a stately affection, befitting a mother-in-law *in posse*, as well as a step-aunt *in esse*; Milly with lively effusion; and Evelyn, not as some young ladies kiss "tall Irish cousins whom they love in a sisterly way," but with a certain gentle decorum for which he could have hugged her—it so convinced him that she didn't care twopence about him.

"And is the poor girl safe?" were her first words.

"Quite safe; I left her in Mrs. Marvell's hands at the Red Lion."

"*You* left her? Why how did you know who she was?" inquired Lady Arden.

"I—oh—well," stammered Gresham, "we became acquainted on the voyage, you know; it was not like an ordinary passage, you must remember."

"Indeed it was not," sighed Evelyn. "Shall I ever forget last night, and that wave-swept wreck with the poor creatures clinging to it!"

"Yes," cried Milly, "and yet we did not know that you were there, George. Fancy what our feelings would have been had we been aware of that!"

"You are very good," said Gresham, with a bow.

"It is too horrible to jest about, George," exclaimed Sir Robert, reprovingly. "I saw two poor souls swept into the sea with my own eyes."

"Yes, indeed, sir, there were more than that. There were many drowned, and but three women saved in all." Then he proceeded to tell them certain details with which we are more or less acquainted, to which they listened with eager horror.

"But how came you to come by the *Rhineland* at all, George?" inquired Lady Arden; "they tell me it was a cattle ship."

"Yes, why on earth did you do that?" said Sir Robert.

"No doubt from motives of economy," observed Mr. Walcot, with a dry smile.

"Well, no, it was not exactly that, I must confess," said Gresham, conscious of a flaming cheek; "but being in Rotterdam when the vessel was about to start, a sudden impulse took me. It was not right, because I had promised to meet Mayne in Paris, but no one can say that my perjury went unpunished. I nearly lost my life—I *did* lose every rag belonging to me. I am indebted to Mr. Marvell for the very things I stand up in. They are not fashionable, I know, nor a good fit, but it was something to get into dry clothes of any kind after such a soaking."

"Then poor Miss Hurt must have lost everything too," observed Evelyn.

"Very true, Evy," exclaimed the Baronet. "You ladies must make contributions from your wardrobes."

"Is she my size, or Evelyn's, or mamma's?" inquired Milly roguishly.

"Well, really," stammered Gresham——

"He is blushing!" cried Milly, clapping her hands.

"I don't see that there could be any harm in your remarking whether she was short or tall," observed Lady Arden stiffly.

"Certainly not," continued Milly; "and since she *was* so communicative, it seems, she may have told him what sized gloves she uses, and from that data we could judge everything."

"Be quiet, Milly," exclaimed her mother reprovingly. "Let George speak for himself."

"Well, I *think* this young lady is about Milly's size," replied Gresham, with an air of reflection; "rather shorter, if anything. I told her, by the bye, that you would send some conveyance for her."

"Quite right," said Lady Arden; "the carriage shall go at once. And Jennings shall go in it with a change of clothes for her."

"That is just like your thoughtfulness, Lady Arden," observed Mr. Walcot; "but if I might venture a suggestion, don't you think that, under the circumstances, if Miss Evelyn herself would not mind the trouble——"

"The very thing I was thinking, myself," interrupted Sir Robert. "The poor girl would take it so kindly."

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed Gresham hastily; "there is no occasion for that. I am sure she would be quite distressed at such a thing."

"Still, if Miss Evelyn doesn't mind the trouble," repeated Walcot.

"There is no trouble in the matter," observed that young lady quietly; "and, indeed, without wishing to rob Mr. Walcot of the credit due to his forethought, I had made up my mind to go for Miss Hurt before he spoke."

If anything could have been a solace to Gresham under such circumstances—for the plan about to be carried into effect was, as may be well imagined, to the last degree distasteful to him—it was the curtness of tone in which Evelyn addressed those words to Mr. Ferdinand Walcot. She was the only inhabitant of the Hall who was able to "snub" Sir Robert's brother-in-law, or who had the courage to attempt it. His being thus "set down" was, however, but scanty satisfaction to Gresham as compared with his apprehensions of the dangerous results of Walcot's officiousness. If he had only had the courage to tell Elise of the *quasi*-engagement existing between himself and Evelyn, it would have put her on her guard; but—now—what damaging admissions might she not make during that *tête-à-tête*—what questions might not Evelyn put to her in all good faith, and without the least idea that they were "leading" ones! Moreover, the suggestion of Evelyn's going to meet the girl was greatly more distasteful to him from its having proceeded from Walcot. Did the man already suspect something? It was more than possible, for his attitude towards him, in Gresham's view, was always one of suspicion; he was certain in his own mind that Ferdinand Walcot was a tale-bearer and an eavesdropper; and that the knowledge thus basely acquired had been already used to his prejudice with his uncle. Suppose that this cur, who was also a sleuth-hound, had already smelt out that there was something—something wrong, as he would be sure to term it—between Elise and him!

CHAPTER X.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE

We have described the owner of Halcombe Hall, and also him who was practically the master of it; but we have given them precedence only on the time-hallowed principle of "Seniores priores." There was one other individual under that roof, quite as masterful by nature as Mr. Walcot himself, and who was looked up to by the whole family with a reverence accorded to neither of his two rivals. This personage was Baba Nicoll (aged 4), commonly called, half in irony, half in tribute to his social position, the Great Baba. The origin of this name, save that it was begotten of Love and Euphony, was lost, at the time we make acquaintance with him, in the mist of antiquity. It was certainly not given him by his godfather and godmother, who had in fact named him "Gerald." Perhaps he was termed Baba, after the Great Mogul called Babo; and the "o" had become "a" by one of those etymological processes so familiar to commentators; but if so he was a far greater potentate than his prototype. His dominions, indeed, were limited, being bounded on the north, on the south, on the east, and on the west, by the walls of his home, but within that region he was despotic. Nay, like the Czar of Russia, he might be said to be an object of worship. A prophet we are told is held in small account in his own country, but the Great Baba, who was oracular upon matters present only (and even on those never distinct) was held at home in a reverence not paid to prophets anywhere even after the fulfilment of their vaticinations. Even abroad he was thought highly of; ladies and even ancient gentlemen were wont to stop him in London streets, or at the seaside, when he went forth in state in his perambulator, to do him homage; they did not, as in the case of the Holy Pontiff, kiss his toe, for, indeed, that member was not easily approachable, being encased, first in a shoe and stocking of extreme diminutiveness, and finally in a gaiter of Shetland wool, but they kissed what they could, and invoked the blessings of Providence upon his sacred person. He was wont neither to approve nor disapprove of these manifestation of public approval; but would "stare right on with calm eternal eyes," on some distant object of nature—especially if a dog or a donkey presented itself on the horizon. A philosophic calm was his usual characteristic; but there were chords in his nature, which being struck he was immediately roused to enthusiasm. The sight of Punch's show had quite a galvanic effect upon him; a soldier—such was his particularity, that although he had probably never so much as heard of the Amazons, he rolled him "a soldier-man"—aroused in him an ardour which it is inadequate to describe as martial; while a monkey on an organ caused him such agitation of mind, as (although evidently pleasurable) gave nervous admirers some apprehension for his precious life.

That he considered himself by very far the most important personage on this terrestrial planet is certain (and no wonder), and we are also inclined to believe that (in spite of appearances) he also deemed himself the first even in chronological order. It was his imperial humour to conceive himself the sole repository of information, and he imparted it in infinitesimal quantities, to the world at large, and with the air of a teacher. When a horse passed him, he would observe to his attendants, "Gee-gee," with a wave of his small hand, as though to impress it upon their attention. "I have named that quadruped, you observe" (he seemed to say), "and mind you don't forget it." He was equally at home with Science as with Nature, and, on once meeting with a steam-roller in London, remarked, "Puff, puff," in a precisely similar manner. Although he did not speak, as other sovereigns do, in the first person plural, he was far from using the ordinary style. He would say, "Baba will have this and that," and if it was to be attained by any means within the reach of his loving subjects Baba got it. Like the Persian monarch who flogged the seas and razed the hills, Baba was indignant with Nature herself if his inclinations were thwarted. He was once found, to the great alarm of His Majesty's household, upon a chair, upon which, finding it near the window, he had climbed, unassisted, in order to reach what he called, "That wound yed ball," which was the sun—it being an exceptionally foggy day for Halcombe. Upon being informed that this feat was impossible, on account of the height at which that luminary is placed above us, he expressed a passionate discontent with that arrangement; and I am sorry to add even with its Author, the Great Architect of the Universe. His views of the Creator, indeed, though tempered with a certain tender awe which was extremely touching, were what High Church divines would consider familiar. Having been told that God lives above us, he for some time regarded the attics with mystic reverence, and approached them when carried up thither with caution. He once remarked that the Supreme Being did not live alone "up yonder," but "along with the joke."

"Good gracious," cried his mother, seriously shocked—though his innocent tone and broken accents did in fact rob all remarks that dropped from his baby mouth of their irreverence, "what *can* the child mean?"

Upon cross-examination of the nurse it appeared that she had once observed in Baba's hearing that "she could not see the joke," and since he had been told that "we cannot see God," he had combined his information, and, quite unwittingly, thus associated the Sublime with the Ridiculous.

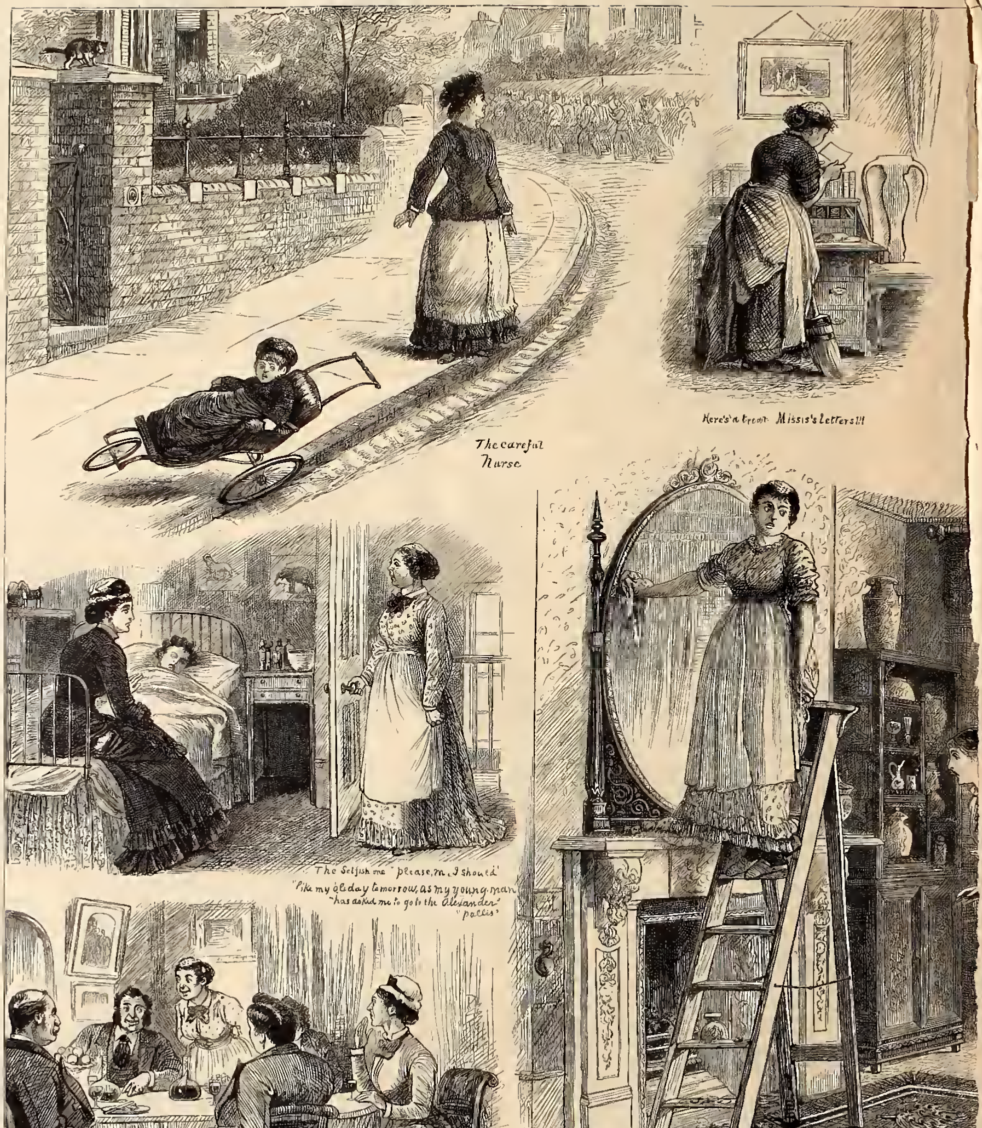
An infant of such simplicity, and with such original views, would have been popular even among philosophers; it may be imagined therefore with what reverence he was regarded by his mother and sisters. We have said, by the way, that Evelyn was the only person at Halcombe Hall who at times opposed herself to Mr. Ferdinand Walcot; let us hasten to repair that error; the Great Baba detested him, and was accustomed to tell him so in broken language, but still sufficiently distinct, "On are a nasty back ugly man, and I won't kiss you," a veto that had almost the force of an Excommunication. Mr. Walcot would smile in the tenderest manner at him, and assure him that he could not mean what he said, but the other would answer, "Baba means it very much," and intrench himself against his caressee behind the nearest chair.

Then poor Mr. Walcot, adopting the plan he had seen others use to mitigate his elfin wrath, would pretend to cry, and say, "Oh, see how I am hurt by your unkindness," to which his duodecimo enemy would reply, "Baba sees, but doesn't care." Then Mr. Walcot would try another tack, and, imitating the child's cross looks and pouting lips, would mimic contemptuously, "What does Mr. Walcot look like now?"

"He ook like a fool," would be the crushing rejoinder.

Upon the whole, however unwilling to impute duplicity to a man of such force of character, we doubt whether Mr. Ferdinand Walcot was quite so fond of the Great Baba as he pretended to be.

But all the rest of the household loved him, and none better than his brother Frank. "The boy that loves a baby" has always good in him, and generally some rare kind of good. Frank was ingenuous and affectionate, but very sensitive, and though "sharp enough," as every one allowed, his imaginative powers were greatly in excess of his intelligence; he was passionate—and though his passion lasted but for a minute, and his gentleness filled up the huge interval—this fact was dwelt upon by his detractors. Of these, however, he had not many; and, if it had not been for the greater claims on their devotion, advanced and somewhat insisted upon by the Great Baba, his family would have adored him. There had been as yet but one shadow upon his bright young life. The incident which had produced it was curious, and even absurd, but the effect had been somewhat serious. Late in the preceding autumn Master Frank had ridden over on his pony to pay a visit to a young friend at his mother's house—a few miles from Archester. He had stopped later than was prudent, and Lady Arden had been greatly alarmed when darkness fell, and the child—for he was then but eight—did not present himself. His pony was a quiet one, and he had ridden it daily for some months; still there was, of course, the danger of his having been thrown. Moreover, though he knew his way over the moor quite well, he did not know it as the Curate did, blindfold; and the night was dark. He did turn up about nine o'clock, but in a very strange condition; his mind seemed to have become unhinged, he talked so strangely



The careful Nurse

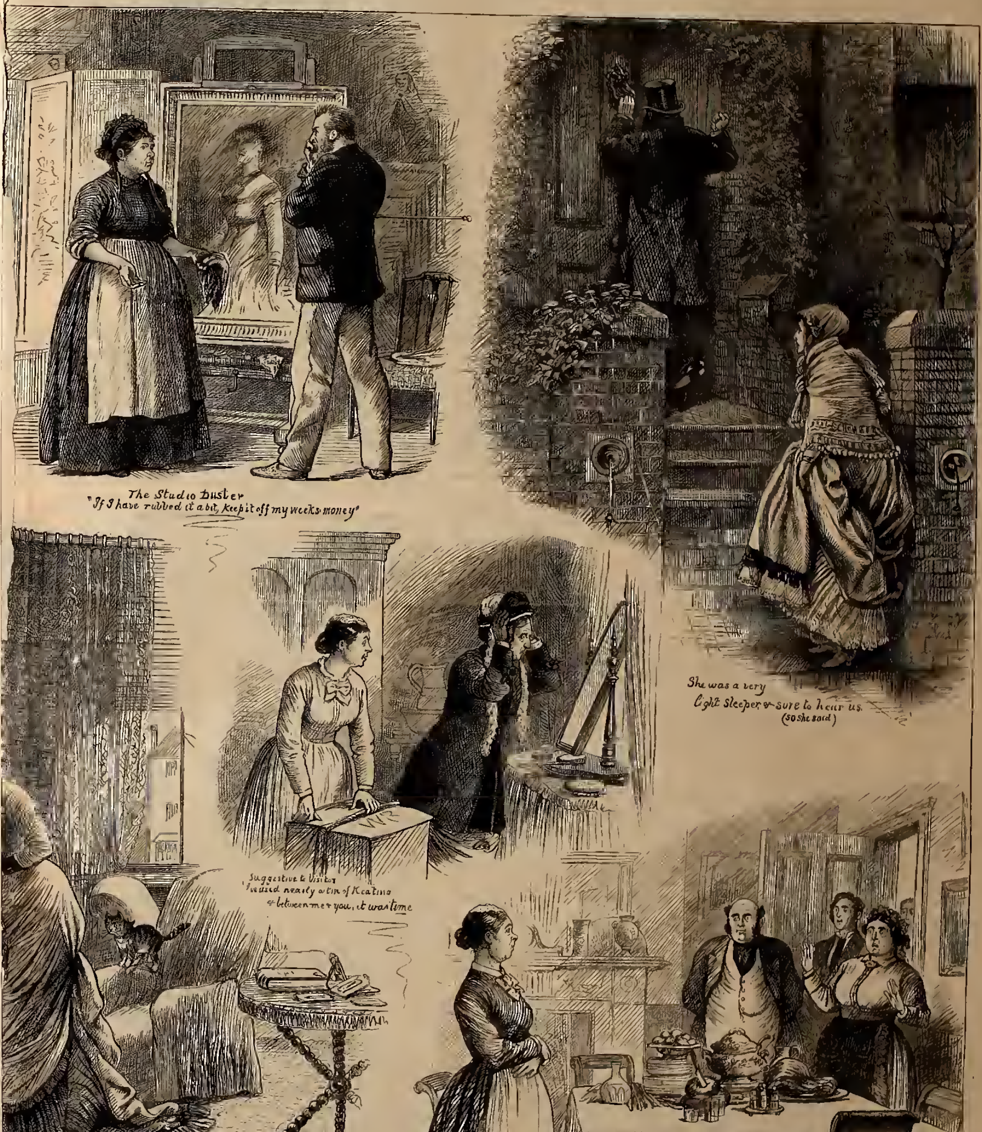
Here's a treat Missis's Letters!!!

The Selfish one "please, m, I should "like my oliday tomorrow, as my young man "has asked me to go to the Alexander" "pallis"

She enjoyed a good story

SERVANTS OF T

SKETCHES FROM


The Studio Duster
"If I have rubbed it a bit, keep it off my weeks money"
She was a very
light sleeper & sure to hear us.
(so she said)
Suggestive to Visitor
'I've used nearly a tin of Keating
& between me & you, it was time
I heard the crash mum
but I dont know what did it
Everyone has their
own way mam but I
always laid it that way at 'ome
W Ralston

E WRONG SORT

BY A SUFFERER

at first they thought that his friend might have been so imprudent as to have given the lad a glass of cherry brandy before he set out. And yet his behaviour was not that of one intoxicated. The doctor, who was sent for, pronounced that he had received some shock to his system. He might have been pitched off his pony, on his head, he thought, and then got on again unconciously.

His story, told in a boyish disconnected way, but one which never wavered as to the facts, was this. He had started after dusk, but had no difficulty in keeping to the sand road, nor felt any apprehension in his own mind as to reaching home. He did not like the darkness that was falling about him—he never did like being in the dark—but on this occasion he protested that he had not felt afraid. Suddenly, as he reached the spot where the road branched to Mirton, he came upon this spectacle: a giant moving slowly through the mist, upon six legs. Of course the pony was frightened, and started off at such speed that he was wholly unable to restrain him, but he was not one half so frightened at his rider. At the mere narration of what he had seen, indeed, the blood fled from the boy's delicate cheek, and his voice shook with horror.

"I saw it," he asserted solemnly, "as plainly as I see you, mamma; the creature was as tall as one tall man pick-a-back on another, and had six legs; the two in the middle thinner than the two outside."

To this legend he had clung with such tenacity that no argument could shake his conviction; and he had become in some sort a martyr to his faith. If there was one thing Sir Robert was slow to forgive, it was a falsehood; and there could unhappily be no doubt that the giant with six legs could not have truth for his foundation. There was, indeed, an apparent absence of motive for such a monstrous fiction, but this had been supplied by a mind fertile in imputing motives.

"I do not take the severe view of Frank's peccadilloes that you do, Arden," Mr. Walcot had said, when privately consulted on the matter by his brother-in-law; "but, on the other hand, I see a quite sufficient reason for his having invented the story. The lad knew that he had transgressed his mother's commands by remaining with his young friend so late; and his object was to substitute sympathy for reproof. He felt, if he could persuade us he had been desperately frightened, that that would be considered punishment enough; and having a strong imagination, and a mind stored with histories of Jack the Giant Killer, and similar worthies, he evoked a giant out of his own consciousness. He has been too long in the nursery, and ought to be sent to school."

"He is so delicate, and gets on so well with his lessons at home, I am told," answered Sir Robert dubiously.

"I know Lady Arden is opposed to his leaving home and 'roughing it' in any way," observed Mr. Walcot quietly; "but as you were saying, a habit of falsehood must be eradicated at any sacrifice."

"Did I say that? I had no idea of having done so; but I was certainly thinking something of the kind. How unconsciously thought weds itself with speech! How strange is our mental mechanism!"

"I am afraid Frank's story was not put together in that unconscious manner," said Walcot, smiling.

"No, indeed; I fear not. Yes, I will certainly speak to my wife about sending him to school. Your opinion, Ferdinand, will I am sure have its due weight with her."

"Pardon me, Arden; but I had rather you left me and my opinion out of this question. It is a purely domestic one; you, of course, have every right to propose—nay, to dictate—the course I have ventured to suggest. But your wife would naturally resent any interference in such matters on my part."

If it had not been for an opposition on Lady Arden's part much more strenuous than she was used to exhibit, Frank would have gone to school after his meeting with that giant; but as it was, he still remained at home.

One of the future duties of Miss Elise Hurt would be to teach him German. In the mean time he learnt readily enough whatever his sisters could impart to him; but the effect of such tender teaching and environments was somewhat to increase a certain constitutional effeminacy. When Sir Robert once spoke with admiration of Frank's devotion to his little brother, Mr. Ferdinand Walcot observed that it was, indeed, a pleasant spectacle to see them together; "one would think," he said, "they were almost of the same age; but, for all that, it was doubtful whether it was advantageous for a lad of nine to be so very childish in his pursuits."

These words of wisdom were a little hard on the elder lad; for the share he took in his brother's pleasures was solely in order to increase them. The Great Baba (like other princes of a larger growth) was never so happy as when marshalling his army of tin soldiers in the tented field, with Frank by his side, as *aide-de-camp*, to pick up the fallen, and set them on their pins again. After Frank had done his lessons, he always placed himself at his brother's service for an hour before he went out to take his own amusements. He had done so on the morning when Evelyn had gone to Mirton to fetch Miss Hurt, and had promised the Great Baba to come in betimes to help fire the battery (of peas) against the invading army (twenty-three top-heavy men in green), and finish the campaign with a pitiless slaughter. A plan which, unhappily for both parties, was not destined to be carried out.

Frank's first thought on getting free from his military duties was to go down to the Point to see whether any of the wreck had come ashore; and, in order to enhance this pleasure, he had called on his way at the gardener's cottage to pick up Jem Groad, the only playmate of his own age that Halcombe could supply. Jem and he were singularly antipathetic: the former being a stout, unimaginative lad, of a sullen disposition, which he probably inherited from his father. Mr. John Groad was an excellent gardener, and he knew it. Upon the rare occasions when he was reproached by his mistress for not having fruit or flower in such perfection as they were produced elsewhere, he intrenched himself behind the lines of incredulity.

"But Mr. Merrick as well as his gardener," she would say, "have both assured me, John, that such-and-such is the case; the flower *does* grow in that soil, or the fruit *has* attained to these dimensions."

"I tell you what it is, my lady," John Groad would reply, leaning on his spade; "they lies." The assertion was unanswerable; but it was not courteous. Nor was courtesy his *forte* at any time. He was one of those dogged, ungracious persons whom human nature (which has more charity for such characters than for more agreeable ones) concludes to be "honest as the day" since, if not that, it is clear that they ought to be hung. And Jem Groad was John in miniature.

The cottage was scrupulously clean; but, though its inmate was understood by envious neighbours to have money laid up in the Bank, it had no trace of ornament. It had not even a flower in it, a circumstance, however, which might have arisen from Mr. Groad's having too much to do with flowers professionally to care to look on them in his leisure hours. A large black parrot, however—the terror of the village children, and darkly whispered by their seniors to be the Fiend incarnate and in feathers—swung from the ceiling in a wicker cage. Mr. Groad had purchased it of a shipwrecked mariner at Archester for two-and-sixpence, and had taught it his own language.

"We are all for ourselves here," was its hoarse welcome to Frank as he opened the cottage door. "All for ourselves; all for ourselves; yes, yes."

It had made the same observation too many times before to attract that young gentleman's attention.

"Now, Jem," cried he gleefully, "give up your tato'-paring and come down to the wreck."

As a matter of fact no proposition could have been more agreeable to the youth addressed, but, like some full-grown people of my acquaintance, it was his humour never to appear grateful for any suggestion.

"What's the good o' wreckings to me," he said; "if I was your uncle and lord o' the manor, then I should like 'em well enough; 'all findings keepings' with him, for that's the law."

"Well, whatever you find this morning you shall keep, Jem, that I promise you," said Frank, assuringly.

"There'll be no corpses, that's for certain," responded the other, doggedly. "Father says as the lifeboat took away whatever was worth taking."

"What on earth would you do with a corpse if you found it?" inquired Frank, with a look of disgust, not unaccompanied, however, by a certain morbid curiosity.

"Well, I'd empty his pockets, that is what I'd do with a corpse; but I tell 'ee there'll be no such luck."

"Let's hope for the best," said Frank, secretly much resigned to this stroke of misfortune, but eager to conciliate his morose companion, "*come* along."

Jem Groad came along accordingly, though still in an aggrieved and sulky mood. Stronger and more inured to toil than his aristocratic companion, he made much better running up the steep hill. "You needn't cut away from a fellow," gasped poor Frank.

"You got neither legs nor wind, you ain't," replied the other, contemptuously."

"I can run as fast as you and faster," answered Frank, with irritation, "but I'm tired this morning with sitting up all night at the Mill."

"Tired with sittin' up! Bah, if you had stood on the quay for six hours and more, as I did, you might talk of being tired."

They had now reached the churchyard, close to which a stream which fed the mill ran rapidly down to the sea. About half-way down a dam had been formed, over which was a narrow foot-bridge, always an attraction to the boys from its obvious danger.

"Now I will race you to the mill-dam," cried Frank, who was swift of foot.

"Bah, any fool can *run*," rejoined Master Groad, whose *forte* was less speed than endurance.

"Nevertheless off they started like greyhounds from the leash. Frank first reached the gaol, but in a very distressed condition; he held on to the rail of the foot bridge and breathed in gasps. His rival arrived three seconds afterwards, but with quite a superfluity of breath in him, which he at once applied to purposes of disparagement.

"Yes, you can run; of course, you can run. It is well for you, since you can't fight."

This was very hard, because the other could not answer him except by pants. He *looked*, however, pugnacious enough.

"Ah, you may grin" (he had not *meant* to grin at all), "but you're a molly-coddle. I don't wonder that they call you Nell"—he would have said Nelly, but Frank's fingers throttled him at the first syllable. He had flown at him like a young cat-a-mountain. The next moment the two boys were sprawling on the slippery bridge, in a struggle in which the rules of battle, as laid down in "Fistiana," were grievously neglected. On one side there was no rail at all, but very deep water, which rushing under the bridge fell through a grating into the mill pool below. Thus whoever was once sucked in, no matter how great his swimming powers, must needs perish, since there was no egress. The combatants recked nothing of this, till one of them—Jem Groad—slipped over; his legs went instantly away from him, under the bridge which his hands still clutched in desperation.

Frank, on his part, frenzied with fear, seized him by the hair, and roused the echoes with screams for help. Had he loosed his hold for an instant, or if Jem's hair should show a sign of what the barber's call "weakness at the roots," the latter would have at once discovered whether the black parrot had been libelled or not by public report. He would have been bound for Tartarus to a certainty.

On the hill top, some quarter of a mile away, two men had been conversing for some time: one evidently a student, or man of thought, the other an agriculturist.

"The hay was bad," the former had been saying; "and that was not the worst of it. It was half a load short of the quantity."

"There must have been some mistake, sir," replied the other deferentially, and very pale.

"The law calls such mistakes by the name of fraud. You cheated Sir Robert about the cows you sold for him at Archester."

"I charged him a few shillings for the commission, sir; that was all."

"You lie, Gilbert Holm. You put ten pounds of his into your own pocket."

"Oh, pray Mr. Walcot, have mercy upon me for this once."

"I have not made up my mind as to that," was the cool rejoinder.

"I will be your slave for life if you will not expose me——"

At this moment a piercing cry for help came up to them from below.

"Good God! Mr. Walcot, there is some one drowning. It is little Frank."

He would have rushed off in aid at once, impelled, it is just to say, by natural instinct, though upon its heels came the selfish reflection, "Here is an opportunity for laying Sir Robert under a life-long obligation, and covering all my peccadilloes against him."

Perhaps the same thought occurred to his companion, for a hand was laid upon his wrist, and a voice more potent than the grasp restrained him.

"It is not Frank, you fool. It is the gardener's boy."

"But, sir, he is drowning!" ejaculated the other with dismay that fell little short of horror.

"True; you had better save him. Go.' As the speaker's hand released him, Gilbert Holm bounded towards the bridge.

The ground was in his favour, and he ran like a deer, but he was only just in time. Two seconds more of Mr. Ferdinand Walcot's converse, always momentous as it was, would on this occasion have weighed down a human life.

Breathless and dripping Jem was hauled out of the hungry current, and deposited upon the grassy bank; his face was almost as cadaverous as one of those human flotsam and jetsam which he had lately evinced such a desire to come across.

"Oh, Jem, dear Jem," cried Frank, kneeling by his side, and weeping bitterly, "do tell me you are not dead."

"If I'm not, it's no thanks to you;" growled the object thus addressed. "He tried to drown me, Mr. Holm."

"Oh what a wicked story!" exclaimed Frank.

"We'll see what the policeman says about that," murmured Jem. His eyes were still closed, but he dimly saw his way to pecuniary compensation for having been worsted in his late encounter.

"Come, come, young Groad," said Holm, "it was a fair tussle between you, only you must needs take a slippery plank to try your strength upon."

"You were not near enough, Holm, to be sure of that," put in a grave voice. "Let us be careful not to side unjustly with the rich against the poor."

"That's just it, Mr. Walcot," groaned the dripping one. "It's because I'm only a gardener's son that he thought nothing of drowning me; oh please to fetch a policeman."

"But I *didn't* try to drown him," exclaimed Frank, appealingly; "upon my word and honour I did'nt. It was terrible to see him fall into the dam, and I held on to him all I could."

"He cort hold of me by the hair," muttered Jem, complainingly. "He tried to pull it out by the roots. Oh, where is the policeman?"

"It is a sad case altogether," observed Mr. Walcot. "It is for your father, Groad, to take what steps he pleases; you may tell him that much from me."

"Oh, Mr. Walcot," cried Frank, despairingly, "do you then believe it possible that I tried to drown him?"

"My dear Frank, I cannot look into your conscience. But I know you often give way to uncontrollable fits of passion, such as lead men and boys to manslaughter, if not to murder."

"Yes, Mr. Walcot, it was murder," exclaimed Jem, with eagerness. "Let him give me a sufforin at once, or else I'll send him to the gallows."

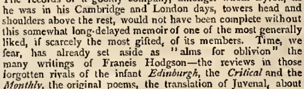
"It is much too serious a case for compromise," sighed Mr. Walcot. "The law does not permit it. Go home, Groad, and send your father to me. As for you, Frank, you had better not return till your usual time, lest suspicion should be aroused at once against you. Go away into some solitary place and think over your hasty temper and the fearful consequences to which it has led."

"Oh, Mr. Walcot, I am so sorry," sobbed the terrified Frank, "I will never be angry again, and I will do everything you bid me, always, if you will only protect me this time."

"I will do what I can, Frank, if I see your promised amendment bearing fruit. In the mean while you had better say nothing of this to anybody, and I dare say Mr. Holm will be good enough to do the like."

"I am in your hands entirely, Mr. Walcot," answered Holm, humbly, as they walked away together, while a smothered sigh betrayed his sense of the literal truth of his reply.

(To be continued)



THE READER

"MEMOIR OF THE REV. FRANCIS HODGSON, B.D., Scholar, Poet, and Divine" (2 vols: Macmillan and Co.).—The records of a goodly company, amongst whom Byron, as he was in his Cambridge and London days, towers head and shoulders above the rest, would not have been complete without this somewhat long-delayed memoir of one of the most generally liked, if scarcely the most gifted, of its members. Time, we fear, has already set aside as "alms for oblivion" the many writings of Francis Hodgson—the reviews in those forgotten rivals of the infant *Edinburgh*, the *Critical* and the *Monthly*, the original poems, the translation of Juvenal, about which Giffard wrote such flattering things, and which drew from Byron the complimentary allusion to "Hodgson's verse" in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It is not in any special sense as "poet, scholar, or divine" that the subject of these memoirs imposes himself on our fancy, whether we follow him through his earlier work of mingled literary labour and (to use his own phrase) "gerund-grinding," to his vicarage of Bakewell; or, lastly—his old friend Lonsdale declining to stand against him, his old head-master, Keate, no longer caring at his advanced age for the appointment—to that highest pinnacle of scholarly preferment, the Provostship of Eton; but rather as a perfect type of the Etonian—true product of the grand old school over which the guardian spirit of Henry Wotton lingers still—a type in which all these three elements were deftly blended to make a *debonnaire* and accomplished gentleman. Not every one, perhaps, will do more than skim the full chronicle of Hodgson's life, the samples of his recreations in prose and verse, the reminiscences of Drurys, Blands, and Merivales, gathered these many years to their fathers. But all will like a little even of this, and all will read with very unusual interest the copious correspondence—forming, in fact, no small portion of the work—from which we learn so much of Byron, and more especially at the great crisis of his life, his marriage with Miss Milbanke, and the subsequent separation. Thoroughly enjoyable as mere biography, Mr. Hodgson's memoir of his distinguished father is even more valuable for the light it throws upon the story of a still greater name.

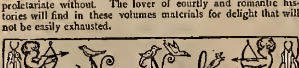
In his "Robert Dick, Baker, of Thurso, Geologist and Botanist" (John Murray), Dr. Smiles has given us a companion picture—as interesting and only just a little less artistically drawn—to his well-known "Life of a Scotch Naturalist." There is this difference, however, that whereas Thomas Edward still lives to enjoy the pleasures and rewards of fame, the "baker of Thurso," who "robbed himself," says Hugh Miller, "to do me service," and who mapped out the geology of Caithness, "the worst mapped county in Scotland," in flour on the bakehouse table before the astonished minds of Sir R. Murchison, has passed away, now twelve years syne, from a world that did not use him tenderly. To unscientific eyes the life, in truth, is somewhat melancholy. Deprived in early childhood of his mother, Dick had to suffer as stepsons sometimes do—to give up hopes of becoming a "college student," and take his place in life as a baker's apprentice. When scarcely yet past middle age the votary of science had to succumb in the battle of trade competition, and to wait for death in poverty and sickness. Yet a glance at the laughing portrait on the opening page will show that Science has compensation for her children. Strong, resolute, reticent, and independent to a fault, Dick while yet able to walk his fifty miles a day—and this he could do within a year of his death—was a fairly, if not a supremely, happy man. Nature had charms for him of which he never wearied, and Humanity a few chosen friends—most notably Hugh Miller, and later on Charles Peach, a self-taught naturalist, very like himself. Though too shy and retiring to write much, he had literary skill, too, at command, and of his letters Dr. Smiles makes effective use for his repeated pictures of Caithness and its scenery—the wind-swept moors, the lonely peaks of Morven, the crags along the Pentland Frith, built up of bones of fish and reptiles that perished in the pre-historic ages of the world. The story is in parts romantic as a Christmas tale. It is a pity that it does not end as brightly as Christmas tales invariably do—that we must read of the disposal of cherished fossils to pay off outstanding debts, and of bodily suffering aggravated by pecuniary losses. Dick's great scientific friends had probably no idea till the very last of his necessities, and Thurso people did not understand him. But the town gave him a public funeral, and raised an obelisk—stone is cheap in Caithness—over his grave. And the sale of his books and furniture paid his debts, and even left for his old Highland housekeeper the furniture of one room, where she still lives, though no one knows exactly how.

"The Life of Palissy the Potter," as told by Professor Henry Morley, has almost taken rank among our English classics. A new edition (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), much abridged by the omission of the original appendix, and by some curtailment in the account of Palissy's writings, but leaving the story of the life untouched, will be widely welcomed as a handy re-issue of a book which, whether we regard Palissy as inventor or Reformer, deserves to be a fireside favourite in every household.

From lives that are grove even to sombreness we turn to pages of merry, almost riotous, holiday-making, in "On Foot Through Spain" (Chapman and Hall), by Major Campion, already favourably known to readers of light literature for his pleasant descriptions of war and sport on the Indian frontier of the United States. Pedestrian tours in Spain are not, we fancy, quite so unprecedented as the gallant Major seems to think; nor can a walk which commences at San Sebastian and ends at Barcelona be said to traverse a very large portion of the country. On the other hand, we can recall for the moment no similar volume which describes so amusingly the fare and company at the road-side taverns of Navarre and Arragon, or at those establishments (still less known to wandering Britons), the *pensions* of the larger country towns, nor have we ever before heard so many good things said of the refreshments (solid or liquid) to be obtained in the most out-of-the-way corners of the Basque Country—of Arragon the judgment is less favourable—or of the various "diversions" to be found in quiet little towns like Tolosa or Tafalla. Major Campion, no doubt, was a citizen of the world, an old campaigner, who had set himself to win the hearts of Navarrinas and Arragonese by a careful study of the *jota*, or national dance, and succeeded in no ordinary degree. But even travellers less light of heart or limb may clearly enjoy a journey in this wild country very much, and accomplish it for marvellously little cost. Of graver matters we have naturally somewhat less, though there are some good notes of the officers and soldiers of "the Army of Occupation," and a very interesting account of the chilling reception vouchsafed to the young King in Barcelona, seasoned with a terrible tale of scandal for which we should hope there is insufficient authority. We can promise the reader much entertainment from this vivacious and prettily-illustrated volume.

Under the title of "The Storm and its Portents" (R. Bentley and Son), Dr. T. Phipson has brought together a choice collection of character-sketches and of anecdotes drawn with considerable industry from the numerous *mémoires* of political and social life in France between 1770 and 1794. All help to furnish a striking picture of the times, though as a rule we prefer the stories told of minor victims of the general disorder, such as "the Assignats," "The Woman without a Name," "A Banker in the Revolution," &c., to the comparatively meagre sketches of greater personages like Necker or Madame Roland. Altogether, the volume—slightly Conservative, we should say, in general tone—will be found both interesting and instructive reading, while those who wish to study these matters more deeply will thank Dr. Phipson for the excellent catalogue of authorities in his concluding chapter "Bibliography of the Revolution."

In her "Old Paris" (R. Bentley and Son)—two volumes that quite overwhelm us with an *embarras des richesses*—Lady Jackson takes us back to a city yet unconscious of the coming storm, to the Paris of Richelieu, of Mazarin, of the Grande Monarque, of the Court life, and the literary *salons* which sprung into being after the tension of the religious wars, and reached their highest splendour in the long reign of Louis XIV. Often as the features of this brilliant century—a century which may be taken to begin with the public coronation of Marie de Medicis, that second wife of Henri Quatre whom he could have loved so much had she not been his wife, and to end with the death of Louis Quatorze—have been described by novelists and historians, we know few, if any, works in which their *ensemble* is more sympathetically or picturesquely presented to us than in this; whether we turn, at Lady Jackson's bidding, to view Old Paris in its streets and buildings, or bow with very different feelings before Ninon de l'Enclos and la Grande Mademoiselle, or assist at the quarrels of the rival *salons* of the Petit Luxembourg and the Hotel Rambouillet, or strain our ears to catch, amidst the revelry of Versailles, the angry murmur of the proletariate without. The lover of courtly and romantic histories will find in these volumes materials for delight that will not be easily exhausted.



"LESS BLACK THAN WE'RE PAINTED," by James Payn (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus).—Mr. Payn has apparently dug down to quite a fresh vein of vigour and inventiveness in himself, which we only hope he will not overwork. It is hardly more than six months ago that his brilliant novel, "By Proxy," took even his warmest admirers by surprise, and now we have from him another story equally good, though its excellences are of a wholly different kind. It has not the powerfully-conceived situations of "By Proxy;" but it interests and attracts us no less by its unflagging sprightliness and humour, and the mirth-provoking incidents that crowd its pages. We are concerned here with the fortunes of one Dick Talbot, a young gentleman who is certainly a perfect scapegrace for getting into mischief and running through his money, as long as he has any money to spend, but still is less black than he would be painted by decorous respectability, as he is good-hearted and true, and, with all his failings, free from any tinge of baseness or brutality. How in early adolescence, before he has even exchanged Eton for Cambridge, this precocious youth falls in love with beautiful Lucy Lindon, daughter of his old nurse, and step-daughter of a most disreputable gamekeeper, whom he has persuaded his father to employ, how relatives and friends—Evangelical father, Ritualistic aunt, and "Anythingarian" bosom companion—though agreeing in nothing else, are agreed that such a marriage is out of the question for the heir of Talbot Tower, and do their utmost to thwart the course of true love, and how Dick persists and marries his Lucy, who is as wise and good as she is fair to look upon, readers will do well to learn from Mr. Payn himself, who tells the tale in his most graphic and amusing fashion. The interest of the plot, however, is not so intense and absorbing but that we can afford to journey through it leisurely, and enjoy the entertainment which the author provides for us so liberally on the road. Foremost among the pleasant interludes we come upon we may name the mishaps of the hero and his friend "Pussy" Greene, at Masham Manor, which afford a couple of situations so exquisitely comic that on the stage they could be warranted to "bring down" the house. It must not be supposed, however, that the story is without graver elements; it has these also, and very successfully they are dealt with. But, for the most part it is the author's lighter moods that are most apparent in it, and it is these that will probably prove most effective in winning for it the welcome which, if we mistake not, it is destined to receive.

"Through a Needle's Eye," by Hesba Stretton (2 vols.: C. Kegan Paul and Co.).—This is a story of that deceitfulness of riches which may lead an honourable and even religious man away from the path of rectitude. An accident which he half succeeds in persuading himself may be considered Providential—the destruction of one will instead of another—puts the hero, who is conscious that he will make an admirable squire, though he feels but an indifferent parson, in possession of the wealth he has longed for as knowing how to use it aright, and which, if it passes out of his hands, will be wasted in reckless and selfish extravagance, on the one condition that he holds his tongue about that mistake as to the will which is known to himself alone. How Justin Webb, or Justin Herford, yields to the subtle temptation, becomes a model landlord, and for years lives a life so useful and honoured in the eyes of all men that he almost forgets that he is doing good with the money that rightfully belongs to another, and how at last conscience makes itself heard, and he finds the strength to pass "through the needle's eye," and make such restitution as is possible, is all very effectively set forth here, after a fashion which shows that Miss Hesba Stretton's hand has lost none of its wonted force and fineness of touch. The Nemesis also which follows on Justin's sin, and which his own repentance is powerless to avert—the melancholy fate that befalls his dearly-loved daughter, little Pansy—is very well conceived and worked out; Pansy being a heroine who will win the sympathies of all readers. The book is throughout of a great deal more than average excellence, and fully sustains its author's deservedly high reputation.

"A Secret Marriage and Its Consequences," by the author of "Who Is She?" &c. (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall).—The Duke di Pomar—for it can hardly be an indiscretion to refer to an authorship of which no secret is made in advertisements—cannot be said to improve as a novelist. There is sensationalism enough in this story to satisfy the hungriest appetite, but it is neither natural nor altogether healthy, and bears an unpleasant affinity to the fiction of the "Penny Dreadfuls." The American lady who figures so conspicuously in the book, Mrs. Champion, otherwise "the divine Dorothea," would seem an echo, though it may be an unconscious one, of the "divine Theodora" of "Lothair;" but her habitual style of speech is strongly suggestive of lineal descent from the great Mrs. Hominy herself.

We have also received "Royale," by St. George (Charing Cross Publishing Company), a story which is, at any rate, readable, and well enough put together for the slight thing that it is, though there is nothing in it to call for particular notice.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

VI.

MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS are not behindhand, this season, in catering for the junior branches. Amongst their best books are "The House that Jack Built" and "John Gilpin" (to which we have already alluded), with illustrations by Mr. R. Caldecott, who certainly shows himself *facile princeps* in that line of art; his humour is inimitable, as are the drawing and tone of the pictures,—witness the cat and dog scenes, Gilpin's flight past the turnpike, and the lovely landscape to "The Farmer."—Mr. Walter Crane is not at his best in "The Children's Musical Cinderella," his designs lack novelty, and the colour is gaudy in the extreme; the rhymes and popular airs to which they are set are good enough for their purpose.—"Chimes and Rhymes for Youthful Times" has coloured pictures by Mr. Oscar Pletsch, in his peculiar style; the verses are simple, and suited to childish understandings.—Of a more advanced type are Mr. W. H. G. Kingston's "Seven Champions of Christendom," Knatchbull-Hugessen's "Uncle Joe's Stories," and a little book for girls called "More Dolls," by Auntie Bee, which is a sequel to the same author's former tale, "Rosabella." and will please those for whom it is meant,—the story of the little mermaid is rather pretty. Of the first two, the latter is the best; the new *résumé* of Richard Johnson's verbose old romance is not improved by such laboured attempts at wit as calling St. George's squire De Fistycuff, and the illustrations are positively painful. But it would be hard to praise "Uncle Joe" too highly. Apart from M. Ernest Griset's admirable drawings—note the cat playing the fiddle—the stories told by the rather mendacious relative are as delightfully funny as any the author ever wrote, and the sly bits of incidental satire on men and manners tell wonderfully. To our thinking "Ophelia" is the best tale, and "Cat and Dog" the next, but the burlesque of Gustave Aimard and similar writers is cleverly written, and as thrilling as any boy could desire, especially the fight with the Sioux.—Then there is an illustrated edition of Mr. William Carleton's "Farm Ballads," in which the verses are by far the best part; of their humour and pathos, rugged as it sometimes is, we have spoken highly on a former occasion, and need not repeat the praise.—A better-known writer furnishes material for yet another volume of a sort now popular in "The Longfellow Birthday Book," arranged by Cecilia Dixon; the extracts have been judiciously selected.

From amidst a batch of story books from different sources, Mrs. Herbert Martin's "Ida Mayhew" may be selected as rather above the average of such tales for girls, as it is brightly written and free from the "goody" element. It records the reformation of a self-willed Anglo-Indian child by means of love, after severity had failed, and is published by the Sunday School Association; the illustrations are fairly good, but conventional.—Miss Hesba Stretton's "A Man of His Word" (C. Kegan Paul) is rather a maudlin tale, apparently written in praise of Dissent as compared with the Church of England; fortunately it is short.—Much better is another story of girlish reformation, concerned this time with a Smyrniote young lady given to self-indulgence and mastic-chewing; but since "Lost" is "a tale of the English lakes," why should "S. M." have altered their names, and what was the object of slaughtering one of the Temple boys? Messrs. Bemrose and Sons are the publishers.—From Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton comes "The Flower of the Grassmarket," by the author of "Tim's Troubles," which, as will be rudely guessed, deals with the northern metropolis, and is a home story written strongly in support of missionary exertions; those who care for such tales may do worse than trace Jessie's fortunes from her accident up to her marriage with Frank. Mr. Vine must have been a hard man to prosecute the poor lad, by the bye, and it is hoped he was heartily ashamed of himself.—And, last of all, as a crowning treat, we have Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.'s illustrated edition of "Dick Sands, the Boy Captain," by the inimitable M. Jules Verne, capitally translated by Miss Frewer. When we say that the action takes place mainly on the Gold Coast, and in the interior of Africa, it is unnecessary to add that there is no lack of exciting adventure, occasionally, perhaps, a trifle improbable, as in the case of Dick's successful descent of the cataract; but there is fun too, and boys with an entomological turn will sympathise with Cousin Benedict in his threatened deprivation of the tin box. Mr. Meyer's illustrations are capital; amongst the best is the death of Negoro, and the wreck of the *Pilgrim* is a good sea effect.—And here we may incidentally mention the last volume of "Tales from *Blackwood*, which contains Major-General Hamley's clever burlesque of Dumas' "The Last French Hero," and a most amusing sketch of Gibraltar scenery, by Colonel Lockhart, called "Unlucky Tim Griffin," as well as another tale. The new series bids fair to rival the original one.

A series of volumes and tracts of a similar tendency is issued from the *Hand and Heart* Publishing Offices; all of a semi-religious cast, and with a strong bias towards teetotalism. Without much claim to originality they contain much that is wholesome and praiseworthy. First, there is the yearly volume of a magazine called "The Fireside," the best thing in which is a set of thoughtful essays on the Caroline devotional poets, and Mrs. Brassey is laid under contribution for an account of Tahiti. "The Day of Days Tablet Almanac" is a set of leaflets with a text for every day in the year.—The volume of another periodical, "Home Words," is chiefly distinguished by some pleasant verses from the well-known pen of Mrs. F. R. Havergal, and by the fact that some of the writers seem still to believe in the veracity of "Foxe's Book of Martyrs."—Mr. James's "Pithy Proverbs Pointed" is a collection of short essays on familiar sayings, addressed to the working classes, which may do good, as it is simply written and interspersed with anecdote; of the illustrations the less said the better.—"Many Things" is a compilation by the Rev. C. Bullock from various sources, but chiefly from the public press, on such subjects as, amongst others, "Idle Boys," "Umbrellas," and "The Queen's Income." It is intended to help people to "prepare for conversation" (*sic*), and what frightful bores they would be if they did! And lastly, "Home Makers," by the late Mrs. C. L. Balfour, is the record of a good woman's life, and a collection of short stories, written by her in the cause of temperance, some of which have rather an apocryphal ring.

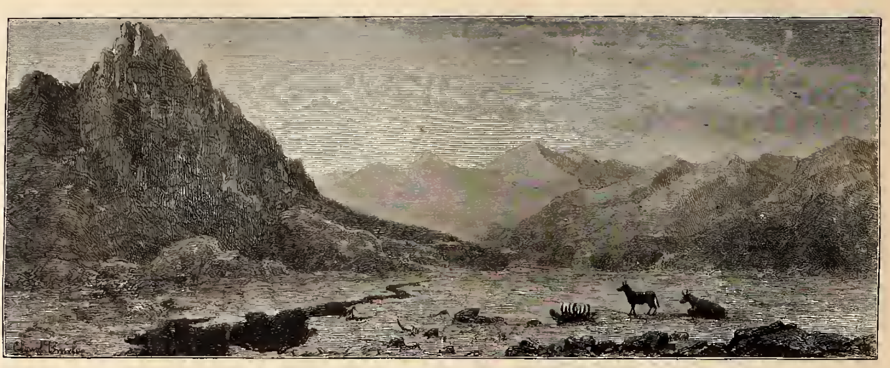
Amongst yearly volumes of various periodicals may be mentioned "Darton's Girls' Own Annual" (W. Wells Gardner), with some good practical notes on swimming; "Sunday"—which may be honestly recommended to those who think it wrong to enjoy first-class literature on the first day of the week; and "The Weekly Welcome" (S. W. Partridge), which has a *specialité* in giving original songs and instructions for singing them.—Also, from Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, "Cassell's Family Magazine," "Little Folks," and "The Magazine of Art;" of the two first it may suffice to say that they are up to their usual standard; the third is chiefly noticeable for its chapters on living artists, and its etched frontispiece from "The Fool" of Franz Hals; Mr. Millais' original drawing is not in his best manner.—There is also, from Messrs. E. Moxon, a superb new edition of Doré's illustrations to Tennyson, with an introductory essay on Arthurian lore which adds nothing to our knowledge of the subject.

A superb edition of the Scriptures, suitable for a family Bible, is issued from the Oxford University Press; it contains not only all Dr. Blayney's references, but historical, chronological, and geographical tables, with a concordance, and much other valuable matter, and is illustrated by coloured maps.—We should also notice "The Cosmopolitan Masonic Calendar, Diary, and Pocket Book for 1879,"—the value of which is well known to all members of the craft; and a useful little handbook, published by Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co., "The Magic Lantern Manual," by W. J. Chadwick, the title of which describes its contents sufficiently.

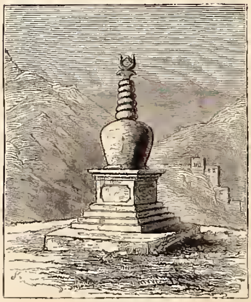
"Vanity Fair Album" (*Vanity Fair* Office, 12, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden). Here we have the tenth annual issue of a volume which is almost worth its weight in silver to hosts and hostesses during the *mauvais quart d'heure* preceding dinner, or indeed at any period of the evening when conversation is inclined to flag. Considering that most personages of first-rate importance have already been "took" by "Ape" and his brother limners, and that the residue now remaining are comparatively only second-class celebrities, the present volume forms a very interesting collection. Besides, this Album has already been so long in existence that it is possible to repeat the portraits of persons of world-wide fame, and this has been very successfully done in the case of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and of Lord Beaconsfield. Three foreign portraits, drawn by "T.," of the Pope, Garibaldi, and King Humbert respectively, are very good, especially the last. The remainder of the volume is illustrated by "Ape" and "Spy," the latter of whom, though less inclined to caricature than his accomplished fellow workman, furnishes some very life-like resemblances. Among the literary and artistic portraits, we are least pleased with that of Mr. Archibald Forbes, who is by no means such a big, burly, surly-looking customer as the figure here represented; Mr. Whistler and Mr. Edmund Yates are much more true to the originals. Mr. Edward Jenkins ("Ginx's Baby") is excellent, but not flattering.

BOOKS RECEIVED

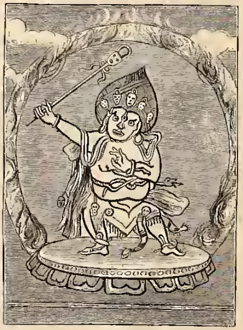
Longfellow's Poetical Works. Routledge.
Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands: C. St. John. John Ramsay.
The Day of Rest. Strahan and Co.
English Plays: Henry Morley; The English Army. Major A. Griffiths; *Live Stock Journal* Almanack. Cassell.
Life and Adventures in Japan: E. W. Clark. Nisbet and Co.
Wanderings in Patagonia: J. Beerbohm; Pillars of the Empire: Edited by T. H. S. Escott. Chatto and Windus.
Forty Years in New Zealand: J. Buller. Hodder and Stoughton.
Paul Faber, Surgeon (3 vols.): G. Macdonald. Hurst and Blackett.
The Royal Province of Scotland and Her Baronets: Major Francis Duncan. W. Clowes and Sons.
Mrs. Cardigan (3 vols.): Annie Thomas. Chapman and Hall.
The Broken Tryst: Maxwell Grey; Poppleways; Cupid and the Sphinx (3 vols.): Harford Flemming; Phil's Mother: A. G. D.; Born to Blush Unseen: T. Edgar Pemberton. S. Tinsley and Co.
The Professional Pocket Book. Waterlow and Sons, Limited.
The Gardener's Year Book, 1879.
The Classic Poets: W. J. Dobson. Smith, Elder, and Co.
The Wish of His Life (2 vols.): Victor Cherbuliez. Bentley.



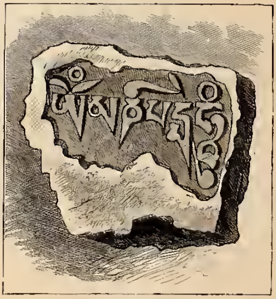
LADAKH SCENERY—THE KIANG-CHU MAIDAN (15,000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL)



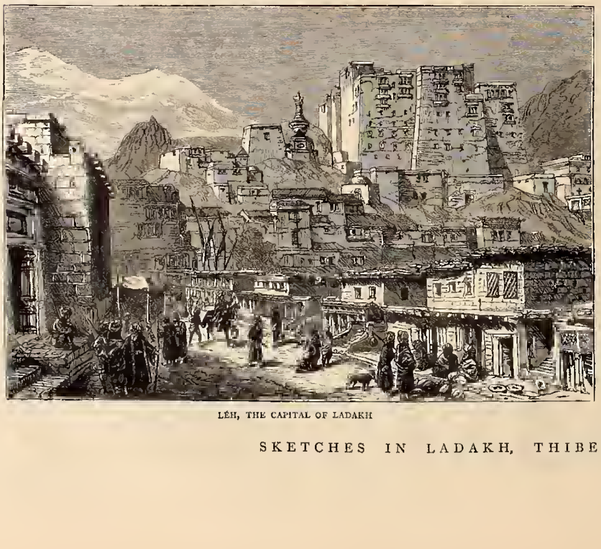
A LAMA'S TOMB



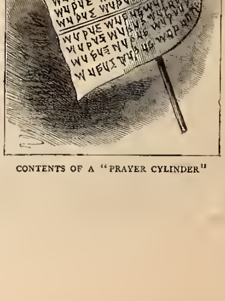
STYLE OF ART IN THE BUDDHIST TEMPLES



STONE WITH THE MYSTIC RELIGIOUS SENTENCE "AUM MANI PADME HOUM"—"O!—THE JEWEL —LOTUS—AMEN"



LÉH, THE CAPITAL OF LADAKH



CONTENTS OF A "PRAYER CYLINDER"

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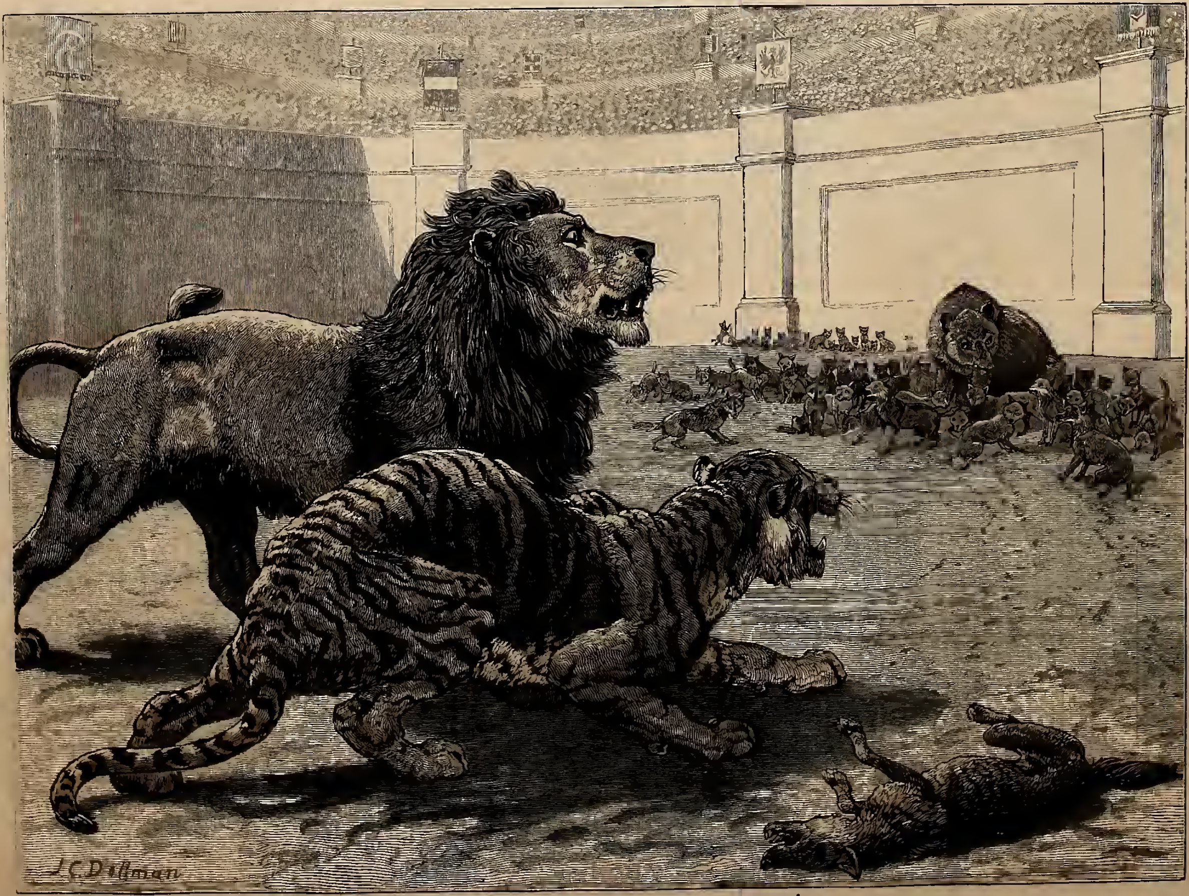


IN THE ARENA

FOREIGN

THE EASTERN QUESTION.——There is the usual crop of rumours this week, but there is even less than the average instalment of trustworthy news. Caratheodori Pasha has returned from Crete, and has assumed the Foreign Ministry, so that the definitive treaty with Russia will now be speedily concluded, more particularly as the various foreign representatives of the Porte are said to have reported that the Powers advise Turkey to conclude negotiations at once. The great stumbling-block at present is the mode of payment of the indemnity, but it is expected that even this will be satisfactorily arranged, as the Russians are reported to be making preparations to leave Adrianople, which will only be vacated when the definitive Treaty is signed. Contradictory reports come from St. Petersburg and Constantinople respecting the new loan to be guaranteed by England, the Russians denying that they intend to oppose it, while a telegram from Constantinople distinctly states that Prince Lobanoff has presented a Note declaring that Turkey could not alienate her resources before she had liquidated her former engagements, including the war indemnity. In addition to the loan it has been currently rumoured that a new Convention is to be concluded with England by which the latter will obtain increased authority in Asia Minor. This probably arises from the various schemes for the Euphrates Valley Railway, one of which, if accepted, would give the English contractors large tracts of land throughout the route, as well as from a desire to secure the stability of the Government, which, it appears, has been threatened by a dangerous conspiracy having for its object the deposition of Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid, and the enthronement of his son Reshad. One of the chief conspirators seems to have been Mahmoud Damad, who has long been the evil genius of the Palace, and who last week was banished from the capital. A large number of arrests have also been made in Constantinople, and the police profess to have discovered a widespread ramification of conspiracies. The disgrace of Mahmoud Damad is hailed with universal satisfaction, as a great part of Turkey's misfortunes during the war are attributed to his misrule at the War Office, and not to Abd-ul-Kerim and the other generals, who were completely hampered by his orders from the capital. Indeed, now that Mahmoud Damad has fallen, these generals have been allowed to exchange their dreary abode at Lemnos for the more congenial air of Rhodes.

From **BULGARIA** we still hear of disagreements between the Roumelian Commission and the Bulgarians, and the former, after striving hard to carry out its work amid many difficulties, has finally adjourned until April 15, a few days before the date when the time fixed for the Russian occupation comes to an end, all hope of achieving a satisfactory result while the Russians occupy the country having been abandoned. In the mean time the notion that Eastern Roumelia will after all be incorporated with Bulgaria seems to have become an *idée fixe* with the Bulgarians. The assembly of Bulgarian notables at Tirnova to elect a Prince, and organise the future Constitution, is announced for the 13th prox.—In **BOSNIA** all is quiet, a deputation of Bosnians has been to Pesth to present their respects to the Emperor of Austria, and the Novi Bazar question appears to have been temporarily settled by Austria having requested the Porte to sanction the appointment of a resident Austrian officer in that town.—In **ROUMANIA** the delimitation of the Dobrudscha is the chief question, the Russians having objected to the decision of the Military Commission that the new Province should extend to the gates of Silistria, on the plea that this arrangement places the fortress at the mercy of Roumania.

FRANCE.——The death of the Princess Alice has called forth great sympathy for England and her Sovereign from all shades of opinion, and the fact that the whole English nation joins in the mourning of the Royal Family is pointed to as a significant sign of the perfect stability of monarchy in England. "There," writes the *Temps*, "Royalty is a national institution, and has long ceased to represent exclusively the rallying point of a particular party, opinion, or interest. Placed above the rivalries of politics, the Royal Family has won in respect what it has lost in personal and direct influence. Long ago other Royal Families in other countries might have won a situation similar to that occupied by the English dynasty in the esteem and affection of the English people, but they could never take to the part of impartial executors of the national will." Another and not quite so amicable discussion has also been going on respecting England, who despite of Lord Salisbury's despatch, is popularly credited with the intention of annexing Alexandretta in order to make that town the head of the Euphrates Valley Railway. The Republicans, headed by M. Gambetta's *République Française*, approve this measure, and warmly favour the extension of English influence in Asia Minor, but the Conservative papers are highly indignant at English encroachments in the East, and declare that under no monarchy would they have been permitted. Nevertheless, with all their party feeling the Reactionaries could find little to censure in M. Waddington's recent speech in the Senate, in which he vigorously defended the foreign policy of the Ministry, and pointed out that the chief clauses of the Treaty of Berlin were now either accomplished facts, or in the course of being effectually carried out. Referring to the attitude of France at the Congress, he declared that she came back from the meeting as she went, free from all engagements, and not inaptly described the Treaty as a "compromise between rival influences," possessing all the more chance of durability on that account. He spoke very strongly about Greece, and declared that to satisfy her would be to remove one of the most dangerous elements of discord in the East. Her boundaries must comprise the shores of Volo and Arta, about half of Thessaly, and a portion of Thrace. There is little else to chronicle in political circles beyond that the Senate have been discussing the Budget, and have restored the small increase of salary to the Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish pastors, which was struck down by the Lower House, that the Senators of the Left have issued a circular to the country with reference to the coming Senatorial elections, and that the Ministry have complied with the King of Spain's request not to send Count Horace de Choiseul as ambassador to Madrid, but have nevertheless appointed as staunch a Republican to the post—gallant Admiral Jaures.

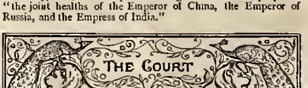
In Paris there has been a heavy fall of snow, and the cold has been intense. M. Rouland, the Governor of the Bank of France, has died suddenly, and is warmly regretted by all, as he was universally respected for his financial talent and his probity. There is little other news, save the death of M. Auguste Franc, a well-known dramatic author, and the first representation of a new three-act comic opera, *Le Droit du Seigneur*, by M. Leon Vasseur, at the Fantaisies Parisiennes, and of a short drama, *Le Grand Père*, by M. Georges Petit, at the Ambigu. M. Gigot, the Prefect of Police, has returned from London, and has instituted a reform which might be imitated over here—namely, that all persons arrested at night are examined at once, and can even be bailed out, instead of as heretofore being left in a common cell all night.

GERMANY.——The death of the Princess Alice has thrown a great gloom over the Court of Berlin, but as the details of her sad illness and the funeral on Wednesday will be found in our special article and in the "Court," we need only mention that universal sympathy is manifested with the Crown Princess as well as with Her Majesty in their bereavement.

ITALY.——Signor Cairoli having failed to reconstruct a Ministry, has definitively resigned, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the King, and Signor Depretis undertook the task, which was rendered yet more difficult by the antagonism and bitterness of the existing personal feelings. He succeeded, however, in forming a Cabinet on Wednesday, but as there is a practical Opposition of 379 in a House of 508, the Ministry is not likely to have a long life.—The Pope is still showing signs of conciliation, is said to have instructed the Catholic electors to vote for the Italian Government, and is expected to issue a circular to the Catholic Press, reproving it for its intemperance. There has been a serious earthquake at Calatagirone, Sicily. There was a panic in the church, and two women were trampled to death, and twenty persons injured.

UNITED STATES.——The little matter of the 2,000,000*l.* which remain from the Geneva award has again been before the House of Representatives, where a Bill has been discussed distributing the money. Three parties are contending for the balance; but, as *The Times*' correspondent remarks, nobody in Congress has yet proposed to repay the money to England.—The Senate has passed a measure regulating the method of counting the votes at the Presidential elections, and the Appropriation Committee has announced the Diplomatic Salaries Bill, restoring the reductions of the amounts at present paid which had been as voted by the Lower House.—The cotton crop this season is eleven per cent. better than that gathered last year. Gold was sold without a premium on Tuesday for the first time since specie payments were suspended in 1862—par in greenbacks being the best bid for gold.

MISCELLANEOUS.——In **EGYPT** the Khedive has issued two decrees defining the duties and functions of the new Ministers, Mr. Rivers Wilson having the power to deal with all matters of finance and the administration of the harbour of Alexandria, while all the other harbours and public works belong to M. Blignières' department. Signor Bamvelli has been appointed Auditor-General.—**SPAIN** has at last definitively concluded an Extradition Treaty with Great Britain.—In **RUSSIA** there has been a great demonstration of students before the Czarevitch's Palace in order to petition against certain academical grievances. The Prefect declared the demonstration illegal, and ordered it to be dispersed, and there is considerable irritation in consequence among the students.—Mr. William Anderson, the Superintendent of the Telegraph in **CRETE**, has been murdered with his native servant outside the gates.—From **SOUTH AFRICA** the news is no better, Sir Bartle Frere has sent an ultimatum to the Zulu King, and the reply was daily expected when the mail left on the 26th ult.—Señor Pardo, the President of the Peruvian Senate and ex-President of **PERU**, has been assassinated on the steps of the Senate.—From **CHINA** we hear that Mr. Pope Hennessy, the Governor of Hong Kong, has paid a visit to Canton, where he was most warmly received by the authorities. Chung How, the Ambassador to Russia, has also been entertained by Mr. Hennessy, who, at a banquet in Chung How's honour, proposed "the joint healths of the Emperor of China, the Emperor of Russia, and the Empress of India."

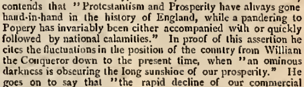


THE COURT

THE Court has been thrown into the deepest mourning by the death of the Queen's third child, the Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, who died of diphtheria at Darmstadt on Saturday, the 17th anniversary of her father's death. Full particulars will be found in another column, but we may mention that the Queen was the more overcome by the news of her daughter's death as the previous accounts of her condition had been more satisfactory. The Prince and Princess of Wales were with Her Majesty at the time the news arrived, having gone to Windsor as usual for the services always held at the Frogmore Mausoleum on the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death. These services, however, were postponed, although the Queen and the Royal Family walked down privately to the Mausoleum in the afternoon. Prince and Princess Christian also came up to the Castle, and the Princess stayed to lunch with Her Majesty. Next day Dean Stanley performed a brief private service in the White Drawing Room, the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold alone being present, and in the afternoon the Duchess of Teck paid Her Majesty a short visit. On Monday morning the Prince and Princess of Wales left Windsor for town, Prince Leopold following shortly afterwards, while the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh came down to Windsor, and lunched with the Queen. On Tuesday evening the Princess of Wales arrived to stay with Her Majesty, and on Wednesday the funeral of the Princess Alice was commemorated by a solemn service held in the private chapel of Windsor Castle, and attended by the Queen, the Princess of Wales, Princess Beatrice, and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duchess of Teck, who had arrived at the Castle in the morning. The Royal Household was also present. The service was conducted by the Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley, the Dean of Windsor, who read some appropriate prayers. The anthem was Elvey's "The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God," and the hymn, "Thy will be done." After the service the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duchess of Teck returned to London, the Princess of Wales and the Duke of Connaught remaining at the Castle. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice were to leave yesterday (Friday) for the Isle of Wight for Christmas. Though much overcome by her loss the Queen has not seriously suffered in health. Mourning for the Princess will be worn by the Court until the 29th prox., being lightened on the 8th prox., while a general mourning for three weeks has been commanded. The Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Viennese Courts are also in mourning.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Princes Leopold and Christian, left London on Monday night to attend the funeral at Darmstadt. Crossing *viâ* Queenborough and Flushing, they arrived at Frankfort on Tuesday night, and next day went straight to Darmstadt, as, from fear of infection, the Prince, neither slept at Darmstadt nor visited their brother-in-law and his children. For the same reason the Emperor of Germany requested the Imperial Prince and Princess not to attend the funeral, while the Duke of Connaught, at the Queen's desire came away from Berlin without going to Darmstadt, the Imperial family being represented at the funeral by General Goltz, Colonel Panwitz, Count Matuschka, and Count Seckendorff. The Duke of Cambridge was prevented from being present by an attack of gout. The Grand Duchess' body was removed on Tuesday evening from the Palace to the Court Chapel, where a brief burial service was read by the English chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Sillitoe, and the coffin remained before the altar until next day, when the final obsequies were performed. At an early hour on Wednesday the public were admitted to the church to view the coffin, and at two o'clock the various dignitaries and members of the Diplomatic Body arrived to take part in the ceremony. When the congregation had assembled, the Grand Duke and some members of his family, the Prince of Wales, Prince Leopold, Prince Christian, the Marquis of Hertford (representing the Queen), the Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg and Baden arrived, and the service, which was performed according to the rites of the German Evangelical Communion, was read by the Grand Ducal Chaplain and the Rev. Mr. Sillitoe. This being concluded, a procession was formed, and the body was conveyed to the new Ducal Mausoleum at Rosenhohe. On reaching the Mausoleum, a short service was read, and the coffin finally consigned to the vault. After the ceremony the Prince of Wales and Prince Leopold returned to Frankfort, whence they were to come back to England on Thursday.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Spithead in the *Black Prince* from Halifax early on Monday morning, having been somewhat delayed by fogs. The Duke came up to town at once.—The Duke of Connaught, on leaving Berlin, was seen off at the station by the Imperial Princess, the Imperial Prince being kept at home by a severe cold and sore throat. The Duke reached London early on Wednesday. His wedding will probably not be postponed, but will be celebrated very quietly. The marriage of the Princess Thyra of Denmark and the Duke of Cumberland will also take place to-day (Saturday) in the Court Chapel at Amaliensborg. The ceremony will be performed according to the Lutheran Ritual, and the Princess will be attended by six bridesmaids, while the Duke's best man, in the absence of the Prince of Wales, will be the King of Denmark's Prince William. Early in January the new-married pair will go to Vienna to visit the Duke's mother, the ex-Queen of Hanover.—Anent weddings, it is reported that King Alphonso's second sister, the Infanta Maria del Pilar, is to be married to a Prince of the Orleans family.



CHURCH NEWS

THE PARTNER OF PROTESTANTISM.——The Rev. Hely H. Smith, Rector of Tansley, Matlock, in a letter to the *Record*, contends that "Protestantism and Prosperity have always gone hand-in-hand in the history of England, while a pandering to Popery has invariably been either accompanied with or quickly followed by national calamities." In proof of this assertion he cites the fluctuations in the position of the country from William the Conqueror down to the present time, when "an ominous darkness is obscuring the long sunshine of our prosperity." He goes on to say that "the rapid decline of our commercial prosperity, if we may argue from past experience and analogy, is simply the inevitable consequence of the giant strides Romanism and Ritualism (which is Romanism under another name) are making in our land. The Protestant question is therefore the great political question of the day. It is to be hoped that the electors of Great Britain will bear this in mind when next they are called upon to choose their representatives."

VARIOUS.——The conduct of the Bishops with regard to the Afghan War is severely commented upon by the *Nonconformist*, which points out that of twenty-six prelates only eight were present in the House of Lords when the division took place, while only two paired, and that the Bishop of Oxford was alone in voting against the war. The *Spectator* remarks that "with the See of Durham vacant, perhaps the result is not so bad as might have been expected." The *Echo* has also published adverse criticism upon the attitude taken by their lordships, and thus extracted a letter from the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who defends his vote on the ground that as an Englishman he regards the war as a just one, and as a minister of the Gospel he considers that for England's power now to wane in India would be for the evangelisation of that part of the world to be retarded perhaps for centuries.—The controversy between the Lord Chief Justice and Lord Penzance respecting the Prestbury Ritual case would be extremely amusing were it not for the saddening thought that there is something deeply humiliating in the spectacle of two of the most learned lawyers and highest dignitaries of the Bench thus rushing into print for the purpose of a wordy war into which by far too much of the personal element is imported. The letter written by the Lord Chief Justice in reply to Lord Penzance makes a closely-printed pamphlet of sixty-four pages, and is full of the most scathing sarcasm; whilst the rejoinder of Lord Penzance in Tuesday's *Times* is perhaps even more cutting by reason of its contemptuous brevity. Lord Penzance acknowledges the receipt of the pamphlet, which he considers "less intended for his perusal than for that of the public." He learns from the *Times* article that it is "a model of angry controversy," and therefore thinks that he had better refrain from reading it, as by that means he shall escape another blow to his "too sensitive vanity," and remain able to subscribe himself with much respect "Yours very faithfully."—The revision of the New Testament is now complete, with the exception of some few questions which have been reserved to the end, and the consideration of any further suggestions which may be made by the American Company. The Revisionists, who number twenty-four, commenced in June, 1870, and have spent 337 days in the work, holding eighty-five sessions, the average attendance of members being fifteen.—Mr. C. F. Gardner, B.A., of Cambridge, has been chosen Secretary of the Curates' Augmentation Fund. There were 700 candidates.—The Baptist Missionary Society has lost a valuable servant by the sudden death of the Rev. Clement Bailhache, who had been for eight years one of their most active secretaries. Mr. Bailhache, who was only forty-eight years of age, had been successively minister of Baptist churches at Leeds, Watford, and Islington. He was for many years editor of the *Juvenile Missionary Herald*, and a frequent contributor to the *Church* and other Baptist periodicals.

Music

Her Majesty's Theatre.——The winter season at reduced prices closes this evening. Since our last there is little to record. Signor Bonetti has played Giorgio Germont in *La Traviata*, and Valentine in *Faust*, in both of which he gave satisfaction. He has a voice of sufficient capability, which, though by no means powerful, has evidently been well cultivated. His personal bearing, moreover, not to speak of his acting, would seem to indicate that he is no novice to the boards. In consequence of the indisposition of Madame Pappenheim *Faust* was substituted for *Oberon* at Wednesday's morning performance.

Madame Viard Louis' Concerts.——The second of these very interesting concerts was even more attractive than the first. The well varied programme, in fact, did not show one weak point. It comprised, moreover, novelty as well as excellence. To begin—a very piquant and cleverly-written *Rondo Scherzoso*, by Mr. F. Corder, a "Mendelssohn scholar," and student at our Royal Academy of Music, afforded general satisfaction, and well merited the applause it obtained. Then we had an *entr'acte* and some ballet music from Cherubini's last Parisian opera, *Ali Baba* (brought out in 1833), which, though it created no extraordinary impression, contains some very fine music. The Grand March, too, from the *Troyens* (produced at the Théâtre Lyrique in 1863), was also welcome, as a characteristic specimen of a great, though wayward, genius. The new piece, however, which excited most curiosity was a Symphony in F major, from the pen of the late Hermann Goetz, whose opera, *The Taming of the Shrew*, was heard not long since, indifferently performed, at Drury Lane. About this work we do not feel competent, after a single hearing, to offer a definite opinion, although our impression, we may say without hesitation, was highly favourable. As to its originality there can hardly be a doubt; and what must have especially gratified those amateurs who willingly accept new revelations of the musical art is that, while clearly the outcome of an independent mind, the Symphony in F has no taint of Wagnerism, or what is still worse (to coin another new word) Lisztism, in any part. Each of the four movements speaks for itself with convincing eloquence; and perhaps, before all, the *adagio*, without any of the broken and fragmentary affectation of the (ironically?) styled "Music of the Future," is one continuous stream of melody. That Goetz should have died so early after producing such a work is infinitely to be regretted. In him, as in Georges Bizet, who gave us *Carmen*, the art was deprived of a new, a genuine, and enthusiastic disciple. No praise can be too high for the admirable rendering of the symphony, under the direction of Mr. Weist Hill, who as a conductor has now scarcely a superior. True, thanks to the spirit and liberality of Madame Viard-Louis, the orchestra of ninety instrumentalists is one of the most complete and efficient ever heard in this country; but that to the finest orchestra a good conductor is indispensable will be readily admitted. What has been said about the execution of the symphony applies with no less truth to that of Mendelssohn's fiery overture to Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*, with which the concert began, and to the pretty *minuetto* for stringed instruments, by Boccherini, one of the most prolific composers of the eighteenth century. This, for the earliest introduction of which we are indebted to Mr. Weist Hill, when director of the Alexandra Palace Concerts, was encored and repeated. Madame Viard-Louis herself was originally announced for two pieces—Mozart's superb Concerto in D minor (pianoforte and orchestra) and Sterndale Bennett's exquisitely graceful *Rondo Piacevole*; but owing to an accident to her right hand, even now not sufficiently remedied, she was compelled to limit her exertions to the concerto. This she played from beginning to end, with great spirit, showing more than ordinary taste and expression in her reading of the Romance in B flat major, a truly Mozartean—which is equivalent to saying Orphean—melody. Madame Viard-Louis' substitute in the second part of the concert was Miss Bessie Richards, a young English pianist from whom high things may be expected. She has not often appeared in public, but has already made herself favourably known at the excellent chamber concerts held by Mr. Pettit at Langham Hall. Miss Richards belongs evidently to the school of Clara Schumann, Arabella Goddard, and such legitimate performers. Her mechanism is beyond reproach, her phrasing unaffected and well-balanced, her execution brilliant, with no attempt whatever at exaggerated display. She selected for solo Chopin's well-known Scherzo in B flat minor, a very difficult piece, but in no way to difficult for her. In fact, it could hardly have been rendered with more spirit and accuracy. In Miss Richards we have reason to look for another pianist likely to do honour to the English school. Her playing was thoroughly appreciated by the audience. The concert altogether was one deserving unqualified commendation; and if only Madame Viard-Louis succeeds in her project of establishing regular orchestral performances of a high class in London during the winter season, she will have rendered a service to the musical community (and we are growing more and more musical every day), hardly to be over-estimated.

London Ballad Concerts.——At the last concert before Christmas two new songs were introduced, namely, "The White Cockade," by Sainton-Dolby, and "London Bridge," by Molloy. They are both very good songs, and were worthily rendered by Miss Mary Davies and Mr. Maybrick.—The rest of the programme was composed of old favourites, all of which were sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling, Madame Sherrington, Miss Mary Davies, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Hollins in their best manner.

Royal Aquarium, Westminster.——A series of operatic concerts, under the able management of M. Charles Dubois, was brought to a close on Saturday evening last, to the general regret of those who had been especially attracted by the high-class music rendered. We congratulate M. Dubois upon his concerts, and shall look forward to a repetition of them.

Waifs.——The Royal Italian Opera will open at the usual period next spring, under the joint direction of Messrs. Ernest and Herbert Gye. All the engagements made with artists by the late Mr. Frederick Gye hold good; and, among others, Madame Adelina Patti, happily for subscribers, has signified her intention of returning to her post.—Dr. Hans von Bülow has returned to Hanover. He has already begun a series of letters in the Leipsic *Signale*, narrating his most recent experiences in this "foggy" land. That no one will escape the censure of this famous controversialist may be taken for granted. His first letter, all about himself, is naturally *couleur de rose*.—Madame Montigny Remaury, the accomplished French pianist, has left London for Brussels, to fulfil a professional engagement.—Mr. Carl Rosa's Opera Company has been performing with great success at Birmingham.—The new concert-piece composed by Rubinstein for Madame Essipoff, the distinguished Russian pianist, is entitled "Caprice Russe."

"DO NOT SEND US AWAY!"

By the Author of "Coming Thro' the Rye."

"Do not send us away!" is the cry of hundreds of childish voices that comes to us from the East, a host of tiny outstretched hands appealing at Shadwell to us against the closure of the doors of the East London Hospital for Children through lack of funds. So urgently is money needed, that unless at once forthcoming, this small Ark by the river-side, this small "Star in the East," will before long have practically ceased to exist. Hitherto the great heart of the public has beat so warmly in its favour as to enable it, though at infinite struggle and pains, to keep its head above water, but the terrible calamities with which our nation has recently been visited have appealed so largely to the sympathies of the benevolent as to divert from those hospitals, which subsist mainly on charity, the donations that otherwise would have been bestowed upon them.

And of these noble and beneficent institutions, whose aim it is to reduce the gigantic sum total of human misery and suffering, there is surely not one more richly deserving of help than that for which I, in common with many others, make my earnest appeal to-day.

We may refuse our pity to the grown man or woman, who through improvidence, intemperance or vice, has wilfully destroyed the health he or she originally possessed, but we cannot to the poor helpless little creatures who suffer through no fault or sin of their own, who are often worse than fatherless and motherless, and to whom the one chance given them by being admitted to this hospital may be the turning-point in their existences, which shall decide whether they grow up to live healthy useful lives, competent to do their duty manfully as citizens, or gradually develope into stunted vicious creatures.

Do they not cry aloud to us, these little shadowed, blighted lives for room and air in which to grow and press towards the light? It might move any man's heart to pity to pay a visit to the wards and see the tiny creatures, some of them not more than a few days old, lying moaning on their pillows, though, if he will only reflect upon what their sufferings would have been when fighting for their lives in a squalid crowded room without a single appliance at hand capable of relieving them, he will perceive that they are indeed well off where they are. There are nearly one hundred thousand children in this district alone, which is an incredibly poor one, it may be judged therefore what are the feelings of the mothers, when, on reaching the doors that have given hospitable ingress to forty thousand patients since its inauguration, they are met by the information that in the present state of the funds no more patients can be admitted. To many of them it means death; to-morrow even or next day may be too late, *to-day* skilled help must come or the child dies, and then it is that the poor mothers cry aloud, "Do not send us away!"

Donations will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Dr. Norris; the Secretary, Mr. Warner; or Messrs. Prescott, of Threadneedle Street.

Theatres

A new extravaganza brought out on Monday evening at the Strand Theatre, with the title of the *Desperate Adventures of the Baby, or the Wandering Heir*, has all the extravagance that the frequenters of that popular little house are accustomed to expect in a new burlesque, but is unfortunately without that degree of method in its madness which even in pieces of this kind cannot safely be dispensed with. This is a trifle of the *Nemesis* pattern—a combination of French farce and the modern type of showy extravaganza—differing from the latter class of entertainments in their purest form by reason of the attempt of the authors to develop a consecutive story, however wild or absurd. In this case the humorous complications arise from the loss of an infant on the day of its intended christening, and from the adventures of its three godfathers in endeavouring to trace the whereabouts of the missing heir. The scene being in Paris, we are introduced to some effective views of Parisian localities, and there is some fun in the notion of each of the godfathers finding a baby in possession of a keeper of the gardens of the Tuileries, and securing it in the belief that he has been the successful man of the party. The authors, Mr. Charles Ross and Mr. Freer, however, have been chiefly intent upon complicating their child hunt with the adventures of a certain Countess, whose secret interviews with a young nobleman excite the tempestuous jealousy of an Oriental gentleman, described as the Rajah Reaf Jam, to whom she is engaged. Out of these elements a brisk and bustling succession of incidents is evolved, including many grotesque and farcical situations; but the wit of the dialogue is rather forced. Fortunately for the success of the piece M. Marius's performance of the part of the "wily Oriental" is full of most amusing absurdities; and the grace and spirit of Miss Lottie Venne's performance in the character of the Nurse deservedly win the favour of the audience. There is moreover a good deal of singing, dancing, and orchestral music of a lively kind. Miss Violet Cameron as the Countess and Mr. Loredan as the young nobleman referred to are quite at home in singing parts in the burlesque, and Mr. Harry Cox, as the leading godfather, in the most extravagant of French agricultural holiday costumes, could hardly fail to awaken loud laughter, among a Strand audience. The piece was at all events well received. Though not one of the cleverest of the extravaganzas that have been seen on the stage of Mrs. Swanborough's theatre, it is a sufficiently lively after-piece to the revived comedy of *His Last Legs*, in which clever piece Mr. W. H. Vernon plays with even more than his accustomed spirit.

An amusing little vaudeville, entitled *After All*, has been produced at the Opera Comique by way of after piece to Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, *H.M.S. Pinafore*. The story sets forth the anguish and regret of a sentimental gentleman who returns from Australia to find that the young lady of his dreams is married to an old schoolfellow and companion; but it also exhibits the dawn of feelings of a totally different description, as the misery which the supposed happy husband is enduring from his wife's temper becomes slowly but only too surely revealed. The piece is almost entirely sustained by two personages represented by Mr. Barrington and Mr. Temple, though the necessity for the occasional appearance of a servant who threatens to "give warning" like her score of predecessors on account of "missis's temper," furnishes another little part which is pleasantly sustained by Miss Jessie Bond. From first to last the lady does not appear, but the sound of her voice in dispute with a cabman below furnishes such convincing corroboration of the sentimental gentleman's dawning suspicions that he hastily disappears from the scene as the curtain descends. The trifle, which is the joint production of Mr. Frank Despres and Mr. Arthur Cellier, is acted with much spirit and humour. It is cleverly written, and is provided with some humorous solos and concerted pieces of a melodious kind. Mr. D'Oyly Carte announces that he is by the terms of the lease compelled to close his theatre for repairs after the 24th inst. It will, however, reopen, entirely renovated and redecorated, with its present programme, on the 18th of February. This day (Saturday) the last morning performance of *H.M.S. Pinafore* before that date will take place, followed by the appearance of Mr. George Grossmith the younger, in his drawing-room sketch, entitled *A Christmas Pantomime*.

The first performance of the new grand Christmas Pantomime at the Gaiety will take place this afternoon. The author is Mr. Byron; the subject *Jack the Giant Killer*. The Royal Aquarium pantomime, also to be produced this afternoon, is founded on the story of *Aladdin*.

Moore and Burgess Minstrels.——During the Christmas holidays this world-renowned entertainment will take place, as in former years, in the large St. James's Hall.

Sporting

Under this heading our weekly Notes must necessarily be brief, as frost and snow have sadly interfered with steeplechasing and "timber-topping," as also with coursing; and consequently "Story there is none to tell, sir!" However, horses, dogs, jockeys, trainers, judges, slippers, and other animals, including foxes, will enjoy a little rest, and not be unthankful to the meteorological authorities for the rest accorded to them. Skaters, *per contra*, are in high glee, or at least were so a few hours ago.

Aquatics.——Naturally enough, since the Trial Eights have been rowed at both the Universities, there has been a good deal of talk as to the relative prospects of each for the great Putney race. The general impression seems to be that both Oxford and Cambridge have plenty of good raw material, though it may be a trifle below the average. The great difficulty for Oxford next term will be to find a good stroke, and it seems not improbable that as many as six new hands will be wanted for the Putney crew. Cambridge is in a somewhat similar position, as she will probably lose four of the best men who were in this year's crew. There is a rumour, however, that both Gurdon and Hocken will be available; and, if this turns out to be the case, the Light Blues will start training with an advantage over the Dark.

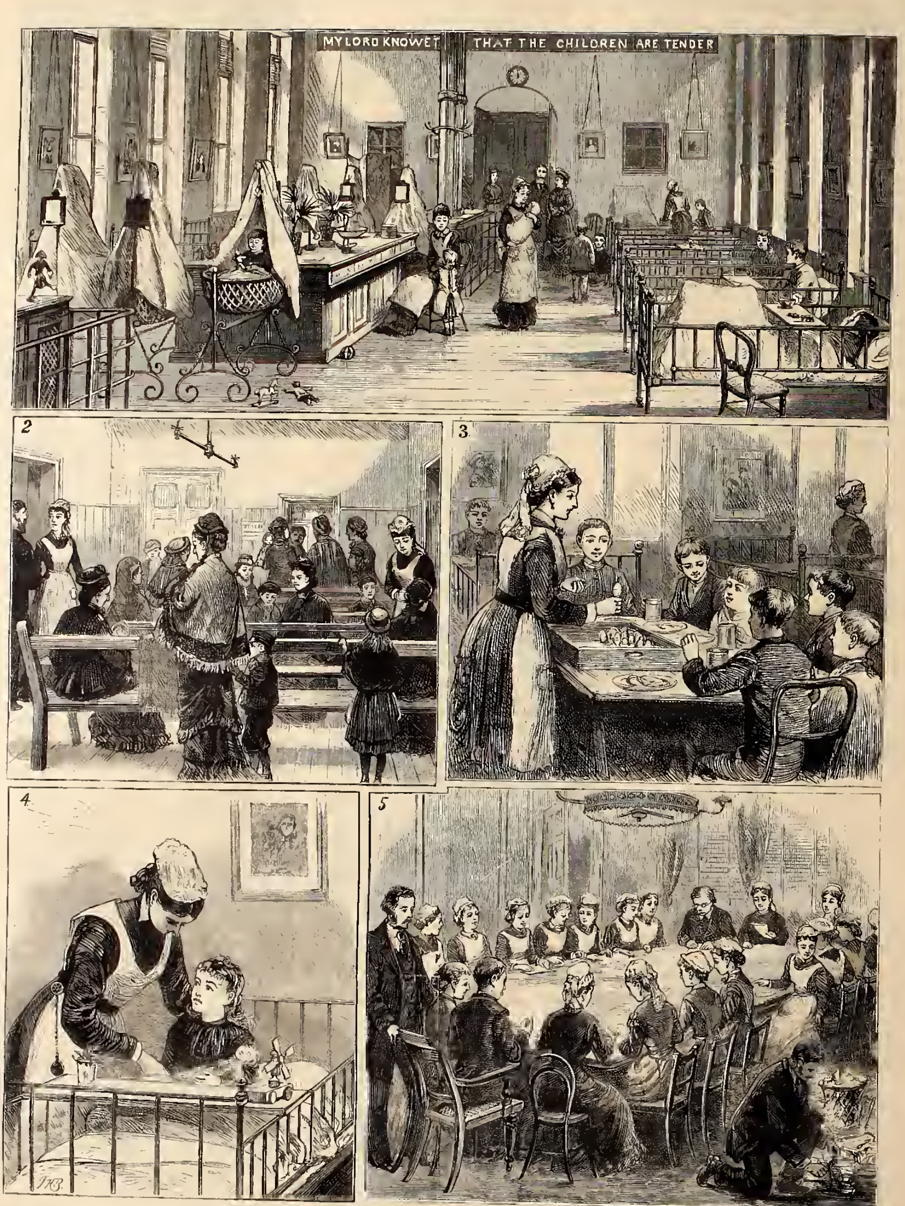
Football.——Here, again, King Frost has forbidden several arranged and interesting matches to be played, among which may be mentioned Oxford *v.* Cambridge, under Rugby Rules, and two which Cambridge was to have played at Glasgow, under Association Rules, against Queen's Park and Glasgow University.—Some fair games, however, have been brought off. The Eton Ramblers have played the "Boys" at the school "In the field," and beaten them by one goal and four "rouges" to one goal and one "rouge."—At Bramall Lane, Sheffield has given Birmingham a terrible beating, the score being ten goals to none.

Cricket.——Though there is nothing suggestive of this game about our climate just now, we must not forget that at the Antipodes it is in full season, and hence the doings of Lord Harris's Eleven among the colonists are by no means without interest. They have commenced well at Adelaide by beating Sixteen Players of South Australia by four wickets. Their next match is at Melbourne against the Australian Eleven which showed such excellent form in this country last season.—Now that the results of the inter-county cricket have been tabulated, it would seem that Middlesex, which could not win a match in 1877, stands at the head of the list for 1878, not having lost an engagement. The metropolitan county, however, only played six matches, winning three and drawing three; and therefore Nottinghamshire with seven won, three lost, and four drawn, is fairly entitled to be considered the premier county, Gloucestershire, though fallen from her high estate, coming next with four wins, two lost, and four draws.

Legal

Threatening the Queen's Life.——On Thursday last week the evening papers came out with the startling announcement that a man named Madden had been arrested for threatening to shoot the Queen. The actual charge brought against the prisoner, who is a Frenchman of Irish parentage, was that of sending threatening letters—two addressed to Mr. Cross, one to the Hon. A. Liddell, and a fourth to Lord Lynns. They were written in French, and a remand was ordered that exact translations might be made. Their purport was said to be that if certain demands for money were not complied with, the writer would visit Balmoral to "change the form of Government;" but *The Times* report states that one of them contained a distinct threat to shoot the Queen. It was also rumoured that a pistol-shot had been heard as the Royal train was passing through an intermediate station during Her Majesty's recent journey from Scotland to Windsor. The police, however, think that the noise heard was probably only that of a fog-signal, and they have no belief in the suggestion that Madden is in any way connected with either the Socialists or the Internationalists. He is regarded as an imbecile, and it is said that he has threatened every crowned head in Europe, but in no case has he made any attempt to put his threats into execution.

The Burton Crescent Murder.——Much excitement has been created by the shocking murder which was committed last week. The victim was an old lady named Samuels, the widow of a diamond merchant, who lived almost alone, the only other occupant of the house being a Polish musician, named Borschutzki, who, on returning home about midnight on the Wednesday, found his landlady lying dead in the kitchen. He at once fetched her son, who lived near by, and the police being called in, it was found that the old lady had been beaten to death with a hat-rack studded with large nails. Her boots and wedding-ring had been stolen, the pocket of her dress had been cut or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THAT THE CHILDREN ARE TENDER
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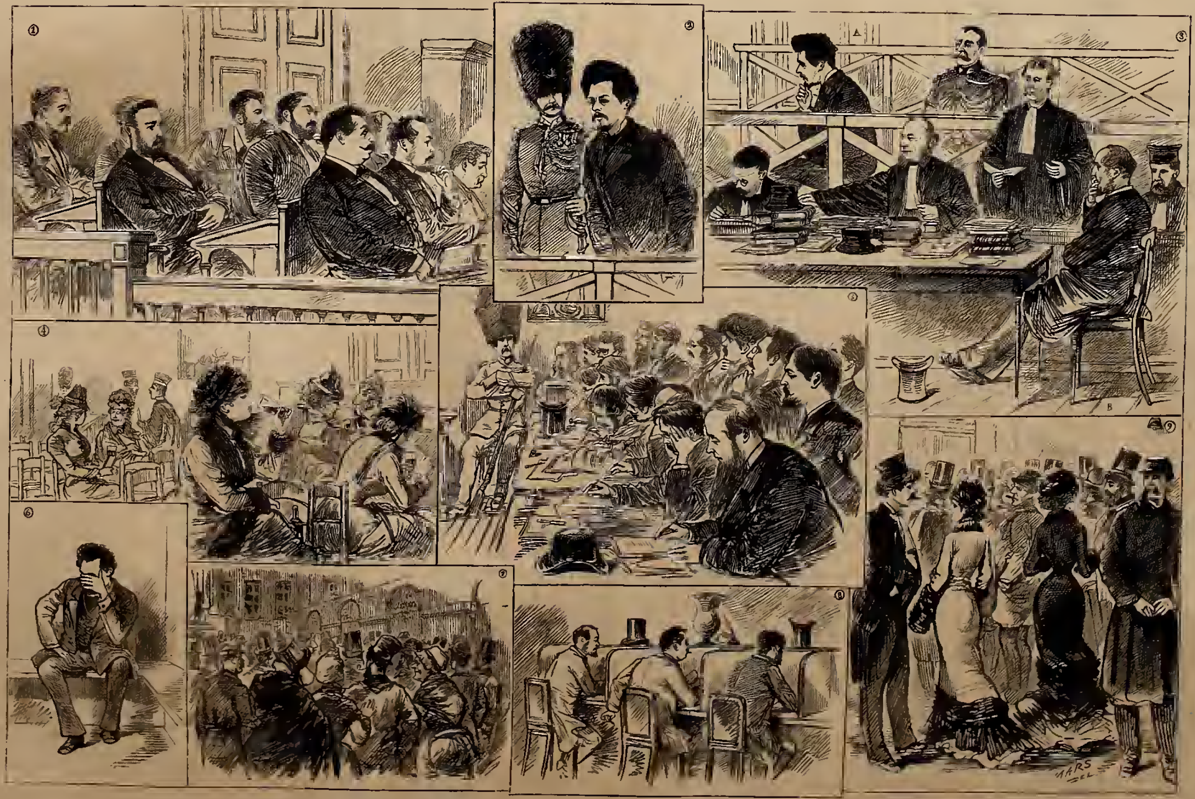

1. Some of the Jury.—2. T'Kint's Peculiar Bow to Judges and Jury when introduced into Court.—3. The Prisoners and their Counsel: (A) T'Kint, (B) Fortamps.—4. Pitiless Ladies Lunching in the Court during an Adjournment.—5. The Journalist's Hard Labour: Twenty-five Days' Imprisonment.—6. Waiting for the Verdict: T'Kint in his Cell.—7. Crowd Outside the Palace of Justice, Nov. 23.—8. The Jury at Work: Five Hundred and Fifty-nine Questions to be Answered!—9. Inside the Palace: Waiting to Hear the Sentence.

THE T'KINT AND FORTAMPS TRIAL AT BRUSSELS—SKETCHES IN COURT torn away, and some attempt had been made to wash away the blood-stains from the floor and stairs. There was no sign of the house having been broken into, and this fact caused suspicion to fall upon a woman named Mary Donovan, a charwoman employed by the deceased. This woman, on being arrested, admitted having been at the house on the day of the murder; but said that when she left, Mrs. Samuels was engaged in conversation with a man who had called about some apartments which were to let. Donovan, who it seems is much given to drink, is said to have stayed away from her home all night on the Wednesday, and some stains, supposed to be blood, were found upon the dress and shawl which she was then wearing. There is, however, no direct evidence against her as yet, and her husband, to whom she has only recently been married, speaks of her as a kind and gentle woman, who could not possibly entertain a murderous thought. The inquest has been opened and adjourned, and Donovan is to be again examined at Bow Street this day (Saturday), when the Treasury will take up the prosecution.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——Great consternation was caused on Saturday morning in the Law Courts by an announcement made by Vice-Chancellor Malins that Lord Chief Justice Cockburn was dead. It was, however, subsequently stated that there was no truth in the report, and that his lordship's health had so far improved that he hoped to resume his duties very soon. The mistake arose from the Vice-Chancellor having received verbal information of the death of a solicitor named Cowburn.—On Tuesday, Chief Justice Cockburn resumed the hearing of Mr. Robertson's libel action against *Truth*, Mr. Serjeant Ballantine having sufficiently recovered from his recent illness to take up the case. The trial was still going on when we went to press.—The trial of the Glasgow Bank directors has been fixed for January 20th. Another arrest has been made—that of Mr. William Scott, a partner of Innes, Wright, and Co., who is accused of having embezzled or stolen 48,000*l.*, the proceeds received for discounting bills. In the Edinburgh Court of Session the appeal made by Mr. John Hunter, of Glasgow, against the placing of his name on the list of City of Glasgow Bank shareholders, on the ground that "he only obliged the manager by giving the use of his name, paid no money, and received no dividends," has been dismissed by Lord Young, who thought that the complainant had knowingly done what was wrong with the effect of keeping up the shares.—It is said that Mr. Cross has drafted a Bill suggested by the recent calamities in the banking world. It will deal specially with the system of auditing accounts, and will be introduced in February.

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THE OLD THEATRICAL PIT

WHEN the widow of an eminent equestrian manager was descanting to Alfred Bunn and a literary friend upon the magnificence of her late husband's resting-place, she added, by way of peroration, that, when their time came, she felt sure that nothing would be more in accordance with her deceased spouse's wishes than that their remains should repose with his; upon which Bunn annotated the lugubrious courtesy by the *sotto voce* remark, to his companion, that it was an order for two to the pit.

As a play upon words the joke was as good as it was heartless, but as a metaphor it was especially false. At the time when the jest was uttered, the pit, so far from being the place where the dead or even moribund drama found quiet, was just the locality in which the greatest efforts would be made to keep it alive. Years after the utterance of this *jeu de mot*, when a deservedly favourite actress visited the Alhambra, then devoted to a music hall entertainment, she exclaimed, in looking round at the crowded auditorium, thinking doubtless of the beggarly account of empty benches which she had just left, "Here are the vitals of the theatre." We doubt if she could have been quite correct in her deduction, for the amusements of a music hall are hardly those that would be attractive to an intelligent votary of the play, but if she were so, she might have accounted to herself for such desertion from the temples of Thespis, when she remembered the manner in which the most steadfast and earnest supporters of the drama had been treated by theatrical managers, driven as they were, and are, far away from the stage to make room for those who, although they pay three or four times as much for their stall as used to be charged for pit seats, yet occupy four times the space that was required by the latter.

In the early days of the drama the frequenters of the *parterre* had to be satisfied with but scanty comfort, many theatrical performances being given, during the years of Elizabeth's reign antecedent to Shakespeare's writing for the stage, in the yards of the inns, where the platform for the actors was erected (with its back to the gateway), and where the pit was but the standing room in front, without either protection from the elements or benches for rest. In this respect the Globe Theatre was but little if any better, and Shakespeare calls that part of his audience "groundlings," while Ben Jonson distinctly designates them "the understanding gentlemen of the ground." A chronicler has estimated that the admission at that time to the pit of such theatres as the Globe and Blackfriars was sixpence, the same charge as that made for the galleries, but that in lower theatres it was only a penny or twopence. The critic's place was not in the pit in those days; he was accommodated, at least in the so-called private play-houses, such as was the Blackfriars, with a stool on the stage, or, at any rate, was permitted to sit on the boards there, where he had pages to wait upon him, with pipes and tobacco, which Sir Walter Raleigh had taught his countrymen to like. But already the pit was beginning to obtain consideration, for we are told that at the Blackfriars, as well as at the Cockpit and Salisbury Court Theatres, where they acted by candlelight, they had pits for the gentry.

After the Restoration, the pit, at any rate at first, gave a foretaste of what it would one day become, for, in 1665 or 1666, Lacy, in the prologue to his farce of *Old Troop*, appeals to the gallery to protect him from the censures of the pit, which the vulgar humour of the piece deserved. Dryden, in the second prologue to his *Secret Love; or, The Maiden Queen* (a tragi-comedy that enabled Nell Gwyn to delight Pepys as much as she charmed the King, who afterwards graced the work "with the title of *his* play"), specially refers, if not in a very complimentary manner, to the critical pretensions of the occupiers of the pit, protesting against their having any voice in the matter:—

> No critic's verdict should, of right, stand good,
> They are excepted all as men of blood:
> And the same law shall shield him (the author) from their fury,
> Which has excluded butchers from a jury.

The pit, however, had more than its men of taste to distinguish it, it had also those who judged the disputes of public and managers, as Victor, in his "History of the Theatres of London and Dublin," tells us. Among other riots was one on the question of increased prices at Drury Lane in 1736, which resulted in a country gentleman being taken into custody for hissing. The magistrate was "too cunning to meddle in the affair," but the arrest aroused the indignation of the house, and, upon the manager pleading his privilege, he not being an actor, of exemption from coming on the stage, a deputation was sent round from the pit to meet him in the green room, the rest of the audience waiting for the report of their representatives. A compromise of the interests of public and management was happily arranged, which shows that the occupiers of the pit were as reasonable at the moment of victory as they had been resolute during the struggle.

But a more important dispute, and one which exhibits the acknowledged social position of the pit of those days, occurred in connection with the Licensing Act of 1738. Among other grievances resulting from this law was the shutting up of the little theatre in the Haymarket, a hardship for the actors engaged, but intended to silence the satires against Walpole which Fielding, who had the management of the theatre, used to put into the mouths of his company there. To make matters worse, however, at the very time when the English players were walking about idle and hungry, or lying in gaol and in debt, a company of French strollers were licensed to act at this same establishment, the advertisement being headed with the words, "By Authority." We have not space to recount the scene that took place on the evening when the entertainment was to be given. Victor himself was in the pit, as were two Westminster Justices—one of the latter announcing that he came there to assert the King's authority, but was told that the present actors must take their fate from the public, a statement that was preceded by the assertion that "the judicature of the Pit had been acknowledged and acquiesced to, Time immemorial." We may add that their actions were no weaker than their words, and in defiance of two files of grenadiers standing on the stage with bayonets fixed, objects of intimidation that Justice Deveil had to order off the scene, unallured by specious promises, equally unawed by the threat that the "Proclamation" should be read, the objectors carried the day and compelled the lowering of the curtain, and the abrupt conclusion of a performance of which not one word had been heard.

But there was less excuse for disturbances upon a similar question in our own days, when a French troupe tried to act *Monte Christo* at Drury Lane. English actors were not arbitrarily shut out of theatres then by the tyranny of authority, indeed it was an outburst of popular prejudice which we would gladly forget. Speaking of Drury Lane, though, we may refer to an effort victoriously made by the Pittites to protect their rights from the aggression of that public which used to occupy the private boxes and dress circle. Some quarter of a century ago a farewell benefit was given to Mrs. Glover, who died a day or two after the event. To make the evening as productive as possible, half the pit was parted off as reserved seats, for which variously high sums were paid; but when the public entered their old territory, and saw that they were being deprived of half what was theirs, even the charitable object in view did not restrain them; they broke down the barriers, took possession of the places, and neither entreaties nor police warnings were efficacious in moving them.

The old theatrical pit was a strong-headed, strong thinking, and compact body. We remember a drama of Bayle Bernard's, produced at Drury Lane under Mr. Anderson's management, being damned, we thought at the time somewhat severely, by a resolute pit who would not have it. When we call to mind the pits which Macready used to sway, as though there was but one mind among so many men and women, we cannot help believing that the drama and the actor have made a bad exchange in getting those exquisite occupants of the stalls in place of so much earnestness and energy.

Our readers will recollect how Edmund Kean received his wife's inquiry as to what Lord Essex thought of his first performance of Sir Giles Overreach. "D—— Lord Essex, Mary," exclaimed the enthusiastic tragedian; "the pit rose at me!" What would not a wise actor give now for such a pit?

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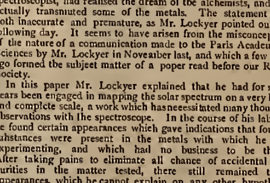
SCIENTIFIC NOTES

JUST one month ago the startling statement appeared in one of the London papers that Mr. Norman Lockyer, the eminent spectroscopist, had realised the dream of the alchemists, and had actually transmuted some of the metals. The statement was both inaccurate and premature, as Mr. Lockyer pointed out the following day. It seems to have arisen from the misconception of the nature of a communication made to the Paris Academy of Sciences by Mr. Lockyer in November last, and which a few days ago formed the subject matter of a paper read before our Royal Society.

In this paper Mr. Lockyer explained that he had for some years been engaged in mapping the solar spectrum on a very large and complete scale, a work which has necessitated many thousand observations with the spectroscope. In the course of his labours he found certain appearances which gave indications that foreign substances were present in the metals with which he was experimenting, and which had no business to be there. After taking pains to eliminate all chance of accidental impurities in the matter tested, there still remained these appearances, which he cannot explain on any other hypothesis than that of actual dissociation of the elements in question. His observations—interesting as they are—require proof before they can be said to have any direct bearing upon the elementary nature of the metals with which they deal. It has long been the opinion of chemists that many of the so-called elements may some day be proved to be of a compound nature, but they will require direct proofs before they consent to take a step which would revolutionise the science which they teach. In the mean time, Mr. Lockyer's labours will encourage others to work in the same field, and the appearances which he has recorded may possibly be traced to their true cause—be it dissociation or something else.

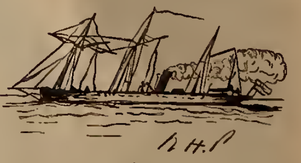
The so-called "rainbow ray," which has for some time been thrown across the Thames at Westminster, has roused so much speculation as to the means by which it is produced that we append an explanatory diagram. The light-source is a Serrin (electric) lamp (A), which is placed behind a compound lens, the upper half of which is shown in section at B. The dotted lines show how the rays of light are bent into one parallel beam. This lens was constructed for lighthouse use, with an oil lamp which gives a very large flame, in which case the light given would be white. But on substituting an electric arc (which in comparison with the oil lamp is merely a small point of light) without any alteration of focus, the white beam was found to break up into its constituent colours. It is suggested for use in in places in which a distinctive light is required.



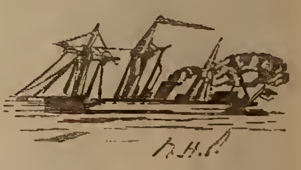
The Autographic Telegraph Apparatus of M. d'Arlincourt has lately been tried at the General Post Office. But it is by no means the first machine which has been contrived for sending telegraphic messages in the actual handwriting of their originators. It was long ago shown by Davy that if an electric current were passed through paper moistened with certain chemical compounds, such compounds were decomposed or separated in such a manner that a coloured stain was the result. For instance, if a solution of prussiate of potash and ammonia be used, and the paper be placed on a zinc plate in communication with the zinc pole of a Daniell battery, a brilliant Prussian blue mark will be made on the paper, provided that the style or pen employed be in connection with the other pole of the battery. In like manner a solution of iodide of potassium and starch will give a brown stain, owing to the liberation of the iodine. Acting on these phenomena, Bakewell, in 1850, brought forward an instrument which has from time to time found many imitators.

In Bakewell's process the message is written in resinous ink, such as sealing-wax dissolved in spirit, on tin foil. The foil is then attached to a cylinder, which is so arranged that a pointer traverses every part of its surface as it revolves, the action being similar to the travelling tool of a screw-cutting lathe. A duplicate cylinder at the further station—also having a pointer, but having the tinfoil replaced by chemical paper—forms the recording instrument. The two cylinders are caused by clockwork to revolve at exactly the same rate, and an electric current passes through each pointer to the cylinders which they touch. It is evident that, supposing no interruption occurs—the pointer on each cylinder will describe a continuous spiral line—that on the first showing itself as a slight depression on the tinfoil, and on the second as a coloured mark. But the resinous ink forms a barrier through which the electricity will not flow, so that when any portion of the writing comes under the pointer, the current is broken. It follows that, this being the case, the recording pointer is no longer capable of acting upon the prepared paper. In the result, the writing upon the tinfoil is reproduced in white, upon a coloured ground formed of a multitude of fine lines. By covering the tinfoil with a varnish, and using an ink of caustic soda, the action is reversed, the copy appearing as coloured linear letters upon a white ground.

The d'Arlincourt apparatus is a modification of Bakewell's, and offers many points of improvement, which we need not enter into. By the kindness of Mr. Preece we are enabled to reproduce a pen-and-ink sketch (A), together with its copy (B), which was automatically drawn at the receiving station. It will be perceived that the latter is made up of the parallel lines due to the action of the pointer as described.



A



B

There is no doubt that in certain cases the autographic apparatus would be useful. Thus in war time the plan of a fort might be sent by telegraph, or a special correspondent might illustrate his despatches with sketches. Photography, too, might possibly be adapted to the apparatus, in which case its value would be inestimable. But as at present arranged it seems too slow in its action for the rapidity of communication which is universally demanded.

T. C. H.

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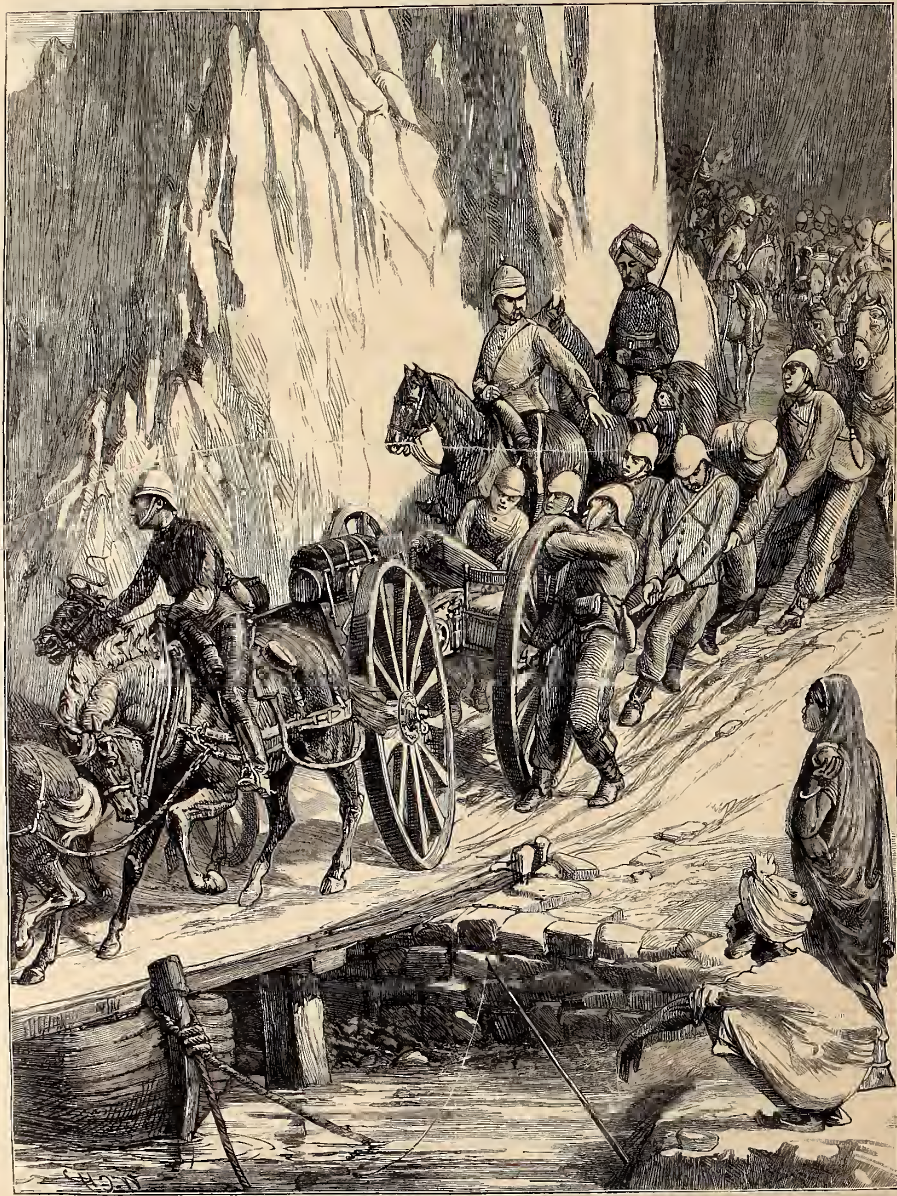
ROYAL ACADEMY.——At a General Assembly, held on the 19th inst., Mr. Henry Stacy Marks, painter, was elected an Academician.

MR. JOSEPH NASH, the well-known water-colour painter, has just died at the age of seventy-one. He commenced exhibiting at the Old Society of Painters in Water-colours as far back as 1835, showing drawings of French cathedrals and antiquities. In 1838 was published "Architecture of the Middle Ages," with illustrations from his pencil, and between 1839-1849 appeared "Mansions of England in the Olden Time," in four series, Mr. Nash's interiors, &c., being lithographed. Among Mr. Nash's pictures were "The Queen's Visit to Lincoln's Inn Hall," exhibited in 1846; "Interior Views of the Great Exhibition in 1851," "Charles V. Visiting Francis I. during his Confinement," shown at the Water-colour Society Exhibition in 1865; and "The Chapel of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey," shown at the same place in 1806.

THE TOYS, this year, of the Stereoscopic Company are much superior to any they have had before. The "secreted coin" is a capital puzzle for both young and old; it is based on the same principle as the egg trick, but is infinitely superior. The "home gilder" is no trick, but is a very useful article to have in the house; we have tried it on an old picture frame and found it most successful. The "atmospheric detonator" is a most amusing toy, which succeeds in making a loud report without any trouble or danger. "The Enchanted Mice" is an exceedingly clever and puzzling trick, the mice run about in a most life-like manner. The "Russian and Turk" is another scientific toy. The way the figures jump about is most amusing, they look exactly as if they were struggling for the mastery. The "Living Colours." These colours produce a splendid and gorgeous effect: it is a series of chemical experiments. "Cleopatra's Needle" is, as it says on the box, a very good paper-weight, but it is very little good for a trick, as it broke the first time it was used. The "Marksman" is a very ingenious sort of money-box, and affords great amusement. "Bismarck's Puzzle Box" is a very old trick, and needs no comment. The "Pistonette" is a very useful little match-box; it is much more convenient than the old-fashioned vesta cases, as there is no spring to get broken, and no trouble in getting the matches out of it.

CHRISTMAS APPEALS.——The North-Eastern Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E., situated in one of the poorest parts of Bethnal Green, appeals for 3,000*l*. to complete and furnish their new building for fifty beds, and for 1,400*l*. to pay off a debt on the General Fund. Springing from a small dispensary established by two ladies in 1867, the Institution now includes two houses for in-patients, making up thirty beds, and a dispensary for out-patients, at which nearly 1,000 children are relieved weekly. The new building will be finished in a few months, and the number of beds will thus be raised to eighty. Contributions to be sent to the bankers, Messrs. Barclay and Bevan, 54, Lombard Street, and the Secretary, Mr. A. Nixon, 27, Clement's Lane, E.C.—The Metropolitan and National Nursing Association for Providing Trained Nurses for the Sick Poor also ask for funds to extend their work in nursing the sick poor in their own homes with a thoroughly skilled body of efficiently trained nurses. Subscriptions to be sent to the Secretary, Capt. Fortescue, at the Central Home and Offices, 23, Bloomsbury Square, W.C., or the bankers, Messrs. Cocks, Biddulph, and Co., Charing Cross.—The Church Penitentiary Association was founded in 1851 to assist in the maintenance of Houses of Mercy and Refuges throughout the country for the reception of fallen women penitents. Thirty-five are now in union with the Association. Each House of Mercy is sanctioned by the Bishop of the Diocese, and is managed by self-devoted women, a clergyman of the Church of England being Chaplain. Of the 1,170 penitents who left the various houses during the year, 483 are reported of favourably. The Association is in urgent need of increased support. Office, 32, Sackville Street, London, W.



ON THE MARCH TO THE FRONT—FIELD ARTILLERY CROSSING THE INDUS BY A BRIDGE OF BOATS AT KHOOSHIAHGURH

There had been a time when Evelyn Nicoll had delighted in having Uncle Ferdinand . . . at her pony's bridle rein in her rambles on the moor.

UNDER ONE ROOF: An Episode in a Family History

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW

IN spite of the gentleness of Mr. Ferdinand Walcot's manners, and of a certain attraction which he possessed for many persons, he was not without his enemies. His spirit was masterful, and unless he had the mastery he would sometimes become downright antagonistic. His theory of government wassomething like that of Mr. Carlyle—a despotism in able hands; but Mr. Walcot's definition would have been still more precise; it was necessary that the hands should be his own, and as they were kept always very neatly gloved, and were gentle, and even caressing, in their touch (unless when "temper," in rare cases, got the better of him), his yoke was not as a general rule resented; the majority of those who bore it were not even conscious of its existence, until there came some cause of disagreement; Lady Arden, for example, only perceived that he possessed the art of management in its highest form, and felt indebted to him for its exercise in all affairs of the household. She never dreamt that he was managing *her*. The young ladies, until quite recently, were not of an age to understand the system of government under which they lived, and even the Great Baba was not in rebellion against Mr. Walcot's *régime*, but only against Mr. Walcot. He did not recognise him as a rival sovereign, but only as a big black man who did not find favour in his eyes. Frank had never opposed him, but he had been the involuntary cause of opposition, because he had not been sent to school in accordance with his advice. At the very first opportunity, therefore, as we have seen, the iron hand had made itself felt through the velvet glove. From henceforth Frank was in his power, as other persons of a larger growth were.

He had all sorts of ways of catching his birds; if they flew headlong into his net, as in Frank's case, without even a lure, so much the better; it saved trouble, and left no traces of the lime. He never frightened them before he caught them—if he could possibly help it. But he had had some little trouble (and foresaw more of it) with one charming little songster, upon whose capture he had set his heart.

There had been a time when Evelyn Nicoll had delighted in having Uncle Ferdinand (so she had then called him) for her companion, when she had liked no one better—not excepting even George Gresham—at her pony's bridle rein in her rambles on the moor; she had listened to his fanciful weird stories with an interest that fell little of enchantment; she had hung upon his lips, as he discoursed with knowledge, admirably suited to her capacity, upon bird, and beast, and tree, with a child's hero-worship, and he had flattered himself that he had only to put forth his hand to make her captive.

Circumstances had occurred, perhaps, to hurry his ordinarily cautious movements, or perhaps he grew impatient to make sure, but certain it was that—quite in these later days—she had escaped his fingers. She had not got away, of course—he would have smiled at the possibility of such an occurrence—but something or other had given her an alarm. Only instead of fluttering (as some had done under the like circumstances) with beating heart and frightened eyes, she had become as hostile as a ruffled swan. He felt that he had all his work to do over again, though in a different manner. And not only was the iron hand in this case out of the question, but if he could have used it he would not have done so, for this bird, as sometimes happens, though very, very rarely, had caught the bird-catcher.

We have said that the only tenant of Halcombe Hall who was in open opposition to Ferdinand Walcot was Evelyn Nicoll, but there had been another rebel, who was now once more under that roof—namely, George Gresham; and in his case the bird-catcher felt no scruples. There was, in fact, a bitter quarrel between them, though known only to themselves; under the mask of a somewhat strained politeness they hated one another most cordially, and offered one more example of the fact that there is no war so virulent as civil war. It was an unequal combat, because one of the belligerents was more unscrupulous than the other: when one side poisons wells and the other shrinks from it, the former has a positive though an undue advantage; but, for all that, George Gresham was no despicable foe. The very impetuousness of his assaults, which excited the other's contempt, rather than his apprehensions, did considerable execution. To his intimates (as we have seen) George Gresham made no secret of his conviction that Ferdinand Walcot was a scoundrel; and to every one else he made it clearly understood that he regarded him with no favour. There had been a time when on one side, at all events, considerable conciliation had been attempted. As a boy, not yet emancipated from school, George had been the recipient of Mr. Walcot's generosity. The "tips" he had given him were, indeed, much larger than were prudent to be entrusted to such young hands; and he had given him to understand that he might count upon whatever he wished to obtain from his uncle, provided it was applied for through Ferdinand Walcot. To the schoolboy this arrangement seemed agreeable enough; but as he grew older, he began, as the only blood relation of his uncle, to resent the proviso attached to it: it seemed not in accordance with the fitness of things that such mediation should be necessary. Hence arose doubts, suspicions, and finally a collision with his late ally. Then war, openly declared upon the young man's side, but apparently declined by the other. Gresham appealed to his uncle, and found him kind, but deaf to all arguments against Walcot.

"You do not understand, my dear boy, the nobility of that man's nature; the thought of self is foreign to it." And then that stereotyped phrase of his, delivered with pathetic solemnity, "There is a sacred tie between us."

Mr. Walcot, though not put upon his defence, volunteered some statements as to his motives; he could afford to leave them to Sir Robert's interpretation, he said, but it was quite possible George had failed to appreciate them. Sir Robert was his own kith and kin, and it was but natural that he should consider things to be his right which were, in fact, not so; but which in all reason and justice should depend rather upon his own good behaviour. He was not a bad boy—Heaven forbid that should be the case!—but he had serious faults, which he (Mr. Walcot) had striven to amend, and received anything but thanks for his pains. He did not, however, want thanks; but only to see such amendment in the lad as would give satisfaction to his uncle. Even in such a small affair as getting up in the morning, and being in time for breakfast, he could not bring himself to turn over a new leaf, though he knew Sir Robert's particularity in the matter.

Now George was a confirmed sluggard, and his accuser knew this to be a crucial test in which he was almost sure to fail. And he did fail; he was fool enough—or, perhaps, obstinate enough—to neglect this simple means of grace which Mr. Walcot had suggested to him. And the little rift thus made between him and his uncle was skilfully widened. He had been withdrawn from Oxford and the companionship of his friend Frederic Mayne, under Walcot's advice, on the pretext of his extravagant habits—a charge he could not deny—and been left in Germany to complete his education. He had visited Halcombe during the vacations, and been received by Sir Robert with his usual kindness—never intermitted, save when he made a late appearance at the breakfast table; and eventually, as we have seen, had been selected to be the future husband of his uncle's favourite, Evelyn. He did not know that from that hour Ferdinand Walcot's dislike of him had been turned to malevolent hate; but he was quite aware that he was his foe. His fearless, careless disposition, however, had led him to pay small heed to this circumstance—preferring to consider the man the enemy of the human race rather than his own—until the present time; when he felt that his secret relations with Elise might expose him to a severe, if not a ruinous, blow.

It was at Walcot's suggestion that Evelyn had gone to fetch her from Mirton; and he therefore awaited their return with a redoubled apprehension. So strong was his presentiment of evil that he walked out upon the moor before the return of the young ladies was expected, in order that his meeting with Elise might have at least only one witness.

His first glance, on meeting the occupants of the carriage, was directed to Evelyn, and it in some sort reassured him. He felt certain, from her quiet look (for she was one who easily betrayed her emotions) that nothing had passed between her and her companion to pain her. His proposal that they should finish their journey on foot if the visitor was not too fatigued was accepted; and the three young people walked home together.

"I have been trying my German conversational powers with Miss Hurt," said Evelyn, "and I find that books cannot teach me to speak a language. I am glad she will find in you, George, at least one person who can talk to her in her native tongue. You must tell her, however, that she must consider herself a missionary in a very benighted land, and not encourage us to be indolent by speaking English."

"Perhaps it would be better if she concealed her little knowledge of it altogether," said George, laughing, but not without the reflection that this would be very convenient.

"I am afraid that would savour of duplicity," said Evelyn, gravely.

Then it flashed like lightning upon Gresham. "Evelyn *knows*"—he felt that she was alluding to his present conduct. "I was only joking," he replied, "of course, but I will make her understand exactly what you desire." Then added rapidly in German, "You will not use English more than is necessary, Elise, and in the case of one person, my uncle's brother-in-law, it will be better to conceal your knowledge of it as much as possible. He is the only enemy we have to fear."

The next moment George Gresham turned scarlet. He saw, by Evelyn's face, not indeed that she had understood his words of caution, for she had not; but that he had missed the first step in his career of secrecy. He had addressed the new governess as "Elise," instead of "Miss Hurt." At this moment there fortunately occurred a little incident: they met a dog-cart with a groom in it, coming up the steep hill from Halcombe. The man touched his hat respectfully.

"Where are you going, Charles?" inquired Gresham.

"To Archester, sir, to bring a young person that is expected at the Hall."

"Oh, to be sure, it is Annabel Spence," said Evelyn.

"Then Miss Hurt is not the only stranger, it seems, expected to-day," observed George, lightly.

"Hush, George," said Evelyn, rapidly. "It is scarcely necessary to remark on such a coincidence; Annabel Spence is the new ladies' maid."

"I am sure our companion is too sensible to be annoyed by any comparison of that sort," answered Gresham, lightly.

"I hope so," observed Elise, quietly, in broken English, "but nevertheless I am deeply sensible of Miss Nicoll's consideration, which is far beyond anything which a person in my position (unless, indeed, she had the happiness to have already known her) could possibly have expected."

It was now Evelyn's turn to be overwhelmed with confusion.

"I had no idea, Miss Hurt, that you could understand me," she stammered. "I was wrong to say that books cannot teach a language. I see now that it depends upon the capacity of the student."

"Not at all, Miss Nicoll," answered Elise, gently. "It depends rather upon the student's necessities. If you had had to learn German in order to earn your bread, you would have acquired it at least as well as I have English."

Gresham was delighted at the admiration that Elise's talents had thus extorted from Evelyn, and still more at the favour with which she evidently regarded her. Half his expected difficulties seemed to be already surmounted. At the same time, highly as he estimated Evelyn's nobility of character, he was not a little surprised, supposing that she really guessed how matters stood, that she had acquiesced in them so readily. His *amour propre* perhaps was a little wounded—though he knew Evelyn's affections were not engaged to him—at the quietness (it looked almost like satisfaction) with which she had accepted the knowledge of his attachment to somebody else.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LIKENESS

On the morning after Elise Hurt's arrival at the Hall, the family were assembled as usual in the oriel breakfast room, awaiting the beat of the gong which summoned the servants to morning prayers; for a wonder, George Gresham was on this occasion in time for that solemnity; he had made up his mind to fail in nothing that might give satisfaction to his uncle; he was full of good intentions of all sorts, among which the virtue of punctuality shone resplendent—and besides, he was very anxious to see Elise. He could indeed say nothing to her beyond a few conventional kind inquiries, and even these were only admissible between the heir of the House and the governess from the circumstance of their having been half-drowned together, but it was an inexpressible comfort to find himself in her company. She wore a dress of Millicent's, which he probably beheld not for the first time, but which had never before excited his admiration. It seemed to him, in spite of all she had gone through, that she looked fresher and prettier, and altogether more charming, than even when he had first seen her in the church at Rotterdam. If he had not known that Lady Arden and the girls had shown her every kindness, he could have read as much in her grateful and contented look, and he loved them more than ever in consequence.

"Why, George," exclaimed Sir Robert, delighted to see his lie-a-bed nephew in his place, "the German air seems to have wonderfully agreed with you; I never saw you looking so bright and wideawake at this early hour."

"Let us hope, sir, that that may rather be ascribed to the pleasure of coming home," answered the young man.

"That's well said," returned Sir Robert, smiling, "though I am not so foolish as to take the compliment to myself," and he looked slily across the room at Evelyn, who was talking to Elise. "In your delight at finding yourself once more with your uncle and the rest, you have forgotten your correspondence," and he pointed to a letter which lay upon Gresham's plate. Gresham laughed and opened the letter; and then laughed still more.

"It is from dear old Mayne," he said, "apologising for not having met me in Paris—which is fortunate, since I did not keep my appointment with *him*. His yacht, it seems, was delayed by the gale, so that he could not get to Boulogne; and now he has got sick of the sea and is coming to England."

"Ask him to come here," said Sir Robert, "we shall be very glad to see him."

"You are very kind, sir," answered Gresham; "I am sure he would like nothing better."

Mr. Walcot, who was as usual engaged in a somewhat voluminous correspondence, looked up at this.

"Are you sufficiently sure of your own movements for that arrangement, Sir Robert?"

"Yes, yes, there is no hurry about that matter; and whether I am at the Hall or not, Mr. Mayne can be made welcome."

It was a curious instance of the ascendancy which Mr. Ferdinand Walcot exercised at Halcombe, that this vague hint was the first intimation which the rest of the family, including even Lady Arden, had received of Sir Robert's having any intention of leaving home. His post of *confidant* to the Baronet was so well established, that no observation was made upon this piece of news by anybody. The only astonishment it excited was in George Gresham, who, having been so long away, was less accustomed to such proofs of Mr. Walcot's sway.

"If Mayne comes here," thought he, "he will fall out with that fellow, I reckon;" and the idea greatly enhanced the pleasure with which he looked forward to his friend's visit.

Then the servants trooped into prayers, taking their places so quickly that it reminded you, with but a slight difference, of the stage direction in *The Critic*, "enter, kneeling." A certain new face among them was, therefore, not at once observable to the master of the House, who besides, had his book-markers—long silk streamers worked by Evelyn in the High Church style—to arrange. Sir Robert had a fine voice, and what is more, one instinct with deep religious feeling. At a later part of the short service, when all stood up, his slight delicate figure, with his reverential face and tone, had a fine effect. He looked a true Head of a Household, to whom the welfare, ghostly and bodily, of every member of it was of genuine interest. Suddenly his voice began to fail and quiver.

Mr. Walcot was at his side in an instant.

"Go on for me, Ferdinand," he whispered, and sat down.

Lady Arden also approached him, but he waved her away. "It is only a little giddiness, my dear. Ferdinand will finish the reading." And he did so. Mr. Walcot also was a fine reader; a better one, perhaps, artistically speaking, than his brother-in-law; but the late occurrence had somewhat disturbed the attention of the little congregation.

"It was nothing," said the Master of the House, when prayers were over, and in answer to the anxious looks of those around him rather than to their inquiries; for it was well understood that Sir Robert disliked fuss to be made about his ailments. "I was a little faint, I think, for want of my breakfast."

If this was so, it was curious, since he made no attempt to eat anything beyond toying with a little toast and marmalade; but of this no one was supposed to take notice.

He was the first to rise from table, and Lady Arden followed him with her eyes, but with her eyes only. Mr. Walcot had already risen, leaving his devilled chicken only half consumed upon his plate, and left the room close at Sir Robert's heels.

Again no one hazarded a remark, but Gresham glanced significantly at Elise, as much as to say, "You see his power;" and then turned scarlet on perceiving Evelyn remarked it.

Lady Arden showed no touch of annoyance, nor perhaps did she feel any. She had been long content with the affection of her second husband, shown in a hundred material ways to her and hers; she had never possessed his confidence; and on the few occasions when she had striven to minister to him in his little troubles—which were generally understood to be "nerves"—she had not been very successful. She was homœopathic, and had suggested Pulsatilla, in which Sir Robert did not seem to have much confidence.

The Baronet passed through the folding-doors that led into his own study—which stood somewhat isolated from the house, forming one of its many projections—and threw himself into a chair.

"Great Heaven, Ferdinand," were his first words, "why did you not tell me?"

"Tell you what, my dear Arden?" inquired the other with simplicity.

"Why, about the likeness. That girl who came yesterday. I thought when I saw her face I should have dropped."

"Do you mean Annabel Spence?"

"Of course I do. Is it possible it never struck you that she is the very image of our lost Madeline?"

"The image? Surely not. Now you mention it; indeed, I do recall a resemblance—something in the look of the eyes."

"The eyes! the features—the very expression!"

"My dear Arden—making every allowance for your sensitive organisation," answered Mr. Walcot, in a tone of alarmed remonstrance; "it seems to me that your affectionate, nay, your devotional feelings towards our dear departed carry you sometimes too far. Remember, it is I alone who understand them, who appreciate them at their full value; and this exhibition of them before others——"

Sir Robert waved his hands in nervous protest.

"What does it matter—what does anything matter, in comparison with what I owe to her!"

"Very true, my dear Arden; most true, no doubt. Still, you have since contracted other obligations."

"I know it; I know it," exclaimed the other impatiently; "and I hope I have not neglected them."

"Indeed you have not; no other man alive could have been so mindful of them."

"Still I was wrong to contract them. I failed in fealty to the dead—if, indeed, I can call her dead, whose living voice is so present with me."

"Why did you do it, my dear friend?" answered the other bluntly.

"Ay; why, indeed? I did it to escape from myself. You don't know what I suffered when she left me all alone. You were not here then, Ferdinand, to comfort me."

"I wish I had been, with all my heart."

The gentleness of his tone was only equalled by its genuineness; Sir Robert held out his hand, and the other grasped it warmly.

"I have no cause to complain, Ferdinand, of any human creature, save myself. Lady Arden and the children have been everything that I could have expected of them—more than I had any right to expect. My nephew, too, dear George, is an honest, noble fellow. You don't think so, because you compare him, perhaps, with an ideal standard—he has not, of course, your sensibility."

"I said nothing against him, Arden; and I never shall do so. If I think he fails towards you in frankness and obedience, considering all the benefits you have heaped upon him, that is only my private opinion."

"Well, well, let us not talk of that, let us agree upon that single point to differ. In all others we are at one."

"I hope so, indeed, my friend."

"But oh, that girl! Why did you not prepare me for her? When she turned round and looked at me it was as though one had risen from the dead."

"I grant there is a likeness, though it did not strike me with such force. If it pains you I will frame some excuse to persuade Lady Arden to get rid of her *protégée*."

"No, no, no," answered Sir Robert. "Let her stay here since she has once come. The very accident of resemblance gives her a claim upon me."

Mr. Walcot bowed, with a stoop of his shoulder too gentle to be called a shrug; the action seemed to say, "This is a matter of feeling in which no one has a right to argue with you; but to me such ideas are unintelligible."

"My dear Ferdinand, I know I must seem unreasonable to the world at large," said Sir Robert, as if in answer to this movement, "but I should have hoped that you would have understood me better. You yourself are cognisant of many things beyond the ken of grosser minds."

"I have been witness to certain manifestations, Arden, it is true, that I cannot refer to any known laws, and those manifestations have, as it seemed, been connected with my lamented sister. But I hesitate to attach to them any vital meaning."

"That is because you are by nature a sceptic—that is to say, of a too logical mind, Walcot. Yet you have allowed to me that you have more than once been staggered. After all, these incidents are only links of a chain that has connected this world with the other throughout all ages."

"Still, the hearing is a sense that is very easily deceived, my dear Arden. I have thought oftentimes I have heard dear Madeleine's voice; but it might not have been hers; nay, there might have been no voice. The eye brings with it what it sees, we are told; and this is still more true with the secondary senses. If she were to tell me something only known to myself and her—if I had even seen her——",

"That may happen yet, who knows?" interrupted the other, eagerly, and yet with a touch of awe. "An angel touched Elijah and Daniel, and though it is true I am no prophet, why should not Madeline, who is an angel, favour me with her visible presence? She comes to see me in dreams."

"In a dream Milton saw his 'late espoused saint,'" observed Walcot softly.

"Yes, but Oberlin tells us that *his* watched him like an attendant spirit, held communion with him, and was visible to his sight. When he contemplated any important act she either encouraged him or checked him."

"That was a very remarkable case, no doubt, Arden; I remember something of it."

This might well have been, since his companion had conversed with him on the matter half a dozen times before.

"But Oberlin's experience does not overthrow my argument, though I grant it weakens it, as to the self-deception of the senses."

"That is what was said to Oberlin himself," answered Sir Robert in a tone of triumph; "when asked how he distinguished such interviews from dreams, he answered, 'How do you distinguish one odour from another?' They were perfectly distinct occurrences."

"He was a theologian and a philanthropist, and probably of an enthusiastic temperament," replied Walcot doubtfully.

"Well, I am neither one nor the other, Ferdinand; you must grant to me an unbiassed, if not a logical, mind."

"I will go further, Arden, and allow you to be logical; I never knew a man more open to reason. It is not my wish, you may be sure, to rob you of any source of consolation, and least of all of one which may proceed from kin of mine. If this thing be really as you conceive it to be, I should almost feel that I had a hand in it; that your friendship for me had at all events received the seal of approval from a quarter which, in your eyes——"

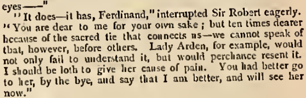
"It does—it has, Ferdinand," interrupted Sir Robert eagerly. "You are dear to me for your own sake; but ten times dearer because of the sacred tie that connects us—we cannot speak of that, however, before others. Lady Arden, for example, would not only fail to understand it, but would perchance resent it. I should be loth to give her cause of pain. You had better go to her, by the bye, and say that I am better, and will see her now."

"I will."

We have said Mr. Ferdinand Walcot had a mobile face. It changed its expression twice between Sir Robert's study and the breakfast room. In the former it implied tender assent; between the double doors it became like the mask of Grecian Comedy, grotesque in its satirical mirth; and then, in the presence of the family, it turned to cheerful contentment.

"Sir Robert would like to see you, Lady Arden; his giddiness, I am thankful to say, has passed away."

(To be continued)



THE READER

"Essays in Romance," by John Skelton ("Shirley") (W. Blackwood and Sons).—These papers—originally published, if we remember rightly, a few years ago in *Fraser*—are aptly described by their collective title. Varying, as the leaves in a painter's "book of studies," from the finished sketch with sufficient condensation therein of plot and passion to furnish out a three-volumed tale, to the fragmentary scene from an ideal life or the picturesque delineation of moor-land, wood, and hill, they all plant us more or less deep within the limits of that charmed fairy-land of romance which seems somehow never very far away from those who write amidst the scenes and memories of the wild and rugged North. In a few of the stories, and more especially in the prelude, a "Word for Winter" on the Scottish coast, there is something that reminds us of the late Professor Wilson, though in "Shirley" there is a more sustained and tender gravity than in the famous Christopher of "The Recreations," and in truth the resemblance vanishes as we try to fix it, and detracts as little from the originality as from the charm and power of the essays. As a rule "Shirley" is best when he is simplest, and he is evidently most at home—among the fisher-folk of the bleak coast, where every winter the harbour-bar exacts its yearly toll of lives; among the straths of the East Highland country, where Calvinism in its straitest garb finds ready acceptance among a hardy and a "dour" race, the opposite in many ways of the softer Gael from the misty Thule of Mr. William Black's romances. Except, however, in comparison with "Elsie," or with "Nancy's Tryst," "Catarina in Venice" and "Among the High Alps" would be accounted much above the average of magazine chapters of fiction or of travel, while with less pleasantness there is on the whole even greater power in the "Passages from the Lives of Martin and of Stephen Holdfast." Altogether we have seen few essays of the kind better worth republishing in collected form, whether for genuine skill in story-

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

VII.

The voyage of the *Challenger* has been commemorated by divers writers, but the scientific side has hitherto been most prominent, and now the picturesque has its turn in Mr. J. J. Wild's handsome volume, "At Anchor" (Marcus Ward).—Herein Mr. Wild sketches with pen and pencil many of the varied and curious scenes met with during the four years' cruise, and, avoiding any lengthened description of well-known spots, allots the principal space to the islands studding the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. Alike as artist and author, Mr. Wild does full justice to his subject, outlining the chief events of the voyage briefly and pleasantly, while his numerous illustrations are full of life and interest. The glowing tropical scenery, the icy regions of the Antarctic Ocean, and the native types are well, if rather brilliantly, reproduced by the coloured prints, and small engravings of places and people embellish nearly every page.

Shipwrecks play a prominent part in this year's Christmas literature, and wonderful are the escapes from death detailed by M. Alfred Séguin's. "The Black Crusoe" (Marcus Ward), which, by the way, greatly resembles Mr. Kingston's "Rival Crusoes." The negro Robinson follows closely in the steps of his white prototype, and his adventures are exciting enough to suit the most exacting boyish palate. The illustrations too are good and plentiful.—A wreck also introduces the hero of "The White Lily of the Sahara," by C. Eden (same publishers). Cast away on the Barbary coast, he joins an Arab tribe supporting Abd-el-Kader against the French in Algeria, and wins glory and a lovely bride. Endowed with a particularly improbable plot, the story is so full of incident and so vivaciously told as to be most amusing.—After such sensational episodes, "Esther," by Geraldine Butt (same publishers), seems rather tame, as it simply relates the history of a childish family with the usual variety of temperaments and escapades. It is adorned with four delightful pictures of the Louis XVI. period.

Leslie Keith has ingeniously converted some well-known classical legends into moral lessons for young people in "What an Old Myth May Teach" (Marcus Ward). The authoress summarises her mythological stories better than she points her moral, when she is apt to grow didactic and prosy. O. Von Glehn's illustrations are harsh and somewhat coarse.—Not a shadow of prosiness is to be found in "The Fairyland of Science," by Arabella Buckley (E. Stanford), which clothes sober facts in romantic garb, and can hardly fail to interest the dullest child. Developed from some lectures to children, these chapters contain really fascinating accounts of the different forces of nature, typified by fairies, such as heat, light, motion, sound, the action of water, the growth of plants and insects, and a variety of useful knowledge, set forth clearly and succinctly, and fully illustrated. Miss Buckley has the gift of bringing her subject most definitively before the reader, and elder people will find plenty to interest them in her pages. Indeed her fairies are far more lively and attractive than the sprites of "Tales from Fairyland" (Griffith and Farran), professedly collected at the command of her Bright Dazzlingness Gloriana, by a Soldier of the Queen. There is little fresh or spontaneous in these fairy stories, which are too "preachy."

The sallow, oblique-eyed children of the land of the Rising Sun celebrating the New Year with odd ceremonies may well be remembered by their British contemporaries in the coming New Year's festivities, after reading Mr. Chaplin Ayrton's entertaining "Child-Life in Japan" (Griffith and Farran), a most original and carefully-compiled volume, with quaint pictures by native artists, in the style so familiar on fans and screens. English little ones will find that the small Japs have very happy lives, play many a well-known game, and set a laudable example of obedience, whilst they will gather odd scraps of knowledge about Japanese customs, and enjoy at some nursery stories.—Now that many old customs are disappearing in the Mikado's Empire on the advance of civilisation, the experiences of native life in the provinces related in "Life and Adventures in Japan," by E. Warren Clark (J. Nisbet), are of great interest. Holding an appointment under the Japanese Government, the author for several years remained up the country, dwelling in a Buddhist temple, and seeing no Europeans, so that he had unusually good opportunities of observation, Mr. Clark travelled over a considerable portion of the country, and appears to have few but pleasant memories of his sojourn. Plentifully illustrated, the work is thoroughly readable.—Two more records of travel come from Messrs. Nisbet. Mr. R. M. Ballantyne contributes a cheery diary of "Six Months at the Cape," giving a laughable account of ostrich farming and peculiarities of the unpleasant-tempered birds.—Of making books on the Holy Land there is certainly no end, and Dr. Schaff's "Through Bible Lands" does not possess any striking novelty either of adventures or graphic description. The work, however, is interesting to Biblical students by reason of the details of recent identifications of Scriptural scenes.

Passing from prose to poetry, a pretty gift-book for sentimental girls is "Life Mosaic" (Nisbet), a number of Frances Ridley Havergal's graceful poems, principally on religious subjects, but including some flower lyrics.—Baroness Helga von Cramm contributes illustrations of flowers and Alpine scenes, and the pages have most tasteful floral borders. — "Longfellow's Works," the author's complete edition (Routledge), is a good plain volume, including the latest poems, such as "Keramos."—Nursery verse and gaudily-coloured pictures, evidently of German origin, are comprised in the same publisher's "Schnick-Schnack."—Returning to the poets proper, the birthday book compilers have seized Byron as their latest prey, and Mr. J. Burrows has produced a tasteful specimen of the class in "The Byron Birthday Book" (S. Tinsley).—Juvenile theatricals are frequent at Christmas, and parents and guardians with a large flock to amuse will appreciate "Plays for Young People," by J. Barmby (Tinsley), founded on good old fairy tales, and including a parody of the *Princess* for more advanced actors, these amusing little pieces are written in such simple jocular verse as will not overtax the talents of the young company, while some lively music is added by Mr. Rogers.

Mr. St. John's delightful naturalist sketches, "The Wild Sport and the Natural History of the Highlands" (Murray), appear in an illustrated form. The life of bird, beast, and fish so graphically described in the text had never been illustrated in the several fresh editions since the book first came out, some thirty years since, and Messrs. Harrison Weir, C. Whymper, and A. Corbould now supply the deficiency. Entering fully into the spirit of the author, the artists have in most cases depicted the actual spots described, and have produced some exquisite vignettes and larger pictures.

The *Day of Rest* (Strahan), well maintains its position amongst Sunday literature. This year's bulky volume includes sermonettes by well-known clerical authors, Mr. Proctor's "Astronomical Sketches for the Young," some interesting "Passages from the Life of an Early Methodist"—reminiscences of Wesley—and the usual supply of miscellaneous articles, fiction, poems, and pictures.—The benefits of honesty and industry are agreeably set forth by "Pierrot," by S. de K. (Marlborough), a somewhat sad little tale of the French Revolution.

"Chatterbox" (W. W. Gardner).—This well-known children's favourite is replete as ever with large full-page plates, of which those of animals by Harrison Weir are much the best. The text consists of stories, biographies, anecdotes, and poems, bright and interesting as are those by which this popular magazine has in previous volumes been distinguished.

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MY THREE LIBRARIES

When I am in town I spend a great deal of my leisure, and a great deal more than my leisure, at what I call "my three libraries." Indeed, in the case of bookish men, London owes its main charm to these libraries. Each of them is the necessary adjunct and complement to each. In former generations no prince or philosopher ever possessed such aids and helps in reading as are afforded by the combination of these three libraries. I need hardly say that the Reading Room of the British Museum is the first and principal of these libraries. Mr. Panizzi once said that his great aim was that the poorest student might have at his command all the resources which the highest and greatest men could obtain. This has been literally and fully carried out, and has helped to make London "the school of all knowledge." The late Dean Alford, when he had had a prosperous morning among his books, used to stand up and, as it were, say grace over the good things which he had received. This must be the grateful feeling of many a student for the literary treasures which, so to speak, the nation has brought together for his personal good and enjoyment. My other two libraries are respectively the London Library and Mudie's. The advantage of these last two libraries is that we can take their books away into the country, and keep them practically as long as we like. The *modus operandi* is to take away the books into the country, and come to the British Museum Reading Room when we wish to extend an investigation, or, what the venerable President Routh considered the main duty of a scholar, to verify our references.

That Reading Room has often been described, but a few descriptive touches may be added. I have been very familiar with the great Reading Room ever since it was thrown open to students some twenty years ago. I give it deliberate preference over all the reading-rooms in the world, so far as I know anything of them, and I have been in some that are very pleasant. Very convenient is your little recess in the Bodleian Library, where your books may lie undisturbed day after day. Very pleasant and cheerful is the great library in the Rue Richelieu—"Royale," "Impériale," "Républicaine," as it may have happened to be called. Very grateful memories have I of other pleasant libraries at home and abroad, and, as in private duty bound, I would especially mention the library picture-gallery of Christ Church, Oxford, and the luxurious reading-rooms of the Union Societies of the two Universities. There is a comfort and completeness about the British Museum Reading Room which is to be obtained nowhere else. There is no stint of books. You may have them in piles upon your table. I think the authorities like to get the impression that you are really doing hard work of the kind, and putting the books to practical use, and then the kindness and attention you receive is remarkable in procuring books, though you get little or no help in returning them. Strangers and foreigners are treated with especial courtesy, and even good scholars may derive valuable help from some of the officials. The amount of hard work done at the Museum is prodigious. Of course there are mere schoolboys who go there to read cribs, fine ladies who come to look at prints and novels, and a certain proportion of idlers and dawdlers. But I have known various students who, through the livelong summer day, work from nine in the morning till six in the evening. Examinations without number have been passed through the help of expensive text books which poor students have not been able to buy for themselves. First-classes, fellowships, Indian appointments have been won by close application in this magnificent chamber. Then every *habitué* of the Museum is acquainted with some particular class of books. Those on the theological shelves are the clergy's; on the Saturday many of them are engaged in the manufacture of sermons. Many others besides the clergy are busy with those theological books. Next are the young lawyers' lists, the law books, and next to them the embryo doctors, with their works on chemistry and physiology. There many who are busy with the *Belles Lettres;* groups at topography, at history, at the periodicals, and so on. Chaucer says,—

> Out of old bokes in good faith
> Cometh all this new matter that men lere.

In this Reading Room you may watch the process of the butterfly new books being manufactured from old grubby tomes. All around is a scene of intense literary activity which has no exact parallel anywhere else. There are, indeed, few reviews, magazines, and newspapers, whose contributors have not derived some help from the crowded shelves. On the one hand you may find here some of the greatest authors of the day; on the other hand some of the humblest of the literary hewers of wood and drawers of water, those who will seek out pedigrees and make "elegant extracts." There is a great deal of *camaraderie* among those who regularly attend the Reading Room; even a kind of club life prevails there. There are houses of call and of entertainment in the neighbourhood known to the initiated. You may find in the precincts of the Museum some approximation to the old Johnsonian Club, with snatches of wit and learning hardly to be found in the palaces of Pall Mall.

In the winter months the Museum closes at four o'clock. It is in the winter early-closing months, or in the weeks during which the great Reading Room is closed altogether, that the great convenience of the London Library is perceived. The Reading Room is certainly not so handsome as the Library of the Athenæum Club, one of the most beautiful rooms in London, but its library is far superior even to the Athenæum Library, and therefore to that of any London club.

The room overlooking St. James's Square, severer in its appearance than a club library, is a handsome, home-like room, of a club character, lined with books from floor to roof, and amply furnished with all the literary journals, and a case of the newest books. It is essentially a Reading Room for scholars, and good Bishop Andrewes says that no true scholar ever goes out before twelve o'clock. However this may be, the chance visitor may generally have the place to himself before noon. There are not many new books at the London Library. There are copies taken of nearly all, but Mudie takes a hundred to its unit. The Library guarantees on a special subscription any new book to a member, but its specialities are not new books, but old. It contains the best books of all languages, between ninety and a hundred thousand of them. With the help of this library a man may carry on his literary work in the remotest part of the country, and even beyond the seas. The country member gets fifteen books at a time, and changes as often as he likes. The Committee comprises the best literary names in the country. As the afternoon wears away the room fills up, and you observe, perhaps, some of our greatest students and writers there. I have observed Dean Stanley turning over books, and Mr. Gladstone, fresh from hunting up a reference, and John Stuart Mill reading silently by the hour together. It is always pleasant to attend the annual meeting, but I remember the late Bishop Wilberforce being decidedly fretful as a long discussion went on whether the Society should or should not keep a pony cart to deliver books at the houses of the town members.

Mudie's has been often described. I find practically that the best way to secure a new book is to call early in the morning on the way to the Museum, but to view the institution in its full vigour and activity the afternoon is its best time. A recent German work speaks of it as one of the regular institutions of the country. There is a peculiar splendour about this library when you perhaps see thousands of volumes of new works piled up in heaps and pyramids with every variety of brilliant hues. How different is the fate of these volumes! Some are promoted to substantial binding for permanent use, and others are exported to the colonies, sold as waste paper, or even burned up for manure. A brilliant assemblage flows into the library during the afternoon, and it bears a more intellectual character than is the case with most London assemblages. Having hunted up rare books at the British Museum, I get the standard works from the London Library, and the new ones from Mudie's. He who belongs to the three libraries is well equipped, at least has plenty of tools to work with, albeit he more and more recognises the truth that "of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness to the flesh."

F. Arnold

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SCHOOLBOYS' CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

When old Scrooge looked upon the vision of himself in his schoolboy days, he saw a solitary child, neglected by his friends, sitting in a cold, cheerless room, with its grim furniture of inked desks and forms. To him, there was no prospect of going home for the Christmas holidays; and the Breaking-up Day that was a joy to others took from him his companions, and condemned him to five weeks of loneliness, and to see the Old Year out and the New Year in, without a friend to wish him the good wishes of the season. But this, let us hope, was an exceptional case; and, even to Master Scrooge, there came a good fairy, in the pleasant shape of a loving little sister, who carried away the boy for those Christmas holidays that should be spent happily at home. And that is where all our schoolboys should pass the whole, or the greater part, of their Christmas holidays; and that is where the good fairies of modern days and stern reality—usually in the shape of an engine and railway train—have now taken the light-hearted schoolboys of Great Britain.

But, for many weeks before those boys came home, Breaking-up was a joyous thought in anticipation; until at last, lessons done and examinations over, there was a still more joyous realisation of all the hopes that had been raised for the dawning of the last day of the Michaelmas term, and the beginning of the Christmas holidays. Between the 17th and the 21st of December, troops of happy lads were liberated from the needful restraints of school, to "frisk away," like Burns' "schoolboys at th' expected warning, to joy and play;" leaping, with frolicsome glee, as did Eugene Aram's scholars, "like troutlets in a pool." From public schools and grammar schools, from colleges and institutions, from boarding-schools and seminaries, from establishments and academies for young gentlemen, from country rectories and homes of private tutors, the sons of the upper and middle classes of the land—they who are to be the fathers of the next generation, and on whom the fate of communities may depend—were sent away, north, south, east, and west, to become, for the ensuing five weeks, the joys, and, perhaps, to a slight extent, the plagues of thousands of homes, which are now all the brighter and better for their presence.

The anticipation of these Christmas holidays began to take a definite shape when the Michaelmas term had passed its meridian, and had reached that special day known to schoolboys as Stir-up Sunday. If in any particular year it should be said that Stir-up Sunday fell late, the dark saying might not be sensibly irradiated if we proffered the explanation that it was not Stir-up Sunday that was so late, but Easter that was so early. Yet what apparent abstruseness there might be in this remark, it is one that could be promptly explained by any schoolboy, and by no one better than he. For Stir-up Sunday is, to him, a sort of scholastic Hegira, containing a suggestion of flight, and providing him with a definite period from which he can arrange the simple chronological details that attend upon an eventful period of his life; and, although he may not date from it with retrospective care, yet, during his months of study and discipline he reckons up to it, and has it before him as the goal of his hopes; and, every week, he accounts himself to be seven days nearer to Stir-up Sunday.

Should you ask him, Whence that nickname? he would answer, he would tell you—not in the metre of "Hiawatha," though with something of its quaint imagery—that it was the jolliest Sunday in the Michaelmas term; and that its peculiar and appropriate doxology is condensed in the couplet,—

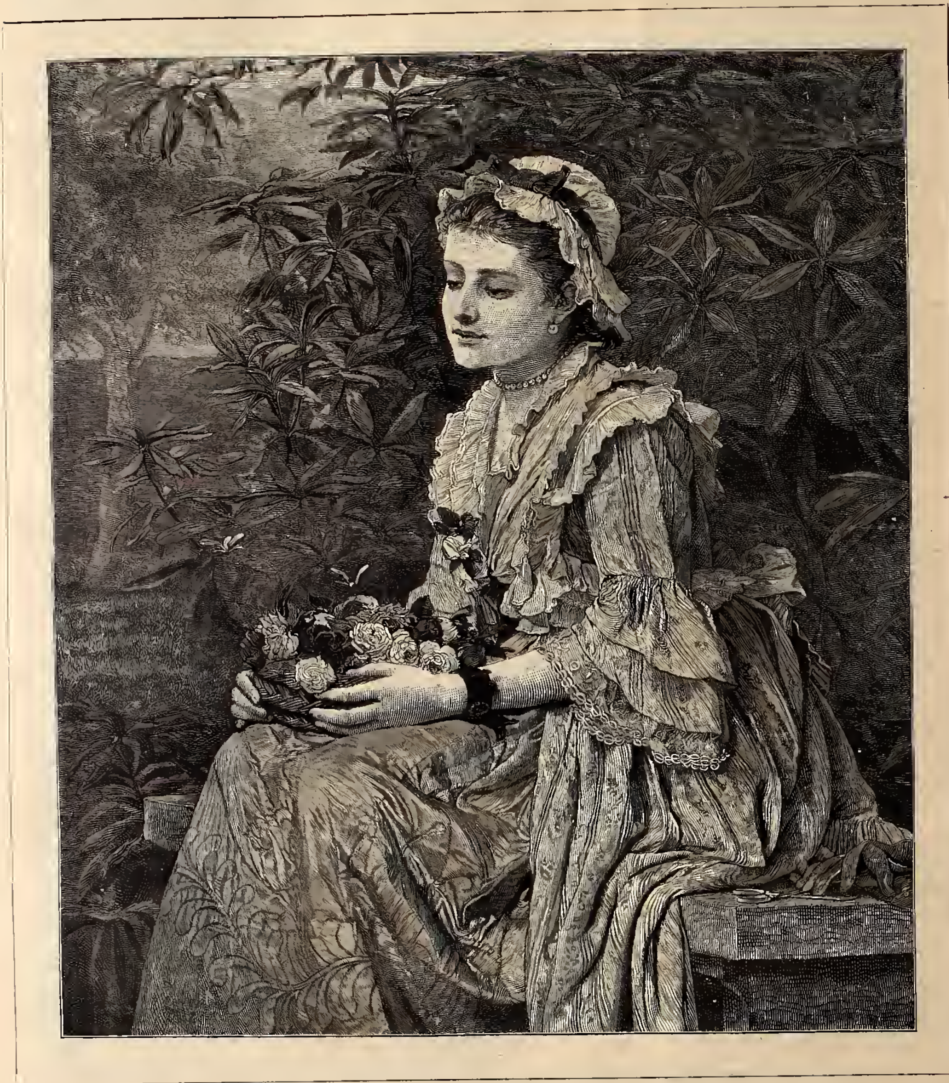
> Farewell, teacher; farewell, books!
> We'll have no more of your plaguy looks!

And if this explanation should not be sufficiently lucid to place you in complete possession of the meaning of the phrase, and if he should condescend to translate his speech into the language of soberness and sense, you will then discover that Stir-up Sunday is the Sunday next before Advent, and is, therefore, to schoolboys the welcome harbinger of their Christmas holidays; and that it receives its *sobriquet* "Stir-up" from those two words being the first in the collect for the day. That day, in the Prayer Book, is the twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity, and, in pursuance of rubrical direction, its Collect is always used on the Sunday previous to Advent. But that Sunday may be the twenty-third, as in 1878, or the twenty-fourth, as in 1879, or even the twenty-sixth; so that, in the last case, when, in the orderly sequence of Sundays, schoolboys might have looked for the twenty-fourth to be followed, after a seven-days' interval, by the twenty-fifth, they found themselves to be cheated out of their long-looked-for Stir-up Sunday, and—through the cruel interference of Easter full moons, Golden Numbers, and Dominical Letters—to be unexpectedly presented with one of those Epiphany services that could not be used at its own proper season.

Such an instance must bring a chilling disappointment to many a youthful heart. Instead of the bright, transient gleam of a St. Luke's summer amid the deepening gloom of November, it would seem to them as though a wet blanket of fog had stiffened into ice by that interpolation of a January service into the appointments of a season when the sere and yellow leaf still clung to the oaks, and when the topmost twigs were not yet reduced to their "Christabel" allowance of "the one red leaf, the last of its clan." It would seem to them as though old

Father Time was out of joint, and that the Calendar looked askew, like the one-eyed calenders of the Arabian Nights. For, with deliberation and malice aforethought, to postpone the long-expected Stir-up Sunday for another interminable *æon* of seven days, and to try back, in a kind of paper-chase, to the beginning of the year and Prayer Book in search of a Collect that had been purposely passed over as utterly useless in the month of January,—this clerical proceeding must appear, to the schoolboys' mind, as a specimen of priest-ridden ritual, deserving of the strongest reprobation, and demanding the most searching investigation by any Hebdomadal Board that can take cognisance of such a senseless postponement of vested rights.

But in 1878 the itching ears were gratified, and the many thousands of schoolboys who, marshalled under the care of their Mr. Feeders and Dr. Blimbers, compactly filled their plots of church pews, heard once again, and without any postponement, those magical and stirring words, "Stir up." They would regard them in a light that had nothing whatever to do with the Collect from St. Gregory's Sacramentary; but would look upon them much in the same way that "guilty creatures sitting at a play" on Boxing Night welcome the sharp ringing of the prompter's bell that gives the signal to the leader of the band to wave his *baton* for the outburst of the merry overture to the merrier Christmas Pantomime. Nor are the boys' parents altogether heedless of Stir-up Sunday. To them the familiar words impressed upon their minds by their lads' schoolboy slang come as a note of warning to bid them prepare their homes for the reception of the varied specimens of the rising generation. And, to fagged schoolmasters and wearied ushers, the words also give a promise of temporary release from their onerous duties, when they may recruit their flagging energies with well-earned Christmas holiday. In short, to them, their pupils, and their pupils' families and friends, the words, "Stir up" give the signal for Christmas preparations; and, if we accept the testimony of the Rev. R. Forhy, in his "Vocabulary of East Anglia," they are regarded, by busy Norfolk housewives, as a seasonable reminder that the time has come for them to stir up the savoury ingredients that are needful for the mince-pies and plum-puddings.



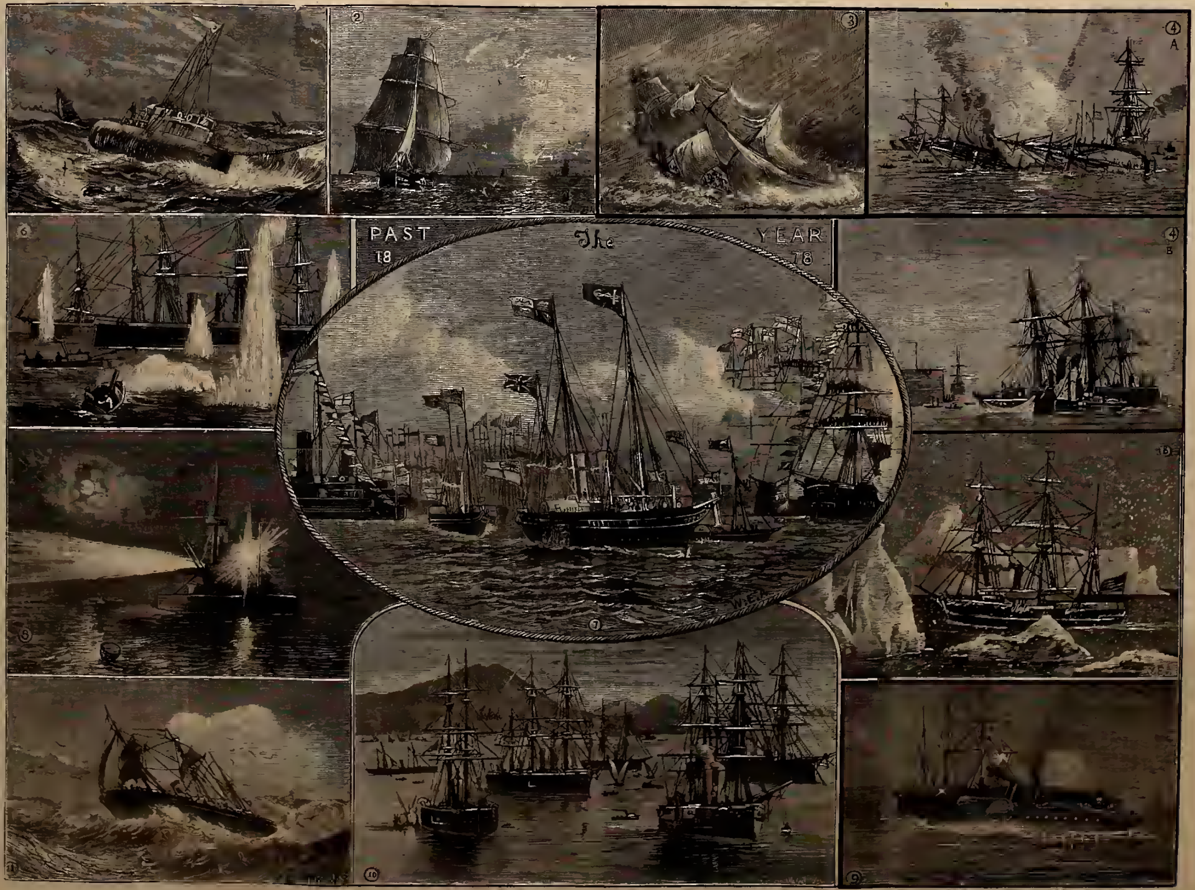
"ROSES AND BUTTERFLIES"

FROM THE PICTURE BY C. E. PERUGINI, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY

The three Sundays in Advent that follow Stir-up Sunday have also received from schoolboys their own peculiar names, and are known to them as "Sing out," "Shout out," and "Hollah out," or "Let out" Sundays, which names signify the part in the congregational singing supposed to be borne, with increasing degrees of intensity, by the schoolboys expectant of the pleasures of the Christmas holidays. And, to give them greater freedom of the chest and lungs for partaking of the choral portions of the service, one or more waistcoat buttons are set free, in the order regulated by the titles of these Sundays, "Unbutton one," "Unbutton two," and "Unbutton three" Sundays. The last Sunday brings them to the concluding Sunday in their Michaelmas term, and to the very threshold of their Christmas holidays.

How Cowper tells us of the schoolboy—himself, doubtless—who so anxiously looked forward to breaking-up day, and smoothed away, daily, the notches in the indented stick, which thus bore witness to the intense desire with which he craved for his return to the pettings and comforts of home. And, although nowadays school is rarely a bugbear to boys, especially if they are such as the great-souled Dr. Arnold prayed that all English schoolboys should be—pure and gentle, brave and good, persevering and obedient—yet, to one and all, it is a sincere joy to break up for the Christmas holidays.

CUTHBERT BEDE



1. The *Cleopatra* at Sea.—2. The *Eurydice* before the Squall.—3. The *Eurydice* on her Beam-ends.—4*a*. The *Grosser Kurfürst* immediately after the Collision.—4*b*. The *König Wilhelm* being Towed into Portsmouth Harbour.—5. The Arctic Exploration Yacht *Pandora*.—6. Torpedo Experiments at Portland.—7. The Royal Naval Review at Spithead.—8. The Electric Light on Board the *Thunderer*.—9. The Collision in the Thames between the *Princess Alice* and the *Bywell Castle*.—10. The British Fleet in Besika Bay.—11. The *Sarmatian* at Sea.

NAVAL EVENTS OF THE YEAR

FOREIGN

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.——The good relations between Turkey and Russia appear to be continuing, and negotiations for the definitive Treaty of Peace began on Monday. Khaireddin Pasha also has been authorised by the Sultan to conclude a convention with Austria respecting the vexed question of Novi Bazar and Bosnia, while a special Commission has at last been appointed to consider the delimitations of Turco-Greek frontiers, consisting of Mukhtar Pasha, Vahan Effendi, and Abeddine Pasha. It is said that the Porte will offer large concessions in Thessaly in order to retain Epirus in its entirety. In fact, so far as appearance goes, the Porte seems to have turned over a new leaf with its change of Ministry and to have in every way adopted a conciliatory policy. The Sultan proposes to appoint Rustem Pasha, the late Governor of the Lebanon, to be Governor of East Roumelia, but it is thought that this selection will be neither to the liking of Russia nor of Sir Henry Layard. In the mean time the East Roumelian Commission has not, as was so confidently stated last week, broken up till April, but has merely adjourned for Christmas and the New Year. The Commissioners also seem to be getting on somewhat better both amongst themselves and with the Bulgarians, and the Russians have issued stringent official orders that their behests are to be obeyed. With regard to the long-delayed cession to Montenegro, reinforcements of troops have been sent to Scutari to prevent any forcible opposition of the Albanians to the surrender of Podgoritza; but it is feared that the Albanian League is sufficiently strong to attempt to prevent this part at least of the Berlin Treaty being fulfilled.

In CONSTANTINOPLE the *caimé*, or paper-money question, continues to be the great problem of the day; great dissatisfaction has been caused by the failure of the various schemes for redemption, and the notes have in consequence depreciated still further. The matter has now been left over until the decision of England with respect to the guaranteed loan is given.—The decree constituting the new gendarmérie has been issued, and foreigners are now to be admitted to the ranks.—There has been a terrible storm in the Marmora and the Dardanelles. A large number of houses in Constantinople were blown down, while a collision took place near Gallipoli between the British steamer *Rinaldo* and the French steamer *Byzantin*, in which the latter was sunk with, it is feared, 150 persons on board.

FRANCE.——The Chambers adjourned for the Christmas Holidays on Saturday, the last vote of the Lower House being the singularly ungracious act of striking out from the Budget estimates the Senatorial amendment conferring a small rise in salary upon the humbler classes of ministers of religion.—The Senatorial elections are now the great political question of the day, and the Senators of the Left have issued a most energetic circular to the electors, referring to the peace and order which has attended the ministration of M. Dufaure's Cabinet, to the complete success of the Paris Exhibition, and to the important part played by France in the Berlin Congress deliberations. "Electors!" it concludes, "you have to choose between two policies, Constitutional Republican policy which shows and defines itself, and that nameless policy of coalition without frankness which cannot lower its flag, because there are three of them, nor reveal its intentions, because it has nothing to offer to the country but a revolution followed by a war of Pretenders."

The weather in Paris has been exceptionally severe, so much so indeed that the authorities of the Mont-de-Piété has given back free of charge all blankets which have been pledged by poor people. Indeed the weather has been very severe throughout France, and there have been very heavy falls of snow in the provinces, while wolves have penetrated even to the gates of Metz. In the mean time the booths for the New Year's festival on the Boulevards are being erected, and the *étrennes* in the shops are as handsome and as expensive as in former years. The lottery fever shows some signs of diminishing, the prices of the tickets are falling, and it is now announced that the Exhibition of the Prizes will be opened on the 10th of January, and that the drawings will begin on the 15th. The 150,000fr. prize will be first drawn, next the prizes exceeding 80*l.* in value, then the smaller prizes, and finally two prizes of 2,000*l.* and 4,000*l.*—There has been one first representation—a one-act comedy, *Les Deux Fautes*, by M. Georges de Porto-Riche, at the Odéon.—Considerable speculation has arisen respecting the disappearance of a picture from the Champs de Mars Exhibition, by Jean Paul Laurens—"L'Exhumation du Pape Formose," which has been either lost or stolen.

In GERMANY the Ministerial crusade against the Socialist Press continues, while the Ultramontane journals are also suffering from the renewed energy of the Cabinet, several important organs being prohibited in Alsace and Lorraine.—Mr. Bayard Taylor, the United States Minister, has died of dropsy at Berlin.—The recent marriage of the Duke of Cumberland has raised the question in the Brunswick Landtag as to who is the rightful successor to the Grand Ducal throne. Properly speaking it is the King of Hanover, but the problem is, Who represents that House? Prussia, who is in possession, or the Duke of Cumberland, who still claims to be King of Hanover?—Diphtheria is raging in Mayence, and one of the largest boarding-schools in the town has been closed in consequence of the epidemic.

RUSSIA.——The students' demonstration before the Czarewitch's Palace seems likely to lead to serious results. The address which they wished to present consisted of a request that the authorities might cease to treat them continually as suspicious persons, but accord them the independent privileges possessed by ordinary adults. During the demonstration two hundred students were arrested, the Cossacks using their whips so freely as to injure a considerable number. The agitation continues, and, according to the Vienna correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, a state of siege has been practically established in St. Petersburg, numbers of persons are being arrested, revolutionary placards are posted up all over the town, and Baron Korf, the Prefect, has published an order threatening with severe punishment all those found in possession of arms.

MISCELLANEOUS.——In SPAIN Moneasi, the man who attempted to assassinate King Alfonso, is ill with gastric fever.—In the UNITED STATES President Hayes has issued a Message to the Senate respecting the state of commerce with South America, and pointing out that the introduction of the products of the United States into new markets ought to be promoted, and that the means of communication, more particularly with regard to postal organisation, ought to be improved. The steamers *Asia* and *Europe*, bought by the Russians for cruisers during the recent Eastern Crisis, have sailed for Russia.—From AUSTRALIA we hear that a Coalition Ministry has been formed in New South Wales, consisting of the following members: Sir Henry Parkes, Premier and Colonial Secretary; Sir John Robertson, Vice-President of the Executive Council, with a seat in the Legislative Council; Mr. James Watson, Colonial Treasurer; Mr. Francis Bathurst Sutton, Justice and Public Instruction; Mr. William Charles Windeyer, Attorney-General; Mr. James Hoskins, Secretary for Lands; Mr. John Lackey, Secretary for Public Works; Mr. Saul Samuel, Postmaster-General; Mr. Ezekiel Alexander Baker, Secretary for Mines.—From SOUTH AFRICA the news remains much the same. Cetywayo has not yet replied to Sir Bartle Frere's ultimatum, and the British preparations for war are being actively continued.

THE COURT

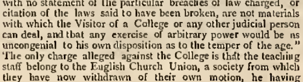
THE Queen is spending Christmas at the Isle of Wight, where Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice arrived at the end of last week. Before leaving Windsor the Queen was visited by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and their four children, when they lunched with Her Majesty and returned afterwards to town, taking with them the Princess of Wales, who had spent three days with the Queen. The Duke of Connaught left Windsor the same day as Her Majesty, and the Princess Beatrice went to Osborne. On Saturday the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Leopold arrived at Osborne, and the Marquis of Hertford, who had represented the Queen at the Princess Alice's funeral, also arrived. Next morning Divine Service was performed at Osborne before Her Majesty and the Royal Family, the Rev. G. Prothero officiating, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Leopold going in the afternoon to Whippingham Church, and on Monday the Prince of Wales left Osborne. The Queen's New Year's Gifts to the poor of New Windsor, Holy Trinity, and Clewer, will be distributed on January 1st. Her Majesty has sent a donation of 200*l.* to the London poor in consequence of the distress in the metropolis.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are at Sandringham for Christmas with their children. The Princess arrived on Saturday, and next morning, with her boys and girls, attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's. The Prince returned to town at the end of last week from attending the Princess Alice's funeral, and on his way home met the Imperial Princess of Germany at Cologne, the Imperial Prince not being well enough to accompany his wife. Immediately on arriving in England the Prince of Wales went down to Osborne to see the Queen, and after spending Sunday with her joined the Princess at Sandringham.

The death of the Princess Alice, according to medical authority, resulted from failure of heart and exhaustion, not from mechanical obstruction of the larynx. The Princess, enfeebled by fatigue from nursing, and depressed by her recent bereavement, was not strong enough to resist the disease. Her illness lasted exactly a week. A commemorative service was performed in Berlin last week at the desire of the Imperial Princess. It was held at Monbijou Palace, the British chaplain officiating, and the Imperial Princess, her two eldest daughters, Princesses Charlotte and Victoria, Prince Waldemar, the English portion of her household, and the Members of the British Embassy being present. Addresses of condolence to the Queen have been voted by most metropolitan Vestries and provincial Town Councils, and similar addresses are being prepared by English residents in foreign towns and in the colonies. Sunday was observed throughout Australia as a day of mourning for the Princess.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have gone to Eastwell Park with their children, and intend to pass several weeks there in complete retirement. The Duke will shortly be promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral.

The marriage of Princess Thyra of Denmark and the Duke of Cumberland was celebrated at Copenhagen on Saturday evening. The guests assembled at the Castle of Christiansborg, and marched in procession to the chapel, the King leading the way with the bride, whose train was borne by six bridesmaids, dressed in white, with roses, and the Queen followed with the bridegroom, who wore the uniform of an English Colonel, Bishop Martensen performed the service according to the Danish ritual, and preached a short sermon, and at its conclusion the bride and bridegroom kissed the King and Queen and were congratulated by the family, and returned to the Palace, where a grand reception was next held. Subsequently came a banquet, after which the Royal pair started for Fredensborg, the King's summer residence, to spend their honeymoon. Copenhagen was gaily illuminated and decorated, and the people crowded the streets to cheer the Duke and Duchess. Nearly every Danish corporation and society has sent some wedding present to the Duke and Duchess. Both the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales were represented at the ceremony, the British Minister at Copenhagen, Sir Lennox Wylde, acting for the Queen, and Lord Colville and Colonel Teesdale for the Prince and Princess.



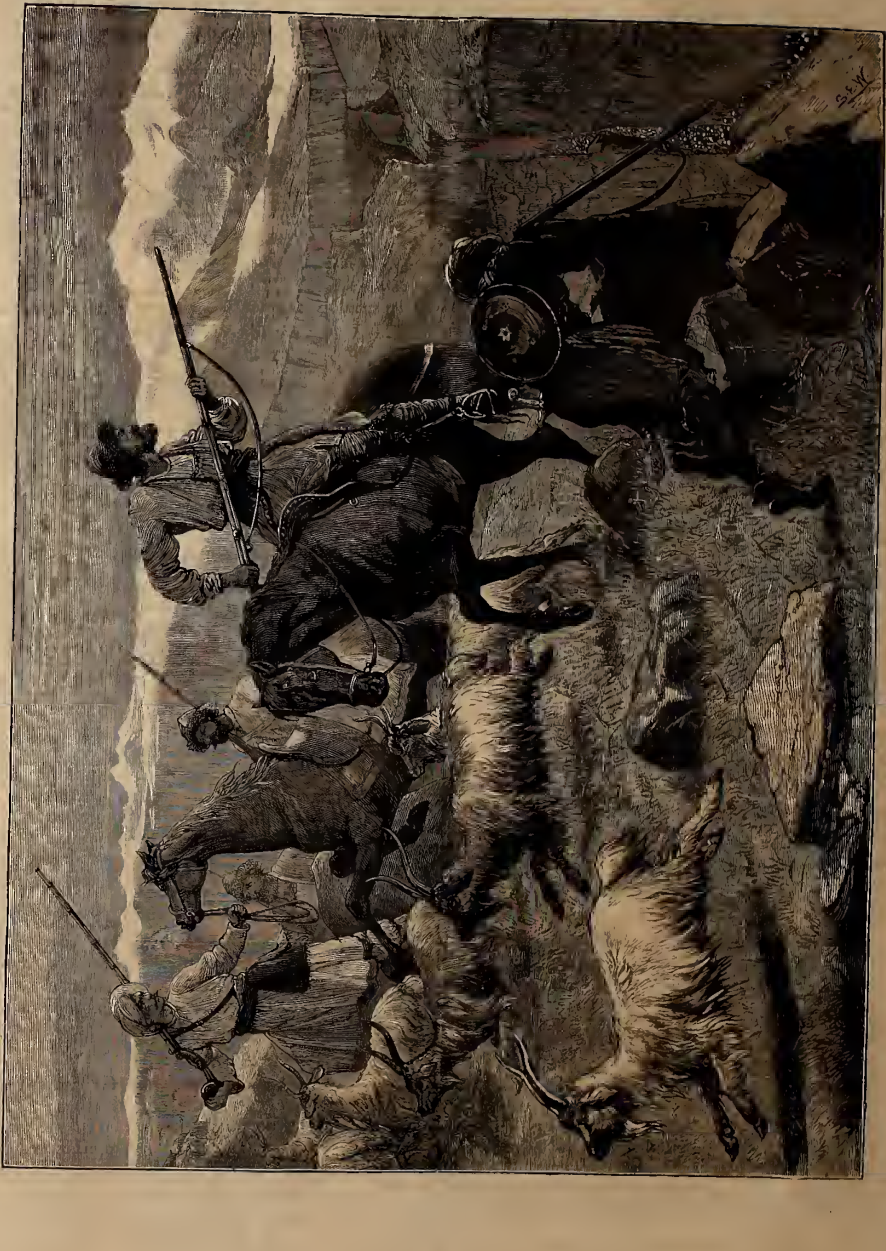
CHURCH NEWS

CUDDESDON COLLEGE.——The Bishop of Oxford has sent a long and somewhat severe letter in reply to the memorial from the laymen of his diocese. He remarks that "vague imputations with no statement of the particular breaches of law charged, or citation of the laws said to have been broken, are not materials with which the Visitor of a College or any other judicial person can deal, and that any exercise of arbitrary power would be as uncongenial to his own disposition as to the temper of the age." The only charge alleged against the College is that the teaching staff belong to the English Church Union, a society from which they have now withdrawn of their own motion, he having purposely refrained from "asking them to surrender any liberty of action which as members of the Church of England they enjoy." "As to the English Church Union," his lordship continues, "excellent as were the purposes of its foundation twenty years or more ago, it has resulted in a state of things injurious to the welfare of the Church. Stirring up rival organisations, it has divided Churchmen into hostile camps, and has brought many good men, who have had no real share in its counsels, though they are counted among its 17,000 members, into indiscriminate and unmerited obloquy. Fruitless litigation has been encouraged, and charity grievously impaired, but the heaviest indictment against it is that it called the Church Association into life. Until both Societies are dissolved there will, in my judgment, be small hope of peace for the Church." His lordship then goes on to say that "though there have been some secessions to Rome within the diocese he knows of no single instance which can be traced to Cuddesdon as its source; no English congregation which has gone over to Rome. A few great and and good men have made the Vatican their Zion, and a few neither great nor good have followed their example; but for one recruit to Rome there have probably been fifty deserters from the Church of England to the forces of unbelief, and a still larger number, alas, of victims to the fatal seductions of immorality and vice. Here are our greatest perils; our most serious losses. These alarms do little credit to our good sense. If we take them for proofs that we are religious, we deceive ourselves. To spend life, as some to do, in a round of selfish pursuits and amusements, interrupted once in eight or ten years by a 'No Popery' panic, is not a very noble career, and one which can do the Church of England no good. Her high and holy interests will be best served by the earnest devotion of her children to the increase of knowledge, the relief of misery, the cure of crying national sins, and the extension of Christ's Kingdom on earth."

VARIOUS.——There was a stormy scene at the monthly Board Meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel last week, the bone of contention being Mr. Outram Marshall's motion, ordering that the recommendation of the Examiners should be dispensed with in the case of missionary candidates nominated by Colonial Bishops. Canon Gregory gave notice that at the February meeting he should move that the motion be rescinded, and also moved that the Standing Committee should be thanked for refusing to act upon it, and requested to continue the same course of action until the matter had been reconsidered. On the other hand, the Rev. C. P. Goldie gave notice that in January he should call attention to the unconstitutional conduct of the Standing Committee. Canon Gregory and others objected to this as unfair, and wanted Mr. Goldie to bring on his motion at once. This, however, he refused to do, and Mr. Trevor then moved it without, he said, being able to say anything in its favour. After a good deal of wrangling, it was ultimately decided that both motions should come on in January.—The death of the Princess Alice was referred to on Sunday last by Dean Stanley at Westminster; by the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore at Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair; by the Rev. C. H. Travers at St. George's Chapel, Windsor; and by many other preachers in various parts of the country.—Mr. Spurgeon, who has been ill for some weeks, resumed his duties on Sunday last at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, where on the 31st inst. a Bazaar is to be held in aid of the Testimonial Fund, which it is his intention to devote to the further development of the College and Orphanage.—A branch of the Church Association is to be formed for the parish of St. Mary, Hornsey.—The hundredth anniversary of the establishment of Sunday Schools is to be celebrated in 1880 by a series of services, conferences, and meetings, which will extend from June 4th to June 28th of that year, and it is proposed to commemorate the event by the establishment of a Centenary Fund to be devoted to the erection of a new building for the use of the Church of England Sunday School Institute.—At the third annual meeting of the London Bankers' Prayer Union, held last week, Mr. R. C. L. Bevan, who presided, said that half a century ago such a thing as a Prayer Union was not thought of. There was a great revival of religious life in the present day, and the devil was correspondingly busy. He was quite sure that no young man was able in his own strength to resist the seductive temptations of London life. Nothing but Christ would keep a man right. He advised them to be careful what they read, and never to neglect the Bible.—The half-yearly meeting of the Lawyers' Prayer Union was also held last week, Mr. Douglas, Q.C., presiding in place of the Lord Chancellor, who had been summoned to Windsor by Her Majesty the Queen. There were several speakers, the chief points dealt with being the necessity of a firm belief in revelation, and of accuracy in religious as well as legal definitions. The chairman took a very hopeful view of the present state of religious thought, citing the names of several leading lawyers and politicians to show that a large proportion of the great men of the day believed in revealed Truth.—The parishioners of St. Paul's, Norden, near Rochdale, are dissatisfied with the manner in which their Vicar, the Rev. C. H. Whitehead, performs the service. They complain that he reads much too fast and in an "irreverent tone," that the sermons rarely last more than seven minutes, and further that he has himself declared that the service is "distasteful" to him, and that he considers Sunday the "most miserable day of the week." A preliminary inquiry into his conduct has been held by an ecclesiastical committee appointed by the Bishop of Manchester, to whom a report will be sent.

MUSIC

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.——The winter season was brought to an end on Saturday night with a third representation of Weber's *Oberon*. Although indulgence was asked for Madame Pappenheim on the plea (not to be mistaken) of a severe cold, she laboured zealously through her part, and gave the *scena*, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," with extraordinary vigour. It is to be hoped that her exertions in such depressing circumstances may have no ultimate ill effect upon her voice—a gift too precious to be trifled with. Except that Signor Bonetti played Scherasmin in lieu of Signor Mendioroz, the cast of *Oberon* was precisely as before. As each incident of the series of performances just terminated has been duly recorded in these columns, recapitulation would be superfluous. That success has been the result is doubtless chiefly owing to Bizet's *Carmen*, an opera which gains more and more by closer familiarity, and of which nineteen performances in no way lessened the attraction. Every fresh hearing of *Carmen* fortifies the belief that the death of its composer, whose life up to the time of its production had been a long and weary struggle, robbed the lyric drama of one who could materially have added to its glory—a musician, indeed, of unquestionable genius. That in the course of little more than two months no fewer than seventeen operas should have been brought out more or less efficiently at Her Majesty's Theatre says no little for the credit of Mr. Armit, who represents Mr. Mapleson in that gentleman's absence. We can forgive the non-forthcoming of *La Forza del Destino* and *Mirella* (the Italian version of Gounod's *Mireille*), if only because, in Mdlle. Ambre, he introduced to the public a new dramatic singer more than



"TIME TO BE OFF"—A SKETCH IN THE KHYBER PASS personal attacks upon a man whom, if he believed him to be dishonest, it was his duty to prosecute by the ordinary legal method.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——Father Cahill, a Roman Catholic curate of Belfast, and an ardent Home Rule agitator, has obtained a verdict against the *Belfast Morning News* for a libellous article which accused him of being ready to sell his political opinions for an office worth 1,000*l.* per year. He claimed 2,000*l.*, but the jury only awarded him one farthing.—The woman accused of the Burton Crescent murder was again before the magistrate on Saturday, and was remanded. Technical evidence was given respecting the blood-stains on her dress, and it was stated that a wedding ring had been pledged at a pawnbroker's where she was known, though the recipient could not identify her as having pledged it, nor could the ring be recognised positively as that of the murdered woman. The accused has written to one of the relations of the deceased declaring her innocence; and as it is just possible that her protestations may be truthful, it is to be hoped that the police will not entirely confine their attention to the one "clue," and thus perchance allow the real culprit to escape. Something more ought surely to be made public about the workmen who are said to have been engaged in the house on the day of the murder.—As we briefly stated last week, the man Madden who wrote threatening letters to the Home Office has been committed for trial. His letters are clearly those of a lunatic, although there seems to be some method in the madness which demands 1,000*l.* as compensation for wrongful detention in an asylum. The "Modern Prophet," who claims to be a "spirit, immaterial, capable of piercing the earth, and disturbing the elements," and to possess a knowledge of "all abstract sciences," will probably be well taken care of in future.—It has been decided by the Edinburgh Court of Session that the trustees who held City of Glasgow Bank shares in trust for others, are liable for "calls" equally with the other shareholders.—At Liverpool a medical student has been fined for "speaking to the man at the wheel" on board one of the Mersey Ferry Boats. He ran about the deck in an excited manner shouting orders to the helmsman, until at last the captain was compelled to order some of the crew to arrest him.—The late secretary of the Greenock Guaranteed Railway Company, who issued fictitious shares to the amount of 16,000*l.*, and pocketed the proceeds, has been sentenced to penal servitude for life.—On Monday a married woman at Woolwich strangled her little daughter, and then went immediately to the police-station to give herself up. She said that she was seized with a sudden impulse to kill the child, in order that it might go to Heaven.

DEATH.

On the 20th inst., at 33, Belgrave Road, St. John's Wood, HARRIET ARAMINTA, widow of the late JOHN BISHOP, Esq., of Gower Street, W.C., aged 87.

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"FAT in the HUMAN BODY."— Page 41

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